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THE

LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

JOURNAL

OF

Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

FOR THE YEAR

1831.

COMPRISING

REVIEWS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS;

ORIGINAL ESSAYS ON POLITE LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

POETRY; CRITICISMS ON THE FINE ARTS, THE DRAMA, &c.;

BIOGRAPHY;

CORRESPONDENCE OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS;

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SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS;

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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

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ADDRESS.

Upon entering our fifteenth year, after the experience the public has had of the *Literary Gazette*, and the unexampled approbation which has attended it, we need trespass but very shortly on the space devoted to more useful purposes, by speaking of ourselves, as is a custom at the present season. Indeed, we have little to say, except to express a hope that our exertions to inform and please keep pace with the extraordinary encouragement we receive. Where every sheet exhibits a steadfast regard to truth and impartiality, it requires no puffing voice to proclaim our independence: nor would we allude to so trite a topic, had we not of late been made aware of an insidious effort, through some obscure and provincial papers, partly envious knaves and partly unreflecting dupes, to misrepresent our principles, motives, and line of conduct. And though these are contemptible enough, it is due even to the very few who might, by possibility, be misled by their quackery and falsehoods, to set the matter at rest.

The *Gazette* enjoys, by many thousands, the greatest circulation of any purely Literary Journal ever published in England; and it has risen to this gratifying eminence under the *absolute* control and direction of its Editor, who is also the proprietor of *the largest* proportion of the entire emoluments derived from this widely-extended sale. There may, it is true, be dishonourable persons engaged even in literary pursuits, who cannot be sensible to the better feelings which would prevent an individual so highly flattered by the approval of his labours, from degrading himself by subserviency to any interest whatever; but such persons must be able to appreciate fully the mercenary side of the inducement to persevere in so well-rewarded a course of uncompromising truth and undeviating integrity. Were we insensible to the nobler tie, and inclined to forfeit the good opinion of the number of illustrious and enlightened men whom we can estimate among our friends, as well as the partiality of the public at large; there is still enough in the baser tie to preserve us from backsliding: and we trust our provincial contemporaries, who have erroneously carped at us, will take a speedy opportunity of doing justice both to their own journals and to the *Literary Gazette*. For those, if such there be, who fancy that depreciating others is preferable to possessing merit of their own, we will venture to quote a passage from a Botany Bay newspaper. It is published among felons, to be sure; but it may therefore be the more applicable to writers who are unconscious of gentlemanlike principles; and perhaps have some efficacy in dissuading them from the practice of filching away characters, and robbing good names.

"Conductors of newspapers," says our right-hearted friend in New Holland, "should have a higher idea of the very eminent and influential post they fill, than to descend to contaminate their columns with petty, contemptible squabblings. We are all, or ought to be, labouring in the search of truth, in the advancement of the public good, the pursuit of which has of itself a certain calming, a rectifying, a kind of soothing, self-gratulatory influence on the mind, because it brings with it the conviction that we are in the right path—that we are using the great engine which Providence has intrusted to our hand, to the best of our ability, for the benefit of our fellow-men. Let us, then, who are editors in these remote but truly interesting Australasian regions, unite in spurning all mean or selfish views, and strive in the noble and generous race of emulation, by exalting the character of the periodical press of these colonies—by improving, not debasing, the minds of our readers"!!!

It would be a curious thing in the march of intellect, to send a cargo of English, Irish, and Scotch editors to Botany Bay, to learn honesty and manners, instead of slander and impertinence, as conductors of the periodical press; but really, contrasting the above with what we see of some of them, we are sure it might be advantageous to the individuals, and would certainly be grateful to the community.

We have, however, bestowed too much notice on the paltry tribe; and can merely say, in apology, that our egotism offends only once a-year.

From the first to the last, the *Literary Gazette* has zealously endeavoured to promote the just interests of the literature, sciences, and arts, of its native country: it has looked but to *one quarter* for its recompense; and, in addition to the delight experienced in having done its duty to the utmost, it has been amply satisfied by the meed of public applause, and by acquiring an influence which it will never abuse.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Stapleton's Political Life of Mr. Canning.
3 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

We could only give a hurried introduction of this invaluable work in our last No., and a brief extract, but yet of such great political importance, as fairly to exemplify the character of the publication. To us Canning was an idol, worshipped alike for the fascinations of his private life, and for the patriotism and purity of his public principles. We looked upon his advancement with an interest not to be described; and when we saw him placed at the head of the government, we felt that power was intrusted to a mind capable of appreciating the circumstances of the world, and to hands most fitted to shape the destinies of mankind, so as to ensure the prosperity and glory of England, and the welfare and happiness of all nations. Mr. Canning was deeply conscious of the spirit of the times, and of the grand, though as yet silent, struggle between ancient institutions and rising intelligence. Of all that was good in the former he was the intrepid defender; and of all that was beneficial in the latter he was the liberal advocate. Thus holding the balance like an enlightened statesman, our assurance was strong that, whatever occurred, our beloved minister would establish his country at the head of Europe—the foremost in the march of necessary reform, the firmest in the resistance of injurious innovation. And well did he know that, to prevent revolution, it was absolutely indispensable to take the lead in the new opinions, which had grown to such a degree and spread to such an extent throughout the civilised world, and, by a masterly guidance, to direct that to the improvement, which, if opposed or misdirected, must turn to the bane of the human race. Had he lived, we should not have witnessed the scenes which have so lately convulsed, and still so fearfully agitate the continent; and every syllable which Mr. Stapleton utters serves but to confirm this mighty truth, and to shew how irreparable a loss, not only Britain, but the whole earth, sustained, when George Canning was laid in his hallowed and immortal tomb.

We have much to regret that the author has not felt himself at liberty to enter upon the details of the negotiations which attended Mr. Canning's appointment to be First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, when "the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Peel, and other anti-catholic members of Lord Liverpool's cabinet, resigned, and their places were temporarily supplied by the personal friends of Mr. Canning; it being settled that a portion of the Whig party were, at the end of the session, to form a part of the administration." These details, we can say, from matters of which we happen to be cognisant, are of the most intense interest; but Mr. S. tells us they "are omitted, in consequence of representations having been made to the author, that their publication at the present moment might be productive of very serious mischief to the country. The author cannot agree in this opinion; but in the existing crisis of affairs, it was not for him to take upon himself the responsibility of despising warnings of so grave a character, and of setting at nought the opinions of disinterested individuals, whose station and experience gave them a strong claim to consideration and respect. The author, therefore, on his own individual responsibility, withholds, for a short time, this portion of the history, in preference to delaying the whole work, and thereby incurring the hazard of losing, perhaps never to recover, the favourable opportunity which now offers for its publication."

We shewed, from Mr. Stapleton, in our last, that, soon after his decease, the foreign policy of Mr. Canning was departed from by his successors; and that, from their tone, the confidence of the people (we mean of the people universally) in the British councils was gradually weakened, and the conduct of the friends of more arbitrary rule began to assume a different form. In short, we were no longer wisely and discreetly at the head of liberal opinions; but were, on the contrary, suspected of being favourable to the opposite cause. This was a hideous misfortune, and has been, and will be,—unless Mr. Canning's system of polity can revive the same dispositions,—the cause of much misery, bloodshed, and war. Of the changes which developed themselves after Mr. Canning's death, by ministers who professed to adhere to his measures, we shall now, as shortly as the subject will admit, quote some of Mr. Stapleton's proofs. On the Catholic Question, he says:—

"It appears that Mr. Peel communicated his resolution to withdraw his opposition to the duke, very shortly after Mr. O'Connell's return; and, at the opening of the session of parliament in 1829, it was announced in the speech from the throne, that the ministers intended to bring forward concession as a government measure. The announcement of this intention was hailed with the loudest cheers by the old friends of emancipation; and it was

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carried through both Houses of Parliament with little difficulty. Serious difficulties, indeed, could not be expected, after the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel, who had always been the main obstacles, in Mr. Canning's time, to the success of the measure, had ceased to be any obstacles whatever. But the task was, in truth, easy, for two reasons:—first, the anti-Catholic party had been completely disabled by the loss of its leaders, who had transferred all the weight of their own talents, and the influence of the government, to the Catholic party, which, even before the transfer, had been all but a match for its opponents. Secondly, the Whigs, who had a fair prospect of obtaining office, if the government were embarrassed on this question, gave it their most efficient support; and it must be admitted that the conduct of this party was truly patriotic, since they sacrificed office for the sake of principle. That the converse of this proposition is true of some of the members of the duke's government, cannot be affirmed. But there can be no doubt that one half would be correct—viz. that they sacrificed their principles. * * *

"The point where the Duke of Wellington's government diverged from Mr. Canning's principles was, in not 'adopting a middle course between extremes,' and preferring to provoke by its opposition a state of things with which, when thus produced, it found itself unable to cope. Had the duke adhered to his former policy, his administration could not have stood a day after the meeting of parliament. The measure has been productive of very great advantages, and will yet be productive of far greater, both to Ireland and the whole British empire. If it has not already answered to the full extent which Mr. Canning had expected, it must be remembered, that before it was carried, affairs were brought by the Duke of Wellington to that state which it had been the anxious aim of Mr. Canning to avert."

"On the subject of finance, it must be observed, that from the speech which Mr. Canning made when bringing forward the budget in 1827, it was evident that he looked to the introduction of some decisive improvements in our financial system. It certainly was his intention to revise that system; and, doubtless, much might be done to improve the revenue and to lighten in a very considerable degree the pressure of the existing taxes. Such, unquestionably, was Mr. Canning's view of our situation; and if the Duke of Wellington's government has gone on in the old beaten path, contenting itself with simply providing for the exigencies of the current year, without looking beyond the moment for which it had to provide, then it cannot be said to have fulfilled Mr. Canning's intentions; and he therefore is in no way responsible for our present financial condition. * * *

"It appears, therefore, upon the whole, that, in many of the most important questions of domestic policy, the Duke of Wellington's government have neither adhered to Mr. Canning's principles, nor carried his intentions into effect; and that, even with respect to the Catholic Question, there were many features connected with it calculated to diminish the advantages which Mr. Canning had contemplated, if it had passed without doing violence to the feelings of a large portion of the English public, and without producing a general distrust of the consistency of all public men. In turning from this brief consideration of our domestic affairs, we next come to that of the foreign policy of the Duke of Wellington. This subject must be examined with reference both to the general 'system' of the duke as compared with that of Mr. Canning; and to the particular course pursued towards Portugal, Turkey, and Greece, the affairs of which countries remained in an unsettled state at the period of Mr. Canning's death."

We are sorry that our limits forbid our following the author into the whole of these important discussions. We come towards the conclusions:—

"If (says Mr. S.) the prevention of a 'material diminution of the power of Turkey' was the common object of Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington, it must be confessed that they respectively sought to attain it by the employment of very different means. Mr. Canning succeeded, and the duke failed: it must, however, be admitted, that the circumstances with which the duke had to contend were in a certain degree more difficult to control. It was undoubtedly an easier task to prevent the issue of such an hatti shériff as occasioned the war, than to get it recalled after it had been issued. It is, however, far from improbable, that had the duke's principles been sufficiently liberal to have enabled him to place upon the machinations of a certain continental government, in the case of Greece, a similar salutary restraint to that which Mr. Canning had before imposed in the case of Portugal, the sultan might have been induced to avert, by timely concession, the disgrace and ruin with which he has been overwhelmed. We next come to the affairs of Portugal, which are so intimately blended with the general system, that they cannot be disunited. And here we would beg the reader to bear in mind the important and essential distinction between foreign and domestic policy. In the latter, almost every measure of an administration is known to the public: in the former, nearly all are necessarily for a time enveloped in mystery. Mr. Canning dissolved the Holy Alliance by the decided language which he held to their diplomatic agents; and that formidable union ceased to exist, without the public being able to perceive the means by which its dissolution was effected. The influence which a British foreign minister is enabled to exercise over the destinies of others, is of such magnitude, that upon it, accordingly as it is rightly or wrongly directed, the happiness or the misery of the world may depend. Had Mr. Canning been the enemy of constitutional freedom; had he wished to subvert Don Pedro's charter; had he perversely looked upon the Miguelites as the 'friends' of England; twice in the course of six months might he have aimed a fatal blow at that charter, without its being possible that any ill will on his part towards it could have been substantiated against him. Had the messenger who brought the news from Vienna, that Don Miguel had taken the oath, been delayed at Paris by Mr. Canning for twenty-four hours, under the pretence of charging him with despatches; or had less celerity and determination been manifested in sending troops to Portugal, Don Pedro's constitution would, in all probability, have been cast aside, in a shorter time after its arrival, than it eventually was after Mr. Canning's decease. These facts are only mentioned to shew, that even if a foreign secretary profess to be guided by certain principles, yet if he do not cordially adopt them, he may, without aught being able to be proved against him, give affairs such a turn as shall materially contravene their fair operation. Sound principles are not all that are required; a *bonâ fide* inclination to act in accordance with them is of no less essential importance. Foreign policy is, and must be, a matter of confidence. Political good or evil are not the work of a single day, or the offspring of a single act. The effects of foreign policy are seldom perceived by the public until some months after the causes which have produced them have been put in operation, and, for the most part, not until the time when any inquiry into these causes is useless, except as affording the opportunity of holding them up to future statesmen, either for an example or a warning. Since, then, it is evident that great effects may be produced in foreign affairs, by means which may never come to the knowledge of the public, it is essential, in order to discover the real tendency of a course of policy, to ascertain the secret bias of those to whom the direction of it may be intrusted. This can only be done by a close examination of the nature of the known acts and declarations of its conductors."

To demonstrate this, Mr. Stapleton goes into the points quoted in our last *Gazette* (pp. 832, 833). After referring to the debates in parliament, he observes—

"Undoubtedly the preservation of peace was the *object* of Mr. Canning's policy; but it was not in the *object*, but in the *means* employed to secure it, that deviation was imputed. Mr. Canning's *plan* for preserving peace was to check the extravagancies of the two extreme parties. But from the praise of the Miguelites and the censure of the constitutionalists by Lord Aberdeen, it seems evident that the plan for the preservation of peace contemplated by himself and the Duke of Wellington, was to favour one extreme party, and to discountenance the other. In this, then, consisted the 'change;' and a more important or decisive change cannot well be imagined. Still it would seem that Lord Aberdeen, however well he might understand the principles of his own government, was unconsciously deviating from those of Mr. Canning, and that he neither comprehended their nature, nor was aware that they had ever been in operation; for, in the same speech in which the denial of deviation is to be found, he remarked, that he 'considered' the assertion that Mr. Canning had shaken off 'the trammels' of the Holy Alliance, 'as a mere figure of speech,' a 'tale of sound and fury, signifying nothing!!'' From the day on which this debate took place, till three days before the close of the session of 1829, the foreign policy of the Duke of Wellington was unimpeded by parliamentary discussion, the attention of the two Houses being almost exclusively engrossed with the settlement of the Catholic Question. Those, however, who watched the progress of our relations with Portugal, saw evident symptoms of the anti-liberal bias of the cabinet. Lord Beresford had been permitted to retain a high place in the government, at a time when he was accused of writing letters to Lisbon, expressive of an opinion that Don Miguel had a right to the throne, an accusation which was never refuted; the Portuguese refugees, in violation of every principle of international law, had been fired upon by a British commander, in the waters belonging to their own sovereign; and a special mission had been sent to Don Pedro to recommend him to give his daughter in marriage to Don Miguel, *after* this prince had perjured himself by becoming the usurper of her throne. It may be some excuse for this leaning towards Don Miguel, that Lord Aberdeen imagined that the party of his royal highness was more inclined towards British connexion than that of the constitutionalists. How com-

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pletely he was mistaken has been amply illustrated by the treatment which British subjects have experienced at the hands of the usurping government. But it may be safely asserted, that had the feelings of the two parties in Portugal been in truth such as were supposed, Mr. Canning would never have departed from his general system of dealing out impartial justice to both sides. The notion, however, and its consequences, are a very striking comment upon the inveterate attachment of the British cabinet to arbitrary doctrines; since, in a case where the principles of legitimacy and absolute monarchy were arrayed against each other, legitimacy was sacrificed, and absolutism upheld."

We have nothing to add but our earnest prayer that the spirit of Mr. Canning may be freely infused into every government of England, and its existence, as their constant guide, be confessed by a confiding world, conscious of being thereby saved from anarchy and desolation.*

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore. Vol. II. 4to. London, 1830. Murray.

We feel inclined to divide our review into three heads, and consider, first, the biographer; secondly, the impression produced by the whole; thirdly, Lord Byron himself. Mr. Moore says, "May we not say, that, as knowledge is ever the parent of tolerance, the more insight we gain into the springs and motives of a man's actions, the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and the influences and temptations under which he acted, the more allowance we may be inclined to make for his errors, and the more approbation his virtues may extort from us? * * * Should it have been the effect of my humble labours to clear away some of those mists that hung round my friend, and shew him in most respects as worthy of love, as he was in all of admiration, then will the chief and sole aim of this work have been accomplished." First, let us set forth with doing full justice to the kindly and generous feeling which thus enlarges on the excellence, and defends all debatable points of a departed friend. It is easy to cavil and to correct; but we admire and respect the spirit which has made his task "a labour of love," however we may and do differ from many of his conclusions. Secondly, the work itself. It is equally interesting and entertaining; interesting, as an extraordinary mental picture; and entertaining, as replete with keen lively observations and amusing anecdotes. But has a quarto any privilege which it can plead, like a peer? or any peculiar literary inamunity? if not, a considerable portion of these pages might have been omitted. Whole lines of stars, some of which are liable to very awkward inferences; and divers passages, merely commemorative of the most common-place incidents, seem to us utterly unworthy of preservation. This fashion of asterisks is here carried to its excess, often very needlessly; so many of the names, such as Mad. de Stael, Lady Oxford, Sir Samuel Romily, Lord and Lady Blessington, &c. &c. being easily filled up. Yet this is good for trade, for in a very few years the work will require a commentator. These remarks, however, are the exception, not the rule; for the great mass is full of attraction; though, we must say, we consider some of its details to be unfit for a large class of readers. We admit the kindness, but doubt the judgment, of that morality which deals in palliations. Thirdly, we must confess that our opinion of Lord Byron is rather lowered than raised. In the divers memoirs which have appeared, we have always leant towards the favourable side, on the ground that the self-love he had wounded was in array against him. But what can extenuate the gross, ungenerous, and bitter spirit in which almost all his letters are written? Is there a single friend who has escaped some malicious sneer? while his literary envy is petty to a degree. A strange mixture of good and ill seem to have been united in his nature: it would almost tempt us to believe in the old classic fable of two souls in one body. We recollect a remark in *Pelham*, (we are not quite sure—that, or *Devereux*), which says, "The wounds of our vanity make the secret of our pathos:" it was especially so in Byron's case. His vanity was that one marked feature which Moore says (untruly, we think,) his character wanted. His vanity, like the sea, was boundless. Vain of his rank, his person, his talents; vanity is the "open sesame" to his mind. So glorious a gift as his genius, would have been too much for mortal, without some alloy.

Where this evil is not called into play, he is frank, kind, liberal, and affectionate. But vanity was the nightshade of his mind; it obscured, nay, eradicated, all his higher qualities. It equally stimulated his confidence and his reserve; for it is curious to remark how completely Lord Byron lived for the public: his letters are written more for the press than the post; and his every action has a reference to what will be said of it. To take one example among many, does it not explain his exclusive admiration of Pope? It enabled him to depreciate all his most popular rivals; and Pope, being dead, was out of the immediate line of competitorship. He was a Janus of the mind — one face of "earth, earthy;" the other, indeed, like that of an angel. We now turn to the work itself: much there is, we think, as already stated, that might most judiciously have been omitted. Take, for example, the following passages; and they are but two of many: speaking of an intrigue at Venice—

"I am very well off with Marianna, who is not at all a person to tire me; firstly, because I do not tire of a woman *personally*, but because they are generally bores in their disposition; and, secondly, because she is amiable, and has a tact which is not always the portion of the fair creation; and thirdly, she is very pretty; and, fourthly,—but there is no occasion for farther specification. * * * *

So far we have gone on very well; as to the future, I never anticipate, — *carpe diem* — the past at least is one's own, which is one reason for making sure of the present. So much for my proper *liaison*."

"It is the height of the carnival, and I am in the extreme and agonies of a new intrigue with I don't know exactly whom or what, except that she is insatiate of love, and won't take money, and has light hair and blue eyes, which are not common here, and that I met her at the mask, and that when her mask is off I am as wise as ever. I shall make what I can of the remainder of my youth. * *

Having thus alluded to what we think objectionable, we proceed to what we think worthless: what is there in the following quotation to deserve publishing?—and yet this one extract is also the sample of many.

"Why have you not sent me an answer, and lists of subscribers to the translation of the Armenian *Eusebius*? of which I sent you printed copies of the prospectus (in French) two moons ago. Have you had the letter?—I shall send you another;—you must not neglect my Armenians. Tooth-powder, magnesia, tincture of myrrh, tooth-brushes, diachylon plaster, Peruvian bark, are my personal demands."

It is useless to prolong extracts of this kind, and we gladly advance to the great mass of interesting material which the book really contains. No new light is thrown on the subject of his matrimonial separation, except the following letter, which is, at least, very beautiful: it is addressed to Lady Byron.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of 'Ada's hair,' which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl — perhaps from its being let grow. I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why;— I believe that they are the only two or three words of your hand-writing in my possession. For your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word, 'household,' written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons:—firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, secondly, I wish to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people. I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six; so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her; perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents. The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now. I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I considered our re-union as not impossible for more than a year after the separation; but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of re-union seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we

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* If England does not place itself in the front for good, we fear there are others ready to do so for evil. From a late Parisian Journal (*Le Globe*), we observe that M. Jouffroy has succeeded M. Cousin in the chair of the history of Modern Philosophy; and the following is a portion of his first lecture. "To-day," he says, "the destinies of man and of humanity are agitated; they are represented *by this country*, which has always marched at the head of modern civilisation; so that if these destinies may be formed for France, they will be so for Europe, and for the world. I come to propose to you the moral problem of man, and to seek to resolve it as far as that is possible in a course of philosophy. *There can be no religion to-day!* That which distinguishes a religion is inspiration and certain forms. Now reason is emancipated, and it can do without these forms." We would give more extracts, but these are sufficiently plain to shew the extent to which extreme sentiments are carried in the ancient Sorbonne! How many desperate characters, how many young and hot heads, are there in Europe, ready to start upon the fatal course thus recommended!

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should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connexions. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you, that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving. Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things,—viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three."

We will also subjoin Mr. Moore's own statement:

"The chief subject of our conversation, when alone, was his marriage, and the load of obloquy which it had brought upon him. He was most anxious to know the worst that had been alleged of his conduct; and as this was our first opportunity of speaking together on the subject, I did not hesitate to put his candour most searchingly to the proof, not only by enumerating the various charges I had heard brought against him by others, but by specifying such portions of these charges as I had been inclined to think not incredible myself. To all this he listened with patience, and answered with the most unhesitating frankness, laughing to scorn the tales of unmanly outrage related of him, but, at the same time, acknowledging that there had been in his conduct but too much to blame and regret, and stating one or two occasions, during his domestic life, when he had been irritated into letting 'the breath of bitter words' escape him; —words, rather those of the unquiet spirit that possessed him than his own, and which he now evidently remembered with a degree of remorse and pain which might well have entitled them to be forgotten by others. It was, at the same time, manifest, that whatever admissions he might be inclined to make respecting his own delinquencies, the inordinate measure of the punishment dealt out to him had sunk deeply into his mind, and, with the usual effect of such injustice, drove him also to be unjust himself;—so much so, indeed, as to impute to the quarter to which he now traced all his ill fate, a feeling of fixed hostility to himself, which would not rest, he thought, even at his grave, but continue to persecute his memory as it was now embittering his life. So strong was this impression upon him, that during one of our few intervals of seriousness, he conjured me, by our friendship, if, as he both felt and hoped, I should survive him, not to let unmerited censure settle upon his name, but, while I surrendered him up to condemnation where he deserved it, to vindicate him where aspersed. How groundless and wrongful were these apprehensions, the early death which he so often predicted and sighed for, has enabled us, unfortunately but too soon, to testify. So far from having to defend him against any such assailants, an unworthy voice or two, from persons more injurious as friends than as enemies, is all that I find raised in hostility to his name; while by none, I am inclined to think, would a generous amnesty over his grave be more readily and cordially concurred in than by her, among whose numerous virtues, a forgiving charity towards himself was the only one to which she had not yet taught him to render justice."

We shall endeavour now to make our selection as miscellaneous as possible. His own confessions were given to Moore when he visited him in Italy.

"I found my noble host waiting to receive me, and, in passing with him through the hall, saw his little Allegra, who, with her nursery-maid, was standing there, as if just returned from a walk. To the perverse fancy he had for falsifying his own character, and even imputing to himself faults the most alien to his nature, I have already frequently adverted, and had, on this occasion, a striking instance of it. After I had spoken a little, in passing, to the child, and made some remark on its beauty, he said to me—'Have you any notion —but I suppose *you* have—of what they call the parental feeling? For myself, I have not the least.' And yet, when that child died, in a year or two afterwards, he who now uttered this artificial speech was so overwhelmed by the event, that those who were about him at the time actually trembled for his reason! A short time before dinner he left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. 'Look here,' he said, holding it up—'this would be worth something to Murray, though *you*, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'My Life and Adventures,' he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. 'It is not a thing,' he continued, 'that can be published during my lifetime; but you may have it if you like—there, do whatever you please with it.' In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added, 'This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it.' He then added, 'You may shew it to any of our friends you think worthy of it:' and this is, nearly word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject."

"The Life is *Memoranda*, and not *Confessions*. I have left out all my *loves* (except in a general way), and many other of the most important things (because I must not compromise other people); so that it is like the play of Hamlet—'the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire.' But you will find many opinions, and some fun, with a detailed account of my marriage and its consequences, as true as a party concerned can make such account; for I suppose we are all prejudiced. I have never read over this Life since it was written, so that I know not exactly what it may repeat or contain. Moore and I passed some merry days together." * * *

A fellow-feeling does not seem to have made him wondrous kind in the following instance:

"Of Madame de Staël, in that Memoir, he spoke thus: 'Madame de Staël was a good woman at heart, and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be—she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other person's, you wished her gone, and in her own again."

"As to Madame de S**, I am by no means bound to be her beadsman; she was always more civil to me in person than during my absence. Our dear defunct friend, M** L**, who was too great a bore ever to lie, assured me, upon his tiresome word of honour, that, at Florence, the said Madame de S** was open-*mouthed* against me; and when asked, in *Switzerland*, *why* she had changed her opinion, replied, with laudable sincerity, that I had named her in a sonnet with Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. &c., and that she could not help it, through decency. Now, I have not forgotten this; but I have been generous,—as mine acquaintance, the late Captain Whitby, of the navy, used to say to his seamen (when 'married to the gunner's daughter')—'two dozen, and let you off easy.' The 'two dozen' were with the cat-o'-nine-tails;—the 'let you off easy' was rather his own opinion than that of the patient."

The above asterisks of Madame de Staël and Monk Lewis seem to us very needless. We do not intend entering into the details of his connexion with the Countess Giuccioli; and in giving place to what seems so touching and beautiful in the following little incident, we cannot but wonder to see it so immediately contrasted as it is by cold and sneering expressions. The letter was written in the countess's copy of Corinne.

"'My dearest Teresa,—I have read this book in your garden;—my love, you were absent, or else I could not have read it. It is a favourite book of yours, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these English words, and *others* will not understand them,—which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognise the handwriting of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter,—to *what* purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, eighteen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had staid there, with all my heart,—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state. But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me,—at least, you *say so*, and *act* as if you *did* so, which last is a great consolation in all events. But *I* more than love you, and cannot cease to love you. Think of me, sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us;—but they never will, unless you *wish* it. BYRON.

Bologna, Aug. 25, 1819.'"

Speaking of the separation he had caused between the countess and her husband, he says:

"Your apprehensions (arising from Scott's) were unfounded. There are *no damages* in this country, but there will probably be a separation between them; as her family, which is a principal one, by its connexions, are very much against *him*, for the whole of his conduct; and he is old and obstinate, and she is young and a woman, determined to sacrifice every thing to her affections. I have given her the best advice, viz. to stay with him,—pointing out the state of a separated woman (for the priests won't let lovers live openly together, unless the husband sanctions it), and making the most exquisite moral reflections,—but to no purpose. She says, 'I will stay with him, if he will let you remain with me. It is hard that I should be the only woman in Romagna who is not to have her amico; but, if not, I will not live with him; and as for the consequences, love, &c. &c. &c.'—you know how females reason on such occasions. He says he has let it go on, till he can do so no longer. But he wants her to stay, and dismiss me; for he doesn't like to pay back her dowry and to make an alimony. Her relations are rather for the separation, as they detest him,—indeed, so does

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every body. The populace and the women are, as usual, all for those who are in the wrong, viz. the lady and her lover. I should have retreated, but honour, and an erysipelas which has attacked her, prevent me,—to say nothing of love, for I love her most entirely, though not enough to persuade her to sacrifice every thing to a frenzy. 'I see how it will end; she will be the sixteenth Mrs. Shuffleton.'"

Again, alluding to a party, whither he accompanies her.

"The G.'s object appeared to be to parade her foreign lover as much as possible, and, faith, if she seemed to glory in the scandal, it was not for me to be ashamed of it. Nobody seemed surprised;—all the women, on the contrary, were, as it were, delighted with the excellent example. The vice-legate, and all the other vices, were as polite as could be;—and I, who had acted on the reserve, was fairly obliged to take the lady under my arm, and look as much like a cicisbeo as I could on so short a notice."

We subjoin one or two chance bits, as we must give a few more extracts next week.

"In the mean time, Polidori had become jealous of the growing intimacy of his noble patron with Shelley; and the plan which he now understood them to have formed of making a tour of the Lake without him, completed his mortification. In the soreness of his feelings on this subject, he indulged in some intemperate remonstrances, which Lord Byron indignantly resented; and the usual bounds of courtesy being passed on both sides, the dismissal of Polidori appeared, even to himself, inevitable. With this prospect, which he considered nothing less than ruin, before his eyes, the poor young man was, it seems, on the point of committing that fatal act which, two or three years afterwards, he actually did perpetrate. Retiring to his own room, he had already drawn forth the poison from his medicine-chest, and was pausing to consider whether he should write a letter before he took it, when Lord Byron (without, however, the least suspicion of his intention), tapped at the door and entered, with his hand held forth in sign of reconciliation. The sudden revulsion was too much for poor Polidori, who burst into tears; and, in relating all the circumstances of the occurrence afterwards, he declared that nothing could exceed the gentle kindness of Lord Byron, in soothing his mind and restoring him to composure."

"A dialogue which Lord Byron himself used to mention as having taken place between them during their journey on the Rhine, is amusingly characteristic of both the persons concerned. 'After all,' said the physician, 'what is there you can do that I cannot?' 'Why, since you force me to say,' answered the other, 'I think there are three things I can do which you cannot.' Polidori defied him to name them. 'I can,' said Lord Byron, 'swim across that river—I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot, at the distance of twenty paces—and I have written a poem of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day.'"

"You seem to think that I could not have written the 'Vision,' &c. under the influence of low spirits; but I think there you err. A man's poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod."

Songs. By the "Ettrick Shepherd." Now first collected. 12mo. pp. 311. Edinburgh, 1831, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

"Of such a man his country may be proud." This is an old-fashioned eulogy; not perhaps the worse for that; and yet it suits Hogg as exactly as if it had been invented expressly on his account. Of such a man his country may be proud. We respect and we admire him. We respect the energy that has made its own way,—the industry that has done the best with materials witbin its power. We admire the genius which has added to our literature so much of its better part—simple, touching, and beautiful poetry. Hogg has just translated the fine old airs of his country into words. A strong feeling has gone straight from his heart to his song; and nothing can be more real than his sorrow, unless it be his mirth. He is the poet of actual emotions. To use a simile—fit fashion of reviewing poetry—he is like one of his own mountain rivulets gushing forth in music and sunshine, melody and merriment—tender, yet joyous. Moreover, there is a quaint sturdiness about him, which is something between the independent man and the spoilt child. The running commentary on his own songs is one of the most amusing and original things we remember to have read. We shall begin with a few of these prefaces.

"'Donald M'Donald.'—I place this song the first, not on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses—for there it ranks rather low—but merely because it was my first song, and exceedingly popular when it first appeared. I wrote it when a barefooted lad herding lambs on the Blackhouse Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had run through the three kingdoms, like fire set to heather, for ten or twelve years, no one ever knew or inquired who was the author."

He hears in a theatre a singer substitute a last verse of his own for the original one.

"It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored; and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as any body. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night, that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar. Another anecdote concerning this song I may mention; and I do it with no little pride, as it is a proof of the popularity of Donald M'Donald among a class, to inspire whom with devotion to the cause of their country was at the time a matter of no little consequence. Happening upon one occasion to be in a wood in Dumfries-shire, through which wood the high-road passed, I heard a voice singing; and a turn of the road soon brought in sight a soldier, who seemed to be either travelling home upon furlough, or returning to his regiment. When the singer approached nearer, I distinguished the notes of my own song of Donald M'Donald. As the lad proceeded with his song, he got more and more into the spirit of the thing, and on coming to the end,

'An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'!'

in the height of his enthusiasm, he hoisted his cap on the end of his staff, and danced it about triumphantly. I stood ensconced behind a tree, and heard and saw all without being observed."

The "Skylark" he calls "a little pastoral song, worth half-a-dozen of the foregoing;" we agree with him.

"'The Broom sae green' is my greatest favourite at present,—probably because the air is my own, as well as the verses; for I find I have a particular facility in approving of such things."

The next is very characteristic:—

"'The Women Fo'k.'—The air of this song is my own. It was first set to music by Heather, and most beautifully set too. It was afterwards set by Dewar, whether with the same accompaniments or not, I have forgot. It is my own favourite humorous song, when forced to sing by ladies against my will, which too frequently happens; and, notwithstanding my wood-notes wild, it will never be sung by any so well again."

We think the Shepherd's resentment burns in the wrong quarter in the following note:

"'The Maid of the Sea' is one of the many songs which Moore caused me to cancel, for nothing that I know of, but because they ran counter to his. It is quite natural and reasonable that an author should claim a copyright of a sentiment; but it never struck me that it could be so exclusively his, as that another had not a right to contradict it. This, however, seems to be the case in the London law; for true it is that my songs were cancelled, and the public may now judge on what grounds, by comparing them with Mr. Moore's. I have neither forgot nor forgiven it; and I have a great mind to force him to cancel Lalla Rookh for stealing it wholly from the Queen's Wake, which is so apparent in the plan, that every London judge will give it in my favour, although he ventured only on the character of one accomplished bard, and I on seventeen. He had better have let my few trivial songs alone."

We apprehend Mr. Moore had nothing to do with it: the question was one of musical copyright.

Like most poets, he has a fair hit at the *Edinburgh Review*.

"'Donald M'Gillavry' was originally published in the Jacobite Relics, without any notice of its being an original composition; an omission which entrapped the Edinburgh Review into a high but unintentional compliment to the author. After reviewing the Relics in a style of most determined animosity, and protesting, over and over again, that I was devoid of all taste and discrimination, the tirade concluded in these terms: 'That we may not close this article without a specimen of the good songs which the book contains, we shall select the one which, for sly, characteristic Scotch humour, seems to us the best, though we doubt if any of our English readers will relish it.' The opportunity of retaliating upon the reviewer's want of sagacity was too tempting to be lost; and the authorship of the song was immediately avowed in a letter to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine. 'After all,' said this avowal, 'between ourselves, Donald M'Gillavry, which he has selected as the best specimen of the true old Jacobite song, and as remarkably above its fellows for 'sly, characteristic Scotch humour,' is no other than a trifle of my own, which I put in to fill up a page!' I cannot help remarking here, that the Edinburgh Review seems to be at fault in a melancholy manner, whenever it comes to speak of Scottish songs. My friend Mr. William Laidlaw's song, of Lucy's Flitting, appeared first in the Forest Minstrel, and immediately became popular throughout Scotland. It was inserted in every future selection of Scottish songs, and of course found a place in Allan Cunningham's collection. Here it is to be supposed the Edinburgh reviewer saw and

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heard of it for the first time; and, with some words of praise, he most condescendingly introduced it to public notice, after it had been sung and appreciated from the cottage to the palace, for a space of nearly twenty years. This reminds me of an old gentleman, who, as he said, 'always liked to have people known to each other;' so one day he made a party, for the purpose of introducing two cousins, who had been brought up under the same roof. The company took the matter with gravity, and the joke passed off very well at the old gentleman's expense."

The next notes are very amusing.

"'O'er the Ocean bounding,' is another of the proscription list; but here, let them turn the blue bonnet wha can. Our forefathers had *cried down* songs, which all men and women were strictly prohibited from singing, such as 'O'er Boggie,' and 'The wee Cock Chicken,' &c., because Auld Nick was a proficient at playing them on the pipes. The London people have done the same with a number of mine; but I hereby cry them up again, and request every good singer in Britain and Ireland, and the East Indies, to sing the following song with full birr to the sweet air, 'Maid of the valley.'"

"'Mary, canst thou leave me?' Is finely set by Bishop to a melody of my own. I cannot aver that it is thoroughly my own; but if it is not, I know not where I heard it. But it is of no avail: since I think it is mine, it is equally the same as if it were so."

"'O, weel befa' the Maiden gay.' This song was written at Ellery, Mr. Wilson's seat in Westmoreland, where a number of my very best things were written. There was a system of competition went on there, the most delightful that I ever engaged in. Mr. Wilson and I had a Queen's Wake every wet day—a fair set-to who should write the best poem between breakfast and dinner; and if I am any judge, these friendly competitions produced several of our best poems, if not the best ever written on the same subjects before. Mr. Wilson, as well as Southey and Wordsworth, had all of them a way of singing out their poetry in a loud sonorous key, which was very impressive, but very ludicrous. Wilson at that period composed all his poetry, by going over it in that sounding strain; and in our daily competitions, although our rooms were not immediately adjoining, I always overheard what progress he was making. When he came upon any grand idea, he opened upon it full swell, with all the energy of a fine fox-hound on a hot trail. If I heard many of these vehement aspirations, they weakened my hands and discouraged my heart, and I often said to myself, 'Gudefaith, it's a' ower wi' me for this day!' When we went over the poems together in the evening, I was always anxious to learn what parts of the poem had excited the sublime breathings which I had heard at a distance, but be never could tell me. There was another symptom. When we met at dinner-time, if Mr. Wilson had not been successful in pleasing himself, he was desperate sulky for a while, though he never once missed brightening up, and making the most of the subject. I never saw better sport than we had in comparing these poems. How manfully each stood out for the merits of his own! But Mrs. Wilson generally leaned to my side, nominally at least. I wrote the 'Ode to Superstition' there, which, to give Mr. Wilson justice, he approved of most unequivocally. He wrote 'The Ship of the Desert' against it—a thing of far greater splendour, but exceedingly extravagant."

"'I'll no wake wi' Annie.' I composed this pastoral ballad, as well as the air to which it is sung, whilst sailing one lovely day on St. Mary's Loch; a pastime in which, above all others, I delighted, and of which I am now most shamefully deprived. Lord Napier never did so cruel a thing, not even on the high seas, as the interdicting of me from sailing on that beloved lake, which if I have not rendered classical, has not been my blame. But the credit will be his own,—that is some comfort."

"'The Moon was a-waning' is one of the songs of my youth, written long ere I threw aside the shepherd's plaid, and took farewell of my trusty colley, for the bard's perilous and thankless occupation. I was a poor shepherd half a century ago, and I have never got farther to this day; but my friends would be far from regretting this, if they knew the joy of spirit that has been mine. This was the first song of mine I ever heard sung at the piano, and my feelings of exultation are not to be conceived by men of sordid dispositions. I had often heard my strains chanted from the ewe-bught and the milking green, with delight; but I now found that I had got a step higher, and thenceforward resolved to cling to my harp, with a fondness which no obloquy should diminish,—and I have kept the resolution."

If ever novels shewed "man as he is," these entertaining snatches speak Hogg himself. We have given the prose preference, because of its novelty. We now turn to the poetry: let the following songs speak for themselves. To those who do not like them, we say, shew us their equals in lyric poetry: or let them do what will be far better, turn to the volume itself and choose other favourites.

The Broken Heart.

"Now lock my chamber-door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while reprieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

O, let me lie and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will,
To close these eyes for ever:
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love mistaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should vows so fondly made
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!"

The following is very playful.

"When Maggy gangs away.

"O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day.
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
And laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
And learning fast to pray.
And, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine—
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high,
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise and join the lay;
An' hey! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away!"

We have only room for one verse of a very sweet song.

Love Letter.

"I downa bide to see the moon
Blink o'er the hill sae dearly,
Late on a bonny face she shone,
A face that I loe dearly.
An' when down by the water clear
At e'en I'm lonely roaming,
I sigh, an' think if ane were here,
How sweet wad fa' the gloaming."

The Skylark.

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!"

He says himself—

"Oft has the lark sung o'er my head,
And shook the dew-drops frae his wing."

It was a good lesson to a poet, and Mr. Hogg has learnt it by heart. Among the other songs we like best, but which we have not space to quote, we would point attention to "The Broom sae green;" "When the Kye comes Hame;" "Lenachan's Farewell;" "The Poor Man;" "Liddel Bower." But even a longer list than this would end with &c. &c. This volume will greatly raise the poet in the estimation of England, which is too apt to mistake him for a *Noctesian* roisterer, and, though an imaginative, a sometimes coarse prose writer.

The National Library, Vol. V.—Festivals, Games, and Amusements, ancient and modern. By Horatio Smith, Esq. Pp. 382. Colburn and Bentley.

WHAT could be done in one small volume for a range of subjects so extensive as is here embraced, has been done by Mr. Smith. We are free to say, that had we devised the work, we should have devoted at least a space as large to ancient, and another to British festivals, &c.; but we must speak of the design as we find it, and, in this point of view, speak highly of its merits as an epitome of popular information. The lateness of the hour at which we received it, and the pressure of other novelties,—and indeed we might add, the nature of the subjects, so long the favourites of antiquarian research,—prevent us from going into detail; and we shall extract but a few brief passages as examples of the author. For the first, what can be so fitting in this Gazette as *New Year's Day*?

"It is at once so natural and so laudable to commemorate the nativity of the new year, which is a sort of second birthday of our own, by acts of grateful worship to Heaven, and of beneficence towards our fellow-creatures, that this mode of its celebration will be found to have prevailed, with little variety of observance, among all ages and people. Congratulations, visits, and presents of figs and dates, covered with gold-leaf, are said to have distinguished

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New Year's Day even in the times of Romulus and Tatius, and to have continued under the Roman emperors, until the practice, being abused into a mode of extortion, was prohibited by Claudius. Yet the Christian emperors still received them, although they were condemned by ecclesiastical councils on account of the pagan ceremonies at their presentation; so difficult was it found, in the earlier ages of Christianity, to detach the newly-converted people from their old observances. The Druids of ancient Britain were accustomed on certain days to cut the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, in a forest dedicated to the gods, and to distribute its branches with much ceremony as new year's gifts to the people. Among the Saxons and northern nations this anniversary was also observed by gifts, accompanied with such extraordinary festivity, that they reckoned their age by the number of these merrymakings at which they had been present. The Roman practice of interchanging presents, and of giving them to servants, remained in force during the middle and later ages, especially among our kings and nobility, Henry III. appearing to have even imitated some of the Roman emperors by extorting them, and Queen Elizabeth being accused of principally supporting her wardrobe and jewellery by levying similar contributions. Pins were acceptable new year's gifts to the ladies, as substitutes for the wooden skewers, which they used till the end of the fifteenth century. Instead of this present they sometimes received a composition in money, whence the allowance for their separate use is still termed 'pin-money.' To the credit of the kindly and amiable feelings of the French, they bear the palm from all other nations in the extent and costliness of their new year's gifts. It has been estimated that the amount expended upon *bon-bons* and sweetmeats alone, for presents on New Year's Day in Paris, exceeds 20,000*l.* sterling;* while the sale of jewellery and fancy articles in the first week in the year is computed at one-fourth of the sale during the twelve months. It is by no means uncommon for a Parisian of 8000 or 10,000 francs a-year to make presents on New Year's Day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. At an early hour of the morning this interchange of visits and *bon-bons* is already in full activity, the nearest relations being first visited, until the furthest in blood and their friends and acquaintances have all had their calls. A dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas Day, with cards, dancing, or other amusements. In London, New Year's Day is not observed by any public festivity; the only open demonstration of joy is the ringing of merry peals from the belfries of the numerous steeples late on the eve of the old year, until after the chimes of the clock have sounded its last hour. We may have done well to drop what Prynne, in his Histrio-Mastix, calls 'a meere relique of paganisme and idolatry, derived from the heathen Romans' feast of two-faced Janus, which was spent in mummeries, stage-plays, dancing, and such like enterludes, wherein fidlers and others acted lascivious effeminate parts, and went about the towns and cities in women's apparel;' but, however the celebration of New Year's Day may have been disfigured in the earlier ages by pagan associations and superstitious rites, nothing can be more truly Christian than to usher it in with every cheerful observance that may express gratitude towards Heaven, and promote a kindly and a social feeling among our friends and fellow-creatures."

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Smith says: "By comparing the world, as it then existed, with the happiness and widely diffused civilisation with which it is now blessed, and above all, by contrasting the hourly-improving intellectual eminence of the living generation with the ignorant barbarism of the early ages, we may form some conception, though probably but a dim one, of the glorious destiny which a beneficent Providence has reserved for mankind even in our present sphere." We trust there is not too much of poetical colouring in this; but, in truth, we question if the most barbarous ages could shew such scenes of horror and bloodshed as we have witnessed during the last (enlightened!) half-century, and of which we have too much cause, at this day, to dread the repetition. Nay, we will go farther, and, though the schoolmaster is boasted to be abroad, we will assert, that ignorance, and superstition, and fraud, are as grossly and mischievously prevalent in our own times as at any former period of the world's history that can be mentioned. However, it is the fashion of every epoch to have its optimists; and golden, or at least golden-promising, ages belong to every generation for the last two thousand years, and historical darkness is the only reason why we do not trace them from the flood.

"When mankind," continues the author, "had partially advanced to the agricultural state, we find that their most distinguished heroes and demigods were sportsmen and hunters, whose exploits, although subsequently dressed up in fable by the poets, had, doubtless, in most instances, a basis of fact. Every nation has its Nimrod; nor need we doubt that there must have been some foundation for the marvellous adventures recorded of Orion, Apollo, Hercules, and other monster-destroyers, if we recollect that the fossil remains of those gigantic quadrupeds, the mammoth and the megalonix, establish the fact, that the earth was formerly infested with terrible animals, whose races have now become extinct, and whose existence was once deemed as fabulous as we now deem the legendary labours of Hercules."

We doubt this inference; for the animals mentioned were *ante*-diluvian, and the legends *post*; and besides, they were more remarkable for bulk than ferocity, if we may judge by their remains, which indicate their food to have been branches of trees and herbage, not carneous. Proceeding, Mr. Smith observes, "It must be confessed, that in England they still retain many traits of barbarism, which have long since fallen into desuetude with our more polished neighbours of the continent; but at the same time it should be remembered that the Corinthian classes, who in the days of Queen Elizabeth flocked to bull, bear, badger, ape baitings, and other exhibitions equally cruel and ruffianly, would be now held utterly disgraced, at least in the estimation of real gentlemen, by participating in such low-lived sports. The charms of music, of the drama, of literature, of social meetings that combine 'the feast of reason with the flow of soul;' all those pursuits, in short, wherein the pleasures of sense are made subservient to the gratifications of the mind—these are the amusements alone worthy of rational people, and these receive the especial patronage of the English gentry."

And here, again, we have to express our hope that the writer may not be too partial to his country and contemporaries. There is, we believe, grounds for his conclusion; but to be an entirely just picture, pugilistic combats for money in the ring, the cockpit with its rat-killing exhibitions, and sundry other polite recreations, must be abandoned.

After discussing Greek and Roman games, we find at page 108, an historical retrospect as a preface to the chapters on modern festivals and amusements. This is the most original and most carefully written portion of the work, and contains some excellent reflections. We quote a few passages.

"After the wars of the parliament, when the pleasure-hating puritans gained the ascendency, the pastimes of all classes, but more especially of the lower orders, suffered a miserable suspension and abridgment. Austerity and mortification were enforced by those morose ascetics with a blind rigour that confounded the most innocent recreations with others of which the suppression, or at least the regulation, might perhaps have been desirable. Not only were the theatres and public gardens closed, but a war of bigotry was carried on against May-poles, wakes, fairs, organs, fiddles, dancing, Whitsun-ales, puppet-shows, and almost every thing else that wore the semblance of popular amusement and diversion. The recoil of the national mind, thus forcibly wrested from its natural bias, occasioned that burst of licentiousness and general demoralisation which disgraced the return and the reign of Charles II.; a warning that ought not to be forgotten by the modern puritans, who would restrict the harmless pastimes of our labouring classes. * * *

"From the time of the Revolution there has been an increasing tendency to compel a rigorous observance of the sabbath, until in the present days it begins to savour strongly of puritan bigotry and intolerance. Deeply as we respect the motives of the good and pious men who would restrict the bulk of the people from all recreations, however innocent, on the only day when they can enjoy them, we still presume to think that they may push this austerity too far. If our universal Father and Creator delights, as he unquestionably must do, in the happiness of his creatures, what can be more acceptable to him than the sight of those innocent enjoyment in which they may indulge after the performance of public worship?—what devotion so pure and ardent as the harmless exhilaration of a grateful heart? 'Cheerfulness,' says Addison, 'is the best hymn to the Divinity.' Even Dr. Watts admits that 'religion never was designed to make our pleasures less:' and if this be true, why should we object, after performance of the stated worship, to any recreation, any amusement whatever, provided always that it be of an unobjectionable nature? It is high time, even for the sake of religion herself, to shake off those pharisaical austerities which, in the minds of the vulgar, tend to associate her with gloom, sadness, mortification, and *ennui*. The great demoralisation of the age has not unfrequently been attributed to sabbath-breaking, in which offence are included the after-church water-parties of the poor cooped-up Londoners, who, on this only day of relaxation, crowd to Richmond to walk in the meadows, and admire the beautiful scenery. Surely this is a lamentable mistake! An habitual disregard of its enjoined observances, and a desecration of the sabbath by dissolute indulgences, may doubtless lead to all sorts of immorality and vice; but such profanation is not the prevailing characteristic of the lower classes in England. On the contrary, there is perhaps no country in the world where the Sunday is in general more rigorously observed; and, un-

* We are afraid it will fall far short this year.—*Ed. L. G.*

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fortunately, there are few which stand so low in the scale of morality, when compared with other nations. For many centuries the sabbath afternoon was appropriated, in our own country, to all sorts of sports and pastimes, as it still continues to be throughout the greater part of modern Christendom. If we weigh present England, as to morality, crimes, and misdemeanors, either with her former self, or her modern neighbours, shall we find that the severity and gloom of her sabbaths have afforded an increased security against crime? Alas! we fear not. May there not even be a suspicion that by denying open and innocent recreations to the people on their sole holyday, we have driven them into alehouses and other covert haunts of vice, and thus aided the demoralisation we were seeking to prevent? Upon this question we decide nothing; but it is one that deserves the most serious consideration. Let all the religious services of the sabbath be duly attended; but let us not violate the cheerful sanctity of its spirit, either by an excess of rigour or of riot. He who, instead of observing its ordinances, habitually abandons himself to profligate indulgences, is a sabbath-breaker; so is he who dedicates the Lord's day to the worship of his own narrow notions, for this is self-idolatry; who saddens it by misery and moroseness, for this is ingratitude towards Heaven; who embitters it with bigotry and intolerance, for this is uncharitableness towards his fellow-creatures."

These extracts so truly echo our sentiments, that we cannot but earnestly recommend them to attention. By restraining the poorer classes from innocent sports and enjoyments, instead of providing them with both, to the utmost convenient limit, they have been dissociated and driven into the worst habits. The secret dram is the substitute for the forbidden holyday; moroseness and dissatisfaction the natural feeling of classes who partake not in the recreations of their fellow-creatures. The system is abhorrent to sense; and when we consider, how easy it would be to make a people comparatively happy and contented, by very slight endeavours to furnish them with suitable pastimes, we are astonished at the moral and political blindness which postpones the attempt. But our thoughts are all upon the quantity of labour that may be extracted, and the small proportion of food that may sustain nature, and the accursed calculations of self-interest and commerce; by these means are misguided and suffering peasants made rebels and incendiaries. Restore to them, with even hard living and privations, some of the pleasant games and delights of their forefathers, and you will do more to render them good subjects than by employing all the schemes ever devised by all the schools of political economy.

The Vizier's Son; or, the Adventures of a Mogul. By the Author of "Pandurang Hari." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Saunders and Otley.

A PICTURESQUE and spirited sketch of eastern manners and history, embodied in the popular form of narrative. The story of the *Vizier's Son* begins better than it ends; the *dénouement* is unsatisfactory. We think the fault rests in the author's plan, which is not good: two or three other tales are woven into the principal one, without any connexion, and the main events are kept out of sight till they are nearly forgotten. In fiction, as in fact, delays are dangerous. The stories are well told themselves, but they had far better have succeeded one another, than have been introduced. The following is a scene for the *Arabian Nights*.

"Fronting the grand entrance-gate which supports this Nigarrah Khaneh, and crossing the court-yard, is a large and magnificent hall, supported by several rows of pillars, all painted and overlaid with gold. This hall is raised and very airy, being open on three sides, which look into the court-yard. In the centre of the wall dividing the private apartments of the palace, and about eight feet from the ground, is a wide and spacious opening, where the king regularly takes his seat at noon, surrounded by his four sons, Dara, Aurungzebe, Sultan Sujah, and Morad Bakee; whilst eunuchs, placed around the sacred person of his majesty, agitate the air with large fans, and flap away the flies and musquitos with peacocks' tails and chouries of the finest hair. Beneath this throne stand the omrahs, rajahs, and ambassadors, their eyes bent upon the earth, and their hands crossed upon their breasts. The remainder of the hall, and the whole court-yard, are filled with persons of all ranks, high and low, rich and poor; this hall being expressly for the indiscriminate attention of his majesty to all his subjects. * * * The court-yard being now quite clear, and the royal horses having been paraded before the king, the elephants, with slow and solemn steps, advanced, having their hides washed and cleaned, and their trunks carefully painted red, whilst strings of silver bells jingled around their necks. When immediately in front of his majesty, the mahowuts on the necks of the animals, caused them (by the application of the ankoos or goad with which they control them), to raise their trunks and roar aloud, which is considered as the elephant's method of performing the tuslim or usual reverence. Succeeding the elephants came antelopes, nilgaus, rhinoceroses, and buffaloes with immense horns, provided by nature to enable them to contend against lions, tigers, &c. After these appeared panthers and hunting leopards, cranes, hawks, and sporting dogs."

The young officer advances.

"'By the twelve imaums, my friend, I will wager there is not a better blade in the assembly than the one at my side, and I will either prove its value and the strength of my own arm, or never again appear before the king.' I unsheathed my cimetar, and as I did so, caught the approving look of my father. A carcass being thrown in the centre of the court-yard, several mansebdars and young omrahs advanced to try their polished blades, and amongst the foremost came Yusuf, the nephew of Burkandaz Khan, his countenance illumined by anticipated success; but the blow, struck with more strength than judgment, snapped in two his shining blade, and he retired abashed and mortified, quailing beneath the frown of his haughty uncle. I now advanced, and flourishing my sword fantastically over my head, with a back-handed blow divided the carcass of the sheep; and although my weapon trembled from the point to the very hilt, it was neither bent nor even notched by the stroke. Pleased with my achievement, I cried aloud, 'May I ever be successful over the king's enemies.'"

Besides amusement, a clear and historical idea may be formed of Hindoo events and customs from these volumes.

The British Farmer's (Quarterly) Magazine. Ridgway. London.

WE have before us the fourth volume of this very useful work, just completed. Besides every thing of importance occurring in the agricultural world, such as general and provincial reports, markets, &c. it contains much original matter, peculiarly interesting to farmers, and to all engaged in the improvement of landed property. Whatever tends to advance the knowledge of rural economy is recorded, and all novelties in the practice of agriculture are brought into view. To the best systems of British cultivation, are added all that is worthy of imitation among continental and American farmers; and the methods in which they excel are recommended. One conspicuous feature of the Magazine, is the valuable instructions given for the improvement of the various breeds of live stock, communicated by some of the most eminent breeders in the kingdom, illustrated by well-executed engravings of superior and celebrated animals. It also contains a great body of agricultural and commercial statistics, which clearly shew how far agriculture has been, and continues to be, affected by legislative interference, and the change of times: pointing out the causes of the distresses which are unfortunately still in existence, with their remedies propounded. New books, treating on subjects of rural improvement, and for bettering the condition of the rural population, we observe, are noticed at considerable length. In short, it forms a useful register, and a respectable medium for the discussion of practical, as well as scientific agriculture, of which grand source of national employment and wealth, it is professedly a guide and a guard. A subject of increasing interest is promised in the future numbers, viz. the introduction of the various prize essays of the Manchester Agricultural Society.

The Family Library, Vol. XVIII. Voyages, &c. of the Companion of Columbus. By Washington Irving. 12mo. pp. 327. London, 1831. Murray.

THIS is a delightful volume; for the preface truly says, that the expeditions narrated and springing out of the voyages of Columbus may be compared to the attempts of adventurous knights-errant to achieve the enterprise left unfinished by some illustrious predecessors. Washington Irving's name is a pledge how well their stories will be told: and we only regret that we must of necessity defer our extracts for a week.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIV. A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., M.A. 12mo. pp. 372. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

ANOTHER of our monthly friends, and, we regret to say, so late in greeting our eyes, that we can only speak of it generally as a very high and important contribution to our national stock of scientific knowledge. As far as it goes, it is a perfect manual of the fundamental principles of physics.

Youth's Keepsake; a Christmas and New-Year's Gift for Young People. Boston, 1831, Carter and Hendee: London, O. Rich.

A MOST delightful little volume. Our young neighbours across the Atlantic will, we think, be well inclined to follow the advice of the motto, and

"Keep it for the giver's sake,
And read it for their own."

There is a rich spirit of poetry in the tales, and a fine perception of the natural and beautiful, which shew that no ordinary run of talent has catered for the youthful reader's en-

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joyment. We have not space for extract this week, so content ourselves with particularly mentioning N. P. Willis, Mrs. Child, and the anonymous authors of "Robert Turner," "Julia's Birthday," and the "Fairy Tree."

The Poetical Works of William Cowper. In 2 vols. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

When we say these volumes (the Aldine Edition of the Poets,) go on as they have begun, we give them the highest possible praise. As in republishing works considered standard in literature, the efforts of the bookseller are more matter of criticism than those of the author, whose fame is supposed to be established, we beg to refer the readers to a very just compliment paid Mr. Pickering, in the life here prefixed. Such an edition does equal credit to the taste and industry of its publisher. A memoir of the poet is prefixed, embracing the principal events of his life; but not calling for any particular criticism. By the by, it contains a whimsical misprint. Page lxxxiv. "plaintiff ballad" is printed instead of plaintive.

Strictures on Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War. pp. 137. Longman and Co.

An able defence of the military opinions and conduct of General Lord Beresford, impugned by Colonel Napier, as the author declares in consequence of political prejudice. Without going into the whole question, we may truly state, that some of the charges of Col. N. are demonstrated to have been unfounded, and some of his imputations impossible.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SWAN RIVER, &c.

It appeared from a recent debate in the House of Commons, that our government were not in possession of despatches from the Swan River settlement beyond January 1830; but private letters, and accounts in newspapers, bring down intelligence to a much later date. We have the *Hobart Town Courier*, a very well-conducted and able journal, to August 14, which contains some curious notices of its new neighbours. For instance, a description of the earliest periodical which they have produced. As follows:

"The *Western Australia Gazette* is written on a sheet of small demy paper; and the price, marked on it in red ink, is 3*s*. 6*d*. The editor labours to prove its vast importance to the colony. He is, however, either himself, or his amanuensis, but an indifferent scholar; for many of the words are mispelt, and some of the sentences ungrammatical.

"As to the weather, he says: 'In the course of last quarter various unfavourable circumstances have contributed to disappoint the expectations of the agriculturist. The seed process is retarded greatly; and the series of dry, cold, and barren weather (rather a poetical epithet as applied to weather) which we have experienced, has hardened the soil in a remarkable degree, and much impeded the progress of vegetation. We have had some refreshing showers of late, the good effects of which soon became visible; but the crops in general, and the sown grass in particular, have received a shock from which they are not likely to recover.'"—*June* 1.

We are sorry to say that our authority adds:

"Provisions were getting very scarce at the settlement, and it was evident that farther supplies would be wanted from Van Dieman's Land. The editor says, 'nearly two thousand open mouths have been daily expecting supplies, and witnessed with great satisfaction the arrival of the Eliza, with a cargo from Hobart Town.'"

The annexed is still later: it is an extract of a letter dated Perth, Western Australia, June 8, 1830.

"We have had a most unwelcome visiter here in the shape of ophthalmia, and it is only now taking its departure, after having attacked the majority of our members, and considerably retarded that progress which, under existing circumstances, it is so desirable early colonists should endeavour to attain. We are getting on better than could have been expected, in defiance of calumny, interested reports, and the false representations of the disaffected; and, considering the great benefit which our newly formed colony must prove to Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, for the next seven or eight years at least, it is quite surprising that it should be so fashionable to endeavour to cry it down, as we shall assuredly afford you an additional market for your produce.

"I assure you, that our colonising extends rapidly to the southward, and has already reached as far as Cape Lieuwin, round the east side of which is a considerable bay into which a large body of water empties itself over a shallow channel of only three or four feet. Several rivers flow from the interior country into this lake. The principal one has been named the Blackwood, and about fifty settlers are already there to occupy its banks; more are about to follow; and when our military force is increased beyond one company, sixty men of the sixty-third regiment, a detachment of troops will be sent there. The site of a town, to be called Augusta (in honour of the Duke of Sussex, the name of whose title is attached to the whole district or country), has been fixed upon at the junction of this lake with the sea. The country is represented to be very good here, and easy of access, with very fine timber and plenty of water. There can be little doubt of its continuing good to the extremity of Dr. Wilson's journey northward from King George's Sound, which was about seventy miles, where he left the country good and gently undulating; and there were some very considerable sheets of water in view, the connexion of which with the sea had not been ascertained. I have made a trip with the lieutenant governor to Cape Naturaliste, Geographe Bay, and the coast between it and the Swan. I was exceedingly gratified with the general results; and at Port Leschenault we left a detachment of fifteen soldiers, under an officer and sergeant, and accompanied by our colonial surgeon. The character of the country here is superior to any part I have seen, except the Swan; and in point of timber it is unequalled by any I have seen in the country, consisting mostly of a species of mahogany, of a red colour, which will form a valuable export. Unlike the soil in most other places, it is here good in many parts close to the sea, and continues a rich brown earth for many miles inland and across the mountains, which lie from five to six leagues from the coast. This is the distance they generally preserve from the coast in the whole extent from Swan River; but behind Leschenault they turn off to the S.E., and from Cape Naturaliste and Geographe Bay are not visible. The southern angle is abrupt and sandy, and is the extremity of a cluster of hills on the main ridge, called Roe's Range,—so named after the surveyor-general. It is about twelve miles in length, north and south; and from the valley at each extremity, issues a fine river, which empties itself into the large sheet of water called Port Leschenault. The Collie, which is the northernmost, is the finest river, and, after passing a bar at its entrance, is navigable for large boats to the distance of twenty miles, where the site of a town has been fixed. Another river empties itself into the Collie about ten miles from its entrance, and appears to flow from the interior through a considerable break in the mountains, (Talbot Vale,) ten miles north from the Collie. This river is occupied on both banks, and to the extent of 100,000 acres, by the establishment of Lieut.-Colonel Latour, who has considerable property in Van Diemen's Land. The Preston is the southern river, and is already occupied from the entrance to the mountains, as well as much of the intermediate space between it and the Collie. It is navigable for about seven miles up, where the site of a township has also been fixed, as well as at the entrance of the large sheet of water which passes by the name of Port Leschenault, whereas it is in fact but a shallow lagoon, seven or eight miles in length, and two or three in breadth, with only four or five feet water at its entrance. The anchorage is sheltered from all points except between N. and W.N.W., but cannot be recommended for a winter resort on account of the prevailing north-westerly winds at that season. The rivers northward of Port Leschenault, which flow into two similar sheets of water to those already mentioned, are of the same description. The most northern of the two is called the Murray, and has its estuary on the north side of Cape Bouvard of the charts. It is the southern boundary of Mr. Peel's land, which extends thence across the mountains, and is bounded on the north by a line running due east from the bottom of Cockburn Sound. This is a new tract of country for him, or at least not the space he intended to occupy when he left England, as he did not arrive in time, but his present grant contains a greater quantity of good land than his original intended one, and a large party of his people are satisfactorily at work upon a portion of it. In consequence of the late shipwrecks in Gage's roads, a new anchorage has been taken up, about a mile to the southward, called Britannia roads, from the brig Britannia having first used it, and, in company with the Orelia, having rode out the late gales in them without being at all distressed. The town of Frecmantle will now be extended to the coast opposite these roads, where the water runs deep close to the shore, for the convenience of shipping. The government has lately laid down some buoys and beacons for the guidance of the shipping in Cockburn Sound, which is an excellent and safe anchorage. Carpenters here earn 7*s*. a-day, and labourers 5*s*., independent of their food; but many independent servants come out to Mr. Peel, and others who are not yet in a condition to employ them in such numbers, and they are consequently thrown on the public to look for employment, which will speedily reduce the rate of wages. Surveyors are much wanted, for I believe the government surveyor has not one to assist him. The materials for a printing-press were on their way hither on board the Cumberland, but she was wrecked off Cape Leuwin some months ago, while hauling too close to that headland in the night, and with her perished types and every thing connected with them."

The *Hobart Town Courier* also contains some interesting particulars relative to an expedition into another quarter of the interior, which we subjoin.

"Very favourable accounts have been received of the success of the expedition sent by government, under Mr. Robinson, to conciliate the native tribes. The news has reached us by the way of the Van Diemen's Land Company's establishment at Circular-head. Mr. Robinson, it appears, after making his way from Port Davey to Macquarie Harbour, from which latter place the last accounts of him were received, and where he obtained a reinforcement of supplies, had arrived within thirty miles of Circular-head. During this course he had frequent intercourse with several tribes, all of them of the most friendly nature. On one or two occasions he passed several days and nights alone amongst them, finding it prudent to send his companions apart to avoid a little jealousy which some of them appeared to have when several whites were collected together. We consider this as one of the most fortunate circumstances that could have occurred in the island, leading, as we trust it will do, to the most happy results, in finally putting a period to the late sanguinary and mistaken attacks of this unhappy people. Great praise is due to the skill and unwearied perseverance displayed by Mr. Robinson and all his enterprising party on this occasion, the spirit of which must be kept up with energy; while it admonishes us more than ever to co-operate as much as we possibly can in other parts of the island, by catching and gaining them over to civilisation, or else effectually to deter them from continuing their ravages on the confines of the settled districts. An attempt is now making to introduce Chinese labourers amongst us, but it is by no means impossible nor hopeless that we shall ultimately be enabled to tame and instruct these poor people to habits of useful industry."

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY.

20^{d} 5^{h} 33^{m}—the Sun enters Aquarius.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Virgo	5	10	54
● New Moon in Sagittarius	13	13	37
☽ First Quarter in Cetus	20	19	29
○ Full Moon in Cancer	27	14	33

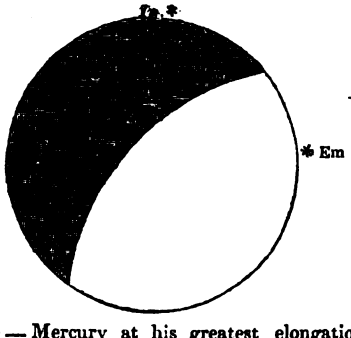
The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	1	23	7
Jupiter in Sagittarius	13	23	20
Venus in Capricornus	14	1	30
Mercury in Capricornus	15	1	20
Mars in Aries	20	14	0
Saturn in Leo	29	6	7

Occultation of Aldebaran.—This remarkable star will be occulted by the moon on the night of the 23d.

	H.	M.	S.
Immersion	9	46	40
Emersion	10	18	37

The following diagram will shew the position of the moon at the time, and the points of immersion and emersion.



11^{d}—Mercury at his greatest elongation (18° 58′) as an evening star: his position at the time will be 6′ distant from the planet Uranus, which will not be visible, from its feeble light and proximity to the solar rays. 13^{d}—ascending node. 17^{d}—stationary. 18^{d}—perihelion. 26^{d} 5^{h} 30^{m}—inferior conjunction.

Venus is too near the Sun for satisfactory observation. 12^{d} 8^{h}—in conjunction with Ju-

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piter: difference of latitude 44′. 15d—in aphelion. 22d 4h—in conjunction with Uranus: difference of latitude 42′. 26d—in conjunction with ε Capricorni: difference of latitude 3′.

3d 11h—Mars in conjunction with 1 ζ Piscium. 13d 21h 30m—in quadrature.

The Asteroids.

	D.		H.	M.		°	′
Vesta ..	1	R.A.	0	58	S.D.	1	41
	8	.....	1	43	.....	0	36·9
	16	.....	1	11·7	N.D	0	35·2
	24	.....	1	20·1	.....	1	49·9
Juno ..	1	.....	23	14	S.D.	9	27
	8	.....	23	27·1	.....	8	26·2
	16	.....	23	41·6	.....	7	15·7
	24	.....	23	56·7	.....	6	0·1
Pallas ..	1	.....	18	1	N.D.	3	23
	8	.....	18	11·9	.....	3	33·2
	16	.....	18	23·1	.....	3	49·7
	24	.....	18	34·1	.....	4	12·6
Ceres ..	1	.....	18	15	S.D.	24	50
	8	.....	18	28·4	.....	24	55·4
	16	.....	18	42·5	.....	24	57·2
	24	.....	18	56·4	.....	24	55

Jupiter is invisible from his proximity to the Sun. 20d 0h 15m—in conjunction with the Sun.

Saturn is in a favourable position for observation, five degrees and a half east of the bright star Regulus.

Uranus is too near the Sun to be observed.

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On Thursday week, Mr. Hallam, V.P., in the chair; several members were elected. The secretary commenced the reading of a paper communicated by S. Woodward, Esq., relative to Roman antiquities in the county of Norfolk, with a map. Mr. Woodward expressed the very laudable desire that antiquaries in the country would contribute to the Society maps of their respective districts with reference to the time of the Romans, and with a view to the composition of a Roman map of Great Britain. —Adjourned for the Christmas holydays, to next Thursday week.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Meeting of Wednesday, Dec. 15.—Two ancient Latin manuscripts, in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., were presented for the inspection of the meeting, and an account of their contents, in a letter from Sir Thomas to the secretary, was read. One of them, a document of the 12th or beginning of the 13th century, entitled "Mappæ Clavicula," contains a description of the various materials used in the art of painting and illuminating in those centuries, with the composition of the ingredients for forming the different colours, &c.; and, consequently, throws some light upon the state of chemical knowledge at that early period. The art of gilding and writing in gold letters is likewise explained; and the composition of the ground upon which the gold was laid, with the method of burnishing it,—an art which is said to be now lost, as far as relates to the illumination of MSS. This manuscript likewise describes several other mechanical arts, as practised at the above period; such as, the formation of glass, the method of dyeing skins, the mode of poisoning arrows, of making battering rams and other warlike implements, &c. The subject of the other manuscript is a narrative of the conspiracy of the Archbishop of York, and others, in the reign of Richard II. It is entitled "Succincta Historia de facinoribus Alexandri Nevyle, Archiepiscopi Ebor.; Robti. de Veer, Ducis Hiberniæ; Mich. de la Pole, Comitis Suffolk, Cancellarii Angliæ; Robti. Tresylian, Capitalis Justiciarii; et Nich. Brembre, militis." The object of the conspiracy was to render the king independent of the aristocracy and the laws, by enabling him to levy subsidies, &c., without consulting parliament: it terminated in the defeat and capture of the conspirators, by the army of the nobility, under Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby; and was followed by the exile of the Archbishop and confiscation of his estates, and by the execution or banishment of his associates. The narrative appears to have been the work of a partisan of the Duke of Gloucester.

A further reading followed, from Professor Lee's Memoir on the Origin of Heathenism. The Professor contends, in this portion of his essay, that the heresies of the first centuries were a mere adaptation of the *emanation system* of the heathen philosophers, to the form, and under the name, of Christianity; and examines Lardner's able attempts to refute the charges brought against the early heresiarchs.

Several members were elected at this meeting.

HEAD'S EDITION OF BRUCE'S TRAVELS.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—In one of the extracts from Major Head's *Life of Bruce*, given in your criticism on that work, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of Dec. 18, I was surprised to see that the author had been guilty of a very great mistake respecting the illustrious Johnson, whom he accuses of having, in his preface to his translation of the Jesuit Jerome Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia (which the Major asserts was published when the work of Bruce was eagerly expected by the public), thrown out reflections against the veracity of the latter traveller. Now, as Bruce was born in 1733, and Johnson translated Lobo's Voyage, and wrote the preface to it, in the same year, 1733, and it was published in 1735, the Doctor must have added to his other endowments the gift of prophecy, if he had intended any attack on Bruce's reputation. It is really melancholy that such gross errors should be found in works professing to be particularly designed for the instruction of youth: yet Major Head seems to be perfectly confident in his own accuracy, and censures Johnson, by whom, he says, "these round rigmarole sentences were rolled against Bruce," &c. With respect to the Major's apparent contempt of the style of the great moralist and critic, if it prevents him from reading the Rambler, and the Lives of the Poets, I pity him, as he loses as high intellectual pleasure as a human being is capable of enjoying: but let him not insult the ashes of the mighty dead with erroneous accusations. As to the opinion which it is said Johnson expressed, "that after conversing a second time with Bruce, he doubted if he had been in Africa," it must have been given many years after the former dates I have mentioned, for Bruce returned from his travels at the end of the year 1761; and it was an opinion he held in common with many others. I agree, however, with Major Head, that Bruce was unfairly treated by the public; and although his violently forcing a timid man to eat raw beef, is no reason that we should swallow his account of the Abyssinians cutting beefsteaks from the living animal; yet when we reflect, that in this civilised country eels are flayed and lobsters are boiled alive, we may easily credit any narrative that tells us of the selfish and remorseless cruelty of man. The wonder is, how the remainder of the animal from which a feast has been made, should be able to walk on in a climate where severe wounds are soon followed by mortification of the injured part; and the wonder is so great, that it requires the evidence of more than one witness to induce us to believe it; for one witness may be deceived, or may forget and confound what he has heard from others with what he has seen himself, and err in his narrative, without any intention of imposing on the world. I must now mention a circumstance related by the Major, and extracted by you, which makes more against him than the severest criticism I ever heard respecting him. I mean the traveller's evasive and witty answer to Single-speech Hamilton's requesting him to draw something in as good a style as those drawings of his which had been said to be done by Balugani. This answer should not have been brought forward by the counsel for the defendant, and proves how true the Spanish proverb is, "Save me from my friends."

I must now, Mr. Editor, express my surprise that in a work of such merit as the *Literary Gazette*, the errors I have alluded to should have escaped detection.* I feel as much abashed as the man who met Cato in a state of intoxication. Pray be a little more circumspect in future; and recollect that, in a work so near perfection as yours, and of such extensive circulation, the slightest inaccuracies cannot escape detection. Z.

December 24, 1830.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery. Part XXI. Fisher and Co.

The portraits in this Part are those of the Marquess of Anglesey, a superb engraving; of the Earl of Carlisle, replete with expression and excellence; and of Sir Capt. John Franklin, strikingly characteristic. Without speaking of the biographical sketches (as we yet owe a notice to Part XX.) we can truly say, that three likenesses, of such a quality in art, and of such *national* interest, at twice the cost of these, would excite our wonder and admiration.

Her Serene Highness Marie Thérèse, Princess Esterhazy. Engraved by Dean, from an original miniature by Holmes. M. Colnaghi.

Somewhat too voluptuous, perhaps, for a "Serene Highness;" but, nevertheless, a very beautiful portrait of a very beautiful woman. It is the seventy-third of the series of the Female Nobility, in *La Belle Assemblée.*

The King. From an original drawing of J. Jenkins. S. Gans.

Of the great, and we may add the fortunate, popularity of our most gracious sovereign, the number of portraits of him of an inexpensive kind, which have been published since his accession, affords a striking proof. That under our notice conveys a strong resemblance of the royal countenance.

* A second letter on the same subject, and signed "A Friend," has reached us; but the foregoing supersedes the necessity for publishing more than its concluding passage:—"The major should know, that the biography of men dead before our own times, requires something more, and is not to be properly handled by *Rough Sketches. Rapid Journeys* must be changed to *reading nights* and *quiet studies*, if we wish to become acquainted with the contemporaries of our hero—a knowledge not wholly superfluous, at least it used not to be considered so. But the school-master is abroad, and intellect is marching fast, perchance, into ignorance." With regard to our own share of blame for overlooking the anachronism in our notice of the volume, we can only throw ourselves on the mercy of our readers. It certainly did not strike us at the moment, when, relying on the author, we neglected to compare dates; and thus, in the haste constantly attendant upon a periodical of very frequent appearance, shewed less of critical acuteness than, we trust, is our wont.—*Ed. L. G.*

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The Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S.
S. C. Smith del.; L. Haghe lithog.

We do not remember ever having seen the lithographic chalk handled in a more free and masterly manner. There is great character in the head; and the drapery reminds us of Lawrence.

Sir Walter Scott.—A fine bust of the author of Waverley, engraved by Thompson from Chantrey, is among the fine-arts novelties of the day. It is an ornament to the *New Monthly*; and if, as is stated, the commencement of a series of portraits of a similar kind, we must say it bespeaks a good measure of new-year activity in our contemporary.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Ivy, holly, and mistletoe,
Give me a penny before I go."
"Christmas comes but once a year."

The rose, it is the love of June,
The violet that of spring;
Out on the faithless and fading flowers
That take the south wind's wing!
Such craven blooms I hold in scorn—
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

Its berries are red as a maiden's lip,
Its leaves are of changeless green;
And any thing changeless now, I wis,
Is somewhat rare to be seen.
The holly, which fall and frost has borne,
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

Its edges are set in keen array,
They are fairy weapons bared;
And in an unlucky world like ours
'Tis as well to be prepared.
Like the crest of a warrior worn,
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

It was so with England's olden race,—
But, alas! in this our day
We think so much of the present time,
That we cast the past away.
Let us do as they did ere we were born,—
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

The holly, it is no green-house plant,
But grows in the common air;
In the peasant's lattice, the castle hall,
Its green leaves alike are there.
If its lesson in mind be borne,
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

L. E. L.

IMPROMPTU,

On reading the above charming Carol.

The Christmas Carol thou sing'st so well,
No better I'd wish to know;
But why neglect, fair L. E. L.,
For the holly the mistletoe?
The one is a prickly, angry leaf,
The other an antidote to grief.

Though its berries red, like a maiden's lip,
May seem to invite to bliss;
They are false as the fruit of the Dead Sea shore—
For the holly tempts not the kiss.
That joy to the holier plant we owe—
And so I prefer the mistletoe.

The warrior spike is a hateful sign
In the midst of holyday glee;
Then let the harmless symbol be mine,
That sprouts from the good oak tree.
Let fairy and warrior arms bow low
To the arms twined round 'neath the mistletoe.

Ed. L. G.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS DAVISON, ESQ.

With feelings of sincere sorrow we have to announce the death, on Tuesday last, at his house in Bedford Row, of this eminent and much-esteemed typographer. Mr. Davison was so well known to a wide and most respectable circle in London, that it needs no eulogy from our pen to excite a general sympathy for his loss: his memory will long be cherished by the numerous friends whom his honourable career made for him,—among whom he lived in unblemished mercantile reputation and the warmest social regard, and by whom his grave will be truly lamented. He was born at Durham, and brought up as a printer, in which business he passed forty years in the metropolis, and by his talents and abilities raised it, as a useful art, to high distinction. His works, by their correctness and beauty, by improvements which he made in inks, and other merits, acquired great celebrity; and few, indeed, of his competitors could approach the characters of what issued from his press. Among the evidences of this, we may mention the various editions of Byron, Rogers' Italy, the Keepsake, the Landscape Annual, and many other elegant productions.

To the enjoyments of private life Mr. Davison was powerfully recommended by his social qualities. To his fellows he was kind and generous: no man in his station ever performed more liberal actions; and not only brother-printers, but many booksellers and authors, have been indebted to his prompt liberality for effectual assistance, at times when a friend was most needed. This is a just tribute to his worth as a man. In company, the musical sweetness of a voice rarely equalled for compass and expression, imparted a charm to his companionship, and made him every where welcome.

Though for years subject to periodical illness from gout, his death was sudden; no danger being anticipated six hours before it took place. He has left a widow and family of five sons and three daughters; and if he has not enriched them by the accumulation of very great wealth, he has, we doubt not, from his large concerns, realised a comfortable independency, and, for the rest, bequeathed them a good name and the respect of all who knew him.

DRAMA.

ADELPHI.

In our dramatic criticisms of this week, we shall reverse the usual order of theatrical notices, and, instead of the line of seniority—1. Drury Lane, 2. Covent Garden, 3. Minor Theatres—we are tempted to adopt the line of desert, and place that house at the head, small though it be, which has given us the best pantomime. Therefore stand forward, *Adelphi*, with your *Grimalkin the Great*, or *Harlequin the King of the Cats*; and a very Tybalt in his way. Beginning with the overture, a right pantomimic prelude, by Rodwell; the thing is full of bustle, drollery, excellent changes, good scenery, and wonderful feats, to the final drop of the curtain. The *Columbine* (Miss Stallard) is a plump and pretty girl, not wanting in activity; and though we have seen greater grace, we have seldom seen greater spirit. She has more of the English than the Italian or French in her; and is consequently a favourite with the public. But the weight of this light piece is laid upon stronger shoulders, and *Harlequin*, *Pantaloon*, *Clown*, and *Antico*, are admirably performed by Gibson, King, Sanders, and Brown. The grotesque figures into which these extraordinary performers throw themselves, are incredible; and we fear (or rather we hope) that nothing short of ocular demonstration can convince our readers of the possibility of a gentleman's dancing a hornpipe upon his head better than most people can do on their feet,—of others hopping along on nameless parts,—of living pyramids, utterly contrary to all pre-conceived notions of humanity,—and of motion, postures, &c. &c., not readily to be reconciled with the known capabilities of man. Yet all these things, and more, are the attractions of every scene; and whether they produce most wonder or merriment, we are at a loss to determine. A *Sabot* dance, by the four, Harlequin and Antico being disguised as females, is capitally done; but the whole of the performances is of the genuine character which belongs to such holyday entertainments. Among the metamorphoses, a barrel of oysters turned into a punch-bowl and glasses, is one of the neatest on a small scale; while the change of a provision-stall into the stocks, and *vice versâ*, is one of the cleverest. The Court of Chancery into the cage; the division of Antico into two parts in the doctor's shop, and his resuscitation whole; the clown at table, trying to drink a glass of wine and read the paper, in which he is whimsically foiled by magic movements, and many other tricks, afford ample proofs of the talent with which Harlequin's wand is employed on this occasion.

COVENT GARDEN.

At this theatre an innovation has been ventured upon, for the purpose of introducing in dialogue the comic Hibernian abilities of Power, and thereby strengthening the piece by his brogue. This attempt is an error in design, and a failure in execution. Power is out of his element, and appears with *no* advantage to himself, and, as *Harlequin Pat* might say, with *less* to the pantomime. Our reprobation is, however, confined to the introduction. After *Pat* has succeeded in milling the *Giant* on his own causeway, according to the versification of the irreverent, old, (and revolutionary) couplet,

"God made the great man to walk in the fields,
But God made the little to trip up his heels,"

the pantomime commences. Some very beautiful scenery is displayed. The perspective of the castle, the Boyne water, and the ship, are among the most effective. But there is little of invention, a scarcity of fun, and nothing to laugh at, in this expensive gewgaw, which is a farther departure from the true spirit of pantomime (so long declining); and though upheld to a certain degree by the skill and experience of Ellar, Barnes, and Paulo, a rather tiresome means of finishing an evening's amusement, scarcely enlivening our souls, yea, after the fifth unendurable sepulchral act of the *Fair Penitent*, which realises the foreigner's old joke of every thing being theatrical in England, where even *funerals are performed*. (Vide undertakers' signs *passim*.)

DRURY LANE.

To decide upon the claims of the rival pantomimes at the great houses to superiority, would be a task of no small difficulty. It would be alike unfair and inconsistent to inflict condemnation upon the one when preference was not deserved by the other. The glory of pantomimes has departed from them, and the dynasty of dioramas and panoramas has usurped the throne of Grimaldi. The mimicry of natural grandeur is offered as a substitute for the mimicry of human absurdity. The change is lamentably for the worse. In its attempts to

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represent the grandeur of nature, the stage necessarily falls infinitely short of its object; it can only do so in diminutive and in depreciation; while over human folly it possesses a magnifying power, and, by exaggerating, renders it the more palpable for censure or for laughter. We cannot, then, without reluctance, give up our laugh at this season, which pantomimes, in their proper province, were wont to afford us; while, at the same time, they were wont to be the best periodical satires on the fashions and fooleries of the day; whereas now they are little else than a display of "scenery, machinery, decorations, and dresses." *Mother Carey* and her *Marine Stores*, together with a burlesque upon *Black-eyed Susan*, compose the introduction to the harleqninade; and, truth to confess, the tricks, changes, tumbles, &c. &c. &c. are, if any thing, duller than at Covent Garden. In the dioramic views by Stanfield, the Pass of the Simplon, and the Schalbet by moonlight, are probably the highest efforts to which scenic painting has hitherto attained, though the picture altogether is defective in the want of an adequate termination: the Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands, though fine, are not a fine finale.

VARIETIES.

New Moving Power. — M. Zgieraky, of St. Petersburg, the author of several ingenious inventions and scientific works, is preparing a publication which will shortly appear in Latin, in Russ, and in French, and which will unfold some secrets of a nature calculated to be generally useful. This publication will contain the description of a new system for impelling air-balloons against the wind; and of the application of the same principle to put in motion carriages and agricultural instruments, without the assistance of horses, or other draught animals, and without steam-engines.

Cholera Morbus.—The Austrian government has sent several physicians into Russia to study the symptoms of the cholera morbus, and ascertain the nature of that dreadful malady. A similar mission is contemplated by the government of France. At a recent meeting of the French Academy, M. Moreau de Jonnes read a paper on the subject, and drew from the facts already established the following conclusions:—1st, That there is reason to hope that the cold of winter in the Russian provinces, which are situated between the 45 and 57 degrees of latitude, will arrest the effects and the propagation of the pestilential cholera; 2dly, that, nevertheless, numerous and uniform examples give reason to fear that it will only be suspended during the winter, and that it will recommence its ravages in spring; 3dly, that if, unhappily, such should be the case, the whole of Europe may be invaded, one part after another, according to the opinion of Lord Heytesbury, the English ambassador at Petersburgh; an opinion confirmed by the consideration that the contagion must acquire new strength in passing into climates of a higher temperature than that of Russia.

The French Press.—Le Globe says, "Under the title of 'Patriotic Association of the Press,' a society is at present forming, for the purchase of all the *brevets d'imprimeur* vacant at Paris and in the departments, in order to retain for the French people the means of publishing, by journals, by pamphlets, or otherwise, all that may be serviceable to the public interest, conformably to law. Every thing which issues from these patriotic printing-offices will be sold at the cost price." It is difficult to conceive a power more extensive, and at the same time more liable to abuse, than may eventually be monopolised by such a society.

Unicorns. — An Italian gentleman, named Barthema, said to be entitled to implicit credit, who has just returned from Africa, states, that he saw two unicorns at Mecca, which had been sent as a present from the King of Ethiopia to the sultan.—*Hobart Town Courier.*

Original Country of the Golden Pheasant.—Since the time of Buffon, the golden pheasant has been supposed to come originally from China, but upon what authority is unknown. A passage in Pliny notices this bird by a characteristic feature, which has been overlooked by naturalists, but which cannot be mistaken. The golden pheasant has, on each side of the head, beautiful orange-yellow feathers, which curve into a sort of conch, or ear, and are susceptible of voluntary motion. The common pheasant does not possess this ornament. Now Pliny expressly says: "*Phasianæ in Colchis geminas ex plumâ aures submittunt subriguntque.*" From these facts, Dureau de la Malle, in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, fixes the country of the bird at Colchis or Mingrelia, whence we have also the common pheasant, whose name is derived from Phasis, the principal river of Colchis. M. Gamba, French consul at Tiflis, is stated to have seen and chased the golden pheasant in the chain of the Caucasus, where large flocks are found in company with the common pheasant.

Gold Mine.—The Charlestown Gazette announces the discovery of a gold-mine in South Carolina, which is so productive that it employs about five hundred workmen. The metal is said to be of singular purity.

National Armies. — It has been computed that, in Prussia, there is one soldier in eighty inhabitants; in Austria, one in a hundred and eighteen; in France, one in a hundred and forty-two; in England, one in two hundred and twenty-nine; and in Russia, one in fifty-seven.

French Porcelain.—From the year 1810 to the year 1814, a beautiful piece of porcelain, called "The Tablet of the Marshals," which was placed in the museum at Paris, attracted the attention of all the amateurs of the arts. The painting upon it was considered to be Isabey's master-piece. It was a monument to the glory of the warriors who contributed to the triumphs of the memorable campaign of Vienna. In the midst was Napoleon on the throne; from which emanated rays, bearing the names of the various battles fought before the victory of Austerlitz. Between these rays were the portraits of twelve of the French marshals. On the restoration of the Bourbons, this magnificent work was expelled from the museum. It is now the property of an individual in Paris, who has offered it for sale.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. I. Jan.* 1.]

A Popular Sketch of the History of Poland, by Mr. W. J. Thoms, editor of the "Early Prose Romances." —The Incognita; or, Sins and Peccadillos, a Tale of Spain, by the author of "The Castilian," &c. — Observations on the present defective State of English Timber, the Causes which retard its Growth, together with the Means which ought to be immediately adopted to prevent the further premature Decay of this valuable Description of Property, by P. Lauder, of Cardiff.—We announce with pleasure that the comedy of The Chancery Suit, which entertains us, we know not why, too rarely on the stage, is about to appear in print.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIV. (Herschel's Natural Philosophy), fcp. 6*s.* bds.; Library, Vol. I. (Life of Duke of Wellington, by Capt. Sherer, Vol. I.), fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Dibdin's Sunday Library, Vol. I. fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Combe on Mental Derangement, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds. Strangway's Messiah, a poem, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds. — Millingen's Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Major Leith Hay's Narrative of the Peninsular War, 2 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Thomas's Serious Poems, 12mo. 6*s.* bds. — Valpy's Classical Library, No. XIII. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hughes' Divines, No. VIII. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Borthwick on Prophecies of Daniel, 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—Mothers and Daughters, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Turf, 2 vols. fcp. 15*s.* bds.—Journal of a Nobleman at Vienna, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds. — Scenes of Life, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Moore's Life of Lord Byron, Vol. II. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Times' Telescope for 1831, 12mo. 9*s.* bds.—M'Leod and Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Swain's Beauties of the Mind, post 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. IX. fcp. 5*s.* bds.—An Only Son, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Parson's Sermons, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—National Library, No. V. 12mo. 6*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

December.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 16	From 36. to 26.	30.23 to 30.26
Friday 17	—— 20. — 37.	29.99 — 29.86
Saturday .. 18	—— 28. — 35.	30.04 — 30.09
Sunday .. 19	—— 27. — 39.	29.98 — 29.66
Monday.... 20	—— 32. — 43.	29.40 — 29.65
Tuesday .. 21	—— 32. — 40.	29.76 — 29.69
Wednesday 22	—— 36. — 49.	29.54 — 29.34

Wind variable, prevailing N.W. Except the 16th, 20th, and 21st, generally overcast; a little rain and snow at times. Rain fallen, ·2 of an inch.

December.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 23	From 33. to 28.	29.36 to 29.46
Friday 24	—— 14. — 25.	29.39 — 29.30
Saturday .. 25	—— 8.5 — 24.	29.34 Stationary
Sunday.... 26	—— 19. — 32.	29.26 — 29.22
Monday .. 27	—— 20. — 32.	29.16 Stationary
Tuesday .. 28	—— 26. — 36.	29.00 — 29.36
Wednesday 29	—— 20. — 33.	29.61 Stationary

Prevailing winds N.W and E. Except the 23d and 24th, generally cloudy, with frequent snow and rain.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Aurora Borealis.—On Christmas Day, at half-past 7 P.M., a very remarkable aurora borealis was observed from the vicinity of Keswick. Long arches of light extended from north to west through a sky for the most part clear, and almost eclipsed by their brilliance the resplendence of an unclouded and frosty moon. These remained for some time stationary; when a sullen ruddy glow arose in the west, like the dull light of some vast and distant conflagration; and from this, as a centre, began to diverge streamers of fantastic form, which seemed to be composed of bundles of arrowy beams, for ever shifting like the movements of a mighty loom. At times, these appeared to press forward on the gaze with almost dazzling lustre; and then again they faded, as the light leapt from cloud to cloud, into a pale saffron effulgence. Once they assumed the likeness of Greek characters traced out upon the sky. The stars were seen distinctly through them. After exhibiting these various changes, in awful beauty, for about half an hour, the streamers ceased to play; but for some hours afterwards, that quarter of the sky retained a softened light, and the cloud-like arches were still perceptible.

Keswick, 27th Dec. 1830.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L.'s lines, though pretty, are inadmissible.

We do not think the reclamation of Amed Pichot, respecting the fragment taken from the Mercure de France into the Keepsake Français, of sufficient public interest to make a stir about; though we are decidedly of opinion that fair and candid dealing in such matters is not only the most honest, but also the most beneficial line of conduct.

Messrs. George Barret and John Pye seem to complain with more cause, that a print published in the Amulet with their names, had previously 3400 impressions wrought off for the Anniversary. Not even steel can do justice to artists in this way.

Mr. Montague Burgoyne's petition to parliament for enclosing 12,000 acres of Epping Forest, does not fall within the plan of the *Literary Gazette*. We nevertheless heartily wish well to every project for the improvement of the condition of the poor.

P., of Crukhowel, is wroth with Dr. Hibbert, or the writer of a paragraph in the *Literary Gazette* of Dec. 4, for imagining that the dark features of the natives of Auverne shewed them to be of a Celtic origin. He declares there is no authority or sanction for such a supposition. *Non nostrum*, &c.

E. M., who impugns our grammar occasionally "in the use of the subjunctive, or future imperfect," and, at the same time, tells us he is "NO (!) grammarian," would, we think, be much puzzled to adduce examples of what he contends for. We cannot, however, enter upon the controversy.

Mr. James's letter shall have due attention in our next.

A second review of the Life of Lord Rodney is prepared.

We will endeavour to bring up the arrear of Advertisements next week.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—The Spring Course of Lectures will commence on Wednesday, Jan. 19th, 1830.

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The Life of the illustrious Byron, by Mr. Galt, who was personally known to the poet, has been stamped by the concurrent voice of the public with the character of a standard work, authentic in particulars, and dispassionate in judgment. That it should have met with opposition, was an inevitable consequence of the task—since the very name of Byron conjures up at once a host of angry disputants, who, having each his own theory to support, cannot *all* concur in the statements and opinions of the biographer, be these what they may. The memoir in question has, however, been so fortunate as already to rise superior to its assailants.

In speaking of the Rev. Mr. Gleig's History of the Bible, it has been said in a contemporary Journal, (*Lit. Gaz.*) that "it would be some ground of reproach to the friends of truth, if they had entirely neglected the new species of monthly publications as a means of diffusing religious knowledge among the higher and middle classes of society; and the present volume shews, in the happiest manner, how well they are adapted to convey that knowledge which makes faith more sure, and piety more enlightened." To this has been elsewhere added a commendation which the writer may reflect on with unqualified happiness during his life, namely, that "the replies which he has given in different stages of his History to the cavils of sceptics, are likely, with the blessing of Providence, to arrest the spread of disbelief."

The History of Chemistry, which forms the third volume of the National Library, is from the pen of the learned Dr. Thomson, of the University of Glasgow; who, in recording the wonderful incidents and effects on society which marked the progress of Chemistry—in telling of the strange lives of its early students, (the Alchemists and others,) and in describing at full the useful labours and discoveries of more recent professors—has written a book which, while it is characterised by scrupulous truth, and by practical information in every part, possesses much of the attraction of romance.

The remaining volumes of those hitherto published, are occupied by the History of Chivalry and the Crusades; and Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern, by Mr. Horace Smith,—which latter is just issued to the public. Of the charm of the former subject in an imaginative point of view, and of its great utility in illustrating the annals of European nations, it is needless to speak; while, as regards the present author's treatment, the numerous readers of "Richelieu" and "Darnley" have, no doubt, from its first announcement, formed high expectations, which, it is hoped, have now been fulfilled.

To these, many other original works will immediately succeed; among which may be mentioned the History of the Royal Navy of England, from its first existence; and that of the British Army and its Services. Histories such as these, seem, of especial right, to belong to an English National Library; and it is confidently believed by the Proprietors, that the great public interest of these subjects will appear not to have been confided to hands incompetent to the importance of the task. In Biography, too, the Proprietors hope to fulfil the expectations regarding this branch of Literature, which they understand have been excited by the universal success of their first volume, the Life of Byron; in justification of which hope, they may specify two works as forthcoming, namely, "a New Life of Shakspeare," and "Lives of Distinguished Travellers."

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No. 729. SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., late President of the Royal Society, &c. &c. By J. A. Paris, M.D., F.R.S. 4to. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THE name of Davy will remain associated with a bright era of English history so long as Science shall maintain her empire among civilised nations. If the same page blazon forth the actions of brave men, who, in the discharge of their duty, have been compelled to study the destruction of their species; how far greater are the claims to a niche in the temple of Fame, of men whose whole lives were devoted to the extension of the boundaries of science, and to the improvement of their fellow-men?

Although the annals of science, in almost every European language during the last thirty years, have preserved sufficient testimonials of the varied and splendid discoveries of the late President of the Royal Society; yet the friends of such objects as it is the *charter* of our *Literary Gazette* to advance, must hail with satisfaction the appearance of a work like the volume before us,—a work destined to occupy a prominent place in every select library in the United Kingdom. It would perhaps be difficult to find any living individual better qualified, in all respects, than Dr. Paris, to transmit down to posterity a faithful picture of the personal and scientific career of the late Sir Humphry Davy. With the facilities afforded by long personal friendship, local residence, and consequent access to the best sources for information, coupled, in no ordinary degree, with a certain unity of pursuits and studies between the biographer and the subject of his biography,—we should have been grievously disappointed to have found "the Life" of Sir H. Davy any thing short of a highly interesting personal memoir, as well as an able and learned commentary on the progress of physical science during the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

The discoveries of Davy in chemistry were as multifarious as they were important. We have neither leisure nor space, in our miscellaneous columns, to offer any thing in the shape of even a brief catalogue of his splendid researches. Whether we take into account the vast advantages which have accrued in the department of agriculture, from his elaborate experiments (in 1804 and 1805), on the nature and application of manures, and correcting the sterility of different soils,—his admirable experiments (which are recorded in the first part of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1807) on the decomposition of the acids by galvanic agency,—his masterly application of the same gigantic agent in effecting the ultimate analysis of bodies which had been considered by all preceding chemists to be absolutely simple *alkaline* substances,—or the various and beautiful researches on the nature of flame, which led to the invention of the safety-lamp,—or the different power of attraction manifested by different metals for oxygen, which led to the preservation of copper sheathing for shipping:—in all these cases, and many others that might be mentioned, it would be difficult to say whether the inventive genius that could first wing its way into these untrodden fields of science, or the ingenuity and marvellous accuracy with which those experiments were conducted to their ultimate results, are most entitled to the admiration and the gratitude of posterity.

Having received, at a late hour, only a portion of the work of Dr. Paris (in sheets), we can scarcely be called upon, in our present Number, to offer any decided opinion on its merits. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the selection of such extracts from the first portion of the volume as relate to the earlier period of the extraordinary character whose memoirs it records.

The late "Humphry Davy (says his biographer) was born at the town of Penzance, in Cornwall, on the 17th of December, 1788. His ancestors had long possessed a small estate at Varfell, in the parish of Ludgvan, in the Mount's Bay, on which they resided."

The infantile years of those individuals who become distinguished in after-life are not in general sufficiently indicative of that genius or peculiar bias which it is usually the pride of the historian to investigate; but young Davy seems to have exhibited a remarkable instance of precocious talent. His biographer rather grandiloquently observes: "I have spared no pains in collecting materials for the illustration of the earlier periods of his history; for to estimate the magnitude of an object we must measure the base with accuracy, in order to comprehend the elevation of its summit. Young Davy was first placed at a preparatory seminary kept by a Mr. Bushell, who was so struck with the progress he made, that he urged his father to remove him to a superior school. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, that he would, at the age of about five years, turn over the pages of a book as rapidly as if he were merely engaged in counting the number of leaves, or in hunting after pictures; and yet, on being questioned, he could generally give a very satisfactory account of the contents. I have been informed by Lady Davy, that the same faculty was retained by him through life, and that she has often been astonished beyond the power of expression, at the rapidity with which he read a work, and the accuracy with which he remembered it.

"Mr. Children has also communicated to me an anecdote which may be related in illustration of the same quality. Shortly after Dr. Murray had published his System of Chemistry, Davy accompanied Mr. Children in an excursion to Tunbridge, and the new work was placed in the carriage. During the occasional intervals in which their conversation was suspended, Davy was seen turning over the leaves of the book, but his companion did not believe it possible that he could have made himself acquainted with any part of its contents, until at the close of the journey he surprised him with a critical opinion of its merits."

The admirers of the profound philosopher in after-life will scarcely be prepared to learn, from the memoir before us, that at the age of eight years "he was a great lover of the marvellous, and amused himself and his schoolfellows by composing stories of romance and tales of chivalry, with all the fluency of an Italian *improvisatore;* and joyfully would he have issued forth, armed *cap-à-pie*, in search of adventures, and to free the world of dragons and giants." The doctor proceeds, in his natural enthusiasm for the subject of his memoir, to institute a comparison, which we do not deem altogether felicitous: "In this early fondness for fiction," says he, "and in the habit of exercising his ingenuity in creating imagery for the gratification of his fancy, Davy and Sir Walter Scott greatly resembled each other. . . . . Had not Davy's talents been diverted into other channels, who can say that we might not have received from his inventive pen a series of romantic tales, as beautifully illustrative of the early history of his native country as are the Waverley Novels of that of Scotland?—for Cornwall is by no means deficient in elfin sprites and busy 'pixeys;' the invocation is alone required to summon them from their dark recesses and mystic abodes."

Who would not have had cause to regret, had the splendid genius of Davy been thus "diverted" from the invaluable and inexhaustible fields of philosophy for those of poesy? The days are gone past when we have any right to expect universal genius in *one* individual. An Admirable Crichton can no longer be found in society, since the infinite subdivision and refinement of modern literature and science. For this reason, therefore, we shall pass over sundry pages of juvenile poetry given by the biographer as a specimen of the ardour with which young Davy wooed the Muses among the romantic scenery which surrounds the place of his nativity.

At the age of sixteen, it seems the future P. R. A. was articled to Mr. John Borlase, a respectable surgeon of Penzance; but it does not appear that he ever evinced any attachment to the profession, except in so far as the dispensation of medicines at first directed his attention to chemical pursuits, though he had shewn previously a strong bias for miscellaneous science.

"While with Mr. Borlase (says Dr. P.) it was his constant custom to walk in the evening to Merezion, to drink tea with an aunt, to whom he was greatly attached. Upon such occasions, his usual companion was a hammer, with which he procured specimens from the rocks on the beach. In short, it would appear that at this period he paid much more attention to philosophy than to physic; that he thought more of the bowels of the earth than of the stomachs of his patients; and that when he should have been bleeding the sick, he was opening veins in the granite. Instead of preparing medicines in the surgery, he was expe-

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rimenting in Mr. Tonkin's garret, which had now become the scene of his chemical operations; and upon more than one occasion, it is said that he produced an explosion which put the doctor and all his glass bottles in jeopardy. 'This boy Humphry is incorrigible. Was there ever so idle a dog? He will blow us all into the air.' Such were the constant exclamations of Mr. Tonkin; and then, in a jocose strain, he would speak of him as 'the philosopher,' and sometimes call him Sir Humphry, as if prophetic of his future renown."

The following extract shews that young Davy not only pursued chemistry and mineralogy, but that he also laboured hard to overcome a natural impediment of speech, by following the celebrated prescription of Demosthenes:—

"It was Davy's great delight to ramble along the sea-shore, and often, like the orator of Athens, would he on such occasions declaim against the howling of the wind and waves, with a view to overcome a defect in his voice; which, although only slightly perceptible in his maturer age, was in the days of his boyhood exceedingly discordant. I may, perhaps, be allowed to observe, that the peculiar intonation he employed in his public addresses, and which rendered him obnoxious to the charge of affectation, was to be referred to a laborious effort to conceal this natural infirmity. It was also clear that he was deficient in that quality which is commonly called 'a good ear,' and with which the modulation of the voice is generally acknowledged to have an obvious connexion. Those who knew him intimately will readily bear testimony to this fact. Whenever he was deeply absorbed in a chemical research, it was his habit to hum some tune, if such it could be called, for it was impossible for any one to discover the air he intended to sing: indeed Davy's music became a subject of raillery amongst his friends; and Mr. Children informs me, that during an excursion, they attempted to teach him the air of *God save the King*; but their efforts were perfectly unavailing."

"It may be a question," continues his biographer, "how far the following fact with which I have just been made acquainted, admits of explanation upon this principle (want of ear). On entering a volunteer infantry corps, commanded by a Captain Ocnam, Davy could never emerge from the awkward squad; no pains could make him keep the step; and those who were so unfortunate as to stand before him in the ranks, ought to have been heroes invulnerable in the heel. This incapacity, as may be readily supposed, occasioned him considerable annoyance; and he engaged a sergeant to give him private lessons; but all to no purpose. In the platoon exercise he was not more expert: and he whose electric battery was destined to triumph over the animosity of nations, could never be taught to shoulder a musket in his native town."

"That Davy, in his youth, possessed courage and decision, may be inferred from the circumstance of his having, upon receiving a bite from a dog supposed to be rabid, taken his pocket-knife, and without the least hesitation cut out the part on the spot, and then retired into the surgery and cauterised the wound,—an operation which confined him to Mr. Tonkin's house for three weeks. The gentleman from whom I received an account of this adventure, the accuracy of which has been since confirmed by Davy's sister, also told me, that he had frequently heard him declare his disbelief in the existence of pain, whenever the energies of the mind were directed to counteract it; but, he added, 'I very shortly afterwards had an opportunity of witnessing a practical refutation of this doctrine in his own person; for upon being bitten by a conger eel, my young friend Humphry roared out most lustily.'"

We have given the preceding anecdotes from the earlier portion of Dr. Paris's work, not less with the view of diversifying our graver extracts, than from the conviction that the interest which attaches to the very *minutiæ* of character is in proportion to the celebrity of the individual in after-life, and not from the intrinsic importance of the events recorded. It is always delightful to trace those latent springs of human action, which, in the buoyancy of the youthful mind, give a tone or bias towards certain pursuits, regarded by no small portion of mankind as a species of destiny. But our limits compel us to refer our readers to the work itself, for many interesting passages connected with those general developements of genius which distinguished the early career of Davy; while we offer a few extracts relative to the specific tendency of his mind in those pursuits which have enrolled his name among the benefactors of our species.

"As far as can be ascertained," says our author, "one of the first original experiments in chemistry performed by young Davy at Penzance, was for the purpose of discovering the quality of the air contained in the bladders of sea-weed, in order to obtain results in support of a favourite theory of light; and to ascertain whether, as land vegetables are the renovators of the atmosphere of land animals, sea-vegetables might not be the preservers of the equilibrium of the atmosphere of the ocean. From these experiments, he concluded that the different orders of the marine *cryptogamia* were capable of decomposing water, when assisted by the attraction of light by oxygen." The refined character of these chemical inquiries and experiments, for a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age, is still more extraordinary, when we are told, that "his instruments were of the rudest description, manufactured by himself out of the motley materials which chance threw in his way; the pots and pans of the kitchen, and even the more sacred vessels and professional instruments of his surgery were, without the least hesitation or remorse, put in requisition."

Dr. Paris justly attributes the extraordinary inventive talent that Davy manifested in the construction of chemical apparatus, and in which he was altogether unrivalled, to his limited means in early life. "Had he," says the biographer, "been furnished with all these appliances which he enjoyed at a later period, he never could have acquired that tact of manipulation so as to meet and surmount the difficulties which must ever beset the philosopher in the unbeaten tracts of science."

Our limits compel us to defer noticing the more valuable portion of this interesting volume to our next No.

The Annual Obituary and Biography. 1831. Vol. XV. 8vo. pp. 508. London, Longman and Co.

BIOGRAPHY, although one of the most pleasing and instructive, has always appeared to us to be one of the most arduous and delicate species of literary composition; and some recent experience upon the subject confirms us in that opinion. Of the obstacles which oppose themselves to obtaining accurate information respecting any individual, no uninitiated person can have any conception. To say nothing of more obvious difficulties, the errors of public records, the concealments of pride and folly, the perversions of affection on the one hand, and of malice on the other, and worse, because more provoking than all, the obstinate silence of indifference and apathy, frequently combine to render the biographer, like the unfortunate Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." But if this be the case with a single biography, prepared at leisure, from a profusion of materials, by a writer who probably had an intimate knowledge of his subject, how much more must it be so with a publication such as that under our notice, consisting of numerous memoirs, brought out with rapidity, in the compilation of which little assistance is to be expected from private sources, and the editor of which can, of course, only occasionally have enjoyed the advantage of a personal acquaintance with those, the chief incidents of whose lives he is suddenly required to narrate.

Yet, notwithstanding such difficulties, we can most truly say we never witnessed any task performed in a more laudable spirit than the present volume—or rather than all the recent volumes of this excellent work. Executed with sound discretion and in the most correct style (for the language is generally a model of good English), we recognise in all these memoirs that just medium, between fond panegyric and illiberal blame, which ought to belong to contemporary biography. An honest and manly feeling pervades the whole; and it is impossible to read the book without being made sensible that there is a right-mindedness, as well as a candid humanity of disposition, in the author, which peculiarly qualify him for the duty he in every other respect so ably discharges. Of the eighteen principal memoirs of which the volume consists, the longest and most important are those of George IV., Sir T. Lawrence, and Mr. Huskisson: in the first, the character of the deceased monarch is drawn with a masterly and impartial hand; in that of the late president, we find many circumstances of novelty, especially his addresses on several occasions to the students of the Royal Academy; and in the last mentioned, the account of the parliamentary and political career of Mr. Huskisson is the produce of much research and labour. We will, however, take our exemplification from another sketch.

Of Major-General David Stewart, the celebrated "Garth," a man who was in Scotland universally, and in England very generally, known, and who, by all who knew him, was admired, respected, and beloved, the volume contains an interesting memoir, which the editor states has been principally derived from an Edinburgh journal, entitled "The North Briton." After briefly describing General Stewart's brilliant professional exploits, from his entrance into the army in 1789, until the severe wounds which he received at the memorable battle of Maida (where his regiment, the 78th, so greatly distinguished itself) compelled him to retire upon half-pay, the memoir proceeds as follows:

"Having thus given a rapid outline of General Stewart's military career, it becomes our duty to say a few words of him in another capacity, namely, in that of author. But here it will not be necessary to detain the reader long; for to expatiate on the merits of a book so well known, and so universally admired, as his 'Sketches of the Character, Manners, and present State of the Highlanders of Scotland, with Details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments,' would be equally su-

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perfluous and impertinent. The circumstances under which it was undertaken were explicitly stated in a preface; towards the conclusion of which, the general expressed his hope that he should meet with the indulgence of the candid reader, in consideration of his great and anxious desire to do the subject justice. In that anticipation he was not disappointed. The unanimous suffrage of the public decreed that he *had* 'done the subject justice;' and, moreover, that he had produced one of the most interesting and instructive narratives that ever were written, besides furnishing a manual of lessons and examples, not for the Highland soldiers alone, but for the whole British army. But it is principally in the introductory chapters on the character, manners, and, above all, the present state of the Highlanders, that we recognise in the writer strong touches and traces of the man. General Stewart had been an attentive and anxious observer of the changes produced in the Highlands, in order to give effect to what was called the new system: he had seen whole glens depopulated at one fell swoop, to make way for sheep, the new tenants of the mountain wildernesses and solitudes: he had marked the gradual disappearance of the ancient race, under a system of wholesale innovation, or, we should rather say, proscription: he had witnessed the uprooting, as it were, of the aboriginal population from the soil, and the utter annihilation of the last remnants of those feelings and attachments, which sprang from the ancient system of patriarchal brotherhood, and stamped the Highland character with all its distinguishing peculiarities: he knew that all this overturning and desolation had been caused by a raging thirst of gain; the burning fever produced by which had extinguished or overpowered every kindlier feeling or emotion: he had been a frequent and heart-wrung spectator of the immediate misery caused by these changes; and many a time and oft had he shed a manly tear, as he beheld the poor disconsolate emigrants marching to the sea-shore, to shake the dust of their native land from off their feet, while the wailing tones of the bag-pipes, playing the mournful air of *Ha til mi tulidh*, echoed the feelings and emotions of their bursting hearts. But sentiment alone had not swayed him, or obtained the mastery over his judgment. He had anxiously watched the progress of the new system, examined it in all its details, and cautiously noted the effects of which it was productive; and the result of the whole was a deep conviction that it was not more illusory in its promises of profit, than destructive of the happiness of the people, and injurious to the best interests of his country. This conviction, accordingly, he proclaimed, reckless of all consequences to himself; and although economists and others have contested his principles, none have as yet dared to challenge a single one of the many striking and indisputable facts by which those principles are sustained and upheld. This work, as may easily be conceived, added greatly to the general's reputation, and probably contributed to his subsequent promotion. In fact, testimonies of approbation crowded in upon him from all quarters; among which were letters from his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and from his present majesty, filled with the most flattering encomiums, and anxiously urging the gallant author to undertake a history, upon the same plan, of the whole British army. Not many months after the publication of his work on the Highlands, the death of his father, which was speedily followed by that of his elder brother, put General Stewart in possession of the family estate of Garth. To a person less distinguished than he had now become, the succession to a property considerable in its extent, and inherited through a line of ancestors worthy of such a representative, would have conferred that rank and estimation which the world in general, but, above all, the people of Scotland, attach to the hereditary proprietor of a landed estate. But General Stewart had established for himself a character with the world, to which the mere acquisition of a patrimonial inheritance much more valuable than that which thus descended to him could add no consideration; and it is only necessary to refer to this part of his life, because he was now exposed to the temptations arising from an income which, although sufficient for his exemplary habits of life, was narrow compared with what many in his rank and station enjoyed, to swerve in practice from those principles which he had so powerfully advocated as to the management of Highland estates. But he was not of a mould to yield to such temptations; and the tenants on the estate of Garth will long remember and bless his memory, for the kind-hearted and considerate application to them of that wise and humane course which he had recommended to others, and the departure from which it was so much the object of his work to condemn. The success of his work, and an ardent desire to do justice to the history and character of the Highland clans, induced him, about this time, to collect materials for a history of the memorable rebellion in 1745 and 1746. This work he did not live to complete. But he devoted much time to gather from the best sources all that tradition, and the papers of the Highland families implicated in the events of those years, had recorded. In the year 1823, he made a tour through the Highland counties and the Western Isles on this errand. There were, however, many difficulties to prevent the satisfactory performance of the duties of the historian of that civil war. He not only did not complete the task which he contemplated, but it is doubtful whether, even if his life had been prolonged, he would ever have resumed it. The appointment of General Stewart to be governor and commander-in-chief of the island of St. Lucia gave great satisfaction to his friends, as a proof that his merits were not altogether overlooked by the government; but there were a few, who, on his departure, bade him in their minds an eternal farewell, never expecting to see him more. It was doubtless true that he had been in the West Indies twice before, and had escaped the malignant effects of the deleterious climate of those regions; but it was equally true that he had been long at home, accustomed to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of refined society, and to breathe the pure air of his native mountains; that he was well advanced in life, and that his constitution could scarcely be expected to possess the same accommodating power as when he was in the heyday of youth. Accordingly, not long after his arrival, he was seized with the fever of the country; and the first attack was, after a short interval, succeeded by a second, which had well nigh carried him off at once, and which unquestionably laid the foundation of the disease that at length terminated his active, useful, and spotless career. But, notwithstanding all this, the improvements he had commenced or projected afford a striking proof of his vigour of mind, and honourable zeal in the discharge of his duty. At the time of his death, two churches, one for Catholics and one for Protestants, were nearly completed; a wharf, the only one in the island, was about half finished; and from the 10th of November to the 6th of December, when they were to leave off for the season, no fewer than 1350 persons had been busily at work making roads. Before the general's arrival there was not a mile of cart or carriage way in the country, except what the planters had made for conveying their sugars to the sea-side; the natural consequence of which was, that the cultivation of the interior of the island was wholly neglected, and the insalubrity of the climate thereby increased. Four bridges had also been contracted for, and five more were to have been built in the course of the last year. Nor, while labouring to construct inland communication, did General Stewart overlook an improvement which was still more imperiously called for, in the administration of justice. On his arrival, he found the old French laws still in force, and the courts in the most degraded, if not corrupt, state. His first care was to set about reforming the one, and placing the other upon a more efficient and respectable footing; and in this difficult but necessary task he had made considerable progress, when, on the 18th of December, 1829, death put a period to his active and useful labours. But he has not gone altogether without his reward. By these efforts for the improvement and prosperity of the people over whom he was placed, not less than by his habitual kindness and attention to every one who came within his notice, he secured the esteem and regard of all; while his unexpected and lamented death plunged the whole island in mourning, and affected every one as if he had been stricken by a domestic calamity. 'Never did I before witness,' says a friend, in a letter from St. Lucia, 'such general feelings of distress in any community, as this melancholy event has occasioned here. Every one is sensitively alive to the irreparable loss the colony has sustained by the death of David Stewart.' And, as a farther proof of the esteem in which he was held in the West Indies, it may be mentioned here, that, on the death of Sir Charles Brisbane, governor of St. Vincent, a number of the most respectable inhabitants sent a vessel express to St. Lucia, with a letter, urging General Stewart to make immediate application for the government of that island. For many reasons he declined complying with their request, though he could not possibly be insensible to the compliment implied in it. The illness which preceded the melancholy event was one of great severity, and of eight or ten days' duration. As we have already observed, subsequently to his arrival in St. Lucia, the general had two several attacks of fever, during the second of which his life was for many hours despaired of; but a sound and vigorous constitution at length prevailed, and his health was, to all appearance, pretty well established. The dregs of this second attack, however, appear never to have been thoroughly cleared away; and there obviously remained lurking in his constitution, and liable to be excited into fatal activity by a malignant climate, the elements of that mortal disease, which ultimately deprived his country of his valuable services, and humanity of one of its proudest ornaments. This is apparent from an incidental hint in a letter written by his own hand, so late as the 5th of December, 1829, only thirteen days before his death, and addressed to a friend in London: for although he concludes it by saying that 'every body is keeping in good health here,' he at the same time admits that he is himself suffering great annoyance from a boil deep-seated in his ear;

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and, in point of fact, the excitement and irritation produced by this very boil (a consequence probably of the former attack) affected the brain, and finally proved the cause of death. There can be little doubt, also, that his unsparing, uncalculating activity, and the constant exertion, if not anxiety of mind, occasioned by superintending the multitude of reforms and improvements which he had set on foot, and which, at the time of his demise, were advancing rapidly to completion, must have contributed, in no small degree, to stimulate the action of the morbid tendencies engendered by his former illness, and to cut short a life which had been continually spent in doing good. He died, as he had lived, nobly, retaining his senses to the last, and evincing that calm fortitude and resignation with which the brave and the good meet death. 'His end,' says a friend, 'was like that of the blessed, calm and serene,—without a struggle or a sigh, passing from time to eternity.' After what has been said, it would be a vain and superfluous task to dilate on the merits, or attempt an elaborate sketch of the character of this truly brave and excellent man. As a soldier, he distinguished himself wherever an opportunity was afforded him, and was ever ready, at the call of his country, to face danger, and fight her battles, in any quarter of the world. As a citizen, and above all, as a country gentleman, he was distinguished for his public spirit, his active patriotism, and the zeal and perseverance with which he promoted and carried through whatever he deemed calculated to add to the comfort or advance the welfare of the district in which he resided. As a man, he was the kindest, the gentlest, the best: without guile himself, and unsuspicious of it in other men: free from all manner of envy and uncharitableness; upright, generous, and friendly almost to a fault; and probably more generally esteemed and beloved than any other man of his time. On looking around, therefore, we despair of finding any one to fill the space occupied by him. Many there doubtless are with more showy pretensions; not a few, perhaps, who, in several points, excelled him. But, taking him for all in all,—his sterling worth, his undisputed talents, his innate goodness, his unquenchable desire to confer benefits upon mankind, and particularly upon those whom ordinary minds regard with coolness and aversion,—we shall never look upon his like again. To the friendless he always proved himself a friend; and misfortune claimed, not his pity alone, but his protection. Straight-forward himself, he hated all manner of dissimulation or chicanery in others; and oppression of any sort he failed not to denounce with an honest indignation that never calculated the consequences to himself. In a word, he combined the sterner virtues with the gentler charities and affections of our nature in such a happy union, that he may be said to have approached as nearly to the character of a perfectly wise and good man as it is possible in the present imperfect state to arrive at."

This is the fifteenth volume. Of a few of the most distinguished individuals whose memoirs have, during the progress of the work, been included in its pages, separate accounts, necessarily more copious, have since appeared: but, with reference to the great mass of the subjects comprehended in its scope, we can safely say it contains a body of interesting information which is no where else to be found in a combined form, and which must give it a continually increasing value.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of James Currie, M.D. F.R.S. of Liverpool, &c. &c. Edited by his Son, W. Wallace Currie. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

THOUGH the life of the biographer of Burns seemed in itself to be a literary desideratum, we confess that while we perused more than the first half of the first volume of these memoirs, we could not but feel that the particulars were dwelt upon rather more at length than the nature of the information given could well warrant. And now, after coming to the end of the second volume, though much relieved by the greater interest of all the latter parts, we are still of opinion that the filial piety of the editor has led him to produce a larger work than the fugitive taste of the public, pampered by epitomes and condensations, and spoilt by light and frivolous reading, will relish so well as a more limited performance. Yet, notwithstanding this, there is so much of sterling value in his labours, and they address so extensive a class of intelligent men, that we cannot doubt of their ample success.

The late Dr. Currie was a person of a strong mind, as well as of a fine imagination—a sound head and a good heart. His active and useful life, together with his literary productions, made him one of an influential circle, whether considered as citizens or authors—and we may indeed say, one of the most distinguished of that circle. His medical, political, and biographical writings were all extremely popular; and he enjoyed, both among those to whom his abilities were best known, and in the general world, a deservedly high reputation. It is right to preserve the remains of such a man, even though some of the topics which engaged his reflections have passed away; and in these volumes will be found much to admire, and much to apply to the present and future times.

We cannot in this *Gazette* enter upon the correspondence relative to the Life of Burns; nor tell more of Dr. Currie's own life, than that he was a native of Annandale; born 31st May, 1756; went early in a mercantile capacity to America, whence he was driven by the revolution; returned to Scotland; studied medicine with *éclat* in Edinburgh; settled as a physician at Liverpool, where he practised with fame and credit for many years; and died of a consumptive complaint at Sidmouth, Devonshire, August 31, 1805, aged forty-nine years.

It happens that biographical writing has of late occupied a good deal of our attention; and we shall commence our illustrations of Dr. Currie with an extract upon that subject, contained in a letter soon after the Life of Burns appeared.

"I long (he says) to hear what you think of my biography. If I have softened somewhat the deep shade of his errors, you will not find, I trust, that I have compromised the interests of virtue. Burns is not held up for imitation, but the contrary; though I have endeavoured to do justice to his talents and to the better qualities of his heart, and to cast a veil of delicacy and of sympathy over his failings and his destiny. In this way I am disposed to think the cause of virtue is best consulted. It is thus, I would persuade myself, that the melancholy precepts of example are best inculcated on the feeling heart."

We so entirely concur in the right feeling of this passage, that we would adopt its sentiments as a test of biography, from T. Moore to the late Juvenile Library.

The following on the Irish Union, and addressed to an Irish member in 1800, strikes us very forcibly; had it had its due weight, neither Ireland nor Great Britain could have been as they are now.

"Two countries have already been incorporated with England, Wales and Scotland; and the effect of the union on the one and the other has been very different. Wales was united to England in the barbarous ages. Her own institutions, of whatever rude nature, were beaten down, and no others substituted. No means were used to instruct the people in the common language of the island, or to improve their habits in any respect. Hence the peasantry of Wales are essentially different from the English, unfit to enter into competition with them, and, in fact, an inferior race. They are destitute in general of the first elements of knowledge, and, in their habits and turn of mind, the same in a great many respects (some of which I will enumerate to you) as they were three hundred years ago. But I wish you to inquire into their condition personally, on your way to Liverpool, which, if you land at Holyhead, you may easily do; and it will be worth your while to devote a few days to the subject. During the period that Wales has been represented in the imperial parliament, not a single step has been taken for the civilisation of the people. It happened that the Scottish parliament established a system for the education of all classes of society, particularly of the poor, during the days of the Solemn League and Covenant. The restoration of the Stuarts overturned this system, as well as the present church establishment. Both were recovered on the Revolution,—at least in the year 1696. In consequence, *both were incorporated into the union*, though neither was formed in contemplation of it. Had it not been for this circumstance, can it be supposed that Scotland would now possess a school establishment? Never. The high church prejudices of the English hierarchy would have prevented it. Yet it is by this institution that the Scotch have been civilised—by this, in a great measure, have they been enabled to receive any *positive* advantage from the union. Now you see what I would be at. Propose, for God's sake, some system of education for your poor in the first instance, and let it be incorporated with your union. You are going to incorporate your church establishment, which will entail many curses on the country. For mercy's sake, think of incorporating some system of instruction!"

Is it too late to reflect on this admirable advice? The subjoined brief passage, in a letter to Hector Macneill, will find an echo and a sigh in every breast which has had its pristine aspirations, its freshness and glow, its hopes and fancies, choked and destroyed by the necessary toils and business of the world.

"I am happy you find Grassmere so delightful. I once possessed a cast of mind that would have participated, in a high degree, in your present enjoyments. But whether I now in reality possess it, I do not know; for I never enjoy that blessed vacuity that gives the impressions of nature fair play. I have got into a state which makes me fully sensible of fatigue, while yet I find *inoccupation* intolerable; and the gleams of imagination which visit me are faint and fleeting, except those visitings which intrude on my sleep. I wish, for the experiment's sake, I was with you for a few days at present; I should enjoy your party extremely."

The following is also a beautiful feeling, when threatened too surely with a premature grave.

"Be assured I am not low, nor at all unhappy. I have not tasted the cup of life

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unembittered; but certainly it has come to my lips a grateful beverage. I have a home that is very dear to me; my domestic circle even improves: I have friends that are very dear to me—friends of whom any man might be proud. I enjoy these blessings under the conditions which attach to all human enjoyments,—under an impression, indeed, that the tenure is in my case particularly uncertain; by which, however, their relish is not impaired, but improved. So much in answer to that part of your very kind letter which respects myself, and by which I am much affected."

With the following more anecdotical extracts we must conclude; reserving the second volume, which consists of correspondence and a reprint of some of Dr. Currie's smaller pieces, for another notice.

"Johnny of Norfolk, *alias* the Rev. Dr. Johnson, is a creature of extraordinary simplicity. He is not unlike Dalton the lecturer. He is, I believe, a man of great kindness and worth, and even of learning. We talked much of Cowper. The truth respecting that extraordinary genius is, that he was a lunatic of the melancholy kind, with occasional lucid intervals. Johnny said that Cowper firmly believed that good and evil spirits haunted his couch every night, and that the influence of the last generally prevailed. For the last five years of his life a perpetual gloom hung over him; he was never observed to smile. I asked Johnny whether he suspected the people about him of bad intentions (which seems to me the Shibboleth of insanity), and he told me that he very often did. 'For instance,' observed he, 'he said there were two Johnnies; one the real man, the other an evil spirit in his shape; and when he came out of his room in the morning, he used to look me full in the face, inquiringly, and turn off with a look of benevolence or of anguish, as he thought me a man or a devil!' He had dreadful stomach complaints, and drank immense quantities of tea. He was indulged in every thing, even in his wildest imaginations. It would have been better if he had been regulated in all respects. —The life and death of the philosophic Gibbon formed a singular contrast to those of this unhappy poet. Mrs. Holroyd describes him as a man of the most correct manners, and of the most equal temper,—calm and rather dignified, and conversing with all the flow of his writings. He was devoted to all the comforts of life, and liked the elegancies and even delicacies of the table, but ate and drank sparingly. A few days before he died, he conversed on a future state with Mrs. Holroyd, of which he spoke as one having little or no hope; but professed that neither then, nor at any time, had he ever felt the horror which some express, of annihilation."

Epitaph, by Professor Smyth, on the tomb of Dr. Currie, at Sidmouth.

"The humbler virtues, which the friend endear,
The soften'd worth, which wakes affection's tear;
And all that brightens in life's social day,
Lost in the shades of death, may pass away.
Fast comes the hour, when no fond heart shall know
How lov'd was once the sacred dust below:
Here cease the triumphs which the grave obtains,—
The man may perish, but the sage remains.
Freedom and Peace shall tell to many an age
Thy warning counsels, thy prophetic page:
Art, taught by thee, shall o'er the burning frame
The healing freshness pour, and bless thy name:
And Genius, proudly, while to Fame she turns,
Shall twine thy laurels with the wreath of BURNS."

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, &c. Natural Philosophy. A Preliminary Discourse. By J. F. W. Herschel, Esq. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

In our last No. we could only allude to this volume, and the elaborate and philosophical nature of its contents prevent us from doing much more now; for we should consider any insulated extracts, however striking, very ill calculated to convey an adequate notion of its value and importance. The author has fathomed the depths of science, and is informed, to the very latest period, of all the discoveries and improvements that have been made in its numerous branches at home and abroad. With this mind he has adopted an almost axiomatic mode of conveying to the world the prodigious mass of his own intelligence; and a moment's reflection will shew the reader how impossible it is in a brief (or even a very long review) to do justice to such a production. We can do nothing but select two or three passages from the condensed abundance of matter, in order to exhibit its style and manner — of its variety and worth we can communicate no idea. The author thus, on a broad scale, defends the study of natural philosophy.

"Nothing, then, can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy, and indeed against all science, — that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is and must be the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd, and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry, and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, every thing that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character. But while we thus vindicate the study of natural philosophy from a charge at one time formidable from the pertinacity and acrimony with which it was urged, and still occasionally brought forward to the distress and disgust of every well-constituted mind, we must take care that the testimony afforded by science to religion, be its extent or value what it may, shall be at least independent, unbiassed, and spontaneous. We do not here allude to such reasoners as would make all nature bend to their narrow interpretations of obscure and difficult passages in the sacred writings: such a course might well become the persecutors of Galileo and the other bigots of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but can only be adopted by dreamers in the present age. But, without going these lengths, it is no uncommon thing to find persons earnestly attached to science, and anxious for its promotion, who yet manifest a morbid sensibility on points of this kind,—who exult and applaud when any fact starts up explanatory (as they suppose) of some scriptural allusion, and who feel pained and disappointed when the general course of discovery in any department of science runs wide of the notions with which particular passages in the Bible may have impressed themselves. To persons of such a frame of mind it ought to suffice to remark, on the one hand, that truth can never be opposed to truth; and, on the other, that error is only to be effectually confounded by searching deep and tracing it to its source. Nevertheless, it were much to be wished that such persons, estimable and excellent as they for the most part are, before they throw the weight of their applause or discredit into the scale of scientific opinion on such grounds, would reflect, first, that the credit and respectability of *any* evidence may be destroyed by tampering with its *honesty;* and, secondly, that this very disposition of mind implies a lurking mistrust in its own principles, since the grand and indeed only character of truth is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of *fair* discussion."

The following is curious—

"The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at 1,500,000 chaldrons. The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, 2200 feet in the side, through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain upon another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzuoli, (which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire,) might have been raised by such an effort from a depth of 40,000 feet, or about eight miles. It will be observed, that, in the above statement, the inherent power of fuel is, of necessity, greatly under-rated. It is not pretended by engineers that the economy of fuel is yet pushed to its utmost limit, or that the whole effective power is obtained in any application of fire yet devised; so that were we to say 100 millions instead of 70, we should probably be nearer the truth. The powers of wind and water, which we are constantly impressing into our service, can scarcely be called latent or hidden, yet it is not fully considered, in general, what they *do* effect for us. Those who would judge of what advantage may be taken of the wind, for example, even on land (not to speak of navigation), may turn their eyes on Holland. A great portion of the most valuable

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and populous tract of this country lies much below the level of the sea, and is only preserved from inundation by the maintenance of embankments. Though these suffice to keep out the abrupt influx of the ocean, they cannot oppose that law of nature, by which fluids, in seeking their level, insinuate themselves through the pores and subterraneous channels of a loose sandy soil, and keep the country in a constant state of infiltration from below upwards. To counteract this tendency, as well as to get rid of the rain water, which has no natural outlet, pumps worked by windmills are established in great numbers, on the dams and embankments, which pour out the water, as from a leaky ship, and in effect preserve the country from submersion, by taking advantage of every wind that blows. To drain the Haarlem lake would seem a hopeless project to any speculators but those who had the steam-engine at their command, or had learnt in Holland what might be accomplished by the constant agency of the desultory but unwearied powers of wind. But the Dutch engineer measures his surface, calculates the number of his pumps, and, trusting to time and his experience of the operation of the winds for the success of his undertaking, boldly forms his plans to lay dry the bed of an inland sea, of which those who stand on one shore cannot see the other."

In treating of light and colour, Mr. Herschel remarks—

"That two lights should in any circumstances combine to produce darkness, may be considered strange, but is *literally true*."

And leaving this as a bait to induce our less scientific readers to seek the explanation, we bid this excellent volume good bye.

The Family Library, Vol. XVIII. Voyages, &c. of the Companions of Columbus. By Washington Irving. 12mo. pp. 327. London, 1831. Murray.

In a hasty note in our last *Gazette* we characterised this volume; and we have now only to sustain our opinion by examples of its most interesting features. The period embraced is from the very close of the fifteenth century (1499) to about the first quarter of the next; and the chief voyagers are Alonzo de Ojeda (with whom *Amerigo* Vespucci sailed), Vicente Yañez Pinzon, Diego de Nicuesa, the celebrated Vasco Nuñez, Juan Ponce de Leon the discoverer of Florida, and a few others. The adventures, the disasters, and, generally, the melancholy fate of these daring bucaniers and their companions, form a striking drama in the history of mankind, from which we shall extract a few passages. The discovery of the Gulf of Venezuela, by Ojeda, is a curious specimen.

"Proceeding along the coast, he arrived at a vast deep gulf, resembling a tranquil lake; entering which, he beheld on the eastern side a village, the construction of which struck him with surprise. It consisted of twenty large houses, shaped like bells, and built on piles driven into the bottom of the lake, which in this part was limpid, and of but little depth. Each house was provided with a drawbridge, and with canoes, by which the communication was carried on. From these resemblances to the Italian city, Ojeda gave to the bay the name of the Gulf of Venice; and it is called at the present day Venezuela, or little Venice: the Indian name was Coquibacoa. When the inhabitants beheld the ships standing into the bay, looking like wonderful and unknown apparitions from the deep, they fled with terror to their houses, and raised the drawbridges. The Spaniards remained for a time gazing with admiration at this amphibious village, when a squadron of canoes entered the harbour from the sea. On beholding the ships they paused in mute amazement; and on the Spaniards attempting to approach them, paddled swiftly to shore, and plunged into the forest. They soon returned with sixteen young girls, whom they conveyed in their canoes to the ships, distributing four on board of each, either as peace-offerings, or as tokens of amity and confidence. The best of understanding now seemed to be established; and the inhabitants of the village came swarming about the ships in their canoes, and others swimming in great numbers from the shores. The friendship of the savages, however, was all delusive. On a sudden, several old women at the doors of the houses uttered loud shrieks, tearing their hair in fury. It appeared to be a signal for hostility. The sixteen nymphs plunged into the sea and made for shore; the Indians in the canoes caught up their bows and discharged a flight of arrows; and even those who were swimming, brandished darts and lances, which they had hitherto concealed beneath the water. Ojeda was for a moment surprised at seeing war thus starting up on every side, and the very sea bristling with weapons. Manning his boats, he immediately charged amongst the thickest of the enemy, shattered and sunk several of their canoes, killed twenty Indians, and wounded many more, and spread such a panic among them, that most of the survivors flung themselves into the sea and swam to shore. Three of them were taken prisoners, and two of the fugitive girls, and were conveyed on board of the ships, where the men were put in irons. One of them, however, and the two girls, succeeded in dexterously escaping the same night. Ojeda had but five men wounded in the affray, all of whom recovered. He visited the houses—but found them abandoned and destitute of booty; notwithstanding the unprovoked hostility of the inhabitants, he spared the buildings, that he might not cause useless irritation along the coast. * * *

"It is worthy of particular mention, that Ojeda, in his report of his voyage to the sovereigns, informed them of his having met with English voyagers in the vicinity of Coquibacoa, and that the Spanish government attached such importance to his information, as to take measures to prevent any intrusion into those parts by the English. It is singular that no record should exist of this early and extensive expedition of English navigators. If it was undertaken in the service of the crown, some document might be found concerning it among the archives of the reign of Henry VII. The English had already discovered the continent of North America. This had been done in 1497, by John Cabot, a Venetian, accompanied by his son Sebastian, who was born in Bristol. They sailed under a license of Henry VII., who was to have a fifth of the profits of the voyage. On the 24th June they discovered Newfoundland, and afterwards coasted the continent quite to Florida, bringing back to England a valuable cargo and several of the natives. This was the first discovery of the mainland of America. The success of this expedition may have prompted the one which Ojeda encountered in the neighbourhood of Coquibacoa."

The jealousy of the Spanish government on this occasion, led to the grant of much greater powers to Ojeda when he sailed on his second voyage in 1502. "He was to colonise Coquibacoa, and, as a recompense, was to enjoy one half of the proceeds of its territory, provided the half did not exceed 300,000 maravedies: all beyond that amount was to go to the crown. A principal reason, however, for granting this government and those privileges to Ojeda, was that, in his previous voyage, he had met with English adventurers on a voyage of discovery in the neighbourhood of Coquibacoa, at which the jealousy of the sovereigns had taken the alarm. They were anxious, therefore, to establish a resolute and fighting commander like Ojeda upon this outpost; and they instructed him to set up the arms of Castile and Leon in every place he visited, as a signal of discovery and possession, and to put a stop to the intrusions of the English."

Ojeda's whole career is beyond a romance! Proceeding as above directed, he landed on the coast of Carthagena; and "when the friars had read a pious manifesto, Ojeda made signs of amity to the natives, and held up glittering presents. They had already suffered, however, from the cruelties of white men, and were not to be won by kindness. On the contrary, they brandished their weapons, sounded their conchs, and prepared to make battle. Juan de la Cosa saw the rising choler of Ojeda, and knew his fiery impatience. He again entreated him to abandon these hostile shores, and reminded him of the venomous weapons of the enemy. It was all in vain: Ojeda confided blindly in the protection of the Virgin. Putting up, as usual, a short prayer to his patroness, he drew his weapon, braced his buckler, and charged furiously upon the savages. Juan de la Cosa followed as heartily as if the battle had been of his own seeking. The Indians were soon routed, a number killed, and several taken prisoners; on their persons were found plates of gold, but of an inferior quality. Flushed by this triumph, Ojeda took several of the prisoners as guides, and pursued the flying enemy four leagues into the interior. He was followed, as usual, by his faithful lieutenant, the veteran La Cosa, continually remonstrating against his useless temerity, but hardily seconding him in the most hare-brained perils. Having penetrated far into the forest, they came to a strong hold of the enemy, where a numerous force was ready to receive them, armed with clubs, lances, arrows, and bucklers. Ojeda led his men to the charge with the old Castilian war-cry, 'Santiago!' The savages soon took to flight. Eight of their bravest warriors threw themselves into a cabin, and plied their bows and arrows so vigorously, that the Spaniards were kept at bay. Ojeda cried shame upon his followers to be daunted by eight naked men. Stung by this reproach, an old Castilian soldier rushed through a shower of arrows and forced the door of the cabin, but received a shaft through the heart, and fell dead on the threshhold. Ojeda, furious at the sight, ordered fire to be set to the combustible edifice; in a moment it was in a blaze, and the eight warriors perished in the flames. Seventy Indians were made captive and sent to the ships, and Ojeda, regardless of the remonstrances of Juan de la Cosa, continued his rash pursuit of the fugitives through the forest. In the dusk of the evening they arrived at a village called Yurbaco; the inhabitants of which had fled to the mountains with their wives and children and principal effects. The Spaniards, imagining that the Indians were completely terrified and dispersed, now roved in quest of booty among the deserted houses, which stood distant from each other, buried among the trees. While they were thus scattered, troops of savages rushed forth, with furious yells, from all parts

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of the forest. The Spaniards endeavoured to gather together and support each other, but every little party was surrounded by a host of foes. They fought with desperate bravery; but for once their valour and their iron armour were of no avail; they were overwhelmed by numbers, and sank beneath war-clubs and poisoned arrows. Ojeda on the first alarm collected a few soldiers, and ensconced himself within a small enclosure, surrounded by palisades. Here he was closely besieged, and galled by flights of arrows. He threw himself on his knees, covered himself with his buckler, and being small and active, managed to protect himself from the deadly shower; but all his companions were slain by his side, some of them perishing in frightful agonies. At this fearful moment the veteran La Cosa, having heard of the peril of his commander, arrived, with a few followers, to his assistance. Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades, the brave Biscayan kept the savages at bay until most of his men were slain, and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojeda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. La Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin; the straw roof of which he aided them to throw off, lest the enemy should set it on fire. Here he defended himself until all his comrades, but one, were destroyed. The subtle poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion. 'Brother,' said he, 'since God hath protected thee from harm, sally forth and fly, and if ever thou shouldst see Alonzo de Ojeda, tell him of my fate!' Thus fell the hardy Juan de la Cosa, faithful and devoted to the very last; nor can we refrain from pausing to pay a passing tribute to his memory. He was acknowledged by his contemporaries to be one of the ablest of those gallant Spanish navigators who first explored the way to the New World. But it is by the honest and kindly qualities of his heart that his memory is most endeared to us; it is, above all, by that loyalty and friendship displayed in this his last and fatal expedition. Warmed by his attachment for a more youthful and a hot-headed adventurer, we see this wary veteran of the seas forgetting his usual prudence and the lessons of his experience, and embarking heart and hand, purse and person, in the wild enterprises of his favourite. We behold him watching over him as a parent, remonstrating with him as a counsellor, but fighting by him as a partisan; following him, without hesitation, into known and needless danger, to certain death itself, and shewing no other solicitude in his dying moments, but to be remembered by his friend."

Ojeda alone escaped; and afterwards being joined by Nicuesa, took a terrible revenge on the unfortunate natives.

"The two governors, no longer rivals, landed four hundred of their men and several horses, and set off with all speed for the fatal village. They approached it in the night, and, dividing their forces into two parties, gave orders that not an Indian should be taken alive. The village was buried in deep sleep, but the woods were filled with large parrots, which, being awakened, made a prodigious clamour. The Indians, however, thinking the Spaniards all destroyed, paid no attention to these noises. It was not until their houses were assailed, and wrapped in flames, that they took the alarm. They rushed forth, some with arms, some weaponless, but were received at their doors by the exasperated Spaniards, and either slain on the spot, or driven back into the fire. Women fled wildly forth with children in their arms; but at sight of the Spaniards glittering in steel, and of the horses, which they supposed ravenous monsters, they ran back, shrieking with horror, into their burning habitations. Great was the carnage, for no quarter was shewn to age or sex. Many perished by the fire, and many by the sword. When they had fully glutted their vengeance, the Spaniards ranged about for booty. While thus employed, they found the body of the unfortunate Juan de la Cosa. It was tied to a tree, but swoln and discoloured in a hideous manner by the poison of the arrows with which he had been slain. This dismal spectacle had such an effect upon the common men, that not one would remain in that place during the night. Having sacked the village, therefore, they left it a smoking ruin, and returned in triumph to their ships."

But at last the bold adventurer fell into distress, and died at St. Domingo, his death serving as a wholesome comment on his life.

"He died so poor, that he did not leave money enough to provide for his interment; and so broken in spirit, that, with his last breath, he entreated his body might be buried in the monastery of San Francisco, just at the portal, in humble expiation of his past pride, '*that every one who entered might tread upon his grave.*'"

We must reserve a portion for our next.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

SOME of Lord Byron's letters to Mr. Murray are very amusing, and place his liberality, or rather, perhaps, his sense of justice, in a very favourable light; though, in general, we think there are few names introduced into these pages (not excepting the author's own) which are not deteriorated and lowered by the light in which they appear. Speaking of a proposed bargain with Galignani, he says—

"Recollect that I will have nothing to do with it, except as far as it may secure the copyright to yourself. I will have no bargain but with the English booksellers; and I desire no interest out of that country. Now, that's fair and open, and a little handsomer than your *dodging* silence, to see what would come of it. You are an excellent fellow, *mio caro Moray*, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet Street about you now and then—a crumb of the old loaf. You have no right to act suspiciously with me, I for have given you no reason. I shall always be frank with you; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds—to poets, as well as physicians, and bidders at auctions. * * *

"With regard to the price, I fixed none, but left it to Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Shelley, and yourself, to arrange. Of course, they would do their best; and as to yourself, I know you would make no difficulties. But I agree with Mr. Kinnaird perfectly, that the concluding five hundred should be only conditional; and for my own sake, I wish it to be added, only in case of your selling a certain number, that number to be fixed by yourself. I hope this is fair. In every thing of this kind there must be risk; and till that be past, in one way or the other, I would not willingly add to it, particularly in times like the present. And pray always recollect, that nothing could mortify me more—no failure on my own part—than having made you lose by any purchase from me. * *

"So you and Mr. Foscolo, &c. want me to undertake what you call a 'great work?'—an epic poem, I suppose, or some such pyramid. I'll try no such thing—I hate tasks. And then 'seven or eight years!' God send us all well this day three months, let alone years. If one's years can't be better employed than in sweating poesy, a man had better be a ditcher. And works, too!—Is Childe Harold nothing? You have so many '*divine*' poems, is it nothing to have written a *human* one? without any of your worn-out machinery. Why, man, I could have spun the thoughts of the four cantos of that poem into twenty, had I wanted to book-make; and its passion into as many modern tragedies. Since you want *length*, you shall have enough of Juan—for I'll make fifty cantos. * * *

"Now to business; * * * * * * I say unto you, verily it is not so; or, as the foreigner said to the waiter, after asking him to bring a glass of water, to which the man answered, 'I will, sir,'—'You *will!*—G—d d—n,—I say, you *mush!*' And I will submit this to the decision of any person or persons, to be appointed by both, on a fair examination of the circumstances of this as compared with the preceding publications. So, there's for you. There is always some row or other previously to all our publications: it should seem that, on approximating, we can never quite get over the natural antipathy of author and bookseller, and that more particularly the ferine nature of the latter must break forth. * * *

"You offer fifteen hundred guineas for the new canto: I won't take it. I ask two thousand five hundred guineas for it, which you will either give or not, as you think proper. It concludes the poem, and consists of 144 stanzas. The notes are numerous, and chiefly written by Mr. Hobhouse, whose researches have been indefatigable, and who, I will venture to say, has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon. By the way, to prevent any mistakes, I think it necessary to state the fact, that *he*, Mr. Hobhouse, has no interest whatever in the price or profit to be derived from the copyright of either poem or notes, directly or indirectly; so that you are not to suppose that it is by, for, or through him, that I require more for this canto than the preceding. No: but if Mr. Eustace was to have had two thousand for a poem on Education; if Mr. Moore is to have three thousand for Lalla, &c.; if Mr. Campbell is to have three thousand for his prose on poetry—I don't mean to disparage these gentlemen in their labours—but I ask the aforesaid price for mine. You will tell me that their productions are considerably *longer:* very true, and when they shorten them, I will lengthen mine, and ask less. You shall submit the MS. to Mr. Gifford, and any other two gentlemen to be named by you (Mr. Frere, or Mr. Croker, or whomever you please, except such fellows as your **s and **s), and if they pronounce this canto to be inferior, as a *whole*, to the preceding, I will not appeal from their award, but burn the manuscript, and leave things as they are. * * *

"I once wrote from the fulness of my mind and the love of fame (not as an *end*, but as a *means*, to obtain that influence over men's minds which is power in itself and in its consequences), and now from habit and from avarice; so that the effect may probably be as different as the inspiration. I have the same facility, and indeed necessity, of composition, to avoid idleness (though idleness in a hot

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country is a pleasure), but a much greater indifference to what is to become of it, after it has served my immediate purpose. However, I should on no account like to —— but I won't go on, like the Archbishop of Granada, as I am very sure that you dread the fate of Gil Blas, and with good reason. Yours, &c."

We select the following for their variety, as well as throwing much light on Lord Byron's character.

"In writing thus to him," says Mr. Moore, "I had more particularly in recollection a fancy of this kind respecting myself, which he had, not long before my present visit to him at Venice, taken into his head. In a ludicrous, and now perhaps forgotten, publication of mine, giving an account of the adventures of an English family in Paris, there had occurred the following description of the chief hero of the tale:

'A fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man,
With mustachios which gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,—
As hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher.'

On seeing this doggerel, my noble friend,—as I might, indeed, with a little more thought, have anticipated,—conceived the notion that I meant to throw ridicule on his whole race of poetic heroes; and accordingly, as I learned from persons then in frequent intercourse with him, flew out into one of his fits of half humorous rage against me. This he now confessed himself, and, in laughing over the circumstance with me, owned that he had even gone so far as, in his first moments of wrath, to contemplate some little retaliation for this perfidious hit at his heroes. 'But when I recollected,' said he, 'what pleasure it would give the whole tribe of blockheads and Blues to see you and me turning out against each other, I gave up the idea.' He was, indeed, a striking instance of what may be almost invariably observed, that they who best know how to wield the weapon of ridicule themselves, are the most alive to its power in the hands of others. I remember, one day,—in the year 1813, I think,—as we were conversing together about critics, and their influence on the public, 'For my part,' he exclaimed, 'I don't care what they say of me, so they don't *quiz* me.' 'Oh, you need not fear that,' —I answered, with something, perhaps, of a half-suppressed smile on my features,—'nobody could quiz *you*.' '*You could*, you villain!' he replied, clenching his hand at me, and looking, at the same time, with comic earnestness into my face. * * *

"On the day preceding that of my departure from Venice, my noble host, on arriving from La Mira to dinner, told me, with all the glee of a schoolboy who had been just granted a holyday, that, as this was my last evening, the contessa had given him leave to 'make a night of it;' and that accordingly he would not only accompany me to the opera, but that we should sup together at some *café* (as in the old times) afterwards. Observing a volume in his gondola, with a number of paper marks between the leaves, I inquired of him what it was? 'Only a book,' he answered, 'from which I am trying to *crib*, as I do wherever I can; and that's the way I get the character of an original poet.' On taking it up and looking into it, I exclaimed, 'Ah, my old friend, Agathon!' 'What!' he cried archly, 'you have been beforehand with me there, have you?' Though in thus imputing to himself premeditated plagiarism, he was, of course, but jesting, it was, I am inclined to think, his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite his vein by the perusal of others, on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint caught by his imagination, as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source. In the present instance, the inspiration he sought was of no very elevating nature; the antispiritual doctrines of the sophist in this romance being what chiefly, I suspect, attracted his attention to its pages, as not unlikely to supply him with fresh argument and sarcasm for those depreciating views of human nature and its destiny, which he was now, with all the wantonness of unbounded genius, enforcing in Don Juan."

The following is an odd expression of Byron's taste.

"I wish you good night, with a Venetian benediction, '*Benedetto te, e la terra che ti fara!*' 'May you be blessed, and the *earth* which you will *make*'—is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier, if you had heard it, as I did, two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large black eyes, a face like Faustina's, and the figure of a Juno; tall and energetic as a Pythoness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight, — one of those women who may be made any thing. I am sure if I put a poniard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her, — and into *me* if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed."

The following are miscellaneous extracts from his lordship's letters and journals.

"Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure, — worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious, — does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow — a fear of what is to come—a doubt of what *is* —a retrospect to the past, leading to a prognostication of the future? (The best of prophets of the future is the Past.) Why is this? or these? I know not, except that on a pinnacle we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we never fear falling, except from a precipice—the higher, the more awful, and the more sublime; and, therefore, I am not sure that Fear is not a pleasurable sensation; at least, *Hope* is; and *what Hope* is there without a deep leaven of Fear? and what sensation is so delightful as Hope? and, if it were not for Hope, where would the Future be? — in hell. It is useless to say *where* the Present is, for most of us know; and as for the Past, *what* predominates in memory?—*Hope baffled*. Ergo, in all human affairs, it is Hope—Hope—Hope."

"I have been thinking over, the other day, on the various comparisons, good or evil, which I have seen published of myself in different journals, English and foreign. This was suggested to me by accidentally turning over a foreign one lately,—for I have made it a rule latterly never to *search* for any thing of the kind, but not to avoid the perusal, if presented by chance. To begin, then: I have seen myself compared, personally or poetically, in English, French, *German* (*as* interpreted to me), Italian, and Portuguese, within these nine years, to Rousseau, Goethe, Young, Aretine, Timon of Athens, Dante, Petrarch, 'an alabaster vase, lighted up within,' Satan, Shakspeare, Buonaparte, Tiberius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Harlequin, the Clown, Sternhold and Hopkins, to the phantasmagoria, to Henry the Eighth, to Chenier, to Mirabeau, to young R. Dallas (the schoolboy), to Michael Angelo, to Raphael, to a petit-maitre, to Diogenes, to Childe Harold, to Lara, to the count in Beppo, to Milton, to Pope, to Dryden, to Burns, to Savage, to Chatterton, to 'oft have I heard of thee, my Lord Biron,' in Shakspeare, to Churchill the poet, to Kean the actor, to Alfieri, &c. &c."

Speaking of Hunt:

"Now, do you see what you and your friends do by your injudicious rudeness? — actually cement a sort of connexion which you strove to prevent, and which, had the Hunts *prospered*, would not in all probability have continued. As it is, I will not quit them in their adversity, though it should cost me character, fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*. My original motives I already explained (in the letter which you thought proper to shew): they are the *true* ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, and I told Leigh Hunt, when he questioned me on the subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, and never will forgive me at bottom; but I can't help that. I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he chose to question me, I could only answer the plain truth: and I confess I did not see any thing in the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was 'a *bore*,' which I don't remember. Had their journal gone on well, and I could have aided to make it better for them, I should then have left them, after my safe pilotage off a lee shore, to make a prosperous voyage by themselves. As it is, I can't, and would not if I could, leave them among the breakers. As to any community of feeling, thought, or opinion, between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think him a good-principled and able man, and must do as I would be done by. I do not know what world he has lived in, but I have lived in three or four; but none of them like his Keats and kangaroo terra incognita. Alas! poor Shelley! how we would have laughed had he lived, and how we used to laugh now and then, at various things which are grave in the suburbs!"

"Of Hunt I see little — once a month or so, and then on his own business, generally. You may easily suppose that I know too little of Hampstead and his satellites to have much communion or community with him. My whole present relation to him arose from Shelley's unexpected wreck. You would not have had me leave him in the street with his family, would you? and as to the other plan you mention, you forget how it would *humiliate* him—that his writings should be supposed to be dead weight! Think a moment — he is perhaps the vainest man on earth, at least his own friends say so pretty loudly; and if he were in other circumstances, I might be tempted to take him down a peg; but not now,— it would be cruel. It is a cursed business; but neither the motive nor the means rest upon my conscience."

Curious idea of constancy.

"Six-and-twenty years ago Col. * * * *, then an ensign, being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa * * * *, and she with him. The lady must be at least twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve—not his country, for that's Ireland—but England, which is a different thing; and *she*— heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the Definitive Treaty of peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Col. * * * *, who, flinging himself full length at the feet of Madame * * * *, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish Italian, eternal vows of

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indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed, 'Who are you?' The Colonel cried, 'What! don't you know me? I am so and so,' &c. &c. &c.; till, at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, 'Was there ever such virtue?' (that was her very word) and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdiel of absence."

We quote the ensuing as an instance of that moral perversion which was the great ingredient in all Lord Byron's faults.

"You have given me a screed of metaphor and what not about *Pulci*, and manners, and 'going without clothes, like our Saxon ancestors.' Now, the *Saxons did not go without clothes*; and, in the next place, they are not my ancestors, nor yours either; for mine were Norman, and yours, I take it by your name, were *Gael*. And, in the next place, I differ from you about the 'refinement' which has banished the comedies of Congreve. Are not the comedies of *Sheridan* acted to the thinnest houses? I *know* (as *ex-committed*) that 'The School for Scandal' was the *worst stock piece* upon record. I also know that Congreve gave up writing because Mrs. Centlivre's balderdash drove his comedies off. So it is not decency, but stupidity, that does all this; for Sheridan is as *decent* a writer as need be, and Congreve no worse than Mrs. Centlivre, of whom Wilkes (the actor) said, 'not only her play would be damned, but she too.' He alluded to 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife.' But last, and most to the purpose, Pulci is *not* an *indecent* writer—at least in his first canto, as you will have perceived by this time."

A principle which sets out so erroneously cannot but be false in its conclusions. It seems such a strange rule of action to say, "Because others have done wrong, so will I." Indelicacy was the reigning fault in the ages to which he alludes: such is not the case with ours. It is, we grant, unfair to try these our predecessors by our own rigid rules of decorum; but bad must that taste be which would oppose the opinion of its own time, merely to recall the admitted errors of the past.

We now close these pages. We cannot agree with their palliating sophistry; we think much of their detail had better have been omitted; but we must add, we know few biographical works so full of entertainment and interest. It is a great mental and moral study; but the instruction drawn from it must depend on the reader.

Time's Telescope for 1831. 12mo. pp. 416. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

Of this, the eighteenth volume of a most useful and entertaining publication, we have to give the same character as of its predecessors: its entire three parts, viz. Almanac of Remarkable Days, Astronomical Occurrences for every Month, and Naturalist's Calendar, are so well compiled, or originally written, as to convey much instruction on these subjects, together with many curious and amusing varieties. In the present instance, we observe also, with satisfaction, improvements in the paper, typography, and illustrations; its arrangement, too, is changed, and probably for the better, as the three series already mentioned may now be read together, without that interruption which occurred on the old plan. Great labour appears to have been bestowed on the astronomical division of the work, which may be recommended to the youthful astronomer, who finds so much in an ephemeris that is useless to him, or as yet above his comprehension; it is also a suitable companion to the celestial globe, and a guide to the heavens, when a serene sky admits of a survey from the lawn or observatory.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library: Military Memoirs of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. By Capt. Moyle Sherer. Vol. I. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

We are not aware in what particulars this new monthly publication is likely to differ from others already in the field; but we can assure our readers that the first volume is a concise and spirited biography of the Duke of Wellington, from his first commission to the invasion of Portugal by Massena. A second volume is announced to complete the work.

The London University Calendar for the Year 1831. Pp. 264. London, J. Taylor.

We have here collected into one convenient volume all that relates to the history and management of the London University; such as, its first establishment, the course of studies pursued, and other matters connected with the institution. These are not only interesting to parties concerned in the design, but to the public at large, and especially to those who meditate a resort to the University for the instruction of their children. The outlines of the lectures, &c. are full of sterling information.

Tom Thumb; a Burletta, &c. Pp. 34. T. Rodd.

A republication of this mock-heroic drama, with clever and whimsical designs by George Cruikshank. The tail-piece is a famous flourish.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, illustrated by Anecdotes. Vol. II. London, 1831. C. Knight.

Our high opinion of the first volume descends to the second. The pursuit of knowledge is always difficult; and it is delightful to trace the means and the course of those by whom the greatest difficulties have been overcome. It does honour to past generations, and acts as a stimulant to the living race and to futurity. This little volume is crammed with well-chosen and well-digested examples, from remote antiquity to the most recent period; and embraces many subjects truly interesting to the reader, in literature, in the fine arts, in sciences, and, in short, in all that can improve and adorn civilised mankind.

The Royal Lady's Magazine, and Archives of the Court of St. James's. Dedicated, by permission, to the Queen. No. I. W. Sams.

We are not the best judges of Ladies' Magazines; but the namby-pamby and trash of the old Lady's, rendered it likely that any sort of new Lady's must be an improvement. The portrait of the King is not, however, very good; and the half-dozen other ornaments, together with the literary contents, are so commonplace, or in such bad taste, that we must come to the conclusion of the ploughboy, that these ladies, old and new, are much of a muchness. Poor drivelling work; as if female readers were to be treated like idiots, void of understanding. The editor sets up for a snappish critic too—oh dear!

The Year-Book. By William Hone. Part I. January. T. Tegg.

A very entertaining miscellany, with a multitude of curious matters drawn up from the well of antiquity, and skilfully placed in juxtaposition with subjects of the day. It is indeed full of wise saws and modern instances, and well it plays its part among the periodicals of 1831. It is further ornamented with clever wood-cuts, and is altogether highly deserving of public patronage.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XX. The Abbot, Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell and Co.; London, Whittaker and Co.

A neatly-written preface precedes this volume. Less original than its predecessor, from having to go over the same ground, the preface to the Monastery is in reality also that of the Abbot. One of the notes we extract.

"All of the same clan are popularly considered as descended from the same stock, and as having a right to the ancestral honour of the chief branch. This opinion, though sometimes ideal, is so strong, even at this day of innovation, that it may be observed as a national difference between my countrymen and the English. If you ask an Englishman of good birth, whether a person of the same name be connected with him, he answers, (if *in dubio*,) 'No—he is a mere namesake.' Ask a similar question of a Scot, (I mean a Scotsman,) he replies,—'He is one of our clan; I daresay there is a relationship, though I do not know how distant.' The Englishman thinks of discountenancing a species of rivalry in society; the Scotsman's answer is grounded on the ancient idea of strengthening the clan."

The frontispiece by Chalon, and engraved by C. Heath, is a fine composition, though we do not fall in love with the countenance of Queen Mary. The vignette by E. Landseer, engraved by W. H. Watt, the dog Wolfe saving the child from drowning, is exquisite.

The Children in the Wood: with Engravings by Thompson, Nesbit, S. Williams, Jackson, Branston and Wright. Drawn on wood by W. Harvey. pp. 15. London. Jennings and Chaplin.

The most popular of old and popular ballads is here adorned in a manner worthy of its interest. We do not think the art of cutting in wood can go beyond the six prints which so happily illustrate this melancholy tale; and we rejoice to anticipate a series from the "Percy Relics of Ancient English Poetry," ornamented in an equally beautiful and appropriate style. We trust the good taste of the editor will induce him to abstain from facetious prefaces where the selections are of a pathetic nature, like the poor Babes in the Wood. It seems as if in ridicule of the finest sympathies of infancy and youth.

The Sunday Library, Vol. I. Edited by Dr. Dibdin. Longman and Co.

Among the numerous libraries, family, national, and encyclopediastic, that periodically issue from the press, for the purpose of putting ignorance to the rout, and filling up the void with useful and economical information in the most agreeable form that knowledge can be conveyed, none are specifically dedicated to the interests of the religious portion of the community. This, when we take into consideration the crying necessity of every effort for the furtherance of the sacred cause being strenuously put forth, has hitherto been no less to be

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wondered at than to be lamented. We are happy to say, a work well calculated to inculcate and promote a right feeling, and provide much essential information on the subject of religion, has commenced its course, under the name of the *Sunday Library*, and the auspices of Dr. Dibdin. The object of the work embraces the selection of extracts on the most important topics, from the writings of our eminent churchmen; so that, by the judicious arrangement of these, a plan is struck out, the pursuance of which cannot fail of being an unerring guide, whether of personal edification or family instruction;—on the one hand supplying a corrective to cant, while it furnishes on the other an antidote against infidelity.

Pen Tamar; or, the History of an Old Maid. By the late Mrs. H. M. Bowdler. 12mo. pp. 244. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

We cannot do better than quote part of the editor's preface, by way of review.

"There cannot, surely, be any one in the large circle of her acquaintance, to whom such a memorial of her amiable and pious mind will not be acceptable."

Few persons were more deservedly beloved than Mrs. Bowdler; and we need only add, the present volume is full of the piety and good feeling that characterised her former writings.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Thursday, J. E. Bicheno, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Vigors read the usual monthly report. 2730 persons had visited the Society's gardens during the month of December; and the available balance on that month's proceedings, in favour of the Society, amounted to 524*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* The Earl of Belfast, Lord Valletort, Sir Philip Egerton, Bart., Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart., Major Carnac, Dr. Blundell, and a number of other individuals, were elected fellows; Captains King, Franklin, and Walker, were severally elected corresponding members.—Amongst the donations to the Society were a variety of curious fishes. A very rare specimen, the *solea pegusa* of Risso, a species inhabiting the Mediterranean, and occasionally taken on the southern coast of England, was presented by Wm. Yarrell, Esq. and was much admired. Some parrots were also enumerated; in the list of these, the ground parrot of Australia appeared to be the most peculiar. Unlike others of the species with which our ornithologists are acquainted, this bird keeps entirely to the ground. After auditors were appointed, one of the fellows gave notice that, at the following meeting, he should bring forward a motion for the erection of a suitable museum. After a protracted discussion, of no interest, the proposed new by-laws were ordered to be hung up in the Society's meeting-room during the following three months. Mr. Vigors informed the meeting that the first fasciculus of the proceedings of the Committee of Science and Correspondence, attached to the Society, was ready for publication.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Sir William Ouseley in the chair.—Professor Reuvens, of Leyden, presented a copy of his Letters to M. Letronne upon some bilingual and Greek papyri, with plates in folio; and M. Adelung, director of the Oriental Institute at St. Petersburgh, presented a copy of his Catalogue Raisonné of Sanscrit books and MSS. —Cavelly Vencata Lutchmiah, a Brahmin, was elected a corresponding member of the Society. Mr. B. H. Hodgson's translation of a Budhist's confutation of the Brahmin doctrine of caste was read. This is a very curious tract, and is entitled a Disputation respecting Caste by a Buddha, in the form of a series of propositions supposed to be put by a Saiva, and refuted by the disputant; who draws most of his arguments against the divine institution of caste from the Vedas and other sacred books of the Brahmins themselves!

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in the East. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. With Historical and Descriptive Illustrations. Part V. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"Benares," of which it is stated that, as a town to which there is no ruined portion belonging, it is certainly the most interesting and the most remarkable city of Hindoostan over which the English have any authority; "The Cave of Karli," one of those magnificent excavations, the results of pagan superstition, for which India is so celebrated; and "El Wuish," a small harbour on the Arabian or north coast of the Red Sea,—embellish the fifth Part of Captain Elliot's publication. They are from the pencils of Messrs. Boys, Cattermole, and Stanfield; are engraved by Messrs. Heath, Bishop, and Goodall; and are all exceedingly beautiful, especially the last. The descriptions of the Cave of Karli, and of the navigation of the Red Sea by the Arab trading vessels, are full of interest.

Lancashire Illustrated, from original Drawings by S. Austin, J. Harwood, and G. and C. Pyne. With Descriptions. Parts VI. and VII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

These Parts complete the work, to which, in conjunction with "Ireland Illustrated," and "Devon and Cornwall Illustrated," we have so frequently called the attention of our readers. We certainly think that the proprietors are justified in the assertion, that the number of its engravings, and the superior manner in which they have been executed, shew that this is a publication of no common character; as well as in their expectation that the patronage which it has hitherto received will be considerably increased, now the volume is complete.

The Duke of Wellington. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

The illustrious commander on horseback, waving his hat as a signal, from Sir T. Lawrence's grand picture, and nobly engraved by Bromley. It is, altogether, a splendid production of art, and the likeness strong, though treated with the President's usual taste.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The third meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday, and was, as usual, very numerously attended by artists and lovers of art. A large collection of paintings, drawings, &c., was laid upon the tables: among them were several of the highest class. Mr. Griffiths, of Norwood (a liberal patron of British art), brought with him a splendid painting of Bonington's,—one of the most exquisitely wrought works of this lamented artist. Many other members contributed extensively to the assemblage: among them we have to notice a study for an infant Bacchus, by Rothwell,—a delicious picture; sketches of female heads and architectural fragments, by Mr. Parris; about sixty views on the coast of Great Britain, by W. Daniell, R.A.; miniatures of Lord Durham and his son, from the paintings of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Mr. G. R. Ward; a bust of Dr. Leonard Smith, by Mr. H. Behnes Burlowe; two fine candle-light effects, by Mr. Clater; some sketches from the life, and two highly finished portraits, by Mr. J. Wood; a fine drawing in water-colours of Rebecca, and a miniature of a child, by Miss Fanny Corbaux; five sweet drawings, from the tragedy of Juliet, by Mr. J. Hayter; a portfolio of original sketches from nature, particularly in the vicinity of Hastings, by Mr. G. Sydney Shepherd; a series of engravings (fac-similes) of Flaxman's Acts of Mercy, by Mr. G. G. Lewis; an exquisite fancy portrait, and a finely painted head, by Mr. Boxall; a picture in oils—the Bitter Morning,—by Mr. R. W. Buss; a portfolio of sketches, by Mr. Lewis. These were principally the contributions of members, who, we are glad to find, have been induced to consider the exhibition of their works at the meetings of the Society an additional inducement to labour.

We understand that a similar body is about to be formed in the City, and that many of the most wealthy and influential patrons of art, east of Temple Bar, have already expressed a desire to be connected with it. Its results may, and we have no doubt will, be highly beneficial.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE REBELLION IN STOCK POGIS.

*Answer to Mrs. Jones's Letter in Hood's Comic Annual.**

Paddington Third January 1831.

Dr. Mrs. Jones,—I take Pin in hand to Scratch you a few Remarks in return for your kind Pestle: it however gav me a sevear Blow to hear of my deer Friends Roofall Sitawayshun: keep up your Spirits, doe my deer Frend, I dout not in your next I shall hear you have taken to your Old Rum again down stairs and find the Windy-Pains in a Hole condishun—Yet what can you Relie on when the Country Gernals is filled with sheets of Flams of Steaks and Bairns burnt to their foundhayshones. But let you and me Mrs. J, hop that these evil Doors may be sicured. I have a bit of Noose for you—Swing is taken and Lockt up—let us hop then that Steps may be taken for capshining his Canfeedrats——You enquier what our King and Manystirs think of Stuck Puggys I beleeve they think your Magasstearall Funkshunareas mite have shone more Hacktivity and Incision again armed Poplars and Incinders—but its all owing to the March of Intellx—instid of mindin there work they are always runnin to heer some Seedishus Ourang or other on the Harrastocrazy—they now call themselves the Industerious Classis, formally they was called The Lore Ordurs. My Servint gal atends Love Feasts and Missinarea Meetins and has the impidence to tell me she has a Soal as valleyable as my own and actally askt if her minnyster mite be aloud to come and prepair me for Heavn; but I told the uzzy to prepair herself for another place and gav her a munths warnin to soot herself—but about the parley-meant—Hurl Grey the Primer has a load on is Sholders wich I hop he will be able to discharg an all go off quiet: He has pledgd himself for to the eaws for Riform an says hell

* Original. See *L. G.*, Review of the *Comic Annual*, No. 736.

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Redrench evry Place where he has Grounds: and they all talk about Pooling Mesurs; but the Wetterun Bishop Sincurers and Cloaths borrowers show pourfull Oppisishun and perplix and embrace all his Plans — Pettyshuns come in from all Parts for Necromancypassion, wich I take to be some new plan for washin the Blackamer wite — also for the vote by Ballad which Mr. Hum supports and likewis Mr. Oconl the Hireish mimber wich wants the Onion to be repeeled and caws all Hireland Watery eyes; but I hop sich Cryses will niver arive —— I supose youve herd Hunt is returnd for Prestun wherby Im sorry to heer of a incindery sittin in the ows, for he not only first burnt the Corn but sold it after to the pure Peeple — but is Blackin his good —— Our new lord Canceller Brewem gives us Hops that he will put a end to all the Old Suits without making any New Breeches wich wrong Incisions wold show Shear hignoranc — but hes no Goos! — Mr. Grant wants to Mancypate the Jews — Porkreetchers! my next Nabor Levy says they are a Pursycutish Race thogh they have Numbers of Genesis among them fit for Trusts on Securitys; but let who will be in or out somethin must be done. Winters com and the ole Country wants instant Releafing thoug I hop no Treesunable acts will be manny fisted be the Peeple — Nobody now cant sell nothing Goods hangs on hand and Malefactors are dropping in every line — Soverins is scars and Peeples ready to tear each other to peeces for um — We want some change —— In the Naborhood of Manshister thirty thousn Wafers are in a state of Risibility which is no laughin matter, havin struck for more Wags tho' they get therty shillins aWeak and are always in Labor! — this abolition of feelin shold be chekt, for if it is to go on it will most likly continew —— As you observe, the Rag for Chang is grate — as they say The Scullmasters Abroad and the Scull all in confushon — Old Head devices done away with and Hairy Cassles supplyin the place — Aspics on the Continence seem very embracing — tho the Trials in France is over the People are in Truble — I hope the Rising in the Low Kantrys is over — The Poles seem to be makin head again the Rushons in great Armd Bodis — bent on Deth or imprisenment to get Liberty — In short all Eurups in Harms; but nothins so Barberus as Civil comoshins Hopin all is over with You, and restin asshurd Stuck Puggys is not likely to rise again, I conclude remaining Your sincer Frend and well wisher A HUMPHRIES.

DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THIS now beautiful little theatre opened its doors on Monday evening last to as eager and zealous a crowd as we ever witnessed in the pit-going days of our youth, when to be squeezed as flat as a pancake was considered as one of the principal delights of the evening. About ten minutes past seven the curtain rose, and Madame Vestris made her courtesy amidst deafening acclamations. It was some time before silence could be obtained, and during this period she appeared labouring under excessive emotion. Order at length being restored, she spoke an occasional address, written by Mr. J. H. Reynolds. It is full of point and pleasantry, and was received with considerable applause. "God save the King" followed, the solo parts being sung by Messrs. Spagnoletti and Hodges (pupils of the Royal Academy) and Madame Vestris. The first burletta of the evening, entitled *Mary Queen of Scots*, though new to the metropolis, has been sometime a favourite in the provinces, and is adapted from Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "Abbot," by Mr. Calcraft, the manager of the Dublin theatre. Miss Foote sustained the character of *Mary*, for the first time. Her reception was most flattering. She was respectably supported by a Mr. Fredericks, in the part of *George Douglas*; and a young lady named Langley sang a ballad with much sweetness and feeling. Mrs. Knight, late of Drury Lane, played *Lady Douglas*; and in *Catharine Seyton* we recognised the pretty little dark-eyed Miss Pincott, from the same establishment. After *Mary Queen of Scots*, a new and very appropriate *jeu d'esprit* was performed, the joint production, we understand, of Mr. Planché and Mr. C. Dance. It is of the *Midas* genus, and founded on Mr. Colman's whimsical version of the story of "Pandora." The curtain rises on an "Olympic game at whist." *Jupiter* holds bad cards, and is annoyed by bad jokes, and breaks up the party in a huff. He calls for music, but *Apollo* is at a glee-club. He inquires for *Bacchus*; he is in the chair at the Punch-bowl, and not presentable — *Mars* is at drill — *Momus* "eating fire at Troy fair" — *Esculapius* has been suddenly sent for to bleed king Priam — *Somnus* is "yawning o'er the last new play" — and *Juno* is in the laundry; "'tis washing day!" *Mercury* is eventually sent on a message to *Vulcan*, respecting "the lady" ordered by *Jupiter*, and returns with an answer from the "lame old tinker," promising his speedy appearance with his work. *Bacchus* is now brought home by *Pan* and *Silenus*, "so drunk he cannot sit his barrel, without being held there." *Momus* enters to the laughing chorus from *Der Freyschütz*; and *Apollo* also making his appearance, *Jupiter* prepares for frolic, when his thoughts are recalled to business by the ascent of *Vulcan* with his "lass of mettle:" she is pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*, and *Vulcan* tenders "his little bill." The deities then proceed to bestow their various presents on the stranger. Love animates and music instructs her; and health, wealth, lasting charms, and endless mirth, are promised, in appropriate airs, by their respective divinities. *Jupiter* then names her *Pandora*, and presents her with the famous and fatal box. She is about to descend to earth in the care of *Mercury*, when *Juno* enters in a rage, and, after a laughable altercation with the king of gods and men, bestows on *Pandora* "woman's dear passion, curiosity." The gods go to dinner, and *Mercury* and *Pandora* seek the abode of *Prometheus*. A Swiss milk-boy — "a great anachronism," according to the bill, meets with them, and is told by *Mercury* that the lady is a star who is thither flown,

> "To light a little system of her own —
> Feeling her way, twinkling 'midst hope and doubt:
> Who would be the man to put her out?"

The gallant milk-boy declares he would not, and assures them that he bears

> "The milk of human kindness."

These sallies were received with shouts by the audience. The rest is soon told. *Prometheus* receives the lady with delight, but his ardour is a little damped by the discovery that she has no luggage except a little box. He leaves her for a moment, and, mastered by her curiosity, *Pandora* lifts the fatal lid. "Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," issue from the box, amidst discordant crashes. *Prometheus* enters in dismay; and the vengeful Thunderer appearing, condemns *Pandora* to die an old maid, and inflicts on *Prometheus* "a liver complaint," in the classical form of a hungry vulture. Wisdom, however, prompts *Pandora* again to examine the box: *Hope* is discovered at the bottom; she advances, leaning on her anchor, and, after propitiating *Jove*, intercedes with the audience for "*Prometheus* and little *Pandora*." We need scarcely add that her intercession is effectual. Madame Vestris's delicious voice is heard to great advantage in this little theatre, and she enacted the part of *Pandora* with all her accustomed grace and spirit. Her gradual animation in the first scene is admirably expressed. Mr. Cooper, as *Prometheus*; Mr. T. Knight, as *Jupiter*; Mr. Newcombe, as *Mercury*; and Mr. Beckwith, as the *Swiss Boy* — exhibited considerable humour. Madame V. was called for at the conclusion, and announced the *Olympic Revels* for repetition every evening. We have no doubt of its running the whole season. The performances concluded with the *Little Jockey*, alias *Youth*, *Love, and Folly*; and *Clarissa Harlowe*, alias the *Old Maid*. One piece too much perhaps: but, as Miss Foote played in one, and Mrs. Glover in the other, we could scarcely make up our minds to spare either.

THEATRES AND THEATRICAL PROPERTY.

As we are probably on the eve of a decision on the question of theatrical patents, or monopoly, which will put the stage upon a new, and we trust a better footing, it may not be amiss to throw our contribution into the general data, though we have for years, upon insulated points, said all that we can say on the question, and especially in our No. 569, Dec. 15, 1827, pointed out what we deemed a remedy for the evils most felt.

The drama is far gone in a decline, and neither authors nor actors can cure it.

The large patent theatres have been mere wild or sordid speculations, and withal unprofitable, since we remember them.

The minor theatres have, accordingly, been gradually creeping on. Some have been prosperous, and others have been bankrupt, simply because they deserved no other fate, either from the principle on which they went, or the management by which they tried to gull the town.

The competition, as carried on, has been disgraceful, as well as ruinous, to all parties; and has utterly prevented excellence in any branch of the drama.

What we recommended was, to limit different houses to different species of entertainments, — tragedy, comedy, and farce here; opera there; spectacle, melodrame, or vaudeville, at other places. Then should we see good companies for all, instead of mixed companies fit to execute nothing perfectly.

But we are not now going again into the general question, which would lead us into the folly of the present licensing system: we would rather put in our word on the specific matter to be immediately decided, and on which the fate of English opera depends. London is the only capital in Europe which does not enjoy an opera in the native language; and that which has the foremost privileges every where else, is with us the least favoured of the drama. Surely, Mr. Arnold, who has done so much for the improvement of our national music, ought to have every encouragement to pursue his laudable course, — such as length of season, and at times when the town is full — facilities for rebuilding his theatre, and a convenient site; in short, the most liberal patronage of every kind. We trust he will have all this: we are sure his efforts have deserved it.

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The Jeu d'Esprit. Published by E. Wallis.

A NEW game, and a nice amusing trifle for the holydays. It possesses the merit of being simple and easy for young folks; and is, besides, quite a novel way of introducing them to an acquaintance with the best authors, whose pictures, and quotations from their works, form the playing cards. The game ends rather abruptly, and depends on chance; still, we would recommend it especially to family and youthful circles. It is the invention of a very active-minded individual, Mr. F. W. N. Bayley; to whom we are indebted for the game of "York and Lancaster;" for a great deal of pleasing lyrical composition; and for a clever work on the West Indies.

But apropos of the *Jeu d'Esprit.* In unison with its name, and to try its merits in another way, we asked a *remarkably* ingenious child, the other night, what he thought of some of the pictured authors. The following was part of our colloquy, and if mamma's pet does not turn out a punster, then have we no skill in phrenology.

Q. What do you think of Swift? A. That he must have run better than any body else! Of Young? That he was like "procrastination." How do you mean? "The Thief of Time!" (This is the apposite quotation on his card.) Of Congreve? A. A rocket! better than

To wield the sword, to hurl the pointed spear,
To stop or turn the steed in wild career.

Of Spenser? That he could not be a Turncoat. Of Raleigh? I don't know. Of Cowley? He should have been a pastoral poet. Of Steele? That he was, nevertheless, no Plagiarist. Of Milton? That he was not a mute inglorious Milton—oyster. Of Bacon? That he is one of the *have-beans.*

We could stand it no longer; and giving the precocious brat a cuff, we dismissed him to his admiring mamma.

The Game of the History of France, from Pharamond to the Accession of Louis Philippe I. London. E. Wallis.

THIS is one of the ingenious and pleasing devices by which historical knowledge is infused into the young, by means of an apparent (and indeed real) amusement,—a pack of cards and set of counters so constructed as to afford the players a fair insight into French history, and at the same time exercise their memory and faculties We recommend the game heartily.

VARIETIES.

Danish Army.—The military education of the soldiers and subalterns of the Danish army has long been carefully attended to; but there has been no school for instruction in the higher branches of military knowledge. That want has been recently supplied by the establishment of a school at Copenhagen, founded and supported by the king; the pupils of which are to go through various courses, the duration of which is fixed at four years.

Paris.— Politics usurp almost the entire atmosphere of Paris, and we read fifty journals without acquiring one paragraph of literary or scientific intelligence. We observe with satisfaction, however, that these amenities are not altogether abandoned. M. Cuvier and Le Duc de Luynes have just been elected honorary members of L'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres. At the meeting of the Académie des Sciences, of the 15th November (the latest reported) the principal paper read was one by M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, on some parts of the organisation of kangaroos and other animals which have bags or purses.

Berlin.—Mila's recent account of the origin, progress, and actual state of the Prussian capital, corrects a common error as to its foundation; and assigns it, not to the year 1160, but to the interval between the years 1202 and 1220, when Albert the Second held sway. The same work mentions that in 1640 the population of Berlin did not much exceed 6000 souls; in 1688, they amounted to 20,000; and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, to 30,000. In 1687, the king's library had already accumulated 1618 MSS., and 20,600 volumes; but in 1827 the collection had grown to 4611 MSS. and 250,000 printed books. Adverting again to the population, we add, that in 1713 it had risen to 50,000 souls; in 1741, to 90,000; in 1773, to 133,580; in 1797, to 183,960; and in 1827, to 220,277, who were housed under 13,511 roofs.

New Telegraph.—It is proposed to establish in France public telegraphs, for the conveyance, throughout the kingdom, of communications between merchants and other persons. A new telegraph, consisting of four lamps, and of course capable of being worked day and night, has lately been invented for the purpose. By a recent experiment, it appears, that in ordinary weather, this telegraph can communicate between three and four signals a minute; that is to say, above two hundred an hour. Two hundred signals comprehend above five hundred words. It is practicable, therefore, to forward, in an hour, at least ten communications, each of twelve or fifteen words; a number sufficient for important intelligence, when brevity is indispensable.

Naples.—By a recent census, published under the direction of the Abbé Petroni, it appears, that in a population of 5,456,664 persons, which is that of the kingdom of Naples, there are 37 above a hundred years of age, 93 prelates, 27,912 priests, 8455 monks, and 8135 nuns. It also appears, that the city of Naples contains 349,190 inhabitants, 3 cardinals, 1 archbishop, 8 bishops, 1751 priests, 610 monks, 827 nuns, 18,100 state-pensioners, 9450 persons in public offices, and 114,519 workmen: 1627 persons are employed in the business of education, from the academicians down to the masters of schools for infants.

Tehuantepec. The 87th No. of the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, of Paris, contains an important article in the shape of a *reconnoissance* of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, made by the engineer-general of brigade, D. Juan Orbegoro, in conformity with the orders of the Mexican government. The result is, however, by no means favourable as to the practicability, so frequently discussed, of forming a navigable canal for the passage of vessels from the one sea to the other.

Longevity.—Russia is the country for wonderful longevity. In the year 1827, there died in Russia 947 persons above a hundred years old, 202 above 110, 98 above 115, 52 above 120, 21 above 125, and 1 above 135!

The Creation of the World.—The *Russian Almanac* counts 7338 years since the creation of the world.

Saw-Mills.— There are in St. Petersburg three saw-mills worked by steam; two belonging to individuals, and one to government. In the course of the year 1829, these mills turned out 456,326 planks of various kinds.

Prussian Periodical Literature.— In the seven provinces of which Prussia is composed, there are published no fewer than 262 periodical works. Of these 27 are political gazettes, 60 scientific journals, 55 advertising sheets, 100 purely literary, 10 devoted to religion and ethics, 3 legislative, 3 journals of the arts, and 4 agricultural and technological.

Extraordinary Productiveness.—In the month of September, there were sown, in a garden near Silberberg, in Silesia, 287 grains of wheat. At the ensuing harvest they actually produced 117,644 grains, fully and perfectly matured! There were two ears, amongst the rest, one of which contained 1055, and the other 1077 perfect grains. The longest halm measured six feet two inches in length, inclusive of the ear, and some of the leaves were two feet and more in length.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. II. Jan.* 8.]

A Description of a Patent Metallic Lining and Damper for Chimneys, for the purpose of rendering them Fireproof, and also superseding the practice of employing Climbing-boys.—The Shamrock, a Collection of the best Irish Songs, Serious and Comic, many of them never before in any volume, edited by Mr. Weekes, of Drury Lane.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Currie's Memoirs, by W. W. Currie, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Annual Biography and Obituary for 1831, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Matthew on Naval Timber and Arboriculture, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Parsey on Miniature Painting, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Killarney Poor Scholar, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Picture Exhibition, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Juvenile Rambles through the Paths of Nature, 18mo. 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Grant's Beauties of Modern Poetry, fcp. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth; or 9*s.* in silk.—Wilson's Divine Authority of the Lord's Day, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Tom Thumb, with Cruikshank's designs, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Bennett's Practice in the Master's Office in Chancery, 8vo. 13*s.* bds.—Surtee's Horseman's Manual and Law of Warrantry, 12mo. 5*s.* bds. — Simson's Manual of Religious Instruction, 18mo. 5*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

December.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 30	From 20. to 42.	29.52 — 29.22
Friday ···· 31	—— 36. — 46.	29.14 — 29.56
January.		
Saturday·· 1	—— 25. — 38.	29.67 — 29.80
Sunday···· 2	—— 25. — 41.	29.76 — 29.79
Monday ·· 3	—— 30. — 38.	29.83 Stationary
Tuesday ·· 4	—— 28. — 39.	29.77 — 29.78
Wednesday 5	—— 35. — 42.	29.77 — 29.86

Wind variable, S.E. prevailing.

Except the 1st and 2d, cloudy; a little rain, at times, on the 30th and 31st.

Rain fallen since the 22d, ·5 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude····· 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Parry Parry will not do for us. Album verses rarely, if ever, mend by publication.

The individual who calls upon us to review a "History," must send it. We have long found out, that what was not worth sending to a Journal like ours, was not worth seeking; and we have many interesting works before us, to which we can barely do justice.

Our "Friend" N. does not seem to be aware that the mere notice of a book in three or four lines, is the result of, perhaps, more hours', and sometimes days', consideration. The publications most eligible for extract are not (it may be) those which require our greatest attention;—on the contrary, we often expend much of comparison and research on a subject which only occupies a few lines; while on attractive, temporary, and, from their character, popular works, we can afford to be fully explanatory at a very small expense of thought. We hope, therefore, not to be judged by quantity, but by quality.

We are again obliged to postpone our note on Mr. James's letter.

We are sorry that we have not space to devote to the controversy which Mr. T. Price's second letter must provoke. We insert his opinion, that no physiologist will be able to adduce the slightest authority, either ancient or modern, in support of the principle that a dark complexion is a decisive mark of Celtic origin; but, on the contrary, that the whole can be proved to be nothing else than an utter fallacy, founded upon mere gratuitous assertion.

The plan of Swing-Town, which our respectable correspondent wishes us to engrave, is really such a stretch of philanthropy, that we could hardly help laughing at the idea. To choose a beautiful, picturesque, and fertile country, the finest part of New Holland, and to build and furnish neatly pretty little cottages for the reception of individuals convicted of machine-breaking and incendiarism, together with their families,—seems to us to be rather a provocative to crime. And the expense of transport, &c. &c. &c. would be enormous.

ERRATUM.—In the poetry, "Tempus fugit, et tempus non fugit," a fortnight ago, the lines *Tempus fugit* and *Tempus non fugit*, through the carelessness of the writer, and owing to inadvertence on our part, were transposed.

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No. 730. SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Siamese Twins. By the Author of "Pelham," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 390. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

Of this varied and remarkable poem it is not our purpose, in our present No. to give an analysis; or even to pronounce a detailed critical opinion upon its yet unpublished lineaments. The high and richly deserved celebrity of its author renders it an object of so much interest, that we are sure we shall better consult the taste of the public by devoting a few columns to its illustration, than by occupying even half a column by oracular commonplaces upon poetry in general, and the *Siamese Twins* in particular. Our extracts will speak for us, and for the book; and we will only say, that if any one does not feel their force or beauty, the person so unhappily situated will never enjoy the pleasure and delight which its perusal has afforded to us. [N.B. Thursday, past midnight, and our sheet must be at press to-morrow afternoon; so that by printing all night, sufficient Nos. may be ready for our *few* customers on Saturday morning.*]

Suffice it now to state, that, with much of playful, as well as of deeper satire; little touches of personal pleasantry, and more grave, political, and moral allusions; fine poetical passages, imitations which remind us of the Rejected Addresses of almost all our principal authors, Scott, Byron, Moore, &c.; and pathos embodied in the language of true feeling, Mr. Bulwer has produced a volume very unlike what might have been, and such as we actually expected, from its temporary title.

He starts with an inscription to Captain Basil Hall, who seems to have provoked his irony by his recent work on America; still there is no ill nature in the attack. We are then introduced to the Twins.

> "In Bancok,—all the world must know
> Bancok's the capital of Siam,—
> There lived, not quite an age ago,
> A gentleman whose name was Fiam.
> Of moderate sense and decent fortune,
> He ne'er had need his friends to' importune:
> He asked them not to clothe or board him,
> And therefore all his friends adored him!
> For Bancok is a place where you,
> If rich, have love enough to sate you;
> But only ask them for a *sous*,
> And, Gad! how bitterly they hate you!"

So unlike England!!! No wonder the author is tempted into the field of comparison, and not only lauds the superior liberality of this country, but our immense superiority over the Siamese in every other respect. Hodges (the person who brings the Twins over), is a trader and a missionary at Bancok, and he is represented as labouring in his vocation.

> "But Hodges, though so much he prized
> Our peers—all foreign rank despised,
> Declared, with generous warmth, he thought
> The same the sovereign and the snob,
> And swore, since Siam must be taught
> New steps — to lead off with the mob!
>
> Accordingly our saint one day
> Into the market took his way,
> Climb'd on an empty tub, that o'er
> Their heads he might declaim at ease,
> And to the rout began to roar
> In wretched Siamese.
>
> 'Brethren! (for every one's my fellow,
> Though I am white, and you are yellow,)
> Brethren! I come from lands afar
> To tell you all—what fools you are!
> Is slavery, pray, so soft and glib a tie,
> That you prefer the chain to liberty?
> Is Christian faith a melancholy tree,
> That you will only sow idolatry?
> Just see to what good laws can bring lands,
> And hear an outline of old England's.
> Now, say if *here* a Lord should hurt you,
> Are you made whole by legal virtue?
> For ills by battery, or detraction,
> Say, can you bring at once your action?
> And are the rich not much more sure
> To gain a verdict than the poor?
> With us *alike* the poor or rich,
> Peasant or prince, no matter which —
> Justice to all, the law dispenses,
> And all it costs — are the expenses!
> *Here*, if an elephant you slay,
> Your very lives the forfeit pay;
> Now, that's a *quid pro quo* — too seri-
> Ous much for beasts *naturæ feræ*.
> With us no beast, or bird, is holy —
> Such nonsense really seems to shame laws!
> And all things wild, we shoot at — solely
> Subject to little hints, call'd '*Game Laws*.'
> Your parsons dun you into giving —
> *Ours* take their own — a paltry living.
> Each selfish wish they nobly stifle,
> And save our souls — for quite a trifle.
> *Our* lords are neither mean nor arrogant,
> Nor war against broad truths by narrow cant;
> Ne'er wish for perquisites, nor sinecures,
> Nor prop great ills, by proffering tiny cures;
> Our goods before their own they rate 'em,
> And as for younger sons — they hate 'em!
> Thus all our patriots are invincible,
> And, bless you! — as to change of principle —
> 'Ev'n if one wish'd to chouse the people,
> One's by the Lower House prevented;
> *There*, by a slight expense of tipple,
> We've all the Commons represented —
> And with such singular ability,
> No groat's ere spent with inutility.
> Thus do we hold both license — and
> Despotic fetters *in ludibrium*:
> And thus must England ever stand
> Erect — in *triple equilibrium!*
>
> *These* are the things that best distinguish men —
> These make the glorious boast of Englishmen!
> More could I tell you, were there leisure,
> But I have said enough to please, sure;
> Now, then, if you the resolution
> Take for a British Constitution,
> A British King, Church, Commons, Peers —
> I'll be your guide! dismiss your fears.
> With Hampden's name and memory warm you!
> And, d—n you all — but I'll reform you!
> As for the dogs that *won't* be free,
> We'll give it them most handsomely;
> To church with scourge and halter lead 'em,
> And thrash the rascals into freedom.'"

The Twins are imported by this clever fellow, and their advent in London is good.

> "The third day after they had entered
> London, of Nash and Cash the boast,
> Hodges this paragraph adventured
> (As herald) in 'The Morning Post.'
>
> 'We hear the famous Mr. Hodges,
> Who wrote of Tactoo the description,
> Is just arrived in town, and lodges
> At present in the hall Ægyptian.
> With him two wond'rous creatures he
> Has brought, we understand, from Siam,
> Which all the world will flock to see,
> And much the sight will edify 'em.
> Two boys that have together grown,
> Across the breast joined by a bone;
> Of the faculty, invited gratis,
> Each gentleman we beg to state is;
> Already Messrs. Cooper, Brodie, Gee,
> Lawrence, and Vance, have seen the prodigy—
> Declared it can be no deceit,
> And sworn the sight was quite a treat.
> This—notice towards them to divert is meant,
> See for particulars advertisement.
> N.B. In such a way they're joined,
> As not to shock the most refined.'
>
> "The public then were disengaged—
> No Lyon in especial raged,
> For poetry there was no passion,
> All politics were out of fashion;
> The last new novel, called 'The Peerage,'
> Had fallen flat upon this queer age.
>
> "No kings were going to Guildhall,
> No dukes were '*trembling* to their fall;'
> Both Charles and Charleys lived in peace,
> No Philip there—here no police.
> Serenely thieved the nightly prigs,
> And placeless walked the pensive Whigs,
> Time frowned not—and the distant storm
> Slept dull on that dark sea—Reform.
> —In such a dearth of conversation,
> Judge if our Twins caused some sensation.
> From ten to five o'clock each day,
> There thronged to see them such a bevy,
> Such cabs and chariots blocked the way,
> The crowd was like a new king's levée.
> Sir Astley bid high to secure them,
> To cut up when the spring was o'er;
> He had, he begged leave to assure them,
> Cut up 'The Skeleton' before.
> 'Twas much, they'd see, if they reflected,
> To be with care and skill dissected;
> And if next year they would prefer—*he*
> Was not at present in a hurry.
>
> "Old Crock much wanting then some new
> Good speculation, tried to steal them;
> While Lady ——— the famous Blue,
> Gravely requested leave to feel them.*
> Pettigrew said he'd keep a nice
> Glass case on Saturdays exposed for them,
> And Mrs. M***, who'd married thrice,
> With great civility proposed for them.
> But, thanks to Hodges, all these perils
> They 'scaped unhurt—for thus the state
> Of man is ever! when we fear ills,
> Heaven saves us from the menaced fate;
> Except the few not worth a better, a
> Handful, of hang'd, drown'd, burnt, et cetera.
>
> "Meanwhile with every day increases
> The fashion of the brother pair;
> Fashion, that haughty queen that fleeces
> Her lovers with so high an air.
> I think on earth that Jove did drop her, a
> *Danseuse* from the Olympian opera;
> Sent first to glitter and to gladden us;
> Next to attract, allure, and madden us;
> Thirdly, to ruin each beginner
> In life, content with that—to win her!
> But when he's bought the jade's caresses,
> He finds the charm was—in the dresses!
> While Jove, on high, beholds, methinks,
> The new-blest suitor's melancholy,
> Applauds the cunning of the minx,
> And chuckles at the green-horn's folly."

We are charmed with this playfully philosophical *exposé* of *fashion*, and shall add to it a trifle more on Almack's, to which Lady Jersey invites the Siamese.

> "And Jersey, after whose own heart is
> The grave, asked Chang to all her parties—
> But only begg'd he would not bring
> His vulgar brother, Mr. Ching!
> She sent him once a card for Willis's,
> That pretty pastoral spot, where Phillises

* This puff is a hint to late correspondents and others. With a large impression to print, in a different form, and on different principles from a newspaper, besides the care of correcting, &c., which literary character demands, we require ten or twelve hours of mere mechanical labour, to be ready for the early supply of Saturday morning.

* "Conversing once with a Blue of some celebrity, I had the mortification of perceiving that she was all the while peculiarly restless and fidgety. At length she said, with considerable *naïveté*, 'Excuse me, I must go and feel that gentleman.' Accordingly with great gravity she walked up to a handsome foreigner, and, avowing herself a disciple of Spurzheim, requested leave to feel his head I remember that the handsome foreigner was not a little disconcerted, for he was a great beau, and he wore a wig."

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And Damons dance extremely badly—
Where married dames coquet it sadly—
Where, this the law supreme and vital,
No sin comes here without a title.
Where, if a few slight faults or frailties—
Unvirgined maids and liberal wives,
Breaking dull wedlock's cold and stale ties,
The pure *religio loci* shrives—
At least the low commercial route
'The ladies' piously shut out;
And fierce to trade as any Goth's child,
Preserve the moral air from Rothschild.

* * * *

"We've said in some one of our pages,
That Chang had lately conned our sages.
But most of all the books commanding
His thoughts, was Locke on Understanding;
That great name spoke hard by—he heard—
He turned—enraptured at the word,
And L——k (the handsome captain) took
For the young author of the book;
Accordingly he strait address him,
With compliments in thousands prest him—
Swore that no man he so admired,
And humbly where he lived inquired.
Quoth he, 'The human mind is found,
Having in all climes the same faults.'
He ceased—the captain looking round,
Saw him whirl'd off into a waltz.
For Ching, who lik'd those giddy dances,
Was now engaged to Lady Frances—
Sweet lady, daughter to Lord Connor,
And fairest of the maids of honour.
Meanwhile the smiling lady mother
Steps up, and whispers in her ear,
'I hope it is the *elder* brother,
And not 'the detrimental,' dear."

From the poor world of artifice let us turn to the world of beauty, real or ideal; and we cannot find it sooner than by reverting to Mr. Bulwer's description of the Twins leaving their home, where a great dread of sea voyages prevails.

"Alas! in vain in every shore,
For something never won, we yearn!
Why needs this waste of toil before
Life's last yet simplest truth we learn?
Oh! that our early years would own
The moral of our burial-stone:
The true *to kalon* of the breast—
The *elixir* of the earth is—*Rest!*

As birds that seek, athwart the main,
Strange lands where happier seasons reign,
Where to soft airs the rich leaf danceth,
And laughs the gay beam where it glanceth—
Glancing o'er fruits whose purpling sheen
May court the rifling horde unseen;
For there earth, air, and sun conspire
To curb, by sating, man's desire—
And man, half careless to destroy,
May grant ev'n weakness to enjoy.
So Hope allures the human heart,
So shews the land and spreads the chart;
So wings the wishes of the soul,
And colours, while we seek, the goal!

The shore (as on the wanderers fly)
They left, hath melted into sky.
The shore they seek—alas! the star
That guides on high seems scarce so far.
With weary wing, but yearning breast,
Unlike the dove, they find no rest.
The broad sea with its aching sound,
The desert heaven, have girt them round.
On, on!—and still the promised shore
Seems far, and faithless as before;
And some desponding droop behind,
And some are scattered by the wind,
And some perchance who best might guide—
Sink, whelmed the first, beneath the tide.

Thus on, the hearts that Hope decoys,
Fly o'er life's waste to fancied joys,
The goal unseen, the home forsaken,
Dismayed, but slow, from dreams we waken.
The friends with whom we left the shore,
Most loved, most missed, are seen no more;
And some that sink, and some disparted,
But leave the lingerers weary-hearted.

On, onward still, how few remain
Faint, flagging, of that buoyant train,
With glittering hue, and daring wing,
And bosom that must burst or sing.
On, on! a distant sail appears—
It comes—exhaustion conquers fears,
And on the deck, a willing thrall,
The wearied, hopeless, victims fall:
And ev'n amid their dreadest foes
Feel less of peril than repose!
And thus, oh, thus! no more deceived,
Worn out, tamed, baffled, and bereaved,
From all our young life loved self-banished;
The glory from the dull wing vanished;
Bowed by the distance and the gale,
The hardest faint, the boldest fail.
Whate'er the spot that proffers rest,
We drop, the victim or the guest;
And after all our wanderings past,
Feel death has something sweet at last."

Is not the following also enchanting poetry?

"How holy woman's youth—while yet
Its rose with life's first dews is wet—
While hope most pure is least confest,
And all the virgin in the breast!
O'er her white brow, wherein the blue
Transparent vein seemed proud to bear
The warm thoughts of her heart—unto
The soul so nobly palaced there!
O'er her white brow were richly braided
The tresses in a golden flow;
But *darkly* slept the lash that shaded
Her deep eye, on its lids of snow.
What could that magic eye inspire?
Its very light was a desire;
And each blue wandering of its beam,
Called forth a worship and a dream;
The soft rose on her softest cheek
Had yet the sun's last smile to win;
But not the less each blush could speak
How full the sweetness hived within.
The rich lip in its bright repose
Refused above its wealth to close."

* * * * *

"O Woman! day-star of our doom—
Thy dawn our birth—thy close our tomb,
Or if the mother or the bride,
Our fondest friend and surest guide;—
And yet our folly and our fever,
The dream—the meteor—the deceiver—
Still, spite of sorrow—wisdom—years—
And those—Fate's sternest warners—tears—
Still clings my yearning heart unto thee,
Still knows no wish like those which woo thee,
Still in some living form essays
To clasp the bright cloud it portrays;—
And still as one who waits beside,
But may not ford, the faithless tide—
It wears its own brief life away—
It marks the shining waters stray—
Courts every change that glads the river—
And finds *that* change it pines for—never!"

The rage of London for *notoriety* is cleverly painted in the reception of Chang and Ching.

"First came the learned Misses Berry,
Whose talk I hear is worth the listening;
And next the sparkling Londonderry
Called to invite them to a christening.
The fashion set, the vassals follow;
All ask, press, pray, for Chang and Ching;
They beat three Polish princes hollow,
And half outshine a Carib king.
Sole instance here, this my muse hints, is
Of folks much sought for, though not princes;
For *here* we're so divinely loyal,
Nothing goes down that sounds not royal.
Some foetid king from Hottentot
Would be all day at the balconies;
While, when in town, Sir Walter Scott
May dine in quiet with his cronies.
Prince Raggedhoff comes o'er—all fall on him!
Were Göthe here, pray who would call on him?
Of Ching—that diamond of good fellows,
Tom Moore, begins to grow quite jealous;
For Ching once made a happy hit,
And complimented Lady Frightful,
And so became the reigning wit,
Whom all *such* ladies called delightful.
Besides, on the piano-forte
Siamese ballads he could sing;
And, oh! they were so sweet, so naughty,
You'd scarce have known Tom Moore from Ching.
And really Chang, who, sulking by,
Sat with curled lip and drooping eye,
While, Moore-like, Ching performed the siren,
Made no bad sort of Bancok Byron.
As they professed opinions liberal,
And Chang was thought a youth of *note*,
They went where wordy witlings gibber all
Ineptitudes—at Holland House.
There, Allen, all about the riches
Of Siam, with its manners, laws,
Pump'd out, to pour into those speeches
Which gain his lordship such applause.
Those speeches when the frost of fears
Melts, as Monseigneur swells from Madame,
And gushes out upon the Peers,
The History of the World since Adam!
The Duke of Devonshire was very
Civil—he's really a good fellow!
And D——, when he saw, grew merry,
Two faces than his own more yellow.
Lord Granville courteously desired
They'd join his coterie of whisters;
And Esterhazy much inquired
If they were sure they had no sisters?"

The touches of well-known character in this quotation need no pointing out for metropolitan circles; and of some of them it is as well that our country and foreign readers should remain ignorant. We quit them willingly, to select a few of the many striking, though brief, beauties which are thickly scattered through these pages.

Just remark.

"I own I think that the sagacious
Are very seldom found loquacious;
Balbutius may at times abash us:
But—oh! the mute bite of a Cassius!"

A portrait.

"Fix'd on the wan Earth's mystic breast
His eyes—intent but dreaming—rest;
His mute form bending musingly,
And his hands clasp'd upon his knee.
Calmness sat round him like a robe."

Encore, a hit.

"Among the thousand virtues which
Are only found in my possession,
I think I'm singularly rich
In that—the best of all—discretion.
Not less in letters than in action,
I know the golden mean to keep,
What scene to dwell on, or what fact shun,
And where to gallop or to creep.
This truth I blush not to repeat,
'Tis policy to have conceit.—"

Curious example.

"Chang found for reading ample leisure;
Indeed, the day's a sort of beast,
Of which the body is the least;
The head, and tail, let study seize—
And with the rest, do what you please!"

A man, whose father, after a dissipated career, had

"Retired from life on prussic acid,"

is mentioned with

"Two maiden aunts, who thought him pretty,
Bestowed upon him more than pity:
Sent him to school, and thence to college,
And wing'd ability with knowledge.
Large was his mind, and clear—yet deep;
A little pensive, but not whining:
Ambition, courage, hope, can keep
All stuff, worth keeping, from repining."

Simile of a wish.

"As if—but the reflection's stale!—
We ever could, with all our trying
To throw the salt upon its tail,—
Prevent that bird—a wish—from flying."

A sort of heart, by no means uncommon in the world:

"When once a man's mind is resolved,
'Tis useless to his heart appealing,
You can't get through the leaves involved
Around his artichoke of feeling."

It is difficult to separate these little morsels, however neat or pithy, from the matrix in which they are imbedded, and we shall only add one other of them.

"Alas! how in the world we're made for,
Sins conquered, really are sins paid for!
We break a head, inspired by wine,
What plasters up the wound?—a fine;
We steal a wife—we foul a name—
What mends the matter?—still the same?
In *notes* her sentence law dispenses,
And justice only means expenses."

We must now hasten to a conclusion: in a part of his poem Mr. Bulwer alludes to Burns, and we transcribe the following observations, with a keen sense of their justice:—

"All mankind, to whom, even mediately, and through unseen channels, the glorious verse of Robert Burns can reach, have incurred a debt of gratitude, and that no slight one, to Mr. Lockhart, who has honoured literature (in his biography of that illustrious poet) with a work full of just, and manly, and noble sentiment. It is difficult, indeed, to command one's indignation, when one hears fine gentlemen critics, who sin delicately, and grow elevate on *Chambertin*—and to whom we owe no earthly gratitude, and no earthly indulgence—talk, between snuff-takings, of the immoralities of Burns. Every country 'squire, and city clerk, and puny dandyling, may enjoy in quiet his loves and his intoxications; they are but the proofs of his spirit, or obediences to the manners of his time. But if Burns, the benefactor of the world, (for whom reverence should in-

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duce indulgence), does what they do who are its drones ; — then come pages of sermons, and mawkish lecturings, and judgments righteously severe. Every sword of the Pharisees leaps out of its scabbard. One would think, to hear them, that it is a great pity a man of genius should not be born without flesh and blood."

The above is a note appended to the annexed passage :

" Oh ! wise — wise fools, whose tender art
So coldly probed each fault that dyed
With its own blood that generous heart ;—
Who, in your grateful thought, denied
To him whose memory yet exalts
Man's mould — ay, in those very faults —
To him, who like an air from heaven,
Breath'd life and glory on your way ;
The mercy and the silence given,
Of right, unto the humblest clay.
In life's cool walk, if one hath blest
A single, just, or grateful breast ;
Yet hath, in error, stung or saddened
The breast his 'customed bounty gladdened,
Say — were it thine — would'st thou resent ?
Would love or anger find a vent ?
Say — would it not thy heart relieve
To have *one* memory to forgive ?

But he, who serves all earth, — whose mind
Stars the dark wanderings of mankind ;
And from lone thought's empyrean height,
Exalts the soul, its glories light,
For him, no grateful memory lives,
No justice weighs, no love forgives ;
For him, the universal eye,
Each heart he cheered, hath grown his spy.
The very lustre of his fame,
Betrays the specks upon his name ;
The columns of his triumph stand,
As Pasquins for each vulgar hand.
For him the wonted shades which hide
Home's reverent secrets, are denied ;
Exposed, dissected, canvass'd o'er,
Each household wound and hidden sore ;
His very heart hung forth a prey
To the sharp-tongued ' remorseless day.'
The temple he hath built will yield
For him alone no shrine to shield ;
Nay, round the altar where he flieth,
The coil'd and venomed slander lieth —
Crush'd by the serpents of his doom,
Behold his temple walls his tomb !"

We regret to close ; but we shall resume the subject next Saturday, by which time we trust the *Siamese Twins* will be before the public — and never to be divided — from its applause.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

A Letter on the Effects of Wine and Spirits. By a Physician.

Political Evils of Intemperance ; or, a few Observations and Statements pointing out Intemperance or Drunkenness to be as disadvantageous to a Nation as it is ruinous to an Individual. By J. H.

Address to the Temperate. By the Rev. John Edgar, Professor of Divinity in the Belfast Institution.

Temperance. (Extracted from the *Belfast News-Letter* of the 6th Oct., 1829.) By the Same.

We are never intemperate at any time, more especially when Temperance Societies are the objects of our attention. Anxious to slake our thirst for information on this subject, we have imbibed all within our reach : we have suffered ourselves to be voluntarily afflicted with five violent " attacks," and all the " evils, political and nosological, of intemperance." Tracts innumerable, and " addresses" unutterable, have we endured, and cannot but acknowledge that we have seldom met with so *dry* a subject. The thunder of these Societies is enough to turn sour all the wine in the country ; and as such, doubtlessly it will be renounced. " Red spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," will no longer " mingle " with water, lemon, or sugar — " blue rain" will henceforth be nought but a *ναλον ὑπνον*, and the blue devils will sob and sigh in the undisturbed broodings of melancholic philanthropy. Wine was wont " to gladden man's heart," but now it only turns acid on his stomach. Our sailors once drank grog, and swept the seas ; now, rum is poison, and tobacco an abomination in the smell of the saints ; and Jack is taught, instead of a " quid," to chew the end of a long-winded tract. It cannot escape the eye of speculation, that if the efforts of these numberless humane Societies were all simultaneously crowned with success, nothing human would be left on the face of the earth — all the characteristics of humanity would sleep with our fathers — our five unfortunate senses would be nullified — or, in plain phrase, the whole world would be a mass of nonsense. With *this* as the foundation for their plans, and the object of their endeavours, with human error for a text, and the gulls of humanity for a congregation (a crowded one) — societies spring up, froth for a time, bubble, and burst. Somewhat after this leaven, a hue and cry is now being raised against all " the stirring spirits of the age," from gin to curaçoa ; and we have ourselves somewhere read, that beer ought to be looked upon as a most ungodly liquor, because it will sometimes *work* upon a Sunday. We forego becoming members of these Temperance Societies, from our unwillingness to increase the chagrin of those who have already received our refusal of such distinctions. We have been solicited to take an active part in an Anti-damn Club, whose primary object was to undermine the prosperity of swearing, by enforcing all the unrepealed fines to which these popular ebullitions are still liable ; but, with the fear of " d.....n" before our eyes, we feel inclined, with Bob Acres, to trust that " damns have had their day." We have been urged to put up for the dignity of President to an Anti-pun Club : this, also, we declined, as being no joke. We feared, too, lest a flash of our own, by dissipating the conventional dulness of the society, might hazard the authority of the chair, set the learned body at loggerheads, and occupy that time in personal squabbles and petty animosities, which honourable members professed to dedicate to the furtherance of very different objects.

In reverting to temperance from intemperate societies, to which we have momentarily digressed, we cannot but confess ourselves confoundedly puzzled by the arguments of its advocates. One observes — " Temperate men give their countenance and support to such occasional exhilaration of the spirits, by intoxicating liquors, as produces levity, and foolish jesting, and unnatural excitement, though all such exhilaration is intemperance. Temperate men countenance and practise a resort to intoxicating liquors, as a means of invigorating the intellect or producing pleasant sensation, though all such resort is intemperance. Temperate men countenance and practise *the prudent use* of ardent spirits, though such use is *necessarily* the first step in drunkenness, and, in multitudes of instances, the parent of disease, and crime, and misery."

We would ask this warm and worthy man, in his more sober moments, whether the virulent desecration of temperate men is altogether calculated to aid the cause of temperance ? — whether vituperating " the prudent use of spirits" is the wisest way of commencing a campaign against their abuse ? This gentleman, however, will have it, that moderation is excess ; and so we leave him to pursue his crusade against what custom and the climate have induced some evil-disposed persons well nigh to class among the necessaries of life. Others bring to the charge the *nova cohors febrium*, and " all the many ills that *lush* is heir to." Aristocratical gout, and republican punch-blossoms, " epilepsy or the falling sickness," *quæry* " falling sick" — not to mention *cat*-alepsy — are the most trivial consequences enumerated. This is a more sensible attack upon the weak points of vice ; and provided the friends of temperance advocate their cause temperately, confining themselves to such topics as will not challenge the contradiction of experience, we dare say people for the future will relinquish the juice of the grape, and content themselves with that of the pump. In the meantime, should such exceptions to their general rules occur, we recommend all members of these societies to imitate the beadle of the Adelphi, and fine themselves five shillings for getting drunk ; thereby setting a good example, and considerably augmenting their funds.

Upon this subject, though we do not think the institution of Temperance Societies (*i. e.* associations by belonging to which persons refuse to drink wine, spirits, or malt, and stick to pure Adam's ale) — though we do not think such Societies have yet made much progress in Britain, it may not be foreign to our illustration to quote what is said in a foreign journal respecting them in America.

" The Temperance Societies continue to excite a lively interest in the United States. Above 100,000 persons have pledged themselves to an entire abstinence from spirituous liquors. Young people are especially earnest in this good cause. Corporations, agricultural bodies, farmers, heads of establishments, and thousands of respectable individuals, refuse to furnish those liquors to their labourers and workmen. Students, lawyers, ecclesiastics, legislators, magistrates, have inscribed their names among the promoters of this reform. But four years ago, the extent of the evil was so great, that a remedy for it was considered to be hopeless. Now a confident expectation is cherished that it will be eradicated. From the North to the South, from the East to the West, there is but one feeling on the subject. " We have discovered," said a citizen of North Carolina, " the club of Hercules, with which, by the blessing of God, to vanquish the hydra of intemperance." The fundamental principle of the reform, that which is acknowledged to be the only efficacious one, is *an entire abstinence* from spirituous liquors. Numerous instances prove that the determination to use them moderately produces no durable effect ; — they must be completely relinquished. A great many distilleries are no longer at work, in consequence either of the principles of their owners, or of necessity ; for the diminution of the sale of spirituous liquors is felt, in almost all the states of the Union, in the proportion of from a fourth to nine-tenths ; and in some places, even to its extinction. A merchant in one of the principal towns lately wrote to his correspondent, that the sale of liquors of all kinds had fallen three-fourths. The agents of a French house, which for several years had sent 5,000 pipes of brandy annually into the country, on recently applying to those whom it had been accustomed to supply, could not find a single purchaser. The public opinion which stamps the selling of spirituous liquors with a moral brand, is every day becoming more powerful. A committee of one of the societies declares that it knows 400 persons who have, from conscientious motives, discontinued to vend distilled liquors. Above forty vessels had sailed within a short period, without taking any on board for their crews. A great many militia regiments had resolved to disuse them. Before the establishment of these

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Temperance Societies, the annual consumption of spirituous liquors in America amounted to from fifty-six to sixty millions; or from four to five gallons to every individual, man, woman, and child. This was an annual loss to the consumers, of a hundred millions of dollars. Pauperism and crimes were quadrupled by drunkenness. A fourth of all the insanity, and a third of all the disease in the country, were the results of intemperance. From the same cause, above 30,000 persons descended every year into a premature grave. Of the 5,000 crimes annually brought before the courts of justice at New York, three-fourths proceeded from intemperance; and of the 30,000 persons who were summoned as witnesses, half were under the influence of strong liquors when the crimes respecting which they gave their evidence were committed. All these details, and a thousand others of the same kind, prove the incalculable benefit which these Temperance Societies are producing. The most vigorous measures are adopted in aid of them. Associations of the people, of all ranks, are formed for that great object; and it is even said, that in one of the towns of the United States, a great number of girls have entered into an engagement not to accept as a husband any person who does not completely abstain from spirituous liquors. We detest cant, and its language; but it is impossible not to admire the grand moral spectacle afforded by this determination of a whole people to purify themselves from what has long been their distinguishing national vice."

This is very well for America. In England, perhaps, where people don't drink too much, an anti-over-eating, or anti-gluttony, or anti-eating society might prosper, and be particularly efficacious about Christmas.

Journal of a Nobleman; comprising an Account of his Travels, and a Narrative of his Residence at Vienna during the Congress. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

Our author, one of the French noblesse, as it seems, and distantly related to the old Prince de Ligne, has a considerable resemblance to one Gratiano in the *Merchant of Venice*, who is accused of saying an infinite deal of nothing, and whose reasons are compared to a few grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff. This being the case, we can hardly think it worth while to have got up and published these two volumes; the best matter of which might do tolerably well for the slip-slop of a *Court Journal* or a *Lady's Magazine;* but which is, at the same time, desperately trifling and tedious in the shape of a book to be read continuously. The first volume contains the "Nobleman's" travels from Moscow, through parts of Poland, Turkey, Wallachia, Transylvania, and Hungary, to Vienna, where he arrives in time to take a share in the amusements of that capital during the celebrated Congress. His account of the Winski's, and Rinski's, and Dolderoff's, and Pushkin's, whom he happened to see on his route, or to meet at balls and festivals—few of them possessing the slightest interest for the English reader—forms the mass of his book; episodes relating to past events, such as the siege of Copenhagen, help to make out the rest; and a few anecdotes, which, we believe, have already done their duty in the periodical press, complete the *rifacciamento*. Now this is book-making, and shews that your "Nobleman" of the present day is exactly like your "Person of Quality" of some fifty or seventy years ago.

Yet, however much we dislike the system of title-pages and lists of contents devised most skilfully *ad captandum*, and leading most certainly to disappointment, we shall do our fair duty to the writer, by picking out a few specimens of his work, which may perhaps entertain our friends. Without questioning the veracity of a Nobleman, we give a remarkable description of the dexterity of the Ukranian peasants with the axe:—it will be seen the style is not very English.

"Not only they employ it in the construction of their houses, their boats, their carriages, and their household furniture, but also in carving a variety of small things, such as little boxes, spoons, and other kitchen utensils. I purchased a very handsome snuff-box from one of them, which had been cut with a hatchet commonly used for felling timber. In the province of Masovia they are still better exercised in the art of rendering the axe universally available. I have been assured by several persons whose testimony I could not doubt, that they have themselves seen peasants, who wore their hair long, go and place themselves against the trunks of trees, raising their hair as much above their heads as it would reach, while others would take aim at a certain distance, and fling their hatchets with so much dexterity as to cut the hair in two parts, and be driven deep into the trunk of the tree! Similar feats beat William Tell's hollow. They are not, however, the only kind by which dexterity was practised in Poland at the risk of a tragic end. In former times it was customary in the *châteaux* of the nobility, after banquets given on great occasions, for the host to shew his guests his skill in firing a pistol, by making the heel of the shoe on his wife's foot his target! I could hardly convince myself that the higher classes among the Poles, who have always considered devotedness to the fair sex the glory of ours, should have suffered a practice so directly at variance with every feeling of common humanity, to prevail among them—those men, whose notions of gallantry in the present day are apt to carry them to so extravagant enthusiasm, that I have seen them at table take the shoe off the foot of the mistress of the house, drink wine out of it, and pass it round!"

In Transylvania the peasantry are, we learn, as clever with sticks, for they often go out hunting with them; and by throwing at hares, knock down twenty in a day's sport! But we must change from the travels to the Congress. The present state of Poland gives some interest to the following: the remarks are put into the mouth of a M. Novossilsoff, a Russian statesman in repute with the Emperor Alexander.

"The Poles (he is reported to have said) are ever carrying back their thoughts to the brilliant times of their history, and they want their country to re-assume that proud attitude of independence it enjoyed under the Batoris, the Sigismonds, the Sobieskis, without one moment thinking of the immense changes the political condition of Europe has since then undergone, and their peculiar geographical position, which makes it impossible that they should stand again on the same footing as formerly. Poland is now linked to us, and must be content with the fate which is unavoidably reserved for her political existence. If ever we allowed her to become completely independent, she would make an Asiatic nation of us, and we are not disposed to recede. 'Burke has said,' observed the prince (de Ligne), 'that the partition of Poland would be paid dearly for by its authors: he might have added, that such might be the case with her defenders also; for Napoleon's interference with her concerns has in no small degree contributed to the loss of his crown. I hope a better fate will be reserved for the Emperor Alexander; but all must depend upon the adoption of suitable measures, and their security on a firm basis. A people who are proud of themselves may suffer themselves to be conquered, but will not bear to be humiliated. The force of arms may achieve their conquest; but it is only through a generous and just policy that they may be thoroughly subjugated.' 'You need not apprehend any system of policy, my dear prince, of which the Poles will ever have reason to complain at our hands. If you read this manuscript, the margin of which is full of notes, written in the Emperor Alexander's own hand, you will find how great is our desire to meet the wishes of the Polish nation. This is the constitution intended for them. It will enable you to judge whether the lofty sentiments which spring from the heart should not be taken as the guarantee of that monarch's good intention. The institutions of that country, hereby fixed upon a solid foundation, will become the means by which the peace of Europe may be ever maintained.' 'If the bases of the edifice are proportioned to its weight, and of comparative solidity, they will, no doubt, prove durable; but if not, you may have to fear the vengeance of men who are driven to desperate means.'"

The Prince de Ligne, who at this period was, as appears from his relative's account, a superannuated gallant, draws a glowing picture of the Poles, as he saw them in 1788. "Who (he says) would not feel an affection for Poland, the Poles, and above all, the Polish women? Who would not admire the wit and courage of the men, and the grace and beauty of the women? The manners of the Polish ladies are more exquisitely fascinating than those of all others. To prefer another city to Warsaw is impossible. There you find the most refined *ton* of Paris allied with oriental manners, the good taste of Europe, and the magnificence of Asia united, the politeness of the most civilised society, with the plain, unaffected hospitality of barbarous nations. Who would not admire a people whose external appearance is universally noble and prepossessing; and whose manners, though plain and unassuming, are polite and cordial? In the cities you meet with good breeding and urbanity every where, and in the country a good-natured roughness prevails. The comprehension of the Poles is quick, their conversation light and agreeable, and their education has made them possessors of every talent. They have the gift of languages, are deeply read in general literature, eloquent, and accomplished. Their taste in every thing is highly cultivated; they are admirers of the fine arts, passionately fond of fêtes and private theatricals, and of their national dancing. Their dress is original; some of their customs extraordinary; their style of living magnificent. They are good and open-hearted, and very gratefully inclined. My own admiration of them is unlimited." Indeed, the acknowledged character of the Polish ladies seems to have been of the very right sort for the gay, flattered, and flattering Frenchman, of whom we are told the following anecdote in 1814, when he was only eighty years old! The writer had been dining out, and left his party late; and he tells us—

"The night being very fine, I returned home by the ramparts. I was far from expecting to meet any one I knew; for, in spite of the

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various amusements of Vienna, and the numerous foreigners who thronged to them, all in general retired to their homes before midnight. In one of the bastions which projected over the moat, I perceived at a little distance a tall figure wrapped in a light-coloured cloak, which in the moonlight looked very much like the ghost in Hamlet. Curiosity induced me to approach; and it was not without surprise that I recognised the Prince de Ligne. 'Ah, prince!' I exclaimed, 'what are you doing here at this late hour, and on so cold a night?' 'In love,' replied he, 'all the charm is in the beginning; and therefore I like to renew that beginning as often as possible: but at your age I was waited for: at mine I am obliged to wait; and what is worse, I wait to no purpose.' 'I presume, prince, you are here on an assignation?' 'Yes; but unfortunately you see I am alone.' 'Ah, prince! if it be true that a woman can enjoy no happiness except by the reflection of another's glory, where is the woman who would not be proud to owe her happiness and glory to you?'

'Non, non! tout fuit dans le vieil âge;
Tout fuit jusqu'à l'illusion.
Ah! la nature aurait été plus sage
De la garder pour l'arrière saison.'

'Prince,' said I, 'I will not intrude upon you any longer.' 'And I,' replied he, 'will not wait any longer. Lend me your arm, and let us go homewards.' As we walked along, the prince's conversation bore a tinge of melancholy, which was evidently the result of the little disappointment he had just sustained. 'One might be tempted to believe,' said he, 'that in life reflection comes only as a last misfortune. When old, we live by the heart and the imagination: when the body begins to decay, it is only love that can warm us we still live.' 'Yes, prince; but the advantage of experience and reason must not be forgotten.' 'True, reason helps us to tolerate and console, and that is to love.' He then reverted to some of the brilliant incidents of his long career; detailing several of his feats of arms, without forgetting the moments he had devoted to love. 'But,' added he, as he finished the picture, 'life is like a cup of clear water, which is disturbed as we drink it; the first drops are ambrosia; but the sediment is at the bottom. After all, what does it signify? Man arrives at the tomb as the wanderer reaches the threshold of his home: and here I am at mine. Good night!' I then left that excellent and extraordinary man, whose only foible, perhaps, was that of not accommodating his taste to his age, and giving credit to the fable of the Loves crowning the gray hairs of Anacreon with roses."

We confess we could hardly stand this; but as it occurred within about a hundred pages of the end of the book, we gulped down our little feeling of hysteric, and got through our critical labour, the remaining results of which shall be comprehended in three brief sentences.

Anecdote of the King of Denmark.—"*Lustig*, which means a merry fellow, is the name given in the German regiments to the soldier who amuses his comrades by his gaiety and humour. This title was very appropriately given to the King of Denmark at the congress of Vienna. Political considerations had prejudiced against him most of the sovereigns in the early part of the congress; but his agreeable manners, his ready wit, and unaffected humour, soon gained for him the best wishes of his brother monarchs. When about to quit Vienna, the Emperor Alexander, who had conceived an affectionate regard for him, in taking leave said to him, 'Sire, you carry all hearts away with you.' The king unhesitatingly replied, with a good-natured smile, 'Hearts, perhaps, sire; but not a single soul.' This witty allusion to the unprofitable part he had taken in the proceedings of the congress can hardly undergo translation without losing its force."

Bon-mot of Talleyrand.—"The reigning Prince of Reuss, during the time of the French republic, commenced an official despatch with the words, 'The Prince of Reuss acknowledges the French republic.' M. de Talleyrand, whose business it was, as minister of foreign affairs, to reply to the note, wrote at the head of his, 'The French republic is happy to make acquaintance with the Prince of Reuss.'"

We had intended for our third extract a notice of Isabey the painter having jumped, by mistake, on Buonaparte's neck, and throwing him down while playing at leap-frog, at which the first consul was mortal angry: but it is too long for its worth; and we have only to take off our hat, and bow to the "Nobleman" who has preserved the story.

A View of the Legal Institutions, Honorary Hereditary Offices, and Feudal Baronies, established in Ireland during the Reign of Henry the Second; deduced from Court Rolls and other Original Records. By William Lynch, Esq., F.S.A. &c. &c. Longman and Co.

THIS title exhibits a goodly bill of fare, from the contents of which we promised ourselves a repast of no ordinary description; and from the typographical execution of the work, as well as the names of the publishers, we were not disposed to lessen our expectations.

We sat down, therefore, with a determination to see out the entertainment, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, and, of course, began with the dedication "to his Grace Arthur Duke of Wellington" (with 15 other titles), whom, however, our author rather uncourteously tells, "that authentic information scarcely needs the patronage of great names;" yet when he reflects "that his Grace is descended from those ancient dignitaries, the hereditary standard-bearers of Ireland, he considers that *the following attempt* might gain additional interest by being inscribed to his Grace."

We are not disposed to be captious, but the perusal of this dedication induced certain misgivings as to what might be the future complexion of the work; and we turned at once to the preface. Here the author very naturally mentions the assistance he has had in his labours, and the sources whence he has drawn his information.

To several noble and exalted individuals he takes leave to express his thanks *for their polite attention to his inquiries.*

But it is to the *Honourable* William Butler that his expressions of gratitude are most unbounded; indeed, he does not scruple to state, that it is to this gentleman's knowledge of British and foreign dignities, as well as (of) disinterested friendship, that we are indebted for the essay on the Butlerage of Ireland. How far such knowledge might be useful in establishing the antiquity of, or producing an essay on the dignity in question, some might doubt; but an extract from the essay will speak for itself. "In Ireland, as is stated in the early records, the office or dignity of hereditary Chief Butler, has been enjoyed by the ancestors of the Earl of Ormonde *from time immemorial*, and *was conferred* upon Theobald Walter, *soon after* 1170, *by Henry the Second!*"

On examining the work itself, we meet with an assertion respecting certain dignities, which "*survived the abolition of the feudal system, as parliamentary peerages;* namely, the baronies of Arklow, Athenry, Barrymore, Clanrickarde, Delvin, Dunboyne, Dunsany, Fermoy, Gormanstoun, Howth, Killeen, or Rathregan, Kinsale, Lexnan, or Kerry, Ophaley, Slane, &c.; that they have from time to time been inherited, and are now enjoyed in direct opposition to the English law of dignities on which such claims are founded." Knowing something, as we do, of the titles mentioned, we do not hesitate to affirm (with all due deference to the author), that whilst some of these have never been held by persons who were peers at any time, others have actually descended by the *very same rules* as English peerages. Arklow, for instance, was resumed by the Act of Absentees, in the reign of Henry VIII. as part of the estate of *the heir general* of the Earl of Ormonde.

Athenry and Delvin have both been declared, by the law officers in Ireland, to be baronies *in fee and in abeyance;* and the present barony of Ophaley is a title created by *patent to heirs male* by Philip and Mary.

We are, therefore, at a loss to understand our author, and have come to the conclusion, that he cannot mean what he says, or know what he means; and it certainly does appear strange, that with respect to one of those mentioned (*Clanrickarde*), he should make an assertion which is directly in contradiction to a document cited by himself in page 340; where, after the bishops and peers in due order named, there appear a few other names, amongst whom is "*William de Burgo*, chief of his nation," with this announcement to all their names, "*Isti nondum sunt de parliamento.*" If these words denote the dignity of peerage, it must be by some interpretation which does not transpire from the ordinary translation: we wish the author himself would interpret.

There is another assertion, page 103, to which we must advert. Talking of the office of standard-bearer, the inquiry concerning the origin of which derives such interest from being inscribed to the Duke of Wellington, as a descendant from that ancient dignitary!, the author asserts—"that it descended to the present standard-bearer, the most noble Richard Wellesley, Marquess, &c., who at the coronation of George the Fourth was allowed his rights and precedency as hereditary standard-bearer of Ireland." Now we assert, and we assert it on authority, that the marquess did *not* claim these rights, was *not* allowed them, and did *not* hold precedency as hereditary standard-bearer of Ireland on that occasion.

We have also a *new historical fact* related at page 334—namely, that Henry the Fifth had a son Thomas, who was in Ireland between 1414 and 1419. We should be sorry to throw discredit on "the ancient registry of Armagh," in which it is said to be stated—but we cannot help expressing surprise at not having met the mention of such a person in any other authority whatsoever: we had been under the impression, however erroneous, that his majesty was not then even married.

It is not now our intention to undertake the task of selecting the valuable documents recorded in the work; but we cannot help expressing our disappointment (to say no worse) at the attempt of "our author" thus to give a new colour to those valuable documents, and to draw conclusions which are not borne out by the documents themselves, nor are in accordance with the history of the country: for

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instance, amongst others, page 21—"All cases which could not be decided, on account of their difficulty, before those justices in the county courts, *are referred by the Magna Charta* of England to the *Court of King's Bench*; but no such power of reference is provided by the charter of Ireland." Would not the reader infer from this, that the Court of King's Bench was in existence at the time of Magna Charta? We need make no further remarks on the inconsistencies of the work. Let us, then, turn to something pleasant. In the essay on the Desmond family (page 254), we have the materials for a very pretty series of "Tales of a Grandfather," respecting the Hackett family, which, if the "author" will be so good as to impart to us, we may weave into the columns of the *Literary Gazette*, for the edification of the public, and the consolation of all the lineal descendants of Sir Paganus Hackett himself, who will, no doubt, now be all alive to the hereditary dignities of their family; and some of whom may, perhaps, be a little astonished at the "*spread eagle issuing from a ducal coronet, surmounted by a mitre proper*"—which is *preserved to this day* as the crest of the family, but respecting which, alas! no tradition explanatory is preserved: however, it is satisfactory to know that the arms are recorded—and where, good reader? why—in the *most ancient collection of heraldic emblazonments now remaining in Ireland, namely, Mr. Robertson's*. Query, can this be the "extensive, valuable, and authentic collection of coach-painters' books," advertised in the *Morning Chronicle*, 12th May last, to be sold by Christie, on Monday, 17th May, at one o'clock. If so, what becomes of the hereditary dignity of the Hacketts? and all the old Irish and Scots family arms, many of which (as the advertisement saith) have genealogies for centuries back? besides some thousand French, Italian, and German coats, *not to be found in any other collection in Europe*, for the best of all reasons—like the crest of the Hacketts, they were the invention of the aforesaid coachmakers. Bless us! shades of Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy, for centuries back, arise! and repel this foul slander! or let it go forth and choke itself, as most probably there are many existing coach-makers' collections quite as extensive as the one quoted; in any of which, however, it would be quite absurd to look for any tradition further than the usual statement of whether *the bill* was paid *or not*. The chances are, that Mr. Robertson was fortunate in not having any tradition attached to the entry of the arms.

Somewhat too much of this. If we had more of the documentary, and less of the author's historical and legal *evidences* (*remarks*), we should consider the book as valuable; but where such documents are gravely treated of, we should expect them to be accompanied by sound legal and accurate historical observations, and at all times, if not with more modesty, at least with less dogmatic assumption. And if the author does take upon himself to criticise the works of others (page 331), he should be careful at least that *his* work should be free from the offences which he attributes to theirs. Be it observed, that the introduction to the new edition of the Statutes, which is thus criticised by *the author*, is the joint production of the late Lord Colchester, Sergeant Taunton, and Sir Thomas Tomlins, who are accused of *little acquaintance with the ancient legal history of Great Britain, and want of discretion!!!*

The author is an Irishman. But is the title of *author* so new to individuals of that nation, as to call for its repetition throughout so many pages of the work? Indeed, so frequently does it appear, that a mischievous wag, on taking up the book in our study, to underscore the two words, "*the author*," actually spoiled nearly (together with our temper) one quarter of a hundred of our best pens.

The important announcement in the title, of "*Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, &c., &c. &c.*," may be the mode in Ireland—here, we generally write F.S.A.; at all events, the latter method would have enabled "*the author*" to have gratified the public with, at least, the *initials* of some of those *other learned Societies* no doubt intended by the &c. &c. &c.

We shall now take our leave of Squire Lynch, with a recommendation equally applicable to any one who undertakes to support an hypothesis in opposition to received opinions, to be careful that, in selecting documents, he may not choose those which not only do not bear upon the case in point, but are in direct contradiction to it.

Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of the Year 1830. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is a lively and amusing work, belonging to the class of fashionable novels—but to the better class. It is quite one of the modern school,—no plot with difficulties to unravel, and mysteries to be disclosed; but it is an animated picture of society, with its ridicules a little exaggerated—or perhaps not so much exaggerated, as taken in the extreme point of view. The characters are drawn with tact rather than depth; hence, however, they have the merit of being more generally true;—the motives of the many lie on the surface. The dialogues are very spirited,—the commonplaces of conversation are invested with an animation for which they ought to thank the author. Known persons and known events are turned to the best account; and considering the great body of readers whose chief amusement is to wonder "Who is meant by Lord Such-a-one, or Mrs. So-and-so," and who do not object to "Roscius' self for being second-hand," the writer has, at all events, fallen in with a pretty general taste of the times. Whether this taste be a good one or not, we have no space to discuss; but it shews talent in an author to perceive, and still more talent to fall cleverly in with it. By the by, the donors of the fête at Boyle Farm little knew the service they were rendering the literature of their day;—this is the third novel in which that fête has been described, and has led to some important event. A late divorce has been equally serviceable; being absorbed in politics is now the reigning cause for matrimonial neglect in these fictitious annals. French in their philosophy, French in their style, these pages remind us of some of the cleverest memoirs of Parisian literature. They are a collection of excellently sketched portraits, of amusing conversations, of descriptions of passing events, balls, dinners, wound together, with a little love and a good many marriages. They are, indeed, part and parcel of the social history of the times. Not an historical romance after Sir Walter Scott, only enacted in modern days; but rather "chronicles scandaleuse," like those of Comines, and, like those chronicles, with nothing of what is commonly called scandal in them.

The first volume is by far the best: real life has given the characters, and Rochefoucauld the theory; and besides being amused with the progress of the narrative, no one could deny high praise to the talents which bring out the various motives into action. We select the sketch of a love match, by way of specimen.

"Lady Maria Willingham was a person who, with indifferent features, had always managed to be called pretty; with very moderate abilities, had maintained the reputation of being extremely clever; and with a narrow selfish heart, was continually cited as the most excellent woman in the world. The tact which had thus universally enabled her to assume a virtue where she had it not, was of course a qualification of no feeble force. Early in her fashionable career it had whispered to her, that a dress of the last new Parisian mode was an admirable mask for the body; an earnest, and deliberate, and mysterious tone of conversation, a most imposing cloak for the deficiencies of the mind; and she was well aware that the heart is usually taken upon the trust of these preceding and more ostensible endowments. She therefore confined the demonstrations of her virtue to a refrainment from all sins unrecognised as of the highest ton; and to a pathetic vibration of the head and elevation of the eyes, whenever the delinquencies of other people came under discussion. In one respect Lady Maria had appeared to rise superior to her own failings, and to have suffered a remission of her callous egotism;—she had made what is called a love match. But love, like other sad dogs with an ill name, is rendered responsible for many a crime, in addition to his own unjustifiable criminalities; and if ever Cupid could have proved his innocence by an *alibi*, it was most assuredly in the instance of Charles Willingham's elopement with Lady Maria de Vesci! I have already asserted that she was neither handsome, clever, nor amiable. At the period of what was termed her 'rash marriage,' she was nearly five-and-twenty, with a portion of three thousand pounds, Irish currency; and attached, as a Bath and Cheltenham appendage, to a deaf mother, the dullest dowager extant throughout the united realms of Great Britain. At Ramsgate, where, through her qualification of 'ladyship,' Lady Maria maintained a very creditable degree of ball-room precedency, the De Vescis became acquainted with Mr. Willingham, the eldest son of a family of opulence and county antiquity. He was fresh from college, or rather, he had still a term and a degree in prospective endurance; being three years younger than the fair tactician from Bruton Street, who had brought the faded looks and blighted hopes of another infructuous season to be repaired by the breezes of the Isle of Thanet. After dancing, riding, walking, and flirting together, with the assiduity becoming a watering-place, Charles Willingham very properly fell in love, and Lady Maria very naturally fell into a fit of musing. She considered that her lady-mother was paralytic, that her lordly brother and his wife were far gone in severe evangelism, that her prospects were extremely precarious, and her means most unaristocratically limited; and in consequence of these lamentable coincidences, she thought it, on the whole, advisable to sigh and grow sentimental in honour of poor Charles and his honest passion; and to sanction with her smiles his application to his father for a maintenance, and to her own maternal countess dowager for her hand. Unfortunately the replies of both were unpropitious. Sir Claude Willingham having a favourite second son, was by no means anxious for the early marriage of his heir-apparent, and consequently restricted his promise of an income for the young couple

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to a thousand a-year; and on the receipt of this almost interdictory intelligence, the dowager, whose head had been shaking for years past with the palsy, redoubled its movement in negative vehemence. 'Her consent to such a miserable match for her dear Maria? Never!' She could not hear of it with patience. Like other stupid old women, poor Lady De Vesci, however, contrived to defeat her own views on the subject. At all times a bore of the most stupendous magnitude, she grew thrice doubly tiresome under the irritations of the disaster which threatened her domestic peace. She concentrated all her prose into ceaseless diatribes against the folly and wickedness of improvident marriages, and the thriftless frivolity of the young men of the age; and she insisted on keeping her superannuated kitten perpetually under her own eye in a stifling Ramsgate parlour, enlivened only by an elaborate effort in lambswool knitting, and the daily lecture of the Globe newspaper. Lady Maria had been long compelled to evening casino;—it was now hinted as a morning recreation, by way of sedative. In vain did Charles Willingham languish on the pier, and mope upon the cliffs; her ladyship was secluded as strictly as a nun of any sisterhood in Spain. He fixed his gaze upon the daily airings of the dowager's chariot, and indited a sonnet thereupon; then thought of the Cambridge horrors of his ensuing term, until his grief absolutely expanded itself into elegiac stanzas! Both effusions, accompanied by an epistle in simple prose, far more to the purpose, he bribed towards the dressing-table of Lady Maria; who, having no feelings of filial reluctance to subdue, finally ceded to the united influence of three such tender missives; and to escape from a dreary home and beggarly prospects, ran away with him on the following morning, and was always said to have perpetrated a love-match! So much for the judgment of the world!"

The contrast between the two sisters-in-law is touched with the neatness of a camel's hair pencil; and the discontented duchess, the fair and speculating sisters, &c. would be exquisitely finished pictures in any moral portrait gallery. We cannot but remark in passing, that it is in painting faults and follies that our author excels; she draws the weak, the vain, if not with "all her heart," with "all her head." All her good people are as dull as good people too often are. Mary Willingham is a most exemplary young person, but certainly a very uninteresting one.

Though we have given only one extract from this work, and classed it among the fashionable novels of the day, we ought to say that, in our opinion, it possesses merits to raise it above *that class*, as it has hitherto generally provoked our criticism. If fairly and wittily done, we see no cause why the upper ranks should not have their chroniclers, as well as any other grade of society; and it is against the slip-slop of pretenders and mere book manufacturers, who have never had access to the drawing-rooms of even middle life, that we have set our face. This work, on the contrary, strikes us as being the production of one who has seen the follies she satirises. Whoever the author may be,—we should think a lady, and with some masculine assistance, to account for many of the touches we see scattered over these pages—she has acquitted herself most satisfactorily.

Upon the whole, then, so far from condemning *Mothers and Daughters*, by applying to it the damnatory phrase of *fashionable novel*, we ought in justice to except it as a rare instance of being what it purports to be, and a very lively and amusing panorama of actual life.

Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy.

(Second notice.)

We resume our notice of Dr. Paris's Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy,—a work which is fully calculated to repay the most attentive perusal of every class of readers, both on account of the strong interest that must ever attach to the personal memoirs and scientific career of the late President of the Royal Society, and of the great industry which the biographer has shewn in the collection of his materials.

"The most prominent circumstance (observes our author) in the history of this period of Davy's life, (his nineteenth year,) is his introduction to Mr. Davies Giddy, now Mr. Gilbert, the late distinguished president of the Royal Society. The manner in which this happened is as curious as its result was important; and it furnishes another very striking illustration of the power of simple accident in directing our destinies. Mr. Gilbert's attention was attracted to the future philosopher, as he was carelessly swinging over the hatch or half-door of Mr. Borlase's house, by the humorous contortions into which he threw his features. Davy, it may be remembered, when a boy, possessed a countenance which, even in its natural state, was very far from comely; while his round shoulders, inharmonious voice, and insignificant manner, were calculated to produce any thing rather than a favourable impression. In riper years he was what might be called 'good-looking,' although, as a wit of the day observed, his aspect was that of the 'bucolic' character. The change which his person underwent, after his promotion to the Royal Institution, was so rapid, that in the days of Herodotus it would have been attributed to nothing less than the miraculous interposition of the priestess of Helen. A person who happened to be walking with Mr. Gilbert on the occasion alluded to, observed that the extraordinary-looking boy in question was young Davy the carver's son, who, he added, was said to be fond of making chemical experiments. 'Chemical experiments?' exclaimed Mr. Gilbert, with much surprise; 'if that be the case, I must have some conversation with him.' Mr. Gilbert, as we all know, possesses a strong perception of character, and he therefore soon discovered ample evidence of the boy's singular genius. After several interviews, which confirmed him in the opinion he had formed, he offered young Humphry the use of his library, or any other assistance that he might require for the prosecution of his studies; and at the same time gave him an invitation to his house, of which Davy often availed himself."

Another anecdote given by the biographer also shews how much accidental circumstances govern the fate, or rather the progress, of individuals.

"During the following year an event occurred which contributed in no small degree to the advancement of Davy's prospects. Mr. Gregory Watt, who had long been in a declining state of health, was recommended by his physicians to reside for some time in the west of England; and he accordingly proceeded at once to Penzance, and took up his abode as a lodger and boarder in the house of Mrs. Davy. It may be supposed that two kindred spirits could not be long in contracting an acquaintance with each other; in fact, an intimacy of the warmest nature did ultimately grow up between them, and continue to the very moment of Mr. Watt's premature dissolution. The origin and progress of their friendship was, however, too curious to be passed over without a slight notice. Davy sought to ingratiate himself with Mr. Watt by metaphysical discussions; but, instead of admiration, he excited the disgust of his hearer. It was by mere accident that an allusion was first made to chemistry, when Davy flippantly observed, that he would undertake to demolish the French theory in half an hour. He had touched the chord, the interest of Mr. Watt was excited, he conversed with Davy upon his chemical pursuits, he was at once astonished and delighted at his sagacity, the barrier of ice was removed, and they became attached friends. Mr. Wedgwood and his brother Thomas also spent a winter at Penzance; and I have reason to believe that their friendship was of substantial benefit to young Davy."

The next incident in the history of our juvenile philosopher was his introduction to the late Dr. Beddoes, an event from which may be dated, in a great measure, the rapid progress he made, both as an experimental chemist and public lecturer, and which formed the immediate precursor to his engagement as assistant, and soon afterwards principal lecturer on chemistry at the Royal Institution.

The following extracts afford so beautiful a specimen of the inductive genius of Davy, in his earlier philosophical researches, and which, perhaps more than any other quality, contributed to raise him to the highest pinnacle of chemical renown, at the same time that it forms the first indications of his attention to the highly important branch of science termed agricultural chemistry, that we cannot resist its quotation. In a letter to his excellent friend Mr. Gilbert, while engaged in some experiments at the Pneumatic Institution at Bristol, he says:

"One of Mr. Coate's children accidentally discovered that two bonnet canes rubbed together produced a faint light. The novelty of this phenomenon induced me to examine it, and I found that two canes, on collision, produced sparks of light as brilliant as those from the flint and steel. On examining the epidermis, I found, when it was taken off, that the canes no longer gave light on collision. The epidermis, subjected to chemical analysis, had all the properties of silex. The similar appearance of the epidermis of reeds, corn, and grasses, induced me to suppose that they likewise contained silex. By burning them carefully, and analysing their ashes, I found that they contained it in rather larger proportions than the canes. The corn and grasses contain sufficient potash to form glass with their flint. A very pretty experiment may be made on these plants with the blow-pipe: if you take a straw of wheat, barley, or hay, and burn it, beginning at the top, and heating the ashes with the blue flame; you will obtain a perfect globule of hard glass fit for microscopic experiments."

Can any thing afford a stronger evidence of that originality of mind which distinguished this eminent chemist through his early career, than tracing out the constituent elements of glass in a blade of grass?

The numerous experiments which Davy made upon himself, by inhaling the various deleterious gases, in order to ascertain their effect on the animal economy, are well known to all scientific readers; but we feel the following judicious remarks of Dr. Paris on those truly hazardous experiments too important to omit their quotation:—"The scientific and medical world are alike indebted to Davy for this daring experiment (breathing carburetted hydrogen gas); and if the precautions it suggests be properly at-

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tended to, it may become the means of preserving human life. The experiment is also valuable, as affording support to physiological views with which its author was probably unacquainted. In the first place, it may be necessary to apprise some of my readers, that the *hydro-carbonate* here spoken of differs very little from the gas now so generally used to illuminate our streets and houses. We have just seen how deadly are its qualities, and that even in a state of extreme dilution, it will affect our sensations. The question, then, naturally suggests itself, how far this gas can be safely introduced into the interior of our apartments? Did we not possess any direct evidence upon the subject, the answer would be sufficiently obvious, since it is impossible so to conduct its combustion that a portion shall not escape unburnt. Such is the theory; but what is our experience on the subject? That pains in the head, nausea, and distressing languor, have been repeatedly experienced in our theatres and saloons, by persons inhaling the unburnt gas: that the atmosphere of a room, although spacious and empty, will, if lighted with gas, convey a sense of oppression to our organs of respiration, as if we were inhaling an air contaminated with the breath of a hundred persons. In the next place, Davy's experiment is important, inasmuch as it proves, that in cases of asphyxia, or suspended animation, there exists a period of danger after the respiration has been restored, and the circulation re-established, at which death may take place, when we are least prepared to expect it. Bichât has shewn that, when dark-coloured blood (venous) is injected into the vessels of the brain, by means of a syringe connected with the carotid artery, the functions of the brain become immediately disturbed, and in a short time entirely cease. The effect is precisely similar, whether the dark-coloured blood be transmitted to the brain by the syringe of the experimentalist, or by the heart itself. Thus, in the case of asphyxia, the dark-coloured blood which has been propelled through the vessels during the suspension, or imperfect performance, of respiration, acts like a narcotic poison on the brain; and no sooner, therefore, does it extend its malign influence on that organ, than deleterious effects are produced, and the animal, after apparent recovery, falls into a state of stupor, the pupils of the eyes become dilated, the respiration laborious, the muscles of the body convulsed, and it speedily dies—*poisoned by its own blood.*"

"In the experiment which has given origin to these reflections (adds Dr. Paris), Davy distinctly states, that after having recovered from the *primary* effects of the carburetted hydrogen gas, and taken a walk with his friend, he was again seized with giddiness, attended with nausea and loss of sensation. The imperfectly oxygenised or dark-coloured blood had evidently affected the brain, and his life, at this period, was probably in greater jeopardy than in any other stage of the experiment."

The preceding remarks on the deleterious effects of respiring carburetted hydrogen, as well as those which follow, concerning the extreme boldness of our late distinguished chemist in attempting to inhale the still more poisonous gas, carbonic acid (the choke-damp of miners)—are entitled to the most serious attention of every class of readers who may be exposed to the depraved atmosphere which results from the use of gas-lights, or the unventilated passages and cellars of buildings.

(To be continued.)

The Working-Man's Companion: The Results of Machinery. Under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 12mo. pp. 216. London, 1831. Knight.

In the apparent momentary failure even of the severity of the law to stay the progress of mischievous incendiaries and machine-breakers, and of still further use to enforce the exhortations of the religious and the peaceable,—we have here a direct appeal to the judgment of the working-classes; and it will be impossible for any man to peruse carefully the well-chosen and well-digested facts contained in this little volume without being convinced of the folly and absurdity of his hatred of machines, and his criminal acts to prevent their employment, or to attempt, by unavailing violence, "to check that which must go forward."

The author has brought before us a great body of facts to shew, that through the power of machinery the working men of this country possess, however poor they may be, many of the comforts which make the difference between man in a civilised and man in a savage state; and further, that in consequence of machinery having rendered productions of all sorts cheaper, and therefore caused them to be more universally purchased, it has really increased the demand for that manual labour which, it appears to some of them, reasoning only in a few instances, it has a tendency to diminish. Independently of all considerations of momentary interest, the work possesses many other claims to an attentive perusal even by classes for whom it is not designed, yet from whom we are sure it will meet with a cordial reception.

Proper Lessons to be read at Morning and Evening Prayer on the Sundays and other Holydays throughout the Year. Oxford, 1831, Clarendon Press: London, Gardner; Whittaker: Derby, Mozely and Son: York, Wilson and Sons.

All the lessons for the year read in the Church of England, printed separately from other religious matter, in a beautiful little volume, is a publication worthy of the most grateful reception.

The Infant's Daily Sacrifice. Pp. 75. London. Hatchard and Son.

A sweet little book of short hymns for children, and adorned with many appropriate plates. It is a delightful composition, in the purest, the kindest, and the most truly Christian spirit; pious without austerity, and admirably calculated to make a right impression on the minds of children.

A Narrative of the Peninsular War. By Major Leith Hay, F.R.S.E. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, D. Lizars; London, Whittaker and Co.

A lively narrative, founded on personal observation, even after the numerous and laborious volumes which have been published on the events of this remarkable struggle, ought to find favour with the British reader; and such being the character, such we may hope will be the success, of Major Hay's work. The gallant officer saw much service, and was in the midst of many an extraordinary scene. Of these he has drawn evidently true, as well as interesting, pictures; and though we do not find it indispensable to quote from his pages, at this overwhelming season of novelties, we trust that the expression of our satisfaction on perusing them, may lead many to enjoy the same pleasure.

Castle's Manual of Surgery, &c. 3d edition. pp. 515. London, E. Cox.

The words "third edition," in the title-page, render laudatory notice unnecessary: and we will only say we think them deserved. The volume is enlarged, and has notes added from the works of other distinguished surgeons.

The Life of Titian. By J. Northcote, Esq. R.A. [Second Notice.]

In a former No. we mentioned our intention of quoting Mr. Northcote's chapter "On the encouragement of art in England and Italy." Parts of it are too bitter for our taste; and it contains some assertions, in the accuracy of which we do not entirely concur; but as the frank and earnest expostulation of a man of acknowledged talents, it is entitled to respectful attention. We find, however, that, though ready printed for our *Gazette*, we must cancel it, and be content to refer our readers to the original; and especially all who are interested in the cultivation of the Fine Arts. The pressure of new and important works upon us at this period forces us to relinquish the task which we would otherwise have cheerfully performed; for Mr. Northcote's essay on this subject is full of excellent matter.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

At the meeting of the Society on Wednesday evening, the gold Isis medal and fifty guineas were voted to Mr. Andrew Ross, for his new dividing engine.—Mr. Ross's communication consists of two parts. The first is a mode of obtaining the divisions for circular dividing engines, depending, in the main, on the same principles as have already been employed, but varied in some of the details. Mr. Ross first divides his circle into forty-eight parts by continued bi- or tri-sections, or by a combination of each method. The points thus formed being carefully marked on the limb of the circle, the intervals are then subdivided in the following manner:—An arc, equal to one of the spaces to be subdivided, is procured, and is divided as correctly as can conveniently be done, and to the same degree of minuteness as it is intended to divide the plate of the engine. The radius of this arc is to be equal to that of the engine; and whatever errors there may be in its original divisions are corrected by the following process:—A second arc, having an angular value equal to the first, with a radius only one-half or one-fourth as great, is, together with the first, attached and made concentric with the plate of the engine. The divisions of the first are transferred by means of radial lines to the second, the spaces between them being, of course, diminished in proportion to the radii of the respective arcs. When the second arc has received a counterpart of the divisions of the first, it is placed on the circumference of the engine plate, and there fixed so that the divided arc shall occupy exactly its proper angular space on the limb of the plate. The divisions of the second arc are then transferred to the first or larger one, a single interval on this latter comprising two or four on the former, according as the radius of the one is twice or four times as great as that of the other. In this manner, the errors of any particular intervals become gradually distributed among the rest, and by repeating the process a sufficient

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number of times, are reduced to invisible quantities.—The second part of Mr. Ross's communication consists of a description of the apparatus by which the divisions of the engine plate, corrected as above described, are transferred to the arc of circles of other instruments. This is usually done by means of small teeth, cut on the edge of a large horizontal wheel: these teeth being acted upon by an endless screw, about an inch in diameter. The truth of such an engine depends, first, on a perfect equality between all the teeth in the wheel; and, secondly, in an equality in all parts of the spiral formed by the threads of the screw, as well as in the inclination of those threads. The obstacles to perfect success in these particulars, arising from slight differences in the density of the metal, or in the sharpness of the cutter, are such as have perhaps never been entirely overcome by the most celebrated artists, however nearly they may have approached it; and the wheel and screw, when once out of the maker's hands, are no longer susceptible of any correction, whatever errors may be discovered. Mr. Ross's engine consists likewise of parts, which act as a toothed wheel and endless screw, but so constructed, that each tooth of the wheel, and every part of the screw, admit of unlimited correction and adjustment by the person using it. The teeth of the wheel are only 48, and consist of brass cocks, into which are tapped steel screws, the axes of which lie in the plane of the wheel, and at their ends are tangents to the circumference. These ends being ground perfectly flat form the virtual faces of the teeth, and are capable of being at any time advanced or withdrawn: they give, therefore, to the wheel that perfect and constant power of adjustment which has been mentioned. The same power is obtained for the endless screw, by forming it of one deep, thin thread, winding round a cylinder four or five inches in diameter. Into this thread are tapped 90 screws, at equal distances, having their axes parallel to that of the cylinder: the ends of these screws form the stops to those in the cocks of the wheel, and, like them, are capable of easy and unlimited correction. Thus the circumference of the wheel is divided into 4,320 equal spaces, every one of which may afterwards be corrected, if required.

On Tuesday evening the first illustration for the season was given. Mr. David Pollock, one of the vice-presidents, took the chair, and stated that the rotation of these evening illustrations had not yet been finally arranged; Mr. Aikin, the secretary, however, would deliver some observations on the silk manufactures at the next meeting, by which time the course of illustrations for the whole session would be fixed upon, and communicated to the Society. On the present occasion Mr. Deville would address the meeting on the art of casting in plaster. Mr. Deville having taken his place at the lecture-table, remarked on the difficulty of obtaining good plaster of Paris in the French capital; all the casts in the gallery of the Louvre were composed of the best plaster, made from Newark stone, exported from England for that purpose. Mr. D. then minutely described the process of mixing the plaster with river water, strengthening it with a little malt liquor!—avoiding salt, which, though it tended more rapidly to *settle* the plaster, in a short time corroded the bust, giving it the appearance of decayed outline. The evils of the plaster becoming posted, or catching cold (we use the artist's own phrase), were then glanced at, and the student and amateur cautioned on the subject. On one occasion, having caused expansion by an injudicious application of the plaster to a female marble bust, the neck broke under the hands of the workman; and the artist himself, before he was allowed to model from the famous busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Lord Bacon, in Trinity College, Cambridge, had to give a bond for the payment of 1000*l.*, in case they should sustain damage from the same cause, or otherwise; moreover, he was bound by the contract to model with his own hands. Mr. Deville then went into a long practical explanation of his subject, the details of which would not be very interesting to the general reader. The meeting-room was unusually crowded.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

This Society met on Monday evening for the first time after the holydays; G. B. Greenough, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—After reading minutes of the previous meeting, list of donations to the Society's library, and other formal matters, a communication was read, addressed to the Society by Captain Smyth, R.N., regarding the Columbretes, a small group of volcanic islets near Majorca, the largest of which Captain S. identifies with the Ophiusa of the ancients, in opposition to the French and some other writers, who conceive Formentera to be the island thus named. His arguments are chiefly founded on the quantity of serpents found in it, therein agreeing with the accounts given of Ophiusa; whereas the inhabitants of Formentera boast that no venomous reptile can live upon it: besides which it appears probable, from other circumstances, that Formentera was the Pityusa Minor of antiquity, as Iviza was the Pityusa Major. The position of Captain Smyth's observatory erected on the Columbretes, (in conveying which to its place, by the way, the seamen were absolutely impeded by the number of serpents, from two to three feet long, and finely striated with dark zigzag lines on a bright yellow ground,) was lat. 39° 53′ 58″ N., long. 0° 44′ 27″ east of Greenwich. Formation, purely volcanic; vegetation, dwarf olives, geraniums, prickly pears, myrtles, and brush-wood; zoology, exclusive of serpents, chiefly rabbits, with abundance of crabs and other shell-fish along the shores; a tolerably good circular harbour, with from five to twelve fathoms water in it — bottom but indifferent: and it is said that fresh water can be procured by digging, but Captain Smyth did not find it.—After this, an extract was read from the log of the private ship Layton, Hurst master, which, in February last, discovered a very dangerous reef, or rather group of low, rocky islets, in lat. 8° 40′ N. long. by chronometer 149° 30′ east of Greenwich, situated consequently between the group called Hogolen and the island marked Anonyma in Krusenstern's chart of the Pacific, but which, in some other charts, is called Falo, or Lamurah, both belonging to the Caroline chain. Thanks were voted to the respective contributors of the above papers, and the meeting adjourned.

We understand that the council of this Society has it in contemplation, instead of publishing exclusively its own transactions, to edit a journal of geographical science generally, in which it will include, with its own papers, reviews and analyses of geographical works, whether published at home or abroad, translated extracts from foreign journals; in a word, recent and interesting geographical and statistical information from all quarters, and howsoever obtained; the object being at once to communicate to the English reader what is gaining abroad, to the foreign reader what may be acquiring at home, and to both the assistance which an impartial analysis and comparison of their respective labours is calculated to bestow. Another portion of the plan is, we believe, by making it thus a first object to collect foreign and domestic geographical works of modern date, and however fugitive in their nature, to facilitate reference to members, by keeping them regularly filed and catalogued in the Society's library, and accessible in its reading-room. And the whole, we are persuaded, will greatly extend both the usefulness and popularity of the Institution.

CAPTAIN ROSS.

We anticipated hearing of this adventurous navigator on the return of the North Sea whalers. The last No. of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* contains two paragraphs —one relates to his detention in Baffin's Bay, and refittal from the wreck of a Greenland ship, and of which we have already given an account;—the other represents our brave commander and his crew as having been forced back to Lively Bay, in Baffin's Bay, where they spent last winter.

NEW COMET.

Soon after six o'clock on the morning of the 7th of January, Mr. John Herapath, at Cranford, discovered a brilliant comet in the east, a few degrees above the horizon. He states it to equal a star of the second magnitude, with a tail of from 1 to 2° in length. At about a quarter to seven it was 60° 49′ from Arcturus, and 52° 44′ from Alpha in Lyra; so that, says Mr. H., "by a rough projection, its place was Sagittarius 22½°, with 11° north latitude." Sir James South has also seen and ascertained this comet: our own Astronomer Royal for the *Literary Gazette* reports to us—"A comet has been observed in the constellation Ophiuchus. The unfavourable state of the atmosphere during the whole of the present week, has prevented any opportunity of tracing its course."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening the sittings were resumed after the recess; J. W. Lubbock, Esq. V. P. in the chair. Part of a very important paper, an analysis of which we shall give hereafter, was read. The communication is entitled, "on the equilibrium of fluids, and the figure of a homogeneous planet in a fluid state," by James Ivory, Esq., F.R.S. Dr. Paris presented a copy of his Life of Sir H. Davy. Several other scientific presents were made to the Society. The Earl of Selkirk, in pursuance of a notice given at the former meeting, was proposed by Professor Powell, of Oxford, for immediate ballot, and was elected a Fellow.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

January 13. Thomas Amyott, Esq. treasurer, in the chair. The Secretary concluded the reading of Mr. Woodward's paper, descriptive of the remains of Roman camps, roads, and stations, in the county of Norfolk, and of Roman pigs of lead, rings, coins, &c., which have been found at various places in that county.

FAIRFAX MANUSCRIPTS AND AUTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Christie this week concluded a three days' sale of the books and manuscripts brought from Leeds Castle, in Kent, of which he last year sold the furniture and paintings. The

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collection of printed books contained little of importance, consisting, apparently, rather of the remains of a family accumulation than of a library. The most important article in it, if the amount it produced may be considered as a criterion, was a copy of the Bible, in English, printed in 1549, which was knocked down for 53*l.* 11*s.* to Mr. Thorpe. This high price, however, chiefly arose from the circumstance of its containing several entries of the births of the celebrated Fairfax family, the former possessors of Leeds Castle, and who for so long a period figured very conspicuously in our annals, poising at one time, during the civil wars, the fortunes of the English monarchy. The Bible, therefore, might be considered rather as a manuscript than a printed book. The paucity of the collection of printed works was amply made up by the richness and importance of that of the manuscripts, which contained several of great curiosity and interest. It consisted of the family muniments of the Fairfaxes for several centuries; as well of the Yorkshire property as of their possessions in Kent; and of others acquired by them either from family connexion or purchase. Among the latter were several original papers and writings of Selden, and of the learned and laborious editor of his works, Dr. David Wilkins, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, compiler of the *Concilia Britannica*. The following lots were the most important during the sale, with the prices they brought:—

First Day.—Le Livre qui parle des Diversités des Pais, compilé par Mesire Jehan Mandeville, on vell. 12*l.* 12*s.*

Le Testament, Maistre Jehan de Mehun, on vellum, 7*l.* 7*s.*

Le Questioni Tusculane di Cicerone, on vell. 8*l.* 15*s.*

A Psalter, written in large characters, on vellum, with early illuminations, and the Autograph of Charles Fairfax, 45*l.* 3*s.*

A Missal, written in characters of gold and silver, upon a black ground, the borders embellished with flowers, 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The MSS. in the *second day's* sale consisted entirely of Papers and Letters of the Fairfax family, among which were several connected with the affairs of the witty and profligate George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who married the daughter of the celebrated parliamentary general, Thomas, Lord Fairfax.

A large Collection of Letters, addressed to Brian Fairfax, including many of the Nobility and Political characters, 15*l.* 15*s.*

A similar Collection, 14*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

An interesting Collection of Papers relating to the Duke of Buckingham's committal to the Tower; among which are four rough copies of Letters in the Duke's own hand to Charles II., 6*l.* 6*s.*

Third Day.—Copy of the Will of Lord Ferd. Fairfax, and various other Papers, 21*l.* 10*s.*

Mercurius Trismegistus, called Pimander, in the handwriting of Gen. Lord Thomas Fairfax, 10*l.* 10*s.*

Brian Fairfax's Account of his being sent on a secret Message from Lord Fairfax to General Monk, in his own hand-writing; and Brian Fairfax, his Journal, commencing 1666, 15*l.* 15*s.*

Some Anecdotes of the Fairfax Family at the time of the Commonwealth; and 4 other vols., with Copies of Letters and Extracts, 16*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

A volume by Brian Fairfax, containing Acquittances from the Duke of Buckingham's Creditors, some passages of his Life, Memorandums concerning General Fairfax, &c. &c., on paper, 6*l.* 6*s.*

Short Memorials of some things to be cleared during my command in the South, in the hand-writing of Sir Thomas Fairfax, in old morocco; and 2 rough copies of the same, 22*l.* 1*s.*

A Discourse on Witchcraft, as it was acted in the Family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, 1621; and another copy of the same, in folio, 11*l.* 11*s.*

A collection of Memoranda, chiefly in the hand-writing of Henry Fairfax, the brother of Ferdinand Lord Fairfax, relating to the Genealogy of that and other English Families, 31*l.* 10*s.*

Analecta Fairfaxiana, a very curious and interesting volume on vellum, in the hand-writing of Lord Thomas Fairfax, first Baron of Cameron, containing the arms, pedigrees, monuments, and other matters relating to the family of Fairfax; with an account of the deaths of William and John Fairfax, slain in the Palatinate, and Peregrine, who was killed in France. With an Index to the whole, 10*l.* 3*s.*

Analecta Fairfaxiana; being the rough copy, on vellum, of much of the preceding volume, bound in blue morocco, 58*l.* 10*s.*

A very interesting Collection of Letters and Papers relating to the Siege and Surrender of Pomfret Castle, including nine Letters of Oliver Cromwell, others by Lambert, Morris, Cholmeley, Charles Fairfax, Thomas Wentworth, son of the Earl of Strafford, and many others; written during the siege, 12*l.*

Ordinances touching the King's Household, made in the time of Edward the Second; translated out of an old French copy in 1601.—The manner of Making New Servants.—Narration of the Services done by the Armie at Loughfoill, 1614; and other curious matters, with two Autographs of E. Ashmole; bound in one volume, 31*l.* 10*s.*

An English Chronicle, to 1417, on vellum, imperfect; and Magna Charta, and other English Statutes, on vellum, imperfect, 42*l.*

List of Offices in the different Courts, made out in the time of Edward VI., and added to in the reign of Elizabeth; on paper, and a Survey of the Revenue in the reign of Edward VI., 42*l.*

An Inventorie of the Personall Estate of the late King (Charles I.), which was sold by Act of Parliament, and in order to the Sale appraised as followith. This curious volume has the prices affixed to the different items, and the names of the purchasers, 21*l.*

A Catalogue of those Pictures of the Duke of Buckingham which were sent to him and sold in Antwerp during his exile.

Several others of the lots were of much interest in respect to Parliamentary history, to statistics, and to what we should now call political economy. These, however, we need not particularise. The sale was principally remarkable for its produce, and seemed to revive the era of excessive competition for property of this kind, and especially for autographs. The sellers were, we believe, very agreeably disappointed by the results, and probably one of the most considerable purchasers was no less gratified. We allude to Mr. J. N. Hughes, of Maidstone, the possessor of a fine collection of manuscripts, &c. of the time of the civil wars; and who must have rejoiced to see single papers knocked down at twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, to above a hundred pounds, of the same kind with those of which we are informed he himself purchased two sacks full as waste paper, at the price of *five pounds!!*

We have only further to notice, that the other great purchasers were Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., and Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Cochrane, and Mr. Rodd, Booksellers.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Engraved by W. and E. Finden. Part IX. Tilt.

FOUR pleasing views. That of "Kenilworth Castle," from a drawing by P. De Wint, and that of "Durstafrage Castle," from a drawing by G. F. Robson, are our favourites.

Messrs. Thomas Welsh, J. H. Wallack, and John Parry. Engraved, the first two by B. Holl, the last by Hicks, from drawings by A. Wivell.

VERY characteristic resemblances; the one of Mr. Parry especially. We can almost fancy that sociable and kind-hearted individual is about to draw his pretended snuff-box from his pocket, for the purpose of delighting his friends with some of the beautiful melodies of his native land, performed with his usual taste and feeling, on that charming little instrument the symphonion.

The Art of Miniature-Painting on Ivory. By Arthur Parsey, Professor of Miniature-Painting and Perspective. 12mo. pp. 184. London. Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH there is much in this little treatise which might have been advantageously omitted, the student of the delicate and pleasing branch of the fine arts upon which it treats, may gather a great deal of information from it, especially with reference to the selection and preparation of ivory, the choice of pencils, the quality of colours, the composition of tints, the progressive stages of a miniature, the various modes of handling, and, above all, the management of the scraper. We perfectly agree with Mr. Parsey, that the value of this instrument has not yet been adequately appreciated; and that, by the free but judicious use of it, effects may be produced, which it would be in vain to endeavour to obtain by any other means.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Parsey did not submit his work to the revision of some literary friend before he sent it to press. The style in which it is written is singularly incorrect and obscure. Elegance of composition may be dispensed with in such a production; but perspicuity is absolutely necessary.

Lord Byron at the Age of Nineteen. Painted by G. Sanders; engraved by W. Finden. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THERE is, perhaps, no artist of talent in this country whose name is so little known to the public at large as that of Mr. Sanders; a circumstance which is owing in part to his practice having been principally confined to the higher circles of society, and in part to his having abstained from sending his works either to Somerset House, or to any of the other exhibitions in the metropolis. Those, however, who have occasionally seen Mr. Sanders's pictures, know that he is a painter of considerable vigour and taste; that he never condescends to common-place; and that his productions evince great originality of conception, tempered and guided by much observation of the finest remains of ancient art. The composition under our notice is a happy specimen of his powers. It is, in every respect, the most interesting representation that we have met with of a man, whose poetical fame—however deeply the stains upon his moral character may and must be deplored—will co-exist with the English language. Mr. Finden has done his subject great justice.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Melodies of various Nations. Vol. IV. Goulding and D'Almaine.

WITH the symphonies and accompaniments by Bishop, and the poetry by T. Haynes Bayly, this delightful volume well maintains the high character of its precursors. "I'll find you out" is one of the liveliest of songs, and "Oh smile not upon me" one of the sweetest and most plaintive. But we could name six of the twelve as especial favourites with us; only it would be doing injustice to the other six.

The Cadeau. 1831. Johanning and Whatmore.

WHAT! more? Another musical Annual, the music by W. Neuland, and the "poetical department" by F. W. N. Bayley. This work is very prettily got up, and the decorations (lithographic) are superior to most publications of the same class. The first song is extremely sweet, and the whole volume abounds with light Swiss airs, gallopades, mazurkas, waltzes, &c. &c. Altogether, it is a very appropriate Christmas, new year, or birth-day gift.

Cheltenham Hart's First Set. The Adelaide or Royal Quadrilles, &c. Mori and Lavenu.

THE first tune is enough to put a whole assembly of quadrillers into good humour for all the rest, even were they not so pretty as they really

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are. The music is well arranged for the pianoforte, and the figures simple and pleasing. In effect, they are certainly calculated for the end rather than the beginning of the ball, as the first and last quadrilles are very lively.

'Tis Midnight; a Ballad. Romeo and Juliet; a Duet. London, C. J. Farn.

THE words of the first by Mr. Haynes Bayly, the music of both by Mr. Severn, the composer of "Oh sing me no new songs to-night!" and the Songs of the Boudoir. "'Tis midnight" is a beautiful song, and admirably adapted. Of the duet, the first four pages are simple and sweet; and nothing but its great length can prevent it from being a general favourite. Of course, the judgment and taste of the musicians can remedy this objection.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

WE had intended to take a general survey of the characters in which Macready has this season appeared: since, however, he has neither fallen short of, nor exceeded, his former fame in any of those parts with the merits of which the public is sufficiently acquainted, we shall refrain from reverting to topics upon which sentence is already recorded. We relinquish this intention with the less regret, since Macready has put forth a new effort, and one that has confirmed the opinion of his abilities in the highest walks of the drama, which we have always entertained, and have not failed to express. Lord Byron has left *Werner* with but few, and those very equivocal, claims upon our sympathies. Amongst the strongest would be an affectionate and kind heart, did it not verge withal so closely upon weakness, that compassion too often runs the hazard of being lost in contempt. *Werner* also is sick and poor, and as such could not fail to awaken feelings of pity; yet even these, as the developement is advancing, and their aid is most needed, leave him *pitiless:* he is raised from want to wealth, and from sickness becomes "as well as can be expected." He whines and whimpers till he filches the purse, and then whimpers and whines for having done so. No one can feel pity for the violent workings of his remorse, because they are inconsistent. Refined emotions are wholly incompatible with the very act of picking a pocket, and subsequent compunction is altogether an incongruity. It was probably under the consideration of the leading character being totally devoid of all title to sympathy, as well as the destitution of plot, that Lord Byron disclaimed the adaptation of *Werner* to the stage. In producing this play, then, Macready volunteered a task of no contemptible difficulty, which, nevertheless, he has ably and unexpectedly surmounted. As much judicious taste has been evinced in designing the requisite change in the closet, as talent in delineating, and fairly developing, that "ideal" by the force of representation on the stage. Without absolutely creating a-new, Macready has elevated and remodelled *Werner*. He has invested the character with such claims to our sympathy as render it secure of our pity: without this, suffering and sorrow would pass by unheeded and unregretted, and all interest be negatived. In reading the tragedy, contempt is the prevailing feeling; in seeing *Werner*, acted as it is by Macready, contempt yields to compassion, weakness wears the garb of misfortune, the meanness of guilt is shrouded in the magnitude of sorrow, the improbability of remorse is at once dispelled by the reality with which it is invested by the actor, and the act itself is forgotten in the sincerity of its repentance. Thus, by the powers of the tragedian, is a character, despicable from irresolution and meanness, raised to a share in the charities of our nature, the characteristics of tragedy preserved, and its object no longer unattained. We freely confess, we know no higher meed of praise to award, than that to which complete success in such efforts justly lays claim. Indeed, the whole style of Macready's acting, the result, we should presume, of deep study as well as of signal abilities, is chaste and energetic; it is alike calculated to call forth the plaudits of the many, and challenge the more scrutinising, and thence the more approving, gaze of critical refinement. We may not omit referring to a few defects, of which we conceive there would need but little attention to become divested. Among the most prominent of these, and it is one that has not failed to be frequently pointed out, is a too rapid transition of voice. While the highest pitch of declamation is still vibrating on the ear, the loud tone abruptly stops, and falls precipitately into the deepest subcolloquial whisper. This is unnatural in itself, creative of discordancy, and painful in its effect. We would deprecate its continuance, as the *excess* to which varying the voice is liable on the one hand, is almost as censurable as monotony on the other. This latter, however, is a fault to which Macready never is subject; occasional harshness is a charge from which he cannot be said to be equally free. We would instance the scene in *Werner* where the father acknowledges and pallistes the theft: the amalgamation of sound in which these tortuous feelings are expressed, we cannot but condemn. We conceive, that passion however powerful, and feelings though mixed in their nature, may be portrayed forcibly, without involving discordancy. Nice discrimination between *force* and its failing, *harshness*, is an accomplishment as indispensable to an actor, as it is invaluable. Macready must remember, that the more elevated is the walk of the tragedian, the more conspicuous become his blemishes. These in others may pass unnoticed — in him they cannot. We shall, therefore, for the future, take especial care to find fault with him whenever we see occasion; for his genius is too high not to exact the critic's closest scrutiny.

Macready has added a masterly performance of *Henri Quatre* to his preceding parts; and is about to enact his inimitable *Rob Roy*.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Wednesday night the tragedy of *Fazio* was revived, and Miss Kemble made her first appearance as *Bianca*. We consider it one of her happiest efforts — and so the audience also seemed to think; for the play went off, as the play-bills since have politely informed the public, "with tremendous success." Miss Kemble's conception of the character was excellent, and much of her execution very exquisite; and, suiting her age and figure, she also looked it well. The quiet affection of the happy wife, with one touch of imaginative jealousy of Fazio's first love—as if she grudged her a place even in his memory—was good in the first scene; and the after-one, where jealousy bursts forth into passionate upbraiding, and then softens into the tenderest and most confiding affection, was full of the poetry of feeling. The absent and depressed air with which she ascended the steps, quite unconscious of her own movements, was equally touching and natural. Where she is gradually excited to her fatal resolve, when she finally denounces him, was a fine representation of passion wrought upon to madness; but when she hears the sentence of death, the burst of vituperation at the judges was out of keeping; such an announcement would be overwhelming at first: the speech put by the author into her mouth is in bad taste; and Miss Kemble gave it rather the tone of shrewish reproach, than passionate intercession:—she is more angry than earnest. Her interview with her husband, however, when she kneels at his feet in the agony of "the late remorse of love," might well justify the predictions of her warmest admirers. The scene where she implores even *Aldabella's* intercession is so unnatural in the play itself, that her utmost efforts could not redeem it. The parting with Fazio before his execution was terribly beautiful. The statue-like rigidity with which she stood, insensible to his departure, till the unusual sound of the bell tolling startled her into life—the despairing shriek with which she rushed from the stage—were as fine as truth and nature could make such a delineation. We again repeat, Bianca is one of Miss Kemble's happiest, and certainly one of her most original, conceptions. We never heard her voice so little monotonous — a few of the speeches reminded us somewhat of that low tone which was in Kean so irresistibly touching. Where she asks—

"Was her smile more sweet than mine, inconstant Fazio?"

the mere sounds were full of pathos and music. We have said nothing of the fifth act—for truly it was an act of supererogation. Opinion, when once matter of habit, is absolute monarchy; and a fifth act is, we suppose, as indispensable as white muslin to the misery of the heroine. But nothing could be more absurd than after Fazio's being led to execution: the scene changed to four young ladies dancing —to be sure, they shewed as much sympathy as they could—"Love's ritornella," arranged as a waltz, and played in a low key, while the dancers moved to the slowest possible time. Bianca rushes in, gets Aldabella sent to a convent, and dies;—this last scene destroying as much as possible the effect of its predecessors. Miss Kemble's performance is all that deserves criticism. Mrs. Chatterley, as "the haughty Aldabella," caricatured her character, and looked as insignificant as white feathers can make an individual whose head seems to wonder what is on it. Warde's *Giraldho Fazio* was an utter failure. Without mind to conceive, or power to execute, he is miserably out of place in such a character: we scarcely recognise one who is a clever and pleasant actor in his own line. We feel tempted to exclaim with Sir Ezzelin, "'Tis he—what doth he now? what brought him here?" We prefer him infinitely as a Warde in chancery.* Fazio requires a first-rate actor. It is singular how little indulgent human weakness is to itself in theory. Nothing is so common in real life as an individual whose wickedness is the result of his weakness—who first yields to temptation, and then regrets; equally ready with his crime and his contrition. It requires a good actor to invest such a character with interest and dignity. But the spirit of monopoly (a spirit peculiarly behind the age) runs through every ramification of the drama; the theatrical favourite will bear no rival near the scene; and one character well supported is reckoned enough. Vanity is proverbially short-sighted in its reasoning. Want of support is destruc-

* His performance in the *Chancery Suit* deserves praise, as equally lively and spirited. It is within his range.

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tive of theatric illusion; and the carelessness, except when the principal is on the scene, is far more injurious to the love of the drama, than the success of any rival can be to the other. Our predecessors were more judicious: when Mrs. Siddons performed, Kemble and Palmer sustained the interest throughout. They felt the great dramatic truth, that the success of one on the stage is shared by his coadjutors. Indifference is a worse foe than competition; the one only shares the fruit, the other cuts down the tree. To take one instance from many of how little the drama has kept pace with the times:—some coarse epithets are put into Bianca's mouth which would be tolerated no where now, as coming from the lips of a young female; and of all instances of bad taste, to offend that of the age in which we live is the worst. The old dramatists are not the models for the present day.

We ought not to conclude this critique without animadverting on the intolerable misconduct of a few knots of persons in the theatre, who marred the whole effect of the performance by their continual and obstreperous applause. These parties should be told, that it is no part of their business to interrupt every speech of a favourite actor or actress by shouting and clapping their hands as if in ecstasies; and farther, that if they will not let the audience hear the points, or mark the merits of the performer, they must not expect the public to go along with them in their ultra-vehement, and no doubt well-grounded admiration. We must also notice the egregious folly of bawling for Mr. Kemble to give out the play for repetition. The colloquy between Mr. Egerton and a gentleman in the pit, was farcical in the extreme. Egerton was protesting that he did not know if Mr. K. was in the house; when the *pitite* of keener sight, or more knowledge, bawled out, "Yes, he is yonder, in a private box." So the unfortunate gentleman was forced to march out in *dishabille*, to oblige his "kind friends."

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Fra Diavolo (originally brought out at the Tottenham Theatre), was produced here with success on Thursday night. It only wants, we think, compression, and a few trifling alterations, to make it what such a theatre requires, a stirring and spirited piece. Mr. Hodges, from the Royal Academy of Music, sang most sweetly; but as yet wants confidence as an actor. When he sings, too, he ought to come forward towards the front; much of his melody was lost from the position he took, far back on the stage. Mrs. Glover and Vestris were excellent; and the whole of the bandit scenes very well dressed and acted. The other entertainments were *Clarissa Harlowe*, in which Mrs. Glover was again capital, and Miss Fitzwalter arch and pretty; and *Pandora*, which went off with great *éclat*. It is admirably suited to this place, in all its circumstances, and very clever and pleasing in itself.

FRENCH THEATRE.

We plead guilty of neglect; but cannot augment our fault by attempting a criticism upon mere report.

VARIETIES.

The Northern Bee.—Our readers will have frequently observed the mention of this periodical as a source of Russian intelligence. It is published at Moscow, under the title of *Sewernaja Pschtschela*; and its leading articles are devoted to politics, with which it occasionally blends literary information and short criticisms of new publications.

Napoleon.—Haydon has nearly finished a portrait of Buonaparte, of the life size, for Sir Robert Peel. It is in the attitude, &c. of the engraving, of the effect of which we spoke so highly.

Madame de Genlis.—This celebrated writer died at Paris on the 24th of December, at a very advanced age. If we can find room, we shall insert a brief sketch of her singular career.

The French Clergy.—It appears by a statement recently published in the *Gazette des Cultes*, that the donations and legacies in favour of the French clergy amounted in 1829 to 4,268,927 francs. The total sum for the first half-year was 10,440f.; and for the second, the period during which M. de Polignac was at the head of the ministry, 4,172,750f. During the four preceding years, 20,750,984f. had been received for the same object:—so that the clergy have obtained in donations, &c. independent of what is allotted them by the state, more than 25,000,000f. The ministers of the Protestant church received in donations during the last year, 55,491f.; the hospitals, 2,683,578f.; the parishes, 585,639f.; the department of public instruction, 105,580f.; and the Monts-de-Piété 2,000f. The department of the Seine contributed to the above sums, during 1829, viz. for the clergy 29,631f.; for hospitals, 201,857f.; and for the parishes 21,000f. Recently it has been resolved to allow stipends to the Jewish teachers, the same as to Catholics or Protestants.

Gold Mines in the Ural Mountains, &c.—The produce of the Ural mines amounted, in 1827, to 651,420*l.*; 1828, to 672,416. Gold is also found in the Rhine, but the quantity is so scanty, that the washer considers it a good day's work if he succeed in extracting to the value of five to six shillings. From the official accounts of the yearly produce obtained from that stream in the grand duchy of Baden, we observe that the value was, in 1821-22, 603*l.*; 1826-27, 808*l.*; 1827-28, 943*l.* The last produce, small as it may appear, for it scarcely exceeded seventeen pounds in weight, shewed so considerable an increase upon preceding years, that a great impulse was given to this branch of industry in Baden, and the harvest has become still more productive.

Lightning Tubes.—In the neighbourhood of the old castle of Remstein, near Bleuhenburg, which stands on the top of a picturesque series of rocks, belonging to the greensand or quardersandsteen formation in a seindland, there have been found this summer very firm and long vitreous tubes (Bletzrohen in Germany). From a trunk in the upper part, two branches go off, some of which are ten feet long, and from these proceed three little branches.

Roman Origin.—M. Jœkel, one of the professors at the Gymnasium of Friedrichswerder, at Berlin, has published a treatise, for the purpose of shewing that the Latin language and the Roman people were of German origin.

Russian Sugar.—In October, 1829, there was established a company at Toula; and in June, 1830, another at Romena, for the cultivation of beet-root, and the manufacture of sugar.

Georgian Literature.—In June last there was established at Tiflis a reading library, which is also the first bookseller's shop that was ever opened in that town. Two journals are at present regularly published in Tiflis, one in the Russian language, twice a-week; the other in the Persian language, weekly.

Russian Commerce.—It appears, from official returns, that in the years 1827, 1828, and 1829, the total value of the importations into Russia was 633,600,000 rubles; that of the exportations, 647,000,000; and that the commercial shipping engaged in trade amounted to 24,987 vessels, of which 2,145 sailed under Russian colours.

New Parisian College.—It is in contemplation to found a college at Paris, on a large scale, for the purpose of instructing youth, from the different independent states of South America, in all the various branches of human knowledge. It would seem as if some political object mingled with the motives of the friends of this project.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. III. Jan.* 15.]

The Chameleon, a Scrap-Book or Album of Original Pieces, by a Gentleman of the West of Scotland.—A Grammar of the Hebrew Language, by Moses Stewart.—Memoirs of Rob Roy, and the state of Clanship in Scotland, abridged from the work of Dr. M'Lay, but with additional matter.—An English Grammar, by Mr. Connel.—The Rose, a Collection of the best English Songs.—Travels in the Holy Land, by William Rae Wilson, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Rev. J. B. Blakeway's Sheriffs of Shropshire, folio, 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.; large paper, 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.—Alfred Dudley, 12mo. 5*s.* hf.-bd.—Percival's Ancient History, 12mo. 5*s.* hf.-bd.—Woodfall's Landlord and Tenant, by J. B. Harrison, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Chitty's Equity Index, corrected to 1831, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Selwyn's Nisi Prius, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2*l.* 18*s.* bds.—Exchequer Practice Epitomised, by an Attorney, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Gunn's Cartoniensia, or Raphael's Tapestries in the Vatican, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy, Bart., 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.—Zurck's Calmuc Tartary, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Temple of Melekartha, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1*l.* 7*s.* bds.—Modern Fanaticism Unveiled, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Songs, by James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—Dr. Allison's Outlines of Physiology, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—H. Witham's Observations on Fossil Vegetables, 4to. 15*s.* bds.—Brenan's Conjugator, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bertha's Visit, second edition, 3 vols. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Robinson Crusoe, new edition, with plates, 12mo. 6*s.* half-bound.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

January.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 6	From 28. to 38.	30.10 to 30.30
Friday ···· 7	—— 21. — 34.	30.46 — 30.49
Saturday·· 8	—— 16. — 33.	30.50 — 30.38
Sunday···· 9	—— 18. — 45.	30.22 — 30.00
Monday ·· 10	—— 24. — 41.	29.96 — 29.84
Tuesday ·· 11	—— 29. — 35.	30.00 — 30.02
Wednesday 12	—— 27. — 39.	30.00 Stationary

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

The 9th, 10th, and 12th, cloudy, with a little rain; the remaining four days generally clear.

Aurora Borealis.—On the evening of Friday, the 7th instant, the aurora borealis was again very amusing; the beauty of the scene received additional interest from the circumstance of its being tinged with a colour varying from an intense red to a copper hue.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude····· 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—A very magnificent aurora borealis occurred last night. I continued to observe it from ten o'clock until eleven. During the whole of that period the heavens were cloudless, and the stars in the southern half of the sky shone brightly. At ten o'clock a white nubiform light, producing an illumination equal to that of a thinly-clouded full moon, was spread over the northern region, from the N.E. to the W. At half-past ten this white light assumed the form of innumerable long streaks, based on an irregular line, whose mean height was about 30° above the horizon. The direction of the streaks was vertical, and many of them reached to the zenith. A beautiful red light, but formless, then mingled in several places with the bristling white—thus presenting an appearance truly sublime. The variations in the form and in the intensity of the lights were continual, but not sufficiently rapid to be distinguishable by the mere sight. The air at the time was still, and the ground covering with a hoar frost.—I am, sir, &c. R. E.

Redruth, January 8th, 1831.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot find room for the exercise of Cantab in turning Milton into Latin verse.

We are sorry to be obliged to postpone the conclusion of the Review of the Companions of Columbus; also the Biography of Dr. Currie.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Temple of Melekartha. 3 vols. small 8vo. London, 1831. Holdsworth and Ball.

THIS is a very extraordinary work,—a production at once of wild and vivid imagination, and yet of much thought. It is a philosophical and political essay, embodied in a romance. The scene is laid in the early and unknown time of history, and is the chronicle of a nation which, under the command of a wise prince, throws off the bondage of another people, and emigrates to a rocky isle, where it attains a very high state of wealth, civilisation, and power. The fatal effects of superstition, pestilence, and warfare, are shewn in its history. Parts are fine; but the story is extravagant, and the end not very clear. But to review it as a romance would give a small idea of its contents: perhaps we shall do the author more justice by a collection of extracts.

Speaking of Tyre: "They forget also a humiliating circumstance of their present condition, namely, that, among themselves, by the natural and unchecked encroachments of power and cupidity upon weakness and necessity, the vast wealth of the community has clustered itself together into a comparatively small number of enormous masses, which oppress and obstruct the movements of the body politic more than enrich it, and which, while they corrupt the few, leave the many in a condition of desperate wretchedness, such as deprives them of every feeling of patriotism, and allows the only hope of relief to fix itself upon gloomy ideas of revolution and anarchy. * * *

"It is a capital error to imagine that the prosperity of a mercantile community can securely rest on the exclusive possession of any secret in art. With or without secrets, wealth and national importance will infallibly belong to the possessors of intelligence, industry, good government, and natural advantages of produce and position. Nothing but internal treason can reduce a people, so favoured, to poverty and dependence. * * *

"'If the state be a machine,' said the father of his people, 'poverty is a rottenness in the works, that must bring slow or sudden disruption upon all the parts. If the state be a living body, then does the sympathy of disease pass inevitably from member to member. Neither law nor force can intercept the correspondence, which shall at length convey the miseries of the ruinous hut wherein want hides its woes, to the halls of wrongful luxury. Selfishness is a blind vice, and grasps unknowing at its own destruction. Vainly does it strive to sever itself and its circle of trim indulgences from the sinking wretchedness of its neighbour. As well might the right hand regard with indifference a poisoned wound inflicted on the left. See you a stranger whom the winds have cast upon our island; take heed that he falls not into penury anear our homes; his welfare is our own; and though no kindness were to throb in our bosom, yet a *provident selfishness* would interpose in his behalf; for his wretchedness is of a highly contagious quality. How much more certainly and fatally contagious would be the indigence of thousands of our brethren, were we to suffer thousands of them to fall into helpless want! The most perfect social system is the one, not in which either the haughty pretensions of the rich, or the contumacious demands of the poor, take their freest course; but that, whatever its form of polity may be, wherein the law of universal sympathy exists in the fullest vigour.' * * *

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The different members of the Tsidonian councils are fine-sketched moral portraits: we select one as a specimen.

Speaking of the third chief: "His wisdom was not the intuitive sagacity which some men possess as perfectly in the early as in the last stage of life; but rather the ripened and accumulated fruit of long and large experience. So great and various had been his knowledge of human affairs, and so much was he addicted to reflection, that his anticipations of futurity were little less infallible than the announcements of Heaven. He spoke seldom in the senate; nor at any time descended upon the field of argument; nor ever added to the brief declaration of his advice, a single sentence that might serve to recommend it to the approval of others. It is hard to say whether he would not rather have witnessed the miscarriage of an enterprise, than patiently have demonstrated the false calculations of those whom he saw to be proceeding upon the hollow ground of fallacious hopes."

The ensuing, too, is a fine distinction.

"Habaddon had seemed always to be pressing on from the passing moment to the next: Tartak existed tranquilly in the present hour."

"Nothing often is more difficult than to effect inconsiderable changes in the usages of a people; nothing often more easy than to achieve surprising revolutions in their political condition. Mankind is pertinacious and adhesive in whatever is trivial; fickle and fond of change in whatever is momentous. * *

"A king is a man of business. Call men of business to your service; and with such on your right hand and on your left, administer the affairs of your empire solely on those common, intelligible, long-tried, and indisputable principles which the good sense of the mass of mankind approves. Be not too impatient of things confessedly imperfect: old and familiar errors are less dangerous often than young truths. Revise, amend, corroborate; press towards the better; but be slow to renovate. Act more than meditate. * * *

"Men of intellectual tastes, inflated by the vastness of political speculations, lose all recollection of common sense amid the pleasures of contrivance. They talk of man, and of his position in society, as lightly as if they were calculating the movements of pawns on a chessboard; and persuade themselves that human beings are as manageable as figures of ivory."

"If the accommodations and the luxuries of the body be the ultimate and highest objects of human desire, then let philosophy pretend to no other place than that of the slave of art. If man finds his perfection when he is clad in attire of exquisite workmanship, sleeps beneath decorated roofs, is conveyed, as on the wings of the wind, over roads smooth as the pavement of a palace: if softness, and finery, and facility, confer all the bliss which man should think of, then let science humbly whisper in the ear of the artisan her improved methods — and do no more. But we spurn these notions, bred of commerce, and tending to render money the god of universal idolatry, as the bestower of whatever can be thought desirable. Find a country in which the mechanical and chemical sciences take the lead, explicitly because deemed the most *useful*, and you find a community wherein wealth, more than either wisdom or virtue, is held in honour,—a community in which both are a jest, unless attired in silks. Men of intelligence are marvellously blind to their interests as a body, when they tacitly favour this subserviency of philosophy to the hard-handed arts of life: yes, and forgetful also of the influence they might exert in behalf of the mass of the people. To fulfil their function as an organ in the body politic, men of learning must hold an absolute independence. But they have virtually recognised their own subordination when they allow it to be supposed that vulgar utility is the end of science. What is this utility, when embodied, but a somewhat which money may purchase? Utility, rendered into the language of facts, means, a splendid crimson cloak—a richly embodied tunic—a painted vase —a carved table—an inlaid couch—a fretted roof—a flying chariot. Thus philosophy is confessed as a menial in the train of opulence! In every civilised community we find, on the one hand, the mass of the people, and on the other, the ever-swelling and combined forces of government, and wealth, and hereditary rank, wrestling against each other; and the latter pressing with the constancy and insidiousness of physical agents, upon the rights of nature in the multitude; taxing and taxing, and taxing yet again, not the mere comforts, but the heart's blood of the many, and driving human life nearer and nearer upon the very verge of naked existence. What power then shall mediate between the few who are the possessors of this crushing force, and the many who are its victims? Say, if you will, a principle of beneficent self-denial in the hearts of the opulent and the noble. Alas! the beneficent few learn to whisper, 'If *we* decline to withdraw his cloak from the poor man's shoulders, another will rend it thence with less tenderness.' Will you defend the poor against the rich by political constitutions? That very spirit of liberty which belongs to such systems, breeds an atrocious and selfish pride, and indurates the heart. The security of life and property,

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which are the boast of popular governments, only favours and accelerates the accumulation of wealth, and nerves the arm of oppression by the corroboration of law. Political freedom, while it sanctimoniously protects the poor man's *life*, laughs at his starvation. Do we not then, even for the people's sake, need a third power,—a power in its very element separate from wealth, and yet lifted above the rude influence of popular caprice? But a philosophy which is nothing more than an instructress of the mechanic arts, and which, therefore, receives its stipend from wealth, and cringes to it, can never so mediate. I am, you perceive, myself pleading for a philosophy not subservient to utility, on the ground of utility; but it is a utility of a higher sort; and affirm that the people need an intervening influence which, by its absolute independence, shall intimidate the brutal caprices of despotism, and abash the selfishness of opulence. A high and independent philosophy reserves an honour for mind, which neither rank nor money can snatch from its rightful claimants; and as nature scatters the rare endowments of intelligence equally upon cottages and palaces, the poor have a field open to them, when learning has a precinct on which to contend with the rich, where gold can purchase no advantage."

The following are one or two touches, full of the poetry of description.

"Shoals of brightly coloured fish flashed, from time to time, beneath us, like sheets of summer lightning. * * *

"The sun, forerun by no silvery dawn, burst rayless and lurid from the east; frowned through his course; was pale at noon, and went down sudden, without leaving a glory to declare at what point he had parted from the upper skies. * * *

"The dawn of the next day opened murkily. Mishapen clouds, dissolving into limbs and fragments, and again clustering in masses, hastened up from the east, and sped across the sky, like forerunners of evil hours. * * *

"The plain, to which the eye discerned no limit, inclined sensibly towards the southern sun. Its surface was varied by gentle undulations, and broken by scattered masses of granite. A fine grass, of brilliant greenness, covered the soil, interspersed with a countless variety of small and sparkling flowers. Wild thyme, and other fragrant herbs, held also their districts here and there, and enriched the gales with their perfumes. But except around a single spot, where art had supplied the defect of nature, neither tree nor shrub graced the plain."

This is contrasted by a wood.

"The travellers entered a shade of lofty trees; and here first they noted the strange intermixture of the awful relics of an elder time with the young and living produce of later ages. Here and there, amid the flourishing trunks and crowded foliage of trees in their prime of youth and beauty, tending direct to heaven, were seen oaks of enormous bulk and altitude, reclining, riven, shattered, leafless, and utterly dead, protruding their vast and sapless limbs far through and among the modern verdure; or rearing their scathed heads above the level of foliage, affronted the summer sky with their wintry nakedness. The palm also of the desolated world, slanting athwart the modern stems, lifted its shorn head to heaven; and though itself a sear column, gave support to an abundance of flowery climbers—the gay produce of each spring; and thus brought into forcible contrast—yesterday and the remotest time!"

Our limits forbid further extract, at least this week; and we leave for the present, what we cannot but again designate as a most extraordinary work, blending conceptions of the wildest extravagance with the most acute intellect,—a romance, whose scenes are like rich phantasmagoria, yet with thoughts and opinions marked by immense information and profound reflection. It is a Utopia, whose idea and colours are best likened to one of Martin's most gorgeous and imaginative pictures. We have rarely been so much struck with a nameless production.

Sermons intended to shew a sober Application of Scriptural Principles to the Realities of Life: with a Preface addressed to the Clergy. By John Miller, M.A., late Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 475. Oxford, 1830, Parker; London, Rivingtons.

Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo, Orlando Furioso di Ariosto; with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians: Memoirs and Notes. By Antonio Panizzi. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 386. London, 1830. Pickering.

We have thus introduced an English divine into the society of two Italian poets, neither for the purpose of hazarding the orthodoxy of the first, nor with the hope of effecting the regeneration of the latter; but solely in order to obviate the inconvenience of noticing a work in one part of our *Gazette*, while we wish to quote from it in another. In brief, and not the less earnest praise of Panizzi's very beautiful volume, we shall, saving our purpose of quotation from a note, dismiss the work without further comment or commendation. In reverting to the Sermons of Mr. Miller, we would preface our remarks by observing, that he is a man whose opinion on most subjects unquestionably on the subject of which he at present treats, carries with it a very deep influence with all that know who and what he is. This, however, is no more than the respect and homage which sound erudition and an enlarged mind invariably and justly elicits. In his opinion, too, we find that of many who "stand in the high places," and are therefore the more prominently involved in the interests of the subject he approaches.

Without entering into the question of church reform, we proceed to quote his observations. They are cautious and unobtrusive, as the words of the wise and modest ever are.

"Must there not, again, be many others, who, while they love and venerate the church of England, both as 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' and as the *only* ark (in this our own kingdom at least) of any thing like *proper* toleration or *just* religious liberty, yet cannot blind themselves to flaws and weaknesses, which may be here and there detected in its aggregate condition, of which it were no less than folly to deny the existence? Must it not be grief to *these*, to mark the almost equally erroneous violence and pertinacity with which these frailties are respectively defended and assailed? *which imperfections they would wish, of all things, to have corrected and removed, but which it is made scarcely possible to touch, for any such good end, by reason of the fierce, ungenerous clamour round about the sanctuary*, and the variety of enemies, all ready to rush in to build up their own visionary schemes, or schemes of selfishness, upon its ruins."

Before offering our brief remarks upon the above, we shall bring under the view of our readers a note from Panizzi's volume, no less interesting as containing a curious piece of historical information, than what, in reference to Mr. Miller's preface, we conceive to be a case in point.

"It gave me great pleasure to find a copy of this most rare pamphlet* in the collection of the Right Hon. T. Grenville, who placed it in my hands, and allowed me to republish it. I determined upon making use of this liberal permission, since this little book is of the greatest rarity, and its contents are strictly connected with the life of Berni, and the history of his *Rifacimento* of the *Innamorato*. The copy in possession of Mr. Grenville was printed in 1554, and not 1555; it has neither name of printer, nor of the place where it was published; but it has all the appearance of having been printed at Basle. It consists of one single sheet, small 8vo, in italics, except the title-page. From its contents it will appear, first, that an authentic edition of the *Rifacimento* was suppressed by the Court of Rome, which was more afraid of books exposing its abuses than of immoral publications, as I myself observed, vol. ii. p. 138; secondly, that such low and vulgar lines as disfigure the introduction to the 20th canto in the *Rifacimento* are not by Berni, since they are not found in the stanzas published in this pamphlet; thirdly, that I was right in suspecting that great liberties have been taken with Berni's *Rifacimento*, since most of the stanzas contained in this little publication are not in the editions of the poem *rifatto*, by Berni, and the few which occur in the *Rifacimento* differ considerably from those which are inserted in that little tract; and fourthly, *that most of the greatest men attached to the court of Rome were inclined to the principles of the reformers;* and that Berni himself was a Protestant in his heart, at least in his latter days. Giberti, we know, introduced a very good discipline, and eradicated many abuses in his diocese of Verona; and he was the most intimate friend of the great poet M. A. Flamino, who was undoubtedly attached to the Protestant creed. Cardinal Frederic Fregoso, also, has been considered favourable to the reform; and although the same has not been said of the others mentioned in these stanzas, there is nothing improbable in the fact. They were intimately connected with persons either favourable to the reformation, or who openly embraced it."

We shall now take the freedom of remarking, that Mr. Miller's observations on church reform, carry along with them an inference which is little else than an excuse for the continuance of the very abuses he deprecates and deplores. We would ask the plain lay question, Whether, where abuses (call them "imperfections" if you will) are acknowledged to exist, are they to go on and on, because of "the clamour round about the sanctuary?" What is it that calls forth this clamour, but the existence of these abuses? of which the admission ought surely to be followed up by the removal. Are the rotten parts of the sanctuary to moulder on, because "its enemies are ready to rush in?" Are its weaker parts,—which it is in the power of its rulers to make strong—to remain in their weakness, as breaches for the enemy to enter in by, and without which, it may be added, he would not venture to attack, or would do so without hope of success? At the time of the reformation, we perceive from the foregoing singular and important note, that many of those who "stood in the high places" of the Roman church heard the cry then, as now, not against religion itself, but against its abuses; and they, too, wished for the removal

* By Vergerio.

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of "imperfections" (they ought to have felt the necessity), but they did not, "because of the clamour round about the sanctuary," *themselves repair it;* and so it was knocked about their ears.

The object at which Mr. Miller aims in his Sermons, and recommends to the clergy, is "the application of Scriptural principles to the realities of life." If discourses, with this professed object, have not been published, the example has been set, and by none more efficiently than by our metropolitan prelate. Mr. Miller has, we think, fully accomplished his purpose, and that in a forcible and unpresuming style, alike adapted to the understanding of the highly educated, and to his less fortunate brother,—in a word, to all but those who have "eyes to see, yet see not."

Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa, from the earliest Ages to the present Time, with Illustrations of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Zoology. By Professor Jameson, James Wilson, Esq. F.R.S.E., and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. *Being No. II. of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* Edinburgh, 1830, Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THE greater part of this volume is occupied with an analysis of voyages and travels, principally abridged from a work in three volumes, bearing nearly the same title, and published a few years since by one of the present compilers.

This analysis of voyages and travels relates only to Central and Southern Africa, no account being given of either Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, or the states of Barbary; and very little being said of either the Great Desert, or the oases of El Ouah, Siwah, and El Khargeh. The analysis is clearly and agreeably written; and though it contains nothing very new or very striking, (most of the travels from which it is abridged being in every body's hands,) it may yet be read with both interest and pleasure. We were, however, rather startled to find Mr. Murray implicitly admitting the somewhat apocryphal statements of René Caillié, and giving the following curious reason for his belief.

"His statement, too, with all its defects, bears an aspect of *simplicity and good faith*, and contains various minute details, including undesigned coincidences with facts ascertained from other quarters. *His false reports of celestial phenomena might arise from his ignorance of such subjects; while his inaccuracies in regard to Major Laing might proceed from the defective hearsay information on which he depended.* Perhaps these last form rather a presumption in his favour, since, in composing a forgery, he would probably have brought his statements into a studious agreement with those of the Quarterly Review, *well known as the only authentic source in this country.*"

We doubt very much whether M. René Caillié would feel much flattered at having his blunders ascribed to ignorance and credulity; nay, we are not even quite sure that he would be pleased to be complimented on his simplicity; and we were certainly not before aware, that the Quarterly Review was "the only authentic source" of information on the subject.

We have, however, faults of a more serious nature to find with the introductory chapter, which professes to give a general view of Africa "in its original state, as it came from the hands of Nature." It is written in a vague, inflated style, alike unsuited to the subject of which it treats, and the readers for whom we presume it to be designed. In some parts it is not even intelligible; and we candidly confess ourselves at a loss to divine how an immense continent, "abounding with the most striking and surprising contrasts," can present, "on a general view, a certain uniformity, approaching almost to monotony." The following passage is also rather alarming for the Africans.

"Africa, considered in relation to her place on the map, forms an extensive continent, situated nearly in the centre of the earth, *and obstructing the great highway across the ocean.* Her coasts form the chief barrier to a direct maritime intercourse between the distant extremities of the globe. * * * *Could Africa cease to exist, great facilities would be afforded to the communication between the other continents*, and many new channels of commerce would be opened up."

What should we think, if some learned professor of Timbuctoo were gravely to assert, "that England obstructed the highway between America and Sweden;" and that, if our troublesome little island were to be removed, great facilities would be afforded to the communication between the Baltic and the Mississippi!

The name of Professor Jameson made us expect that great light would be thrown upon the obscure and puzzling subject of African geology; but we were disappointed to find the account of the Natron or Trona Lakes is comprised in a short extract from one of Dr. Oudney's letters, published in Denham and Clapperton's travels; that the African rivers are dismissed in half a page; and that many other very curious and interesting phenomena are not even alluded to.

The wood-cuts are very good, and the book is extremely well got up for its very moderate price.

The Siamese Twins, &c. Colburn and Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

THE originality of this poem, together with its satire, will no doubt expose it to a variety and severity of criticism. It will be tried by standards which are not justly applicable to its plan, and it will be judged by opinions which have no consideration of its merits. Before this happens, we are happy to repeat our sentiments, and to say that, taking it as a whole, and disregarding the few blemishes which a hypercritical and hostile examination might point out, we have found so many poetical beauties in it, and, withal, so fine a spirit of philosophical acumen, that we do not hesitate to rank it among the most striking productions of the literature of our period.

This sentence we shall proceed to verify by farther extracts, which display the several qualities we have designated. For the first of these we revert to an early page of the volume, and give the description of a Hindoo temple, visited by the Twins previous to their departure from Siam.

"The jungle is cleared, and the moon shines bright
On a broad and silent plain;
And (gaunt in the midst) the streaming light
Sleeps, hushed on a giant fane!
No late-built, gay, and glittering shrine,
Like those the Boudhist holds divine;
But simple, lone, gray, vast, and hoar,
All darkly-eloquent of eld!
The farthest years of untold yore
That temple had beheld.
Sadly and desolately now,
It rais'd to heaven its gloomy brow;
Its altars silent and untrod—
The faith has left the Brahmin's God."

The Twins are witness to a fearful incantation here, which is painted in language of extraordinary force; but we have so much before us, that we must pass it by, and come to part of an apostrophe "to the grave," which introduces Book III.

"Hearken, O grave! beneath me lying;
Hearken—my heart shall speak to thee!
I know not whose the dust supplying
Thy red and creeping progeny:
No stone is there; the swathing willow
Curtains alone the sleeper's pillow.
But boots it who that couch may claim?
Thy homilies remain the same!
And round thee vibrates the unsolid
And soft air with a moral deep;
And voices vague and disembodied
O'er thee a fearful vigil keep.
Preacher and prophet, to imbibe
Thy lore, itself the spirit husheth,
And swift and noiselessly a tribe
Of dreams into the silence rusheth.
But dreams like his whose burning lips
Reveal'd the dread Apocalypse,
Glassing, though in a troublous mirror,
The dim but starry truths of fate,
Weird shadows of that world of terror
Or love, to which thou art the gate."

Our next quotation is a vision of love.

"Ere the end be gained, what bright
But half-caught visions haunt the sight!
Back into shade the vision shrinks,
But not its memory of delight!
Flock thousand dim and fairy feelings,
Love only wakes, our spirit o'er;
Vague thoughts we faln would call revealings,
The stars grow lovelier than before;
From our earth's clay a cloud is driven,
And we gaze oftener on the heaven.
There the soft instinct seems to win us;
Something, new-kindled, stirs within us;
The lesser and the lower aims
Of life, the ennobled heart disclaims;
The fervour in its very faults
Refines, and mellows, and exalts.
* * * *
Possession may content the frame,
And calm, nay haply quell, the flame;
But those wild visions and aspirings,
The unbodied, dream-like, dim desirings—
They shun all earthlier fruition!—
They speak an uncompleted doom!
They murmur at the clay's condition,
And pine within us to the tomb!
Yes! love brings something more than love!
A prophet and divine impression,
That that which yearneth here, above
Shall not be all denied possession.
Though dormant in the secret breast
Through the harsh toil, and grinding strife,
And sluggish sleep, that eke the rest
Of the long acts of motley life;
Though dormant, may the guest divine
Lurk in its lone discultured shrine;
(For as our gloomy way we grope,
We ask but light from earthly hope,
Ne'er seeking, and but darkly seeing,
The inward glory of our being;)
At once it wakes, and breathes, and moves,
The instant that our nature loves—
No! never human lover knew
A passion deeply felt and true;
And did not, ere his love declined,
Feel the immortal of the mind;
Feel how, unseen and still, we cherish
That *something* never doomed to perish,
And own the homeward-pining sigh
Of the pent exile of the sky!"

A farewell parting affords some exquisite touches on the same topic.

"We'll meet—once more
I do not say, 'Be true to me,'
I know that deep and tender heart!
I only tell thee, 'Live to see
How lov'd, how truly lov'd, thou art!'
Ah! what are years to those whose thought
Can bear them o'er the gulf of space?
By grief itself my soul hath bought
The right to fly to thine embrace!
Methinks, if when, once more we meet,
The form be bowed, the locks be thin—
'Tis but thy welcome eyes to greet,
To light Youth's lamp once more within!
Age is not made for us! No! all
The past defies its withering breath!
The snows of Time on Love may fall,
And only warm the soil beneath.
Well, weep—weep on! for hearts like ours
Methinks 'tis sometimes wise to weep!
For if our love had flowed o'er flowers,
It ne'er had been a stream so deep!"

We can only refer readers to the moral drawn from the tale (pages 240 *et seq.*); and, by way of contrast to our last extract, copy a portrait of the *doctor* employed to separate the Siamese.

"This gentleman in black was drest;
A noble frill adorned his breast;

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An air which, Conrad-like, had damped
Questions absurd—his visage stamped.
In his plain face few charms the lover
Of classic features could discover;
No modish grace leer'd forth in him—
Simple his dress, but simply prim:
Yet he who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the herd of men.
Something about him vaguely said,
'This man could do a deed of dread—
Jesu! defend us from the dead!'
Something about his garb, his gravity,
His smile so sombre in its suavity,
His searching eye, his wrinkled nose,
The tightness of his black small clothes—
Shewed him, at once, one of that race
Whose spell can pierce the closest place;
Who haunt the coyest solitudes,
And sit beside the bed of prudes.
The chastest maid could scarce deny
His midnight visit never shockt her;
And matrons, should their girls be shy,
Would cry, 'What! bashful to the doctor!'
Yes, reader, for the worst prepare—
Think of your poor soul, I implore you!
Your will!—you've not an hour to spare!
A son of Galen is before you!
Pooh! let us not be so malicious,
Your licensed leech is never vicious.
Death from his hands should give no terror;
In him 'tis 'Accidental error!'
But quacks who do the art usurp, us,
Like St. John Long, destroy on purpose!
Pouring damned gas, I do assure ye,
Into our lungs, by way of potion,
And making, with infernal fury,
Holes in our poor backs with a lotion!
But this, sweet reader, let me urge on
Your kind remembrance, was a surgeon,
Licensed to do your business ably:
One died with him most comfortably!"

The following admirable lines relate to the anxiety with which one awaits the result of a dreaded surgical operation upon a beloved object.

"All's still! Eternity devours,
Silent and dark, his offspring Hours—
The hours within whose hearts we see
Life, moving in its mystery, centered!
Those separate drops in Time's great sea,
In which we animalcules leap
To life, from matter's working sleep;
And, after that brief span of strife,
In which we play the fool with life;
Not by one millionth of the mass
In the same globule seen, or seeing;
In which to death what millions pass!
Their death the ripeness of new being!
Oh! dark, yet not all starless doom,
The blessing twin-born with the curse!
That frameth one eternal tomb
From the all-teeming universe!
Yet from the reeking jaws of death
Calleth again the unquenching breath,
Making a universal soul
For green decay but to absorb it,
And life's rejoicing circle roll
For ever through corruption's orbit!
Who hath not some time past the hours
In that suspense, o'erwrought, unresting,
When one loved dearly, with the powers
Of Death's dark angel lies contesting?
How awfully the moments roll
To—what unknown and shadowy goal!
While he, perchance, unconscious sleeps,
For whom thy spirit's bitterest trial—
How the clock's solemn chiming keeps
Dread note upon the heart's cold dial!
As scarce you catch the languid moan
That marks the progress of the strife,
How agonising seems your own
Intensity and stir of life!
How idle are all the arts and powers,
The boasted fruit of learned hours!
Nought there to save—nay, more, to ease
One pang, one shiver, of disease!
To gather on the black abyss
Balm for thy heart, or strength for his;
Or with thy worst foe, Thought, to cope,
Save that poor impotence called Hope!
Say, *who* is fated not to be
A watcher on that bridge of gloom,
Which aways a hair above a sea
Of doubt, despair, and doom!"

We know nothing beyond the depth and impressiveness of this passage: it is enough to redeem a volume; and with it we shall bid adieu to the poem, adding only, as in our last, a few brief examples of thought and expression.

Advice.

"Of these the student spake, and still
The lore grew lovely on his tongue;
For Wisdom's lute needs slender skill,
If not too harshly strung."

A comparison.

"And his flesh and members quivered,
Like a man but just delivered
From a peril or a sin!"

Descriptive.

"Like youth upon a holyday,
The brook sprang freshly on its way;
A noisy voice of gladness sending
Through antique oak, and ozier bending
Along its broken marge,
Till in the Thames it dies away;
Its death-bed, reeds and wild flowers (breathing
A requiem faint, but fragrant) wreathing.
And there your step for hours might stay,
Bank, sky, and river, to survey;
The lonely fisher moor'd hard by,
Where yon green islet woos the eye;
The black and heavy barge,
And the light vessel swiftly gliding,
With pleasure and gay hearts presiding.
On either bank the while you see
The cot, the villa, whitely studding
The fair ascent, where many a tree
Into the life of spring is budding."

Grief.

"Hark! there went forth a groan!
By the lattice the boughs were stirr'd,
And the heavy step on the threshold stone,
Of a heavy heart was heard!
* * * * *
There the wan moon, just risen, cast
A ghastly whiteness o'er the sward."

Life.

"As waters glass a distant star,
We woo some light from heavens afar,
And, imaged in our soul, we dream
The wave that gains, arrests the beam:
Hushed in a false content we stray,
And glide, perchance to gloom, away!"

The production which we have thus illustrated is followed by about seventy pages of miscellaneous poems, the principal of which is entitled "Milton," and is a much improved version of a delightful composition, previously, but very partially, published by the author. We are sorry we can afford but small space to this theme: six lines, indeed, must suffice for Milton's love.

"Her lip grew blanch'd, as with an ominous fear,
And all her heart seemed trembling in her tear.
So worshipped he in silence and sweet wonder,
The unknown Egeria of his haunted soul;
And Hope, life's chequering moonlight, smiled asunder
The doubts that, cloud-like, o'er him sought to roll."

Of the shorter pieces, the following *jeux-d'esprit* are fair and various specimens.

"If the poor made laws for the rich—the rich,
What a change, in our jails would be!
Which would be for the best? and which—oh, which,
Bring the most to the gallows tree?
They would pass a nobleman vagrant bill,
For the fellows who idly roam;
The Travellers' Club would be sent to the Mill,
And Lord E——x be passed to—home.
They'd make game laws for the sporting one,
And refuse a squire to bail;
Old B——ks would be shot with a good spring-gun,
And Sh—y would rot in jail!
'Most libellous trash,' the books that blind
The eyes of the mass they'd call;
Murray's Review would be damnably fined,
And they'd ruin great Captain H—ll.
They'd make it a capital crime to pay
One's-self from the public purse;
Our younger sons would be shipped to 'the Bay,'
And the Bishop of —— worse!"

"To Juliet: a Thought at Night.

"In yonder taper's waning light,
An image of my heart I see;
It burns amid a lonely night—
Its life the love of thee.
The stedfast light its passion takes,
But slowly wastes while it illumes;
And while my very life it makes,
My life itself consumes."

"On the Imitators of Byron: a Fable.

A swan hymn'd music on the Muses' waves,
And Song's sweet daughters wept within their caves;
It chanced the bird had something then deemed new,
Not in the music only, but the hue—
Black were his plumes;—the rooks that heard on high,
Came envying round, and darkened all the sky;
Each rook, ambitious of a like applause,
Clapped his grave wings, and Pierus rung with caws.
What of the swan's attractions could they lack—
Their noise as mournful, and their wings as black?
In vain we cry—the secret you mistook,
And grief is d—d discordant in a rook!"

And here we end our pleasant task. From Mr. Bulwer's volume we have extracted much food both for reflection and enjoyment; and we trust that the taste and feelings of the great majority of the public will be in unison with ours; in which case much gratification is in store for them, and admiration for the author.

Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy.

[Third notice.]

It is quite delightful to trace the workings of such a mind as that of Davy in the successive discoveries which resulted from his profound researches concerning chemical agency. Thus, we find that so early as Oct. 1800, when engaged at the Bristol Pneumatic Institution, he announced, in a letter to his friend Mr. Davies Gilbert, the dawn of those splendid discoveries which effected in a few years a revolution in our knowledge of the nature of electrical phenomena and chemical agency:—"In pursuing experiments on galvanism during the last two months, I have met with unexpected and unhoped-for success. Some of the new facts on this subject promise to afford instruments capable of destroying the mysterious veil which Nature has thrown over the operations and properties of ethereal fluids. Galvanism I have found, by numerous experiments, to be *a process purely chemical*, and to depend wholly on the oxidation of metallic surfaces, having different degrees of electric conducting power. Zinc is incapable of decomposing *pure* water; and if the zinc plates be kept moist with *pure* water, the galvanic pile does not act; but zinc is capable of oxidating itself when placed in contact with water holding in solution either oxygen, atmospheric air, or nitrous or muriatic acid, &c.; and under such circumstances the galvanic phenomena are produced; and their intensity is in proportion to the rapidity with which the zinc is oxidated."

The admission of the great English chemist as a member of the Royal Society, in 1803, of which he afterwards became the president, formed a distinguished era in his life. The first communication he sent to the Society was a paper on galvanic agency, in 1801; but during the year of his admission, he embodied in one elaborate paper all his previous researches connected with the astringent properties of vegetables, and their application in the process of tanning, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of that year. The remarks of Dr. Paris on the great value of these experiments, are well worthy of the perusal of all persons interested in the various branches of the leather manufactures.

We also particularly recommend to our scientific readers the interesting narrative of those masterly researches which formed the prelude to Davy's most splendid discovery—that of the reduction of alkaline substances to their ultimate or metallic bases; which researches formed the subject of the celebrated Bakerian lecture, read before the Royal Society in Nov. 1807. Our limits enable us only to give the following commentary, at the close of the biographer's account of these profound researches connected with the ultimate analysis of chemical substances.

"Thus, then, was a discovery effected, and at once rendered complete, which all the chemists in Europe had vainly attempted to accomplish. The alkalies had been tortured by every variety of experiment which ingenuity could suggest, or perseverance perform, but all in vain; nor was the pursuit abandoned until indefatigable effort had wrecked the patience

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and exhausted every resource of the experimentalist. Such was the disheartening and almost forlorn condition of the philosopher when Davy entered the field: he created new instruments, new powers, and fresh resources; and Nature, thus interrogated on a different plan, at once revealed her long-cherished secret."

Nothing can, however, shew the versatile genius of Davy in a stronger light than the following fact, that, at the very period (Sept. 12, 1807) when he was engaged in those elaborate inquiries respecting the nature of Voltaic agency on the alkalies, and preparing for that celebrated lecture which astonished the scientific world throughout Europe, we find the following passage in one of the many valuable letters addressed to his friend Mr. Davies Gilbert:—

"I have been a good deal engaged, since my return, on experiments on distillation; and I have succeeded in effecting what is considered of great importance in colonial commerce, namely, the depriving rum of its empyreumatic part, and converting it into pure spirit. I mention this in confidence, as it is likely to be connected with some profitable results; and it may be beneficial in a public point of view, by lessening the consumption of malt."

We must pass over the biographer's account of the piscatory qualifications of Davy, to make room for some of the reflections on his successive discoveries:—

"In the progress of our ascent (says Dr. Paris), it is refreshing to pause occasionally, and to cast a glance at the horizon, which widens at every increase of our elevation. By the decomposition of the alkalies and earths, what an immense stride has been made in the investigation of nature! In sciences kindred to chemistry, the knowledge of the composition of these bodies, and the analogies arising from it, have opened new views, and led to the solution of new problems. In geology, for instance, has it not shewn that there are agents in the formation of rocks and earths, which had not previously been known to exist? It is evident that the metals of the earths cannot remain at the surface of the globe; but it is probable that they may constitute a part of its interior; and such an assumption would at once offer a plausible theory in explanation of the phenomena of volcanoes, the formation of lavas, and the excitement and effects of subterranean heat, and might even lead to a general theory in geology."

Our limits compel us to omit the record of numerous particulars and events in the life of Davy, till the year 1812, a period which, on several accounts, produced a material change in the personal character, as well as the scientific labours, of our late distinguished chemist; but we prefer quoting the words and the reflections of his biographer.

"The scientific renown of Davy having attracted the attention of his late majesty, then prince regent, he received from his royal highness the honour of knighthood, at a levee held at Carlton-house, on Wednesday the 8th April, 1812; and it may be remarked, that he was the first person on whom that honour had been conferred by the regent. On the day following this occurrence, Sir Humphry delivered his farewell lecture before the members of the Royal Institution; for he was on the eve of assuming a new station in society, which induced him to retire from those public situations, which he had long held with so much advantage to the world, and with so much honour to himself. How far such a measure was calculated to increase his happiness I shall not inquire; but I am bound to observe, that it was not connected with any desire to abandon the pursuit of science, nor even to relax in his accustomed exertions to promote its interests. It was evident, however, to his friends, that other views of ambition than those presented by achievements in science, had opened upon his mind. The wealth he was about to command might extend the sphere of his usefulness, and exalt him in the scale of society. His feelings became more aristocratic; he discovered charms in rank which had before escaped him, and he no longer viewed patrician distinction with philosophic indifference. On the 11th of April, 1812, Sir Humphry married Mrs. Apreece, the widow of Shuckburgh Ashby Apreece, Esq. eldest son of Sir Thos. Apreece. This lady was the daughter and heiress of Charles Kerr of Kelso, Esq. and possessed a very considerable fortune."

After this period, we find Sir Humphry contributing occasional papers on the more refined branches of chemical agencies, during each succeeding session of the Royal Society; and he also collected his previous researches under a general head, and published, in June 1812, "The Elements of Chemical Philosophy," a work distinguished for its profound and elaborate views of chemical combination. This was followed, in 1813, by the publication of his "Elements of Agricultural Chemistry," of which Dr. Paris justly remarks: "this work may be considered as the only system of philosophical agriculture ever published in this country: it has not only contributed to the advancement of science, but to that upon which the author has an equal claim to our gratitude—the diffusion of a taste amongst the highest classes for its cultivation; for it has been wisely remarked, that not he alone is to be esteemed a benefactor to mankind who makes a useful discovery, but he also who can point out an innocent pleasure. It has been already stated, that Davy became early impressed with the importance of the subject. That in future life its investigation should have been to him so fertile a source of pleasure, may therefore be readily imagined, when it is remembered with what passionate delight he contemplated the ever-varying forms of creation. In the early spring it led him forth upon the fresh turf in the vernal sunshine, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet and enamelled with the primrose, while his heart participated in the renovated gladness of nature." To this glowing account of the pastoral and agricultural pursuits of our distinguished philosopher, we can only adduce the testimony of every enlightened agriculturist in the kingdom, as to the vast practical advantages that have resulted to this country from improvements of poor soils, and the economy of manures, since the publication of Davy's admirable "Elements."

In the autumn of 1813, Sir Humphry Davy (accompanied by Lady Davy, and Mr. Faraday, the present eminent lecturer at the Royal Institution) having obtained from Buonaparte permission to travel through France, and visit the capital, Dr. Paris informs us, that "the expected arrival of Davy had been a subject of conversation with the French *savans* for more than a month. Among those who were loudest in his praises was M. Ampère, who had for several years frequently expressed his opinion that Davy was the greatest chemist that had ever appeared. Whether this flattering circumstance had been communicated to the English philosopher, I have no means of ascertaining; but Mr. Underwood informs me, that the very first wish which Davy expressed, was to be introduced to this gentleman, whom he considered as the only chemist in Paris who had duly appreciated the value of his discoveries; an opinion which he afterwards took no care to conceal, and which occasioned amongst the *savans* much surprise and some dissatisfaction."

The following little anecdote shews that the great English chemist of the 19th century was not more exempt from a childish superstition on some occasions, than the great English lexicographer of the 18th century.

"Mr. Underwood informs me, that on the 17th Nov. (1813), he met Humboldt at dinner at Davy's hotel; and adds: 'I do not know whether you are aware that Davy had a superstitious dislike at seeing a knife and fork placed crosswise on a plate at dinner, or upon any other occasion; but I can assure you such was the fact; and when it occurred in the company of his intimate friends, he always requested that they might be displaced: whenever this could not be done, he was evidently very uncomfortable.'"

It has been admitted, by many of the warmest admirers of the late Sir Humphry Davy, that during the zenith of his philosophical career he evinced a certain ambition of being considered as the *sole* discoverer of any new agent or chemical result; which by some persons was interpreted as a species of jealousy of the pursuits of contemporary philosophers. As this remark is peculiarly applicable to his researches on the nature of *iodine*, we deem it just, both to Davy and his biographer, to give the subjoined statement of the case.

"On the morning of the 23d November, M. Ampère called upon Davy, and placed in his hands a small portion of a substance which he had received from M. Clement; and although it had been in possession of the French chemists for more than twelve months, so entirely ignorant were they of its true nature and composition, that it was constantly spoken of amongst them as X. the *unknown* body. How far the suggestions of Davy led to the discovery of the chemical nature of this interesting substance, which has been since distinguished by the name of *iodine*, is a question which has given rise to much discussion on the continent. It has been moreover questioned how far the love of science and the fervour of emulation can justify the interference which Davy is said to have displayed on this occasion. He is accused of having unfairly taken the subject out of the hands of those who were engaged in its investigation, and to have anticipated their results. As his biographer, I feel that it is not only due to the character of Davy, but essential to the history of science, that these questions should be impartially examined: and I have spared no pains in collecting facts for their elucidation. Mr. Underwood, who was in the constant habit of associating with the parties concerned in the inquiry, has furnished me with some important particulars, and his testimony is fortified by public documents. The substance under dispute was accidentally discovered by M. Courtois, a manufacturer of saltpetre at Paris, but kept secret by him for several years. At length, however, he communicated it to M. Clement, who made several experiments on it, but without any favourable result. On the 23d August, 1813, Clement exhibited to Mr. Underwood the beautiful experiment of raising it into a violet-coloured vapour, and that gentleman assures me that this was the only peculiar property which had at that time been recognised as distinguishing it. A few days previous to this event, M. Am-

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père had received a specimen of the substance, which he had carefully folded up in paper, and deposited in his pocket; but, on arriving home, and opening the packet, he was surprised to find that his treasure had vanished. Clement, however, furnished him with another supply, and it was this parcel that Ampère transferred into the hands of Davy; and for which (says Mr. Underwood) he told me, a few days ago, that Thénard and Gay Lussac were extremely angry with him."

Like a zealous advocate for his countryman's scientific reputation, the doctor proceeds, by examining the dates of the papers read by the contending philosophers, to claim the honour of this discovery—"I was (he says) very desirous of ascertaining the feeling which at present prevails amongst the French chemists upon this subject; and I, therefore, requested Mr. Underwood to make such inquiries as might elicit the required information. In a letter to that gentleman, dated Paris, August 22, 1830, he says, 'though Thénard and Gay Lussac retain great bitterness of feeling towards Davy, on account of the affair of iodine, Chevreul and Ampère are still, as they ever were, of opinion, that such a feeling has its origin in a misconception; that what Davy did was from the honest desire of promoting science, and not from any wish to detract from the merit of the French chemists.'"

Now, so far as this evidence goes, it is sufficiently exculpatory of the motives of the English philosopher, in having so hastily undertaken the examination of this new chemical substance; yet the extract which follows shews that there might still have existed strong grounds in the minds of some of the French *savans* as to the *perfect reciprocity* of politeness and candour between themselves and the English chemist. In a subsequent page of the memoir, our author observes:—

"Nothing ever exceeded the liberality and unaffected kindness with which the *savans* of France had received and caressed the English philosopher. Their conduct was the triumph of science over national animosity; a homage to genius, alike honourable to those who bestowed and to those who received it; and it would be an act of ingratitude, a violation of historical justice, on the part of the English biographer, did he omit to express the pride and admiration with which every philosopher in his country continues to regard it. It would have been fortunate for the cause of science, and fortunate for the historian, could he have terminated the subject with these remarks; but the biographer has an act of justice to perform, which he must not suffer his friendship to evade, nor his partialities to compromise. It would be an act of literary dishonesty *to assert that Sir Humphry Davy returned the kindness of the savans of France in a manner which the friends of science could have expected and desired.* There was a flippancy in his manner, a superciliousness and hauteur in his deportment, which surprised as much as they offended. Whatever opinions he might have formed as to the talents of the leading chemists, it was weakness to betray, and arrogance to avow them."

With all the admiration we feel, in conjunction with his biographer, and almost the whole of the votaries of science, for the splendid genius of Davy, we fear the latter years of the philosopher were clouded by a few other blemishes similar to that before mentioned, but applicable to his own countrymen as well as the scientific men of other countries.

We may still devote a few columns in another No. of our *Gazette* to this highly interesting volume; while we take occasion to recommend it to the scientific world as a compendium, or progressive register, of all the different series of experiments and deductions which led to the most splendid and important discoveries made in modern science.

Memoirs of Dr. Currie, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

HAVING, in our first notice of this work, done justice to its deserts and to the filial spirit of its execution, while we, at the same time, blamed its minuteness and prolixity, we do not consider ourselves called upon to redeem the pledge of another paper by going at length into the details of the second volume. In truth, there is much of it which it would have been better to have omitted; and one volume might have been found both more effectual and acceptable to the general public, however grateful two volumes may be to private and affectionate feelings. Much is written about the pamphlet of Jasper Wilson (*i. e.* Dr. Currie); but surely the ablest political letter of that date has no such attractions now, when the aspect of the world has been so completely changed by many wonderful events. Yet there are just and fine remarks interspersed in this correspondence; for instance: "The favour of mankind comes late to those who depend upon it, but the multitude delight to patronise those who have no need of their assistance."

On Medical Practice.—"In consultations with younger physicians, I have at times observed two opposite inconveniences. Where the junior has spoken first, he has sometimes given his opinion in such strong terms as to render any opposition to, or modification of, his sentiments more difficult than is desirable. On the other hand, I have known, where the senior was expressing his opinion, an eagerness to join with him lead the other to take the words out of his mouth (if I may so speak), and express in strong terms his assent to a mode of practice which, after all, may not have been exactly that which the former intended to propose. In one instance I was not long since brought into a considerable difficulty by a complete mistake made in this way, on an occasion of the greatest importance, and where a life most valuable was concerned. The remedy for these evils (if you judge them of sufficient importance) would be a rule, requiring the physician speaking first (and so in succession) to avoid peremptory terms, and to employ guarded and modest expressions; with another rule, assuring to each an uninterrupted hearing. These points seem more important in proportion as the number in consultation is greater, and may, on that account, be worth attention at your infirmary, where, I think, more of the profession act together than in any other institution in the kingdom."

On Governments.—"All governments are founded on opinion. We submit, because the king is our master and we are his slaves, say the Easterns; because he is our father and we are his children, say the Chinese and European monarchies; because submission to law and government is useful, say the freemen of America, and many of those of England. Now, of these natural foundations, the last appears the strongest, provided experience had clearly marked out the objects to which this usefulness required government to extend, and time had produced habitual submission and respect. What France has wanted is not proper foundations or principles, but science or practical skill. It is one thing to understand the principles of mechanics; it is another to build a ship. The government they raised was ill-constructed, its parts ill-suited. The balance, as far as experience goes, is the true system, and the proper division of powers. Republics or representative governments are as capable of these as our own constitution, two parts of which are hereditary. France will learn—she has got the true foundation, practice will tell her the edifice that is best. I detest the spirit and character of the Jacobins; but great changes are never produced by amiable, polished, and refined characters. Superstition, in the days of ignorance, is a giant—truth a dwarf. But enthusiasm is the Hercules sent by Heaven to combat this monster; to attack a savage with a savage's strength. You detest Luther, and Calvin, and Knox; so do I. Heaven forbid I should live with such men! But they produced the Reformation, and that was a mighty thing. Finer minds would not have encountered the hazard. What did Erasmus in the days of Luther? What would Blair have done in the days of Knox? I cannot deny that coarser, and perhaps less principled, men than Lafayette and Rochefoucauld were necessary to complete the triumph of France, and that Pétion and Dumourier were what the season required. I put things together roughly, but you will comprehend me. In regard to the extent to which the agitation may go, I should apprehend Europe will hardly bound it. The combat will be renewed again and again between old superstition and young enthusiasm; and the issue will, I dare say, be generally favourable to the last. See Hume's *Essay on Superstition and Enthusiasm.* My potion is, that all governments will finally be reduced to the system of utility, and that in proportion as they now differ from this, may the changes be expected to be. Judging in this way, our own government requires, I think, reformation only."

On Education.—"My notion of education, in its earlier parts, is like my idea of a national government: that it should be chiefly negative or preventive, so to speak, extending to as small an abridgment of liberty as possible, but absolute on the points on which it interferes; and that the faults attending it in general are, like the faults in governments in general, an interference where no interference is required, on a number of foolish points, to the injury of the human faculties, and to the neglect of those points which are essential. The analogy will not hold good as to the more advanced parts of education, because its objects then are to teach and instruct; whereas those of government should be confined, in my judgment, almost entirely to restraint."

On Parliamentary Reform.—"This scheme of equal representation is usually accompanied with the proposal for short periods of delegation, and other methods to make the delegate speak the sense of his representatives. But, under this system, the great majority of representatives being persons without property, the security of property to those who had it, would depend on the virtue of those who had none. If, on the other hand, it be supposed (what I am inclined to admit) that among a people considerably informed, and capable of fixed habits, such as our countrymen, the inviolability of property may be safely trusted to the sense of right, a danger presents itself of an opposite nature. Property being secured to the individual, however largely it may have accumulated, would probably operate with irresistible influence on the great mass of the labouring poor, of which three-fourths of the electors would com-

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sist; and the union of two or three men of large fortune, in every county or district, would bear down every opposition from talents, activity, or virtue. * * *

"It seems, then, that an extension of the elective franchise should be accompanied with certain reforms in the laws of property. This being conceded to me, I confess I should still not be disposed to go the length of a representation of heads. The young, the idle, the profligate, and those wretchedly poor and ignorant, form a large class of society, that do not sufficiently understand or sympathise in the interests of the whole; and those I would propose to exclude, in a great measure, by adopting another fundamental principle: giving the elective franchise, not to persons, but to families; in a word, to the fathers of families only. Such men have a valuable stake in the community, however small their property; and they are (not without many exceptions, indeed) a selection from the general mass, as to sobriety and industry. By adopting this principle, the greater and most dangerous part of the mob of great cities would be excluded; the greater part of the army and navy, and almost all the servants of great families—perhaps as vicious and dangerous a part of the community as any other—beings who possess at the same time the vices of luxury and ignorance."

Surely there is much room for speculation, even in our day, upon these thoughts, which bespeak a man of a good heart and a sound understanding. But we pass to the history of a philosopher: we have met with several of the same genus.

"A gentleman of a liberal education had, according to the fashion of the times, indulged himself, some years ago, in speculations on the improvement of the human race, and the perfectibility of man. By long, deep, and solitary meditation on these subjects, his mind became unsettled, and his reason gave way. He seemed to himself to want nothing but power to make mankind happy; and at length he became convinced that he had a right to that power. The consequence of this rendered it necessary to confine him; and about two years afterwards he was removed by his friends from the situation in which he was originally fixed, and placed under my care. At the time of which I speak he was become perfectly calm: he was on general subjects rational, and on every subject acute; but the original hallucinations were as fixed as ever. In occasional discussions of his visionary projects, I had urged, of my own suggestion, the objection, that when men became so happy as he proposed to make them, they would increase too fast for the limits of the earth. He felt the force of this; and, after much meditation, proposed a scheme for enlarging the surface of the globe, and a project of an act of parliament for this purpose, in a letter addressed to Mr. Pitt, very well expressed, and seriously meant, but which, if published, would appear satirical and ludicrous in a high degree. Having had occasion to mention his situation to his brother, a man of letters, he proposed that an experiment should be made of putting the quarto edition of Malthus's Essay into his hands, to which I assented. It was given to him last autumn, and he read it with the utmost avidity and seeming attention. In my visits I did not mention the subject to him, but desired the keeper to watch him narrowly. After finishing the perusal, he got pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, seemingly with an intention to answer it, or to write notes upon it. But he did not finish a single sentence, though he began many. He then sat down to read the book again, aloud, and finished this second perusal in a few days, not omitting a single word, but stopping at times, and apparently bewildered. I now spoke to him, and introduced the subject, but he was sullen and impatient. He became very thoughtful, walked at a great pace in his airing-ground, and stopped occasionally to write, if I may so speak, words, but more frequently numbers, with a switch in the sand. These he obliterated, as I approached him. This continued some days, and he appeared to grow less thoughtful; but his mind had taken a melancholy turn. One afternoon he retired into his room, on the pretence of drowsiness. The keeper called him in a few hours, but he did not answer. He entered, and found the sleep he had fallen into was the sleep of death. He had 'shuffled off this mortal coil.' * * * I have no doubt that he perceived sufficiently the force of Malthus's argument to see the wreck of all his castle-building, and that this produced the melancholy catastrophe."

Perhaps Malthus would be very glad to have his work prescribed universally; since, if it produced these effects, it would at once co-operate with his system by reducing population, and put a large fortune into his pocket by the sale of his "Principles."

With this story we conclude; repeating that, for those who have sufficient leisure, there is much to amuse and inform in this publication; while the busy, who are pressed for time, may justly complain of its dwelling tediously on unimportant topics.

Voyages of the Companions of Columbus.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

Of all the daring men who immediately succeeded the great and enterprising Columbus, Vasco Nuñez, the first who saw and navigated the vast Pacific Ocean, was one of the most remarkable in all the details of his perilous course. Among his followers was a bloodhound, named Leoncico, which the Spanish writers describe as his constant companion and body guard.

"He was of a middle size, but immensely strong: of a dull yellow or reddish colour, with a black muzzle, and his body was scarred all over with wounds, received in innumerable battles with the Indians. Vasco Nuñez always took him on his expeditions, and sometimes lent him to others, receiving for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man. In this way he gained by him, in the course of his campaigns, upwards of a thousand crowns. The Indians, it is said, had conceived such terror of this animal, that the very sight of him was sufficient to put a host of them to flight."*

The discovery of the Pacific Ocean, after a toilsome march from Darien, is finely told:—

"The day (26th of September, 1513) had scarce dawned, when Vasco Nuñez and his followers set forth from the Indian village, and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn; but they were filled with new ardour at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships. About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bold summit alone remained to be ascended; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence, from which they said the southern sea was visible. Upon this, Vasco Nuñez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place; then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit, the long-desired prospect burst upon his view: it was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannahs and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun. At this glorious prospect Vasco Nuñez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend. 'Behold, my friends,' said he, 'that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honour and advantage; let us pray to him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favour of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith.' The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nuñez, and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vara, who lifted up his voice and chaunted *Te Deum laudamus*, the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The rest, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar, than from that wild mountain-summit. It was, indeed, one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts. Was this the great Indian Ocean, studded with precious islands abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the East? or was it some lonely sea, locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the savage? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous and powerful and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilised in fact, though differing from Europe in their civilisation; who might have peculiar laws and customs, and arts and sciences; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, intercommuning by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and

* These terrible animals were powerful allies to the Spaniards; for, besides many other notices of them, we are told of Juan Ponce, that "one of his most efficient warriors was a dog named Berezillo, renowned for courage, strength, and sagacity. It is said that he could distinguish those of the Indians who were allies, from those who were enemies of the Spaniards. To the former he was docile and friendly, to the latter fierce and implacable. He was the terror of the natives, who were unaccustomed to powerful and ferocious animals, and did more service in this wild warfare, than could have been rendered by several soldiers. His prowess was so highly appreciated, that his master received for him the pay, allowance, and share of booty assigned to a cross-bow man, which was the highest stipend given. This famous dog was killed some years afterwards by a poisoned arrow, as he was swimming in the sea in pursuit of a Carib Indian. He left, however, a numerous progeny and a great name behind him; and his merits and exploits were long a favourite theme among the Spanish colonists."

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continents, but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere."

They descended to the sea, and, "stooping down, tasted its waters. When they found that, though severed by intervening mountains and continents, they were salt like the seas of the north, they felt assured that they had indeed discovered an ocean, and again returned thanks to God."

Vasco Nuñez, on his return to Darien, was cruelly beheaded as a traitor, through the perfidiousness of the governor.

Juan Ponce's adventures are more amusing; for, being superseded in Porto Rico, our author tells us—"The loss of one wild island and wild government was of little moment, when there was a new world to be shared out, where a bold soldier like himself, with sword and buckler, might readily carve out new fortunes for himself. Beside, he had now amassed wealth to assist him in his plans, and, like many of the early discoverers, his brain was teeming with the most romantic enterprises. He had conceived the idea that there was yet a third world to be discovered, and he hoped to be the first to reach its shores, and thus to secure a renown equal to that of Columbus. While cogitating these things, and considering which way he should strike forth in the unexplored regions around him, he met with some old Indians, who gave him tidings of a country which promised, not merely to satisfy the cravings of his ambition, but to realise the fondest dreams of the poets. They assured him that, far to the north, there existed a land abounding in gold and in all manner of delights; but, above all, possessing a river of such wonderful virtue, that whoever bathed in it would be restored to youth! They added, that in times past, before the arrival of the Spaniards, a large party of the natives of Cuba had departed northward in search of this happy land and this river of life, and, having never returned, it was concluded that they were flourishing in renovated youth, detained by the pleasures of that enchanting country. Here was the dream of the alchymist realised! one had but to find this gifted land and revel in the enjoyment of boundless riches and perennial youth! nay, some of the ancient Indians declared that it was not necessary to go so far in quest of these rejuvenating waters, for that, in a certain island of the Bahama group, called Bimini, which lay far out in the ocean, there was a fountain possessing the same marvellous and inestimable qualities. Juan Ponce de Leon listened to these tales with fond credulity. He was advancing in life, and the ordinary term of existence seemed insufficient for his mighty plans. Could he but plunge into this marvellous fountain or gifted river, and come out with his battered war-worn body restored to the strength and freshness and suppleness of youth, and his head still retaining the wisdom and knowledge of age, what enterprises might he not accomplish in the additional course of vigorous years insured to him! It may seem incredible, at the present day, that a man of years and experience could yield any faith to a story which resembles the wild fiction of an Arabian tale; but the wonders and novelties breaking upon the world in that age of discovery almost realised the illusions of fable; and the imaginations of the Spanish voyagers had become so heated, that they were capable of any stretch of credulity. So fully persuaded was the worthy old cavalier of the existence of the region described to him, that he fitted out three ships at his own expense to prosecute the discovery, nor had he any difficulty in finding adventurers in abundance ready to cruise with him in quest of this fairy-land."

Need we add that, examining the whole group of the Bahama islands, "his inquiries for the island of Bimini were all in vain; and as to the fountain of youth, he may have drank of every fountain, and river, and lake, in the archipelago, even to the salt pools of Turk's Island, without being a whit the younger."

He, however, discovered and took possession of Florida; but, "disheartened at length by the perils and trials with which nature seemed to have beset the approach to Bimini, as to some fairy island in romance, he gave up the quest in person, and sent in his place a trusty captain, Juan Perez de Ortubia, who departed in one of the other ships, guided by the experienced old woman of the isles, and by another Indian. As to Juan Ponce, he made the best of his way back to Porto Rico, where he arrived infinitely poorer in purse and wrinkled in brow, by this cruise after inexhaustible riches and perpetual youth. He had not been long in port when his trusty envoy, Juan Perez, likewise arrived. Guided by the sage old woman, he had succeeded in finding the long-sought-for Bimini. He described it as being large, verdant, and covered with beautiful groves. There were crystal springs and limpid streams in abundance, which kept the island in perpetual verdure, but none that could restore to an old man the vernal greenness of his youth. Thus ended the romantic expedition of Juan Ponce de Leon. Like many other pursuits of a chimera, it terminated in the acquisition of a substantial good."

These extracts will speak for the merit of this volume; and we have only further to notice, that it concludes with a very interesting narrative of a pilgrimage to Palos, (whence Columbus sailed to discover the New World, and where the descendants of the Pinzons still live in patriarchal happiness,) which was most appropriately made by so distinguished a citizen of that New World as Washington Irving.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXIII. The Achievements of the Knights of Malta. Vol. I. By Alexander Sutherland, Esq. author of "Tales of a Pilgrim." Edinburgh, 1831, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

MUCH industry has been bestowed on this volume, which, both for research and style, does Mr. Sutherland infinite credit. The beginning is taken up by the Crusades; an era every detail of which has been lately so fully before the public that we cannot find novelty for quotation. The ensuing anecdote is from the later period, which has much romantic interest.

"Bajazet having thus, by the celerity and secrecy of his march, and the order and evolutions of his army on the day of battle, totally overthrown the Christian army, proceeded to take a bloody revenge for the massacre which the French knights had perpetrated on the eve of the engagement. The Count of Nevers, and twenty-four lords of distinction, including the Sire de Coucy, and the Marshal Boucicault, were reserved for ransom; but the remainder of the captives were brought before his throne, and, on their refusal to abjure their faith, were successively decapitated in his presence—a sacrifice which deluged France with tears. The Sire de Coucy and Count D'Eu died in prison: but the other princes and barons, after being long exposed as a grateful trophy to the Moslems of Europe and Asia, were ultimately ransomed for two hundred thousand ducats. It was stipulated in the treaty, that the French captives should bind themselves by oath, never again to bear arms against their conqueror; but Bajazet scornfully rejected the proffered pledge. 'I despise,' said he to the heir of Burgundy, 'thy oaths and thy arms. Thou art young, and mayest be ambitious of effacing the disgrace or misfortune of thy first field. Marshal thy troops, proclaim thy enterprise, and be assured, that thou canst not do Bajazet a greater favour than by giving him another opportunity of meeting thee in the shock of fight.'"

We look forward with pleasure to the second volume, where the author will be on untrodden ground.

The Ladies' Museum. New and improved Series. No. I. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall.

EMBELLISHED with a very beautiful engraving of Finden's, from a picture of Howard's, "The Cottage Girl," (previously published, we believe,) and with a very varied table of contents, the *Ladies' Museum* appears to us the best of the novel competitors for female favour. We confess to having taken "feminine counsel's opinion" on the gaily arrayed figures that set forth the fashions, and the report has been favourable: the two evening dresses are pronounced "specially pretty."

Allan M'Dougal: or, Scenes in the Peninsula: a Tale. By a Military Officer. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Newman and Co.

THESE are three amusing volumes: the military scenes are really sketched with great spirit; and the character of the hero places the consequence of a vain craving for excitement in a true, and therefore forcible, point of view.

The Mayor of Garratt, &c. Pp. 45. London, 1831. Alf. Miller.

FOOTE'S comedy, illustrated with clever and characteristic designs by R. Seymour, and well cut in wood by Nesbit, Slader, Welch, and Johnson. It is one of the neat and cheap editions of the day.

Belgium in 1830. Pp. 48. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

A PAMPHLET written, we are told, by Prince Kosloffsky, in which he sets out by sacrificing intelligence, if not truth, to expediency (see first page), but, nevertheless, in the course of his remarks throws very considerable light upon the revolution in Belgium, its actors, and its probable effects on Europe. The work is evidently meant to support the cause of the Prince of Orange, and to recommend him to the throne, which seems to be begging an occupant.

The Daughter of Herodias: a Tragedy. By Henry Rich, Esq. 8vo. pp. 188. London, 1831. J. Andrews.

WE do not think the subject of this tragedy is well chosen: our opinions on all histories connected with the sacred one are so strongly defined from childhood upwards, that any author placing such events in an opposite light to that in which we have been accustomed to consider them, sets the whole array of early feelings and prejudices against him. We mean only as refers to our imagination; for, both in a religious and moral point of view, these scenes are beautifully drawn. The touches of feeling and of poetry in the following passages may speak for themselves.

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" Yours must have been a happy life, poor novice,
Not to have learnt, the more man wrongs, the more
He hates.

* * * *

" We had a common father;
Dost thou remember him? I well remember
How oft at eventide, when I had sung
That prayer you loved to teach his orphan boy,
How as the light grew less, and all was still
Within our narrow home, ere I retired
To rest, how you would draw me to yourself,
And tell fond tales of days that I remembered not,
While tears of yours fell fast and sweet.

* * * *

" How changed is this cold dreary world to me!
Once could I smile, and think all nature smiled
Again on me, while I could court the brooks,
The valleys, and the mountains, and find joy
And beauty in them all, and with light heart
And bounding spirits, breathe the giddy air
That danced in joyful eddies round my brow;
Thence could I contemplate the world below
With unprophetic eye, see nought but peace
And happiness in life; then turning home,
Nestle in a friend's, a father's, mother's lap,
And with warm heart and ready tongue lisp out
My joys, my wishes, and my love; could feel
A cheerful eye respond to mine where'er
I turned, and view content and mild serenity
Gathering around; I could unburthen all
My little cares, and live in confidence
And free expression of each opening thought
That rose unchecked within my happy mind."

Of all futures, that of poetry is the most difficult to foresee; but though, as a whole, we think this drama unequal, and that it does not assume a popular form, yet there are traces of thought and feeling which lead us to expect something much superior from its author.

Lays from the East. By Robt. C. Campbell. 12mo. pp. 252. London, 1831. Smith and Elder.

We always regret when individuals of good feeling, taste, and sense, mistake their talents for the inspiration of poesy, and are tempted to publish what ought never to have gone beyond the private circle of albums, or, at farthest, the columns of a periodical. Such are Mr. Campbell's *Lays from the East.*

The Book of the Seasons. By William Howitt. pp. 404. Colburn and Bentley.

This pleasing volume has just reached us. It seems full of nature and good feeling.

Family Library, XIX. The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, &c.: Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Murray.

With the lives of William of Wykeham, Inigo Jones, Wren, Vanburgh, Gibbs, Kent, Lord Burlington, and Sir William Chambers, Mr. Cunningham has here made a very nice volume.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Edward Forster, Esq. in the chair. — A paper, from the pen of Robert Hill, Esq. F.L.S. on a species of deer (*Cervus macrurus*) which inhabits the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, near Hudson's bay, was read. The paper was accompanied by drawings of the head and horns. This species derives its name, as may be readily anticipated, from the saltatory habits of the animal, which is never seen to use the paces of the other deer; and appears to form an intermediate link between the reindeer and roe-buck, to both of which it approaches in certain characters. Another communication, on the structure and economy of spiders, by John Blackwall, Esq. F.L.S. was also read. To this paper we may hereafter advert. Several fellows were elected.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Sir James South in the chair. A considerable number of fellows and associates were elected into the Society. The following papers were read:—1st. A method of computing occultations, by Mr. MacLear. 2d. A letter from Professor Nicolai, with his observations, and those of Professor Swerd, of Venus about her inferior conjunction, and of the comet discovered by Gambart. 3d. A letter from Professor Santini, with observations of the right ascension of Venus about her inferior conjunction, as recommended by Professor Airy, and also containing observations of the comet discovered last year by Gambart. 4th. A letter from Professor Bianchi, containing observations on the same subject. 5th. A letter from Professor Struve, with observations of the occultation of Aldebaran and other stars by the moon, at Dorpat. 6th. Two notes by Mr. Lubbock, upon the comet of Halley. Sir James South informed the meeting that the King had been graciously pleased to become the patron of the Society, and that the negotiations respecting the charter were nearly completed.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

A large and elegant apartment has been opened to the public during last week, containing a collection of foreign birds, the greater part of which are in a very bad state of preservation. The tables contain a general collection of shells, the British species being very properly left to accompany the British birds. Among them we remark some valuable presentations from Captain Lord Byron; Captains Owen, Beechey, and Ross; Messrs. Barrow, Swainson, Hennah, and Ritchie who died in Africa. There are illustrations of rare species from America, by Messrs. Say and Green; from Marseilles, by Risso; and from Newcastle, by Mr. Alder, a promising member of the Natural History Society of that town. We find, from our survey, that it is only by the most modern navigators and travellers that additions have been made to this public collection, for which, as a national museum, we hope, if the same spirit continues to prevail, we shall no longer have to blush; and therefore trust, that the care and arrangement of these valuable objects will be placed in proper hands; for who will collect or make presentations, if these, as has hitherto been the case, lie for years neglected in obscure cellars?

The collection of fossil univalves is excellent. Where are the bivalves? And, before we quit this subject, let us be allowed to express a hope, that the public will not be long debarred access to the mineralogical collection.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

J. A. Henderson, Esq. in the chair. A very interesting paper was read, entitled "An Inquiry into the Nature and Constitution of the Sap-vessels of Plants," by the author of the "Domestic Gardener's Manual." After noticing, at some length, the opinions of M. Dutrochet and others on vegetable physiology, the writer concludes with the following remarks on the spiral vessels of plants:—"These vessels," he says, "may act mechanically as springs, for their elasticity is prodigious. They exist in almost all plants, and the peculiarity of their structure, which closely resembles the coiled spring of a bell-wire, argues strongly that they have other functions allotted to them than that of merely conducting the sap. If, indeed, they are appendages to the sap-vessels,—if they wrap round and enclose, or are themselves placed internally within the membranous coat of those vessels,—(and the author is much inclined to believe that they are so, for the closest observation of the vessels of the flower-stalk of the wild hyacinth, *scilla nutans*, convinced him that the spiral coil is by no means closely compressed, but is apparently enclosed, or encloses a fine filmy membrane);—if this be the case, then these spiral vessels may be most efficient mechanical agents in propelling the sap upwards. The pliancy of trees, the readiness with which they yield to the force of the winds, and the facility with which they recover their upright position, are facts strongly corroborating the idea,—that they contain internal springs, which, like coils of bell-wire, are capable of receiving and supporting motion in every direction, without offering impediments or sustaining injury."

Several varieties of the apple and pea were exhibited.

THE COMET.

On Tuesday, at $14^h\ 14^m\ 10^s$, sidereal time, the indefatigable Sir James South obtained another glimpse of the comet, and ascertained its right ascension to be $16^h\ 51^m\ 6^s$, and its southern declination 9° 20′ 11″. Its right ascension in time, he observes, is diminishing nearly 4^m, and its southern declination almost 18^m daily. It is about 1° north of 20 Ophiuchi, and follows it about 11^m of time; forming nearly an isoceles triangle with ν and ζ of that constellation. With these data, its future course may readily be traced; and we hope foreign astronomers may have had clearer skies than we have had, to mark its elements and progress.

Mr. Herapath also observed the comet again about the same period. He accords very closely with Sir James South; and adds, not only that its retrograde motion is confirmed, but that "it is much higher in the heavens than it was, and exceedingly increased in the length and splendour of its tail;" which he considers, if it be really moving from the sun, an extraordinary phenomenon. A correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, at Liverpool, where it has also been observed, is of opinion that it has passed its perihelion. He also conjectures that it may be the comet of 1770, which passed the nearest to the earth, and engaged the researches of Lexel and Burckhardt; in which case, it would be moving to its perihelion, and about to complete its eleventh revolution of five and a half years since that period.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Proceedings of the Committee of Science and Correspondence of the Zoological Society of London. 8vo. Pp. 16.

The Zoological Society of London was fully aware, at its first establishment, that, to ensure the success of zoology in this country, it was necessary to render its study popular and attractive; and this was only to be accomplished by expensive means, such as the establishment of a menagerie and a museum, and the publication of illustrated and entertaining works; so that a large accession of members was requisite to defray these expenses. And there are many who belong to the institution, who are hardly aware that the scientific part of that body have resolved themselves into a committee for the prosecution of their favourite pursuit. We have before us the first fasciculus of their labours, which is full of valuable information, and promises extremely well. Among other interesting notices, we observe a monograph by Mr. Vigors, on the Quails of the New World, which have all been arranged under the generic title of *Ortyx*,—the quails of the Old World belonging to the genus *Coturnix*. Only two well-ascertained species of these were

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a few years back known to ornithologists; but now we have eleven species, not including the quail from the Straits of Magellan, brought home by Captain King, and which, in the structure of the wing, associates more closely with the group of the Old World; uniting the zoology of the southern extreme of the New World with that of the nearest portions of the southern hemisphere, in like manner as the zoology of the northern extreme is united with that of the neighbouring continents of Europe and Asia.

The collection of birds, of Mr. J. Gould, from the Himma-leh mountains, many of them undescribed, exhibit an identity in a large proportion of their forms with those of northern Europe, the elevation of their native mountains placing them on an equality, in point of climate, with the birds of more northern latitudes. Many of the forms peculiar to southern Asia and the Indian archipelago are also found intermingled with those of the northern regions. Among the forms similar to the European, Mr. Vigors particularised three species of jays, two of which exhibited a striking affinity in their markings to our well-known British bird. The rest in form and other characters, approached the nutcrackers. Two species of woodpeckers verged most closely, in size and colouring, on the European green woodpecker. Among the forms peculiar to India was observed a second species of the singular group which contains the horned pheasant, or the *Meleagris satyra* of Linnæus, and which has been lately separated by Cuvier, under the name of *Tragopan*. A third species was likewise added, from the collection, to the group of Enicurus (*E. maculata*) of Temminck, which has hitherto been considered as limited in range to the Indian Archipelago.

Dr. Smith, a most laborious naturalist at Cape Town, has also made additions to the zoology of that district, of a new species of the *Macroscelides*, as well as a new one of *Erinaceus*, and three species of the genus *Otis*, together with one of *Brachypteryx*. The first, *Macroscelides rupestris*, was found by Dr. Smith in the mountains near the mouth of the Orange River. In the genus *Otis*, the *O. Vigorsii* inhabits the most dry and barren situations in the south of Africa; the *O. ferox* is found in the country towards Latakoo; and the *O. Afraoides* is met with on the flats near the Orange River. The *Brachypteryx Horsfieldii* is met with on high rocky situations. Besides these additions, there are also sixteen specimens of fishes.

As might have been anticipated, the voyage of Captain King has been most productive in objects of natural history, more especially in ornithology; and this fasciculus contains descriptions of numerous new and interesting species from the Straits of Magellan: and altogether it forms an excellent epitome of the labours of the scientific committee of the Society.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair. The reading of Mr. Ivory's paper on the equilibrium of fluids, and the figure of a homogeneous planet in a fluid state, was resumed. Sir Martin Archer Shee, Knt. President of the Royal Academy, was proposed. Henry Percy Gordon, Esq. was admitted. Wm. John Blake, Esq. Christ Church, Oxford, was elected. Amongst the donations to the Society, was Professor Bessel's valuable Tables for astronomical reductions from 1750 to 1850.

At a preceding meeting a paper was read, of which the following is an abstract, entitled, "On the nature of negative and imaginary quantities," by Davies Gilbert, Esq., President.

The object of this paper, the author observes, is one that has given rise to much controversy, and has been wrapped in much unnecessary mystery. Paradoxes and apparent solecisms, when involved with facts and indubitable truths, will always be found, upon accurate examination, to be near the surface, and to owe their existence either to ambiguities of expression, or to the unperceived adoption of some extraneous additions or limitations into the compound terms employed for definition, and which are subsequently taken as constituent parts of their essence. The first misapprehension pointed out, is that of considering any quantity whatever as *negative per se*, and without reference to another opposed to it, which has previously been established as *positive*. In order to avoid preconceived associations of ideas, the author prefers employing in his reasonings on this subject, the symbols (a) and (b) to express this quality of opposition, rather than the usual ones of *plus* and *minus*. By the aid of this notation, he is enabled to present, in its full generalisation, the law of the signs in multiplication, a process which it is well known is founded solely upon the principle of ratios; and to shew that like signs invariably give the sign belonging to the assumed unity and universal antecedent of the ratios; and unlike signs the contrary.

Since either the one or the other of the arithmetical scales derived from the two unities is in itself equally affirmative, but negative with relation to the other, it follows, that by using the scale of (b), all even roots in the scale of (a) will become imaginary; and thus the apparent discrimination of the two scales is removed; so that the properties belonging to the two scales are interchangeable, and all formulæ become universally applicable to both, by changing the signs according to the side in which the universal antecedent is taken. Imaginary quantities, then, are merely creations of arbitrary definitions, endowed with properties at the pleasure of him who defines them; and the whole dispute respecting their essence turns upon the very point that has been contested, from the earliest times, between the hostile sects of realists and nominalists.

It is now, however, universally agreed, that all abstractions and generalisations are mere creatures of the reasoning faculty, existing no where but in the mind contemplating them. Such in algebra are the supposed even roots of a real quantity taken in the scale opposite to that which has given the universal antecedent; the sign indicating the extraction impossible to be performed, veils the real quantity, and renders it of no actual value until the sign is taken away by an involution the reverse of the supposed operation which the sign represents; although the quantity itself is in the meantime, by its arbitrary essence, made applicable to all the purposes for which real quantities are used in every kind of formula. Several illustrations of these views of the nature of imaginary quantities, occurring in logarithmic formulæ and series expressing circular arcs, are given by the author. By considering all quantity as affirmative *per se*, and admitting *plus* and *minus* merely as corrective terms, we thus succeed in banishing mystery and paradox from the science most powerful in eliciting truth, and where they ought least to find a place.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On Thursday, Henry Hallam, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The Secretary read a communication from John Gage, Esq., director, descriptive of the Bell Tower at the Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, with a document containing some curious particulars relative to the repairs of the tower in the time of Henry VI. An account was also read of a serious insurrection which took place shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., principally instigated by the monks. Also, an account of the entry of Henry VIII. into Lincoln, drawn up by a herald of the time.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Sir W. Ouseley in the chair:—The Society of Arts, Mr. Huttmann, and others, made donations to the Society. Two papers were read; the first was an account of a celebrated Arabic work, called the *Ichwan oos Suffa*, principally from the famous Syrian historian, Mar Gregorius Abul Faraj. This work is said to owe its existence to a society of seven learned Arabs, and to have formed one of at least fifty treatises on various branches of science, of which, including the present, only three now remain. It is a moral treatise, in the shape of an allegorical picture of human life. Lieut. Rowlandson communicated this essay. The second paper comprised a description of the marriage ceremonies of the Hindoos. It stated, that every man among them should have his daughter married by the time she is nine years of age; and that her marriage should, on no account, be deferred beyond her tenth year. The bridegroom should be at least three or four years older, and of the same caste. These ceremonies are conducted with more or less of magnificence, as suits the rank and means of the parties; but they frequently expend such immense sums on the marriage of their children, that the parents themselves are reduced to poverty and distress.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

We have at various times reported progress in what concerns this interesting Institution, and have now to add to the several appointments mentioned on preceding occasions, those of N. W. Senior, Esq. to the chair of political economy; J. J. Park, Esq. English law and jurisprudence; the Rev. Henry Moseley, natural and experimental philosophy; Joseph Lowe, Esq. lectureship of commerce; the Rev. J. R. Major, A.M. head master of the High School, attached to the upper department.

ECLECTIC SOCIETY.

On Tuesday, Dr. Uwins, V.P., in the chair. Dr. John Epps was elected Professor of Medicine to the Society. Dr. Uwins read his paper on "the poetical character, as connected with, and extending its influence over, intellectual and moral habits." It is impossible to do justice to this essay by any partial account of it. The Society's Professor of Botany, Mr. John Frost, gave his introductory lecture on that science. The meeting was numerously attended.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The King's Harriers in their Kennel. Painted by R. B. Davis; drawn on stone by J. W. Giles. Dickinson.

As admirable an animal conversazione as can

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be imagined; and exhibiting perfect familiarity with canine character. To judge by the various and vivacious expression, the talk (with the exception of two or three abstracted philosophers, who are probably meditating on their past *courses*), is of the most sprightly and interesting description. As a composition, it is highly creditable to Mr. Davis; and, with regard to its execution as a print, we may, availing ourselves of a vulgar phrase, say, that there are few lithographers who can "chalk beyond it."

Alexander Morison, Esq. M.D., President of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, 1829. From a painting by J. Irvine; on stone by M. Gauci. Dickinson.

THERE is a homogeneity in the features of this calm, reflecting, benevolent countenance, which satisfies us that it is a faithful resemblance.

The Smugglers Alarmed. Painted by John Knight; drawn on stone by Thomas Fairland. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co.

WE have already spoken with the praise which was its due, of Mr. Knight's exceedingly clever representation of one of those moments of agitation to which a life of lawless violence must be frequently subject. Mr. Fairland has transferred the scene to stone in a sketchy style, but with great spirit and success.

Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, at the Battle of Ascalon. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

ONE of Mr. Cooper's most animated productions. Nothing can be finer than the contrast between the characters and the modes of fighting of the English and the Saracenic monarchs; the former, perfectly erect in his saddle, his countenance breathing haughty defiance, his broad chest exposed, with no protection but the cross; his ponderous battle-axe raised aloft to the full extent of the swing of his brawny arm, and ready to descend with overwhelming force on his infidel antagonist: the latter not less brave, but more wily, conscious of his inferior strength, covering himself with his shield, endeavouring to sway his supple frame out of the reach of the stern foe, and anxiously watching for the moment when, with his keen rapier, he may successfully avail himself of his "trick of fence." The subordinate combatants, and the various incidents of the well-contested field, are also admirably represented. We do not think that mezzotinto is the most suitable style of engraving for such a subject; but we cannot withhold our applause of the great force and delicacy of execution exhibited by Mr. Giller.

Hogarth Moralised; a complete Edition of all the most admired and capital Works of William Hogarth; accompanied with concise and comprehensive Explanations of their Moral Tendency, by Dr. Trusler; an Introduction, and many additional Notes. Part I. Major.

FOR us to enter into any disquisition on the merits of the great comic painter of England, especially after the admirable character of him and of the creations of his genius, which has lately appeared from the able pen of Mr. Allan Cunningham, would indeed be a work of supererogation. Although the expression, and many of the circumstances of humorous and moral illustration, in the prints of Hogarth, must necessarily be deteriorated by any considerable reduction of size; yet much of interest must still remain; and those who are unable to procure the originals, will find even the smallest miniatures of them full of amusement and instruction. We are glad, therefore, to see the present revival of Dr. Trusler's publication, which we believe originally came forth in the year 1766. The doctor's descriptions, although occasionally rather verbose, are, upon the whole, satisfactory, and contain a great mass of elucidatory matter; to which the notes by the present editor promise to make a number of valuable additions. Several of the plates in this first part of the new publication (which is to be completed in four quarterly parts) are executed with great skill; and, with reference to them all, the wonder is, that so much of the spirit of Hogarth has been retained. To this the somewhat increased scale on which a few of the principal subjects have been engraved has contributed. We observe, from one of the notes, that it is intended, very judiciously, to prune Dr. Trusler's collection of a few subjects; among others, of the disgusting plates which represent "The Four Stages of Cruelty;" and to substitute some of Hogarth's posthumous productions.

The Pointer. Painted by M. T. Ward; the engraving commenced by J. Scott, finished by J. Webb. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE beg to return our personal thanks to Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, for having delayed bringing out this print until the month of January. Had it appeared in September, it would have been too tantalising to us, unfortunate critics, "in populous city pent." We should have been sadly tempted to throw down our pen, and take up our Manton; to exchange our inkstand for our shooting-belt; and to transfer ourselves, as rapidly as possible, from Wellington Street to the rich stubbles of some of the inland counties. A nobler creature than this "pointer," or one more eager, and at the same time more steady in the performance of his duty, we never saw, in brake or field. The attitude is perfect; the head, body, and limbs, are finely drawn; and the general effect of the engraving (with the exception of a little want of keeping in the back ground) is masterly and striking.

POETRY.

LINES ON CANNING'S FUNERAL.

By Lord Morpeth.

[*Extracted from Stapleton's Memoirs.*]

I STOOD beside his tomb—no choral strain
Peal'd through the aisle, above the mourning train;
But purer, holier, seemed to rise above
The silent sorrow of a people's love.

No banner'd scroll, no trophied car was there,
No gleaming arms, no torches' murky glare—
The plain and decent homage best defined
The simple tenour of his mighty mind.

His hard-earn'd, self-acquired, enduring fame
Needs not what wealth may buy, or birth may claim;
His worth, his deeds, no storied urns confine—
The page of England's glory is their shrine.

Are others wanting? Mark the dawn of peace
That gilds the struggle of regen'rate Greece—
On Lisbon's heights see Britain's flag unfurl'd,
See freedom bursting o'er an infant world!

Ask ye how some have loved, how all revere?
Survey the group that bend around his bier;
Read well the heaving breast, the stifled moan,
—Kings, with their kingdoms, could not win that groan!

DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

HAVING previously appeared in public at Vauxhall, and made the tour of the provinces, this week has been produced as an Olympic novelty, *The Chaste Salute*, of Mr. Planché; with this, Madame Vestris has nothing to do. Indeed, however great may be the exertions of which that lady is capable, or however it might conduce to the gratification of her admirers, it is too much to expect her to undergo the fatigue of four pieces every night. With regard to the burletta, we have only to remark that it furnished the means of introducing M. Spagnoletti to the public; but so deplorably was his part obliterated from his memory, as grievously to destroy the effect of the piece, and totally that of his *début*. A very clever little girl, a Miss Sidney, also made her first appearance and a far more favourable impression. She promises fair, and may, some of these days, attain a far higher degree of excellence; and is undoubtedly a great acquisition to the *corps dramatique*. Another new piece, *The Lost Son*, made its first essay; the success of which was insured by "putting the best *Foot* foremost."

VARIETIES.

Geological Memoirs.—Privy Counsellor Dr. Karsten, of Berlin, has begun a new series of his very valuable *Archiv für Bergbau und Hüttenwesen*, under the title *Archiv für Mineralogie, Geognosie, Bergbau und Huttenb-kunde*, or Archives of Mineralogy, Geology, Mining, and Metallurgy. The first Number contains, besides many other valuable papers, a geological description of the islands of Skye and Elgg.

Henry Mackenzie.—We have only room to say in this *Gazette*, that Henry Mackenzie, Esq., the venerable author of the *Man of Feeling*, died last week in Edinburgh, in his 86th year.

Greek Antiquities in India.—The Chevalier Ventura, formerly in the French army, and now a general in the service of Runjeet Singh, was encamped, in April last, near Manekiala, or Manicyala, where there are the ruins of a large city. The place is seventy-two miles east of the Indus, and thirty or forty west of the Jhylum or Hydaspes, in lat. 33° 23′ north, and long. 73° 15′ east. In Elphinstone's *Cabul*, the very remarkable stone cupola, on the top of a solid mound, which is believed by the natives to have been built by the gods, is described as bearing a much greater resemblance to Greek than to Hindoo architecture. General Ventura made an opening into the cupola, and, on digging three feet, he found six medals; and afterwards the workmen came to a chamber of hewn stone, twelve feet square. The excavation was continued to the depth of thirty-six feet, and another opening was afterwards made in the north side of the cupola, and more than eighty medals were found. Most of them were copper, but some were gold and silver. There were also other curiosities, rings, and boxes containing liquids. We understand that the chevalier intends to transmit an account of his praiseworthy labours and discoveries to the Asiatic Society. Perhaps this may be the site of some of the cities that were founded by Alexander or Seleucus in the dominions of Taxiles.—*Bengal Hurkaru.*

Asbestos.—In a communication recently made to the French Academy by M. Aldini, with reference to his fire-proof dresses, he states that some experiments, which have been made at Milan, seem to shew that gar-

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ments, composed of asbestos, will supersede the necessity of metallic dresses. A manufactory for asbestos cloth has already been established at Valleline; and a paper-maker has it in contemplation to employ it instead of cotton or linen in the fabrication of paper intended for theatrical scenery. Asbestos may be easily imported from Corsica, where it is found in great plenty, and of excellent quality. It exists also in several other countries of Europe, in which no use is at present made of it.

The Figurative.—Mr. O'Connell, in a letter to the people of Ireland, of the 14th, tells them "that Lord Anglesey carries on the political warfare more in the fashion of the savages of New Zealand than in the modes adopted by civilised nations." Who would have thought this, considering that the lord lieutenant had carried it on by *proclamations*; and in one case, by the interference of two police magistrates, proceeding under an act of parliament!!!

Mean Temperature of Twenty-eight different Places in the State of New York.

In 1826, the mean temperature of ten places was	49·4
1828, the mean temp. of twenty-three places was	49·09
1829, the mean temp. of twenty-eight places was	46·45
	Inches.
In 1826, the mean rain of nine places was	36·34
1828, the mean rain of twenty-five places was	36·74
1829, the mean rain of twenty-five places was	54·88
Mean	35·96

We ought to remark, that though not obtruded under our scientific head (in which we principally look to insert original matter), such varieties as this are of much importance to the physiologist.

Connexion of hard Water and Beer.—Hard water is found in many instances favourable to the manufacture of beer; the Barnstaple and Liverpool ales, which are considered excellent in quality, and some others, are brewed with hard water. The Derby malt, which is much used in Lancashire, is found to make better beer in that county than in Derbyshire; and it may be supposed that the Lancashire water, which generally contains much carbonate and sulphate of lime, occasions the difference. The river Trent has long been celebrated for the excellence of the ale made from its water; Burton, Nottingham, and the other towns which lie upon it, being famous for their malt liquor all over England. The river Trent is well known to run over calcareous strata in its course. The same brewer cannot, with the same malt, produce an equal beer in any other part of the kingdom.

Antiquities.—In making excavations at Turin, for the purpose of erecting some new houses in the square Emmanuel-Philibert, an ancient and pretty extensive edifice has been discovered,—elegant, and magnificently ornamented, and of which there is nothing to indicate the original destination. The pavement is composed of slabs of the finest marble, skilfully united. Two tumulary stones announce, by the two inscriptions which are engraved upon them, that *Scudo* had prepared one of these tombs for himself, and the other for his wife *Cristes*. These names, and the shape of the letters of the inscription, characterise the second century of the Christian era. A great number of medals have also been found: the oldest are of the date of the Emperor Constantine. But what is much more important for archæology and architecture, is the discovery of the foundations of the walls which formed the boundary of Turin in the ninth century. The quality of the materials, and the mode of construction, are similar to those of the ancient palatine port, now Tours (*le Torri*). This monument, due no doubt to the Lombard dukes, who resided at Turin from the seventh to the eighth centuries, is the finest ruin which remains in Italy, or in Europe, of the profane architecture of that period, when the art, then in its decay, knew no other law than a capricious license.—*Gazette Piémontaise.*

Singular Phenomenon.—Before the Artesian wells were in use, the inhabitants of Thairi, in Savoy, wishing to procure water, dug, in 1825, a well in that commune. They could not find a sufficiently abundant source for their wants; but in default of water, this well, by a curious singularity, exhibits all the variations of the atmosphere, and almost obviates the necessity of a barometer to indicate the weather. If the vicinity of Thairi is menaced with hail or snow, an impetuous wind rushes from it like a torrent, which carries with it stones and pieces of rock, and the wind lasts as long as the snow or hail is likely to fall, and indicates the quantity. When this wind ceases after a slight breeze, a south-east wind is about to manifest itself. When the wind rushes from it suddenly, in a single gust and with violence, it indicates an approaching storm. When the weather is fine, and the north wind dominates, the well is tranquil, and the air is in a state of stagnation. Several naturalists, attracted by these marvellous effects, have sought to explain the cause of them; and the academical bodies and the men of science of Turin, Chamberri, and Grenoble, have visited the spot, and, by various experiments, established the fact that the well possesses the properties here attributed to it.—*La Voleur.*

Direction of the Diluvial Waves in the Shetland Islands.—From an inspection of the mass of clay and transported boulders, which lie dispersed over the Shetland islands, Dr. Hibbert has given it as his opinion, that the great currents which deluged the British islands, as well as some parts of the continent, had, in these islands, a north-easterly origin, or a south-westerly direction. Our notions of the geological deluge, as connected with the upraising of mountain chains, would lead us to a very different system of research, and a much more extended inquiry, than that which has been pursued by the learned author in this otherwise curious generalisation.

New Species of Natural not Oxyded Combinations of Antimony and Arsenic.—Professor Henry Rose, of Berlin, in the 15th vol. of Poggendorf's *Annalen der Physic und Chemie*, has given the analysis of several minerals as belonging to this class of substances. Tinkenite, from the Walfaberg, in the eastern Harz; Miargyrite, or the hemiprismatic rubyblende of Mohs, from Braunsdorff, in Saxony; Jamesonite, from Cornwall; plumose, gray antimony (federerz), from Wolfsberg, in the eastern Harz, in capillary crystals; red silver, a light variety from Ivachimethal in Bohemia; brittle silver glance, from Shemnitz, in Hungary, crystallised in six-sided prisms; bournonite, from the Pfaffenberg mine, in the eastern Harz; polynesite, a new species, from Guarisameg, in Mexico, and Morgenstein, in Saxony; gray copper, or fahlerz, from the mines of Alsace, Freiberg, Hungary, Nassau, Clausthal, &c.; and lastly, nickeliferous, gray antimony.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. IV. Jan. 22.*]

A Panorama of Constantinople and its Environs, from Sketches taken on the spot by J. Pitman, Esq.—A Topographical and Statistical Description of the British Dominions in North America, including Observations on Landgranting and Emigration, &c., by Colonel Bouchette.—Leigh's Guide for Travellers through Wales and Monmouthshire, with Map, &c.—The Siege of Constantinople, a Poem, in three Cantos, by Nicholas Michell.—The Anti-Materialist, or a Manual for Youth, by the Rev. R. Warner, F.S.A. &c. author of "Literary Recollections," &c. &c.—Parts I. and II. of a Translation from the German, of the Anatomical Atlas of Dr. M. J. Weber, Professor at Bonn.—The Welsh Interpreter, containing a concise Vocabulary and useful Phrases, on the plan of Blagdon's French Interpreter, by Mr. Roberts, of Llwynrhudol.—Framlingham, a Narrative of the Castle, Historical and Descriptive; a Poem, by James Bird, author of "the Vale of Slaughden," &c. &c.—Examples in Algebra, by the Rev. W. Foster, M.A.—A Refutation of Mr. Palgrave's Remarks on the Observations on the State of Historical Literature; together with additional Facts relative to the Record Commission and the Record Offices, by Nicholas Harris Nicolas.—The Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, and the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward the Fourth, with original Memoir of Elizabeth of York, by the Same.—A Help to Professing Christians, by the Rev. John Barr.—Mr. Payne, author of "an Exposition of Jacotot's System," has in the press the Epitome Historiæ Sacræ, adapted by a literal English Translation, &c. to Jacotot's method of instruction; and also a Manual for those who wish either to teach or learn Latin by this plan.—Agapæ, or the Sacred Love-pledge, by Mrs. Lachlan.—The following is a list of the contents of the forthcoming Number of the Quarterly Review:—The Political Economists—Mr. Southey's Lives of Uneducated Poets—Dymond on the Principles of Morality—Origin of the Homeric Poems—Moore's Life of Byron—the Military and Mob of Paris—Present State of the Country.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

January.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 13	From 30. to 38.	30.02 to 30.04
Friday ···· 14	—— 30. — 40.	30.08 Stationary
Saturday·· 15	—— 28. — 33.	29.94 — 29.82
Sunday···· 16	—— 27. — 34.	29.76 — 29.73
Monday ·· 17	—— 30. — 43.	29.59 — 29.54
Tuesday ·· 18	—— 31. — 46.	29.52 — 29.56
Wednesday 19	—— 33. — 47.	29.59 — 29.61

Wind variable, S.E. prevailing.

Except the evening of the 17th and morning of the 18th, overcast with rain at times.

Rain fallen, ·275 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude····· 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. December 1830.

Thermometer—Highest	46·00°
Lowest	9·75
Mean	32·54032
Barometer—Highest	30·19
Lowest	28·65
Mean	29·03784

Number of days of rain or snow, 13.

Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 1·695.

Winds.—7 East—4 West—1 North—0 South—6 North-east—1 South-east—5 South-west—7 North-west.

General Observations.—The mean of the barometer was lower than any one in December during the journalist's residence in Wycombe, and the range of the thermometer greater than in the same month for the last eight years; while the mean was lower, excepting in the last year, than any in the corresponding month for the same period: of the quantity of rain and melted snow the like report must be made as of the mean of the thermometer. Snow fell on the 12th, 15th, 22d, 24th, and 27th—the whole quantity not more than 2¼ inches. On the night of the 11th a beautiful aurora borealis was seen for several hours: about 1 A.M. on the following morning it assumed the form of a brilliant arch, surmounted by a brown tint, which faded away into a silvery light, something resembling that afforded by the moon before she appears above the horizon—a deeper brown colour filled up the space beneath the luminous arch. Another, but very faint, aurora was observed on the 15th. Lunar halos seen on the nights of the 23d, 24th, and 26th—that on the latter night was remarkably bright, and well defined. The evaporation 0·0625 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To our respectable correspondent at Norwich we beg to say, that it is hardly our province to correct the blunders of any of our contemporaries. We are surprised that he expected any thing else in the quarter alluded to. The tissue of absurdity and error purporting to be a sketch of Cardinal Weld, is below notice.

M. N. will find a letter at our Office.

We can have nothing to say to K.'s lines to Henri.

ERRATUM.—In our account of Mr. Deville's lecture at the Society of Arts last week, p. 41, col. 1, third line from bottom, *for* "posted," *read* "frosted."

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JOHN WILSON, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The Council hereby give Notice, that Alexander Blair, LL.D. Professor of English Philology, Rhetoric, and English Literature, will commence his Course of Rhetoric, on Monday the 24th of January, at Half-past Two o'Clock.

A Lecture will be delivered every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at the same Hour, to the end of the Session.

Dr. Lardner's Popular Course of Eighteen Lectures, on Mechanics and Hydrostatics, will commence on Monday the 24th of January, at Half-past Seven in the Evening, and will be continued on Mondays and Thursdays, at the same Hour.

The Annual Course of Lectures on Political Economy, by Professor Macculloch, will commence on Wednesday the 2d of February, at Half-past Ten o'Clock, and will be continued every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, at the same Hour to the end of the Session.

For further Particulars apply at the Office of the University.

18th January, 1831. LEONARD HORNER, Warden.

N.B. The London University Calendar, published by Mr. Taylor, No. 30, Upper Gower Street, and to be had of all other Booksellers, contains a very full account of each Professor's Course of Lectures, and of the whole plan of the University.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the late Captain Hugh Crow, of Liverpool; comprising a Narrative of his Life, together with descriptive Sketches of the Western Coast of Africa, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 316. London, 1830, Longman and Co.; Liverpool, G. and J. Robinson.

THE gallant Captain Hugh *Crow*, whose portrait, with a *cock* in his right eye, (lithographed by William *Crane*, and of course a bird's-eye view,) and a telescope in his right hand, does honour to this volume, by standing frontispiece in stone, is neither related to the equestrian Du-Crow, nor to the Margate navigator, the renowned Captain Crow, celebrated by Peter Pindar for insisting on his passengers being sea-sick, with all the privileges of that disorder. On the contrary, he is, or rather was, himself alone, a right-earnest, unflinching, though considerate and humane, slave trader; one of the most successful from the port of Liverpool: and his executors have published these his memoirs, to shew that the devil is not so black as he is painted, nor the traffic in negroes so very horrible as it is represented.

To be sure we are startled a trifle by the bold propositions here advanced; but when we go into the details, we are forced to own that there is no cause upon which something may not be said on both sides. Indeed, Captain Crow, to use a common saying, has taken the bull by the horns; and those who are influenced by his statements and arguments will be apt to think that British humanity might be as well employed in alleviating the distress of the suffering lower orders, the starving peasantry and mechanics at home, as in roaming to the coast of Africa in quest of objects on which to expend the laudable feelings of philanthropy. It may be urged, that both are entitled to Christian sympathy and relief: but again the reply is, the greater charity lies at your own door and before your own eyes; perform what it demands, and then let your spirit of universal benevolence pervade the earth, from Indus to the pole. But, remember, your duty is to attend to your poor neighbours, to your parish paupers, to your ill-clothed, ill-warmed, ill-fed countrymen, *first*; watch and witness the comfort you can administer to them, and allot, if your conscience dictates it, any surplus proportion of your wealth to alleviate the remoter miseries of mankind.

But we are not going to preach the homily thus enforced by Captain Crow, and we are neither obliged to see with his eye nor his telescope. Our affair is to make his volume fairly known; and for this, a few extracts from the adventures it details, and a few more from the opinions it expresses as the result of much experience in "slaving," will suffice.

Captain Crow began his career as a sea-boy, to "rock on the high and giddy mast," and to endure more hardships when below; but his good conduct raised him gradually to the command of several fine vessels engaged in the slave trade, till his career was closed by act of parliament. Previous to his engaging on the African coast and the West Indies, he performed some voyages to the north seas and elsewhere, the perils attendant upon which remind us of the striking stories of our elder sailors in their little venturous barks. But we leave these, and commence our quotations with a Transatlantic anecdote.

"That the credulity of some of the Americans is equal to that of any other nation, the following fact will exemplify. One night, in the house of a respectable person in Charleston, I overheard a conversation relative to my native island, to which I naturally paid every attention. One of the speakers expressed his assurance that the Isle of Man turned right round every seven years; and that unless a fire were kept burning in it night and day, it would certainly sink! This relation excited much wonder and amazement amongst the company, and I was not a little amused to find so romantic an idea of my native land entertained in a foreign country."

In a voyage to Memel, in 1785, we have the following description of a curious piscatory scene.

"One morning during a calm, when near the Hebrides, all hands were called up at three in the morning to witness a battle between several of the fish called *thrashers* and some *sword-fish* on one side, and an enormous *whale* on the other. It was in the middle of summer, and the weather being clear, and the fish close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the contest. As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water, the thrashers springing several yards into the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their rancour, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their tails, the sound of which resembled the reports of muskets fired at a distance. The sword-fish, in their turn, attacked the distressed whale, stabbing him from below; and thus beset on all sides and wounded, when the poor creature appeared, the water around him was dyed with blood. In this manner they continued tormenting and wounding him for many hours, until we lost sight of him; and I have no doubt they, in the end, accomplished his destruction."

We must now skip twelve years. Sailing from Dominica to England, the captain relates a little nigger tale.

"We had on board a fine black boy, brought from Bonny, named 'Fine Bone,' about fifteen years of age. When we got further north, the cold began to pinch him severely; and being very fond of me, he one morning came shivering to the side of my cot, and said, 'Massa Crow, something bite me too much, and me no can see 'im; and me want you give me some wash mouth, and two mouth tacken.' I knew that 'wash mouth' meant a dram; and he soon gave me to understand, by getting hold of my drawers, what he meant by 'two mouth tacken.' I furnished the poor fellow with the needful, and as he had shoes, stockings, and jacket before, he was quite made up."

Our author's principal port for slaving was Bonny; and his accounts of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, even after all that has since been published about the Africans, are often extremely characteristic. For instance:

"While at Bonny a distressing ceremony took place, which occasioned some delay in the shipment of our cargo. It was the custom there, once in seven years, to sacrifice a virgin, of fifteen or sixteen years of age, as a propitiatory offering to Boreas, the god of the north wind. For some weeks previous to the sacrifice, the female selected is led through the town, attended by numbers of priests, visiting every house, rich and poor, and whatever she fancies is immediately granted her. When the poor creature is satisfied with her booty, and (strange infatuation!) expresses her willingness to die, she is placed, with all the articles she has collected, into a large canoe, and taken to a place about twenty miles from the town, where, together with her booty, she is thrown into the sea by the priests, and is instantly devoured by the sharks. While the preparations for a repetition of this sacrifice were going on, I made repeated endeavours to persuade the great men and priests to abandon their cruel intention; but, unhappily, my expostulations were in vain, and another young woman was added to the list of those who had fallen victims to the ignorance and superstition of their tribe. The painful impression made on my mind by this barbarous ceremony was yet fresh, when a Quaw chief, being taken in battle, was sent from the interior to King Pepple, and the great men at Bonny, to be eaten at a grand feast. In this instance, too, I did my utmost to dissuade the king and the priests from their horrible purpose, and I offered them the price of three slaves to save the life of the captive, who was a fine-looking man. Neither arguments nor money, however, could avert his fate. He was put to death; and those who had feasted on his body, afterwards boasted of the delicious treat they had enjoyed. * *

"During my stay at Bonny on this trip, a dreadful catastrophe took place in the harbour. Amongst twelve or fourteen sail of vessels that lay in the river, was the ship Bolton, of Liverpool. She had on board about a hundred and twenty negroes; and these men, not being properly guarded, contrived to free themselves in the night from their irons, and, rising upon the officers and crew, they took possession of the ship. Unfortunately, the trade powder, in quantity about two hundred barrels, was stowed in the fore peak, and to this the insurgents, in their rage for mischief, soon found access. At daylight, by which time the circumstance became known, the several masters of the vessels in the river held a meeting to determine how the ship and cargo might be redeemed. The result was, that I and some others were appointed to go on board the Bolton, and endeavour, if possible, to save the blacks from that destruction to which, in their ignorance, they were so fearfully exposed. They con-

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sisted chiefly of Quaws, a most desperate race of men. Before we got on board they had brought up many barrels of the gunpowder, which they had started and spread all loose between decks. It would have been madness for any of us to go below amongst them, for a single spark thrown by one of them amongst the powder, would have involved us in instant destruction. We prevailed upon a few Eboes to leave the vessel; and these, with all the women, were taken on board of some of the other ships. The Quaws were deaf to all our entreaties and warnings, until towards evening, when a number of them also gave themselves up, observing, probably, the danger to which they were exposed. The ringleaders, however, to the number of about a dozen, obstinately remained amongst the loose powder, so that no one had the hardihood to venture amongst them. In this situation they remained until the afternoon of the next day, when we observed the ship to be on fire; and as she was the headmost vessel in the river, we manned all our boats, in order, if possible, to tow her off, lest she might fall amongst us. We had been but a few minutes in the boats, when, with all the unfortunate creatures on board of her, she blew up with a tremendous explosion. I was in our boat with eight or nine of my best men, and only about a hundred yards from her, when the catastrophe occurred; and such was the violence of the shock, that the poor fellows fell down in the bottom of the boat. The smoke, the pieces of the wreck, the clothes, and other articles of trade, that flew about in every direction, presented a scene truly awful. Several of the latter fell into our boat, and many articles were afterwards found blown as far as the town of Bonny. After this misfortune, it became necessary to be more watchful of the blacks, and particularly of the Quaws, who, instigated by the example of their insurgent countrymen, had already begun to exhibit an impatience of restraint."

On another occasion his ship was on fire, but fortunately the explosion was prevented. He says:

"I shall never forget the scene that followed the suppression of the flames. When I got on deck, the blacks, both men and women, clung round me in tears; some taking hold of my hands, others of my feet, and all, with much earnestness and feeling, thanking Providence for our narrow escape, —an expression of gratitude in which, I assure the reader, I heartily joined them. On this passage, I witnessed a remarkable instance of animal sagacity and affection. As I before mentioned, we had several monkeys on board: they were of different species and sizes; and amongst them was a beautiful little creature, the body of which was about ten inches or a foot in length, and about the circumference of a common drinking glass. It was of a glossy black, excepting its nose and the end of its tail, which were as white as snow. This interesting little animal, which, when I received it from the governor of the island of St. Thomas, diverted me by its innocent gambols, became afflicted by the malady which yet unfortunately prevailed in the ship. It had always been a favourite with the other monkeys, who seemed to regard it as the last-born, and the pet of the family; and they granted it many indulgences which they seldom conceded one to another. It was very tractable and gentle in its temper, and never, as spoiled children generally do, took undue advantage of this partiality towards it, by becoming peevish and headstrong. From the moment it was taken ill, their attention and care of it were redoubled; and it was truly affecting and interesting to see with what anxiety and tenderness they tended and nursed the little creature. A struggle frequently ensued amongst them for priority in these offices of affection; and some would steal one thing and some another, which they would carry to it untasted, however tempting it might be to their own palates. Then they would take it gently up in their fore paws, hug it to their breasts, and cry over it as a fond mother would over her suffering child. The little creature seemed sensible of their assiduities; but it was wofully overpowered by sickness. It would sometimes come to me, and look me pitifully in the face, and moan and cry like an infant, as if it besought me to give it relief; and we did every thing we could think of to restore it to health; but in spite of the united attentions of its kindred tribe and ourselves, the interesting little creature did not long survive."

With this we shall close our miscellaneous quotations, which will shew that there is considerable interest and entertainment to be found in these pages; and proceed, as we proposed, to give two or three extracts relative to the slave trade and its abolition, according to the views of Captain Crow, whose last voyage was performed just in time to witness the end.

"It had been (he tells us) reported to the chiefs and the natives, by the captains who preceded me, that I commanded the last ship that would sail to Bonny for negroes. My friend King Holiday consequently repaired on board as soon as we arrived, to inquire if the intelligence were true. We had, as might be expected, a long palaver on the subject, in the course of which the king expressed himself, as nearly as I can remember, in the following terms:—'Crow!' he remarked, 'you and me sabby each other long time, and me know you tell me true mouth (speak truth); for all captains come to river tell me you king and you big mans stop we trade; and 'spose dat true, what we do? for you sabby me have too much wife, it be we country fash, and have too much child, and some may turn big rogue man, all same time we see some bad white man for some you ship, and we hear too much white man grow big rogue for you country. But God make you sabby book and make big ship—den you sen you bad people much far for other country, and we hear you hang much people, and too much man go dead for you warm (war). But God make we black' (here the poor fellow shed tears), 'and we no sabby book, and we no havy head for make ship for sen we bad mans for more country; and we law is, 'spose some of we child go bad and we no can sell 'em, we father must kill dem own child; and 'spose trade be done, we force kill too much child same way. But we tink trade no stop, for all we Jew-Jew-man' (the priests) 'tell we so—for dem say you country no can niber pass God A'mighty.' The last words he repeated several times; and the reader, it is presumed, will find his remarks not altogether destitute of sense and shrewdness."

At Kingston, whither he went with his cargo, he adds:—

"The consequences of the abolition of the African trade appeared to me then, and appear now to be, pernicious not only to individuals, but to England at large. Besides other advantages, it was a nursery for our seamen, as well as a benefit to our West India colonies. How, indeed, could England rear and maintain those men who are to defend the state, were it not for her colonies. But for the employment which they afford, we should be as destitute of defence as the Africans themselves. If the pretenders to humanity have a mind to do good, let them first begin at home: let them look to Ireland, which is in a most deplorable state of slavery and disaffection—for which no politician has yet discovered an adequate remedy. It may be added, that when the African trade was abolished, many fine young men, being thrown out of employment, entered into the American service, and there is no doubt were afterwards employed to fight against the country that gave them birth, their prospects at home being entirely blighted. It was on a Sunday morning when I landed at Kingston; and I found a number of my old shipmates (blacks), all neatly dressed, waiting on the wharf to receive me: some of them took hold of my hands; and the general expressions of welcome and good will were — 'God bless massa! How massa do dis voyage? we hope massa no fight 'gen dis time.' While they thus congratulated me on my arrival, a wag, one of their own party, jeeringly exclaimed—'Who be dis Captain Crow you all sabby so much?' And my black friends replied, 'What dat you say, you black negro? Ebery dog in Kingston sabby Captain Crow, and you bad fellow for no sabby him;' with which they fell a beating him with so little ceremony, that I was obliged in good nature to interfere. I rather suspect this was a joke contrived among them when they saw me coming on shore; for the blacks have craft and sport sufficient for a frolic of the kind. Be this as it may, I was not a little gratified by their friendly visit."

And, in conclusion—

"As I have in the course of my narrative made frequent allusions to the unfortunate slaves, lest my remarks be misconstrued, I owe it to myself here to disclaim being a friend to slavery. God forbid that I should favour a system through which my fellow-creatures should suffer any species of oppression, hardship, or injustice! I consider that the abolitionists have not understood the subject, and that their measures have done nothing towards the real abatement of slave-dealing in Africa. They have, in fact, as I have before remarked, transferred the whole of the trade into the hands of other nations, who carry it on with extreme cruelty. In the course of my remarks, I have viewed the abstraction of slaves from Africa to our colonies as a necessary evil, under existing circumstances. I may be mistaken on this point; but I am convinced, nevertheless, from what I have observed, that the negro slaves of the West Indies are generally happier there than when they lived as slaves in their own country, subject to the cruelties and caprice of the inland chiefs, and living in a savage state; and, for my own part, were slavery to be my lot, I would rather be a black slave in the West Indies than a white one at home; for there is no comparison between the comforts of the one and those of the other. Think, for instance, of the poor fishermen during the winter season—some of the greatest slaves in existence. Think of the miserable beings employed in our coal-pits, and in our iron, lead, and copper mines—toiling under ground in unwholesome air, which is constantly liable to fatal explosions! Think of all the men, women, and children, confined by hundreds in heated factories, their health rapidly wasting, and their earnings scarce sufficient to keep soul and body together! Think of other slavish employments—often under masters quite as arbitrary and unfeeling as the planters! Think of the thousands who are

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rotting in jails for petty offences, to which many of them are driven by want and starvation! Think of the thousands that have been imprisoned, ruined, for killing a paltry hare or a partridge! Think of the wretched Irish peasantry! Think of the crowded workhouses; and do not forget to think of poor Jack, who, after devoting himself to a life of toil and danger in a vocation to which his country owes much of her prosperity, is dragged by the hair of his head to shed the blood of his fellow-creatures at the hazard of his own life; or, perhaps, to wear out an embittered existence in foreign stations, far from those who are nearest and dearest to his affections! Let the reader contrast these things with the general comfortable condition of the negroes in the West Indies, and he will have no difficulty in pronouncing to which side (the black slave or the white) the balance of happiness preponderates. It is clear that, from the various natures, dispositions, talents, and energies, of men, there must exist in every society a mixture of rich and poor, and that slavish occupations will necessarily fall to the lot of those who are incapable or undeserving of higher employments. This is a dispensation of that wise Providence that rules over all; and I will, in conclusion, venture to affirm, while I deplore the fact, that the genuine friends of humanity who are not hoodwinked by prejudice or ignorance, or blinded by self-interest, will find that slavery in its essence exists at home as well as abroad."

But all our readers now sabby as much of dis Captain Crow as "ebery dog in Kingston" did, or, at least, as we can make them sabby; and so we must hold no more palaver. He has gone to his account, where slave-dealers and abolitionists alike must go; and where that Being who alone can search the human heart, will judge of their motives as well as their actions.*

Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., M.R.S.L. With medallion Portraits. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. E. Bull.

CLOSE as is the connexion between the history of Italian and English poetry, it is extraordinary that no one, before the reverend author of these Lives, should have turned his attention to the biographies of the Italian poets. The subject is certainly far from wanting sufficient interest, as Mr. Stebbing himself observes in the preface to his work. "Many of the Italian poets lived in times when genius conferred upon its possessors rank and influence, as well as fame: others had to pass through vicissitudes, with which it is always instructive and animating to see the human mind virtuously and successfully struggling; and all of them had a deep and enthusiastic veneration for their art, which renders their career worthy of the constant observation and imitation of literary men of other ages and countries. * * * Italy was the cradle of modern learning; and to her poets we owe, in great measure, its present diffusion among the people of Europe." Nor can the neglect of this amusing and instructive subject be attributed to the want of materials to work upon, since few nations have bestowed so much care upon their literary history as the Italians. The history of Italian literature by Tiraboschi, as well as his minor historical works, are a most valuable fund of information; whilst the scrupulous correctness of Zeno, and the Herculean undertaking of Mazzuchelli, shew with what zeal it has been attempted to do away with the fables introduced, either by ignorance or party spirit, into the biographical accounts of the most illustrious of their poets. Our lively neighbours, who are not very apt to overvalue the merit of foreigners, possess a pleasing, although rather spiritless and tame, work on the subject, in the history of Ginguené, who was, however, prevented by death from completing it. M. Sismondi, the historian of the Italian republics, has written a very valuable essay on the history of Italian literature, which forms the best part of his *Literature of the South of Europe*, well known to the English reader through the translation of Mr. Roscoe, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that it was well done. But of original works on the subject in this country, we believe Mr. Stebbing's to be the first.

We are glad of it; for whilst it is very doubtful whether the task would have been executed as well by any other hand, it is most probable that it would have interfered with the publication of the volumes before us; it being one of the consequences of an indifferent work to deter others from writing a good one on the same subject. The reverend author has bestowed particular attention on facts, without being too dry and tedious; and when he indulges in critical remarks, he does so in a very easy and unpretending manner, without pedantry or flippancy. Take, for instance, the following remarks on the state of literature and the social station of literary men after the middle ages.

"Learning, at its revival, like all other novelties, was an object of wonder and admiration. It was a new sun in the moral hemisphere; and even those who could not understand either whence it derived its brightness, or in what its precise glory consisted, were led to regard the elect few who understood its mysteries, with veneration, and even awe. The ability to trace back the course of things to ages the most remote—to describe the manners of generations that had, till now, been swept away from men's memories—to bring back even the mighty spirits of the olden time, and reveal what they thought and saw in the days of inspiration: this was, indeed, a wonderful power to people who had not been made familiar with such things by the universal diffusion of books and knowledge—and those who exercised it were not unworthy of the high honour which they received. They were, many of them, believed to have the faculty of changing the course of nature—of foretelling events, and making the powers of other worlds obedient to their will. But the admiration which this belief acquired for them with the vulgar, was not so high as that which they deserved for what they did in reality. They exercised a magic, but it was that which the Providence of heaven had taught them; and, instead of merely commanding the spirits of the deep to do their temporary bidding, they bound them in the everlasting bonds of truth and science."

There is one particular merit in these Lives, viz. the total absence of acrimony and ill-nature towards any person; a charitable disposition to excuse men's faults, without attempting, however, to conceal them; and a very mild tone in reprobating human frailties. Of this, as well as of the powers of the author in forming an estimate of the character of his personages, let the following be an example. It is taken from the life of Petrarch.

"The writings of Petrarch are so replete with intimations respecting the situation of his mind—the working of his thoughts—the conflicts he was continually waging with his inclinations, that no one, perhaps, ever passed from the earth leaving so many materials with posterity for judging of his character. And with these before us, our reasons for admiring it seem to multiply every time we renew the examination. Beneath his passion for fame we can discover more deeply seated the love of country,—the ambition to see it free and happy,—and the resolution to speak in its cause when all other tongues faltered, or were silent. When yielding to inclinations which ought to have been suppressed in their origin, the error was followed neither by indifference nor a wish to justify it, but by painful struggles to overcome temptation in the future, and by a deep and earnest penitence. With the little weaknesses to which an occasional outbreaking of personal vanity exposed him, we may fairly contrast that love of solitude which so often led him from the world, where he might have been loaded every day of his life with the incense of flattery; that noble and sedate contemplativeness, which gave him an elevation of thought and spirit scarcely reached by any of his contemporaries; and that ingenuous and ready acknowledgment of error, which made him despise the little arts of concealment and perversion, to which inferior and less virtuous minds have recourse. He was, in short, human, and prone to some of the most dangerous of human passions; but he at the same time possessed the qualities that make the word humanity a synonyme for all that is most gracious and amiable in nature."

These will be sufficient specimens of the high merit of these volumes, to recommend them to the perusal of those who take an interest in the progress of civilisation throughout Europe, since the thirteenth century: it began with Dante, whose biography is the first in Mr. Stebbing's work. A few slight mistakes, not worth noticing, will no doubt be corrected in a future edition of these Lives, which we expect soon. We think that an additional volume, containing the biographies of a few more poets of less note, but yet of great merit, would prove acceptable to the public. We should like to see the lives of Molza, Caro, and a few others of their times, added to those already written by Mr. Steb-

* As our worthy anti-slavery friends will, no doubt, have a Crow to pick with the author, we think it right to add, as a note, the latest intelligence from the slave-coast. It is vastly important to the unprejudiced observer.

On the 22d of last August, the Primrose, anchored in the Bay of Loango, heard that the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Brazilians, had destroyed all their forts, &c. on the southern coast, and had entirely given up slaving there. The King of Loango having brought down to the coast sixty slaves, and finding no vessels there, very coolly ordered them to be butchered, as he could not afford to feed them. The place where these unfortunate people suffered is not far from the beach, and was visited by the officers of the Primrose, who saw their white bleached bones lying on the face of a hill. This place is the most civilised part of the southern coast! the natives speaking broken English, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch. The king has two sons grown up; and if physiognomy is good for any thing, they might be Christianised, and prove a blessing to that part of barbarous Africa. The Lady Combermere, a British (Liverpool) trader, was lying there. The king and chiefs are very much dissatisfied at the abolition of slavery; but the idea they have of King Billy, the name they give to our king, is rather curious. They say, "Suppose King Billy tell Spaniard, France, Portuguese, and Dutchman, for no slave—he no slave! O, he one man too big!" The abolition of slavery is the abolition of war, for slaves cannot be obtained unless by fighting. This man can procure *fifteen hundred slaves every ten days!* and actually offered to supply the Primrose. On the 4th of last September the Primrose sailed from Prince's Island, and on the 7th captured the celebrated slave-ship Velos Passagera, in twelve minutes. The Velos is larger than the Athol, having five feet greater breadth of beam on her main deck, mounting twenty guns, and with a crew of 150 men. The Primrose lost three killed and twelve wounded; and the Velos lost forty-three killed and twenty wounded. The Velos had 555 slaves on board, and is the largest slaver ever taken. The action between her and the Primrose was the first single action fought since the accession of our present king, and is certainly one of the most gallant things on record—the fighting force of the Velos being more than double that of the Primrose.

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bing; and we would advise him not to forget Goldoni, Monti, Pindemonte, or Cesarotti, among the modern poets of Italy.

Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael, &c. By James Grant, Esq. of Corrimony. 8vo. pp. 456. London, Underwood; Smith, Elder, and Co.

Identity of the Religions called Druidical and Hebrew, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 125. London, J. Nimmo; Edinburgh, Blackwood; Dublin, Curry and Co.

The Scottish Gael, &c. By James Logan. 2 vols. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co. (Third notice: conclusion.)

We have classed these works together on account of their analogy, though the two former have been published some time, and the last was reviewed in recent Nos. of our Journal. They all discuss interesting subjects, and, whatever theories they support, are well worthy of the attention of antiquaries. Mr. Grant contends, that the original inhabitants of all the British Islands were universally the descendants of the great Gallic nations, whose migrations tended westward from Asiatic regions; and that, therefore, Celti, Gael, Cwmri, Wael, &c. &c., are only branches of the same stock. The author is also a decided believer in the authenticity of Ossian's poems, and warmly recommends a literal translation of these wonderful ancient compositions. The volume, altogether, contains a vast quantity of very curious matter, of high interest to the antiquary, philologist, and grammarian, and of hardly less interest to the general reader; and another grand recommendation is, that the subjects of which it treats are so peculiarly British. Many of our countrymen may view with comparative disregard the deciphering of monuments which record the ancient dynasties of Egypt or of Greece, and their exploits; but no one can investigate the earliest events that mark the history of their own progenitors, without feelings of an order in which it delights the intelligent being to indulge.

The chief object of the smaller volume is to shew, by an examination of the different rites among the Druids and Hebrews—such as grove worship, the adoration of the oak, the circular form of their temples, the raising up of lithoi, cairns, vestal fires, the worship of the serpent and bull, &c. &c.—the close relation between these two religions. The writer also points out the connexion between the Hebrew and the Egyptian, Canaanite, Carthaginian, Armenian, Persian, Arabian, Chaldean, Etruscan, Umbrian, Indian, Grecian, and Roman rites. Now, though a certain family likeness has prevailed among the earlier religions, emanating, as they ever did and ever will, from the same great principles in human nature—the absolute necessity of fear and love; we must say the author fails to convince us that the mild and open religion of the patriarchs was essentially the same with the cruel and mysterious faith of the Druids. Without entering into discussion with him, however, as we are about to take a more general view of the question, we shall content ourselves with observing, that this clever essay is the first literary production from the London University, to which society the young student has dedicated his performance.

But, upon consulting all the best authorities (and many of them very difficult of access), we think we may adopt the following opinions—setting out with the great groundwork, that Chaldea is the cradle of our species, and the parent country of the arts and sciences. If Chaldea, then, be the central country of mankind, the radii that have emanated from that centre must retain marks of affinity which can never be totally effaced.

As the grand dispersion and migration most probably took place at the confusion of tongues, it is natural to suppose that a great change would be occasioned, in proportion as strange countries and new climates became inhabited. It would appear that language suffered a material alteration, since, as new notions and ideas arose and became complex, words expressive of them, compounded by the union of monosyllables and their radices, variously pronounced, must have been formed. But the master features of resemblance were not destroyed, since they are perceptible in every known language: hence, we may infer, that the confusion of tongues was no other than different modes of pronunciation; and, indeed, in almost all the leading characteristics by which nations can be distinguished, most particularly in religion, striking marks of similitude manifest themselves. It is to be presumed, therefore, that a general affinity has immemorially subsisted among the most conspicuous inhabitants of the primitive world.

A remarkable connexion between the Hindus and Egyptians is indisputably established. The Society of Calcutta, we believe, first suggested the resemblance, and promoted the investigation; since which, Mr. Maurice, in his profound disquisitions throughout the Indian antiquities, has carried on the investigation with the deepest research, and has so clearly pointed out every feature of resemblance, that every friend to revealed religion will consider himself indebted to his laborious researches; while every admirer of an animated and elegant style will read his works with peculiar satisfaction.

After elaborate descriptions of the Indian pagodas and the temples of the Thebais, after analysing and comparing all the hieroglyphics and sculptured images that bear the least affinity, examining every festive rite and religious institution—that learned gentleman demonstrates the mythology of the Hindus and Egyptians to have had the same origin, and that, in reality, at present they are not greatly dissimilar. In short, he pronounces all the mystic rites celebrated in the caverns of Salsette and Elephanta, thence diffused throughout all Asia, as well as Europe, in Persia, in Greece, and in Rome, which passed under the denominations of Mithraic, Orphic, Eleusinian, and Bacchic, together with the mysteries of Osiris and Isis of Egypt, to have been derived from the ancient worship of the Surya, the solar fire, which originally was adored in Chaldea or Syria. Hence, there is truth in the old Latin proverb—

"Tradidit Ægyptis Babylon, Ægyptus Achivis."

In a modern publication of a Tour in Egypt, by Captain Light, a circumstance is mentioned as corroborative of the connexion between the Indians and Egyptians:—"As soon as some Hindoo sepoys, who came into Egypt by the Red Sea, at the close of the war, to assist our army there, were introduced to the ruined temples on the Nile, and beheld the figures of the Egyptian deities contained in them, they immediately worshipped them."

Sir William Jones, in his *Dissertation on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*, says:—"We cannot doubt of a great similarity between the popular worship of Greece, Italy, and *India*, and that of *Egypt*, China, Persia, Phœnice, and Syria; to which, perhaps, we may safely add some of the southern kingdoms, and even islands of America; while the Gothic system which prevailed in the northern regions of Europe was not merely similar to those of Greece and Italy, but almost the same in another dress, with an embroidery of images, apparently Asiatic."

The relation between the Hindus and Egyptians being admitted to be clearly pointed out, we shall observe a *striking connexion between the Hindus and Gothic or Celtic tribes*, by demonstrating the Druids to have borrowed their rites from the Brahmins, and to have been introduced into Germany, Gaul, and Britain, by the progenitors of the northern and western regions, the descendants of Gomer. We must consider the Celtic tribes as one family, generally denominated Scythians and Celto-Scythians—in short, those Gothic hordes which first emigrated from Asia into Europe. Sir William Jones confidently assumes the Goths and the Hindus to have sprung from the same source—that they originally had the same language, gave the same appellations to the stars and planets, adored the same false deities, and professed the same notions of rewards and punishments. It is universally acknowledged, that the Brahmin religion has flourished immemorially in Tibet; and the priests of Buddha have been found settled even in Siberia. Admitting that these priests of Buddha, using the Indian letters, had travelled thus far, it cannot be thought improbable, that with the colonies which emigrated from northern Asia into the West, *many* of these priests might have wafted into Europe *many* of the sacred and civil institutes of Brahma. Among the most forcible arguments that may be advanced in support of this hypothesis, is the very singular circumstance of the Indian god and planet Boodh, under the title Woden and Mercury, conferring his name over all the northern and western empires of Europe. The identity of the god-king Oden, or Woden, with Buddha and Mercury, is confirmed beyond all dispute. The learned Bochart thinks Mercury was no other than Canaan, the son of Ham, mythologised; for Cnar and Canaan signify trader, which is the exact import of the Celtic Merc, or Mercator. It was in this signification that his statues were always placed in the fori and market-places, as the god of commerce. He is the same as the Taut of the Phœnicians, the Fohi of China, the Hermes of the Egyptians, and the Theutates of the Gauls. The Druids, Celtic tribes, and Gauls, therefore, equally worshipped this deity, as well as the Egyptians, under the same symbols: the caduceus, which was composed of the globe, the serpent, and wings, may be traced in various characters among Gaulic or Druidical remains, particularly engraved at Abury in Wiltshire, as well as in the Thebais of Egypt. The worship of the sun was in reality the basis both of the Eastern and Western superstitions; and, therefore, if we find obelisks and other erected pillars in Egypt and Asia, so we may naturally expect to discover them in Gaul, or in the British isles. In the very word *obelisk* we may trace the oriental name of the solar deity Bal, known to the Druids by the resembling title of Belenus, their god of fire, and apparent in the term *bealtine*, or the fires that flamed to Baal on May eve.

We will not tax the patience of our readers by dwelling longer on a subject of this nature; but conclude with the two or three farther miscellaneous extracts which we promised from Mr. Logan's publication.

"An instance, apparently the latest, of a harper attending a highland army, occurs in the case of that sent against the catholic lords,

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Errol, Huntly, and Angus, in 1594, on which occasion, Argyle carried with him his harper to animate his troops, unfortunately without effect. The prophecy of a witch, whom he also took with him, that it should be played at the Castle of Slanes, the Earl of Errol's seat, on a certain day, may have been literally true, for it could have been there sounded at the time foretold; but the Campbells had previously suffered a total defeat. A harp key, that had been, time immemorial, in the family of Lord Mac Donald, and that bore marks of antiquity, being ornamented with gold and silver, and a precious stone, making its value eighty or one hundred guineas, was presented by his lordship to the celebrated O'Kane. But the harps of Lude, that have been preserved so long by the Robertsons of that house, are now in possession of the Highland Society, and remain valuable relics in themselves, and evidence that this instrument held the same place in Scotland that it did in Wales and Ireland. One of these harps was brought from Argyle by a daughter of the Laird of Lamont, who married into the family about 1460, and is supposed to be some centuries older than that time; the other was presented by Queen Mary, when on a hunting excursion, to Beatrix Gardyn, daughter to the Laird of Banchory, near Aberdeen, who was married to Findla Mhor, an ancestor of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, from whom both families are descended; and such a present shews that to play on the harp was at that time an accomplishment of the ladies of Scotland, at least of the Highlands, for it is not to be supposed the queen would have bestowed this instrument on one who did not understand it."

"Of the ancient Celtic dancing we find some curious particulars. The Lusitani, says Diodorus, have a light and airy dance which they practise in peace, and which requires great dexterity and nimbleness of legs and thighs. In war, they march observing time and measure, and sing their triumphal songs when they are ready to charge the enemy. The passion for dancing was strong in all the Celtic race, and it was employed in the services of religion, some remains of which practice long continued among the Welsh, who were accustomed to dance in the churchyard. Rincefada, or field-dance in Irish, shews its relation to Rineadoir, a musician. This was performed to the Cuisley Ciuil, a simple sort of bagpipe before described, and used to conclude all balls. When James II. landed at Kinsale, his friends received him with the rincefada, by which he was much gratified. The manner of its execution was thus:—three persons abreast, holding the ends of a white handkerchief, moved forward a few paces to the sound of slow music, the rest of the dancers following in couples, and holding also a white handkerchief between them. The music then changing to a quicker tune, the dance began, the performers passing successively under the handkerchiefs of the three in front, and then wheeling round in semicircles, they formed a variety of pleasing evolutions, interspersed with occasional entrechats, finally uniting and resuming their original places. The Manx are much addicted to dancing jigs and reels, in which four or five couple join to the music of a fiddle. English country-dances are unknown among them. We are told that the military dances of the old Irish were conducted by the Curinky, or dancing-master, a surname that yet exists in many families. The ancient Caledonians had a sort of Pyrrhic dance over swords, which is not yet entirely unknown; but the Gilli-Callum, which generally terminates a ball, is supposed to have but a faint resemblance to the ancient sword-dance. The same observation may be applied to the dirk-dance. Both of them are, indeed, still executed by a few, and were exhibited in London some years ago by one MacGlassan; but a gentleman informed me that he knew a person who, at the age of 106, saw the dirk-dance performed, and declared it was not at all like that which he had formerly known. Besides these, it is evident from the words of an old Isle of Sky dancing song, *Bualidh mi ú an sa chean*, 'I will break your head,' that the parties in the performance went through the evolutions of attack and defence. The chief art in the modern sword-dance consists in the dexterity with which the dancer escapes touching one or more swords or sticks crossed on the ground, the tune to which it was performed being called Gilli-Callum, and that appropriate to the dirk Phadric MacCombish. There was a dance called Rungmor, of which little is now known: from the only description I could get of it, the dancer appeared in some manner to touch the ground with his thighs, without losing his balance. In Lochaber there was formerly a gymnasium for teaching all sorts of athletic exercises and graceful accomplishments, the scholars eating at a common table, being allowed a certain time for their meals, and submitting to other regulations; but, without tuition, the Highlanders excel in dancing. A perfect judge thus expresses himself: 'This pleasing propensity, one would think, was born with them, from the early indications we sometimes see their children shew for this exercise. I have seen children of theirs, of five or six years of age, attempt, nay, even execute, some of their steps so well, as almost to surpass belief. I once had the pleasure of seeing, in a remote part of the country, a reel danced by a herd boy and two young girls, who surprised me much, especially the boy, who appeared to be about twelve years of age. He had a variety of well-chosen steps, and executed them with so much justness and ease, as if he meant to set criticism at defiance;' and, speaking of the colleges of Aberdeen, where he was long established as an elegant and accomplished teacher of dancing, he adds, 'they draw hither, every year, a number of students from the Western Isles, as well as from the Highlands, and the greater part of them excel in the dance; some of them, indeed, in so superior a degree, that I myself have thought them worthy of imitation.' After the toils of a long day, young men and women will walk many miles to enjoy a dance, which seems to have the effect of banishing fatigue, and, instead of adding to the sensation of weariness, it becomes really a recreation. This delight in dancing is diffused throughout Scotland, and the strongest efforts of the kirk to put down 'promiscuous dancing,' with the bitter reproofs of the more rigid covenanters, have failed in repressing the 'ungodly' exercise. The reel and strathspey are the dances common to all the Scots, and those of which they are most passionately fond. They are either a quartet or trio, 'a foursome or a threesome reel;' and those who are ignorant of this species of dance will find the principal steps used in it plainly described by Peacock, the intelligent writer already mentioned. It will be observed, that the difference in time between the two sorts of music produces a corresponding difference in the steps or evolutions. I shall here present the reader with a list of those most in use by the Highlanders. Ceum-siubhail, pronounced kemshoole, the forward step, is the common step for the promenade or figure. Ceum-coisiche, or kemkossey, is the setting or footing step, and is divided into three sorts: first, where one step is equal to a bar; second, where two steps are required to a bar; and third, where two bars are required to a step. Leum-trasd, or cross springs, are a series of Sissonnes. Siabadh-trasd, chasing steps or cross slips, is like the balotte. Aiseagtrasd, or cross passes, is a favourite step in the Highlands. Ceum-Badenach is another step much used, and requiring considerable agility. Fosgladh, or open step, and Cuartag, or turning step, are also very becoming movements. All these, and many more, are combined in one dance, and the association depends on the taste of the party. That called the back step, in which the feet are each alternately slipped behind, and reach the ground on, or close to, the spot occupied by the one just removed, is of difficult acquirement, and severely exerts the muscles of the calfs of the legs. So much dexterity can some persons display in this, that they will go through the setting time of the music without moving beyond a space marked by the circumference of their bonnet. *Sean trius*, or old trousers, from the name of the accompanying air, is the native Highland hornpipe, and is danced with much grace. I have seen two brothers of the name of Grant, who were good violin players, exhibit feats of great agility. Part of their performance consisted of dancing the Highland fling, in that style called the Marquis of Huntley's, strathspeys over a rope, and gilli-callum over a fiddle-bow; and one of them danced a strathspey, played the fiddle, played bass on the bagpipe, smoked, spoke Gaëlic, and explained it in question and answer, at the same time! Dancing among the Gaël does not depend on the presence of musical instruments. They reel and set to their own vocal music, or to the songs of those who are near: people whose hearts are light and responsive to their native melodies, will find their limbs move in consonance to its music, however produced."

We might multiply these curious illustrations of ancient and traditionary manners *ad infinitum*; but what we have given must suffice to shew the interest and value of Mr. Logan's researches. We have only to notice, that he is in error in stating the vessel found in the bed of the river Rother, a few years ago (p. 183), to have been Saxon: that was a mere newspaper illumination; and the ancient Saxon vessel was most satisfactorily proven to have been an old Dutchman.

Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy.

[Fourth Notice: Conclusion.]

ALTHOUGH we have already devoted a few columns in three successive Nos. to Dr. Paris's *Life of Davy*, we find some difficulty in bringing these remarks to a close.

With regard to the nature and theory of volcanoes, which has hitherto baffled the inquiries of all the most eminent philosophers in Europe, our author remarks:—

"A short time before Sir Humphry Davy quitted England, to which he was destined never to return, he communicated to the Royal Society a paper 'on the Phenomena of Volcanoes;' which was read on the 20th March, 1828, and published in the transactions of that year. The object of this memoir was to collect and record the various observations and experiments which he had made on Vesuvius, during his several visits to that volcano. It was a point of great importance to determine, whether any combustion was going on at the moment the lava issued from the mountain;

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for this fact being once discovered, and the nature of the combustible matter ascertained, we should gain an immense step towards a just theory of the source of volcanic action. For this purpose, he carefully examined both the lava, and the elastic fluids with which it was accompanied. He was unable, however, to detect any thing like deflagration with nitre, which must have taken place had the smallest quantity of carbonaceous matter been present: nor could he, by exposing the ignited mass to portions of atmospheric air, discover that any appreciable quantity of oxygen had been absorbed. On immersing fused lava in water, no decomposition of that fluid followed; so that there could not have existed any quantity of the metallic bases of the earths or alkalies. Common salt, chloride of iron, the sulphates and muriates of potash and soda, generally constituted the mass of solid products; while steam, muriatic acid fumes, and occasionally sulphureous acid vapours, formed the principal elastic matters disengaged."

"He concludes this paper on volcanoes," says Dr. Paris, "with some observations on the theory of their phenomena; in which he remarks, 'it is almost demonstrable, that none of the chemical causes, anciently assigned for volcanic fires, can be true. Among these, the combustion of mineral coal is one of the most current; but it seems wholly inadequate to account for the phenomena. However large the stratum of pit-coal, its combustion under the surface could never produce violent and excessive heat; for the production of carbonic acid gas, where there was no free circulation of air, must tend constantly to impede the process: and it is scarcely possible, that carbonaceous matter, if such a cause existed, should not be found in the lava, and be disengaged with the saline or aqueous products, from the bocca, or craters. There are many instances in England of strata of mineral coal which have been long burning, but the results have been merely baked clay and schists; and it has produced no results similar to lava. . . . . On the hypothesis of a chemical cause for volcanic fires, and reasoning from known facts, there appears to me no other adequate source than the oxidation of the metals which form the bases of the earths and alkalies; but it must not be denied, that considerations derived from thermometrical experiments on the temperature of mines and of sources of hot water, render it probable that the interior of the globe possesses a very high temperature; and the hypothesis of the nucleus of the globe being composed of fluid matter, offers a still more simple solution of the phenomena of volcanic fires than that which has been justly developed.'"

Dr. Paris very truly remarks, in reference to these investigations into the actual source of volcanic agency, "that he leaves us in doubt as to his own belief on the subject." But if the profound researches of a Davy were unable to unravel the mysteries of subterranean fires, after his having demonstrated the actual nature of the several alkaline substances, and carefully examined volcanic phenomena *in situ*, where shall we look for a solution of these stupendous geological phenomena? Whether we assume the chemical theory, or the igneous (or central) theory, the question appears to be equally beset with difficulties.

Dr. Paris relates, among others, an anecdote which is highly characteristic, both of the impetuosity of Buonaparte and of the well-known interest he always manifested respecting the encouragement of science during his brilliant career.

Speaking of the period when Sir H. Davy visited the French capital, he says:—"It is well known that Buonaparte, during his whole reign, was in the habit of personal intercourse with the *savans* of Paris, and that he not unfrequently attended the sittings of the Institute. Upon being informed of the decomposition of the alkalies by Davy, he asked, with some impetuosity, how it happened that the discovery had not been made in France? 'We have never constructed a Voltaic battery of sufficient power,' was the reply. 'Then,' exclaimed Buonaparte, 'let one be immediately formed, without any regard to the cost or labour.' The commands of the emperor were, of course, obeyed; and on being informed that it was in full action, he repaired to the laboratory to witness its effects. On his alluding to the taste produced by the contact of two metals, with that rapidity which characterised all his motions, and before the attendants could interpose any precaution, he thrust the extreme wires of the battery under his tongue, and received a shock which nearly deprived him of sensation. After recovering from its effects, he quitted the laboratory without making any remark, and was never afterwards heard to refer to the subject."

From Paris, Davy proceeded to the south of France and Italy by easy stages, visiting all the most distinguished persons, and carrying with him a portable chemical apparatus, so as to pursue his researches (in conjunction with his able assistant, Mr. Faraday) on all the various branches of chemical science that might arise during their continental tour. He continued from time to time to communicate the result of his researches to the Royal Society of London, and also the Institute of France, but which it would greatly exceed our limits to notice in our miscellaneous columns.

Our philosopher, besides inspecting Vesuvius and the adjacent volcanic districts (to the results of which we have referred) paid visits to Pompeii and Herculaneum, with the view of investigating the chemical properties of the colours employed by the ancients in their fresco paintings. On his return home, and during a tour in the north, he was applied to by Dr. Gray, the chairman of the committee of coal owners of the Tyne and Wear, to lend his valuable assistance in suggesting some means of preventing a repetition of the dreadful calamity which befell the unfortunate miners in the Felling colliery, near Sunderland, in the month of May, 1812.

As the researches of Sir Humphry Davy relative to the carburetted hydrogen gas, or fire-damp of collieries, which led to the invention of that beautiful contrivance, the safety-lamp, may be considered as the most important of all his chemical pursuits, so far as the interests of humanity are concerned, it may afford a degree of pleasure to many of our readers to give the following extract from the original letter of Davy to Dr. Gray, dated Melrose, August 3, 1815. "It will give me great satisfaction if my chemical knowledge can be of any use in an inquiry so interesting to humanity; and I beg you will assure the committee of my readiness to co-operate with them in any experiments or investigations on the subject. If you think my visiting the mines can be of any use, I will cheerfully do so. There appears to me to be several modes of destroying the fire-damp without danger; but the difficulty is to ascertain when it is present, without introducing lights, which may inflame it. I have thought of two species of lights which have no power of inflaming the gas, which is the cause of the fire-damp; but I have not here the means of ascertaining whether they will be sufficiently luminous to enable the workmen to carry on their business. They can be easily procured, and at a cheaper rate than candles."

The merit of Sir Humphry Davy having been the *original* discoverer of a safety lamp for the use of the miners, having been contested by the friends of Dr. Clauny, and Mr. George Stevenson of the Killingworth colliery, Dr. Paris has thought it his duty to devote a large space to the investigation, and to give a detail of the progressive experiments of Davy, with the dates of the various communications to his scientific friends and the Royal Society.

Although the construction of the *wire-gauze* lamp was unquestionably the invention of Davy, we believe it is equally true, that a safety-lamp, with a flexible air-pipe, had been *previously* constructed by Dr. Clauny. As the first efforts of Davy were directed to the substitution of several air-tubes in lieu of one proposed by Dr. Clauny, and subsequently to the contraction of the diameter of these air-tubes, so as to prevent the passage of flame through them, in the event of an explosive mixture within, and, lastly, the substitution of fine wire-gauze for air-tubes,—it is, perhaps, only just to allow *some portion* of the merit to those who dig the foundation, instead of engrossing the whole honour for the architect, who subsequently erects the edifice. With regard to the invention of Stephenson, it could scarcely be termed a *safe* lamp, as the air was admitted through an aperture provided with a slide, so as to regulate the admission of the air at pleasure. But it is obvious, that a single aperture, or a few large apertures, which should admit air enough to maintain the combustion of the lamp, would, in the event of an explosive mixture forming within, communicate the flame to the inflammable gas without.

We cannot, however, commend the tone in which Davy's biographer speaks of the "Killingworth engine-wright,"—a man who has perhaps effected more *practical* improvements in the construction of the steam-engine than any individual since the celebrated James Watt. It is only necessary here to mention the beautiful loco-motive engine, of this gentleman's invention, now working on the rail-way between Liverpool and Manchester, to rescue him from the charge of being "ignorant of the elements of chemistry."

Laying aside, however, the mere question of originality of ideas, it is highly gratifying to read the following testimony, collected by the indefatigable biographer of Davy, from Mr. Buddle, (one of the most intelligent practical miners in the kingdom,) in a letter from that gentleman, dated August 28, 1830, respecting the great value of this invention. "If the Davy lamp were used exclusively, and due care taken in its management, it is certain that few accidents would occur in our coal-mines. But the exclusive use of the 'Davy' is not compatible with the working of many of our mines, in consequence of their not being workable without the aid of gunpowder. In such mines, where every collier must necessarily fire on the average two shots a-day, we are exposed to the risk of explosion from the ignition of the gunpowder, even if no naked lights were used in carrying on the ordinary operations of the mine. As to the number of old collieries and old workings which have been renovated, and as to the quantity of coal which has been, and will be, saved to the public by the invention of the Davy, it is scarcely possible to give an account, or form any estimate. In this part

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of the country, Walker's colliery, after having been completely worked out, according to the former system with candles and steel mills, and after having been abandoned in 1811, was re-opened in 1818 by the aid of the Davy, and has been worked on an extensive scale ever since, and may continue to be worked for an almost indefinite period. Great part of the formerly relinquished workings of Wall's-end. Willington, Percy-main, Hepburn, Jarrow, Elswick, Benwell, &c. as well as several collieries on the Wear, have been recovered, and are continued in work through the intervention of the Davys. If I had only time, I could write a volume on the subject. I shall shortly get an important paper on the subject of the Davy put into Dr. Paris's hands. Yours, &c."

Thus it appears that the researches of Davy have no less contributed to extend the amount of our national riches, than to serve the cause of humanity; and we fully agree in the subjoined remarks of Dr. Paris:—"The enlightened friends of science very reasonably expected that a service of such importance to society as the invention of the safety lamp would have commanded the gratitude of the state, and obtained for its author a high parliamentary reward; nor were there wanting zealous and disinterested persons to urge the claims of the philosopher: but a government which had bestowed a splendid pension upon the contriver of an engine for the destruction of human life, (Congreve's rocket,) refused to listen to any proposition for the reward of one who had invented a machine for its preservation. It is true that, in consideration of various scientific services, they tardily and inadequately acknowledged the services of Davy by bestowing on him the dignity of a baronetcy,—a reward that, it must be confessed, neither displayed any regard to his condition, nor implied the just estimate of his merits."

Our notice of this highly interesting volume might be advantageously extended to a far greater length, and especially in relation to what we have always deemed the most beautiful (considered in a purely scientific point of view) of all Davy's splendid discoveries—his electro-chemical experiments on the nature of the corrosion of copper sheathing by the action of sea-water. But the book can, with all our endeavours, be only slightly illustrated in our pages. In the end, when the Admiralty (1828) discontinued his plan, "the friends of Sir H. Davy saw, with extreme regret, that the failure of his mode of protecting copper sheathing had produced in his mind a degree of disappointment and chagrin, wholly inconsistent with the merits of the question; that while he became insensible to the voice of praise, every nerve was jarred by the slightest note of disapprobation."

His biographer then proceeds to trace the latter days of this distinguished individual. During the autumn of 1828 he took a second excursion to the continent for the restoration of his health; but in vain,—as, on his homeward way, death arrested his progress at Geneva. During his last tour, however, his active mind was fully engaged in writing a beautiful little work, appropriately entitled, "Consolations in Travel; or the Last Days of a Philosopher."

We can add nothing further, except a few words to recommend Dr. Paris's valuable "Memoirs" to every class of readers.

A Grammar of the German Language. By C. F. Becker, M.D. 8vo. pp. 284. London, 1831. Murray.

THE previous grammatical works of Dr. Becker, *i. e.* his Essay on the Formation of German Words,* and his treatise, of a more universal nature, on the Philosophy of Language,† having justly excited a strong sensation among the philologists of Germany, we rejoice to see his third and most useful performance,‡ a *Grammar of the German Language*, skilfully translated and adapted for English students.

We perceive from many passages of Dr. Becker's productions, that he has long been an attentive observer of the great progress which the various branches of natural science have recently made, and that he has remained no stranger to the philosophical systems lately established in Germany. In his inquiries into language, his attention seems soon to have been more exclusively engaged by the structure of his own mother-tongue, over the history and successive development of which an important light had just been spread by the profound researches of the learned J. Grimm. But it was not till a rapid survey had made him acquainted with the peculiarities of most of the Indo-German languages, that he came before the public in the distinguished manner he has done. The volume now before us stands, in our opinion, not only above other German grammars, but also above those of any other modern language with which we are conversant. Notwithstanding the increased importance which has rendered an acquaintance with the languages of modern Europe now more than ever desirable to ourselves, it is but too certain that most of the grammars and elementary works, by means of which that knowledge is to be acquired, are far from the perspicuity and systematical arrangement which the present age is entitled to claim. Nor can we be at a loss to assign the cause for this general remark. Whilst the leisure of the professed philologists is almost exclusively occupied by the more learned study of the classical languages, and whilst to their endeavours we are already indebted for excellent Greek, Latin, and Hebrew grammars, the elementary works on modern languages are mostly written by men who, without a view to theoretical perfection, only vary in their attempts to facilitate the acquirement by what they call *practical* grammars. But while they systematically avoid entering into any thing like a philosophical elucidation of the laws of language, they often lose even that advantage which they profess to pursue; for in the same degree as they spare the learner the trouble of calling his intellectual powers into action, they must necessarily encroach upon his memory; and we may, in a great measure, look upon this perverse plan as the source of the dislike which so many young people entertain at the very beginning of the study of a foreign language.

A luminous arrangement is one virtue of Dr. Becker's work. It commences with an introduction, from a perusal of which we would promise much gratification, even to such linguists as do not intend to go through the whole of the plan. For the latter purpose it is essential to have become familiar with the general remarks laid down in these preparatory paragraphs. The main body of the grammar is divided into two parts, etymology and syntax: the former comprises two sections, 1. on the formation, and, 2. on the inflection of words; the latter is arranged according to a manner peculiar to Dr. Becker, of classifying sentences as being either simple or compound, and as containing either a "predicative," or an "attributive," or an "objective" combination of the subject with the other parts of speech that enter into it. At last, the rules for arranging words in a sentence are explained in a manner which renders this difficult point at once clear and easy. As a valuable addition, we must mention the tables which are appended to this grammar: they exhibit, as it were, the skeleton of the whole system, and contribute essentially to facilitate its study.

Dr. Becker's *Grammar of the German Language* may, in many respects, be compared with the description which a naturalist would give of any individual being of the vegetable or animal kingdom. He investigates the properties of its component elements, the vowels and consonants; he exhibits the various limbs or parts of which its body consists, and shews their proportions, their structure, and relative position; he even endeavours to lead us nearer to the principles of its action and life, by shewing how the functions of its different organs concur to one common end, which might be termed its vital process.

The difficulty of rendering the sense of German terminology into English is the chief obstacle which had to be overcome, and we think it has been surmounted as far as possible. Upon the whole, therefore, we must speak of this grammar (as every German critic has done) as a very valuable philosophical view of language, and an excellent guide to the study of German in particular.

* Deutsche Wortbildung. Frankfurt, 1824.
† Organism der Sprache. Frankfurt, 1827.
‡ Deutsche Grammatik. Frankfurt, 1829.

The Planet. No. I. London, J. Nimmo.

A PRETTY little amusing miscellany, under this title, has just appeared in our periodical ranks. It is cheap, and contains some pleasing stories and anecdotes.

History of the Bible, Vol. II. National Library, No. VI. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is the only one of the new Library volumes which has reached us, and we have just time to say that it does equal credit to Mr. Gleig with the first.

A Historical and Descriptive Guide to the Town of Wimborne-Minster, &c. &c. By the Rev. Peter Hall. 12mo. pp. 47. London, W. Pickering.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume, from the pen of the editor of the *Crypt*, whose works, we confess, have deserved much more attention from us than we have found opportunity to pay. The present publication does much credit to his antiquarian tastes; and besides being beautifully embellished, gives an excellent account of one of the most ancient and interesting Gothic structures in England.

A Series of Chemical and Medical Tables, forming a Synopsis of Chemistry, Materia Medica, Pharmacy, and Nosology. By John Hogg, House Surgeon and Apothecary to the Dispensary of the University of London. Taylor.

"THESE Tables," it is stated in a prefatory notice, "were compiled with a two-fold object in view,—to refresh the memory of the practitioner in the chief points of medical science, and to present to the student an outline of the professional field he is about to enter, as well as serve him with an easy source of reference in the course of his reading. The chemical analyses are chiefly those of Davy, Wollaston, Thénard, Thomson, Henry, Bostock, Brande, Berzelius, Majendie, Ure, Marcet, and Henderson. The Materia Medica and Pharmacy

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tables are chiefly on the authority of Drs. Cullen, Murray, A. T. Thomson, Paris, and Mr. Brande. The classifications of diseases are under the names of the three nosologists whose systems are adopted in this country,—Cullen, Good, and Willan."

We have no doubt that the methodical arrangement of these tables will render them eminently serviceable to the two classes of individuals for whose use they were principally intended.

American Stories for Little Boys and Girls, intended for Children under Ten Years of Age. Edited by Miss Mitford. 3 vols. 18mo. London, 1831. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

WHEN arranging another collection of American Tales, Miss Mitford found these stories, and considering them too good to be lost, she has kindly edited them for the benefit of a younger class of readers. There are few tasks more difficult than to write for children; for often, when endeavouring to inculcate a certain moral, there are such mistakes in the conduct of the story, that the incidental bad effects are likely to be far more injurious to the infant mind than the direct effects aimed at are calculated to do it service. We have looked at this series with these opinions, and we are glad to say, that if our *beau idéal* is not absolutely realised, we cannot detect any prominent errors.

Be it remembered, that we are talking thus in a vein of the deepest conscientious criticism,—that, we trust, the slight faults we, of long experience, see, might never strike the juvenile reader,—and that in truth these volumes have few errors which even fastidious objection could substantiate. We only, in one word, wish the editor were a mother.

Family Classical Library. No. XIII.

THIS useful Library has just entered its teens. We regret that it does not come within the power of our limits to notice severally each number as it issues from the publishers. Were we disposed so to do, we must forego reviewing, and confine ourselves to advertising. Our silence, therefore, must not be interpreted as neglect of a work which we consider alike calculated to facilitate and promote classical information. The present number advances as far as the third volume of Tacitus. The version is that of Murphy. The numerous lost passages of the author, so much to be regretted from their disconnecting the train of historical events, are supplied; thereby rendering uninterrupted the best account of the times embraced in the narration. We shall, for the future, call the attention of our readers to *The Family Classical Library* only upon its commencing the translation of a new author.

The Northern Year-Book; or, Annual Register for the Counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, for the Year 1829. T. and J. Hodgson, Newcastle; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

THIS, the first attempt to publish a provincial Annual Register, claims our notice as a literary novelty, and, what is better, our approbation as a very well-arranged and well-executed performance. The *Northern Year-Book* must be of great use in the North of England and South of Scotland; and some of its features, such as biographies, and reviews of local productions, little known to us *capital critics*, recommend it to more general circulation.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW PHILOSOPHY: M. JOUFFROY.

*To the Editor, &c.**

Paris, 17th January, 1831.

SIR,—A primary object of your valuable Journal is doubtless that of co-operating in the discovery and diffusion of truth; yet was I greatly surprised to observe, in an instance within my own means of judging, that you have, in a late Number, most deeply, though unintentionally I admit, violated that sacred purpose. My regret, too, was equal to my surprise in finding that the invective of which I now complain calumniates a man possessing in an eminent degree not only high philosophical attainments, but, as it ought to be, the most estimable worth in the relations of private life. The animadversion to which I allude occurs in a note to your second notice of Stapleton's Life of Canning, in the Number for the 1st of this month, and is with reference to M. Jouffroy's present course of lectures at the Sorbonne.

It is with the hope of counteracting the injurious effects of the paragraph in question, both as respects the professor himself and the place where his lectures are delivered (which, like every public institution in this country, is nobly open to the public at large, without fee or gratuity whatever demanded or expected from those who choose to attend the different courses), that I take leave to address you. As you would not do an injustice knowingly, so you will, I am sure, be eager to repair that which you may, by imperfect or distorted information, have been led unconsciously to commit. My communication is prompted simply by a love of truth, and a sense of justice towards a man whose labours and talents both as a writer and professor are uniformly directed to advance the best interests of the human race. Strange perplexity in the life of man! to think that the able translator of Dugald Stewart and Thomas Reid should have been exposed in England to a defamatory attack on the moral tendency of his opinions! It is an attack, however, which I shall presently shew to be as groundless as it is harsh.

I have attended M. Jouffroy's lectures, with that intense interest which they are calculated to inspire, both from the importance of the subjects they discuss, and the charm imparted to them by a happy talent of ready, copious, and elegant extempore elocution. I am in the habit of taking notes during their delivery; and, although unable to clothe them with that grace of diction which marks the original, I can answer for the fidelity with which I have endeavoured to render the meaning and import of the subject.

If you re-peruse the article in the Parisian journal, you will perceive that it is not a report of M. Jouffroy's lectures, but a commentary upon what the writer represents the meaning to be of certain points he has selected for examination, and which are made a text subordinate to an exposition of his own particular opinions.

You are aware, I doubt not, that a sect has lately sprung up here, and already counts a considerable number of disciples in the respectable class of society, the aim of which is to establish what they denominate, with perfect correctness, an entire new religion; but whether a better one, as they affirm it to be, will not so readily be conceded by those who still cherish that which the Sacred Volume teaches. From that volume, however, in making up their new creed, while they unceremoniously dismiss the essential articles of Christian faith, they take leave to borrow its moral attributes; and, by an adaptation of these after their own fashion, they loudly proclaim the indispensable necessity of reconstructing the frame of society and its institutions, upon a new basis, not only conformable, as they say, to the higher intelligence diffused among mankind since the period of the Christian revelation, but as supplying the only effectual and practicable corrective of the general suffering and agitation, resulting, they allege, from the very advancement of knowledge, and its application in multiplying the products of industry. Their grand panaces for those evils is the very convenient one so long and so thanklesly advocated by the benevolent Mr. Owen, but without desiring to congregate the population into monotonous square buildings. A corollary they deduce from this disinterested partition of the goods of life among all mankind, and which constitutes the very ground-work of their system, is the amalgamation and identity of religion and government. The favoured instrument of this modern revelation was a certain Monsieur de St. Simon, who divulged his inspiration to the world some few years ago in sundry publications, which did not at the time attract much attention, but are now coming into notice, by the zeal and endeavours of its believers.

The Parisian newspaper *Le Globe* is the organ of this new sect, the Saint Simoniens; and the article on M. Jouffroy's lectures is a professed answer to some remarks he took occasion to introduce, in allusion to the efforts of a body, whose writings and preachings, of considerable ingenuity and talent, are engaging public attention, and drawing crowded auditories to their Sunday meeting-house.

The article in question, then, reports him to have said—and you very properly point attention to so startling and objectionable a proposition—"There can be no religion to-day!" But one little word expressed by the professor is here omitted, which, when restored, imparts to this short sentence a very different meaning. M. Jouffroy's words were in effect—"There can be no *new* religion to-day." I do not impute bad faith to the critic by this omission—for he had, I apprehend, no other idea in his mind but that the discussion turned solely about a new religion.

Again, the brief passage in which that sentence occurs presents a remarkable instance of the distortion which the best principles may suffer when expressions are detached from the context, and the scope of the reasoning not kept in view. "That which distinguishes a religion," says M. Jouffroy, "is inspiration and certain forms"—a proposition which I doubt not you, Mr. Editor, are ready to admit; and when he goes on to affirm, that "reason is now emancipated, and it can do without these forms," when explained to be predicated of the forms, rites, and ceremonies, of the Catholic worship, a member of the Protestant or reformed church will not contend that they are necessary in France any more than in England.

So far from any thing in M. Jouffroy's discourses having even a tendency to "recommend to desperate characters, or young and hot heads, to start upon the fatal course" which you apprehend and justly deprecate, I will here quote from my notes one or two passages of his introductory lecture, which I trust may prove sufficient to convince you and your readers that so grave and injurious an imputation does not apply to that gentleman.

"In considering the nature of a human being," he observed, "we perceive that he is composed of two distinct parts—the vital or spiritual, and the corporeal. Death dissolves the union; but although the former disappears, can we affirm, that because only one of the constituent elements rests perceptible to our senses, the other is destroyed? The very circumstances of the phenomenon raise a doubt of such a result. What! the mental frame, the combination of intellect, which felt, thought, and acted, to become annihilated for ever, and the mere material atoms, its habitation, and instruments of its power, alone to remain! Humanity has ever rejected this belief; and through all ages, among all nations and people, man has always been prompted to ask, Whence do I come? What am I? Whither do I go?"

"Every religion, every system of philosophy, which does not resolve this grand problem, is defective."

"The Christian religion furnishes all the conditions necessary for its solution."

"Not to enlarge on the Sacred Volume, in which the great truths of that religion are revealed, they are so simple and clear, that the solution of the highest problem, the most wonderful mystery of creation, may be comprised in the compass of a few pages. It is found in that little tract, the Catechism, taught to children at school, where a few plain questions and answers resolve what has in vain exercised the meditations of the learned, and the researches of the philosopher."

Again:—"In all countries, down to the present times, when the mass of mankind, absorbed in the vocations of daily life, providing for their physical wants and the gratification of their desires, or impelled by their passions, without leisure to inquire into their own nature and destiny, feel themselves uneasy by the means of subsistence and enjoyment being diminished, dissatisfied with their condition, they turn round and impute the ills inseparable from the actual state of humanity, to the institutions of the society in which they are placed. A love of destruction actuates them. How imperatively, then, is it the duty of the enlightened class of the community to inform themselves, and impart that knowledge to their less fortunate fellow-men, of the fundamental principle upon which alone all social union, all institutions, can rest firmly and durably."

"There can be no peace, no repose, no happiness, for individuals or nations, if governments, laws, and institutions, be not founded on that great, indispensable, and all-important principle—a knowledge of the final destiny of man."

Lest I might, through the imperfection incident to hasty notes of an extempore discourse, fall into a mistake similar to that which it is the object of this communication to endeavour to rectify, I deemed it right to submit the foregoing quotations to the perusal of M. Jouffroy himself; and I have had the satisfaction of receiving his testimony to their substantial accuracy. It is my duty to add, that he felt extremely grieved on learning from me the cause of my application to him, "having," as he expressed himself, "certainly much at heart not to appear *a desperate character* in the eyes of *la noble nation Anglaise*."

It is superfluous for me, I am confident, to make any appeal to your sense of justice to induce you to find room for the present letter in one of your earliest Numbers.—I am, sir, &c.

A. LOGAN.

* We insert this letter, though somewhat diffuse, not only as an act of justice, but as containing a curious, and we think interesting, exposition of sects which now occupy a great share of public attention throughout Europe as well as in France. We are glad to find that M. Jouffroy did not express, and does not hold, the opinions which *Le Globe* imputed to him.—*Ed. L. G.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.

$12^d\ 14^h\ 58^m\ 30^s$—the Sun will be eclipsed: invisible to the British isles; visible to the northern provinces of South America and the whole of North America, in extensive regions of which it will be an interesting annular eclipse—at the

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greatest obscuration the sun will appear as an intensely bright, yet exquisitely fine, ring of light, about 30″ in breadth. 18d 23h 30m—the Sun enters Pisces.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Libra	4	8	13
● New Moon in Aquarius	12	4	59
☽ First Quarter in Taurus	19	2	59
○ Full Moon in Leo	26	4	50

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Sagittarius	10	6	0
Jupiter in Capricornus	10	18	20
Venus in Aquarius	13	5	50
Mars in Aries	18	0	0
Saturn in Leo	25	11	10

Occultation of γ Tauri.—19d—immersion 8h 58m, emersion 10h 5m. This star has been observed as if projected on the dark limb of the Moon from four to five seconds; a phenomenon which, though frequently occurring with Aldebaran, is solitary as respects its companion in the Hyades (γ Tauri): the only instance on record is the one just referred to, and was observed by Messier, March 24, 1757.

Lunar Eclipse.—26d—the Moon will be eclipsed: partly visible to the British isles; visible from its commencement to its termination to the whole of Asia.

	H.	M.
Beginning of the eclipse	3	14½
Middle	4	42½
Moon's upper limb rises	5	15
End of the eclipse	6	11

Digits eclipsed 8° 18′ from the northern side of the Earth's shadow, or the Moon's southern limb. At the time the Moon rises above the horizon of Greenwich, about 7½ digits of the disc will be in the Earth's shadow.

The eclipses of this month, just specified, will be visible in those parts of the world where their occurrence is connected with the most absurd and frightful ideas. The Mexicans, who will witness the solar eclipse, attribute the celestial phenomenon to the arts of magicians, who, by their enchantments, pluck the bright luminary from its radiant course. They strictly observe a fast, and their women cut themselves with knives and disfigure their persons. Others of them imagine that the sun and moon have wounded each other in a battle between them.

The Hindoos, who will witness the lunar eclipse, are also remarkable for their strange ideas. They say, that Rahoo, one of the *assoors*, stole a draught of the *amceta*, at the churning of the ocean, and was discovered in the act by the Sun and Moon, who immediately revealed it to the *soors*. He was instantly cut in two by Narian; after which his head flew to the heavens, and continues to this day, endeavouring to eat the Sun and Moon, in revenge for telling of the theft. In 1797, during an eclipse, the servant of a missionary told him very seriously, that he remembered, when a boy, that Rahoo had swallowed the Moon; but the people made such a great shouting while he was getting the last piece into his mouth, that he was forced to let it go again!

7d—Mercury stationary. 20d—greatest elongation (26° 40′) as a morning star. This elongation will afford a favourable opportunity of seeing this planet, owing to the angular distance from the Sun being nearly at its maximum. 23d—in conjunction with Jupiter: difference of latitude 6′. 26d 11h—in conjunction with Uranus.

Venus is an evening star, but reserving her brightest rays of beauty and brilliancy for the vernal, summer, and autumnal eves: at present this planet is too near the Sun for satisfactory observation.

15d—Mars in conjunction with σ Arietis: difference of latitude 3′. 24d 14h—with δ Arietis.

The Asteroids.

	D.		H.	M.		°	′
Vesta ..	1	R.A.	1	29	N.D.	3	6
	9	.....	1	39	.....	4	24
	17	.....	1	49	.....	5	42
	25	.....	2	0	.....	6	59
Juno ..	1	.....	0	12	S.D.	4	40
	9	.....	0	28	.....	3	17
	17	.....	0	44	.....	1	51
	25	.....	1	0	.....	0	24
Pallas ..	1	.....	18	45	N.D.	4	41
	9	.....	18	55	.....	5	16
	17	.....	19	5	.....	5	57
	25	.....	19	14	.....	6	42
Ceres ..	1	.....	19	10	S.D.	24	49
	9	.....	19	23	.....	24	40
	17	.....	19	37	.....	24	28
	25	.....	19	49	.....	24	13

Jupiter is a morning star, but too near the Sun to be visible.

17d 6h 15m—Saturn in opposition, near Regulus in Leo, and in its most favourable position for observation. There is every reason to conclude that a more vigilant examination of this singular planet by skilful observers, with exquisite instruments, would be amply repaid by extensive discoveries connected with its mysterious structure. It has only recently been observed that the ring is not concentric with the globe of Saturn, the orb being nearer to the western than the eastern side: from a mean of fifteen observations, by Professor Struve, it is found that the interval between the outer edge of the globe and the outer edge of the ring, on one side, is 11″·073, and on the other side, the interval is 11″·288; consequently there is an eccentricity of the globe in the ring equal to 0″·215. It is suspected that the outer ring is separated by numerous dark divisions, extremely close to each other, exhibiting such an appearance as though the ring were formed of several small rings in the same plane. These divisions, which are occasionally very distinctly seen, are at other times not to be perceived, though the various circumstances connected with a favourable atmosphere continue the same. This has suggested the idea, that the outer ring has a very dense yet variable atmosphere, which occasionally intercepts or affords a view of these divisions. The external ring is not so bright as the internal; and the inner edge of the internal ring is less bright than the outer parts, and resembles the planet in colour: the edges of the rings appear to be rounded. In the year 1825, the ring of Saturn attained its greatest ellipticity; the proportion of the major to the minor axis was then as 1000 is to 498, the lesser being nearly half of the greater axis. Since that time, it has been slowly contracting: at present its axes are as 1000 to 160; and on the 29th of September, 1832, the plane of the ring will pass through the centre of the Earth, when the ring will be invisible to common observation, and only seen with superior instruments, as a fine line across the disc of the planet. On the 1st of December of the same year, the plane of the ring will pass through the Sun.

16d 17h—Uranus in conjunction with 9 Capricorni: difference of latitude 5′.

Deptford. J. T. B.

THE COMET.

26d 4h 15m to 6h 15m (Wednesday morning)—the comet is a little west of a right line connecting δ, ε, and ζ Ophiuchi, and nearly equally distant from δ and ζ: a telescopic star distant west about two diameters of the comet. It has a pale, nebulous appearance; is of an irregular circular form; no star-like nucleus, though a tendency to condensation is perceptible towards its centre. On the disappearance of the moon, and before the morning twilight interrupted the observations, an extremely diluted tail was suspected, extending in a westerly direction, north of the telescopic star. The comet is visible only with the telescope.

28d 6h (Friday morning).—Notwithstanding the full moon, the comet was distinctly seen this morning, with the telescope; its central light was more sharp and twinkling than on the 26th. It formed the summit of an isosceles triangle with δ and ε Ophiuchi,—the comet west of the stars.

Deptford. J. T. B.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE present session bids fair to be an exceedingly interesting one. Amongst the professors of popular science who will take their place behind the lecture-table during the season, are the following:—Mr. Brande, on the chemical history and application of the metals; Mr. Vigors, ornithology; Mr. Ritchie, whose lectures last year on the photometer, night telegraph, nature and qualities of light, &c., gave so much satisfaction, has also been re-engaged for natural and experimental philosophy. Besides these, we shall have, after Easter, Mr. Montgomery, author of "the Pelican Island," &c., on poetry and the poets; Mr. Lindley, the clever botanist, on vegetable physiology and botany; and Mr. Willis, of Caius College, Cambridge, on sound. The subject of Mr. Faraday's course has not yet transpired. The theatre itself has been completely renovated, and presents a neat and comfortable appearance.

The first evening meeting for the session took place on the 21st; his Grace the Duke of Somerset in the chair. On this occasion Mr. Faraday delivered an account of a peculiar class of optical deceptions, in the developement of which, he observed, he had been engaged during the summer months of last year. He illustrated his subject by numerous experiments on a large scale. *Ex. gr.*: If two equal cog-wheels be cut out of cardboard, placed upon a pin, and whirled round with equal velocity in opposite directions, instead of producing a hazy tint, as one wheel would do, or even as the two would if revolving in the same direction, there is presented an extraordinary appearance of a fixed wheel. Again, if one wheel move somewhat faster than the other, then the spectral wheel, as it may properly be denominated, appears to move slowly round. If the cogs be cut slantwise on both wheels, the spectral wheel in like manner exhibits slant cogs; but if one of the wheels be turned so that the cogs shall point in opposite directions, then the spectral wheel has straight cogs. If wheels with radii, or arms, be viewed when moving, then similar optical deceptions appear; and though the wheels move never so fast, yet the magic of a fixed wheel will be presented, provided they move with equal velocities. If they overlap each other even in a small degree, then very curious lines are seen. During a part of the evening, Mr. Faraday availed himself of a magic lantern, for the purpose of shewing a series of deceptions, as produced by shadows. Thus, with the two wheels mentioned, if only one is turned in the sunlight, a shadow corresponding to its appearance will be produced; but if both are turned in opposite directions, the shadow is no longer uniform, but has light and dark alternations, and resembles the shadow of a *fixed* wheel. Perhaps the most striking experiment of the evening was the following: it may be easily repeated:—A pasteboard wheel had a certain number of teeth, or cogs, at its edge; a little nearer the

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centre was a series of apertures resembling the cogs in arrangement, but not to the same number; still nearer the centre was another series of the same apertures, different in number, and varying from the former. When this wheel is fixed upon another with its face held two or three yards from an illuminated mirror, and spun round, the cogs disappear, and a grayish belt, three inches broad, becomes visible; but on looking at the glass through the moving wheel, appearances entirely change; one row of cogs, or apertures, appears as fixed as if the wheel were not moving, whilst the other two give an opposite result; shifting the eye a little, other and new appearances are produced. Upon the table and in the library were other kinds of wheels and forms, some marked with dark lines, some coloured, and all tending to produce variations of the appearance. Mr. Faraday stated, that the combinations, as to form, colour, and other circumstances, were innumerable. We anticipate that a very popular and philosophical toy will be produced upon these phenomena. The lecture (the report of which, apart from the experiments, must be comparatively dry,) was well received by a numerous audience.

In the library, Mr. Cuthbert and Mr. Varley were present with their beautiful microscopes and wheel-animalculæ, and illustrated some of the applications made by Mr. Faraday in the theatre. Mr. Pepys placed on the table a metallic thermometer, by Bregnet, of exquisitely fine construction; and also an interesting specimen of glass-casting, from America. It is a plate, with a highly finished design of scroll foliage, relieved as beautifully as if it had been cut, although of a pattern and execution which could not be obtained by the glass-cutter's wheel. There were also placed on the table many presents in literature and natural history.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Faraday very impressively noticed the increased interest manifested by the members, and earnestly called upon them not to relax in their endeavours to aid the committee of the Institution,—a feeling which found a willing response in the plaudits of the company.

ACOUSTIC CHAIR.

THE science of acoustics, in a practical point of view, has been strangely neglected in this country, and, in fact, in modern times generally. The ancients appear to have been better acquainted with the doctrine of sounds, and to have applied it to more useful purposes, than ourselves; for we learn that Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, had a cavern excavated in a rock, in the shape of the human ear, (which is of course best adapted for the reception and transmission of sounds) in which he confined his state prisoners, and by tubes leading from it to his chamber, he was able to catch even their softest whisper, and thus to discover their designs, &c. This idea seems to have been lost sight of till now, when we are agreeably surprised to find that Mr. Curtis, the well-known aurist, has invented a Chair, with an acoustic barrel and tubes, something on the principle of the Invisible Girl, for the benefit of the deaf, and for old persons who are hard of hearing, and who, while sitting in it at their leisure, may hear conversation or reading in a low tone of voice, carried on by an individual in any part of the room. By means of pipes, also, a person whispering in a distant apartment can be distinctly heard. We have ourselves been seated in it, and were astonished at the ease with which we distinguished the different voices of those engaged in conversation in an under tone, and also a tune played by a small musical box, (which was as audible as if it had been standing on a table before us), in a room separated by a hall, &c. from the one in which the chair is placed. Upon the whole, we consider this invention as one of the most ingenious applications of the principles of acoustics with which we are acquainted.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

GEORGE RENNIE, Esq. V.P., in the chair. A paper by Mr. Barlow, on the probable electric origin of all the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, with an illustrative experiment, was read. James Henderson, Esq., his Britannic majesty's consul at Bogota, was proposed. Among the presents were the Conn. des Tems and Annuaire from the Bur. des Long. at Paris, and the first Bulletin of the Statistical Society of France.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair. Several members, lately elected, were admitted. H. Brandreth, Esq. exhibited an ancient seal, found in the ruins of a monastery at the Lyde, near Princes Risborough, Bucks. The Secretary read a communication from A. J. Kempe, Esq. (accompanied by three drawings), descriptive of a cromlech at Cwyn Bryn, about ten miles from Swansea, an immense mass of granite, surrounded by a vallum of loose stones. In the neighbourhood of this cromlech is a village called Lychar, the Lucarum of Antoninus. A paper was also read from F. Madden, Esq., being a translation of an account of a visit to England by a Spanish nobleman, the Duke of Nagera, in 1543-4, written by his secretary. This account gives a minute description of the several towns in Flanders and England through which the duke passed on his way to London, and informs us that *he could not get to Dover by land, on account of the insular situation of England.* The writer gives a glowing description of London, the castle (the Tower), and the king's palace; but was very indignant at not being admitted with his master into the king's presence, and he therefore abuses his majesty in good round terms. He was, however, admitted to the presence of the queen, and kissed her hand. He requested permission to salute the hand of the Princess Mary, which she would not allow, but said he should kiss her lips; and the lucky secretary states that he kissed the Princess Mary and the rest of the ladies of the court. In describing the Tower, he says he saw, besides four great lions, seven large bears, which were every day brought into an enclosure, and tied to a long rope, and that they turned large and strong dogs upon them, which afforded good sport; and that a pony was turned in, with a monkey tied on his back, who kicked and pranced about among the dogs, with the affrighted monkey clinging to his ears. Such were the sports of our ancestors!

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE first exhibition of the season, that of the British Institution, is to be opened to the public on Monday next. We have been favoured with a view of it; and we are happy to say that, if it does not surpass all its predecessors, it nevertheless contains a number of works of high excellence, and which, especially in the familiar walks of the art, do great honour to the English school.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago, we dropped into the British Gallery one morning, during the period of the year at which it has always been liberally appropriated to the use of students. Of those students the venerable Mr. West, the then president of the Royal Academy, condescended to be one, and employed himself in making a fine copy of Vandyke's celebrated head of Govartius. Although there were sixty or seventy artists of different ages and sexes in the rooms, yet they were all so tranquilly and intently engaged in their various studies, that it sometimes happened that not a whisper, or a sound of any kind, could be heard for half an hour together. At length, evidently affected by this singular stillness, Mr. West turned from his easel, and, in his mild but sufficiently audible voice, exclaimed, "How unlike is this scene to Lloyd's coffee-house!" Brief as the remark was, its force and its dignity were felt by every one. But it is with the contemplation, as it is with the practice, of the fine arts; nothing has a greater tendency to withdraw the mind gently, but irresistibly, from vulgar, worldly, and agitating thoughts: and if a time can be imagined at which occasional recourse to such a mental sedative must be more than usually beneficial, it is, surely, the present; when the whole globe is in so convulsed a state; when the din of politics is incessantly ringing in our ears; and when the foreign and domestic events of every day are of a nature to disturb the calmest and most philosophical breast.

A large proportion of the productions of the pencil which now decorate the walls of this gallery, have come under our notice on former occasions.* Among those which appear to us to be novel works, some of the most striking are — *Lavinia*, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.; *Too hot*, by E. Landseer, A.R.A.; *Going to Mass*, by S. A. Hart; *Part of the Corn Market at Caen*, by D. Roberts; *A Lion at rest*, by J. Northcote, R.A.; *Gleaners*, by W. T. Witherington, A.R.A.; *A Nutting Party*, by W. Collins, R.A.; *L'Allegro*, by A. Chalon, R.A.; *The Toilette*, by G. S. Newton, A.R.A.; *Amiens*, by C. R. Stanley; *Sketch of a Subject for an Altar-piece—Martyrdom of some of the early Christians*, by W. Etty, R.A.; *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, by Fraser; *The Fair Day*, *The Culprit*, and *Guy Fawkes*, all by Webster; *The Pedlar*, by Knight; *A Hurdy-gurdy Grinder*, by Morton; several subjects by Kidd; *Captain Macheath*, by H. Leverseege; *The Tame Canary*, by R. Edmonstone; *Children and their Pets*, by T. Woodward; *Falstaff's Assignation with Mrs. Ford*, by G. Clint, A.R.A.; *The Spring Nosegay*, by Mrs. Carpenter; *Landscape—Moonlight*, by T. C. Hofland; *View in the Wood at Bromley Hill*, by F. R. Lee; *A Sketch*, by T. Creswisk; *The Advertisement*, by T. Clater; *Children playing at Cards*, by W. Gill; *A View in Hampshire*, by Miss H. Gouldsmith; *Cavalry attacking a Battery of Guns*, by T. Barker; *Servant Girl at Antwerp*, by H. Howard, R.A.; *Interior of the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital*, by J. Scarlet Davis; *The Signal*, by H. P. Parker; *The Sleeper*, by A. Morton; *High Life* and *Low Life*, by E. Landseer, A.R.A.; *Cattle*, by T. Linnell; *The Forum of Nerva*, by G. Jones, R.A.; *The Highland Cradle*, by E. Landseer, A.R.A.; *The Trumpeter* and *Ware Hare!* by A. Cooper, R.A.; *The bitter Morning*, by R. W. Buss; *Mercury playing Argus asleep*, by B. R. Haydon; *Preparing for the Portrait*, by T. Clater; *An Arabian Mare and Foal*, by J. Ward, R.A.;

* Which we much regret, as it indicates the works remaining on the artists' hands.—*Ed. L. G.*

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The Ford, by J. A. O'Connor; *Worthing Sands*, by F. W. Watts; *The Lame leading the Blind*, by C. Hancock; *An Interior of a Picture Gallery*, by P. C. Wonder; *Raphael introduced by his Father to the Duchess d'Urbino*, by W. Brockedon; *The tired Model*, by R. T. Lonsdale; *Ulswater*, by T. C. Hoffland; *The Taming of the Shrew*, by Miss Alabaster; *The Fox caught*, by T. Clater; *Jewellery*, by G. Lance, &c. &c. &c.

In our next, and subsequent numbers, we shall enter more into detail on the subject.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scraps and Sketches. Part III. Designed, etched, and published, by G. Cruikshank.

Six plates, comprehending above forty subjects, most of them of the most whimsical character. No description can do them the slightest justice. We can only mention a few of those which affected our risible faculties the most forcibly. One of our prime favourites is a stage-coach loading, inside and out, with passengers, every one of whom might rival Daniel Lambert in dimensions. The horses—as remarkable for their spareness—are eyeing the monstrous bipeds with consternation. "This is really too bad!" neighs one; "Where is our friend Martin?" asks a second; "I shall kick at it," exclaims a third. The whole forms an excellent composition. "Round text and small hand" is capital. From the pocket of "an oilyman of God" a scarecrow of a raggamuffin is slyly withdrawing a "vipe." Two plates devoted to the illustration of "Comforts" of every kind tell admirably; especially the central group of one of them, entitled "A man with all his little comforts about him." The power which Mr. Cruikshank possesses of composing shapes resembling the human, with the most grotesque materials, is well known; and was never exemplified in a more extraordinary manner than in one of the plates of the series, consisting of bellows, grates, fire-irons, tea-kettles, &c., and abounding with the most forcible and farcical expression. Two or three serious subjects serve as a contrast to the majority. Of these, "An African Settlement" is but too strikingly true. It represents a churchyard, with a number of tombs, on which are the inscriptions,—"The Barracks," "The Castle," "The National School," "The Orphan Asylum," "The Hospital," "The Rectory," &c. But we must refer our readers to the publication itself, which affords an additional proof of this inimitable caricaturist's inexhaustible invention.

Ruins of Kenilworth Castle. Ebers and Co. Lithography appears now to be capable of any thing. These four small views (on one sheet) are sweetly executed. The omission of the frames would, we think, have been an improvement.

Priam, the Winner of the Derby Stakes at Epsom, in 1830. Painted by J. Fernelley, engraved by E. Duncan and J. Webb. R. Ackermann, jun.

Velocipede, Winner of the St. Leger, Spring Meeting, 1828; *rode by W. Scott.*

The animal next to a beautiful woman in beauty is a beautiful horse; and others besides the sporting world must be highly gratified by the publication of such symmetrical and correct portraits as these are of creatures at once gifted with so much grace and such extraordinary powers. The exploits and fame of both Priam and Velocipede amply entitle them to the honours of art; and they are so extremely well painted and engraved as to be quite admirable ornaments of their class.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of the works of the French artists will commence on the 1st of April next, at the Louvre. The pictures are to be received from the 15th of February to the 15th of March.

DRAMA.

We have observed with great attention the progress of the dramatic suit now before the Lord Chancellor, and can no longer control the expression of our surprise at the perfect ignorance manifested by the learned counsel on all sides with regard to the real, important bearings of the case. The mere legal technicalities set apart, they positively know, or affect to know, nothing of their own case or of their adversary's; and the answers returned to the probing questions of his lordship have been simple enough to convulse all the scene-shifters in London with laughter. Their blunders have, however, let out the truth sufficiently for all the world to see that it is merely a scramble amongst the parties for what they can get. Popular feeling is indubitably against the monopolists; but we have our doubts, whether the granting Mr. Arnold a license to play opera all the year round would not be killing him with kindness, as he would have to fight both the great theatres single-handed, if they choose to play opera also,—ay, and the Haymarket to boot; as of course Mr. Morris must have his license extended, and he, it is notorious, would play—the very devil—sooner than suffer the Lyceum to gain an inch of ground in public estimation that could be disputed. Thus, then, we should most probably have four imperfect opera companies, in lieu of one truly effective; for a complete corps cannot be made up, unless each theatre yield its treasures to the general stock. The whole, or very nearly all, are absolutely required for the effective performance of a grand opera, and would be no more than is enjoyed by nearly every capital in Europe, from Berlin to Naples.

Is there not a way, then, to cut the Gordian knot which is at present strangling the Drama, the line being pulled at both ends by these terrible limbs of the law? We will venture to put a little penknife into the hands of the Lord Chancellor, and humbly suggest his using it in the following manner. It is a standing joke against the *winter* theatres, that they keep their doors open to the beginning of July, leaving the summer theatres but three months out of the twelve, with the town empty, the dog-star raging, the shooting season commencing, &c. &c. &c. What if his lordship now should, with the little penknife aforesaid, slip off the months of May and June from the winter theatres, and order them to be tacked on to the licenses of Messrs. Morris and Arnold, dividing the year thus fairly between the four principal metropolitan theatres? The loss would not be felt by the winter houses; they would, indeed, become more vigorous by the pruning, for little good is ever done by them after Easter; and the late falling of that movable feast would occasionally save them the enormous expense of the spectacle annually exacted by the holyday-makers; while, on the other hand, a six months' season would enable the proprietors of the Haymarket and the English Opera House to offer handsome engagements to the best performers, and yield them sufficient opportunity to profit largely by a hit, if they were lucky enough to make one. At the same time, we would also respectfully hint the propriety of laying down some new and plain rules and regulations for the minor theatres to abide by; and instead of limiting their numbers, and winking at their evasions of the law and their abuse of their licenses, of abolishing the indefinite term burletta, which, as now interpreted, means any thing and every thing, and permitting any respectable persons to speculate in theatricals, as well as in beer, provided always they brew for themselves, and leave untouched the malt and hops of their neighbours.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday, Macready, in *William Tell*, gave us one of those perfect personations which truly elevate the stage, and teach us really to regard the histrionic art as eminently deserving of admiration. The daring manliness and bold patriotism of the Swiss mountaineer were embodied in all the force of reality; nor were the feelings of the father, in contrast with these sterner attributes, less happily portrayed. It is a splendid performance, as full of nature as of energy and force; and produced a very powerful effect on a crowded auditory. A little Miss Poole played the son admirably. Whether from the general tenour of the play harmonising with the liberal feelings of the day, or from the enthusiasm excited by the power of the actor, the piece was received with "immense applause." Macready was clamoured for, to make his re-appearance and bow, and promise to do so again. This custom of having forward an actor to receive sentence, is of somewhat ancient date. The Athenians were wont to compel any unfortunate "artist" who incurred their disapprobation to re-appear, when hisses, hoots, nuts, crusts, and apples, were showered upon him in profusion: nor was this deemed sufficient, unless he took off his mask,* that the benevolent audience might enjoy his confusion and distress. As yet we have not arrived at this, but content ourselves with imitating the *claqueurs* of Paris.

On Tuesday *The Jealous Wife* was acted with, upon the whole, indifferent success; though some of the parts were strongly cast. The second page of the play-bills of this theatre has been quite a curiosity during the week, no fewer than seven puff announcements following consecutively. For example, 1. Mr. Alexander Lee has prevailed upon Mr. Kean to forget his *last* farewell at the Opera House, and play again to a London audience for fifty pounds a night! 2. Lord Byron's (query, Macready's?) *Werner* will be played twice a-week. 3. *The Jealous Wife*, and all the popular names paraded. 4. The *Brigand* and the *Pantomime* having again attracted crowded benches, an early application for places is respectfully advised. 5. *Fra Diavolo*, adapted by Mr. Alexander, is announced. 6. For the accommodation of the juvenile classes, the Pantomime is to be played at an early hour. 7. The immense overflow to *William Tell*, is stated as a reason for repeating that piece.

* We have heard the introduction of masks recommended for the consideration of our theatrical patentees, for the same reasons as they were used at Athens. Primarily, because they answered the purpose of a speaking-trumpet: this might obviate the present inconvenience under which the majority of the audience labour, namely, that of not hearing above one word in ten. Secondarily, the *beau idéal* of the characters might be physiognomically preserved. For instance; a set of masks might represent Shakespeare's lords of Westmoreland, Northumberland, and "others of the council;" and thus the ancestry of the aristocracy be no longer brought into contempt by the pug of a scene-shifter, or the bottle-nose of a candle-snuffer.

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Surely, this sort of thing is unbecoming of a national theatre! With so many attractions, one can only wonder how the manager contrives to find nights enow in the week for their representation.

ADELPHI.

THIS theatre should, for distinction, be called Theatre *Royal*, for we have not only had the "*King* of the Cats" all the week, but the "*King* of the Alps" also. This "serio-magical burletta" is taken from a German drama of the same name, translated by Lord Stanhope, we believe, and adapted for the Adelphi by Mr. Buckstone. The plot is singularly wild; and consists of the interference of the Alp-King, *Astragalus* (Mr. Yates), to reclaim to humanity *John Rappelkoff* (Mr. Mathews), a suspicious and intemperate misanthrope, who, disgusted with his kind, has retired to a Timon-like seclusion. The opening out of the story is long; but it grows in interest, and the last scenes are very striking. In these the Alp-King has assumed the form and nature of the misanthrope, and forces him to witness the freaks and madness of his own double, in the shape of his brother *Siberkraut*; by which means he is brought to perceive the errors of his disposition and life, and to return, an altered man, to the bosom of his family. The illusion is rendered complete by Yates's masterly imitation of Mathews. It is really difficult to tell which is the real *Rappelkoff!* Mathews's performance, too, is of so high a cast as to make its copy no easy task; and the effect altogether is astonishing. An underplot introduces Reeve as *Glow-worm*, a charcoal burner; and O. Smith, as his dumb cousin. Both parts are played as well as possible: and when we add, that other characters are sustained by the ever-delightful Mrs. Yates, by the lively Mrs. Fitzwilliam, by Miss Daly, Miss Barnett, Buckstone, Hemmings, &c. &c., that the scenery is remarkably picturesque, and the supernatural portions striking, we need scarcely say that we have a misanthrope, strange as it may appear, likely to be very much liked.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The Grenadier, a burletta by Mr. T. H. Bayly, has been added to the entertainments at this theatre since our last. It is a lively sketch of the "perfection" class, and its principal object the introduction of Madame Vestris in various characters. As a *Savoyard Boy*, with a real organ and a real monkey, she sings a real Savoyard song in her own unequalled style, amidst roars of laughter and applause. Mr. Fredericks bustles through the part of her jealous admirer with sufficient spirit; and Miss Pincot and Mr. Raymond, as the humble servants of the masquerading pair and of each other, are all that the author or audience can wish them. M. Spagnoletti is nightly improving; and Miss Sydney (Stubbs, we believe) is deservedly a favourite. There is a Mr. Collier at this theatre, whose comic acting and singing are of a very superior order. He reminds us of Knight, but has a better voice, and is a good musician. We are delighted to welcome such strangers, and there are others in the Olympic company who improve vastly upon acquaintance.

VARIETIES.

New Species of Elm-tree. — Mr. David Thomas describes, in *Silliman's American Journal* for 1830, a new species of elm, under the name of *ulmus racemosa*. Its specific characters are, flowers in racemes; pedicles in distinct fascicles, united at their bases. It is a tree, and its lower branches have irregular corky excrescences. It is a native of the Cayuga Country, in the state of New York, and of the adjacent country.

The Comet.—Mr. Herapath has published another letter on the comet in the *Times*; but it throws no new light on the subject; unless it can be considered a discovery to be told, that "it is either between us and the sun, or on the other side of the sun!!!"

Tiflis.—A reading-room and library has just been established at this distant watering place. It already possesses two newspapers, one of them in the Russian language, which appears twice a-week, under the title of *Gazette of Tiflis*, — the other in Persian, and published daily.

New Town of Piatigorsk.—A new town has been organised in the neighbourhood of the mineral waters of the Caucasus. It is to be called Piatigorsk, and the tribunals established at Gueorguievsk are to be transferred thither, with the exception of the tribunal of conscience (*sovéstnoi soude*).

Botany.—The botanist attached to a recent scientific expedition from Russia to the Brazils, has brought from Rio Janeiro, for the Botanical Garden at St. Petersburgh, a collection of above a thousand living Brazilian plants, as beautiful as rare; and among which are many which have never hitherto been seen in Europe. This rich acquisition, joined to the young plants which the garden has already obtained from Brazilian seeds, will soon be sufficient to fill a large green-house, where the lovers of botany, in the 68th degree of north latitude, may form an idea of the beauty and variety of the Flora of a vast country situated between the tropics.

Wirtemberg.—On the 1st of November, 1827, the population of the kingdom of Wirtemberg amounted to 1,517,770 persons; of whom, 1,055,132 professed the evangelical, and 462,857 the Catholic religion: 9,100 were Jews; and 463 Mennonists and Herrnhuters.

Singular Death.—In January, 1777, died John Ross, LL.D. professor of languages in the King's University of Aberdeen. His death was occasioned by swallowing a spider in a glass of claret. Upon dissection, his stomach was found to be much ulcerated, and distended beyond the usual size.

Dew.—The annual average quantity deposited in this country is estimated at a depth of about five inches, being about one-seventh of the mean quantity of moisture supposed to be received from the atmosphere over all Great Britain, in the year; or about 22,161,337,355 tons, taking the ton at 252 imperial gallons.

Geological Map of Germany.—Professor Frederic Huffmann (now in Berlin) has projected a geological map of the north-western part of Germany, in twenty-four leaves. This beautiful map contains the countries between the Elbe and the Rhine, and from the Thuringia mountains to the great plain north of Hanover: with all details in the limiting of the rocks, it is without doubt the best that exists, and better than the great map of England by Greenough and Smith. A general geological map of the above countries, accompanied by sections and a "geological description" of that part of the country, in three volumes, also by Professor Huffmann, will appear soon; and the whole will form one of the most important geological works. It may be recommended to the British geologist on account of the formations of Germany being similar to those in England.

Seleniuret of Silver.—This mineral is now found in greater massive specimens at Tilkerode, in the Harz, according to the method of Professor Milscherlich, from the seleniuret of lead, in very great masses, and sells in the mining factory at Harzgerode for four louis-d'ors the ounce.

Zinkenite.—The system of crystallisation of the zinkenite from Wolfsberg, in the eastern Harz, is prismatic, and not rhomboidal—so at least states Dr. Hartmann in opposition to Mr. Haidinger, *Library of Useful Knowledge*, who makes the crystals rhomboidal.

Culture of Silk.—The culture of silk goes on prosperously in the state of New York; and Dr. Pascalis writes, that the accounts are flattering from every quarter of the Union:—"At the next fair of the Institute, I shall be able," he says, "to exhibit a great number of domestic silk productions in the highest perfection." The tree that is planted is the Chinese mulberry, *morus multicaulis*. This plant can be propagated with astonishing success. It is even probable that two crops of silk may be obtained in one season.

Cholera Morbus.—Great apprehensions are entertained at Trieste, on the subject of the possible importation of the cholera morbus by Odessa vessels. It has been remarked, that a great mortality prevails among the poultry; a circumstance which preceded the invasion by cholera of Taganrog.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. V. Jan. 29.*]

In the Press.—A work on the Principles of English Composition, is announced by Mr. Booth, the Author of the "Analytical Dictionary."—An Outline of Sematology; or, an Essay towards establishing a new Theory of Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric.—A Series of Eight Views in Kensington Gardens, including the Royal Palace, and other Picturesque Points, from Drawings by Mr. I. Sargeant, engraved in the line manner, by Mr. Henry Wallis; with Topographical and Historical Illustrations.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Stebbing's Lives of Italian Poets, 3 vols. post 8vo. *1l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Mayor of Garratt, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed—Howitt's Book of the Seasons, 18mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Raphael's Lady-Witch, 12mo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Art of Tormenting, coloured, 12*s.*; plain, 6*s.* sewed—Spirit of Don Quixote, royal 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Sismondi; the Battles of Cressy and Poictiers, on Lock's plan, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Affair at Charlton Holt, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* sewed—Crum on Primary Colours, royal 8vo. coloured plates, 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dewar on the Atonement, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Erskin's Brazen Serpent, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Le Bas's Life of Bishop Middleton, 2 vols. 8vo. *1l.* 6*s.* bds.—Siamese Twins, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Views in the South of France, &c., folio, India proofs, *2l.* 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Thackrah on Employments as effecting Health and Longevity, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Spitzner's Elements of Greek Prosody, 8vo. 6*s.* sewed—Goettling's Elements of Greek Accentuation, 8vo. 5*s.* sewed—Martyndale's Analysis of the Calendar, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Bloomfield's Manual of Family Prayers, 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

January.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 20	From	39.	to 44.	29.41	to	29.23
Friday 21	——	37.	— 48.	29.14	—	29.15
Saturday .. 22	——	39.	— 50.	29.16	—	29.22
Sunday.... 23	——	47.	— 38.	29.25	—	29.40
Monday .. 24	——	30.	— 34.	29.42	—	29.5
Tuesday .. 25	——	25.	— 33.	29.79	—	29.88
Wednesday 26	——	21.	— 32.	30.00	—	30.09

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

Overcast with frequent rain, except the three last days. Rain fallen, ·7 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** A pressure of matter in other departments of our Journal obliges us, unwillingly, to postpone reports of the Royal Society, Society of Arts, Royal Geographical Society, and various other Papers of interest, intended for insertion this week.

What a "Young Foreigner" suggests, would cost us several hundred pounds a-year in duties; and the information is always to be found in other parts of the *Gazette*.

T.'s lines on Consumption are not sufficiently correct in their rhymes.

To W. H. C.—Political poetry is not in our way.

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Edited by the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A.

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The Life of the illustrious Byron, by Mr. Galt, who was personally known to the poet, has been stamped by the voice of the public with the character of a standard work, authentic in particulars, and dispassionate in judgment. That it should have met with opposition from some quarters, was an inevitable consequence of the task, since the very name of Byron conjures up at once a host of angry disputants, who, having each his own theory to support, cannot all concur in the statements and opinions of the biographer, be these what they may. The memoir in question has, however, been so fortunate as already to rise superior to its assailants.

In speaking of the Rev. Mr. Gleig's History of the Bible, it has been said in a contemporary journal, (*Literary Gazette*), that "it would be some ground of reproach to the friends of truth, if they had entirely neglected the new species of monthly publications as a means of diffusing religious knowledge among the higher and middle classes of society; and in the present volume shews, in the happiest manner, how well they are adapted to convey that knowledge which makes faith more sure, and piety more enlightened."

The History of Chemistry, which forms the third volume of the National Library, is from the pen of the learned Dr. Thomson, of the University of Glasgow, who, in recording the wonderful incidents and effects on society which marked the progress of chemistry—in telling of the strange lives of its early students, (the alchemists and others), and in describing at full the useful labours and discoveries of more recent professors, has written a book which, while it is characterised by scrupulous truth, and by practical information in every part, possesses much of the attraction of romance.

The remaining volumes of those hitherto published, are occupied by the History of Chivalry and the Crusades, by G. P. R. James, Esq.; and Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern, by Mr. Horace Smith, which latter is just issued to the public. Of the charm of the former subject, in an imaginative point of view, and of its great utility in illustrating the annals of European nations, it is needless to speak, while as regards the present author's treatment, the numerous readers of "Richelieu" and "Darnley" have, no doubt, from its first announcement, formed high expectations, which, it is hoped, have now been fulfilled.

To these, many other original works, of a class which seems, of especial right, to belong to an English National Library, will immediately succeed; among which may be mentioned, the History of the Royal Navy of England, from its first existence; and that of the British Army and its Services.

Such are the principal features of the National Library, as far as it has already proceeded, and such the nature of some of those works in preparation; and, in conclusion, the Proprietors trust they shall not be accused of unjustifiable pride in expressing their belief, that, in the progress of their undertaking, they shall be the means of publishing, at a price accessible to the public at large, a body of literature deserving the praise of having instructed many, and amused all; and, above every other species of eulogy, of being fit to be introduced, without reserve or exception, by the father of a family to the domestic circle.

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No. 733. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Attempts in Verse, by John Jones, an old Servant: with some Account of the Writer, written by himself; and an Introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of our uneducated Poets. By Robert Southey, Esq., Poet Laureate. 8vo. pp. 332. London, J. Murray.

THIS title-page certainly conveys an erroneous idea of the benevolent design of the Poet Laureate. His part of the volume can hardly be called an essay, &c. on our illiterate poets, though it is a pleasing biography of some of them, with a very few remarks upon their performances. Of John Jones, its chief character, we learn that he has been in service from his boyhood, and is now butler to a respectable family near Harrogate, where, about three years ago, he had the good fortune to attract the attention of Mr. Southey, in consequence of addressing a letter to that gentleman, requesting his opinion of his poetical productions. Struck with the humility and good sense with which this application was made, yet declaring against it as a precedent, Mr. Southey not only took the worthy butler by the hand, and got him a long list of subscribers, but, by furnishing these memoirs of a number of uneducated bards of the same class, has linked his name to a volume of considerable interest in the annals of our poetical literature.

In Jones's letter to the laureate, he enclosed a copy of verses to "the red-breast," of which the latter thinks more highly than we do; though we rejoice in the results to which they led, amid the monotony of Harrogate, and the nauseous tastes of its Helicon. No observer of nature could ever speak of this fierce and predatory feathered hero in these words:

> "Thy friendly heart, thy nature mild,
> Thy meekness and docility,
> Creep to the love of man and child,
> And win thine own felicity:"

for the nature of our dear little dashing robin is just the reverse. Southey, however, was in the humour to be pleased; and every thing, like the bird's breast, was rose-coloured; which remark brings us to his introduction. Here, he playfully tells us:

"Sir Joseph Banks used pleasantly to complain that tortoise-shell tom-cats were the plague of his life, because every ignorant man or woman who happened to possess one, favoured him with the first offer of it, at fifty, or perhaps an hundred guineas below what, upon the faith of vulgar opinion, they believed to be the established price of so great a curiosity. For this flattering preference Sir Joseph was indebted to the high rank in the scientific world which he so deservedly held and filled so worthily: it was a tribute to his station and his character. Authors, and especially poets, who send their works for my perusal and opinion and advice thereon, have been as much the plague of my life as the tom-tortoise-shells were of his. Mr. George Colman has no sinecure in his office of licenser for the stage; alas! the office which has thus been thrust upon me is a sine-salary, and the business itself is of a more ungracious kind."

We have been somewhat amused at the little escape of vanity in this passage; the implied comparison with one who deservedly held such high rank in the scientific world is not amiss. But, in truth, a Southey is worth ten Banks's; and it is only the self-complacency of the paragraph which is worthy of a simile: had it come from any other quarter, it would not have been even a compliment. With regard to the contrast with the facetious licenser for the stage, we are really of opinion that both he and the laureate are amply paid for what they do. We would engage, in these times of retrenchment and economy, to procure one person to fulfil the duties of the two, and equally well, at half-price. But let that pass. In answer to Jones, the author states:

"That instead of returning a discouraging reply, and thus preventing any farther trouble to myself, I told my humble applicant he might send me his book, warning him, however, against indulging in any expectation that such poems would be found generally acceptable in these days; the time for them was gone by, and whether the public had grown wiser in these matters or not, it had certainly become less tolerant and less charitable."

Is this not an Irish reason for afterwards publishing these very poems, and a whole volume besides of similar matter? Still the kind intention remains the same, and is entitled to the same approbation; we simply object to looking one way and rowing another, of which we have several instances in these pages. For example, the author thus describes his motives—

"If I could render some little service to a man of more than ordinary worth (for such, upon the best testimony, Mr. Jones appeared to be), it would be something not to be repented of, even though I should fail in the hope (which failure, however, I did not apprehend) of affording some gratification to 'gentle readers;' for readers there still are, who, having escaped the epidemic disease of criticism, are willing to be pleased, and grateful to those from whose writings they derive amusement or instruction."

Why Mr. Southey, himself a professional critic, and often a severe and caustic one, should affect to run down the craft, and "do the amiable" to gentle readers on this particular occasion, we cannot explain. It seems to us to be an affectation of superiority, which even his great abilities, his vast fund of acquired knowledge, his admirable facility and grace of style, and his many extraordinary qualifications, do not justify. There are—take the world as it goes—few Southeys; but, if there were fewer, not one of the best of them (if there can be a best among equalities) has a right to say, when inclined to be critical, "I am Sir Oracle, when I speak, let no dog bark;" and when he chooses to play the piano of a literary cicerone, to run down the congeners of his other character. Even where we agree with him in sentiment (if it be possible to make it distinctly out), we must defend ourselves from a communion in this respect:

"Bad poetry—(if it be harmless in its intent and tendency)—can do no harm, unless it passes for good, becomes fashionable, and so tends to deprave still further a vitiated public taste, and still further to debase a corrupted language. Bad criticism is a much worse thing, because a much more injurious one, both to the self-satisfied writer and the assentient reader; not to mention, that without the assistance of bad criticism, bad poetry would but seldom make its way.* The mediocres have long been a numerous and an increasing race, and they must necessarily multiply with the progress of civilisation. But it would be difficult to say wherefore it should be treated as an offence against the public, to publish verses which no one is obliged either to purchase or to read. Booksellers are not likely to speculate at their own cost in such wares; there is a direct gain to other branches of trade; employment is given where it is wanted; and if pecuniary loss be a matter of indifference to the author, there is then no injury to himself, and he could not have indulged himself in a more innocent folly, if folly it should deserve to be called. But if he is a good and amiable man, he will be both the better and the happier for writing verses. 'Poetry,' says Landor, 'opens many sources of tenderness, that lie for ever in the rock without it.'"

To all this we most heartily subscribe; but, continues Mr. S.:

"If, indeed, a poet feels in himself a constant craving for reputation, and a desire of depreciating those who have been more successful than himself,—if he looks upon them as his competitors and rivals, not as his brethren in the art,—then verily it is unfortunate for such a man that he possesses the talent of versifying. And in that case he will soon betake himself to criticism, as a more congenial calling; for bad poets become malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar."

Excepting that this is not pure grammar, we would have given our ears to have written it. We fancy Mr. Southey in Westmoreland, at Harrogate, and in divers delightful retirements, unacquainted with the little reviewing, criticising, envying, backbiting circles of London (the great theatre, notwithstanding); and we wonder at the accuracy of his notions. How many coxcombs and asses do we *know*, whose only talent is depreciation; how many critics, as cutting as new cutlery, who are but Birmingham blunts sharpened by the failure of their own attempts. Pitt said, "I could make ten patriots in a day, by refusing presumptuous requests, and crushing unreasonable expectations." It is the same with literature as with politics (to imitate Southey in a comparison — see Sir J. Banks *passim*) — *we* can make a very respectable number (*i. e.*

* We mark this as a doubtful assertion, though Heaven forfend *we* should be reckoned the champions of bad criticism.—*Ed. L. G.*

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respectable in number) of critics in any week of our existence. But the "vinegar" is as indifferent as the "wine;" and as nobody cares to drink the latter, so nobody heeds the sub-acid of the former. Let us turn to some better stuff than either,—the fine argument of the author for his adopting this individual instance of servile poesy.

"There were many, I thought, who would be pleased at seeing how much intellectual enjoyment had been attained in humble life, and in very unfavourable circumstances; and that this exercise of the mind, instead of rendering the individual discontented with his station, had conduced greatly to his happiness, and if it had not made him a good man, had contributed to keep him so. This pleasure should in itself, methought, be sufficient to content those subscribers who might kindly patronise a little volume of his verses. Moreover, I considered that as the Age of Reason had commenced, and we were advancing with quick step in the March of Intellect, Mr. Jones would in all likelihood be the last versifier of his class; something might properly be said of his predecessors, the poets in low life, who with more or less good fortune had obtained notice in their day; and here would be matter for an introductory essay, not uninteresting in itself, and contributing something towards our literary history."

The "last versifier of his class" is, as the *Quarterly Review* says, nonsense: there will be thousands yet. Imperfect civilisation, and the imperfect instruction of "the schoolmaster," are but weak barriers against human nature; and, so long as there is any portion of the community unspoilt by bad culture, we shall have poets as genuine as John Jones. But the rest of the passage is just; a love of poetry not only never injured a living being,—it must improve and elevate. Like the sense of honour, which may plunge its inheritors sometimes into situations which cannot be prudently defended; if it lead to a few unessential follies, it preserves the highest and the best of feelings: and what noble soul would not rather be pitied (that is the word) for a negligence injurious to none but its owner, than be doomed to endure the sycophancy and adulation paid to the most fortunate of the heartless worldlings around?

After a brief introduction, the author gives us an agreeable life of Taylor the Water Poet, with specimens of his curious poems; then of Stephen Duck, James Woodhouse, John Bennet, Ann Yearsley, J. F. Bryant,—all untaught; and, if we may say so without heresy, unreadable versifiers. Imitation is the bane of the mass; and, after all, imitation is the essence of John Jones. What, under other circumstances, the good feelings and natural talents of these persons might have made them, is an inquiry we cannot solve; but as they really existed, there is nothing beyond the friendly plaudits of their day required, and even Mr. Southey may indite fifty volumes before he can *repopularise* them. Taylor was the most remarkable of them all; and the partial revival of the best of his poetry offers a pleasant relaxation.

Before offering two or three selections from John Jones, we should notice that Mr. Southey affords us the following agreeable promise:—

"I do not introduce Robert Bloomfield here, because his poems are worthy of preservation separately, and in general collections; and because it is my intention one day to manifest at more length my respect for one whose talents were of no common standard, and whose character was in all respects exemplary. It is little to the credit of the age, that the latter days of a man whose name was at one time so deservedly popular, should have been past in poverty, and perhaps shortened by distress, that distress having been brought on by no misconduct or imprudence of his own." [Most true.]

The subjoined are the most convenient specimens we can give of Jones's compositions, which fill about 150 pages of the volume.

The Journey of Life.

"The journey of life
There are none can presage;
From all we can learn
'Tis an uncertain stage;
If short or extended,
No mortal can say,
What up-hills or down-hills
There are in the way;
Yet were all we travellers
Social inclined,
And true honest hearted,
And loving and kind;
Nor man to man scornful,
Nor man to man wrong,
How happily we might
All travel along!
But pow'r will oppress thee,
And pride pass thee by,
And folly will laugh
At a tear in thine eye;
And, should dark misfortune
Thy prospects o'ercast,
E'en friendship will leave thee
Exposed to the blast;
And envy and malice
Augment thy distress;
And cunning and avarice
Thy little make less.
But strengthened by virtue,
Still bravely contend,
And hope will uphold thee,
And God be thy friend."

The Butterfly to his Love.

"Extend thy wings, my dear,
And we will round the bowers go;
The sun is warm and clear,
And inviting is the day;
The dews have left the blade,
And fragrant now the flowers blow,
And, as they blow to fade,
Let's enjoy them while we may!
We're not of mortal mould
To die, and then unfold
Our eyes in still a brighter world,
Its glories to explore;
Our life is but a summer long;
Then let us rove its sweets among,
For when the blast blows bleak and strong,
We sleep to wake no more."

"Old Mawley to his Ass" appears to us to be so eminently ridiculous as to impeach the selector's judgment,—take one verse as a ludicrous example:

"I'll will that, at my latest sigh,
Thou, too, some easy death shalt die,
And in one grave we both will lie,
My own old Ass"!!!

The allowed and sanctioned attack upon one (with all his faults and vices) of our greatest poets, is also a mistake of the editor. When Southey and Byron fought, we could enjoy the lists; but when the lion is dead, his former antagonist ought not to have permitted any inferior kick of the ass.

On the Death of Lord Byron.

"Thy destiny's cast and before thee,
And sever'd thy body and breath,
Thou'rt left, and the Muses deplore thee,
On the dark and cold desert of death.

The strains of thy lyre were enchanting,
And bore over nature control,
But yet was another chord wanting,
To attune it more sweet to the soul.

The sound that's to merit inspiring,
Its sweet introduction to love,
And cheering to worth in aspiring
To a seat with the blissful above.

Though reckless of these was thy story,
And left to more impotent lays,
The Corsair shall glow in thy glory,
The wanton shall bask in thy praise.

The isle of thy birth is the rarest,
Thy home was the proudest to have,
The fair of her soil are the fairest,
The bravest, her sons, of the brave.

The land of thy sires was forsaken,
Its worthies thy genius abused,
No pride in her virgins was taken,
Its sons were a tribute refused.

In climes now inglorious a ranger,
With passions unbridled and strong,
Love's current was turned on the stranger,
And the dissolute nursed in thy song.

Had thy fame and thy country's together
In an orbit conjunctively shone,
'Twould have beam'd on illuming each other,
'Till time had extinguish'd the sun."

We are sensible that, in writing this hasty review of a book received on Thursday, we have only thrown out the crude suggestions of the moment upon passages which struck us; and therefore we beg to end by expressing our applause of the motives which led to its publication, and our candid opinion that it will afford gratification to every literary person.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XV. History of France, Vol. II. By Eyre Evans Crowe. 12mo. pp. 341. London, 1831. Longman and Co.; Taylor.

On the first volume of this work appearing, we expressed our warm approbation of the judicious manner in which Mr. Crowe had begun his task: arrived, as he now is, at the most interesting period of French history, in repeating our good opinion, it were scant justice not to give that opinion weight by specimens of these pages which lead to its expression. Hitherto, beyond mere abridgments for children, and none of these, till Sir Walter Scott's delightful volumes appeared, going beyond mere dry outline, strange as it may seem to say, a history of France, brought down to the present time, has been wanting in literature. Mr. Crowe's mass of material has been immense, and we think he has shewn great industry in collecting, and great judgment in selecting. These two volumes contain a clear, bold outline of French history, interspersed with philosophical views, and many most judicious remarks. We feel convinced, as we read, of the talents of the writer; and even where we differ from his opinions, we respect them, because given in thoughtfulness and truth. In passing judgment on these pages, it ought to be remembered, that three volumes can be but a compendium. He who reads this work will have an accurate view of the course of events; he will have, as it were, a map of history before him, an excellent foundation, if he chooses to search further, and a sufficient knowledge of details and changes, if content with a general acquaintance. To the young it will be invaluable; and the reader who requires reflection as well as information, may well study these annals for the deep reflection which Mr. Crowe has evidently embodied in them. We now proceed to our extracts, endeavouring as much as possible to mingle remark and anecdote together.

"The noblesse of England, crushed by the imperious spirit of the Conqueror, were subjects, and sympathised with the mass: in France, the same class were either princes, or the followers of princes. Thus, whilst the former raised the standing bulwark of law around their privileges, including, for greater security, those of the people, the French aristocracy, aiming at nothing short of independence at one time, at all times more eager to share than to limit the royal authority, held a contempt for aught like constitutional maxim or law, and, full of recklessness and presumption, sought no other guarantees for their existence than intrigue or the sword. The blending of classes was another fortunate circumstance for England. Nobility, considered in France to extend to the whole

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blood, was here confined, with the most beneficial injustice, to the eldest son. The younger branches fell into the ranks of the lower aristocracy, or lesser landholders, who again found themselves assorted with the chiefs of the burgess class in the lower house of parliament. Thus was solved, and apparently by chance, one of the greatest difficulties of social organisation; a difficulty which convulsed the republics of Greece and Rome, and proved the great stumbling-block to upset the latter. France, less fortunate, adopted the classic division of patrician and plebeian; a line equally dangerous to draw as to efface."

The importance of trifles early began at the French court. "The absence of the Count of Soissons from Paris had been owing to a fit of discontent, occasioned by observing the *fleur-de-lis* embroidered on the gown of the duchess of Vendome at the ceremony of the queen's coronation. The duke being but an illegitimate son of the king, the purer blood of Soissons was indignant." Even when the states-general met,—"The most important consideration in the eyes of all was evidently the respective dignity of persons and classes. The first two months were consumed in disputes of precedence, in ceremonials, in mutual compliments between the orders at first, and afterwards in mutual abuse. Miron, provost of the merchants of the city of Paris, was elected president. The address of the commons to the king was spoken by this magistrate on his knees; the deputies were clothed in simple black, whilst priests and nobles shone in gold, and an attempt of the president to wear his city robes of red and blue in a procession was looked upon as a monstrous piece of ambition."

What a moral depravity is in the following little passage!—"Epernon received a written pardon for his rebellion, but otherwise derived no advantage from it; a circumstance that caused him to be taxed with folly by his contemporaries. Disinterestedness was inconceivable to the age.

The ensuing is one of those correct views in which this author excels.

"The state maxim of that day, the usual policy of weak minds, was to trim a middle course, to hold a balance betwixt contending parties, and allow none, if possible, to be predominant. Such had been the rule of conduct of Mary of Medicis, by which she perpetuated all the evils of the state, disunion, rebellion, and aristocratic independence. In this continued game of intrigue, this play of petty motives and petty forces, every head and every thought was absorbed. There was neither leisure nor elevation to afford views of foreign policy or public good. Selfish interests could be the only aim; and these were so numerous, so universal, and so complicated, that it required the capacious mind of genius to grasp, in conjunction with them, a patriotic or a public feeling. Such, however, was the mind of Richelieu: he at once towered over the heads of those dwarf statesmen of the court, and saw at a glance the evils that preyed upon France, and neutralised her power. To remove these, and elevate her to her rank amongst nations, was his instant conception. Henry IV. had effected this: he had raised the country to its just pre-eminence, and made it respected. But this he did merely by his personal character and ascendency; he had not done it permanently: he left all the materials of dissension and insurrection in force. These were principally two, the independent noblesse, and the Huguenots. To overthrow and crush these, to tread them beneath the feet of the monarch, became Richelieu's first object; and towards this he marched through every difficulty, and shrunk from neither peril nor blood. He threw aside the trimming, the balancing policy that had hitherto prevailed, and adopted in its stead that bold, decided, straightforward line of conduct, which suits a mind conscious of superiority and confident of force."

The character of Richelieu is well summed up.

"Richelieu was the true monarch of the reign: it was he who stamped upon it the impress of his genius and despotic character. True, he did but adopt and follow up the plans of the great Henry, in humbling the Huguenots, the noblesse, and the house of Austria; but the execution of three such enterprises in the short space of twenty years, and by a minister risen from obscurity, and obliged to act as often in despite of the monarch as with his countenance and aid, places Richelieu in the first rank of statesmen. His address, his firmness, his sagacity, were unequalled. He was naturally magnanimous, loving wealth and splendour more as the symbol of power than as the gratification of selfish vanity. The cruelty of his character is its great blemish; yet he was clement to the Huguenots, and shrunk early from the severe acts which he foresaw his plans for raising royalty would throw upon him. In the states-general for 1614, he proposed to do away with the punishment of death for political crimes, yet he soon came to be unsparing in its infliction; and the decapitation of each new victim increased in him the taste for blood, until his prelate's robe assumed the crimson dye of the murderer and the tyrant. On a superficial view, this minister's unvarying success is the most striking feature of his career; and yet all of this that his own sagacity might not produce, the extreme imprudence and feebleness of his enemies may account for. The crime of having trodden out the last spark of his country's liberties, and of having converted its monarchic government into pure despotism, is that for which Richelieu is most generally condemned. But the state of anarchy which he removed was license, not liberty. The task of reconciling private independence with public peace, civil rights with the existence of justice,—and this without precedent or tradition, without that rooted stock on which freedom, in order to grow and bear fruit, must be grafted,—was a conception which, however familiar to our age, was utterly unknown and impracticable to that of Richelieu. With the horrors of civil war fresh in the memory of all, the general desire was for tranquillity and peace, not liberty; to which, moreover, had it been contemplated, the first necessary step was that of humbling the aristocracy. It was impossible that constitutional freedom could ever grow out of the chaos of privileges, and anarchy, and organised rebellion, that the government had to contend with. In building up her social fabric, France had in fact gone wrong, destroyed the old foundations, and rebuilt on others without solidity or system. To introduce order or add solidity to so ill-constructed a fabric was impossible; Richelieu found it necessary to raze all at once to the ground, except the central donjon of despotism, which he left standing. Had Richelieu, with all his genius and sagacity, undertaken for liberty what he achieved for royalty, his age would have rejected or misunderstood him, as it did Bacon and Galileo. He might, indeed, as a man of letters, have consigned such a political dream to the volume of an Utopia, but from action or administration he would have been soon discarded as a dreamer. Liberty must come of the claim of the mass; of the general enlightenment, firmness, and probity. It is no great physical secret, which a single brain, finding, may announce and so establish: it is a moral truth, which, like a gem, hides its ray and its preciousness in obscurity, nor becomes refulgent, till all around it is beaming with light. Had we space to enter into the minor details of Richelieu's administration, much might be found to abstract from his merit, much to add to it. His management of the finances was grasping and unwise. France paid dearly for her glory and ascendency. The 20,000,000 of revenue, that enabled Henry IV. to amass, were quadrupled and yet expended by Richelieu; the greater part being wasted ere it reached the treasury. Thus the proud monarchy which Richelieu founded owed to him also the canker that was destined to destroy it,—the extravagance and mismanagement of its pecuniary resources. For the sake of a certain revenue, there were 40,000 employments in finance and law left in the hereditary possession of subjects; an anomaly in a despotism scarcely credible. But the minister could not venture to attack at once the noblesse of the sword and that of the robe. He destroyed the former, and contented himself with humbling the latter."

We here subjoin the sketch of "the celebrated Father Joseph, a capuchin friar, the follower and confidant of Richelieu. We can scarcely imagine a statesman and an ambassador clothed in a monk's frock and sandals: yet such was Father Joseph, a name more or less mingled in all the intrigues of the French court, and its negotiations with others. His influence was known, and he was dreaded by the court as a kind of evil spirit,—in fact, the demon of Richelieu. Although the latter never procured for his monkish friend the cardinal's hat which he demanded, still the people called Father Joseph his 'gray eminence,' at once to distinguish him from and assimilate him to his 'red eminence' the cardinal. They had been friends from youth; congenial spirits in ambition, depth, and talent: the monk, however, sacrificed his personal elevation to that of the cardinal. Richelieu was much indebted to him: it was Joseph that roused and encouraged him, when stupified and intimidated by the invasion of Picardy; and it was said that after his death Richelieu shewed neither the same firmness nor sagacity. When Father Joseph was on his deathbed, Richelieu stood by it: it was a scene such as a novelist might love to paint. The conversation of the two ecclesiastics was still of this world; and the cardinal's last exhortation to the expiring monk was, 'Courage, Father Joseph, Brisach is ours!' a form of consolation characteristic of both."

The following is also characteristic:—"A short time before the death of the late king, his young son of five years old, the dauphin, was brought to his bedside. 'What is your name?' asked the languid monarch. 'Louis the Fourteenth,' replied the boy, who had early learned the secret of his dignity. 'Not yet, not yet,' observed his sire."

There is much truth in the next remark. Speaking of the disputes during the times of the Frondeurs:

"It may be asked why the chiefs of the judicature, and such upright lovers of liberty as Molé, were opposed to the convocation of the states-general? The answer is, that the example of England, then in the mouths and minds of many, terrified them, and made them prefer their own body as a constitutional check, to such a representative assembly as that which,

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in the neighbouring kingdom, had begun with civil war, and ended in regicide and despotism. It must be owned they had some cause for fear. A revolution is bad enough; but an imitative revolution, a parody of such a great event, is to be deprecated tenfold, as incurring all the evils and few of the advantages of the convulsion."

We do not agree with Mr. Crowe in his view of the *Fronde;* when he says the French parliament were "deterred by the extravagance of the English one," we think he takes up a theory of motive not at all in accordance with the thoughtless, violent, and often purely picturesque, spirit of the age. Writers who live in a time when rights are subjects of daily discussion, and liberty not only understood, but a good deal acted upon, are very apt to judge other times as if their own lights had then existed. We must also observe, that Mr. Crowe keeps singularly out of sight that love of effect, which is so strong a principle in the French character, and which gives such a melo-dramatic tone to their annals. We utterly dissent from the ensuing declaration on arriving at the times of Louis XIV.; the writer says:

"The philosopher's eye disdains to contemplate a scene where the petty motives and acts of private life must be produced on the public stage, and where the fate of empires must be traced to causes better calculated to string together the incidents of a novel."

This is a conclusion as sweeping as it is false. Human nature is equally human nature, whether in its littleness or its elevation; and, whatever the philosopher may think, the historian can consider nothing below his notice which traces an effect to a cause, and warns one generation by the vices and follies of another. The following view of the motive which led to Louis the Fourteenth's next marriage is equally contrary to the memoirs of the times and the monarch's own character:

"Louis looked around, and, selecting no longer with the eye of passion but of reason, took for a wife the governess of his illegitimate children. This was Madame Scarron."

We doubt whether there was not rather more flattery, intrigue, &c. in the case than reason. We now proceed with our extracts.

"There is no more important political truth than that the continuance of an aristocracy is incompatible with despotism. Physical existence or prosperity is not sufficient to uphold a privileged caste. It must have, moreover, a spring of intellectual activity, that is, interests to defend, and the means of defending them. When those, or when the latter fail, then commences their decline; such was the case of the Roman nobles after Augustus, of the French after the *Fronde*. An elective, or constitutional, or a feudal monarchy, are the only forms compatible with an aristocracy. Hence, the absurdity of the French noblesse in seeking to restore the *ancien regime;* they but struggled to die over again. * * * The principle of Jansenism lay deeper; its doctrines went to render the national church in many respects independent of Rome, and, moreover, to free the consciences of men from the arbitrary will of their spiritual confessors, by establishing a code of morals, founded indeed on Scripture, but superior to the glosses of its teachers. The Reformation was the first great attempt to shake off the authority of Rome: although successful, it was not without its blunders, its inconveniences, nay, its crimes; and, its first fervour over, there was little hope of its gaining proselytes, at least in France, where Calvinism, connected with rebellion, and spurning a hierarchy, excited disgust in the well-born, distrust in the ignoble. Still there was a tacit protest in the French mind against Rome and its usurpations. Jansenism was the expression of this protest; but so feeble was it, so timid and involved its aim, hidden in obscurity of words, that when greater questions arose, it was swept away, and so erased, that unless closely examined, it appears to be a mere logical dispute."

Good condensed summary of the causes tending to the revolution. "The very men who lived in those days began to perceive the movement; not only the philosopher and reflecting man, but Louis XV. himself. 'The monarchy is very old,' said he, 'but it will last my time:' a selfish remark, no doubt. But could he have stopped the current of its decline? And was not his conscious powerlessness, more than his selfishness, the prompter of his thought? His subjects, his compatriots, took precisely the same view: nor class nor individual knew whither they tended; but all were dissatisfied and ill at ease. A change was necessary, it was inevitable: the acts of every one—of king, of priest, of minister, of noble, of parliament, of writer—all henceforth worked to bring about and hasten this change. The king degraded royalty by his dissoluteness, and weakened it by his profusion. The minister, turning away from the task of internal administration in disgust, directed his views abroad, and sought to gild his day of triumph by the trophies of a war, undertaken under some idle pretext of supporting the balance of power. The noble, like the monarch, degraded his order, and shewed himself pressing on the lower classes, not for any public end, but for his own private gratification. The legists defended the cause of religious liberty and their own independence, indeed, but did so selfishly and blindly. The writer flattered royalty and aristocracy, and, at this price, was allowed to attack religion, the court finding itself in opposition to the priesthood. The priesthood itself increased its odium as a privileged class, by its intemperance, its ignorance, its absurdity, and its scandal. In such a general abandonment of the ancient system, such a despair of supporting it, it is absurd to ascribe to any particular class the catastrophe in which the epoch ended. None set about revolutionising *intentionally;* but each stirred when it found its place irksome; each, where and how it had the power. As the noblesse had proved malecontent at one time, the magistracy at another, so now a new combination of society, the lettered class, rebelled with better success, for universal sympathy supported them; and step the first was taken in revolution."

This revolution, so important in itself and its consequences, begins at the conclusion of the volume now before us. We shall refrain from its analysis till we have the whole; and, for the present, must say, that the first two volumes of the *History of France* are among the very best the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* has yet put forth. Mr. Crowe is a man of talent: he thinks as well as compiles.

A Biographical Memoir of the late Dr. Walter Oudney and Captain Hugh Clapperton, both R.N. and Major A. Gordon Laing, all of whom died amid their enterprising Endeavours to explore the Interior of Africa. By the Rev. T. Nelson, M.W.S. 18mo. pp. 150. Edinburgh, 1830, Waugh and Innes; London, Whittaker and Co.

THIS is a small but very striking volume, containing concise biographies of the three distinguished Scotsmen whose names are given in the title-page. Those of the two former are derived from personal intimacy and near and authentic sources; the latter is more of a compilation; but the whole will be read with much interest by every class of the community.

As the public, however, is well acquainted with the outlines of their personal memoirs, and the details of their several expeditions, we shall not repeat such particulars (all of which, indeed, have appeared in our own columns), but confine ourselves to a few extracts which possess the greatest degree of novelty. The following is from a letter of Dr. Oudney to Professor Jameson, dated Mourzuk, June 6, 1822.

"I have anxiously searched for springs, but have found none fit for an accurate result. The whole country is a spring, if I may use the expression, for water comes bubbling up on digging a few feet; its temperature then is affected by the earth, and the heat indicated is of no use in ascertaining the mean temperature of the place, and consequently its elevation. The abundance of water in a country in which rain scarcely ever falls, and in which there is no dew, is a curious and interesting circumstance to the philosophic inquirer. It is not generated in the earth, and it cannot be supplied by the sea. From whence then does it come? Is it from the tropical rains? or is it from rivers lost in the earth? The supply is constant, and the wells yield as much at one time as another. The supposition that appears most probable to me is, that the countries to the southward are much higher than this; that during the rainy season water penetrates a considerable way into the earth, till it meets with strata resisting its farther descent, and then that it flows along these like a river to far distant countries. My explanation may be censured, but still, on reflection, I regard it as the most probable that I can think of. There is another interesting feature in Fezzan, namely, the constant formation of salt on the surface of the sand. In travelling along, the different stages of the process are very distinctly observable. First, a thin crust is formed like hoar frost, and this continues to increase in thickness. In some places the layer of salt is a foot deep. At present I must defer the explanation of this phenomenon till I shall have time to enter upon the description of the geological structure of Fezzan."

Upon the above theory of water, we may observe, that it seems to strengthen Sir Rufane Donkin's idea of the Niger being absorbed under ground, and flowing along strata exactly as Dr. Oudney supposes. It is much to be regretted that nearly all the materials collected by Dr. Oudney have been lost.

Of Clapperton, the writer says:

"No memoir of his life has yet appeared at all worthy of him. We have seen in one periodical an atrocious libel upon his memory, the emanation evidently of a mean and malignant spirit. Any newspaper notices of him which have been printed are meagre in the extreme; and the 'Short Sketch' which is prefixed to the Journal of his Second Expedition, and purporting to be the work of his uncle, a colonel of marines, although the best account of him which has yet appeared, contains exceedingly little that is really interesting. Such being the lack of materials, we regret much that we shall not be able to produce a memoir adequate to the subject; but we can assure our readers that we have used all diligence to obtain the most accurate and ample information which can now be had, and shall therefore proceed to submit it to their candid consideration."

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After narrating his birth, family, education, &c. and his early sea service, Mr. Nelson tells us—

"After Sir Edward Owen was appointed to the command of the British naval force upon the Canadian lakes, he gave Clapperton an acting order as a lieutenant, and appointed him to the command of the Confiance schooner. This was a situation, which, as it implied more responsibility than any he had hitherto held, likewise allowed him a greater degree of liberty than he could have enjoyed had he been assigned a birth on board of a vessel commanded by a superior officer. When, therefore, he had the command of the Confiance, he was in the habit of making excursions into the forests on the coast, both of lake Huron and lake Erie, for the purpose of shooting game. While engaged in these excursions, he cultivated an acquaintance with several of the Indian tribes. The romantic turn of his mind led him not only to delight to associate with those aboriginal inhabitants of America, but also to adopt their manners and customs, and even to acquire their language. He became a great favourite among them; for he sometimes treated them with feasts, and on these occasions they used to fire a *feu de joie* in honour of him as their benefactor. At one time, indeed, he entertained serious intentions of uniting himself to the Indians, marrying a princess, and thereby becoming a chief amongst them; and actually assumed the distinctive badge of the Huron nation. This romantic and foolish design was, however, soon relinquished; but the feasts which he had given to the chiefs led to deficiency in his accounts to the victualling department, and this deficiency was afterwards deducted from his half-pay, and was the means of involving him in pecuniary difficulties, from which he was not altogether relieved till after his return from his first expedition from Africa."

His character is further illustrated by the following account of him in Edinburgh, during one of his "leaves of absence."

"Here, being an entirely idle man, fond of adventures withal, and in a place where they might easily be found, he soon had a hand in some curious scenes. Having little idea of economy, and not being well acquainted with the value of money, and indeed caring nothing for it whatever, provided he got enough to serve his purposes at the time when it was wanted, the quarterly items of his half-pay did not last him long. Indeed, he entertained some singular notions on the subject of borrowing money; and when he had recourse to his friends for a supply, he gave them to understand that he was doing them a favour by becoming their debtor. As an instance of the careless way in which he parted with his money when in Edinburgh, we may mention the following incident. At this time, a young man, the son of a stanch anti-patronist, was figuring away in this town as a popular preacher, in which capacity he became so notorious, that week after week he was puffed in the newspapers, and was attended by vast crowds on Sunday, when he held forth in a well-known chapel of ease. This person happened to meet Clapperton one day just after he had drawn his quarter's pay, and he immediately laid a plan, and forthwith commenced the putting of it in practice, for the purpose of getting possession of a considerable share of it. He said to Clapperton that he had that day met with a great disappointment, in not getting from his friends a remittance of money which he had expected; that now he would not get it before Monday; nor would he have cared for the delay of a day or two, had he not promised to pay his tailor's account, and regretted exceedingly that he should not be able to do it, as he was a lover of punctuality, and was anxious above every thing to keep his word. At the end of this fair speech, Clapperton asked his reverend friend how much money would serve his purpose, and was told that ten pounds would do all he wanted, till he heard from his friends on Monday. Clapperton, believing the man to be honest, gave him the sum specified, when the reverend gentleman asked him to go to Barclay's hotel, and he would treat him to his dinner. Away they went. An excellent dinner was set upon the table and discussed. Madeira, champaign, and other expensive wines, were called for, and the two got cheerful, joyous, happy, glorious. At length the swindler, as he proved to be, made some pretence for going out for a little. He went, but never returned; and Clapperton, in addition to the ten pounds which he had given him, never to see again, had a bill of between two and three pounds more to pay before he could leave the house."

As Lander, Clapperton's faithful servant, is now engaged in pursuing a similar mission to that in which his master perished, we copy the short notice of him at page 98.

"This man had been a wanderer from his youth. When only eleven years of age, he accompanied a mercantile gentleman to the West Indies. He was absent three years; and on his return went to France and other places on the continent, as a gentleman's servant, and continued abroad in that capacity till his nineteenth year. On his return home, he did not stay long in his native country, but went to South Africa with Major Colebrook, and traversed, along with that gentleman, the whole of the Cape colony, from one extremity to the other. The reason why he left Major Colebrook has not been made public; but, on his return to England in 1824, he heard of Captain Clapperton's second expedition to the interior of Africa, and regarding the adventure as something peculiarly suited to his roving disposition, he went to the captain and tendered his services, which were accepted."

With this we conclude, and warmly recommend the little volume to our readers. The author's style is his worst fault, in consequence of many of his periods being unconscionably long; but, nevertheless, the meaning is obvious, and the matter peculiarly interesting.

The Life of the Right Rev. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. By the Rev. Charles Webb Le Bas, M.A. &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Rivingtons.

THE great utility of this work would have been more truly felt, and more deservedly appreciated, had it made its appearance some years ago. It is of little positive service to give information of the nature, or draw attention to the existence, of difficulties that once threw their impediments in the way, and became as stumbling blocks in the path we were about to journey, long after these have been mitigated, if not wholly removed. These volumes, had they been laid before the public immediately upon the decease of Bishop Middleton, would, as conveying the experience of a man who first encountered the many obstacles, and was, therefore, the more capable of pointing out the way to surmount them—would have been invaluable to all whose duty called them, or whose desire urged them, to labour in the Christian cause among the myriads of India. The plain narrative of a predecessor is, in every course of life, productive of benefit, and the best source whence the thirst for useful information may be slaked; but when the region we are about to enter is unknown, and the path in which we are to follow has been trodden but by one, the experience of that one is of the highest practical importance. Such is the case with the life of Bishop Middleton, the first Protestant bishop in India. The life of a successor has supplied that intelligence which was to have been expected from his precursor. The work contains principally the actual business of the Indian church. We quote the following passage as indicative of the hindrances by which the zealous must expect to be partially thwarted.

"In other respects, the scene to which the bishop returned from his travels did not promise similar satisfaction or encouragement. In the first place, it was impossible for him to observe without pain that fresh dangers seemed to be arraying themselves against the cause of genuine Christianity in India, and from a quarter that, of all others, might have been the least suspected. A Brahmin, by the name of Rammohun Roy, had recently renounced the grosser absurdities of his national creed, though without becoming even half a convert to Christianity; and his first considerable exploit in his new character was to publish an 'Appeal' to the Christian world, to extinguish what he was pleased to term the *polytheism* of the Trinity! 'And, certainly,' says the bishop, 'he makes out his case quite as well as Lant Carpenter or Belsham. It was but the other day that Christians were considered as bound to be cautious how they attacked the follies of the Hindoos; nay, indeed the feeling still prevails—and now a Hindoo comes forward to reform Christianity, and to attack the follies and prejudices of the whole Catholic church of Christ, whom he denominates *a sect*.' That the light which had dawned upon himself might not be hidden from his countrymen, Rammohun, it seems, was busy in translating his work into the native languages, for the instruction of his countrymen. And what was the most curious particular of the whole history, it was understood that he had derived material assistance in its composition from a Christian, who had been formerly of the baptist persuasion, but who, in attempting the conversion of the Brahmin to the doctrine of the Trinity, became himself a convert to the deism of his catechumen, and actually set up a Unitarian chapel in Calcutta! 'It is unquestionably my duty,' says the bishop, 'to take up the question, provided I can find time for it. But a slight answer would be worse than nothing: it requires a volume. The writing, however, of a volume is not the whole difficulty; the printing is as difficult; for the expense here is ruinous—three times what it is in England: and, besides, there is no sale. I question whether, according to the prevailing notions here, the bishop could print for sale. If it were not treated as trading, it would be thought mean: he ought to give away all the copies; to which there is this objection—that thus they who will not read a book possess it, while they who want it, go without.' It will easily be conceived that a circumstance like this must have been deeply distressing to a person like Bishop Middleton, whose whole faculties were wrapped up in the one grand purpose of his mission, and whose spirits were kept in a state of perpetual excitement by the multitude of harassing anomalies with which his peculiar situation surrounded him."

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We give the contrast of character between Bishop Heber and Bishop Middleton.

"The loss of such a man as Bishop Middleton irresistibly invites us to a momentary contemplation of the distinguished prelate who was selected to supply his place. The imagination can scarcely, perhaps, picture a contrast, in some respects, more striking than that which was exhibited in the characters of Bishop Middleton and his successor. It is, nevertheless, such a contrast as may well exist between two great and good men. Many qualities they had in common with each other. Each was distinguished by rich and various mental accomplishments, by a noble and almost saint-like disregard of mere personal interest, and by an entire dedication of himself to the holy cause which called them forth from their country. But in the general 'form and pressure' of their minds, they were totally dissimilar. The soul of Heber was essentially poetical: he surveyed with the eye of a poet all the regions both of art and nature — the achievements of man, and the works and word of God. The power of poetry descended upon his dreams, and visited him in his private meditations and devotions, and often shed a celestial radiance over his ministrations in the sanctuary. In Bishop Middleton the imaginative faculty was far less predominant: his chief endowments were a profound and penetrating sagacity—a vast strength of purpose—a robust frame of mind, less fitted to pursue the bright creations of fancy than to wrestle with severe truth, or to grapple with the stubborn realities of life. The characters of these two men may, perhaps, be said to have borne towards each other a relation somewhat resembling that which painting bears to sculpture—the canvass delights in the glow and richness of vivid colouring, the intricate vicissitudes of light and shadow, and the endless combination of objects and variety of distances. All these the marble rejects. It may be able, indeed, to bear the impress of every passion which can agitate our nature, or of every excellence which can dignify it; but the effect is always, more or less, accompanied by something of a sober and austere simplicity. It is, perhaps, scarcely too fanciful to surmise that, of those who intimately knew each of these eminent worthies, there might be some who would so far enter into the spirit of this comparison as to desiderate a painting of Heber, while they regarded a statue as the more appropriate representation of his great predecessor. The same contrast which ran through their moral nature prevailed in their intellectual. The souls of both were thoroughly pervaded by a solemn sense of Christian duty; but this principle was displayed according to the different temperaments of the men. In the one, it often took the form of steady and inflexible resolution; in the other, the aspect of facility and mildness. The one seemed incessantly watchful over himself, lest the pleasure of compliance should betray him into the surrender of something which duty commanded him to maintain: the other appeared fearful lest the responsibilities of public life should make him insensible to the feelings and the wishes of men whose worth entitled them to respect. The one was on his guard against the suggestions of easy and mistaken benevolence: the other was fearful lest official integrity and firmness should *petrify*, at last, into obstinacy and self-will. Different, however, as these individuals were, it would seem to have been providentially appointed that two such men should appear in India, in the order which actually occurred. Without the unbending constancy of Bishop Middleton, it is very doubtful whether the foundations of the episcopal church could have been solidly and permanently laid. But when that great work was once accomplished, the same degree of stern energy might not, perhaps, be so absolutely essential for carrying on the superstructure, and applying the decorations and executing the details of that mighty and glorious design. When Bishop Heber arrived, the most enlightened portion of the Anglo-Indian public had been taught to regard the episcopal establishment with deep respect. The commanding qualities of the first bishop had secured for it the veneration of the community. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising that his successor should feel himself the more at liberty to follow the native impulse of his temper, and to choose the kindlier office of engaging in its behalf their cordial attachment and fidelity. And never surely was any human being more consummately adapted, than that successor, for the office of winning the affections. The singleness of his heart, the simplicity of his manners, the heavenly sweetness of his temper, the passionate devotion of all his faculties to the work of an evangelist—seemed to bend towards him the hearts of all the people, as the heart of one man. They who were at first surprised at the unostentatious plainness of his demeanour, were soon overpowered by the vast resources and genuine dignity of his mind. The result has been, that in the course of twelve years the labours of these two men have surrounded the Indian church with reverence and affection, and have associated episcopacy in the public mind with every thing that is admirable in learning and genius, or sublime in piety and virtue."

We have only to observe, in conclusion, that the details of Bishop Middleton's labours are rendered interesting to their utmost, by being garbed in the eloquent and perspicuous language of Mr. Webb Le Bas.

The Chancery Suit: a Comedy, in Five Acts. By R. B. Peake. 8vo. pp. 86. London, 1831. E. Bull.

THE publication of a genuine and acted comedy may now-a-days be hailed as a rare occurrence, and we welcome our clever friend, R. B. Peake, to the closet accordingly. The reading of his *Chancery Suit* has confirmed our favourable impression on seeing it performed: it is light, gay, and pleasant, with enough of story to make it interesting, enough of wit to make it amusing, and enough of situation or incident to keep the attention always alive.

The Royal Register, Genealogical and Historic, for 1831. By P. J. Burke. Pp. 226. London. Jennings and Chaplin.

THIS volume is very prettily got up, with another version of the Queen, from Green's miniature, engraved by F. Engleheart, as a frontispiece. The letter-press consists of an adaptation of the *Almanac de Gotha*, with considerable additions, and exhibits lists of the sovereign princes of Europe, with the living members of their families; of princes not invested with sovereign power; of ministers of state and the *corps diplomatique* at the different courts; and the commencement of an historic outline of the sovereign houses of Europe, which is promised to be continued in future volumes. On reference, we find this Register full of useful information on the subjects it embraces, though we observe some slight errors and inaccuracies of the press. In the title-page we should like to know why "historic" should not terminate with an *al* as well as "*genealogical*," were it only for uniformity's sake?

The History of Rome, by B. G. Niebuhr. Translated by Julius Charles Hare, M.A. and Connop Thirlwall, M.A. Vol. I. Second edition, revised, with the Additions in the third edition of the original. 8vo. pp. 615. London, 1831, J. Taylor; Cambridge, Deighton; Oxford, Parker.

THE enlightened and indefatigable Niebuhr died at Bonn, on the 2d instant, at the premature age of fifty-three, without having completed this admirable history, the manuscript of nearly the whole of the last volume of which had not long before been accidentally destroyed by fire. The author had returned with energy to repair his severe loss, but death arrested his progress, and the world is deprived of the consummation of his labours.

In noticing this new edition of the first volume, it is unnecessary for us to revive the cavils and disputes which attended the original publication: suffice it to say, that the author, and consequently his translators, have strengthened some of the positions most attacked, and corroborated some of the results which the preceding data did not (it was alleged) sufficiently support. It is now, therefore, a work of still greater merit than before; and before, it was one of the most striking productions of the age.

Familiar Analysis of the Calendar of the Church of England, &c. &c. By the Rev. Hugh Martyndale, A.M. London, 1831. Effingham Wilson.

CONSTRUCTED as a perpetual Guide to the Almanac, in the form of question and answer, this publication boasts of much to amuse as well as to instruct the reader. It seems to be carefully and judiciously compiled; and we can fairly recommend it as a fit present for the young.

The Constable's Assistant. Pp. 52. London, 1831. Saunders and Benning; Rivingtons; Hatchard and Son.

THE utility and value of this pamphlet (published by the Society for the Suppression of Vice) can hardly be appreciated from its slight form and humble title. It is, however, a most meritorious work; not only teaching constables their important duties, but the public at large how to judge of them, to aid in them, and to benefit by them. Few persons can have an idea how advantageous this knowledge would be to the best interests of society: we assure them it would be productive of most excellent effects; and we call upon the well-meaning to join with us in recommending and diffusing this Blackstone of its kind.

Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference. Parts I. and II. 18mo. London, 1831. S. Maunder.

ALTHOUGH nine months only have elapsed since we awarded to Mr. Maunder our honest praise for the ability he had shewn in producing this truly admirable volume, which we then described as the cheapest and best extant—a *third edition* (and with additions of value, too), as beautifully printed, and at the same low price as before, has just appeared.

We are not surprised that a book so generally useful, and, withal, so amazingly cheap, should have already obtained a most extensive sale; for it is just that kind of article which suits every body, and is worth every body's

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money; in fact, there does not appear to be two opinions on the subject, for we find that all our critical brethren fully concurred in the view we took of *Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge;* and many of them expressed themselves in terms far more eulogistic. Surely this ought to be sufficient encouragement to the compiler to proceed with his intended series, for the execution of which no person can be better qualified.

The History and Topography of the United States of North America, from the earliest period to the present time. Edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. Hinton; and Simpkin and Marshall, London: Wardle, Philadelphia.

On the appearance of the first part of this work we expressed our favourable opinion of it; an opinion which the five succeeding Parts have confirmed. For the reason we have already stated, namely, the disjointed form of the publication, we are unable, at present, to enter into an examination of the literary portion of the work; but, after its completion, we shall probably take an opportunity of doing so. Some of the plates are eminently beautiful.

Stories from the History of Italy, in a connected Series, from the Invasion of Alaric to the present time. By Anne Manning. 12mo. pp. 359. London, 1831. Baldwin and Cradock.

This is a very pleasant little volume, and a very pretty one too, with a sweetly engraved frontispiece. We recommend it to our young readers, as embodying, in a popular form, most of the interesting and romantic events in Italian history. We extract a pathetic observation of Cosmo di Medici, while labouring under the affliction of his second son's decease—"Being carried through the apartments of his palace, he said: 'This is too great a house for so small a family.'"

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. II. George IV., Vol. I. Longman and Co.

We have devoted so much space to France in another of Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet" volumes, that we can only afford room to notice this (for the present) as very ably written. We shall examine its other qualities, anon.

Geraldine of Desmond: an Historical Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. Second edition. Colburn and Bentley.

Nearly a hundred *Gazettes* ago (which is a new way of computing time—see No. 646), we noticed this romance, by Miss Crumpe, who certainly chose an interesting period, and a memorable episode in the history of Ireland, on which to found her romance—for the age of Elizabeth, and the feud between the houses of Desmond and Ormonde, well deserve these characters. Remarking on the minutiæ of the details into which a perhaps too anxious research among the older writers led the fair author, we gave her credit for a good style, and many spirited sketches. To this merit she has now added, by way of illustration, a selection of curious autographs; and some of her notes throw light upon the era. For example, she derives the name of our London street "Piccadilly" from ornaments called "peccadillies," sold there, and worn by Queen Elizabeth in her hair. She explains the word "suggan," applied to a Lord of Desmond, to mean a "lord of straw;" but we are not sure of this, and are rather inclined to think it meant a brother by what in Germany is styled a left-handed marriage. The individual in question was, we fancy, a half-brother of the great Desmond. But enough of a second edition, to which we refer rather in justice than of custom: since we sometimes mention those which bear out our favourable report, it is due to do as much for a publication, the success of which has exceeded our expectations.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The second "evening illustration" of the present session was given on the 25th ult. by the secretary, Mr. Aikin. The subject was the manufacture of silk, being the continuation of a paper by the secretary read last session. In that, after some historical notices respecting the introduction into Europe, first of manufactured silk, and afterwards of the animal that yields the raw material, a general sketch was given of the management of the silk-worm, of the method of winding the silk off the cocoons, and of converting the raw silk obtained into the two kinds of thread employed in the manufacture of this substance, namely, tram and organzine.

There remains to be described, said the secretary, the methods of boiling, bleaching, and dying silk, and of manufacturing it by the loom into the various fabrics of use, ornament, and luxury, for which this beautiful material is so eminently adapted. The latter alone of these subjects was discussed on the present occasion.

The secretary began by observing, that the texture of plain woven cloth differs in no essential respect from matting or basket-work; both of them consisting of a number of parallel threads or twigs, united together by others at right angles to the first, and laid in alternately above and below each of the former.

The most ancient looms, or rather weaving frames, were vertical, and probably extremely similar to those at present in use in the Barbary states, and in some parts of India. A model of the latter, from the East India Company's museum, was exhibited, with the several implements required in its use; and a very interesting comparison was then made of these with the descriptions of weaving left us in the works of the Greek and Roman writers. A short statement of the different kinds of fabrics capable of being made in the vertical loom, was then given. The description of the common, or horizontal loom, succeeded, and its advantages over the vertical loom were pointed out. The principle of all the kinds of woven structure was then stated in detail, and illustrated by drawings and diagrams; namely, that in plain cloth the angle of the *shed* formed by the warp threads, and within which the cross threads, or shoot, is laid, is formed by raising every other thread of the warp, and depressing the alternate ones,—so that the number of threads above and below the shoot shall be equal and alternate. Whereas, in all kinds of figured weaving, the number of warp threads above and below the shoot is not equal, nor is their arrangement simply alternate.

The loom with many treadles was next described, and the contrivance of easing the weaver of the labour of raising them, by the substitution of a *draw-boy*.

The use of harness and lashes in place of treadles was next described, and the structure of the jacquard, or Lyonese loom, was demonstrated on a very beautiful working model. Many other interesting models were exhibited, particularly a riband loom, in actual work.

A splendid series of specimens of almost every variety of silk fabric, both French and English, was then shewn, and their essential characters described; and the business of the evening concluded with the exhibition of some splendid gold and other tissues of Malay manufacture, furnished by the liberality of the directors of the East India Company.

The strength of the Society of Arts chiefly lies in the extensive connexions that it possesses with the commercial and manufacturing part of the community; and it is most gratifying to observe the harmonious concurrence of all parties in furnishing information, models, and specimens, to enrich these very interesting and crowded meetings of the Society and its friends.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

The first evening meeting of the season, at the College of Physicians, appeared to be an object of attraction to members of each of the three learned professions. Sir Henry Halford, Bart. the president, was in the chair; and the meeting was attended by many persons of eminence in church and state, amongst whom were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Baron Falk, Earl Stanhope, the Bishop of London, Baron Vaughan, Mr. Justice Park, Mr. Justice James Park, the Vice-Chancellor, the Attorney-General, Sir R. Inglis, Mr. C. Wynn, the Dean of Chichester, Dr. Goodenough, Dr. Phillimore, &c. &c. A paper was read by the president, and was listened to by his audience with great interest and satisfaction; for, in addition to the eloquence of its style, and the animation with which it was delivered, the subject of it was happily chosen, being one of universal interest which could not fail to "come home to men's business and bosoms;" and the sentiments which it contained respecting the moral conduct and right behaviour of physicians in situations requiring discretion and good sense, came with propriety and authority from a gentleman of much experience, distinguished for his success in practice, as well as for his station and influence in society. The President commenced by noticing the elegance of Sir George Baker's essay on the effects produced on the body by the passions of the mind, and recommended to the attention of his hearers the converse of that subject; viz. the influence of the body upon the mind; which is so considerable, that an experienced physician can often assign the malady under which a patient labours, from knowing only the condition of his mind. What can be more different, he observed, than the mental state of a person suffering under a fit of indigestion, and that of one affected by a slight inflammation of the brain, when the excited patient is ready to

"Pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon?"

By apoplexy the mind is altogether confounded; but the effects of palsy on the mind are very remarkable—the passions appear to be let loose (especially when they have been previously ill regulated), and the patient is irritable, and roused into anger, or melted into tears, alike without reason. Such was the unhappy state of Marlborough and of Swift—

"From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow;
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show."

Of epilepsy it was remarked, that when long continued, and when it originates from disease of the brain itself, it passes into idiocy; not so when it arises only from some passing irritation, as from an oppressed stomach—so far Julius Cæsar and Mahomet are said to have

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been epileptic. We were particularly struck with the sketch which was given of the cheerfulness of mind often exhibited by the poor victim of pulmonary consumption, contrasted with the dulness and torpor of the female labouring under climacteric disease. Disorders of the heart, too, it was observed, do not constantly oppress the spirits: whether this be owing to a special allotment of Providence, or whether it should be referred to the general principle which Paley has stated with respect to pain — that it has the power of shedding satisfaction over intervals of ease, which few pleasures can surpass, and thus of converting remission of suffering into positive enjoyment. That pain alone does not obscure the intellect may be observed in tic douloureux, and still more amidst the sufferings of a fatal iliac passion, the horrors of which were portrayed in a very forcible manner. Sufferings less than these the Romans thought a sufficient reason for ridding themselves abruptly of life. But the Christian bears his sufferings from higher motives, and with a different spirit. It was mentioned by the president as a remarkable fact, that, of the great numbers whom it had been his painful professional duty to attend at the last period of their lives, very few have exhibited an unwillingness to die; except, indeed, from painful apprehensions respecting the condition of those whom they might leave behind. This feeling of resignation, although it might arise in some from mere bodily exhaustion, appeared in others to be the genuine result of Christian principles. And here some remarks were introduced on the proper conduct of a physician as to warning a patient of his danger. In general, the president stated, he thought it his first duty to prolong his patient's life by every possible means, and not to step out of his province, and endanger the safety of his patient by adding alarm to his mind. To the friends, indeed, of the patient he always imparted the fullest information; and they might, if necessary, awaken his fears, without altogether destroying his hopes, as he would still think there was an appeal from them to his physician. But the physician's word would be received as a condemnation to death, and thus perhaps (what was awful to think of) his very repentance might be rendered less acceptable in the sight of Heaven. Still there were cases which might require from the physician an opposite line of conduct, so that no rule could be laid down which ought not sometimes to be infringed. But if good sense and good feeling were not wanting, the difficulty in each case would not be insurmountable. Yet the difficulty must necessarily be increased when the patient is of so elevated a station that his safety becomes an object of solicitude to the nation. Bulletins, from their public nature, cannot be so explicit as the intimations intrusted to friends in private life. The former ought not to be calculated to deceive; but neither, on the other hand, ought they to contain such full information as may be given to the government and family of the monarch. In the case of our late sovereign, George IV., Sir Henry Halford informed the government, as early as the 27th of April, that his Majesty laboured under disease of the heart, and that effusion into the chest might soon be expected; but it was not until the latter end of May that his Majesty's inquiries and solicitude concerning himself rendered it practicable to inform him of his danger. The announcement of it induced him to take the sacrament in addition to the daily religious exercise which he had long been in the habit of using; and this last duty afforded him the greatest consolation. After this it was always possible to cheer his mind by turning it to any favourable change in his symptoms. Thus was practised that happy art of soothing the bed of death, which Lord Bacon has encouraged physicians to use; and the late king was spared from the constant contemplation of death, until a few minutes before his end, when he appeared not so much dying as sinking into a quiet slumber. The paper was illustrated by many classical allusions and apposite quotations, was heard throughout with great attention, and towards its close appeared to excite extreme interest.

It was understood that there would be five more evening meetings at the College of Physicians, to be held on the last Monday of the present and of each of the four following months.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq. in the chair. Another portion of Mr. Blackwall's paper on the structure and economy of the spider, was read. Professor Ehrenberg of Berlin, Professor Adrian, Dr. Jussieu of Paris, Dr. Ruppell of Frankfort, and Professor Hornemann of Copenhagen, were severally proposed as foreign members. A number of fellows were elected. At the conversazione after the meeting, amongst other subjects connected with literature and the arts, which were spoken of, it was stated that Professor Buckland, Mr. Charles Bell, Dr. Roget, and others, had nearly completed their works, as competitors for the legacy left by the late eccentric Duke of Bridgewater, for the best essay on the structure of the earth and the human hand. The bare mention of the names of the above gentlemen will be sufficient to point out to most of the readers of the *Lit. Gaz.* the particular branch of science undertaken by each, viz. Professor Buckland, geology; Mr. C. Bell, anatomy; and Dr. Roget, physiology.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

DR. HENDERSON in the chair. A communication on the culture of the potato, by Mr. Knight, the president of the Society, was read by Mr. Lindley. The author seems to think that a great deal more might be done with this valuable, though, by some economists, much traduced, esculent. He then goes on to shew that by picking the blossoms as soon as they become visible, the tubers will be considerably increased; a fact in horticulture, by the by, which was noticed in a former No. of the *Literary Gazette*. In this mode the author trained a young seedling plant, in a shady situation of the stove-house, till it grew between four and five feet high: he then removed it to the open ground, covering the entire stem with mould: by these means he obtained, within the first year, one peck of potatoes from the single plant. Mr. Knight concludes by observing, that if the potato were more generally used as food for cattle, the quantity of animal food would be materially increased.

The exhibitions on the table at this season of the year are necessarily without much interest.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY.—Mr. Hamilton, in the chair. Minutes of the preceding meeting were read, and a list of donations to the Society; among which was a new ruler for drawing parallel lines with extreme accuracy, invented and presented by Mr. Jones. The principle of this instrument is the determination of the parallelism by a spirit level, movable on the ruler by rack-work; and its adaptation was considered most ingenious and perfect *when the paper on which the lines are to be drawn can be placed in a vertical or much inclined position*; but without this it is inapplicable. Subsequently, several new members were balloted for, others proposed, and a long extract from the Society's Common-place Book was read; being a communication from Dr. Holland, of geographical desiderata in Greece; *i. e.* points to which that distinguished traveller considers the attention of future labourers in the same field would be advantageously directed: they related severally to Thessaly, Delphi, Dodona, monasteries of Meteora (in some of which the writer thinks valuable MSS. might be yet found), rocks of Meteora, chain of Pindus, Paramithia, ancient theatre near Joannina (which is surrounded by the magnificent remains of a town, to which, as yet, no name is attached on sufficient authority), the Tetrapolis of Doris, Thebes, Corinth, Argos, and Olympia. Nor can we conclude this portion of our notice without observing how extremely advantageous it would be if other travellers would imitate the example thus set them; and, by inviting attention to those deficiencies in their information, of which none can know so much as themselves, acquire the certainty of having these deficiencies more or less speedily supplied.

Two papers were afterwards read, furnished by Mr. Barrow, and prefaced by a notice inviting the attention of the Society to the great resemblance between the forms of coralline and volcanic island-formations, both being nearly always circular; whence great probability is lent to the idea that the former are uniformly based on the latter, and, instead of rising from the depths of the sea, are reared by the extraordinary insects which are their artisans, from the edges of the sub-marine volcanoes shooting up near the surface; and as exemplifications of this similitude, the accompanying papers were interesting. One was an account of the Island of Deception, one of the New Shetland group, situate in lat. 62° 55′ south, long. 60° 28′ west, which seems to be, in miniature, the Iceland of the southern hemisphere—no fewer than eighty-one jets of steam having been counted at once on it, and hot springs boiling up in many places from under the snow. The other was a description of the Cocos, or Keeling islands, situated about 400 miles south-west of the Straits of Sunda, in lat. 11° south, long. 37° east; in which the volcanic action seems extinguished, and the coralline formation is greatly advanced; but in both, the circular form is exactly preserved. Thanks were voted to the respective contributors of the above papers, and the meeting adjourned.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday evening, Earl Stanhope, the president of this Society, delivered his annual address. It was very long, and took a comprehensive view of the domestic and foreign relations of the Society. It also, in grateful language, acknowledged his Majesty's gracious condescension in becoming the patron of the Society. On the motion of Sir Henry Halford, thanks were voted to the noble president, and his address was unanimously ordered to be printed. The room was exceedingly crowded.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DR. EDWARD WRIGHT, President, in the chair. A critical examination of Dr. Andrew Combe's "Observations on Mental Derangement" were read. Dr. Elliotson related seve-

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ral interesting cases of diseased function of various portions of the brain: amongst others, were that of a woman, the whole of whose perceptive powers appeared to be affected; she had no distinct idea of time, and always imagined that she saw the figure of some person near her; her verbal memory was also defective:—a curious case of morbid excitement of the organs of combativeness and destructiveness in a female:—and one of a hypochondriacal subject, in whom the organ of caution was very large.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

GEORGE RENNIE, Esq. V.P. in the chair. A paper, by Dr. Lardner, on the Linnæan theory, was read. Dr. Latham, of Winchester, the celebrated ornithologist, and now senior fellow of the Society, presented a General History of Birds, in 11 vols.

At a recent meeting a paper was read, entitled, "on a simple electro-chemical method of ascertaining the presence of different metals, applied to detect minute quantities of metallic poisons," by Edmund Davy, Esq. F.R.S. and professor of chemistry to the Royal Dublin Society; of which the following is an abstract:—

The Voltaic arrangement employed by the author consisted merely of small slips of different metals, generally zinc and platina, placed in contact and forming a galvanic circuit with the interposed fluid suspected to contain the poisonous metal; in which case, as was formerly shewn by Sir H. Davy in his Bakerian lecture, the metal held in solution was deposited in the form of crystals on the negative surface. The zinc was usually employed in the form of foil: the platina was, in some cases, a small crucible, or a spatula; but more frequently platina foil was used. It is generally necessary to mix a few drops of acid with the metallic compounds that are subjected to this test, and that are placed in contact with the platina. On applying the zinc foil, the platina will soon become coated with the reduced metal.

The author then enters into the detail of his experiments on the efficacy of arsenic, mercury, lead, and copper, in their different states of oxidation and saline combinations, and of the precautions necessary to be observed in the case of each metal. He was enabled to detect the presence of arsenic by the exhibition of its characteristic properties, when only the 500th part of a grain of that metal was deposited on the platina; and in some instances could appreciate even the 2,500th part of a grain by the application of appropriate tests.

The author next ascertained that the electro-chemical method is competent to the detection of very minute quantities of the different metals, when their compounds are mixed with various vegetable and animal substances. Thus the presence of arsenic could readily be discovered when mixed with all the ordinary articles of diet, such as wheaten flour, bread, starch, rice, potatoes, peas, soup, sugar, vinegar, gruel, tea, milk, eggs, gelatine, and various kinds of wine: also when mixed with the principal secretions of the alimentary canal, as bile and saliva. Arsenious acid, mixed with butter, lard, and oils, or with sheep's blood, or ox bile, was detected with great ease. Similar results were afforded by corrosive sublimate, the acetate of lead, and sulphate of copper, added in a small quantity to the most complicated mixtures of organic substances. In some instances, where the common tests either do not act at all, or only act fallaciously, the electro-chemical method acts with the greatest certainty.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Sir Thomas Phillips exhibited to the Society a plan of the foundation walls of a very extensive palace of King John, at Clarendon, in Wiltshire. Some letters were read from Henry VI. to the town of St. Edmund's Bury, directing the authorities to exert themselves in the suppression of the Lollards, who are accused of murder, plunder, and rapine. The secretary continued the reading of the Rev. Mr. Skinner's letters to Sir R. C. Hoare, on the site of Camelodunum.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE entering more minutely into the subject of the present exhibition at the Gallery of the British Institution, we beg to correct an error which we committed in our last notice, when we included the president's *Lavinia* among the novelties. There can be no one, however, whom it will not gratify to have a second view of so tasteful and characteristic a work.

No. 2. *Too hot.* Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.—In humour, variety of animal expression, and masterly execution, this cabinet gem has never been surpassed.

No. 3. *A subject from "The Lost Pleiad" of Miss L. E. L.* Henry Howard, R.A.—Mr. Howard has happily translated the poetry of this highly-gifted writer into the poetry of art.

No. 12. *Part of the Corn-market at Caen, formerly the Church of St. Sauveur.* D. Roberts.—Painted with extraordinary skill and facility. Nothing can exceed the beautiful effect of light, and the clearness of the half-tones.

No. 13. *Shipmeadow Lock, on the Waveney, painted for the Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk.* James Stark.—The talents of Mr. Stark place him high in his department of art. The subject under our notice will make a beautiful feature in the publication for which it has been painted.

No. 23. *Gleaners.* W. T. Witherington, A.R.A.—We take the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Witherington on the well-deserved initials added to his name. The present is a small work, but it is an admirable specimen of his abilities.

No. 25. *Cottage Industry.* Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.—A portrait, *en profile*, of the second daughter of the Duke of Bedford, as she appeared at a private masquerade; and a countenance of more exquisite beauty, delicacy, and sentiment, we never beheld.

No. 29. *A Nutting Party.* W. Collins, R.A.—Old as we are, we should like to make one among this merry group. The secluded and sylvan scenery, and the mellow-toned autumnal tints, come upon us at this inclement season with tenfold attraction.

No. 31. *L'Allegro.* Alfred Chalon, R.A.—Beautiful, but artificial; certainly not *L'Allegro* of Milton.

No. 37. *The Toilet.* G. S. Newton, A.R.A.—It would have been better had the quotation from Pope been omitted in the catalogue, as there will certainly be a difference of opinion as to the "heavenly image." It would be too much to expect of any artist an equality of excellence; and we are constrained to say that this is not one of Mr. Newton's happiest efforts. In drawing, especially, it is sadly deficient.

No. 45. *The Happy Highlander.* W. Kidd.—Full of mirth and matter; and the best production that we have seen from Mr. Kidd's pencil.

No. 54. *Amiens.* C. R. Stanley.—This subject, with its picturesque contrast of irregular habitations to the stately cathedral, belongs to a class of art in which Mr. Stanley's talents have always appeared to advantage, and never more so than in the present instance.

No. 59. *Titania, Puck, and Bottom; Midsummer Night's Dream.* John Partridge.—This picture has been exhibited before; but it was so hung that it could not be seen. It possesses a fine glow of colour. The ideality of Shakespeare's fairies presents no very easy task for the pencil. The naked substantiality of their queen in this composition is scarcely accordant with a being, who

> "—— the globe can compass soon,
> Swifter than the wand'ring moon."

No. 64. *Windmill, Kent.* F. R. Lee.—No doubt a faithful representation of the place, without any attempt at composition, but wrought with such skill, and made up of so many varied, yet harmonious, hues, as to be altogether captivating.

No. 76. *Sketch of a subject for an Altar-piece; Martyrdom of some of the early Christians.* W. Etty, R.A.—A display of composition and colour that may vie with some of the best works of the Venetian or Florentine schools of art. It shews of what English genius is capable in the higher walks of art, if the taste of the times were prepared to encourage its efforts.

No. 80. *Captain Macheath.* H. Liverseege.—The author of the admirable novel of "Paul Clifford" ought to purchase this spirited representation of Gay's hero.

No. 81. *The Young Devotee.* A. G. Vickers.—Full of taste, with a delicious tone of colour.

No. 95. *Falstaff's Assignation with Mrs. Ford; Merry Wives of Windsor.* G. Clint, A.R.A.—Falstaff says, "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." Of graphic wit the fat knight has undoubtedly been an abundant source; and the present is a very pleasant example of it. Mr. Clint has exhibited the old voluptuary in the supposed triumph of his amorous design; while the quiet, but significant, look of Mrs. Ford is in perfect accordance with the trick which she is about to play him. The interior of the apartment, and the arrangement of the accessories, are excellent; and we have no hesitation in saying, that we consider this as one of the most successful works that have been founded on the prolific subject.

No. 96. *Spaniel Puppies.* Stephen Taylor.—There is great truth and nature in the awkward gambols of these unshaped cubs.

No. 106. *The Culprit;* No. 113. *The Catholic Question.* T. Webster.—Boyish mischief and scrapes continue to be the favourite subjects of this clever artist's pencil; and we have never seen him more successful than in the present pair of whimsical productions.

No. 129. *The Advertisement.* T. Clater.—This is not only a well-painted picture, but a well-told story. A stray dog having been found by a boy, a cobbler and an old Chelsea pensioner are examining a newspaper, in which the marks of the animal are described, with an accuracy which is very apparent in the complacent countenance of the youthful finder, who is anticipating the proposed reward for its restoration. The composition, character, and execution, of this little picture are admir-

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able, and the effect is exceedingly concentrated and powerful.

No. 147. *Cavalry attacking a Battery of Guns*; No. 158. *Cavalry attacking and retreating.* T. Barker.—Treated in a style perfectly suitable to the subject; in action and character equal to Borgognone; and in composition and handling to the banditti of Salvator.

No. 151. "*A guest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart.*" *Shakspeare.* W. Boxall.—Finely expressive of the sentiment. Why hung so low?

No. 153. *Interior of the Painted Hall, now the Picture Gallery, Greenwich Hospital.* John S. Davis.—It is with pride and pleasure we look on this palace-like interior, devoted to the pictorial representation of the achievements of our gallant tars. This picture is also a fine achievement in its way; and, combined with his former productions, has, very deservedly, procured for the artist patronage and employment. He is now on the continent, at the instance of Lord Farnborough, for the purpose of painting the interiors of the Vatican, the Escurial, and other celebrated places.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals; drawn from the life, and engraved by Thomas Landseer. Part V. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE majestic lion of Barbary, the fierce jaguar of Brazil, the formidable Polar bear, and the shy alpacos of the Southern Andes, are the subjects of Mr. Landseer's present number; and are all executed with the utmost fidelity and spirit. The illustrative vignettes are also admirable; that attached to the description of the Polar bear made us shudder with horror; while that attached to the description of the jaguar convulsed us with laughter.

Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland, from original paintings by John Fleming; engraved by Joseph Swan: with historical and descriptive Illustrations by John M. Leighton, Esq. Part II. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

LOCH-KATRINE, to which Sir Walter Scott's fine poem of "The Lady of the Lake" suddenly gave so much celebrity, forms the subject of the three views in the present number. They are all beautiful; especially that of the east end of the lake, with the mountain of Benvenue in the distance.

Library of the Fine Arts; or, Monthly Repertory of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving. No. I. Arnold.

VARIOUS periodical publications, exclusively devoted to the fine arts, have at different times been attempted in this country, but have uniformly failed. We hope the present undertaking may prove an exception to the general rule. The number which has just made its appearance contains much useful and pleasing information; and, if the work be carried on in the same spirit, it ought to receive the support of the professors and lovers of those arts which, in the language of the Preliminary Address, "have formed the secret and deep-cherished delight of the most amiable, the most enlightened and illustrious characters of every civilised age and country."

Sketches in Italy; drawn on stone by W. Linton. No. II. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE were much pleased with the first number of this truly original work, as giving us the *bona fide* drawings of an artist, untrimmed by the finishing, and unshackled by the precision of the burin, and exhibiting the grand and beautiful scenes he depicts with the force of truth, and the freedom of genius; but we are still more so with the second. Not only does Mr. Linton shew considerable improvement in lithographic drawing (the general consequence of practice), but the views themselves are more interesting than any which we have hitherto seen of the land of beauty, wonder, and unparalleled associations. Every view is an especial gem: Amalfi, and its lonely convent, apparently cut out of the solid yet picturesque rocks which surround it; Zagarolo, contrasting this melancholy solitude by the splendour of "a city set upon a hill," bedight with palaces, and pinnacles, and towers; Rocca di Papa, a scene of singular softness and grandeur; and Nesso, on the Lake of Como, the most secluded and romantic glen into which the prying eyes of a painter ever glanced,—by turns delight us. We yet apprehend that the Fall of Terni will be generally considered the most masterly view in the present number. In the execution of his difficult task, the artist has preserved a breadth and magnificence, both in the sweeping torrent, which falls in one continuous mass of snowy waters, and in the surrounding rocks, such as we have seldom witnessed. Should the succeeding numbers of Mr. Linton's publication equal the present, (of which we have no reason to doubt,) he may safely venture to treble his impressions; for it cannot fail to be as attractive as it will be meritorious.

The Tight Shoe; painted by H. Richter, engraved in mezzotint by himself and J. P. Quilley. Ackermann.

A SPECIMEN of Richter's humour in his very best style, and extremely well engraved. The agony of the fellow with the tight shoe appeals in vain to the obdurate shoemaker. He will not believe that his work can hurt any body; in which opinion the Chelsea pensioner, on two wooden pins, evidently agrees. The cobbler's boy, and the barber who is looking in at the window, appear to enjoy the joke of the fit, and complete the spirit of this clever composition.

Macbeth and the Witches; painted by J. H. Nixon, mezzotint by G. H. Phillips. J. Kendrick.

WE have seen nothing approach so entirely to the Martin-like character of composition, imagination, and sublimity, as this little print by an artist with whose name we were previously unacquainted. The vision is particularly fine, and the production altogether one of the highest promise.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part X. Engraved by W. and E. Finden. C. Tilt.

THE "Tower in 1670," for *Peveril of the Peak*, by Roberts; "Linlithgow," for *Waverley*, and "Inch Cuilleach," for *Rob Roy*, by Robson; and "Lochleven Castle," for *The Abbot*, by Gastineau, are the ornaments of this beautiful fasciculus, which does equal honour to the painters and to the engravers. The "Tower" and "Linlithgow" are both fine objects; and the other two beautiful natural landscapes.

Right Hon. Elizabeth Baroness Durham. Engraved by Thomson, from Sir T. Lawrence.

THIS is the 74th of the sweet portraits of female nobility which adorn *La Belle Assemblée*; and for simplicity and grace, inferior to none of the number.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

ON Tuesday last there was another meeting at Freemasons' Tavern, but we are prevented from going into particulars.

CITY OF LONDON ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

WE learn with pleasure that this Society,—a notice of which has already appeared in our columns, held its first, and a very gratifying meeting on Thursday week, at the house of Mr. Fred. Westley, in Stationers' Court, *pro tem.*, and that it has been hailed with much enthusiasm, and several of the most distinguished gentlemen in the city have voluntarily offered themselves as members. This is as it should be.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES CHRISTIE, ESQ.

IT is with sincere regret we announce to our readers the death of Mr. Christie. He expired in King Street, St. James's Square, on the 2d inst. after a long and painful illness, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

It is hardly possible to speak the truth of Mr. Christie without an appearance of exaggeration, which, by those who knew him not, may be attributed to want of judgment or deficiency of taste. His education, of which the foundation had been laid deep at Eton, had ripened by study into scholarship accomplished and profound: of this his published Dissertations afford ample proof. With the polished manners and mental refinements of a gentleman, he brought to his profession a rare union of learning, science, and taste,—habits of the most perfect order, and principles of the most unbending integrity. But it is the highest praise of Mr. Christie, that in his religious life he adorned the purest doctrine by the holiest practice. A more single-hearted Christian, under every religious obligation, in every moral and social duty, never lived. Had his talents been of a more obtrusive kind, he had filled a larger space in the public eye; but on those who knew and loved him well, his unassuming merit, his great mental superiority, felt in the instruction he imparted and his sincere piety, have made an impression never to be effaced; and his death has occasioned a void, for which the rich legacy of his high and virtuous example can at present but feebly compensate.

Mr. Christie was a member of the Society of Dilettanti, a Registrar of the Literary Fund, and, we believe, belonged to other literary institutions.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MR. KEAN, after having gulled the English public into a belief that he really had taken his final farewell of the London stage, and coolly pocketed upwards of £1000, obtained from it under that pretence, as coolly re-appears, the very next season, without prologue or apology; and the said English public receive him as if nothing of the sort had occurred. Amen. The public is contented to be so gulled, and we, as veracious chroniclers, have nothing to do but to state the mere facts of the case, leaving the comments to be made by those whom it may concern. We have no doubt, however, that his next last benefit will be more fully attended, if possible, than the very last. He played *Richard*, on Monday evening, in much the

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same style as he played it last season. Mr. Young deserved, and obtained, marked approbation for his performance of Henry VI. The pit and galleries were crowded from the commencement: the boxes were but poorly attended. On Tuesday, a version of Scribe's *Fra Diavolo* was produced with indifferent success. Its cool reception may be attributed to two causes. The first, its being a faint echo of the *Brigand*, which has been so long popular upon the same boards, with its hero in the same hands: the second — that the musical portion of the audience, attracted by the announcement in the bills that the original music, by Auber, would be sung, arranged by Mr. Lee, was disappointed; two songs out of Mrs. Waylett's four being the entire composition of the latter gentleman; and Mr. Sinclair's and Mr. Harley's songs also were foreign to the opera. This practice will not make perfect now-a-days. Mrs. Waylett's new ballads were exceedingly pretty, and very sweetly sung by that lady; but they were not Auber's, and their merits were therefore disregarded. The original and famous song, "Diavolo! Diavolo!" the air of which forms also the finale to the opera, was so splendidly sung by Madame Vestris, that Mrs. Waylett's comparative failure in it might have been expected. The most effective things in the opera were, the distant bugle march and chorus of the carabineers in the second act, and the choruses, &c. of the peasantry at the *fête* of our Lady of Palms, in the last scene, though the latter had also to encounter a comparison with similar effects in *Masaniello* and the *Brigand*. Wallack acted famously throughout, particularly in the finale, which we thought novel and ingenious. Mr. Latham, Mr. Bedford, and Mr. Webster, deserve honourable mention for the care and spirit with which they executed very subordinate parts. The dress of the latter was admirably characteristic. Mrs. Orger and Mr. Harley did the most they could with their respective characters. Mr. Sinclair obtained the only encore of the evening; but it was given to his delightful voice; for the song was neither good nor in keeping with the situation. The honours of the adaptation are said to be divided between Messrs. Thackeray and Shannon; but which of the twain translated *Fra Diavolo* (Devil's Brother), does not appear to be decided.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday, after *Fazio*, in which Miss Taylor performed *Aldabella*, for the second time, with great judgment and effect, having taken the part at a day's notice on the previous Monday, a new comic drama was produced, entitled *Married Lovers*. The plot turns upon the mystification and exposure of three married gallants, the *Duke of Orleans*, the *Marquis de Meneville*, and the English ambassador *Sir John Ascot*, by their respective ladies, who are assisted, unconsciously, by the blunders of a *Colonel O'Dillon*, an Irish officer in the French service, pleasantly acted by Mr. Power, to whose pen this amusing composition is attributed. Abbot, Bartley, and Warde, as the gallants, and Mrs. Chatterley, Miss Forde, and Miss Taylor, as the wives, were equally successful. Miss Taylor carried the audience by storm, and was encored in two very pretty ballads (by Barnett), which she gave with the distinctness, archness, and feeling, that render her vocal efforts so remarkably effective. The piece was given out for repetition by Mr. Bartley amidst universal plaudits. Apropos of the dresses, which we have seen criticised in the newspapers as absurd. We may, on the contrary, remark it is a proof of the attention to costume which is always so observable at this theatre, that a portrait of the Duke of Orleans in existence represents that personage in a dress precisely similar to the singular one worn by Mr. Abbot: the others were also in the true style of the day; and the ladies looked like Charles the Second's beauties reanimated. The effect altogether was very picturesque.

The *Romance of a Day*, from the prolific and ever-popular pen of Mr. Planché, was produced at this theatre on Thursday; and, having been received with all due enthusiasm, is, to the satisfaction of the author, and the gratification of the audience, to be repeated this evening. A romantic count having formed the determination to "settle down for life" with a pastoral petticoat, and, for the purpose of selection, having rang the changes upon all the village *belles*, arrives at the sober resolve of putting up with his lady cousin. An opportunity is here afforded for some humorous display of the sex's sincere attachment to a coronet, and of this the author has amusingly availed himself. Keeley, as a lover, is altogether irresistible; and his misery, upon finding out that his affections are misplaced and his hopes blighted, renders the scene one of the happiest we ever witnessed. Miss Taylor has but little, too little, to do; but her acting reminds us forcibly of Madame Vestris. On the *début* of this lady, we prophesied that she would rise to the head of her profession, and she is now rapidly doing so, in spite of a rather unfavourable opinion impressed upon the town by some of its critical guides, upon merely witnessing her *début* in a character so melo-dramatic as to afford no criterion for an estimate of her talents. As *Paul Richter*, she sings a song, "Karoline," with exquisite tact and sweetness. A chorus gave the fullest effect to "My fatherland," in the peculiar style of the Tyrolese, and was demanded thrice. The whole operatic strength, with the exception of Miss Inverarity, is brought forward; and we do not doubt but that the *Romance of a Day* will be prolonged to that of a season. Wilson was suffering from a cold, which detracted from his powers; but he acted admirably. The music altogether is worthy of Bishop.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Our readers may remember noticing a case in the police reports sometime back, of a young man being taken into custody on the charge of having stolen a watch, advertised as lost, and the fact turning out that it was his own watch, which having been subsequently found, he had offered to pawn, forgetful of the bills issued by his own order, and distributed amongst the pawnbrokers. This whimsical occurrence Mr. Charles Dance has turned to most pleasant account in a one-act farce, produced on Monday last at this thriving little theatre, under the title of *Misapprehension*. It is in the style of our old favourite "John Street, Adelphi;" full of smart things and droll situations; and was exceedingly well acted by Mrs. Raymond, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Vining, Miss Pincot, and Miss Stuart. The winding up of the piece is particularly novel and happy, and deserved the double round of applause it received, on the double ground of being capitally written and admirably spoken.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

We visited the "private view," if we may so call it, of this theatre, on Tuesday. Mr. Macfarren has used every possible preparatory device and decoration to render this little theatre attractive since its re-christening. After relinquishing the *plebeian* designation of "the Tottenham," we trust it will participate in the *popularity* of its namesake.

FRENCH THEATRES.

The fecundity of the French theatres is extraordinary. The *Revue Encyclopédique* states, that in the course of the year 1830, there were brought out in the various theatres of Paris (not including the Italian Opera, the German Opera, M. Comte's, and other minor theatres), 169 new pieces; viz. 7 tragedies, 13 dramas, 31 comedies, 16 operas, 28 melo-dramas, 72 vaudevilles, and 2 pantomimes. They were thus distributed:—At the Académie Royale de Musique, 3, (2 operas and 1 ballet); at the Théâtre-Français, 12, (4 tragedies, 6 dramas, 2 comedies); at the Opéra-Comique, 9 (operas); at the Odéon, 24, (3 tragedies, 6 dramas, 14 comedies, and 1 vaudeville); at the Gymnase, 10, (9 vaudevilles and 1 drama); at the Vaudeville, 21, (20 vaudevilles and 1 *parodie sans couplets*); at the Variétés, 24 (vaudevilles); at the Nouveautés, 16, (9 vaudevilles, 5 operas, 1 comedy, and 1 pantomime); at the Gaité, 14, (5 melo-dramas, 5 comedies, and 4 vaudevilles); at the Ambigu-Comique, 18, (10 melo-dramas, 5 comedies, and 3 vaudevilles); at the Porte-Saint-Martin, 9, (4 melo-dramas, 4 comedies, and 1 vaudeville); and at the Cirque-Olympique, 9 (melo-dramas). 114 authors, and 9 composers, among them furnished this mass of works. The most fertile of the authors were, as usual, Messrs. Scribe and Melesville, who produced, the one 13 pieces, the other 11. The most successful of these dramatic compositions were—Hernani, by M. Victor Hugo; Stockholm et Fontainebleau, by M. Alexandre Dumas; Fra Diavolo, by Messrs. Scribe and Auber; La Mère et la Fille, by Messrs. Mazères and Empis; Philippe, by M. Scribe; Le Couvent de Tonington, by M. Victor Ducange; and Napoleon at Schœnbruan and Saint-Héléne, by Messrs. Dupeuty and Regnier.

LITERARY, OR RATHER THEATRICAL, CHIT-CHAT.

The cause of Westmacott *v.* Kemble is set down for the 10th instant, to come on in the Court of King's Bench.—The appeal in the great Covent Garden cause, Harris *v.* Kemble and others, is expected to be heard in the House of Lords on the 18th instant.—Colman is far advanced in the third volume of his *Random Records*; and the father and founder of broad modern comedy, Frederick Reynolds (whose original play of the *Dramatist* so long preceded those of Morton, Colman, &c.), is about to publish a dramatic work on an entirely novel plan. It will be embellished with numerous highly finished wood-cut engravings, and the story is partly founded, we understand, on the eventful life of that great play-wright and orator, R. B. Sheridan.

VARIETIES.

Important Researches on the Grasses.—M. Raspail, an industrious observer, has been effecting, by his physiological researches, considerable improvements in our knowledge of grasses. The *festuca elatior* is only another form for the *lolium perenne*; and the *festuca loliacea* appears to be the passage by which this metamorphosis is effected. The distinctions of the species of lolium are only founded upon incomplete observations; and if we wished to

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maintain such species as *lolium tenue*, *multiflorum*, *ramosum*, &c., it would not be more absurd to create a hundred other species. The *lolium temulentum* is only a new modification of the same type.

Ornithology.—From the letter of an esteemed correspondent, announcing a work on the ornithology of the great Himala range of mountains, the north-eastern boundary of our Indian empire—we learn that its principal features will be the brilliancy of plumage in the gallinaceous tribes, the power and size of the *accipitres*, and the almost infinite variety of the *pies*. "Amongst the former," he adds, "will be found several pheasants of a very extraordinary kind; and amongst the *picæ*, several new jays of great beauty. The eagles are remarkable for their strength and size; in Heber's Journal an account is given of one which measured thirteen feet between the tips of the wings; and the talons of the bird were eight inches long. We have seen a cock bustard from the Himala, which, when erect, stood five feet one in his stockings."

The Death of Richelieu.—"He died like the hero of the Stoics, though clad in the trappings of a prince of the church. Most of those present were edified by his firmness; but one bishop, calling to mind the life, the arrogance, and the crimes of the minister, observed, that 'the confidence of the dying Richelieu filled him with terror.'"—*Crowe's History of France.*

Travellers' Tastes.—"It is singular how tradition, which is sometimes a sure guide to truth, is, in other cases, prone to mislead us. In the celebrated field of battle at Killiecrankie, the traveller is struck with one of those rugged pillars of rough stone, which indicate the scenes of ancient conflict. A friend of the author, well acquainted with the circumstances of the battle, was standing near this large stone, and looking on the scene around, when a Highland shepherd hurried down from the hill to offer his services as cicerone, and proceeded to inform him, that Dundee was slain at that stone, which was raised to his memory. 'Fie, Donald,' answered my friend, 'how can you tell such a story to a stranger? I am sure you know well enough that Dundee was killed at a considerable distance from this place, near the house of Fascally, and that this stone was here long before the battle, in 1688.' 'Oich! oich!' said Donald, no way abashed, 'and your honour's in the right, and I see you ken a' about it. And he wasna killed on the spot neither, but lived till the next morning; but a' the Saxon gentlemen like best to hear he was killed at the great stane.'"—*Note to the Abbot.*

Latest Statistical Account of Prussia.—The new edition of Dr. Voigtel's *Versuch einer Statistik des Preussischen Staats*, composed from the most authentic documents, both printed and unprinted, with the co-operation of a great officer of state, is held up in the foreign journals, especially the *Leipzig Litteratur Zeitung*, as a work of the highest merit, indispensable to every German writer on statistical subjects. By an excellent plan and logical method, the professor has been enabled to compress in one octavo volume an abundance of the most interesting state subjects. A few extracts may not prove unacceptable under the present aspect of foreign affairs. The area of the Prussian dominions Professor Voigtel states to be 5040,[73] German* square miles, exclusively of Neufchatel and Valengin with 14 square miles. The whole of the population, without Neufchatel, amounts to 12,726,110, of which, according to the difference of religion, 7,732,664 are of the Lutheran and reformed church, 4,816,813 Catholics, 15,655 Mennonites, and 160,978 Jews. Of the nine great cities, Berlin is rated to contain 236,830 inhabitants. The whole stock of cattle amounted in 1828 to 4,377,959 cows and oxen, 12,611,537 sheep, 198,740 goats, 1,667,219 pigs, &c. Of tobacco there were worked up in the year 1827, 269,239 hundred weight (*centner*), part of which (173,045 cwt.) consisted in leaves of home cultivation. The number of paper-mills, though by no means sufficient for the inland consumption, was, in 1827, 392. The *états*, or expenses of the six universities, in the year 1829 were—for Berlin, 87,692 thaler* (without calculating 36,934 thaler for the scientific institutions of that capital); Bonn, 98,876; Breslau, 70,144; Halle, 68,598; Königsberg 60,095; and for Greifswalde 55,486. Of learned or classical schools there are in East Prussia 8, in West Prussia 6, in the province of Brandenburg 18, in Pomerania 6, in Silesia 21, in Posen 3, in Prussian Saxony 22, in Westphalia 19, in Jülich-Cleve-Berg 12, and on the Lower Rhine 17. The chapters on the finances and the army belong to the most important. The expenditure of the state in 1829 amounted to 50,796,000 thaler, of which 22,165,000 were alone applied to the *militärverwaltung* (administration of the army). The army is divided—1. into the *hecr*, or standing army of the line, with 122,000 men; 2. the *landwehr*, with 228,000 men; and, 3. the *landsturm*, with 180,000 men; making altogether 530,000 warriors. What is said on the relation of Prussia to the other European states, will also not fail to engage the reader's attention. The works and papers from which the author derived his information are all specified; but the principal value of the book is justly placed on the official documents furnished him by officers of state.

Fossil Plants.—Mr. Witham has demonstrated, by his ingenious plan of cutting transverse sections of fossil plants, that M. A. Brogniart is deceived when he imagines that there are only vascular cryptogamic plants in the coal formation.

Rapidity of Rivers.—By a number of experiments made on the Neva, it appears that the action of the wind on the surface of a great mass of running water, besides the waves on the top, which become insensible at a small depth, produces a much greater change than had been supposed in the rapidity of the subcurrents.

English Botanists abroad.—It is pleasing to hear our countrymen spoken well of abroad. A modern scientific traveller affords the following specimen. Among cryptogamists, the first question asked of me usually was, "Est-ce que vous connaissez Monsieur Greville à Edimbourg?" for this exceedingly accurate botanist stands deservedly at the head of his department. We spoke of Dr. Hooker. "Oui, je le connais bien, mais je ne l'ai jamais vu:" and Hornemann pointed out to me upon his shelves Hooker's *Flora Scotica*, his *Exotic Flora*, and *Jungermannia*; and with these Delwyn's *Conferva*, and Sir J. E. Smith's works. Then, as we went along the garden, he was careful to point out to me a red patentilla from Nipal (*Patentilla formosa*), which he received from Glasgow. "M. Greville," said Hornemann, "vous l'avez vu—il est homme grand, n'est-ce pas?" "Yes, he is above the middle size." "Ah! je l'ai figuré à moi-même—un homme très grand." "How so? Is it that you thought him a great botanist?" "Peut-être: il est grand botaniste sans doute, surtout dans les cryptogamiques; dans les cryptogamiques il est à-peu-près parfait." "And Dr. Hooker?" "Je l'imagine être petit." "But he is a tall man." "Ah! le voilà comment on se trompe de ceux qu'ils n'aient jamais vu!" "And how came you to suppose Dr. Hooker a little man?" "Je ne sais pas." "But he is an eminent botanist." "Ah, oui, oui, il est un de vos meilleurs botanistes; mais il ne faut pas être homme grand pour devenir grand homme." "Still, don't you think the chances are in favour of a little man; for the same amount of genius will be more concentrated when it has less space to be diffused over; and don't you see that most clever men are little?" "Oui, oui, c'est une bonne idée; et quel malheur ne serait-il pas pour nous trois,* s'il était nécessaire d'être homme grand pour avoir de génie!"

* One German mile makes about 4·6 English miles, since 15 of the former and 69 of the latter are reckoned to an equatorial degree; so that rather more than 21 English square miles are equal to 1 German square mile.

* The Prussian *thaler* (dollar) is within a trifle of three shillings in English money.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. VI. Feb. 5.*]

Mr. Carne, so advantageously known to the public as an author, has nearly ready, the Lives of celebrated Missionaries; likely, we believe, to form a portion (and a very fitting portion) of the Family Library.—Oxford, a Poem, with Notes, by R. Montgomery. Twelve Illustrations of the same by Skelton.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. II. (Life and Reign of George IV., Vol. I.), fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XV. (Crowe's History of France, Vol. II.), fcp. 6*s.* bds.—Bishop Van Mildert's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.* bds.—Hughes's Divines, Vol. IX., 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Valpy's Family Classical Library, No. XIV., 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Manning's Stories from the History of Italy, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—National Library, No. VI. (Gleig's History of the Bible, Vol. II.), 18mo. 6*s.* bds.—Rose's Analytical Chemistry, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Hinds on Inspiration of Scripture, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Riddles' Songs of the Ark, fcp. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

January.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 27	From 20. to 37.	29.92 — 29.36
Friday 28	—— 25. — 33.	29.61 Stationary
Saturday .. 29	—— 27. — 35.	29.81 Stationary
Sunday.... 30	—— 17. — 33.	29.76 — 29.72
Monday .. 31	—— 17. — 34.	29.68 — 29.52
February.		
Tuesday .. 1	—— 23. — 35.	29.16 — 29.06
Wednesday 2	—— 25. — 39.	29.13 — 29.16

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 28th and 30th, generally cloudy; the average depth of the fall of snow during the night of the 31st ult. and the 1st inst. is 8 inches. Snow and rain fell during the 2d till about 5 P.M., when it became clear, and again froze very sharply, the thermometer having fallen during the night to 10°, being 22° below the freezing point. The rapid thaw which is now (Thursday, 4 P.M.) going on, together with the accompanying rain, will, it is feared, be the cause of very great floods.

Rain fallen, ·8 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Reviews of several Medical Works, some time intended for insertion, shall appear next week.

It will be observed by our readers that, in the fever of politics, very few Literary Works of standard value have, as yet, been published this season. We have paid due attention to those which have issued from the press; and the lack of more has enabled us (as in this No.) to devote a larger space to other departments of our miscellany.

We got the anecdote of Professor Ross's death from a scientific publication. Our correspondent on this subject inquires if there was any disease of the stomach (which we cannot tell), and adds, that the large speckled garden spider (*Aranea diadema*, Lin.) is given successfully in cases of ague.

G. J. R. will find a note at our Office.

* It is necessary that it should be understood, that the three personages here alluded to are Professor Zeire, Professor Hornemann, and the "scientific traveller," a very nice little man, with an ample forehead, partly shaded by hair which naturally arranges itself in strait parallel lines. His features are slim, with the hectic flush of study and domestic care; but their beauty is enhanced by a constant smile, like a ripe plum ready to burst.

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Previous to the opening of the New Parliament, the SPECTATOR ventured to predict that the Session would be distinguished in a remarkable manner by the important results of its deliberations.

The country know how this has already been realised, and it looks forward with anxious interest to the labours of the remaining portion of the Session. The Spectator, as a watcher and expositer of events, will continue to bestow upon parliamentary subjects the same searching scrutiny as heretofore; and will narrate, with clearness and impartiality, the whole proceedings of both Houses, after its own peculiar method—a method which has been much approved, as communicating the greatest amount of accurate information at the least cost of time to the reader. The flattering success which has attended the recent exertions of the Spectator (its regular weekly sale having, since the commencement of the Session, increased by nearly 1,400 copies) justifies perseverance in the same course, and will stimulate to increased activity in every part of its comprehensive plan. The Proprietors pledge themselves that no pains or cost shall be spared to render the Spectator the first newspaper of the kind in this country.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

TRELAWNY'S JOURNAL.

In the absence of any work of leading interest this week, we give the first place to an Extract from an unpublished Journal, which bears strongly (we would say too strongly) on a topic of great attraction to the literary world. It has been called forth by our review of Mr. Millingen's volume, and is contained in a communication from Mr. Trelawny, at Florence. But, though the nature of the questions at issue, and a sense of justice towards all parties concerned, induces us to print this document, we beg it to be distinctly understood that we are far from subscribing to the writer's violent opinions: we have, on the contrary, marked with asterisks several passages, among others, imputing misconduct to sects and individuals, from which we utterly dissent; and we have struck out epithets which we would not ourselves sanction or apply to the worst of human beings.

Even the Quakers, steel-hardened as they are to human suffering, (out of the pale of their own tribe,) detesting villanous salt-petre, and interdicted from aiding and abetting war, could not resist the epidemic which spread like fire throughout Europe in favour of the Greeks. The expiring embers of the days of chivalry appeared rekindled; yet it proved but a bonfire of brushwood, ignited by stock-jobbers, loan-mongers, and contractors; for a moment it blazed, and was extinguished for ever. Still, for that moment, it warmed all hearts, and its intensity may be judged of by the fact of its having moved the gelid hearts and stolid visages of Quakers.* They came forth with a contribution of a thousand pounds to succour a nation of Helots, threatened with extermination, and struggling against measureless odds for existence. Somewhat late, they remembered it was against their narrow and impossible creed to aid and abet, in any shape, either in purse or person, war; and the wise men and elders gathered together to determine how they could extricate themselves from the dilemma into which the younglings of their flock had plunged them. That their feelings, like a hot horse, had run away with their judgments, was an unprecedented instance. Their natural sagacity, however, did not abandon them: they hit on an expedient, by which they served the Greeks in the manner of Macbeth's juggling witches,

> "That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

Instead of sending the Greeks the money, or the munitions of war, they assisted in their extermination by sending them nothing but drugs and surgical instruments, and those were selected without judgment. The Greeks never submit to amputation or salivation; so scalpels, saws, tourniquets, and calomel, were presented to them; but not a grain of bark, the only drug a Greek will swallow willingly. The English committee, at their expense, added two surgeons. The one I am to speak of was a beardless, delicate, and unpractised boy, of the name of Millingen. He joined Lord Byron at Cefalonia, during my absence in Greece, and accompanied him to Mesolonghi.

On my arrival at that place from Romily, immediately after the noble poet had yielded up his mortality, in the year 1824, I was acquainted by a Mr. Hodges, an Englishman likewise in the service of the committee, that Dr. Millingen was suddenly and dangerously ill of a fever, always rife in that accursed city of stagnant waters, green mud, and malaria. That Mavrocordato and the Mesolonghiot primates should have done their utmost to detain Lord Byron and his chest of dollars amongst them, was not to be marvelled at: besides, his name was powerful as the mountain of loadstone mentioned in the Arabian tales, drawing all that approached it to their destruction; for, though they were lost, their dollars remained, which was all the Greeks wanted. So exclusively had Mavrocordato appropriated, in imagination, to his own use Byron's dollars, that, not content with constituting himself heir, he had extracted a considerable sum from him while living. Lord Byron had, at Ithaca, undertaken to maintain a family of exiles from Patras. The eldest son he took to Mesolonghi, and made him his chibookghee; when, partly for himself, but chiefly as a provision for his family, he made over to him, on several occasions, between three and four thousand dollars. Mavrocordato was commissioned to send a portion of the money to the family, then residing at Cefalonia, and the remainder he undertook to place in the hands of Lord Byron's agent at Zante, Samuel Barff, Esq. for safe custody. I have only to add, that Mavrocordato retained the entire sum for his own use. The family was left in utter destitution at Byron's death; and the young man died six months after, in want of the necessaries of life. So much for "honest, honest Iago."* I was indignant at the doctors; they must be, I thought, as besotted as ignorance made drunk, to be cajoled by Mavrocordato, which they were, into a belief that any animal but a toad could escape the contagious fever with which all the inhabitants were more or less affected, which no stranger had been ever known to escape, and which few survived. The hordes of barbarians that besieged it from without, reaping with their swords an annual harvest of human heads, were not more destructive than the annual pestilence which raged within.† My letters to Byron, urging him to come to Athens, or, at least, to quit Mesolonghi, were, of course, intercepted; but so anxious was I to induce him to leave a place fatal to strangers, that I persuaded two Englishmen, at different periods, to take letters to him, reiterating my entreaties that he would remove into a purer air. I knew the extreme difficulty of moving him, so great was his apathy and indolence. He confessed this to me by once saying,—"I so dislike changing my abode, that if we were driven on the island of St. Helena, with Sir Hudson Lowe, I should stay there; for I cannot make up my mind to move under six calendar months." Mavrocordato himself, Millingen, and, with the exception of Mr. Hodges, every foreigner, was suffering from the fever. Mr. Parry, of the committee, with most of the Europeans, had withdrawn to Zante ill; and all the other philhelenes in the service of the Greeks, solicited Colonel Stanhope and myself to remove them from a place which had been the grave of so many of their comrades. I cursed Millingen and Bruno, as the two men, professing the art of medicine, in attendance on Lord Byron, their victim,* for their ignorance in not having pointed out to him the certain fate which would follow his tarrying in that pestiferous atmosphere; against which, with his shattered and sensitive constitution, he could not hope to contend. When he was attacked, the result proved how totally inadequate was their knowledge; and he, as may be gathered from his last words, discovered, when too late, that he had fallen into the hands of boyish charlatans. "If I get better," he exclaimed, "I'll leave this place. I'll go to the Ionian Islands; for these doctors don't know my complaint." Bruno and Millingen, who were then in the room, he ordered abruptly to leave it; and on the doctors remonstrating at quitting him in such a state, he said in passion,—"I order you fellows to leave me! What! is it come to this? Can I not change my shirt without a set of blackguard doctors in the room?"—glancing fiercely at Bruno and Millingen, who slunk off. He then said to Fletcher, his valet,—"These doctors know nothing of my complaint. I want to know what is my disease. I know these fellows know nothing about the matter."† In fact, he did send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. I say these reflections made me curse Millingen; yet my feelings of humanity impelled me to visit him. I accompanied Mr. Hodges to his lodgings. We found him in bed, suffering under an attack of the malaria fever. He had been described to me as a tall, delicately-complexioned, rosy-cheeked, dandy boy, of simpering and affected manners, such as Captain Whiffle's surgeon, Simper, is described in Roderick Random. Mavrocordato, too, in my presence, had spoken of him as "*mio caro ragazzino, Millingen;*" which let me into the secret of how he had cajoled him. When I saw the doctor on his sick couch, he fulfilled the idea I had entertained of him. He seemed under twenty years of age; Bruno, also, the Genoese doctor, whom we brought from Italy, was a student under twenty. When I remonstrated with Byron against engaging an unpractised boy, his answer was,—"If he knows little, I pay little. I have got the fellow for twenty pounds a-year;—is it not a good bargain?" Millingen whined and cried like a sick girl; talked of his mother, who had taken the veil, and was shut up in some Italian convent; declared

† When I last visited Mesolonghi, in 1827, this devoted city had been destroyed. Groups of Albanians and Arnoots sat smoking their pipes on its ruins, and the Bulgarians had stalled their horses in the halls of its primates' palaces. Lord Byron's house, in which he had lived and died, stood alone erect and unscathed. The Turkish guard at its portal marked it as the abode of the pasha. By some strange chance it had escaped the general ruin, and loomed like a lonely column in the midst of a desert.

† This is an extract from an account, gathered from his household, of the death of Lord Byron, written on his coffin by me, at the house of the primate Apostoli Arestoli, in which he died, Mesolonghi, April 29, 1824.

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he could not survive the night; thanked me for visiting him; asked Hodges to sit up with him, as he was afraid of being left alone; expressed his dread of being robbed, for he had money in the house; and wished to make his will, and appoint us his executors. Hodges, and those in charge of the committee stores, had informed me that Millingen had been in the habit of disposing of the Quakers' drugs, and that he had opened practice on his own account, not gratuitously, as he was bound to do by his engagement, besides which, Mavrocordato had consigned over to him the surgical instruments. By these means he had extracted money from the poor Greeks. I was astonished that one so young, embarked in such a cause, and being, as he believed, on his death-bed, should express such deep anxiety about a few hundred dollars; for he repeatedly solicited me, in the most earnest manner, to see that he was not robbed, and to witness his will. My experience in malaria fevers was greater than his; and to me he did not appear in immediate danger. I have remarked, that no persons are so complaining and querulous as doctors and priests when they are ill; one having as little faith in the medicine he prescribes, as the other in the doctrine he preaches.* I staid with Millingen as long as the urgency of my own multifarious duties would permit; and, pitying his condition, did all I could to serve and console him, for which he expressed the greatest gratitude—it was as short-lived as his malady. The ensuing morning I saw him, and he was better; which he mainly attributed to having followed my advice. He shortly after, I think, removed from the town, and my time was so entirely occupied that I never saw any thing more of him.

I will here briefly mention, that my first personal dissension with Mavrocordato arose from a circumstance at this period. He had made some private arrangements with Count Gamba, by which he was to be permitted to take possession of the money left by Lord Byron, amounting to six or seven thousand dollars. I protested against this injustice. Mavrocordato essayed, by every means, to persuade me to consent to it: I remained inflexible. He was too pusillanimous to be open, and threaten force; but he slyly told me, the Mesolonghiots would not permit the dollars to be taken from the town; that he had not an efficient force to control the populace, and could not be accountable for the outrages which might ensue if I attempted to embark the money. My answer was, that I had a force sufficient for the purpose, and that I would protect the property of my deceased friend. Several notes and messages passed between us, of a hostile nature. Finding myself threatened, and that Mavrocordato was secretly exasperating the town's-people against me, I sent my emissaries to concert with the Zuliots, encamped at Annatolica, about four miles from the town, in a high state of exasperation at Mavrocordato and the town's-people. Not being permitted to enter the town, these Zuliots openly threatened, if their arrears of pay were not liquidated, to enter by storm, and pay themselves. My promise with their chiefs was that, in the event of my being attacked while defending my friend's property, I would immediately, with the troops of Romiliot I commanded, force open the gates, and give entrance to the refractory Zuliots. Mavrocordato got an inkling of this business, which so thoroughly intimidated him, and spread such a panic amongst the primates, that they hastened in a body to assure me no opposition should be offered. In fact, from that time I was not molested, and had only to take precaution against secret treachery; for Mavrocordato, I knew, had ground down the sword of justice to an assassin's dagger,* which eventually did reach both Odysseus and myself. The men with me, old Romiliot Klefti, were dreaded, and an efficient guard. Besides these, Lord Byron's brigade of artillery, knowing their paymaster was no more, and that the town's-people would not even afford them rations, volunteered in a body to enter into the service of Odysseus. I divided the brigade and took half of them, with five mountain guns and munition, for which I had the order of Colonel Stanhope, then in charge of the committee stores at Zante. For the truth of this statement I refer to Colonel Stanhope, Mr. Hodges, and Fletcher, all residing in London. Others concerned are dead; and I do not, like Dr. Millingen, cite the unsupported authority of the dead, by forging lies to suit my purpose.*

On Mavrocordato's being appointed to a situation in the government, he embarked thither with Millingen. Had they gone by land, their fate would have been different. Navarino, in its fortress and position, was considered impregnable; and Mavrocordato, with others, threw himself into that fortress, at the commencement of the campaign in 1825. Hadjee Cristi, a gallant, renegade, Bulgarian Turk, who had been taken prisoner by Nichetus, entered into the service of the Greeks. He was entrusted with the command of the fortress, with a large body of troops—three thousand; and Mavrocordato (for Hadjee was unlettered) enacted the civil duties. Millingen was with him. This fortress was taken by the Egyptian tacticoes, under the command of Ibrahim, nephew of Ali; for the pasha of Egypt has no son, though Ibrahim has been called his son. Hadjee made a gallant defence; for, in truth, he is a noble soldier, but more practised in charging with his wild cavalry on the field, than in defending fortresses; for which he was, indeed, as unfitted as a South Sea Islander. Mavrocordato had selected a little island, situated at the entrance of the magnificent bay of Navarino, as affording the only means of escape to the Greek shipping which was in the offing, in case the Turks should be successful on shore. The fortress was taken, and so was Hadjee and his garrison; but the wily Mavrocordato escaped, leaving his minion, Millingen, to his fate, with the rest of his trusty followers.

Ibrahim, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian tacticoes, introducing, for the first time, a disciplined army into Greece, evidently commenced his career by endeavouring to accompany it with other usages of what is fancifully termed civilised warfare. With the malignancy, unmitigable ferocity, and individual detestation, existing between the European Turks and the Greeks, he did not, and would not participate: he is neither a fanatic nor bloody. The French general, Suliman Bey, who had embraced Mahometism, and was allied by marriage to Ibrahim, had great influence over him: as far as I know, he used it properly. On Ibrahim's first signal advantage over the Greeks, in the capture of the important fortress of Navarino, he certainly acted with a forbearance and magnanimity which is not common even in European kingdoms most vaunting themselves in the march of civilisation. Not a musket nor bayonet was used after the cessation of hostilities, nor a drop of blood unnecessarily shed: the prisoners were neither plundered nor insulted. Ibrahim harangued the Greek leaders, and commanded them to tell the prisoners to appear individually before him, after having delivered up their arms. When before him, he briefly questioned them, and then ordered them to deliver up what money or treasure they had secreted about their persons, signifying that if they hesitated in so doing, or attempted concealment, he should order them to be instantly executed. However, he gave them all the option of entering into his service, and retaining their property: he made no distinction unfavourable to the persons of foreigners serving the Greeks, whom the Turks had always sacrificed with cunning cruelty. Millingen and an American surgeon were of the number brought before him: in reply to their plea of being strangers and medical men, taking no part in the war, merely practising in their profession, Ibrahim said—"If that is the case, it will signify little whether you serve Greeks or Turks; and I will pay you better than the Greeks." The sturdy republican indignantly refused, and, unhesitatingly throwing what money he had on the floor, withdrew; but the Englishman (if he is one, which I doubt), Millingen demurred; and the pasha, seeing he was a pretty boy, smiled on him, and made an offer to retain him in his personal service. Millingen only demurred to get the most advantageous terms, and then accepted them. Thenceforth he continued in Ibrahim's service till I left Greece, or rather the Ionian Islands, in 1828. On various occasions his countrymen remonstrated with him on his apostasy; his only and constant reply was—the Turks are better, and pay better, than the Greeks. Captain York, or Stewart, of the navy, and a lieutenant of the Cambrian, saw him at different periods, urged him to abandon the Turkish service, and proffered him the use of their ships; but the Turks gave him money, and he continued with them. Now, the Greeks love money—they love women, too; but gold is their idol—gold is dearer to them than the bright eyes of their mistresses; but out of three thousand adventurers, of all sorts and conditions, all serving for pay and plunder, one man alone was mercenary and base enough to abandon the cause in which he was engaged, and for which he received pay, even to be a deserter to the enemy,—and that * * * * was Millingen, a self-styled Englishman, a professor of a science considered the most liberal. His name, and deservedly, was never mentioned in Greece, after his treachery, without being accompanied by universal execrations. Yet this * * * * comments, criticises, and runs a-muck with his scalpel, stabbing at honourable men. Let him disprove this, or remain with the stigma of a branded liar. If he can prove a single syllable he has asserted against me, I am content to suffer the same fate. The medicines and instruments given by the Quakers, and the stores given by the English committee, excepting the portion consigned to Odysseus, all fell into the hands of the enemy Ottoman.

I have only to add, that it is probable I should not have thus troubled you, by replying to Mr. Millingen with my pen, had it been possible to reach him with my hand; but the renegade Dr. Millingen is settled at Constantinople, protected by the firman of the Porte.

Florence, Jan. 20, 1831. J. EDWARD TRELAWNY.

The Death-Wake, or Lunacy; a Necromaunt, in three Chimeras. By Thomas T. Stoddart. 12mo. pp. 144. Edinburgh, 1831, H. Constable; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

ALL know the pretty Arabian fable of the rain-drop that fell into the ocean and there hardened into a diamond; but what a difficult

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task it would be, amid the many drops that mingle with the deep, to foretell which was destined to be the future gem! The works of poets, now-a-days, are almost as numerous as the drops in April showers; and, amid the many, we would scarce take upon ourselves to predict which bears the charmed life, hereafter to become a pearl for the crown of fame. We have seen such fair promise belie itself, and come to nought; and no less have we witnessed beginnings the most sterile yet turn to fair account. Were we, however, to lay down a rule, as tolerably correct as observation can form from experience, we should say, our best expectations are of the young poet whose imagination runs a little wild,—who has great faults, but still touches of originality and beauty. Of cold imitative correctness—the "line and level" school of poetry—we despair; but from a youthful writer, whose extravagance speaks of riches he knows not how to use, and who wants taste rather than material, of the futurity of such a one we have at least hope. Mr. Stoddart belongs to this latter class. The volume is full of faults, affectations, and absurdities, bad rhymes, and worse imagery; but all these are redeemed by touches of extreme beauty and true poetry. He has too many memories of fairy tales clinging about his verse,—the Aladdin imagery of diamonds, amethysts, silver, and gold. Again, when he wants to be terrible, he is only loathsome in his delineations, if not ludicrous. What can be said of lines like the following?

"The worm hath 'gan to crawl upon her brow—
The living worm! and with a ripple now,
Like that upon the sea, are heard below,
The slimy swarms all ravening as they go
Amid the stagnate vitals, with a rush."

"A yellow group
Was creeping on her bosom, like a troop
Of stars, far up amid the galaxy,
Pale, pale, as snowy showers; and two or three
Were mocking the cold finger, round and round,
With likeness of a ring; and, as they wound
About its bony girth—"

We know not whether these similes are most dissimilar or most revolting. The worms are first like "a troop of stars;" then like "snowy showers." Mr. Stoddart is very varied, and very original in similes; but he often applies them with singular impropriety: for example, where he compares "death, cradled upon beauty," to

"A bee
Upon a flower that looketh lovingly;"

or where he says that Julio was

"Mad as the fall of leaves upon the tide
Of a great tempest, that hath fought and died
Along the forest ramparts."

This imagery of an autumn storm is as good as its application is bad. Never was a heroine's name so useful—it rhymes to every thing—"Agathe," "be,"—"Agathe," "away,"—"Agathe," "inquiringly." The songs introduced are some of the worst specimens. Poetry such as this is like Tarpeia, buried under ornaments—the golden bracelet becomes a weight of iron to crush her. Mr. Stoddart is the very gnome of song—he luxuriates in "shells of silver," "citadels of amethyst," "wings of diamond," "pouring diamond," "amber weed." But enough of this: faults are more likely to be amended by being simply pointed out, than by being dwelt upon. We turn to the far more pleasant office of pointing out beauties. The poem opens well—

"An anthem of a sister choristry!
And like a windward murmur of the sea
O'er silver shells, so solemnly it falls!
A dying music shrouded in deep walls,
That bury its wild breathings!"

"The arcades,
Torch after torch, into the moonlight fades;
And there is heard the music, a brief while,
Over the roofings of the imaged aisle,
From the deep organ panting out its last,
Like the slow dying of an autumn blast."

The story is "the very wildness of romance;" it is founded on the madness of the hero, a monk who robs the grave of "the dead Agathe," a nun whom he had loved—embarks with the body in a boat—is driven, by wind and wave, to an island, where he is buried with his mistress. Parts are fine; but, as a whole, the tale rather shocks than enlists our sympathies. There are some images of great beauty.

"A wild bird that floated far and fair
Betwixt the sun and sea!"

Sketch of the heroine:—

"A most lovely one
As ever to the warm light of the sun
Threw back her tresses,—a fair sister girl,
With a brow changing between snow and pearl,
And the blue eyes of sadness, fill'd with dew
Of tears."

"She wept for her lost parent. It was sad
To see her infant sorrow; how she bade
The flow of her wild spirits fall away
To grief, like bright clouds in a summer day
Melting into a shower."

The ensuing image is misapplied as a simile, but is fine in itself—"stars unseen for paleness." Julio's bending over the body is thus described—

"Taking a foretaste of the awful trance
That was to pass on his own countenance!"

Fanciful description of the winds:—

"The night-winds, in their lonely way—
Some whistling and some moaning, some asleep,
And dreaming dismal dreams, and sighing deep
Over their couches of green moss and flowers,
And solitary fern, and heather bowers."

The next passage blends both the faults and merits of our young author.

"The beautiful pale wing
Of a sea-bird was worn with wandering,
And, on a sunny rock beside the shore,
It stood, the golden waters gazing o'er;
And they were heaving a brown amber flow
Of weeds, that glittered gloriously below.

It was the sunset, and the gorgeous hall
Of heaven rose up on pillars magical
Of living silver, shafting the fair sky
Between dark time and great eternity.
They rose upon their pedestal of sun,
A line of snowy columns! and anon
Were lost in the rich tracery of cloud
That hung along, magnificently proud,
Predicting the pure star-light, that beyond
The east was armouring in diamond
About the camp of twilight, and was soon
To marshal under the fair champion moon,
That call'd her chariot of unearthly mist,
Toward her citadel of amethyst."

The next are good:—

"The snowy sail
Is hoisted to the gladly gushing gale,
That bosom'd its fair canvass with a breast
Of silver."

"Night, with her starry tiar, floateth in—
A dark and dazzling beauty, that doth draw
Over the light of love a shade of awe!"

"Famine, empty as a breeze!"

"There stood a wild and solitary grove
Of aged pines, all leafless but their brows,
Where a green group of tempest-stricken boughs
Was waving now and then, and to and fro,
And the pale moss was clustering below."

"A faded flower! with all the vernal dews
From its bright blossom shaken, and the hues
Become as colourless as twilight air!"

"The gloomy gorge
Of waters, sounding like a Titan forge!"

We have before expressed our conviction, that poetical prophecies are half like vows "made in pain"—if not "violent," they are at least "void." We will simply express our present opinion of Mr. Stoddart: he has original imagery, a vein of poetical fancy and feeling, which if it were less gorgeous would be more truly rich. The old anecdote of Apelles is the best parting advice we can give him:—seeing a picture of Helen, by one of his pupils, overladen with "barbaric pomp of pearl and gold,"—"So," said he, with the true and good taste of a great painter, "not being able to make her beautiful, you have made her fine." To this we only add, that Mr. Stoddart does not appear to want power; but rather to exaggerate, in the fulness of youthful imagination.

The Incognito; or, Sins and Peccadillos. By Don T. de Trueba, author of "Romance of History—Spain," "the Castilian," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

THESE volumes come before the public with two great advantages—first, they take perfectly untrodden ground; as the preface justly remarks, "*The Incognito* is the first Spanish novel of its class which has appeared in England." Secondly, Spain being the author's native land, he must be at home in the scenes he depicts. The story is quite a romance—this will, perhaps, be a recommendation to our younger readers—and many of the scenes are written with great liveliness. We do not, however, think our author's forte lies in "drawing from life." His characters are rather caricatures; and he sometimes forgets that the absurd is not always the entertaining. We select, as a national picture, the evening walk on the Prado.

"The evening was peculiarly fine, and consequently the flow of people was very great. The gorgeous equipages of the grandees rattled pompously along, whilst the great salon was crowded with pedestrians of various ranks. The beautiful marble fountains which adorn the place threw the limpid water aloft, and contributed to impart to the air that refreshing influence so necessary in southern climates. The elegant madrilenas carried themselves very stately along, handling their fans most efficiently, and drilling their pretty feet in all the precision of a graceful march. On one side fell partially the costly mantilla, whilst through the fine lace that bordered the silken veil, the expressive black eyes shot those electric glances which cause such execution on the daring beholders. The taste for foreign dresses was yet comparatively unknown to the ladies of Madrid, and consequently the national costume predominated in the Prado. Indeed, in the Spanish ladies it cannot be susceptible of improvement, for the basquina and mantilla are precisely the attire necessary to set off to advantage the kind of beauty with which nature had endowed them. Amidst the ranks of beautiful females were to be seen many youngsters blazing in regimentals, and a tolerable portion of ecclesiastics and monks, all of whom tended to throw a pleasing variety over the scene. How different, too, were the various individuals that contributed to increase the number of the multitude! An experienced eye might detect the travelled Spaniard looking superciliously on some of his bigoted countrymen, whilst the old prejudiced one looked with a sort of horror on those whose favourite word of civilisation seemed synonymous with irreligion. Many an old Hidalgo of the ancient school was still to be seen creeping slowly along, with haughty yet downward looks, listening attentively to some attendant friar; and many pious beatas twaddled along, carrying the rosary in a very conspicuous manner. There were even some, who, as they moved along, did not scruple to keep their thoughts occupied in prayer, and the fingers busily employed in counting beads. A little behind a beata a young niece or daughter was seen listening to the passing whispers of admirers, who, no doubt, ejaculated prayers of a different stamp from those of the religious matron. The prospect of the Prado was beau-

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tiful; a soft calm evening was gently ushering in a clear night—a night peculiarly adapted for the amorous cadences of the guitar, and the melodious and plaintive voices of lovers. Suddenly the immense concourse seemed as if by magic to have been arrested in their progress, and in their animated conversation. Every one was rooted to the ground, the men with their heads completely uncovered, holding their hats in their hands, and the women modestly a little bent forwards, some covering their faces with the abanicos (fan), and most of them with their mantillas down. The enigma was soon explained. A hundred bells, in a monotonous variety of tones, had chimed the oracion, or Ave Maria, and every individual was now really or apparently engaged in the pious occupation. Many groups had been instantaneously formed, at which some ecclesiastic, or the eldest person, presided, and said the prayer. A thousand drowsy, solemn deprecatory tones encumbered the air, with a sort of prolonged and gloomy murmurs, until the bells finished the signal. Then a prodigious quantity of 'Amens!' in various keys and tones, basso, soprano, &c., flew around, when every one unbended from the impromptu position of religious constraint, and the promenade was resumed at the salutation of buenas noches."

The turkeys entering Madrid for Christmas is a very national sketch.

"Nor is it less amusing to behold the arrival of the paveros (turkey-sellers), who conduct, in martial array, a numerous army of well-fed pavos, or turkeys, with wonderful precision and discipline. Indeed, it seems strange to see a single man armed with a single long and slender vara (rod), marshal along some hundreds of the noisy pedestrian birds, which fill the air with aqueous sounds and shrill clamours, whilst the beggarly urchins, assembled along the street to behold the noisy and magnificent entrance, augment, with their cries of joy, the din which already prevails. But the most interesting part of the ceremony is to perceive the extreme anxiety of the general when his army has entered the streets; for there the evolutions are rendered particularly difficult, on account of the coaches and other vehicles, as well as the multitudes which already encumber them. Besides, experience has repeatedly told the paveros that many an enemy is narrowly watching his movements, and ready to take advantage of a moment's negligence. Every body at Madrid makes a point of eating a pavo at this time; and every body at Madrid has not, unluckily, money to purchase the commodity. A serious inconvenience would hence result; but kind nature has judiciously provided for the difficulty, by bestowing an uncommon share of tact and wonderful proficiency in sleight-of-hand tricks on those individuals who are destitute of the legitimate means of getting possession of a pavo. Now, as the paveros know perfectly well that a mighty host of these amateurs are anxiously expecting their arrival, their care increases tenfold as they wind their way along the streets. There they see the terrible enemy deeply meditating some plan of attack. It is not difficult to read their fearful intentions, it is seen in their hungry eyes—there they lounge, at the entrance of a taverna, (public-house) wrapt in their old dingy cloaks, the dimensions of which are exceedingly favourable for their practices. Their very gestures tell how keen an appetite they have for the delicious morsel; and the unfortunate turkey-merchant perceives, with sorrow, how the traitor's eye glistens at the prospect of the approaching capture. He redoubles his vigilance, but to no purpose; for by the time he arrives at the Plazuela de la Cebada, the indiscriminate encampment of these armies, and proceeds to a muster, to ascertain the number of his troops, he finds, with no little vexation, that at least two or three dozen have deserted during the march."

We would advise Don T. de Trueba to devote his attention to the new path he has chosen; we think he will do a great deal better: he is an animated writer, but he strains too much to be amusing—and let him bear in mind our own old proverb, that a man should be very wise to play the fool—very "nice distinctions," indeed, "do the bounds divide" between nonsense and persiflage. One question we would ask him—are not his Spanish "ladies and gentlemen" very English? Verdeflor, with his quizzing glass, seems to have stept out of Regent Street. But, perhaps, our author will tell us that human nature is human nature all the world over.

Divines of the Church of England; with a Life of each Author, a Summary of each Discourse, Notes, &c. Vols. VI., VII., VIII., IX. The Works of Dr. Isaac Barrow, Vols. I., II., III., IV. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. 12mo. London, 1830. Valpy.

No uniform edition of the Divines of the Church of England has hitherto made its appearance. This deficiency has, in all cases, naturally led to a very irregular, in most to a very partial, collection of these valuable works. We fear, also, the motives for neglecting a course of reading alike incumbent and improving to the student of divinity, have, from the same cause, been additionally strengthened. Thus, from a desideratum in the library, results a vacuum in requisite information. To fill up this *hiatus* clerically *defendus*, by means of monthly volumes, commodious in size and economical in price, is the praiseworthy object of Mr. Valpy's edition. The execution of this undertaking fully equals the design. Each author is accompanied by a memoir, and each sermon preceded by an admirable analysis. The Rev. T. S. Hughes combines in writing the lives a fair portion of entertainment, while conveying the necessary information, and supplies a clear-sighted synopsis of what each discourse contains. We quote from the memoir of Isaac Barrow.

"Barrow's tutor during his undergraduateship had been the celebrated Dr. Duport, Greek professor, and afterwards Dean of Peterborough; who, as one of his learned successors in both these pieces of preferment, has well observed, appears to have been the main instrument by which literature was upheld in the seventeenth century; and who, though seldom named and little known at present, enjoyed an almost transcendent reputation for a great length of time amongst his contemporaries, as well as in the generation which immediately succeeded. This eminent scholar, though ejected from his prebendal stall at Lincoln, and his archdeaconry of Stowe, for refusing the covenant, was yet suffered to retain his professorship, the duties of which he continued to discharge before a large audience during all the troubles and commotions of the civil war: but even this piece of well-merited preferment was taken from him in 1654 by the commissioners of University reform, who rejected from all offices, at discretion, such members as refused subscription to the engagement. According to Mr. A. Hill's account, Duport *resigned* the professorial chair, and recommended his favourite pupil, Barrow, for his successor, who justified his tutor's good opinion of him by a very able probationary exercise, though he failed of success, through an opinion among the electors that he was inclined to Arminianism. It is stated, however, on better authority, that the commissioners themselves conferred the office on Ralph Widdrington, fellow of Christ's College, whose literary merits would probably not have had so much weight with those worthies, as his relationship to Sir Thomas Widdrington, commissioner of the Great Seal, and speaker of Cromwell's Parliament. Disappointed in this object of honourable ambition, and wishing to escape from the fanaticism which reigned in his own country, Barrow projected a scheme of foreign travel; nor can we wonder that a person with so cultivated a mind should be anxious to improve his knowledge of books by experience of the world; or that he should pant to survey the triumphs of modern art, and to traverse those delightful scenes where the spirit of antiquity still seems to linger. Accordingly, in the month of June 1655, after having sold his books to provide means for his voyage, he left England, and proceeded in the first instance to Paris: there he found his father, at the court of his exiled sovereign, and made him a seasonable present out of his slender *viaticum*. Soon after his arrival, he despatched a long letter to his college, in which he gives an amusing and instructive account of his journey, as well as of those objects which particularly interested him in the French capital. After a poetical, though somewhat confused exordium, he prays that the Goddess of Health may wing her flight to his beloved Alma Mater, in some flowing lines, which contain a curious compliment to the sedgy Cam, as well as to the regal Seine. The vessel in which he left his native shores seems to have been scarcely sea-worthy; a wretched bark, more like a witch's sieve than an English packet.

Thesea puppis rugosior, Argûs
Quæ numerare annos, Argique foramina posset;
Ignibus exponi quam sævis dignior undis.

Accordingly, old Nereus, in pity or contempt, indulges the crew with a calm, which operates with terrible effect on the stomach of our fresh-water sailor; though he revives at sight of the lofty cliffs of Normandy, in which fine province he first sets foot on a foreign soil. The vessel enters that port, into which, as Barrow observes, the great Henry IV. ran his bark when almost shipwrecked in the waves of political commotion; alluding to that great monarch's flight to Dieppe, as a last place of refuge, in 1589, when he won the hearts of its citizens by his frank and manly address to them:—'Mes amis, point de cérémonie; je ne demande que vos cœurs, bon pain, bon vin, et bon visage d'hôtes.' Nor was it long before he who came a suppliant returned a conqueror, having gloriously defeated the army of the League, in the plain of Arques, when its commander, the Duke de Mayenne, retreated from forces ten times less than his own in numerical strength. Henry then rebuilt the castle of Dieppe, and conferred honourable titles on the city—*parvam titulis Dieppam regalibus auxit.* When our traveller lands, he is astonished at the crowd of women in the streets, and supposes that Henry, who was a great lover of the sex, was not unwilling to trust his fortune to such partisans: he notices, however, their general want of beauty, as well as their very irascible disposition; which is not at all surprising, since the fish-market of Dieppe rivals our Billingsgate, and the nymphs of such districts claim a right, from time immemorial, to

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the free exercise of temper and tongue. The French ladies, however, seem to have been at this time desirous of extending their privileges; for he is witness of a desperate attack which they made on the hotel of the unfortunate collector of customs, after having loaded their aprons on the beach with weapons such as those which Telamonian Ajax hurled at his antagonist Hector. Dieppe does not present now the same features which Barrow saw and admired; for it was utterly destroyed by the English in the memorable bombardment of 1694, with the exception of the fine church of St. Jacques, that of St. Remi, and the castle, which stands on an eminence at the western extremity of the town. The adjacent country, however, does not seem to have changed its appearance, since our traveller described its broad roads and fertile fields, with rows of apple-trees for lines of demarcation, the ruddy colour of whose pendulous fruit inflames the bosom and invites the hand of the passenger. *Hæ sata præsingunt, hæ compita cuncta coronæ.* After curiously describing the turning-lathe, he adverts to that exquisite manufacture in ivory, for which the place is still celebrated, and which owes its origin to the first Christian settlement on the coast of Senegal, which was made by the mariners of Dieppe. *Numidicum vertunt ebur in miracula rerum.* Thence he digresses to the numerous monastic orders, whom he lashes with great severity of sarcasm. Going to St. Jacques, he finds all his bile moved by the absurdities of the popish mass, by the decorations of the altars, by the vestments of the priests, and by the frauds of superstition practised in the nineteen little chapels, which stand round the body of that church, 'as chickens surround the mother hen.' He is horrified at the degrading mummeries and pageants exhibited in the religious festivals; but his fiercest anger is poured out against the idolatrous act of transubstantiation."

In which ceremony Barrow remarks of the priest,

"Se jactat fecisse Deum, factumque vorasse."

The following is somewhat amusing:

"We have seen that Barrow, after having introduced, and stimulated the academic world to pursue, an improved system of philosophical study, yielded his professorial chair to that friend whose occupation of it has rendered it one of the highest honours that science can bestow on her most favoured sons. With respect to himself, he devoted his powerful mind and vast acquirements to the service of religion, whilst he adorned its doctrines by the purity and holiness of his life. He soon acquired the reputation of an admirable preacher; though Dr. Pope relates some curious scenes which occurred, as well by reason of his strange attire and attenuated aspect, (for he was not only worn down by study, but slovenly in his dress,) as by the detention of his congregation, and his discourses of an unconscionable length. In one instance, when he preached for Dr. Wilkins at St. Lawrence-Jewry, so uncouth and unpromising was his appearance, that the congregation scampered out of church before he could begin his sermon: the good doctor, however, taking no notice of this disturbance, proceeded, named his text, and preached away to the two or three that were gathered, or rather left together; of which number it happened that Mr. Baxter, the eminent non-conformist, was one, who afterwards declared to Dr. Wilkins that he never listened to a better discourse: amongst those also that remained was a young man who appeared like an apprentice, or the foreman of a shop, and who pleased Barrow greatly by accosting him with these words of encouragement as he came down from the pulpit: *Sir, be not dismayed, for I assure you 'twas a good sermon.* When several parishioners came to expostulate with Dr. Wilkins on his suffering such an *ignorant scandalous* person to have the use of his pulpit, he referred them to Mr. Baxter, who candidly praised the sermon as it deserved, declaring *that he could willingly have been an auditor all the day long.* Confounded and put to shame by this judgment from a person whom they acknowledged as their superior, they soon confessed that they had not heard a word of the discourse which they thus abused, and began earnestly to entreat their rector that he would procure Dr. Barrow's services again, promising to make him amends by bringing their whole families to his sermon. All persons, however, had not the patience of the worthy non-conformist, as was evident when Barrow was preaching on a certain holyday at Westminster Abbey; for the servants of that church, who were then accustomed to shew the waxen effigies of the kings and queens, between services on holydays, to crowds of the lower orders, perceiving the doctor in the pulpit long after the hour was past, and fearing to lose that time in *hearing* which they thought could be so much more profitably employed in *receiving*, became so impatient, that they caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not cease till they had blown him down. Can Dr. Pope, however, be credited, when he assures us that his *spittle-sermon* before the lord mayor and aldermen occupied three hours and a half? One is almost tempted to suppose that the customary invitation to dinner had been forgotten, and that the preacher took this ingenious method of revenging himself for the neglect. Being asked on that occasion, when he came down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, his reply is said to have been—'Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with *standing* so long.'"

We noticed this important publication whilst its editor was engaged with the works of Bishop Sherlock, for the collection of which, in their first complete edition, the literary world must ever feel indebted to him.

We conceive, however, that he has now conferred a still greater obligation, not only on the literary portion of society, but on the world at large, by the addition which he has made to the sermons of Dr. Barrow, from a MS. in the public library of Cambridge. We have here four sermons (with a large fragment of another) on some of the most important topics that can engage the human mind; and these composed with a copiousness of diction, a profundity of thought, a seriousness of feeling, and a glow of eloquence, that derogates not from those immortal discourses of the same author, which have long been before the public.

If the discovery of some fragments of a heathen philosopher, though relics of the eloquent Tully himself, created a sensation amongst the learned of all nations, shall these noble and perfect pieces of Christian philosophy, left by the greatest of British theologians, fail to excite an interest among his admiring countrymen? We hope not, for the credit of that nation which is capable of producing such men.

The Aeropteron; or Steam-Carriage: a Poem. By J. Hardaker. 12mo. pp. 24. Keighley.

We have long expected Poetry, as well as heavier, yea, and lighter materials, to be moved by steam; and having the first instance now before us, we beg, rail-ing apart, to introduce Mr. Hardaker, of Haworth or Keighley, to the public, as the laureate of a steam, and worthy of his subject, *i. e.* of esteem. The high pressure upon his imagination, despising safety-valves, has been poured forth with a ten-bard power; so that, along the whole line of his way, he has been impeded by no obstacles, but run smooth and free from the beginning to the end.

The compound title is of Greek construction —*ανε air*, and *πτερον a wing*; which seems to imply that vapour is winged air; and with "all ready" (the starting words of steam-carriages, as "all right" are of coachmen), off the author bursts in the full tide of song.

"I sing of scenes which science in its pride,
Inspired with genius, to the world reveals—
The iron-pave, where *Aeroptera* glide,
Like Phaeton's chariot with its flaming wheels;"

and, truth to say, no kettle we ever heard sing could sing like a steamer.

"The *Aeropteron*, on its iron-pave,
Outruns the river and outstrips the wind;
Fleeter than skiff upon the curled wave,
Leaving the eagle on her way behind:
Laden with hundreds of both gay and grave,
And all that men from earth and ocean reap,
All that is worthy of the great and brave,
Sweeping o'er mountain tops and valleys deep,
Calm as a dream that flits o'er gentlest sleep."

We like the idea of leaving the eagle behind, *that*, we presume, being the name of an inferior engine or car, and certainly not of the bird of Jove. With regard to the "calm," we are not so sure, seeing that on all the occasions with which we have been conversant, by sea or land, instead of calm, there has always been a most infernal clatter. Indeed, we once heard a housemaid of fine sensibilities, excited, too, by a voyage from London to Richmond, on a lovely summer day, with her sweetheart no doubt, express her sympathies for the steam-boat in very simple yet pathetic terms—"I pity her, poor thing (said she), she throbs so!" Where was Mr. Hardaker's "calm" here, we wonder? how can he reconcile such a phrase with the truth of poetry? The following is far better in praise of steam.

"The world sees
Those latent powers called forth from darkness vast,
Waking the slumbering intellect of the earth,
Another Neptune smokes across the seas,
Another Hercules in his works of worth,
Whilst genius wonders at her latest birth!"

And truly, though we are not going to examine this trifle minutely, we may state that the writer manifests a warmth very nearly allied to talents in the treatment of his theme; and, with much to provoke mirth, is frequently guilty of striking expressions: for example, where he styles the ancient and silent statues of Greece her "sculptured page;" but his extreme admiration of the big tea-kettles of modern science betrays him into extravagance. What will be thought of a rail-road to supersede the equator? we have it in verse.

"This lengthened pave may belt the rounded earth,
The living girdle of a peopled zone,
Round which, like some bright meteor rolling forth,
Genius herself may guide her gliding throne:
It may be they who own a better birth,
That in yon spheres harmoniously sing,
This earth of ours may deem of better worth,
When thus now belted on its airy wing—
Another Saturn with another ring."

And now, his mind inflamed with the fancy of this iron circle round the earth, he conjures up creatures very different from Ariel to travel the distance in forty minutes—no other, in fact, than the sultanas, Georgians, and other "fine women," from Turkish harems, &c.

"With charms untold,
The gorgeous pomp of oriental sheen,
Falling their robes in many a luscious fold,
Curdee and cafton, wove in gold and green,

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More fit for beings such as ne'er grow old,
But for this frail mortality, *oh dear!*
The very thought thereof makes one grow cold;
Yet why not flourish when transplanted there,
Th' expanding intellect that blossoms here?

Yes, we may see them, when this iron zone
Connects the German with the Caspian Sea,
Linking the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone,
And stretching onwards to the rich Crimea."

Hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make a Juliet: hang up science, steam, and rail-roads, unless they can bring us an importation of sultanas. Long luck to the merchandise from the Crime-a, though our ladies at home may think it a-crime. Unshackled trade is and shall be the order of the day. In the piping times of peace nothing shall be deemed contraband of war; there shall be no duties—free bottoms shall make free goods; and so success to Mr. Hardaker, to steam, and to a rail-road round the universe.

The Court and Camp of Buonaparte. A new edition. *Family Library, No. VIII.* 12mo. London, 1831. Murray.

WE are glad to see that great pains have been taken to make the new edition of this well-fancied book more worthy than it at first was of the Life of Napoleon, for which it was meant to be a sort of Appendix. We suspect another and a different hand has been employed; at all events, the volume is very much improved in every respect. We may quote, from the preface, a sort of *review* of Bourrienne's Memoirs, which have of late made so much noise.*

"With respect to the Memoirs of Napoleon's private secretary, M. de Bourrienne, the loud panegyrics with which their opening chapters were ushered into the world have not, most certainly, been justified by the main body of the book. The public were told, that having been six and twenty years about the person of his hero, this author would narrate 'nothing but what had taken place under his own eye,' and that his 'moral qualifications,' taken along with his opportunities, entitled him to claim rank as not only the best, but the only faithful portrayer of the private life and political principles of his deceased master. He was held up as having been towards Napoleon what Boswell was with regard to Dr. Johnson; and we were assured that his work would rank, in point of fidelity and integrity of intention, with one of the most fascinating as well as trustworthy pieces of biography in this or in any language. A few facts, drawn from the Memoirs themselves, will enable the reader to judge of the accuracy of these representations. Bourrienne was appointed private secretary to Buonaparte in April 1796, and retained the situation till October 1802; 'when,' says Savary, 'he was dismissed for peculation, the first consul abhorring nothing so much as illegal means of acquiring gold.' For nearly three years he lived in obscurity; but, in May 1805, at the intercession of Josephine, he was appointed French minister at Hamburgh, and an agent of Fouché's police. He remained there till December 1809, when he was suddenly dismissed; and, on his return to Paris, the emperor refused him an audience. Upon Napoleon's overthrow, in March 1814, he instantly went over to the Bourbons, was made postmaster-general, and thanked, he says, by Louis XVIII., 'for the services he had rendered him at Hamburgh;' that is, while he was the agent of Buonaparte. He held his new office only three weeks. On going one morning to the Tuileries, to present his portfolio, it was unceremoniously taken from him, and access to the sovereign denied him. 'Not an intimation!' he exclaims; 'not a single line! no decree! no ordinance!' However, in March 1815, on the escape of the ex-emperor from Elba, the king, thinking fit to restore the odious ministry of police, Bourrienne, 'for his services to the royal cause,' was placed at the head of it. On the very day that Louis appointed him to the office, Buonaparte, at Lyons, denounced him as a traitor. It thus appears, from his own shewing, that, instead of being 'for six and twenty years about the person of this hero,' Bourrienne, during a part of the consulship and the whole of the empire, was not even permitted to approach him, and resided, for a great portion of that period, at the distance of a hundred leagues from Paris. Instead of narrating 'nothing but what took place under his own eye,' *all* his revelations, from 1803 to 1815, as far as Napoleon is concerned, are at second hand. It would be easy to trace the sources whence he has borrowed, without the slightest acknowledgment, his statement of every leading event. Thus, the long account of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, is taken from certain valuable Historical Notes, supplied to Sir Walter Scott, which appear in the Appendix to the ninth volume of that illustrious writer's Life of Buonaparte;—his narrative of the conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru, is from Fauche Borel and Las Cases;—and the conversations which he pretends to have held with Rapp are all copied from that veteran's own Memoirs. Of the same stamp are his 'long and interesting interviews' with Bernadotte at Hamburgh. The friends of the King of Sweden have notified, in the French papers, that the alleged interviews never took place; and a second reference to Sir Walter Scott's work will shew, that the details of the circumstances which led to Bernadotte's appointment to the throne of Sweden are all filched from the 'Reflections on the conduct of Napoleon towards the Prince Royal of Sweden,' drawn up for, and first published in, its pages. It was not to be expected that the private secretary would be long left by the friends and relatives of Buonaparte to tell his own story uncontradicted. Accordingly, in France, Generals Belliard and Gourgaud, Baron Meneval, Count d'Aure, Baron Massias, the present Prince of Eckmühl, the Duke de Cambacérès, Baron de Stein, and Count Boulai de la Meurthe, have stepped forward to expose the fallacy of many of Bourrienne's statements, and to deny that his 'moral qualifications' render him the only faithful portrayer of the private life and political principles of his deceased master. Count Boulai de la Meurthe states it to be the opinion among well-informed persons at Paris, that Bourrienne did not prepare the Memoirs for the press, but only supplied certain documents, notes, and recollections; and he adds, that the name of the real editor is no secret. 'I have gone over the work,' says this ex-minister of state, 'with a disgust which I cannot find words to express. Not that its contents have surprised me—I expected as much, from the extravagant way in which it was puffed on its first announcement; but what really does astonish me is, that this Bourrienne, who has so many grave reasons for keeping himself in the background, should have dared to stand forth before the public as the reviler of Napoleon and his whole family. From many causes, he is the last man on earth to be credited in matters relating to them—a more disgraceful instrument could not have been employed. Where is the reader who will not shrug up his shoulders at seeing the discarded secretary affecting, in every page, the man of importance, and, what is still worse, setting up for a moralist? He shelters himself under the mask of impartiality, by here and there bedaubing Napoleon with panegyric: but who does not at once see, that this is only thrown in to give greater effect to his detestable calumnies?' Joseph Buonaparte, too, ever active in vindicating the object of Bourrienne's detraction, has, from his retreat on the banks of the Delawar, just sent into the world a collection of Notes, exposing many of the secretary's ungenerous and malignant misrepresentations. The cause of his restless hostility to Joseph is to be found in the ex-king's having denounced to the first consul a scheme of the confidential secretary to take advantage of his superior means of information for speculating in the funds, which led to his being discharged, and succeeded by Baron Meneval, at that time Joseph's private secretary. The following is the Count de Survillier's account of the transaction—'Arriving one day from the country, Joseph was waiting for the first consul in his cabinet, where Bourrienne was sitting, surrounded by papers which required Napoleon's signature. After alluding to the great confidence placed in him by the consul, Bourrienne so far forgot himself as to make overtures to Joseph, which astonished as much as they distressed him. Joseph did not conceal what had occurred from his brother, who also, after breakfast, told Josephine of it. 'If Bourrienne,' said he to her, 'indulges in such insinuations with Joseph, who is almost a stranger to him, what must be the case with you, whom he sees every day?' Josephine replied, 'Who does not know Bourrienne? It is only the first consul who will not know him.' Being from that moment narrowly watched, Bourrienne was soon *known* to the first consul, who was contented with dismissing from his service, instead of destroying, as he might have done, a man with whom he had been long connected. Joseph makes no scruple to assert that certain documents, which Bourrienne boasts of having in his possession—such as the narrative of the revolution of the 13th Vendémiaire, and the originals of the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and Bonaparte—were purloined from Napoleon's cabinet by the man to whose charge they were confided. 'Is M. de Bourrienne,' he exclaims, 'so blind as not to see, that this avowal of his breach of trust must astonish his readers? What a state would society be in, if people were suffered to boast that they possessed articles intrusted to their keeping! Can these autographs be the legitimate property of the private secretary? and if not, what are they but stolen goods?' It has excited surprise, that the schoolfellow at Brienne, the friend of early youth, the confidential secretary, should, throughout his ten volumes, have laboured to render the dark shades of his hero's character still darker. Joseph Buonaparte's note on his attempt to implicate the first consul in the death of Pichegru, will be found at page 403. With regard to the affair of the Duke d'Enghien, though Bourrienne contributes nothing to the history of this tragical catastrophe, he makes no scruple of loading his benefactor with the entire atrocity of the project. The following important statement, by Joseph Buonaparte, reached the present editor too late to be incorporated in the outline of the life of the ex-king of Naples and Spain:—'The idea of the

* While we insert this interesting extract, we at the same time beg to refer our readers to our own sentiments respecting Bourrienne—sentiments formed on no light authority. The fact is, that Bourrienne's early information is correct—the latter parts, mere book-making.

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death of the Duke d'Enghein never crossed the first consul's mind, till he was astonished and confounded by the tidings communicated to him by Savary of his execution. The question was not whether he should be put to death, but whether he should be put on his trial. Joseph, Josephine, Cambacérès, Berthier, earnestly expostulated with the chief magistrate against it. Joseph, who was living at Morfontaine, and transiently in town, on the 20th of March, the day the Duke d'Enghien was taken a prisoner to Paris, spoke to his brother in his behalf, warmly urging the defence of the grandson of the Prince of Condé, who, he reminded his brother, had seven times crowned him for as many distinctions gained at the Royal School: to which expostulation the first consul's reply affords a curious proof of the state of his mind at the moment. His answer was given by declaiming the following passage from a speech of Cæsar, in Corneille's tragedy of *La Mort de Pompée*:—

"Votre zèle est faux, si seul il redoutait
Ce que le monde entier à pleins vœux souhaitait;
Et s'il vous a donné ces craintes trop subtiles,
Qui m'ôtent tout le fruit de nos guerres civiles,
Ou l'honneur seul m'engage, et que pour terminer
Je ne veux que celui de vaincre et pardonner;
Où mes plus dangereux et plus grands adversaires,
Sitôt qu'ils sont vaincus, ne sont plus que mes frères;
Et mon ambition ne va qu'à les forcer,
Ayant dompté leur haine, à vivre et m'embrasser.
Oh! combien d'allégresse une si triste guerre
Aurait-elle laissée dessus toute la terre,
Si l'on voyait marcher dessus un même char,
Vainqueurs de leur discorde, et Pompée et César.'"*

A full-length portrait of Talleyrand, engraved in his first-rate style by Wm. Finden, forms a novel feature in this edition. The head of the prince in the former edition was well, but this is better. The other decorations are as before.

The Turf. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THE title-page tells us this is a satirical novel; and who would doubt the veracity of a title-page? Not we: for all we know of the work is, that it is a stupid account of swindlers and demireps, which has no claim whatever to publication.

Odd Sketches. By the Author of "Poetical Aspirations." 12mo. pp. 172. Edinburgh, 1831. Skeaf.

WE regret to speak of this book as a failure; for it is unpretending, which is about its only merit. The best we can do for it is to quote two epigrams—the prose tales being quite mediocre, and the poetry of the same caste.

"*The Parting.*

It is your will that we should part—
Good by, then, girl, with *all* my heart!
And I am thankful that I may
Carry the whole of it away."

"*No Change.*

They bid me seek on Ganges' strand
A wealthy man to be;
But, were I in a foreign land,
They find no *change* on me."

Bussola per lo Studio pratica della Lingua Italiana, per ordine di Difficoltà, &c.—A Geide for the practical Study of the Italian Language. By F. C. Albites, of Rome. 12mo. pp. 392. London, Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.

THE author, persuaded of the general distaste for prefaces, commences his work by the system he has adopted of teaching the language, which affords a facility of acquiring its knowledge, without a useless loss of time, combining the *utile dulci*. He gives an alphabetical list of idioms, extracted from the best writers, with a French translation; then twenty-five new dialogues upon interesting subjects, with a few national anecdotes. He proceeds to mention some account of his late father; and, although it has no connexion with his system, we recommend his present volume to the attention of those amateurs of the Italian language who are desirous to become acquainted with the style of the best prose writers and poets, as well as to acquire the means of forming an elegant manner of correspondence, a subject also particularly treated on by Signor Albites.

The Romance of History. (England.) By H. Neele. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. E. Bull.

WE are glad to see this useful and entertaining publication in a fourth edition: it is a good sign of the taste of the times when works of its class become so popular.

The Works of William Robertson, D.D. To which is prefixed an Account of his Life and Writings. By Dugald Stewart; and a Portrait, engraved after Reynolds. Large 8vo. pp. 1214. London, J. Ogle Robinson: Liverpool, Baynes.

FOR a capital historical library in one volume we are again indebted to the publisher's cheap, comprehensive, and admirable plan. The whole of Dr. Robertson's works, in double columns, with a clear and large type, for 24*s.* is really an extraordinary production. The justly celebrated histories of Scotland, of Charles V. and of America, with, also, the disquisition on Ancient India, notes, well-arranged indexes, and a Memoir by Dugald Stewart, need only to be enumerated as the contents of this volume, to recommend it most generally to the public.

Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo, &c. &c. By Antonio Panizzi. Vol. IV. pp. 379. London, 1831. Pickering.

HAVING so recently spoken of Vol. III. of this very accurate and handsome edition of Italian poets, we need only say that, by his careful collation of all preceding authorities, and by the exercise of his own fine taste and judgment, Signor Panizzi is producing an admirable work. The Notes to the present volume are just and critical: worthy of a classic.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1831. Boston, Gray and Bowen; London, O. Rich.

CONTAINS a great deal of local and general intelligence respecting America, which must be useful for reference in Europe. We believe it is the second volume; and the whole design promises to be of permanent utility.

The Scientific Gazette, &c. 8vo. Weekly Numbers. London. Griffiths.

THIS little *Scientific Gazette* has now reached its seventh No., and promises well. We do not see why there should not be a weekly Gazette devoted to the various branches of natural and physical sciences as well as to literature; but if the Journal before us would wish to prosper, it should take a much higher tone. There is something requisite for the success of a scientific periodical more than the mere reprint of scraps from other journals, bad descriptions of animals which are well described in most elementary works, and essays on the state of science in Great Britain — a state of which the Journal before us would afford but a sorrowful notion. There are, however, some good articles: such are the essay on spontaneous combustion, a valuable compilation; the views of the progress of science on the continent; and the remarks on the French school of philosophy, which are written in a sound tone of moral feeling, though somewhat abstruse from a want of development. The reviews have hitherto been extremely unpretending; and we sincerely advise the editors to avoid typographical errors, which are the bane of scientific publications.

Practical Instructions for the Formation and Culture of the Tree-Rose, &c. 18mo. pp. 144. London, 1831. Hatchard and Son.

THE author says the rose has long borne the "*belle*" from other ornamental shrubs; but in spite of this slip at his outset, we find his Instructions very minute and practical, so as to afford ample information to those who love to cultivate the innocent and interesting amusement to which they relate. The tree-rose is a beautiful plant; and we know not whether these lessons might enable us to rear it in perfection near London, which is at present rarely, if ever, accomplished.

The Genders of the French Nouns, according to their Terminations, rendered easy to Children by familiar Rhymes. Pp. 16.

Spelling made Pastime; in a moral Story. Pp. 15. London, J. Hearne.

THESE are two slight efforts to recommend the early rudiments of education to children; the first being the most useful. Any device which is calculated to attract the attention and fix the memory of infancy is worthy of the regard of mammas; to whom these tiny vols. may therefore be recommended.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE second weekly evening meeting took place on Friday; Mr. George Moore in the chair. The lecture was by Mr. Ainsworth, "on the determination of the age of rocks of supposed igneous origin." After remarking the difficulty which presented itself in at once understanding the details of a subject which required much illustration, and embraced the fundamental principle of the history of the earth, he proceeded to make some observations on the language of geology and its classifications, which were founded on the relative age of mountain-rocks, on their succession or superposition, or on their supposed mode of formation; but if founded on their composition, structure, and position, would present a series of stratified and unstratified masses of igneous and of Neptunean origin, to which granite would be a point of reunion, passing, on the one hand, into the stratified, and, on the other, into the unstratified masses. There existed, as yet, few facts to determine the exact age of the latter; they presented to the geologist a series which had rocks composed of felspar, quartz, and mica, at one extremity, of felspar and quartz in the centre, and, at the other extremity, rocks of felspar and augite. This series also exhibited a continuation, not interrupted, of continually increasing differences and decreasing resemblances, which (of importance to science) had also always struck geologists, who, according as they gave most importance to the one or to the other, ascribed to them a similar or dissimilar origin. The distribution of granites of igneous origin was much greater than had been sup-

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* "In contradiction of Bourrienne's assertion, that Buonaparte was totally insensible to the charms of elegant poetry, Joseph states, that his brother knew by heart, and often recited, the most brilliant passages in the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire."

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posed, and extended as far as the lias (Predazzo) and the middle oolites (ord of Caithness), and, when elevated by subjacent masses of augitic porphyries, even to the latest tertiary rocks. The limits of the ophiolitic rocks were not well known. Mr. Ainsworth dwelt upon the distribution of the porphyritic rocks, more especially the transition formations, pointing out the difficulty of drawing deductions either from position or from their mineralogical characters. The porphyries of Saxony reposed on transition slates, but, in the absence of that formation, on older rocks. It was difficult to study, step by step, an edifice of which we can scarcely comprehend the order amidst a confusion of parts. In granite the terms were simple, in the porphyries they were complex. The transition rocks with metalliferous veins in Dumfries-shire, were more ancient than the porphyries with greywache and domes of trachyte and obsidian on their limits. The same relations existed in the equinoctial regions of the new continent, in Hungary, and in Auvergne, in the Greek islands, at Unalaska, and in the Kasbec (Caucasus). Porphyries became granular, passing into sienite; porphyroidal, passing into true porphyries, and, from the predominance of vitreous felspar, passing into trachytes: such were the porphyries which ranged like fortified castles along the ridge of the Andes, the porphyries of the table-land of Quito, of the Drachenfels, and of many parts of Europe. The situation of these porphyries was beneath the old red sandstone: the trap-rocks were above that formation. Mr. A. pointed out their real situation by references to the geological structure of the environs of Edinburgh, of Dumfries-shire, and of Derbyshire. The same formations exhibited a constancy of direction though not stratified, and supported by their situation the theory of anciently elevated masses. Auvergne, to which he next directed the attention of those present, was a country of the greatest interest to geologists: it was like walking among the ruins of Pompeii, compared with the perusal of hieroglyphic inscriptions on some monument. He rapidly sketched the history of discoveries made in that district by different geologists, and pointed out the order of succession between the different phenomena of the eruption of volcanoes; the formation of lakes whose banks were covered with an extinct vegetation, and trod by strange animals which are no longer met with on the surface of the earth; the deposition of lacustrine rocks, and the excavation of valleys; the elevation of the trachytic domes, and disruption of the strata; the re-appearance of lava-currents, and the destruction of antediluvian animals. Greece was the next field of his illustrations: it presented three distinct epochs —that of trachytes, porphyries, and leucostines; that of trachytic conglomerates; and the eruptions which occurred within the period of history. The last period led to the consideration of active volcanoes. It was an error to look upon all craters as craters of eruption. He had not time to enter into the details of the nature and characters of the craters of elevation; but he referred to the appearances of many islands in the Greek archipelago and the Azores, as favouring such views of volcanic action; views which were further supported by the position as well as composition of tufa, and by analogous facts. After noticing the distribution of igneous rocks with regard to mountain-chains, and Elie Beaumont's views, which, when admitted, would require an entire remodelling of geological science, in a rapid summary he alluded to the periods of quiescence and interruption which were marked in the characters of the sedimentary deposits, and the appearance or disappearance of organic remains; views which had been glanced at by Professor Buckland, in his researches on the distribution of coprolites, and by De Humboldt in his considerations on the independence of formations. Volcanic action, he remarked, could no longer be reasoned upon without embracing the theory of the earth. The researches of the illustrious and lamented Davy had paved the way to researches on the nature of this action; and, amid the daily increasing perplexities of geological science, the effects of heat had been more and more acknowledged as of the greatest importance— both on account of their influence and extent, and because they established a comparison between ancient results and modern action.

After the lecture, Mr. Faraday called the attention of those present to two very large masses of silver, which during their fusion had, from the developement of a gazeous fluid (oxygen), exhibited a kind of volcanic action. He was not visionary in saying that there were some distant prospects of gaining some knowledge of the basis of metals, and they kept a keen eye upon phenomena of that kind.

There was placed in the library a very fine head of Voltaire, said to have been modelled from life; but, because of the exceeding beauty of form exhibited about the temples and elsewhere, it was considered by several of the eminent artists present rather as a cast from life. Also specimens of rare minerals from South America; collected and presented by Mr. Bollaert, formerly chemical assistant in the Institution. Samples of very improved Wedgwood ware, intended for the laboratory. This manufacture is able to resist the action of the acid, and other agents usually employed in the laboratory, and also to stand, to a superior degree, the application of heat. We noticed, likewise, a variety of iron ores; fossil wood from Nassau; cakes of English silver, with peculiar configurations; models of various kinds,— amongst them, one of Mr. Curtis's ingenious contrivance of the acoustic chair, described in the *Lit. Gaz.* of the 29th ult.; together with presents of books, both English and foreign.

Friday, Feb. 4th, Mr. Brande "on the relation of the vegeto-alkalies to common alkalies, and to certain proximate principles of vegetables." The lecturer first took a brief view of the beautiful investigations of Sir H. Davy into the nature of the alkaline bodies potassa and soda, which our lamented philosopher considered in his early days as elementary substances, but which he afterwards decomposed and proved to be metals and oxygen. Mr. Brande then traced Sir H. Davy's views through his investigation of the third acknowledged alkali, ammonia, known to be composed of hydrogen and nitrogen, but so analogous in many of its relations to the other, or fixed alkalies, as to excite great hopes that the problem of the nature and constitution of the metals might, through its means, be partly or even wholly solved. Mr. Brande dwelt in an impressive manner upon the value of analogy, when bounded, as it always ought to be, by the results of experiments; and he shewed how far Sir H. Davy followed the clue which analogy gave to him, and where he stopped short, when opposed by the facts resulting from his inquiries. Mr. Brande then referred to the numerous alkalies discovered during late years to exist in vegetable bodies, capable, like the others, of neutralising acids and of forming salts; but, unlike them, being composed of three or four well-known elements, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. The analogies which before led from potassa and soda to ammonia, now conducted the experimentalist to these bodies. The endeavours made to obtain any simple or compound substance, from their resembling a metallic base, was next described. As to the accordance of the salts of these substances with ordinary salts, the results of their decomposition by the Voltaic poles was perfect; the morphia, cinchonia, or quinia, separating at the negative pole. Mr. Brande made numerous chemically-interesting references to the separation of these bodies, the tests for detecting their presence, their peculiar medical qualities, sources, &c. He also shewed the new proximate principle of the willow bark saliani, and referred to its analogy with cinchonia and quinia; likewise a new vegeto-alkali, obtained by Mr. Hennel, of Apothecaries' Hall, from elaterium, (wild cucumber,) which was perfectly crystallised, salifiable, intensely bitter, and probably very poisonous. This substance will, we understand, shortly be described in detail.

A magnificent collection of volcanic specimens from Vesuvius was laid upon the library-table; they were presented by Mr. Poli. Amongst them we observed the organic fossils of the limestone of the Appenines, ejected, as we understood, from the crater. Mr. Daniells also exhibited his new pyrometer.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

J. E. Bicheno, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Vigors read the monthly report: it stated that in the month of January last, 940 persons had visited the museum, the receipts for which amounted to 24*l.* 17*s.* At the gardens, during the same period, there had been 2282 visitors; amount received, 85*l.* 10*s.* The balance declared on the month's account, in favour of the Society, was 576*l.* The report further stated, that the works in progress at the gardens and farm were complete, and that no further works were in contemplation at either establishment. A very pleasing announcement was made, viz. that the interesting meetings of the Committee of Science and Correspondence were in future to be open to all the fellows; an arrangement which must give entire satisfaction. Further, that the members should be admitted, free, to Mr. Vigors' approaching course of lectures on ornithology at the Royal Institution. General Thornton's motion relative to the disposal of so much of the farm as was rented of Mr. Palmer, was withdrawn till the anniversary meeting; and Mr. Cox's resolution for the building of a suitable museum was carried. A great variety of donations connected with the science of natural history were exhibited. Lord Suffield presented a female pheasant which had assumed the plumage of a male! it was a very beautiful specimen. Mr. Gould presented the second part of his splendid illustrations of the birds of the Himalaya mountains, which excited great admiration. A conspicuous object in the meeting-room was the Society's noble lion, which recently died from inflammation of the stomach. The skin has been stuffed by Mr. Gould: the attitude is so natural, and the configuration of the head preserved so perfectly, that it was remarked, had he been placed in his den, the bystander could scarcely discover him to be a stuffed specimen. Sixteen fellows were elected, and Capts. Beechey, Harris, and Glasspoole, as corresponding members.

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ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY: ANNIVERSARY.

YESTERDAY the anniversary meeting of this Society took place,—Sir James South, the president, in the chair. The gold medal of the Institution was awarded to M. Damoiseau, of Paris, for his memoir upon the Theory of the Moon, and for his Lunar Tables. Another gold medal was awarded to Capt. Kater for his Vertical Floating Collimator. The President, in delivering these prizes, animadverted on the benefits which astronomy would derive from the respective works of these distinguished men of science. The medal is struck by Mills, and bears on the obverse a fine profile of Newton, and on the reverse the Herschel telescope. Officers for the ensuing season were elected.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

DAVIES GILBERT, Esq., V.P., in the chair:—A paper "on a new combination of chlorine and nitrous gas," by Edmund Davy, Esq., F.R.S., was read. Sir Philip Egerton, Bart., was elected. Capt. Manby was proposed. The following, amongst other donations, were announced:—Six volumes of the Memoirs of the Brussels (late Royal) Academy of Science and Belles Lettres; a Compendious Grammar of the Egyptian Language, as contained in the Coptic and Sahidic Dialects, by the Rev. Henry Tattam; and the 87th Part of the Flora Batava, presented by the King of the Netherlands.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, Lord Aberdeen, the president, in the chair. Several members were elected. A communication was read from the Rev. Guy Bryan, accompanied by two beautiful drawings, descriptive of Hurstmonceaux castle, near Hastings. The staircases, composed of brick, without any timber, are stated by Grose to have been so extensive and intricate, that a man might easily lose himself in them; and the oven is fourteen feet in diameter. The paper contained an account of the family of Finnes, the former owners of Hurstmonceaux, one of whom, in the 1st Hen. VI., obtained a license to fortify and castellate his residence there, and to add 600 acres to the park. A communication was also read from Lord Mahon, relative to the discovery of the holy cross, and the travels and vicissitudes of that valued relic for about twelve centuries. In the time of Constantine the Great, the Empress Helena made a pilgrimage in search of the holy cross; three were found, and that of our Saviour, distinguished by the miracles and cures performed by it, was brought to Constantinople, and exhibited to the wonder and veneration of the Christian world; and so many pieces were obtained, that if all the relics of the holy cross were got together, they would build a line-of-battle ship. Still, the principal part remained at Constantinople: it was afterwards taken by the Persians, who possessed it for fourteen years. Being again recovered from them, Heraclius, after a dreadful massacre of the Jews, placed it with great ceremony on Mount Calvary. The Mahomedan Arabs, however, having succeeded against the Christian forces, Heraclius, defeated and dispirited, removed the relic again to Constantinople, where great honours were paid to it, and being laid on the altar, it is said that a fragrant perfume was spread through the church, and oil was seen to ooze from the knots of the wood. It was subsequently carried to Palestine in the crusades, and in one of the battles with Saladin it got severed, and half of it was taken by the Saracens, and probably destroyed by them: the remainder was at last bought, at an enormous price, by the French, and rested at Paris for about 300 years; when at length it was missing, and all endeavours to discover it were fruitless. The loss of the precious relic affected the people to such a degree, that an insurrection was dreaded, and the king, to appease them, had an entire new cross made and presented to them, which he assured them possessed equal virtues, and was as worthy of their respect and veneration as the lost one; and the good folks of France, finding that they could not recover their old idol, at last put up with a new one.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, Bart. in the chair. The Earl of Mount Norris was proposed, and being a member of the Bombay branch Society, was immediately balloted for and elected. This nobleman, it will be recollected, when Lord Valentia, travelled through India into Abyssinia, Egypt, &c. The chairman made another splendid donation to the Society, viz. the Memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences (now the Institute) from its commencement to 1786, in 43 vols.; together with D'Anville's Notices sur Gaule; a series which contains many valuable papers on Oriental literature, by D'Anville the elder, De Guignes, and others. Mr. Baber presented a curious box, neatly carved, with hinges, out of a block of hornblende, having on the outside of the lid three sculptured figures, and, in the inside, one of a celebrated *Jain* king. The box is made of the same kind of stone as that which forms the pillars of Hyder's mausoleum. Two papers were read; the first by Mr. Huttman, comprising two anecdotes of violation of *caste* by a native prince, which testified that the difficulties of this barrier, though great, are not altogether insurmountable. The other paper gave an account of the week days of the Hindus, their gods, and the religious ceremonies peculiar to each day: it was communicated by Colonel Tod.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

FEB. 2.—The Secretary read a letter from Mr. J. Cullimore, detailing the principles upon which the writer has proceeded in his attempt to restore the lost fragment of the hieroglyphic tablet of Abydos. A letter was likewise read from Sir Thomas Phillipps, containing a catalogue of Pictish and Scottish kings, taken from a manuscript of the thirteenth century, in Sir Thomas's possession. This catalogue is different from that given by Innes, and, in some particulars, more correct. A further portion was then read of Professor Lee's memoir on the heathen idolatries. Adverting to the Mohammedan faith, the professor shews that the corruptions of that system, which began to take place in the time of El Mamūn, the seventh calif of the house of Abbas, were derived from the same sources, and were identical in character with those which the early philosophical heretics introduced into the Christian church. A specimen of Egyptian writing, on papyrus, of extraordinary beauty, and in the highest state of preservation, was submitted to the inspection of the meeting by Sir William Ouseley. This document is the property of — Kirkman, Esq. A fac-simile of the inscription will probably be published by the Society. Various presents of books were announced; among others, Professor Revens's Letters to M. Letronne on the Græco-Egyptian monuments in the University of Leyden, and some of the publications of the Baron de Reiffenberg. Two manuscript letters from Dr. Burney, author of the History of Music, and from Mr. J. C. Walker, the historian of the Irish bards—addressed to J. Balfour, Esq.—were likewise presented by that gentleman.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Third notice.]

No. 148. *A Servant Girl at Antwerp.* H. Howard, R.A.—It may be an ungallant remark, but from what we have seen of Flemish features in the works of Flemish art, we cannot help suspecting that Flemish beauty is much indebted to Mr. Howard for this flattering view of it.

No. 171. *The Signal.* H. P. Parker.—We have seldom met with a more animated and spirited production.

No. 183. *The Widow.* C. Hancock.—This truly pathetic scene, in which the widow is caressing and pouring out her sorrows on the favourite dogs of her departed husband, is, as far as our recollection serves us, entirely original; and the conception of it does as much credit to the mind and feelings of the artist, as its execution does to the powers of his pencil.

No. 184. *The Sleeper.* Andrew Morton.—Of the minstrels of Savoy the English public have, of late years, had a sufficient visitation; and no one has more skilfully and more frequently depicted their costume and character than Mr. Morton. He may now be said to have set the subject at rest, and we trust that he will henceforth allow it to

"Sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

No. 185. *View in the Back-Court of a Dutch Habitation.* Albert Brondgeest.—A tolerably successful imitation of Peter de Hooge.

These, with No. 56. *Claudia in Rienzi,* Miss E. Drummond; No. 60. *Taken by Surprise,* R. Farrier; No. 91. *A Study,* Mrs. Pearson; and No. 161. *Walnuts,* No. 164. *Filberts,* A. Oliver, A.R.A. (which made us long for a little salt, a bottle of port, and a pleasant old friend, like the artist himself), are some of the principal attractions of the North Room.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 215. *The Pedlar.* J. P. Knight.—Next to visiting a fair, the appearance of a pedlar in a country village is the most exciting circumstance that can occur. It is then that gew-gaws and finery become, in the rustic female vocabulary, absolute wants and necessities; and not a lad or lass but will soon dive to the bottom of a shallow pocket, to purchase the tempting bait. Perhaps Mr. Knight may have made this modern Autolycus too respectable in appearance; otherwise, the characters are well discriminated. The execution is excellent.

No. 229. *Teniers painting the Temptation of St. Anthony.* A. Fraser.—Here are two temptations—the temptation of St. Anthony, and a temptation to every lover of art, who may visit the British Gallery, to become the possessor of so fine a picture. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we would say that the composition is rather too scattered; but in truth and richness of tone, facility of handling, and identity of style with that of the great Flemish painter, nothing can surpass this admirable performance.

No. 237. *Umberleigh Mill, River Taw, Devon.* F. R. Lee.—Another example, and a still more striking one than that which we have already noticed, of Mr. Lee's powers. Without

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the depth, or, rather, the blackness, by which Ruysdael and Hobbima frequently aid their effects, the clearness and the action of the water in this picture are in no way inferior to similar representations by those celebrated masters.

No. 247. *The East Window of Netley Abbey.* W. Shayer.—A beautiful specimen of the picturesque, with a skill in the execution that does Mr. Shayer great credit.

No. 248. *Low Life and High Life.* E. Landseer, A.R.A.—Like Burns, in his "Twa Dogs," although in a somewhat different manner, Mr. Landseer has here produced an admirable pair of canine representatives of democracy and aristocracy:—the one a sturdy bull-dog, maimed and disfigured by a hundred contests in the ring, but presenting a bold and erect front, with an expression that would induce any prudent person to keep at a respectful distance from him; the other, a superb dog of the chase, with a graceful turn of the head, and with all the *nonchalance* of Grosvenor Square in his countenance. The accessories are in perfect accordance with the principals: in the one, a butcher's block, a pewter porter-pot, a pipe, and a pair of top-boots; in the other, the sword, belt, and cuirass of a butcher of another kind—an officer of the life-guards, and the various decorations of a fashionable drawing-room. Of the effect, colouring, and execution, it is enough to say, that they are in Mr. Landseer's best style.

No. 249. *Milking.* J. Linnell.—A perfect gem of art, in which the cattle and the effect would do credit to the pencils of Paul Potter and Cuyp.

No. 250. *The Wine Cooler executed by Rundell and Bridge, by command of his late Majesty, George IV.* George Lance.—Reflections of a melancholy and painful nature must arise in the mind of every one who views this superb article of royal magnificence. As a painting, we think there is hardly enough of weight, or contrast, in the accessories, to balance the gorgeous and obtrusive quality of the gold, occupying, as it does, so large a space. Why has it been thought more advisable to insert in the catalogue the names of the mere tradesmen (respectable as they are) who furnished the metal for this Cellini-like work of art, rather than those of the tasteful and able designer, modeller, and chaser, by whose united talents it was actually produced?

No. 268. *The Book.* H. P. Bone.—In the happily improved state of female education and acquirements, subjects of this description are as frequent as they are pleasing. Mr. Bone has treated the present one with great simplicity, and the expression is perfectly natural and unaffected.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Rural Amusement. Engraved by John Bromley, after a Painting by Sir T. Lawrence. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

This beautiful production is a companion to the very popular print of young Lambton; and having more of subject, is likely to be no less a public favourite. Two fine youths, with countenances of great expression, have got the head of a favourite ass between them; and the group is admirably composed. There is a lovely touch of landscape on the foreground and on each side: the whole a charming relic of departed genius. With regard to the mezzotint of Bromley, nothing can be more spirited. The lights are thrown on almost daringly; but the effect cannot be surpassed in this style of art.

King William IV. From a Drawing by Sir T. Lawrence; engraved by F. C. Lewis, Engraver of Drawings to the King. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

This work reminds us forcibly of the way in which the late president used to prepare his canvass in chalks previous to painting his portraits in oil. It is the very transcript of such a sketch, executed with great freedom, and a very strong likeness of the king, of the life size. We have sometimes regretted that Sir Thomas should paint upon these preparations, and we now rejoice to have a fac-simile of one so interesting.

The Fish Market. Painted by Bonington; engraved by G. P. Quelley. London, Carpenter and Son.

Every lover of art remembers this admirable picture of Bonington, in which the grouping and composition might vie with the best masters of the Flemish school, on the principles of which it is evidently painted. The engraver has made a faithful copy of it, and proves himself a very rising artist. Not to speak of the shipping and figures, the haze on the right is finely represented, and the lights put in with a masterly hand.

Engravings of Ancient Cathedrals, Hotels de Ville, and other Public Buildings of Celebrity, in France, Holland, Germany, and Italy. Drawn on the spot and engraved by John Coney; with Illustrative Descriptions by Charles Heathcote Tatham, Esq., and able Assistants. Parts I. to VI. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

This is a truly laborious and magnificent, and, of its kind, an unrivalled work. It is to be completed in twelve parts; and the subscribers to it will, when the remaining parts shall appear, have a much more ample and satisfactory idea of the richness and variety of continental architecture, than they can obtain in any other manner than by actual inspection. The plates are of a large folio size, and although engraved only in outline, prove of what the most simple means are capable, when under the direction of knowledge and taste. Mr. Coney has shewn a perfect understanding of his subjects; and in the execution of them has mingled delicacy and boldness, to an extent which we have never seen surpassed, and which has been productive of the most beautiful effects. The absence of shadow is, in one respect, exceedingly advantageous, as the real forms are thereby rendered much more distinct than they would otherwise be. Nor, although a minor merit, must we omit to notice the spirited and masterly groups of figures, the introduction of which imparts great animation to the various scenes. Every number contains, and is to contain, four plates. Of those which have already been published, our favourites are, the "Cathedral at Antwerp;" the "Cathedral at Brussels;" the "Hotel de Ville," at Ghent; the "Cathedral at Beauvais;" the "Cathedral at Rouen;" the "Hotel de Ville, at Brussels:" but we find our admiration is betraying us into giving the whole list, instead of a selection. The descriptions are brief but perspicuous; they are in the English, French, Italian, and German languages.

Designs for Farm Buildings. By P. F. Robinson, Architect, F.A.S. Nos. VII. to XII. Carpenter and Son.

This exceedingly clever and picturesque publication is now completed—or rather, the two distinct works of which it consists are completed; for Mr. Robinson states, that as the latter part of his publication relates more particularly to village architecture, he has determined, for the convenience of purchasers, to bind it up in two parts, and to designate the first seven Numbers "Designs for Farm Buildings," and the last five, "Village Architecture." Mr. Robinson has, in our opinion, completely succeeded in his object, which has been to shew that convenience and comfort in rustic buildings are perfectly compatible with agreeable and attractive forms; and that, in the words of Sir Uvedale Price, quoted as his motto, "the most painter-like effects may be produced, even by a mixture of the simplest things, when properly placed and combined with others." The various illustrative drawings have been executed on stone with great freedom and taste by Messrs. J. Scarlett Davis, J. D. Harding, T. Allom, &c.

Artists, &c.—In our last we were compelled to confine ourselves to very brief notices of two (of three) artist and amateur conversaziones already established in London; in truth, as such meetings increase in number and spirit, the press, busy with so many matters, must fall short in details of their proceedings.

The "Artists' Conversazione," A. Cooper, R.A. chairman, another society similar to these, and the first of the kind ever established in this country, met, we believe, on Saturday. It is, however, confined to artists; and artists alone will never, in our opinion, do any thing to promote the interests of the arts.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

It is our painful duty to record the decease of this gentleman, who died at his house in Duchess Street, London, on the 3d instant. Of an individual whose name and influence have been so extensively and intimately connected with the fine arts and literature of the country and the age, it would at once gratify our own feelings, and be interesting to a large portion of our readers, could we enter into a lengthened memoir; but the varied character of our weekly sheet is incompatible with such an essay. It is hoped, however, that some competent person will prepare and lay before the public an ample account of the life, travels, and writings of Mr. Hope, convinced, as we are, that it would be peculiarly interesting to the literary, scientific, and higher circles of society. In noticing the death of this gentleman, and reflecting on his many qualifications and varied talents, we cannot but deeply regret his loss, and sympathise with those surviving relations and friends who have been immediately in association with him, and also with a numerous class of persons who have for a long time participated in his patronage and kindnesses. By his demise, art has lost a liberal, discriminating patron,—literature a generous, ardent friend. He was not, however, merely a patron and friend to both, but was a proficient in the elements and principles of art, and an author of high and varied qualifications.

Some of the ancestors of Mr. Hope were baronets of Scotland; and one of them settled in Holland, where he amassed a large fortune in mercantile concerns. The Hopes of Amsterdam were proverbial for wealth, for the splendour of their mansion, and its valuable cabinet of pictures. One of the late Mr. Hope's brothers still lives in Holland, and another in Norfolk Street, London. Early in life, Mr. Thomas Hope travelled over various

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parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe; and, having acquired a facility of drawing, brought home a large collection of sketches, principally of the architecture and sculpture of the different scenes through which he had passed. Soon after his return to and settlement in London, he wrote and printed "A Letter, addressed to F. Aanesley, Esq., on a series of Designs for Downing College, Cambridge," in which he notices some of the countries he visited, and the architectural objects he examined, as a justification of his motives for criticising the series of plans, elevations, &c., then submitted to him. These criticisms were so poignant and condemnatory of Mr. Wyatt's designs, that they were rejected, and Mr. Wilkins was afterwards employed to commence the college. That gentleman's building has never been completed, and the part erected has been very generally disapproved. Purchasing a large mansion in Duchess Street, Mr. Hope devoted much time and study, not only in finishing and fitting up the interior, from his own drawings, and partly in imitation of the best specimens of ancient and modern buildings in Italy, but made designs for the whole, and for the furniture of the house. Consisting of a picture-gallery, a statue-gallery, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, cabinets for vases, &c. which he had collected in his travels, this house became an object of popular and fashionable attraction. The drawings which he had made for his furniture, &c., he afterwards published in a folio volume, which led the way to a complete revolution in the upholstery and interior decoration of houses, and also called forth the splenetic comments of the *Edinburgh Review*. Whatever ridicule a literary critic might attempt to cast on the work, and on the pursuits of a private gentleman thus engaged, it may be said to have proved truly innocuous; whilst the effects of Mr. Hope's publication and example have been extensively beneficial. They gave occupation, at the time, to many young and aspiring artists; they roused the young to emulation, and employed and remunerated the skill of others advanced in life. The genius of young Chantrey was called into action and excitement, whilst the more mature talents of Flaxman were honourably employed. Many artisans, as well as artists, were awakened to exertion, and were also brought out from the haunts of obscurity and comparative wretchedness, and placed in the daylight of patronage and respectability. The writer of this brief imperfect sketch has heard Mr. Hope declare, that he frequently traversed obscure alleys, lanes, and courts, to find out and employ men of skill and talent in their respective pursuits. "To Mr. Hope," says Mr. Britton, in his volume entitled "The Union of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," "we are indebted, in an eminent degree, for the classical and appropriate style which now generally characterises our furniture and ornamental utensils. Like most other innovations, his was described as whimsical and puerile by some persons, as if it were unbecoming a man of fortune to indulge in the elegant refinements which wealth placed at his command; whilst others caricatured the system, by cramming their apartments with mythological figures and conceits, jumbled together without propriety or meaning." Those who are familiar with the town and country houses of the late Mr. Hope, in Duchess Street, London,* and at the Deepdene, near Dorking, must admit that the eye and feelings of the accomplished artist pervade the whole of their interiors; and that, whilst every sort of domestic comfort has been attended to and studied, beauty in forms and colours, and luxurious display, have been equally consulted. The drawing and dining-rooms, the galleries and boudoirs, as well as the bed-rooms and private apartments, in both houses, will amply justify and verify these remarks:—"In forming my collection, and in fitting up my houses," says Mr. Hope, in a manuscript catalogue now before us, "my object has neither been an idle parade of *virtù* nor an ostentatious display of finery. I have observed, with regret, that most persons employed in our manufactures, or in furnishing our habitations, are rarely initiated even in the simplest rudiments of design, whence it has happened that immense expense has been employed in producing furniture without character, beauty, or appropriate meaning."

In "The Costume of the Ancients," 2 vols. 4to, consisting of 130 engravings in outline, mostly from Mr. Hope's own drawings, is displayed a deep research into the arts of antiquity, and a familiarity with all that is graceful and elegant. This work tended greatly to improve the costume of the ladies. The historical and geographical romance of "Anastasius," in 3 vols., of which a third edition has been printed, evinced at once the general knowledge, the fancy, and powers of the author. It gives such a faithful picture of the customs, manners, and countries of the Turks and Greeks, that when a gentleman of high diplomatic station and abilities was advised to publish an account of his travels among those people, he replied that Mr. Hope had already given such an accurate and graphic description of them in "Anastasius," that there would be nothing new for him to relate. Besides these works, Mr. Hope contributed several papers to different periodical publications; and, at the time of his decease, was engaged in passing through the press a publication "On the Origin and Prospects of Man." He has also left a large collection of drawings and engravings, illustrative of buildings and scenery in Greece, Turkey, Italy, France, Germany, &c., and several plates of his antique sculpture and vases. It is earnestly hoped that his eldest son will so far follow the example, and emulate the noble spirit, of his father, as to lay some, if not all, of these works, before the public.

Mr. Hope has left an amiable and highly-accomplished widow, and three sons, to lament his loss; and that they must deeply feel and grieve over their bereavment, will be inferred, when it is known that he was a most affectionate husband, a fond and watchful parent, a kind and humane man to all his domestics and dependants. His knowledge was extensive, varied, and solid; and his humility and unostentatious habits and manners surprised every one who only knew a little of him, but rendered him an object of admiration to those who were honoured and delighted with his friendship.

* A short account of this house, with two plates, will be found in Vol. I. of "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London," by J. Britton.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE opera season commenced on Saturday with *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, in which Madame Sigl Vespermann made her *début* as *Rosina*. Previous to her appearance, two bad omens occurred: the first an apology for hoarseness, occasioned by our climate, so inimical to vocalists; and the second, a bit of a row, in consequence of an attempt to omit the fine duet between *Almaviva* and the Barber. This the audience would not tolerate, and the scenery was awkwardly replaced, and the duet sung before the new prima donna was allowed to appear. She then came forward with the cavatina "*Una voce puoco fa*," which she gave with considerable execution and inconsiderable effect. Her voice is of the compass of about two octaves, but thin and deficient in melody. In person she is also thin; and a thin face was rendered unpleasing by ultra painting, especially of red under the eyes, by the constant use of the eyes expressively, and by the laborious management of the mouth, or lower jaw, in producing the difficult passages of the music. Some of her highest notes, as we perceived more distinctly afterwards in the music lesson, (a Spanish air,) are more curious than delightful; and altogether, from the want of quality, and the superabundance of ornament, we must say that Mad. Vespermann failed to excite either our enthusiasm or our admiration as a first-rate singer. De Begnis (whose return to these boards was warmly applauded), in *Don Bartolo*, was excellent; and Lablache gave more talent even than weight to the part of the Barber. Curioni, as the *Count*, was just in that (quære) happy mean which offers nothing to blame or to praise: and the other characters were sustained much as usual by Mad. Castelli, Signor de Angeli, and Signor Deville. In the divertisement and ballet of *La Somnambule*, Mons. Paul, and his sister Mad. Montessu, made their bow and courtesy. The former revived all our recollections of his extraordinary powers as a dancer; and the latter, a petite and agile creature, seemed hardly, if at all, his inferior in rapidity and precision. As the *Sleep Walker*, of which she was the Parisian original, she played in a very superior style—her only want being youth.

DRURY LANE.

Il Fra Diavolo, translated into a novelty, as the *Devil's Brother*, does not improve. So popular is the name of this gentleman on the stage, that after having personally made his *début*, some years back, we are not now to be delighted with his brother, nor be induced to look forward, ere long, to his dam and the rest of his family. Mrs. Waylett being fairly put to bed is the best part of the piece: by way of lullaby, she sings very sweetly "Daylight, love, is past away," which she also introduced as *Jessica* in the *Merchant of Venice*, and doubtless will upon all other convenient or inconvenient opportunities. The plot is simply thief-taking; and were it not for a pretty closing scene, and a song or two of Sinclair's, the piece must, long ago, have slept with the Capulets. But, apropos of great and little theatres, the *Devil's Brother*, or *Catching a Thief*, as exhibited in this house. The plagiarism of passages from the Olympic production is notorious: for example, where *Zerlina*, while the brigands are concealed in the closet, stands admiring herself in the glass, and exclaims, "I'm not to be sneezed at!" which had a laughable effect from Vestris's piquant utterance, and which is not in Scribe's French. Ergo, Mr. Shannon used paste and scissors, even in this exclamation, upon which much of the plot turns: we subjoin Scribe's lines:—

"Oui, voilà pour une servante
Une taille qui n'est pas mal;
Vraiment! vraiment! ce n'est pas mal;
Je crois qu'on en voit de plus mal."

Act II. Scene 5.

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OLYMPIC THEATRE.

On Thursday the very pretty and very French Miss Sidney appeared, for the first time, as *Leontine*, in Mr. Ainsworth's pleasant burletta, *The Lost Son*, the part previously sustained by Miss Foote. Miss Sidney was charmingly dressed, acted with great *naïveté*, and sung the sprightly little song, "Just like you," with infinite archness and effect, and, if we may be invidious enough to say so, better than her fair precursor. The piece is likely, we think, to have a run.

French Drama.—A meeting of seventy dramatic authors lately took place at Paris, for the purpose of appointing a special committee, consisting of nine persons, viz. six literary men, and three theatrical managers,—to offer their remarks to the Committee of Deputies charged with the consideration of the proposed law respecting the theatres.

VARIETIES.

Swan River.—Professor Jameson has communicated to the Wernerian Natural History Society a letter of recent date, from a settler at the Swan River, which (if not written by a disappointed man) confirms the worst forebodings as to the disastrous state of the colony. The gentleman by whom this letter was written was already on the point of leaving the colony; and many others, who have the means, are gradually withdrawing from the settlement to Hobart Town or New South Wales.

Improvements in Ships.—We observe, from the *Hampshire Telegraph*, that the Actæon, of 26 guns, just launched at Portsmouth, is not only built on a beautiful model, but fitted up with Captain Lihou's rudder (of which we spoke so highly in a former *Gazette*); Mr. Harris's effective lightning conductors, of copper laminæ; and a new windlass, invented by Mr. Pearce, master of the Ganges. We rejoice to see that, in this instance at least, the obstacles too often thrown in the way of ingenious projections have been surmounted.

Altar-Piece at Sheffield.—The *Sheffield Mercury* contains an interesting account of a sacred painting, from the gospel of St. Mark, "Suffer little children to come unto me,"—the work of Mr. Parris, and presented to the church of St. George in that town. It now adorns the altar, and is described as a magnificent picture: what else, though in a style with which we are not familiar from his easel, could be expected from the genius which revelled over all the extent of the Colosseum, or confined its exercise to the lovely imagination of the Bridemaid at the British Institution? From the opening of his career we have anticipated nothing but fame to Mr. Parris, and he is indeed rapidly gathering the laurels we foresaw.

An important Letter.—The city of Arras, while in the hands of the Austrians, was considered so strong, that an inscription was, it is said, placed over one of the gates, in these words: "*Quand les Français prendront Arras, les souris mangeront les chats.*" The French, however, laid siege to it in 1640; and after having retaken it, they only obliterated the letter *p*; so that the inscription stood, "*Quand les Français rendront Arras, les souris mangeront les chats:*" and, in fact, they have retained possession of it ever since.—*Coney's Ancient Cathedrals, &c.*

Developement of the Vegetable Germ.—M. Mirbel has offered to the Academy, in a new memoir, the results of his observations on the vegetable egg. It is, as he conceives, the history of the organisation and of the developement of the ovules. He distinguishes five periods. In the first, the vegetable egg is in a nascent state. It is a pulpous conical excrescence, without any opening. In the second, the exostome and the endostome open and dilate until they have acquired the maximum of their amplitude. In the third, the *primine* and the *secondine*, soldered together, take an extraordinary growth, and hide the *tercine*, which often becomes a membranous substance. In the fourth, the quartine originates from the whole surface of the internal walls of the ovulum. It lengthens, and we discover, under the form of a globule, suspended by a very slack thread, the first outline of the embryo. In the fifth period, the embryo developes its cotyledons, as well as its radicle, and attains its natural size.

Shells on the Himma-leh Mountains.—Mr. Gerard has read a paper to the Physical Society of Calcutta, on the geology of part of the Himma-leh range. Among other interesting facts contained in this memoir, is the discovery of fossil shells, in very great abundance, at an elevation of above 16,000 feet, or a mile perpendicular, above the level. His astonishment was similar to that of Baron Ramond, when he found the Manchots de Neptune (Neptune's bracelets) on the summit of Mount Perdu. Since those days we have, however, not only learned to contemplate these remains as elevated to those lofty regions, but, by their species, and the nature of the rock, to estimate the period of their elevation and that of the mountain, the loftiest of which, both in Europe, in Asia, and in the New World, appear to be among the latest which have risen through the earth's crust.

Francis Moore, Physician, revived.—About the time of the eclipses of the two great luminaries of heaven last year, two kings died; one was obliged to fly before his rebellious subjects, and a fourth was hurled from his throne, and compelled to take refuge in a foreign country: the whole of Europe was in commotion. Shortly after these celestial tokens, the aurora borealis nightly hung forth its streaming banners over the northern regions of the globe,—a welcome signal to the oppressed Poles to throw off the shackles of slavery, and a gloomy portent to the autocrat of Russia, that a kingdom would be torn from his rapacious grasp. Scarcely had these coruscations ceased to glow, when a distinguished stranger (Mr. Herapath's comet) swung forth its ominous tresses over the southern hemisphere; which was followed by fires that reddened the sky, kindled by an infatuated peasantry. The pope died about this time. Let the politician consider well the two eclipses of the present month; one of the sun, *this day*, (12th inst.) occurring most singularly between two adverse signs, Capricornus and Aquarius; the other eclipse, of the moon, this day fortnight, in the martial sign Leo. Lord John Russell should look to this, and beware of the ides of March. A month or two sooner or later between the omen and its direful accomplishment is no great matter; *the influences of the heavenly bodies are quite as unerring before as after any of their notable configurations.*

Madame Niebuhr.—The widow of the celebrated Niebuhr fell ill immediately after her husband's death, and died on the 11th of January last, the victim of her grief.

New British Moss.—Dr. Greville has added the *weissia elongata* of Hornschuck to our British plants. It was found among the rocks at the head of Loch Callader.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. VII. Feb. 12.*]

The tide of politics must run high; for we are told that, in consequence of the approaching discussion in parliament of the present government's plan of reform, the Quarterly Reviewers mean to put forth another No. of that Journal (though not due until the end of March) in the course of this month.

We have received the prospectus of another hebdomadal contemporary, to be called the Christian's Magazine, or Weekly Miscellany of Religious Essays, Anecdotes, Literature, Biography, Intelligence, and Poetry. We wish it all success, for the promises it holds out are of a very valuable kind.

A proposal has been issued for publishing a large Bronze Medallion of our veteran and celebrated painter, Mr. Stothard, from the bust by Bailey, and to be engraved by Mr. A. J. Stothard.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Selby's Birds, Land Birds complete, plain plates, 12*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* half-bound.—Loudon's Illustrations of Landscape Gardening, Part II. 15*s.* sd.—Novelist's Library, Cooper's Novels, Vol. 1. fcp. 8vo. with vignettes, the Spy complete, 5*s.* bds.—Sumner's Practical Exposition, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Extraordinary Black Book, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 4th division, Vol. IV. 4to. 1*l.* 18*s.* bds.—Practical Points in Conveyancing, from Butler, &c., by Barton, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Rowbotham's Lessons in French Literature, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Crosby's Builder's Price-Book for 1831, 8vo. 4*s.* sewed.—Guy's Geographia Antiqua, 18mo. 4*s.* bd.—The Incognito, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 7*s.* bds.—Elmes's Topographical Dictionary of London, post 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Bishop Andrews' Sixteen Sermons on the Fasts and Festivals, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Smallwood's Architectural Sketches, No. I. royal 4to. 2*s.* 6*d.*—St. John Long's Discoveries, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Gorton's Topographical Dictionary, Vol. 1. 8vo. 1*l.* bds.; coloured, 1*l.* 10*s.*—Pious Minstrel, 32mo. cloth, 3*s.*; morocco, 5*s.*; morocco elegant, 6*s.* 6*d.*—Royal Menageries, 3*s.* sewed.—Herodotus, with English Notes, &c. by Stooker, Vol. I. royal 12mo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

February.		Thermometer.			Barometer.		
Thursday	3	From 10.	to	37.	29.36	to	29.14
Friday	4	—— 39.	—	34.	29.00	—	29.33
Saturday	5	—— 31.	—	39.	29.53	—	29.83
Sunday	6	—— 21.	—	38.	29.84	—	29.80
Monday	7	—— 30.	—	51.	29.46	—	29.06
Tuesday	8	—— 45.	—	54.	29.82	—	29.86
Wednesday	9	—— 50.	—	62.	29.89	—	30.05

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Generally overcast; rain and snow frequently falling.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and ·15 of an inch.

The rapid thaw, which we anticipated in our last No., was checked, as may be seen in the above table, by the succeeding frosts till the 7th inst., when the warmth of the day caused the snow suddenly to disappear, and a consequent flood, though not of so serious a nature as was expected. On the 9th the thermometer rose to a height which has not been equalled in the month of February since the year 1806, when, on the 1st day of the same month, it was 64½.

A meteorological inquirer very properly asks, If it be not particularly mild for the season? His request shall be attended to in a future No.

Charles H. Adams.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our promised notice of several medical works is again unavoidably postponed. Account of Fisher's National Portrait Gallery is intended for our next: the Part just published has likenesses and memoirs of Mr. Huskisson, the late Lord Ellenborough, and Sir Edward Codrington.

We purposed to insert the pretty songs from the *Romance of a Day*, with some remarks on the poetry and music; but must also defer this to our next.

T.'s lines cannot be inserted: their faults, too numerous to be pointed out, forbid it.

S. X.'s Lines on Death are also declined.

Philo-Natura may differ in opinion from us; but we do think a great poet superior to a man of considerable science.

E. H. will find a packet at our Office.

M. M. the same, after putting us to the trouble of sending a servant to hunt through Kensington on a wrong address. We do not undertake to return MSS., the annoyance and interruptions respecting which are insufferable. Every conceited trifler and idle person seem to think that the Editors of a public Journal have nothing to do but to attend to their unreasonable expectations; whereas if they preserved copies of their own performances, there would be no fuss about the dreadful loss. We are certainly obliged to our correspondents; but one may pay too dear even for valued communications.

Errata.—In the first page of our last No., col. 2, line 10, *for* "simile," *read* "smile."—Drama, p. 91, col. 1, line 2, *for* "Young," *read* "Younge," as the actor who performed Henry VI. so well.—Dr. Lardner's paper read at the Royal Society last week was on the *Lunar*, not the *Linnæan* theory.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

WANTED, by a Young Man who for some Years has had the Management of a Bookselling and Printing Business, a similar Situation. The most satisfactory References and Security (if required) can be given.

Letters (post-paid) addressed C. D. 9, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, London, will be immediately attended to.

ARABIC MANUSCRIPTS.—A Collection of rare and valuable Arabic Manuscripts, collected by a Gentleman during a residence of many years in Northern Africa, has just been received, and is offered for sale by O. Rich, 12, Red Lion Square, Holborn.

SKETCHES in ITALY.—Just published, dedicated, by permission, to his Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth, the Second Number of a Work which will contain a complete Series of Views in Italy. To be drawn on stone, in the Line or Chalk Manner, by W. Linton, as Fac-similes of his original Pencil Sketches, drawn from Nature during his Tour, in the years 1828 and 1829. He will accompany each Scene with the concise descriptive Observations, and add an Index of Reference, *en route*.

To be completed in Twelve Numbers, each to contain Eight Drawings, 10 inches by 14 inches. The whole work will be printed on the best imperial drawing paper, folio. Price of each Number, plain, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Proofs, on India paper, interleaved, &c. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

"This superb and interesting work, from its style and character, is in every respect worthy of the patronage it has obtained. In the facile and efficient sketches of the artist, we wander, 'fancy free,' and may be said to enjoy with him the pleasures of his tour. It is a publication justly deserving general encouragement and patronage."—*Literary Gazette*, Dec. 1830.

London: Published by W. Linton, 19, Blenheim Street, Great Marlborough Street, to whom Subscribers' Names are to be addressed; by Moon, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall; Colnaghi, Son, and Co. Pall Mall East; and Rodwell, New Bond Street.

Patron, His Majesty.

FLAXMAN'S DESIGNS of "The ACTS of MERCY;" Eight Fac-simile Engravings, by F. C. Lewis.

Price on half-plate royal paper, 1*l.* 10*s.*; India paper, 2*l.*; half double elephant, 2*l.* 2*s.*; India paper, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; extra large Proofs, before the letters, 4*l.* 4*s.*; India paper, 5*l.*

Will be published in a few days, at 74, Upper Norton Street, Fitzroy Square, by Miss Flaxman and Miss Maria Denman.

Of whom may be had,

All the published Compositions of Mr. Flaxman.

A new edition of the Designs from Æschylus is in hand, with several additional Plates from Drawings never before engraved.

Jennings's Paris.

Four Views, price 1*s.* to be completed in Fifty-one Numbers, containing upwards of 300 Views; India Proofs, 2*s.*

PARIS and its ENVIRONS DISPLAYED, in a Series of Picturesque Views from original Drawings, taken expressly for this Work, under the direction of A. Pugin, Esq.; these Engravings executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath; with descriptive Letter-press, in English and French.

There are Forty-five Numbers already published, and the whole will be completed within Three Months. The Publishers, wishing to make the work as complete as possible, engaged Mr. Pugin to go to Paris to take views of the recent events in that capital, which will account to the Subscribers for the short delay in publishing the last Number.

Jennings and Chaplin, 62, Cheapside.

Just completed,

WILD'S ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.—Twelve Select Examples of the Architecture of the Middle Ages in England; comprising Two Views of York Cathedral, interior and exterior (the interior view exhibits the whole of the Choir as it appeared before the Fire)—Transept of Ely Cathedral—Interior of King's College Chapel, Cambridge—Choir of the Cathedral Church of Oxford—West Front of Peterborough Cathedral—West Front of Wells Cathedral—the Choir of Norwich Cathedral—Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor—Henry Seventh's Chapel, Westminster—General View of Salisbury Cathedral—Choir of Gloucester Cathedral.

Carefully etched, aquatinted, and coloured, in imitation of the original Drawings made on the spot, by Charles Wild, Esq. Size of each Plate, delivered in a Portfolio, 10*l.* 10*s.*; separate Views, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Jennings and Chaplin, 62, Cheapside.

The Landscape Annual for 1830 *and* 1831.

THE TOURIST in SWITZERLAND and ITALY, from Drawings by Samuel Prout, Esq. Painter in Water Colours to His Majesty; and the Literary Department By T. ROSCOE, Esq.

Price 1*l.* 1*s.* bound in morocco, each volume containing Twenty-six Views. A few Copies are left for sale in royal 8vo. India Proof impressions of the Plates, price 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Plates separately printed on large paper, for illustrating the various Works on Italy, and for the collectors of fine Engravings, delivered in a portfolio.

	£.	s.
Proofs, India paper, without letters	4	4
Ditto, India paper, with letters	3	3
Ditto, Proofs	2	2

Jennings and Chaplin, 62, Cheapside.

*** The next Volume, being a continuation of the Tour of Italy, will be from the Drawings of Mr. J. D. Harding, who went to Italy expressly for that purpose.

Sir William Gell's New Work on Pompeii.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to SIR WILLIAM GELL'S POMPEIANA are respectfully informed, that Part VI. was this day published, containing a beautifully engraved Fac-simile of the Head of Achilles—Venus fishing—View of the Street of the Mercuries—Pedestals in the Forum—Section of the Calidarium—and Two Vignettes, with Thirty-two pages of Letter-press, royal 8vo. price 10*s.* 6*d.*; imperial 8vo. 18*s.* 6*d.*; royal 4to. Proofs 18*s.*; India Proofs, with Etchings, limited to Twenty-five Copies, price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Part VII. will be published on the 1st of March; and completed in Twelve Parts.

Jennings and Chaplain, 62, Cheapside.

Under the Patronage of the King.

MR. HUSKISSON, LORD ELLENBOROUGH (late), and SIR E. CODRINGTON.—Portraits and Memoirs of these distinguished individuals form the contents of No. XXII. of the National Portrait Gallery.

Imperial 8vo. 2*s.*; ditto, India paper proofs, 5*s.*; royal 4to. King's edition, India Proofs, 7*s.* 6*d.*

As only a few Copies of the King's edition remain unsold, early application is necessary to secure it.

London: Fisher, Son, and Co.; Whittaker and Co.; and C. Tilt.

ANDREWS'S PUBLIC LIBRARY, 167, New Bond Street.—The chief object with the Proprietor of this Establishment is to insure to his Subscribers an immediate and liberal supply of the New Publications in every Department of British and Foreign Literature. He is aware, from long experience, that an early perusal of the New Works constitutes the great inducement to subscribe to a Public Library; and he feels assured that to his attention to this particular is to be attributed the distinguished patronage he enjoys. A new and enlarged Catalogue is just ready, and will be found replete with all the standard Works in English, French, and Italian, which, with Terms of Subscription, may be had on application at the Library.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Natural History.

Just published, with Eighteen Engravings, in demy 8vo. 12*s.*, in royal 8vo. 18*s.*, in royal 8vo. with the Plates accurately coloured, 24*s.*, and in demy 4to. with Proofs on India paper, 24*s.*; Part XXVII. completing the Class *Reptilia*, of

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, described and arranged in conformity with its Organisation, by the Baron Cuvier; translated, with large additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed, and with other Original Matter.

By E. GRIFFITH, F.L.S., and others.

The *Class Mammalia*, complete in Twelve Parts, with upwards of Two Hundred Engravings, forming Five Volumes, in extra cloth boards, demy 8vo. 7*l.* 4*s.*; royal 8vo. 10*l.* 16*s.*; ditto, coloured, 14*l.* 8*s.*; demy 4to. India Proofs, 14*l.* 8*s.*

A Supplementary Volume, just published, contains an Account of the Fossil Remains. Demy 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.*; royal 8vo. 2*l.* 14*s.*; demy 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.*

The *Class of Birds*, complete in Nine Parts, forming three volumes, in extra cloth boards, demy 8vo. 5*l.* 8*s.*; royal 8vo. 8*l.* 2*s.*, ditto, coloured, 10*l.* 16*s.*; demy 4to. India Proofs, 10*l.* 16*s.*

The *Class of Reptiles*, complete in Three Parts, 1 vol. Demy 8vo. 36*s.*; royal 8vo. 2*l.* 14*s.*; ditto coloured, 3*l.* 12*s.*; demy 4to. India Proofs, 2*l.* 12*s.*

The *Insects*, *Fishes*, &c. will follow, the whole comprising about Forty Parts.

It will be so arranged, for the convenience of those who may confine their Zoological Studies to either of the Classes, that each Class will make a distinct work, as well as one of the series of the "Animal Kingdom." The conclusion will contain a tabular view of the system, a copious index, and a general terminology of the science.

The engraved illustrations of this work are in a superior style of execution, by different artists of distinguished eminence. Most of them are from original drawings, made from nature; and several represent species altogether new, or never figured before.

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Sarah Duchess of Marlborough to Hugh Earl of Marchmont.

"March 3d, 1742.

"My lord,—I give you many thanks for the favour of your letter; and it is a pleasure to me to find that you approve of my inclination in choosing a quiet life in the country rather than being at London. As I am of the simpler sex, and fourscore, I am sure I have nothing that can tempt me to change my inclination, since I can be of no use to any body; and though I know some that are very agreeable to converse with, the uncertainty of seeing them, from their own natural calls and my ill health, makes me choose to live as I do, till something unavoidable forces me to Marlborough House, where I cannot avoid many troubles, which very much overbalances the very few that I can hope to converse with. I am glad you had any success in the House of Lords; and as you are a very young man, it may naturally make you hope that things may happen to grow better; but if they do not, it is certainly right to do all in one's power that can contribute to it; but, for my own part, I think if we could get the better of the tyrants and fools that have so near brought this country to ruin, as history gives an account of the thirty tyrants, those that are honest would not be the better for it; —at least it appears so to me by all that has been done by the changes in the last scheme, when the patriots joined with the court. Much the greatest part of England are ignorant and poor; and it must be equal to them who governs. Those that have fortunes worth preserving are such knaves and fools, that to get more they have shewn they will hazard the losing of all; however, I think every man that struggles to oppose what is against both reason and the laws, deserves to be esteemed and praised as highly as even Mr. Pope could do it. I think myself much obliged both to your lordship and to him for having the least thought of coming to see me; but at this time, as the gout, when people are old, does not fix in any one part, which, though very painful, it ends in giving you ease, mine is almost always upon me in some part or other, and gives me a great deal of uneasiness—so much, that I cannot have any pleasure in conversation; and, besides, my family is now in a good deal of disorder by having sick servants; but I think I am in no present danger of death; and when it does come, I hope I shall bear it patiently, though I own I am not arrived at so much philosophy as not to think torturing pain an evil; that is the only thing that I now dread—for death is unavoidable; and I cannot find that any body has yet demonstrated whether it is a good thing or a bad one. Pray do not think me wicked in saying this; and if you talk to Mr. Pope of me, endeavour to keep him my friend; for I do firmly believe the immortality of the soul as much as he does, though I am not learned enough to have found out what it is; but as I am sure there must be some Great Power that formed this world, that Power will distinguish with rewards and punishments, otherwise the wicked would be happier than the good, the first of which generally gratify all their passions; and those that are most worthy are generally ill treated, and most unhappy. I have tired you a great while with writing upon things that, you know, I cannot possibly understand; but this truth I can assure you, that since I can remember, though I can give no account how it came to be so, I never feared any thing so much as to do the least thing that I imagined could possibly bring any shame upon me; and therefore I hope that for small omissions my punishment will not be severe when I go out of this world; and I think there cannot possibly be a worse place of any long continuance than this is at present. I am, with the greatest esteem and truth imaginable, your lordship's most faithful and obliged humble servant, S. MARLBOROUGH."

We do not remember to have read a more extraordinary epistle than this: but again—from the same to the same:—

"March 15th, 1742.

"My lord,—I have this day had the pleasure of receiving your letter and Mr. Pope's, which gave me a great deal of pleasure, notwithstanding all your jokes upon me. You are pleased to call me the head of the school of philosophy, and very obligingly press me to give you opportunities of improving yourselves. I think you may very well give me that title, since I immediately found out that what you desired of me was reasonable to think would fix me stronger in my opinion, that there was nothing so good for me as retirement; and if I could receive letters from you and Mr. Pope, as you had leisure, I would never come to town as long as I live. In that way of conversing, I should have all the pleasure that I can possibly propose, without the disappointment when Mr. Pope falls asleep,* nor the dread of your taking leave, because you were weary. In this way of conversing I can make the visits as long as I please, by reading them over and over again, and by staying here avoid all that is disagreeable to my temper at London, where I must go in a very little while; and when I am there, I shall see you sometimes, uncertainly, which is not a delightful thing, for I cannot be of the opinion, that expectation makes a blessing dear; I think it seldom or ever pays one for the trouble of it; but I shall always be pleased to see your lordship and Mr. Pope, when you will be so bountiful as to give me any part of your time. In answer to the honour you do me in calling me an oracle, I cannot value myself at all upon thinking, as I did, of some that you

* "The duchess herself at her evening conversations occasionally covered her head with her handkerchief, and was then supposed to be asleep. She was in that state one evening, at a time at which she was much displeased with her grandson, then Mr. John Spencer, for acting, as she conceived, under the influence of Mr. Fox, whose name being mentioned, she exclaimed, 'Is that the fox that stole my goose?'"

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were disappointed in, because for a long time I was so well acquainted with them as to know it would end as it did; for when any of my acquaintance has to my own knowledge done a very base thing, or a very foolish one, I never imagine such people are to be relied upon. As for my dear friend Socrates, I believe we have no such men in this country; and yet I am not perfectly satisfied even with him; for I think, being unconcerned at dying was more reasonable at a great age, and being quite weary of the world, which could give him no pleasure, no more than it can me, than for the reasons he gives for not complying with his friends in going out of prison, because he died according to the law. That is just as if I, if I cared to live, should choose to submit to death, when I could escape, because the sentence was given by a majority of robbers, who had broke the laws to condemn me; but, notwithstanding this, I like him better than any of the other philosophers. As for his shewing such spirits as he did in the conversation, after he had taken the poison, I imagine that it was an easy death, that came by degrees; and he could talk, and died much easier than our physicians treat us, when they blister us, and put frying pans upon our heads, after it is demonstration we cannot live. I find you are as ignorant what the soul is as I am. But though none of my philosophers demonstrate plainly that, I do think, there must be rewards and punishments after this life; and I have read lately some of my dear friends the philosophers, that there was an opinion that the soul never died; that it went into some other man or beast. And that seems, in my way of thinking, to be on the side of the argument for the immortality of the soul; and though the philosophers prove nothing to my understanding certain, yet I have a great mind to believe, that kings and first ministers' souls, when they die, go into chimney-sweepers. And their punishment is, that they remember they were great monarchs, were complimented by the parliament upon their great abilities, and thanked for the great honour they did nations in accepting of the crown, at the same time that they endeavoured to starve them, and were not capable of doing them the least service, though they gave him all the money in the nation. This, I think, would be some punishment, though not so much as they deserve, supposing the great persons they had been, and the condition they were reduced to. What gave me this thought of a chimney-sweeper was an accident. My servants, that are very careful of me, were fearful that, having a fire night and day four months together in my chamber, thought* I might be frightened, when I could not rise out of my bed, if the chimney was on fire, and persuaded me to have it swept, which I consented to; and one of the chimney-sweepers was a little boy, a most miserable creature, without shoes, stockings, breeches, or shirt. When it was over, I sent a servant of mine to Windsor with him, to equip this poor creature with what he wanted, which cost very little, not being so well dressed as the last privy seal.† And as I could not be sure the souls of these chimney-sweepers had come from great men, I could not repent of their being so much overpaid as they were. This letter will be as long as a chancery bill; for I have a mind now to tell you, I had a new affront from our great and wise governors. Being quite weary of stewards and bailiffs, and likewise of mortgages, where one must be in the power of lawyers, which I reckon a very bad thing, I had a mind to lend some money upon the land-tax, thinking that would be easy and safe, at least for a year or two; and as it is free to every body to offer, when a loan is opened in the common way, I applied to lend. Mr. Sandys* refused it, and said, they would not take my money, if he could hinder it; and the reason, I heard from a person of consequence, he gave, was, that I had spoke ill of him. This diverted me; for it is of very little consequence the loss of so much interest, for so short a time as in all probability I could have it. As soon as I have fixed the day for going to Marlborough House, I will give my two scholars notice of it, whom I had rather see than any body there; and am, with the greatest truth, your most obliged and most humble servant, S. MARLBOROUGH."

We must now vary; though even in Pope we have nothing so striking as these letters of the old duchess.

Mr. Pope to Hugh Earl of Marchmont.

"Sunday Night, Twickenham, Jan. 1742.

"My dear lords,—Yes, I would see you as long as I can see you, and then shut my eyes upon the world, as a thing worth seeing no longer. If your charity would take up a small bird, that is half dead of the frost, and set it a-chirping for half an hour, I will jump into my cage, and put myself into your hands to-morrow, at any hour you send. Two horses will be enough to draw me (and so would two dogs, if you had them); but even the fly upon the chariot-wheel required some bigger animal than itself to set it a-going.

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere

is literally true, when one cannot get into good company without horses; and such is my case. I am faithfully, to you both, a most cordial, entire servant, A. POPE."†

Mr. Pope to Hugh Earl of Marchmont.

"So it is, and so it always is with me, that I write last to those I love most; and now by this rule you are the man I love the very best: the truth is, I have nothing to tell them, but what they (I flatter myself) know beyond all others, my real sensibility towards them, and my knowledge of their amiable qualities. One must necessarily tell them the same things, if one continues the same affection and esteem; therefore I turn from that honest tautology to some foreign subject; and what more foreign from you than a worthless man of quality, whose death has filled me with philosophy, and contempt of riches? Three hundred thousand pounds the sum total of his life! without one worthy deed, public or private! He had just sense enough to *see* the bad measures we were engaged in, without the heart to *feel* for his country, or spirit to oppose what he condemned, as long as a title, or a riband, or a little lucrative employment, could be got by his tame submission and concurrence. He loved nobody, for (they say) he has not left a legacy, not even to his flatterers; he had no ambition, with a vast deal of pride, and no dignity, with great stateliness. His titles only must be his epitaph; and there can be nothing on his monument remarkable, except his nose, which I hope the statuary will do justice to. I should doubly congratulate our victory over the French, if the war would occasion you and me the recovery of our friend to England for ever. Pray how will that matter stand in his regard? I should be glad, either that your lordship was but half master of Battersea, or I of Twickenham. I was upon the point of writing to him; but will there be a free passage for letters at present? He is a great man, but will never be worth three hundred thousand pounds; yet I would rather regain him, and live with him, three hundred thousand times. My Lord Chesterfield is here, and sends you his services; there is not one man of Bath besides, whom I know. He has made me dine with him *en malade*, though my physician prescribes me garlic, which I choose to take in sauces rather than electuaries. He tells me your lordship is got a-head of all the gardening lords; that you have distanced Lord Burlington and Lord Cobham in the true scientific post; but he is studying after you, and has here lying before him those Thesauruses from which, he affirms, you draw all your knowledge, Miller's Dictionaries; but I informed him better, and told him, your chief lights were from Johannes Serlius, whose books he is now inquiring for of Leake, the bookseller, who has wrote for them to his correspondents. I never was more at ease in my life than in this place; and yet I wish myself with you every other day at least. There are many hours I could be glad to talk to (or rather to hear) the Duchess of Marlborough. So many incidents happen, besides what Providence seems to have any regard to, in the lives and deaths of great men, that the world appears to me to be made for the instruction of the lesser only, and those great ones for our laughter; only I must except, that I hear very good things of the Earl of Bath, which justly entitle him to admiration. I could listen to her with the same veneration and belief in all her doctrines, as the disciples of Socrates gave to the words of their master, or he himself to his demon (for, I think, she too has a devil, whom in civility we will call a genius). I will judge of nothing till I see her. Believe me, my dear lord, your ever obliged, ever affectionate servant, A. POPE."

"Bath, Tuesday night."

We cannot find room for much extract from the diaries; one little bit, however, we shall quote. It is about the Pelham government, anno Domini 1746. Heaven forbid that we should ever hear such like things said of any government in these enlightened days!

"Wednesday, October 21.

"My brother and I went to the Duke of Newcastle, and dined with Lord Chesterfield, who after dinner talked of Mr. Pitt as one most extravagantly proud, and who meant to distinguish himself as leader of the party of Grenvilles and Lyttleton. We told him what had passed with Mr. Pelham; and he told us Mr. Pelham was in a very distressed state, being obliged to defend measures he disapproved, and forced by his brother to disagreeable things. He said, he did not know where the government lived; that there was none; they met, indeed, and talked, and then said, 'Lord! it is late; when shall we meet to talk over this again?' and that the king was quite insensible, and would do nothing, saying it was their business,—it was all one to him who was to succeed; perhaps one might be as good as the other."

The following is of an earlier date, and a remarkable *mem.* in the hand-writing of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont.

"King William, with his army, perceived King James and his army, before the battle of the Boyne, three days, at last came up with him, and seeing King James his army from

* "*Sic in origin.* The sense will be right, if the word *thought* is omitted."
† "Lord Hervey."

* "Then Chancellor of the Exchequer."
† "This letter is evidently addressed to the Earl of Marchmont and to Lord Bolingbroke, although directed to the former only."

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a rising ground, with only the water betwixt them, so near, that one could have [been] known, the king took off his hat, and said, 'Gentlemen, I am glad to see you; if you get away from me now, it shall be my fault:' and then asked Duke Schomberg, if he had his canteens there with any thing to eat. They lighted from their horses, and a table-cloth being laid upon the grass, they went to breakfast till the army, which was coming up, should arrive at the camp, that was marked out for it. While at breakfast, a party of the enemy's horse came to the other side of the water, near to where they sat. The king said, we must not be surprised while at breakfast, and ordered a party of one hundred dragoons down to the water-side. The two parties shot at one another all the time of breakfast, which done, they all mounted a horseback again. While this was a-doing, they observed the enemy bring down two cannon to the plain just below, drawn by grey horses; and as the king and that small company were stepping along viewing the enemy, the first shot from the cannon struck on the Prince of Darmstadt's pistols, so that his horse, a white one, dropped down with his belly to the ground; the king called out, *Ah! le pauvre Prince de Darmstadt est tué!* Immediately after, a second shot hit the king on the shoulder, which made him bend down on his horse's neck, upon which there was a huzza through the enemy's army, believing him to be killed. The ball had just grazed upon his shoulder, tore away his clothes, and scooped out about the breadth of a crown of the flesh of his shoulder. The king stepped on a little further, and then, having bled a good deal, had a handkerchief pushed in under his clothes, to cover the wound till it should be dressed. It was for some time believed by the army that the king was killed; and Earl Selkirk, who was with [the] king, and from whom I had these particulars, galloped to Count Solms, who had been upon the head of the foot, whom he found lying upon his face on the ground, crying and told him the king was well. He would not believe him, till Selkirk asked him if he did not see, who it was that came riding along the line on a black horse; and then the count embraced him in a transport of joy. The count loved the king much, and [was] esteemed by him. The wound kept open above three months, mattered much, and did the king so much good, that he had much better health than usual, and was the reason why his physicians made him put [an] issue into his shoulder after, which did him much good. Providence, if attended to, must be admired and reverenced. The king, when he was ill used in England, as, to our shame, he often was, said, 'Well! they use me very ill; but my head will be short while under ground, 'till they would be glad to scratch me out again with their nails;' which did not fail to happen often since. He used to say upon those occasions; 'I am a protestant, so cannot; but if I was popish, I would leave this people to themselves.'"

We shall certainly cut more out of these volumes another Saturday. They form a mine of instruction and amusement; and will stand for ever on the same shelf with Pepys, Evelyn, the Culloden Papers, and the tomes of Horace Walpole.

Crotchet Castle. By the Author of "Headlong Hall." 12mo. pp. 300. London, 1831. Hookham.

WERE we to be asked our private opinion as to who is the wittiest writer in England, we should say, Mr. Peacock. Having, by thus expressing it, made it also our public one, we are bound to shew cause, which we think we can most satisfactorily do, from the little volume before us. Perhaps no man has seen the follies of his day with a clearer and juster eye than the present author; he investigates, and then reasons; and by placing the fact in its simplest, places it also in its most ridiculous form. He calls things by their right names; and, in this age of high-sounding words and happy epithets, this little process has a most curious effect. Mr. Peacock has a keen perception of the absurd, because he has a clear perception of the truth—

> "He is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men;"

by which means he arrives at the motives—and we all know motives are the owls of the mind, which shun daylight. But brief prologue serves for good comedy; and we proceed forthwith to the sense and science, the whims and oddities of Crotchet Castle—the which is the castellated dwelling of a rich and retired citizen, who has a taste for intellectual society, and gives dinners and good wines; thus taking a very rational method of securing it. Under his roof are assembled "Mr. Mac Quedy, the modern Athenian, who lays down the law about every thing, and therefore may be taken to understand every thing. He turns all the affairs of this world into questions of buying and selling. He is the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean to every thing like romance and sentiment: he condenses their volume of steam into a drop of cold water in a moment. * * * Next is Mr. Skionar, a sort of poetical philosopher, a curious compound of the intense and the mystical. He abominates all the ideas of Mr. Mac Quedy, and settles every thing by sentiment and intuition." Another is Mr. Chainmail, an admirer of chivalry, and one who "holds that the best state of society was that of the twelfth century, when nothing was going forward but fighting, feasting, and praying, which, he says, are the three great purposes for which man was made. He laments bitterly over the inventions of gunpowder, steam, and gas, which he says have ruined the world."

Then there is a musical genius, a geographer, divers other impersonations of the various absurd opinions now afloat, and, though last not least, the Rev. Dr. Folliott, who, we take it, is the incarnation of good sense and a little good living.

And now for a miscellaneous selection of good things. Mr. Crotchet is a Scotchman, whose success in England elicits the following anecdote:—"It is said, that a Scotchman, returning home after some years' residence in England, being asked what he thought of the English, answered: 'They hanna ower muckle sense, but they are an unco' braw people to live amang;' which would be a very good story, if it were not rendered apocryphal by the incredible circumstance of the Scotchman going back."

The arms he adopts are excellent. "He found it essential to his dignity to furnish himself with a coat of arms, which, after the proper ceremonies (payment being the principal), he obtained, videlicet—crest, a crotchet rampant, in A sharp—arms, three empty bladders, turgescent, to shew how opinions are formed; three bags of gold, pendent, to shew why they are maintained; three naked swords, trenchant, to shew how they are administered; and three barbers' blocks, gaspant, to shew how they are swallowed."

So is his reason for widowhood. "Mr. Crotchet was left a widower, with two children; and, after the death of his wife, so strong was his sense of the blessed comfort she had been to him, that he determined never to give any other woman an opportunity of obliterating the happy recollection."

He settles at Crotchet Castle. "With his rustic neighbours he was, of course, immediately and necessarily a 'squire—'Squire Crotchet of the castle; and he seemed to himself to settle down as naturally into an English country gentleman, as if his parentage had been as innocent of both Scotland and Jerusalem as his education was of Rome and Athens. But as, though you expel nature with a pitchfork, she will yet always come back, he could not become, like a true-born English 'squire, part and parcel of the barley-giving earth—he could not find in game-bagging, poacher-shooting, trespasser-pounding, footpath-stopping, common-enclosing, rack-renting, and all the other liberal pursuits and pastimes which make a country gentleman an ornament to the world, and a blessing to the poor—he could not find in these valuable and amiable occupations, and in a corresponding range of ideas, nearly commensurate with that of the great King Nebuchadnezzar, when he was turned out to grass—he could not find in this great variety of useful action, and vast field of comprehensive thought, modes of filling up his time that accorded with his Caledonian instinct. The inborn love of disputation, which the excitements and engagements of a life of business had smothered, burst forth through the calmer surface of a rural life. He grew as fain as Captain Jamy, 'to hear some airgument betwixt ony tway;' and being very hospitable in his establishment, and liberal in his invitations, a numerous detachment from the advanced guard of the 'march of intellect,' often marched down to Crotchet Castle."

We humbly submit the following passages to the present Lord Chancellor's consideration, being sure that he, who can use a giant's strength in flagellating others, will enjoy these palpable hits at himself:—

"'God bless my soul, sir!' exclaimed the Rev. Dr. Folliott, bursting, one fine May morning, into the breakfast-room at Crotchet Castle; 'I am out of all patience with this march of mind. Here has my house been nearly burnt down, by my cook taking it into her head to study hydrostatics, in a sixpenny tract, published by the Steam Intellect Society, and written by a learned friend, who is for doing all the world's business as well as his own, and is equally well qualified to handle every branch of human knowledge. I have a great abomination of this learned friend—as author, lawyer, and politician, he is *triformis*, like Hecate; and in every one of his three forms he is *bifrons*, like Janus—the true Mr. Facing-both-ways of Vanity Fair. My cook must read his rubbish in bed; and as might naturally be expected, she dropped suddenly fast asleep, overturned the candle, and set the curtains in a blaze. Luckily, the footman went into the room at the moment, in time to tear down the curtains and throw them into the chimney; and a pitcher of water on her night-cap extinguished her wick.—*Lord Bassnowl.* But, sir, by the by, how came your footman to be going into your cook's room? It was very providential, to be sure, but— *Dr. Folliott.* Sir, as good came of it, I shut my eyes, and asked no questions. I suppose he was going to study hydrostatics, and he found himself under the necessity of practising hydraulics.—*Mr. Firedamp.* Sir, you seem to make very light of science.—*Dr. Folliott.* Yes, sir, such science as the learned friend deals in—every thing for every body, science for all, schools for

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all, rhetoric for all, law for all, physic for all, words for all, and sense for none. I say, sir, law for lawyers, and cookery for cooks; and I wish the learned friend, for all his life, a cook that will pass her time in studying his works; then every dinner he sits down to at home, he will sit on the stool of repentance.—*Lord Bossnowl.* Now, really that would be too severe: my cook should read nothing but Ude.—*Dr. Folliott.* No, sir! let Ude and the learned friend singe fowls together; let both avaunt from my kitchen. Θύραζε δ' ἐπὶ ϑύεσϑε βιβήλους. Ude says an elegant supper may be given with sandwiches. *Horresco referens.* An elegant supper! *Di meliora piis!* No Ude for me. Conviviality went out with punch and suppers. I cherish their memory. I sup when I can, but not upon sandwiches. To offer me a sandwich, when I am looking for a supper, is to add insult to injury. Let the learned friend and the modern Athenians sup upon sandwiches."

In a conversation of later date.—"*Dr. Folliott.* Well, Mr. Mac Quedy, it is now some weeks since we have met: how goes on the march of mind?—*Mr. Mac Quedy.* Nay, sir, I think you may see that with your own eyes. —*Dr. Folliott.* Sir, I have seen it, much to my discomfiture. It has marched into my rick-yard, and set my stacks on fire, with chemical materials, most scientifically compounded. It has marched up to the door of my vicarage, a hundred and fifty strong; ordered me to surrender half my tithes, consumed all the provisions I had provided for my audit feast, and drank up my old October. It has marched in through my back-parlour shutters, and out again with my silver spoons, in the dead of the night. The policeman who has been down to examine, says my house has been broken open on the most scientific principles. All this comes of education.—*Mr. Mac Quedy.* I rather think it comes of poverty.—*Dr. Folliott.* No, sir. Robbery, perhaps, comes of poverty; but scientific principles of robbery come of education. I suppose the learned friend has written a six-penny treatise on mechanics, and the rascals who robbed me have been reading it.—*Mr. Crotchet.* Your house would have been very safe, doctor, if they had had no better science than the learned friend's to work with.—*Dr. Folliott.* Well, sir, that may be. The Lord deliver me from the learned friend!—*Mr. Crotchet.* Well, doctor, for your comfort, here is a declaration of the learned friend's that he will never take office.—*Dr. Folliott.* Then, sir, he will be in office next week."

The week elapses. "Mr. Crotchet told the Rev. Dr. Folliott the news of the morning. 'As you predicted,' he said, 'your friend, the learned friend, is in office; he has also a title—he is now Sir Guy de Vaux!'—*Dr. Folliott.* Thank heaven for that! he is disarmed from further mischief. It is something, at any rate, to have that hollow and wind-shaken reed rooted up for ever from the field of public delusion.—*Mr. Crotchet.* I suppose, doctor, you do not like to see a great reformer in office; you are afraid for your vested interests.—*Dr. Folliott.* Not I, indeed, sir; my vested interests are very safe from all such reformers as the learned friend. I vaticinate what will be the upshot of all his schemes of reform. He will make a speech of seven hours' duration, and this will be its quintessence—that, seeing the exceeding difficulty of putting salt on the bird's tail, it will be expedient to consider the best method of throwing dust in the bird's eyes. All the rest will be

Τιτιτιτιμμπρώ.
Πιπιπιπί, πιπιπιπί.

Τιτιτιτιτιτιτιτίγξ.
Κικκαβαῦ, κικκαβαῦ.
Τορτορτορτορτορολιλιλιγξ,*

as Aristophanes has it; and so I leave him, in Nephelococcygia."†

The discussion between Dr. Folliott and Mr. Mac Quedy is very amusing.

"*Dr. Folliott.* Sir, I say every nation has some eximious virtue; and your country is pre-eminent in the glory of fish for breakfast. We have much to learn from you in that line, at any rate.—*Mr. Mac Quedy.* And in many others, sir, I believe. Morals and metaphysics, politics and political economy, the way to make the most of all the modifications of smoke; steam, gas, and paper currency; you have all these to learn from us; in short, all the arts and sciences. We are the modern Athenians.—*Dr. Folliott.* I, for one, sir, am content to learn nothing from you but the art and science of fish for breakfast. Be content, sir, to rival the Bœotians, whose redeeming virtue was in fish, touching which point you may consult Aristophanes and his scholiast in the passage of Lysistrata, ἀλλ' ἄφιλε τὰς ἐγχέλεις, and leave the name of Athenians to those who have a sense of the beautiful, and a perception of metrical quantity.—*Mr. Mac Quedy.* Then, sir, I presume you set no value on the right principles of rent, profit, wages, and currency?—*Dr. Folliott. My principles, sir, in these things are, to take as much as I can get, and to pay no more than I can help.* These are every man's principles, whether they be the right principles or no. There, sir, is political economy in a nut-shell. * * *

"*Mr. Mac Quedy.* A literary supper in sweet Edinbroo' would cure you of the prejudice you seem to cherish against us.—*Dr. Folliott.* Well, sir, well; there is cogency in a good supper; a good supper in these degenerate days bespeaks a good man; but much more is wanted to make up an Athenian. Athenians, indeed! where is your theatre? who among you has written a comedy? where is your attic salt? which of you can tell who was Jupiter's great grandfather? or what metres will successively remain, if you take off the three first syllables, one by one, from a pure antispastic acatalectic tetrameter? Now, sir, there are three questions for you; theatrical, mythological, and metrical; to every one of which an Athenian would give an answer that would lay me prostrate in my own nothingness.—*Mr. Mac Quedy.* Well, sir, as to your metre and your mythology, they may e'en wait a wee. For your comedy, there is the Gentle Shepherd of the divine Allan Ramsay.—*Dr. Folliott.* The Gentle Shepherd! It is just as much a comedy as the book of Job.—*Mr. Mac Quedy.* Well, sir, if none of us have written a comedy, I cannot see that it is any such great matter, any more than I can conjecture what business a man can have at this time of day with Jupiter's great grandfather.—*Dr. Folliott.* The great business is, sir, that you call yourselves Athenians, while you know nothing that the Athenians thought worth knowing, and dare not shew your noses before the civilised world in the practice of any one art in which they were excellent. Modern Athens, sir! the assumption is a personal affront to every man who has a Sophocles in his library. I will thank you for an anchovy."

Definition of laughter:—

"*Lord Bossnowl.* I hope, if I am to be of the party, our ship is not to be the ship of fools: He! he!—*Dr. Folliott.* If you are one of the party, sir, it most assuredly will not: Ha! ha!—*Lord Bossnowl.* Pray, sir, what do you mean by Ha! ha!?—*Dr. Folliott.* Precisely, sir, what you mean by He! he!—*Mr. Mac Quedy.* You need not dispute about terms; they are two modes of expressing merriment, with or without reason; reason being in no way essential to mirth. No man should ask another why he laughs, or at what, seeing that he does not always know, and that, if he does, he is not a responsible agent. Laughter is an involuntary action of certain muscles, developed in the human species by the progress of civilisation. The savage never laughs.—*Dr. Folliott.* No, sir, he has nothing to laugh at. Give him Modern Athens, the 'learned friend,' and the Steam Intellect Society. They will develope his muscles."

Cause of liking society:—

Lord Bossnowl at any time preferred "any company to his own. He thought it very singular that so agreeable a person as he held himself to be to others should be so exceedingly tiresome to himself: he did not attempt to investigate the cause of this phenomenon, but was contented with acting on his knowledge of the fact, and giving himself as little of his own private society as possible."

Two short, but true passages:—

"Decent families; ay, decent is the distinction from respectable. Respectable means rich, and decent means poor. I should die if I heard my family called decent. And then your decent family always lives in a snug little place: I hate a little place; I like large rooms and large looking-glasses, and large parties, and a fine large butler, with a tinge of smooth red in his face; an outward and visible sign that the family he serves is respectable; if not noble, highly respectable. * * *

"It is so rare too, in these days of smooth manners, to see any thing like natural expression in a man's face. There is one set form for every man's face in female society: a sort of serious comedy, walking gentleman's face: but the moment the creature falls in love, he begins to give himself airs, and plays off all the varieties of his physiognomy, from the Master Slender to the Petruchio; and then he is actually very amusing."

We must be content to close for the present with one or two of the clever ballads.

Llyn-y-Dreiddiad-Vrawd; the Pool of the Diving Friar.

"Gwenwynwyn withdrew from the feasts of his hall:
He slept very little, he prayed not at all:
He pondered, and wandered, and studied alone;
And sought, night and day, the philosopher's stone.

He found it at length, and he made its first proof
By turning to gold all the lead of his roof:
Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all fire,
Who lived but to smite, and be smitten for hire.

With these, on the plains like a torrent he broke;
He filled the whole country with flame and with smoke;
He killed all the swine, and he broached all the wine;
He drove off the sheep, and the beeves, and the kine;

He took castles and towns; he cut short limbs and lives;
He made orphans and widows of children and wives:
This course many years he triumphantly ran,
And did mischief enough to be called a great man.

When, at last, he had gained all for which he had striven,
He bethought him of buying a passport to heaven;
Good and great as he was, yet he did not well know,
How soon, or which way, his great spirit might go.

He sought the grey friars, who, beside a wild stream,
Refected their frames on a primitive scheme:
The gravest and wisest Gwenwynwyn found out,
All lonely and ghostly, and angling for trout.

Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,
Where a pool of the stream a deep resting-place made,
And rock-rooted oaks stretched their branches on high,
The friar stood musing, and throwing his fly.

* "Sounds without meaning—imitative of the voices of birds.—From the "Ὀρνιθες of Aristophanes."

† "Cuckoo-city-in-the-clouds."—From the same comedy.

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To him said Gwenwynwyn: 'Hold, father, here's store,
For the good of the church, and the good of the poor;'
Then he gave him the stone; but, ere more he could speak,
Wrath came on the friar, so holy and meek:

He had stretched forth his hand to receive the red gold,
And he thought himself mocked by Gwenwynwyn the Bold:
And in scorn of the gift, and in rage at the giver,
He jerked it immediately into the river.

Gwenwynwyn, aghast, not a syllable spake;
The philosopher's stone made a duck and a drake:
Two systems of circles a moment were seen,
And the stream smoothed them off, as they never had been.

Gwenwynwyn regained, and uplifted his voice:
'Oh, friar, grey friar, full rash was thy choice;
The stone, the good stone, which away thou hast thrown,
Was the stone of all stones, the philosopher's stone!'

The friar looked pale, when his error he knew;
The friar looked red, and the friar looked blue;
And heels over head, from the point of a rock,
He plunged, without stopping to pull off his frock.

He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain,
The prize he had slighted he found not again:
Many times did the friar his diving renew,
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,
To see the grey friar a diver so stout:
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,
And left the friar diving, like dabchick distraught.

Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,
Died, and went to the devil, the very same night:
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay,
Sacked his castle, and marched with the plunder away.

No knell on the silence of midnight was rolled,
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the Bold:
The brethren, unfeed, let the mighty ghost pass,
Without praying a prayer or intoning a mass.

The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream;
The philosopher's stone was his thought and his dream;
And day after day, ever head under heels,
He dived all the time he could spare from his meals.

He dived, and he dived, to the end of his days,
As the peasants oft witnessed with fear and amaze:
The mad friar's diving-place long was their theme,
And no plummet can fathom that pool of the stream.

And still, when light clouds on the midnight winds ride,
If by moonlight you stray on the lone river-side,
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,
With head in the water, and heels in the air."

The Priest and the Mulberry Tree.

"Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word,
And again with a word, when the curate said Hey,
She put forth her mettle, and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar,
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry, and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit, till he took his good fill.

'Sure never,' he thought, 'was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare.
Lo, here, how I stand' (and he gazed all around)
'As safe and as steady as if on the ground,
Yet how had it been if some traveller this way
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry Hey?'

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie:
At the sound of the word, the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said."

The Assassins of the Paradise: an oriental Tale; in four Cantos. By the Author of "Abbassah." 8vo. pp. 104. London, 1831. E. Bull.

THERE is a great deal of talent in this little volume. The narrative is founded on an account of the most extraordinary anomaly that history presents — an organised government whose avowed principle was secret murder; and who, using adroitly those two powerful engines of superstition, terror and pleasure, attained a degree of influence which the greatest monarchs were glad to propitiate by tribute. As we believe many of our readers are acquainted with this singular people, with reference to the single chief whose assassination of Conrade of Montserrat was made one of the charges against Richard Cœur de Lion, we extract our present author's account, which condenses much information with all possible brevity and clearness.

"The name of Assassin, originally Haschischin, belonged to that sect of fanatical mystics who, about A. D. 1090,* established themselves in the ranges of Elborz or Caucasus, fabled as the prison of the evil genii, and girdle of the world. Hence, though detested and feared for their strange and sanguinary doctrines, the Assassins, who affected a spiritual rather than temporal sway, spread rapidly over the whole tract called by the Persians Kohestan, in Arabic El Jebal, or the Mountainous. The principal residence of the Shaik-El Jebal, or Ancient of the Mountains, was in that part of Caucasus nearly north of Kaswin, from its loftiest point, Mount Demavend, on the east, to where the river Sharood falls into the rapid torrent of the Kizzil Ozein, or Golden Stream. Alamut, or the Vulture's Nest, a fortress whose ruins are still visible from the plain, was the seat of the court, and guarded the entrance of a beautiful valley, the Irem, or earthly paradise of the Assassins. The garden of Irem was laid out according to the Mosleman ideas of paradise, with fragrant and flowering shrubs and fruit-trees from every climate. Pavilions of marble, ornamented with gold, and adorned with paintings and silken furniture; streams of crystal watered the soil; fountains of milk and wine, or more probably coloured water, played in recesses; beautiful women, obtained indifferently by purchase or violence, and trained in every elegant and seductive allurement, personated the Houri brides reserved for the faithful, and amidst the warbling of birds and the sounds of stringed instruments, filled the air with songs of love and languishment. Such was the bower of bliss designed to confirm the proselytes of the order in their new faith. They were thrown into deep slumber by a preparation of the wild hemp, or haschisch —the root of their name—and waked in the garden to the free enjoyment of its delights. After a short time, they were carried out as they had entered, and remained ever after firmly convinced of the Shaik's divine pretensions, devoting themselves to his person and mandates as to the visible deity. The creed of this sect was founded on that of Mahommed, but tinctured with atheism, in which it finally merged. The shaik or imam affected, like the great prophet of the East, the power of introducing his followers into paradise: and he farther inculcated the transfusion of the perfect soul into the person of the reigning imam,—a doctrine found, with some modifications, every where in the East. The proselytes of all countries, Europe not excepted, were from twelve to twenty years of age; they were divided into civil and military classes. The former, instructed in languages and arts, rose to the highest dignities; while from the latter were chosen, on occasion, the ready instruments of their superior's will. Singly, or in bands, they filled the whole country with outrage, robbery, and murder. All who gave umbrage to their chief were doomed to death; merchants, princes, priests, and even the caliphs of Bagdad and Egypt fell beneath their weapons, which assailed the lives of European leaders during the Crusades, and penetrated even to the court of the King of France. At length they were extirpated by the Tartar General Holagou, in 1070.* A remnant of the Syrian colony of this race still exists under Turkish protection, near Lebanon, and is now remarkable only for hospitality to strangers. Of the original Persian stock, an imam resides at Koom, tributary to the shah, and supported by voluntary contributions from his followers, who extend as far as India."

The hero of this poem is one of these neophytes; and his character is sketched with a degree of force and truth which makes us give the writer much credit for his skill in mental analysis. Some of his descriptions are very fine. We like the least those of the paradise itself. Moore is too recent in our memories not to be a dangerous rival to any one who ventures on his own enchanted ground. We quote a fine passage of a storm.

"The soft, green hue of evening's latest ray
In gradual twilight faded slow away;
Hushed into sullen calm the breeze's sigh,
The lazy cloud slept heavily on high
Involved and veiling in the aerial haze
That, scarce apparent, steals upon the gaze,
Dimming the thickened view, till one by one
Each form so fair, so beautiful, is gone;
And cheats with largening mists the filmy sight,
Till the lulled sense awakes, and all is night.

Dark closed that night: the clouds portentous spread
In murky darkness round each mountain-head:
A floating sea of gloom, whose billows wide
Sank in slow volumes down their steepy side,
And midway pausing, o'er the plain below
Hung shadowing forth fantastic shapes of wo.

* * * *

"Far to the south a train of pallid light
Shed o'er the sullen heaven its dusky white,
Where midst faint, few, pale gleams that edged its bound
Slept the dark thunder in the depth profound:
Loading the labouring air it onward came,
Glancing o'er moveless clouds thin sheets of flame,
And fearful, frowning, huge, appeared to scan
The cowering scene, to pour its wrath on man.

* * * *

"More dull and deep the thickening stillness grew;
Near and more near the lowering tempest drew,
Concentered, silent, gathering for the worst,
Till in one mighty sweep its vengeance burst.
Clove the wide heaven that opening flash of flame;
Loud rending rocking earth the thunder came,
One rolling, wildering, wandering crash of sound,
From bellowing caves reverberated round,
Peal burying peal, involved, but urging more
That long, wide, wild, intolerable roar
Rung through rock, cavern, crag: the echoing ear
Stunned in the whirl, yet still compelled to hear!
Descending showers in rushing torrents streamed,
Where mimic lights from hurrying foam-bells gleamed,
Down, down their channelled course impetuous driven,
As life's frail bubbles at the voice of Heaven."

Our next extract is where human feeling mingles with the scene.

"Hast thou not felt when, to its cell confined,
Lethean slumber long hath held the mind,—
When listless, joyless, moveless, scarce alive,
Pent down by circumstance, it scorn'd to strive,
But in its own dark coil obscurely curl'd
Kept lonely state, regardless of the world:
And deem'd in stern misanthropy the aim
That each aspires to but a juggling game;
A crowded fair of fools:—a paltry jest,
Degrading him who mingles with the rest?—
Hast thou not felt,—when thus thy pulse has lain
Stagnate and dull, and hope has been in vain,—
If some charm'd claim—some call of joy or strife
Wooed to enjoy, or stung thee into life,
The spirits leap?—the boiling blood-tide dart
In fierce revulsion to thy bounding heart?—
Thought, wish, and hope, aim, impulse, feeling, dream,
O'erflood the soul in one tumultuous stream?
That first, wild rush of chaos to its place;—
Each pulse, each passion rocking to the base,
And all the kindled energies uprise—
A hundred hands to grapple with the skies?
The mountain-barriers, bounding meaner scope,
But mightier weapons for thy giant-hope:
And heights by slothful ease unsought, unknown,
Now heap'd on heights to make the heavens thine own?
So, from oblivion call'd by that late chance,
So waken'd Halib from his weary trance;
That sluggard calm where life would fondly lie
A crowded dream beneath a burning sky,
Listless of thought—and sick with phantasy!
Still, that first transport o'er, the balm it brought
Gave renovated energies to thought,

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* There is obviously a typographical error in these dates. The latter date should be about 1260; for although historians generally place the extinction of the Assassins in 1256-7, yet, notwithstanding their power was crushed and their strongholds reduced by Holagon at that period, they were not finally extirpated till three years afterwards. A fact not generally known.

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Though yet remain'd to urge his waking hour
Some trace of its intoxicating power.
Roused, even to sternest mood, he yet resign'd
To that fantastic influence all the mind:
His eager spirit watch'd with fierce delight
And loved the terrors of that angry night;
He deem'd that strife a scene for him alone;
Those glories blazed in earnest of his own;
To his excited breast the tempest's voice
But pour'd a louder summons to rejoice."

We ourselves doubt whether poets now have not fallen "on evil days;" but if the times are evil, much of this poem is good.

MEDICAL WORKS.

1. *Cases illustrative of the Efficacy of various Medicines, administered by Inhalation, in Pulmonary Consumption, in Asthma, &c. &c.* By Sir C. Scudamore, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 113. London, 1830. Longman and Co.
2. *A Dissertation on the Influence of Heat and Humidity; with practical Observations on the Inhalation of Iodine and various Vapours, in Consumption, &c.* By James Murray, M.D., &c. 8vo. pp. 323. London, 1829. Longman and Co.
3. *Two Memoirs on the successful Inhalation of diluted Chlorine in the early stages of Pulmonary Consumption.* Translated from the French of M. Gannal, by W. H. Potter. 8vo. pp. 94. London, 1831. Callow and Wilson.
4. *Remarks on a new and important Remedy in Consumptive Diseases, &c.; with Description of an Apparatus, &c.* By J. D. Humphreys, Surgeon. Pp. 50. London, 1831. W. Kidd.
5. *On the recent Improvements in the Art of distinguishing the various Diseases of the Heart.* By John Elliotson, M.D., Cantab. F.R.S. Longman and Co.
6. *A popular and impartial Estimate of the present Value of Vaccination, &c.* By S. Plumbe, M.R.C.S. 8vo. pp. 99. London, 1830. Cadell.
7. *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XVI.* Pp. 235. London, 1830. Longman and Co.
8. *Dr. A. T. Thomson's Introductory Lecture on Medical Jurisprudence, delivered in the University of London, January 7, 1831, &c. &c.* 8vo. pp. 31. London, 1831. J. Taylor.

ALTHOUGH we are not in the habit of paying such undivided attention to medical publications as to those of general literature, still the importance of the inquiries often tempts us to their discussion; and the accumulation of works of this description at present upon our table, seems to demand something of that periodical notice in which our plan and limits allow us to indulge. Sir C. Scudamore's, Dr. Murray's, and the next two smaller volumes, are proofs of the growing importance attached to the theory of inhalation as a remedy for consumption; and Italy and France are filled with publications of the same tendency. It is, indeed, of prodigious consequence, that such medicaments should not be ignorantly applied; and whenever we have touched on this subject (for example, in the case of Mr. St. John Long),* all that we have advocated is its fair, free, and ample investigation,—not its irrational condemnation at once, without inquiry, and from exasperated feelings or individual prejudices. To promote this, we now proceed to the volumes before us. With regard to the first: the author, having already presented to the profession and to the public several valuable works, on different subjects of medical science, has here, in our opinion, given an additional proof of his industry and indefatigable spirit of research, by the production of a treatise on topics, as we have said, of the highest importance, under the unassuming title of *Cases*, illustrative of what may justly be termed new and successful modes of treating the most formidable morbid affections of the respiratory organs. At the head of these is placed the vitally interesting subject, "pulmonary consumption,"—a disease, unfortunately, not only sometimes hereditary, but diffusely prevalent; often selecting for its victims the most beautiful objects in the creation, and so relentless in its nature, that, when once fully formed, it has hitherto bid defiance, with few exceptions, to every method of treatment that the skill and ingenuity of the physician have been able to devise. We hail, therefore, with no common feelings of satisfaction, a communication which holds out well-grounded hopes, that this stigma of physic, this destroyer of thousands—usually, too, at the ripening, most attractive, and promising period of human existence, when the mental and physical powers are alike becoming developed—may henceforth be erased from the list of *incurables*, and be susceptible of relief, nay, even of cure, by the means suggested, if had recourse to at an early stage of the disease, before the structure of the lungs has sustained irreparable injury and disorganisation.

Were so great a desideratum attainable, at the expense even of temporary suffering and inconvenience, the afflicted would still gladly avail himself of a plan which encouraged the hope of eventual benefit. What, then, must be the gratitude of the patient, and how highly must he appreciate the treatment proposed, when he learns, that the object in view can be realised without pain or danger; and that the measures recommended are productive of immediate comfort and sensible alleviation, while the curative process is going on!

The process in question consists principally in administering, by the medium of watery vapour, the active principles of medicines of approved virtue. And who but must be satisfied of the superior efficacy of what may not inaptly be called the local and surgical treatment of disease, by the application of appropriate remedies at the very seat of the ailment, to the administration of even the most proper agents through the circuitous route of the stomach and circulating system, by which medium of transmission the greatest alterations in their composition may be reasonably anticipated—mixed and agitated as they must be with the vital fluids before they can reach the place of their destination? This has always appeared to us the most natural, and, as it has been now proved to be the most direct, mode of assailing (by inspiring, as it were, the means of relief with the breath), the several morbid affections of the organs of respiration, comprehending the trachea or windpipe, and its continuous passages or tubes, reaching and pervading, by innumerable ramifications, the air-cells of any part of the lungs; which, in fact, are scarcely accessible through any other channel.

There is, however, a necessity for the greatest caution and judgment in the adoption of a practice apparently so simple, that the least informed may fancy himself competent to its management and control; whereas, from the whole tenour of the work under consideration, it is manifest that no ordinary share of discrimination is indispensable for the successful employment of the process. We are sorry Sir C. S. has not, however, given us the formula.

With this remark we shall conclude our brief and general review of a work which displays, on the part of its author, a minute and intimate acquaintance with his subject; and who, in modestly setting forth the advantages of a novel and ingenious practice, has avoided the too general custom of exhibiting only the favourable side of the question. Every sentence breathes a spirit of candour and liberality, equally removed from selfish views and boasting empiricism. We presume, therefore, that the profession will eagerly read this valuable tract, for their personal gratification and instruction; and the afflicted will require no further temptation to peruse it, than the comfortable assurance that by so doing they will derive the greatest consolation and encouragement, from the prospect of obtaining relief in their distressing and dangerous diseases.

Without going into the number of interesting inquiries embraced by Dr. Murray's work, such as a theory of animal temperature, remarks on diet, &c., we may observe, that he stands first as the proposer of iodine, that elegant preparation of marine alkali, as a medicine, which will sometimes, by inhalation, heal the diseases we have particularised, if early applied; and at all events afford rest, repose, and relief, where cure is impossible. We think there is every reason to infer, that the benefit which persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints usually experience from a seaside residence is to be ascribed to the vapour of iodine disseminated through the atmosphere. The odour is very perceptible to the olfactory nerves on a hot summer day on walking over a mass of fuci or sea-kelp, while the peculiar exhilarating results may fairly be traced to this source.

M. Gannal is the advocate for diluted chlorine—the powerful agent (in the gaseous form) in arresting the progress of animal putrefaction; whence he maintains its merit (in a liquid form—the gas being too irritating) as a means of arresting purulent secretion in the lungs. In point of fact, the discovery to which M. Gannal lays claim is, first, that of applying chlorine gas in a pure state, instead of obtaining it from its alkaline or earthy compounds; and, secondly, that of greatly diluting it with aqueous vapour, and using it at a temperature very nearly equal to that of the blood; by which means it is of course less liable to produce irritation. We have taken the trouble to examine the apparatus, at the shop of Mr. Hooper, the translator of M. Gannal's work. It is exceedingly simple, and, under judicious management, we do not doubt but the application of chlorine may also prove a valuable remedy in the *earlier* stages of phthisis, but more especially in the chronic class of pulmonary diseases. A very fair report of cases in which the new agent has been applied is given by the

* We have just received the second edition of the volume published by Mr. Long, containing not only a view of his discoveries in the healing art, but an overwhelming body of evidence to the extraordinary cures he has performed, and some able remarks on the trial to which he was subjected by the death of Miss Cashin. An additional public interest attaches at present to this statement, on account of the approaching trial of this individual on another charge of manslaughter; and though we cannot enter upon a case which will so soon occupy acute and wise legal heads, we should be deserting a man in distress if we did not protest against the industry and virulence with which it has been attempted to poison all the fountains of justice against him. That one whom the press has been so systematically and generally employed to hunt down as an impostor and a murderer, can have a really fair trial, is impossible. It is true that we have of late observed a sort of re-action in this tremendous engine upon public opinion—a sort of sense of the cruel unfairness of prejudging an accused person, obnoxious to many members of a very powerful body; but, withal, it cannot be expected that prejudices so deeply rooted can be so easily effaced. Of the cause at issue, we say nothing—the laws have been appealed to, and the laws must decide: our objection is to the violation of the Christian and constitutional rule of presuming innocence till guilt has been proven.

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author; and the translator appears to have executed his task with fidelity.

Mr. Humphreys (the great-grandson of Dr. Doddridge, and the editor of his Correspondence,) remarks on the ignorance which still pervades the faculty with respect to consumption, and proposes as a remedy a pneumatic canopy, to cover the head and part of the bust of the patient, and so constructed as to convey warm air, gases, or medicated vapours, with a perfect command of temperature, into the lungs by inspiration.

Having thus referred to the new system of treating disorders of the lungs, which is so rapidly acquiring converts, we turn thence to the talent evinced by Dr. Elliotson in detecting the different diseases to which the heart is subject, in a work (illustrated with several beautiful engravings) which formed the substance of his Lumleyan Lectures, delivered last year before the Royal College of Physicians. It may be true that many of our pages teem with matter, both in prose and verse, which savours strongly of *affections* of this interesting organ: few of our authors, however, appear such perfect masters of its workings, or so acute in ascertaining all that is *bad* in the human heart, as Dr. Elliotson. Joking apart, this treatise evinces more science on this intricate subject than any that has hitherto met our eye; and by the unwearied attention with which the learned author has employed auscultation, by means of the stethoscope, he appears to be able at once to discover much which would otherwise be veiled in total darkness. The stethoscope, we may state, for the benefit of our general readers, is a hollow tube or cylinder of wood, through which, on applying one end to the chest, sounds are easily transmitted to the ear; and so marked are the peculiarities under different circumstances of disease both in the heart and lungs, that a person possessing experience and observation can thereby ascertain what disease exists, and thus be enabled to form his opinion and adapt his treatment accordingly. The objections with which almost every novelty or discovery meet *in limine*, the ridicule and sarcasm which they must all endure, are, we hear, rapidly yielding to the acknowledged utility of this instrument in distinguishing the nature of a disease, or (to use the received medical phrase) in "forming a diagnosis." Dr. Elliotson is an apostle for the use of the stethoscope;* and in reply to those who, from not knowing how to use this talisman, are disposed to be sceptical of its advantages, he might quote Hudibras, in addition to his own argument:—

> "Quoth Sidrophel, it is no part
> Of prudence to cry down an art,
> And what it may perform deny,
> Because you understand not why!"

"The alleged errors of those," he tells us, in his own prose, "who practise auscultation, are no arguments against it. Many tales of this description have proved inaccurate, or even altogether destitute of truth, when traced to their origin; and eagerly to catch at them, would shew a mind hoping that no fresh knowledge is to be attained. Persons, it is to be remembered, will pretend to skill who have none, and the skilful will sometimes give a hasty judgment. But, as in the case of phrenology, nature is open to us all. Let us examine for ourselves — examine carefully and patiently—not anxious to find auscultation a deception, but hoping to find the promise of new information fulfilled— not unwilling to learn, because we are no longer *in statu pupillari*—not so high in our own estimation as to feel indisposed to be taught by others—not unphilosophical enough to have a hostile opinion upon a matter which observation must decide — not guilty of the inconsistency of lamenting the imperfection of our art, of whining about its sad claim to the title of *ars conjecturalis*, and yet too indolent to investigate a method which professes to remove much of its uncertainty, is recommended by men of the greatest talent and the most intense application to the study of their profession, bears upon itself the stamp of probability, and the results of which are indeed capable of being proved physically necessary."

Without trespassing further on the attention of our readers, we can with truth assert, that a perusal of this work proves that Dr. Elliotson has acquired a profound knowledge of those morbid affections to which the heart is liable, and evinced much precision in distinguishing, and consequently, we presume, in relieving, diseases of the chest.

Plumbe on Vaccination, as a security against small pox, is a clever essay. It is strange that we should still need an advocate in such a cause, but prejudice is worse to cure than any disease. The ability with which the subject is handled in this little volume, will, however, we trust, still further dissipate the cruel obstinacy which yet tolerates small-pox inoculation.

The Medico-Chirurgical Transactions we are chiefly induced to notice as containing matter sufficiently interesting to every reader, there being nothing dearer to us than health and life. We are besides assured, from good authority, that no society in Europe or America has advanced the science of medicine so much as the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, associating, as it does, among its members, the most eminent medical men of this and other countries, most of whom contribute to the above work, of which fifteen volumes have been already printed. It were vain to give any thing like a satisfactory digest of the whole of the essays composing the number before us; but we cannot avoid taking a cursory glance at one of them, in consequence of the novelty and interesting nature of the information contained therein. The essay we allude to is that upon Calculus, by Mr. Alexander Copland Hutchison, a most elaborate article, compiled with great industry, and with all the inferences drawn from a candid and impartial statement of facts. Mr. H. proves that stone, gravel, gout, scrofula, and cutaneous diseases, (all of which he considers to be allied, inasmuch as they all occur in the same diathesis,) seldom or never afflict seafaring people; shewing by official documents from the Naval Medical Board, and from surgeons of sea-port hospitals, that during the last thirteen years not a single case of stone or gravel has occurred in the navy, among an annual average of 25,000 seamen employed, and that only *one* case in a merchant seaman has been received into the sea-port hospitals during the above period, out of a floating maritime population of about 183,000, although 760 operations for the stone had been performed within the same period in these sea-port hospitals on other individuals. Mr. H. also shews that stone has been more prevalent in Scotland than in England during the last ten years, there being only one case in an average of about 83,000 of the population of the former country, while, according to Dr. Yelloly, there has been one case in an average of every 108,000 of the population of the latter. Some sensible reasons are adduced for the cause of this discrepancy, which the author refers to in a former communication of his in the ninth volume of the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions. The almost total exemption of seafaring persons from stone, gravel, gout, scrofula, and cutaneous diseases, is a most interesting fact, and we believe new in medical science; and had Mr. H. intended to write an essay with a view of encouraging the nobility and gentry of England to send forth to sea such of their sons as were likely to be assailed by the above diseases, he could not have been more happy in his choice of a subject.

With regard to the small pamphlet, the last on our list, we shall only observe that, like all Dr. Thomson's productions, it displays that profound investigation and clear judgment which shews that he does not write till he has become fully master of that upon which he writes — qualities which impart great value to all that comes from his pen. Such professors do honour to the London University,* and cannot be too highly esteemed as instructors by the rising generation.

An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth and the Sources of Taxation. By the Rev. R. Jones, A.M. of Granville and Caius College, Cambridge. 1831. Murray.

This volume is, it appears, only part of an intended work, and is entirely devoted to the subject of *rent*. This is a subject which our political economists of late have been in the habit of making a very dry and repulsive speculation, not allowing that rent could be any thing except the excess of the produce of better soils over the worst cultivated, nor granting that the landlord's share could increase any otherwise than at the expense of the other classes of society. It was tolerably clear to any person who looked at the general condition of the nations of the earth, that this view of the matter could not apply to things as they are; and, we believe, it was understood that this was the fault of the habits and institutions of communities, and by no means attributable to the theory. It was held, that in proportion as societies advanced to such a point of civilisation as to be worth reasoning about at all, they would become proper examples of the orthodox doctrines.

We have no objection to make to this view of the matter; but we are glad to find that Mr. Jones has discovered, in modes of the tenure of land different from our own, something worth speculating about; and we think he has succeeded in a great measure in reducing to classes and principles the forms of society, so far as they are regulated by the relation between the proprietor and the cultivator of the soil. An advantage in this way of considering the subject is, that the rents or payments made by the cultivator in different ages and countries are closely connected with the domestic habits of the people, with the forms of their institutions, and with their progress in the arts of life and the scale of civilisation. In this way, all that we can learn from historians or travellers tends to illustrate some point or other of Mr. Jones's views; and he has manifestly made

* The same instrument is also warmly appreciated by Sir C. Scudamore.

* *Apropos of this*—"A charter, which now only awaits the royal signature, is to be granted to the University of London, bestowing on this establishment all the privileges and powers at present enjoyed by the most favoured of our universities, the granting degrees in theology alone, for the present, being excepted. In compensation for which privation, the University of London is to be enabled to grant newly-invented degrees of Master of Medicine and Surgery, in addition to those better known, of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Medicine."—*Evening Paper.*

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use of no small store of such materials in the construction of his principles. We shall, however, give our readers a clearer notion of his system by a sketch of some portions of it.

The rents about which alone our political economists have of late reasoned, are *farmers' rents;* that is, rents paid by capitalists cultivating the soil at their own expense by the labour of others; and these rents prevail in England, and in some measure in Holland and the Netherlands—but hardly any where else. The rents which really do exist in other parts of the world, Mr. Jones classifies as follows:—

1. *Labour or Serf Rents.*—These belong to cases where the peasant holds a portion of the land for his own subsistence, on condition of *labouring* for his lord a certain number of days in the week or in the year. This is the tenure in Russia, Hungary, Poland, Livonia, Esthonia: it obtains in some parts of Germany, where these rents are going through a slow course of demolition; and, little as our reader might suppose it, a fragment of this system subsists, under a very primitive form, in a corner of our own island. The Northern Highlands possess, or lately possessed, a race of tenantry of this character.

2. *Metayer Rents.*—Under this tenure the cultivator extracts his subsistence from the soil, on condition of paying a portion of the *produce* (often half) to the proprietor. The latter also supplies him with stock. This mode of occupation belongs to a stage of civilisation more advanced than serf rents, inasmuch as it implies that the peasant can be *trusted* with the produce which his lord is to share. It has extended, and extends very widely, and in the nations whose history is the most interesting. It appears to have been the tenure of ancient Greece and Rome; it is still that of a large portion of France, though many small proprietors have been created by the revolution. It is common in Italy, the Valteline, the Vaudois, Spain, the Canary Islands, and exists in Afghaunistaun.

3. *Ryot Rents.*—The ryot is a labourer raising his own wages from the soil, and paying a produce-rent *to the sovereign* as its proprietor. Such rents are almost peculiar to Asia. They cover the surface of India, Persia, Turkey, and probably China, though we know little of them in that empire. In many of these countries they occur with more or less mixture of the metayer and the serf character.

4. *Cottier Rents.*—It is curious that it appears to be necessary to make an express and peculiar class for our unmanageable fellow-subjects of the emerald isle. The cottier is a peasant tenant, extracting his maintenance from the soil, and paying his rent in *money.* This last circumstance distinguishes these from metayer rents, and introduces a number of remarkable results into their operation. We are sorry to say, however, that most of these characteristics are of an unfavourable kind; and that the best quality Mr. Jones can discover in them is the facility with which they may be changed into something better.

5. *Farmers' Rents.*—Of the nature of these we need say no more than we have already said. But we must observe, that Mr. Jones's conclusions are here as wide of those of recent political economists as his classifications have been before. He denies, for instance, altogether, the *law* promulgated by Messrs. Ricardo and Mill, that every portion of additional produce must be obtained by the expenditure of a greater portion of capital, and that this is the only way in which rents can rise. He asserts that rents may rise while the difference of the relative fertility of soils is diminishing—he asserts that neither a fall of profits, an increasing relative value of raw produce, nor an increasing money price of produce as compared with other countries, is any proof (as seems to be generally supposed) of the decreasing efficiency of agricultural labour. All these denials and assertions, and many more than we can here mention, he supports with an array of calculations and arguments which have so fair an appearance, that we must leave the political economists to dispose of them as they can. Nor have we here space to refer to the manner in which he brings his doctrines to a point, in various places, for the purpose of applying them to the position of England. He disclaims all concern with *politics;* and as we agree with him in this, we shall conclude with an extract from another part of the work.

It will easily be conceived, that the influence of the tenure of land upon the government, character, and manner of a people, is a subject of great interest, especially when illustrated by details. But it would probably hardly have been anticipated that we should find in Rajast'han, in the very heart of the ryot portion of the globe, a feudal system, resembling that of the middle ages of Europe, not only in the relation of the sovereign to the chiefs, but in the tone of feeling and principles of action which there prevail.

"The system of *modified* dependence on the chief for *military* services, as established in this part of India, has produced a resemblance to the state of Europe at a certain period of the progress of feuds, which is most striking, interesting, and instructive. That resemblance may be traced in the tenures and laws of the Rajpoots—in the mixed political results of these, both good and evil—and in the moral, and we may almost say poetical, characteristics of the population; in the deep and enthusiastic feelings which accompany their notions of fealty—in the emulous courage, the desperate fidelity of the nobles—and in many romantic and lofty traits of manners, worthy to have sprung out of the very bosom of chivalry, and extending their influence to the dark beauties of the Zenana, as well as to their warrior kindred. High-born dames in distress, still there, as they once did in Europe, send their tokens to selected champions, who, whether invested with sovereign power, or occupying a less distinguished station, are equally bound to speed to their aid, under the penalty of being stigmatised for ever as cravens and dishonoured. Col. Tod himself can boast an honour (well deserved by zealous devotion and disinterested services) which many a preux chevalier would have joyfully dared a thousand deaths to obtain—that of being the chosen friend and champion of more than one princess, whose regal, and indeed celestial, descents make the longest genealogies in Europe look mean."

We cannot but express our pleasure at seeing such a work as this proceed from the University press of Cambridge: it is on this account, and from the liberal conduct of the sindicate, we believe, that the price is so unusually low.

The Quarterly Mining Review. No. IV. January, 1831. London; Boosey.

THE conclusion which would be most naturally drawn from a perusal of the title of the above work would be, that we should find in its pages reviews or notices of mining operations, of the state of mines in different countries, of the methods of ameliorating their condition; in fact, that the work would embrace all those niceties of mechanical art and theoretical information which are so requisite to the practical miner. This is not at all the case:—the object of the *Mining Review* appears to be, to give information almost solely on the state of the mines of the new continent, for the working of which so many associations have been formed in this country; and reviews of the proceedings of these associations occupy most of its pages. We have not studied the editor's general guide to the companies formed for working foreign mines, and therefore can scarcely give an opinion as to how far the circulation of a journal of this kind is ensured among shareholders, though the details seem to abound more in misfortunes than in successful results; and the unscientific explanation by which these are accounted for, (as the absence of oxygen at considerable elevations,) are really amusing. The editor promises, in the future numbers, to illustrate improvements in machinery, the mode of working mines, and the improvements in the German mechanical reduction and amalgamation. These are subjects which will give interest and importance to the journal, and which, if combined with condensed notices of the proceedings of foreign mines and mining associations, will render it a valuable addition to our periodical literature.

Gorton's Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 759. London, 1831. Chapman and Hall.

THIS work commenced in monthly Nos. above a year ago; and when the first No. appeared, we expressed our cordial approbation of the plan, and our expectations of a valuable work, from that specimen of its execution. It has now run a third of its course—one volume, ending with the parish of "Eyton"—and has, so far, fully satisfied our hopes. The type is clear and good, the paper fair, and the illustrations in maps, &c. liberal, as well as neatly engraved by Sidney Hall. The information given seems to us to be very careful and very correct.

Elmes's Topographical Dictionary of London and its Environs. 8vo. pp. 418. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

ANOTHER most useful topographical publication, supplying all necessary intelligence with reference to the metropolis and its neighbourhood. Mr. Elmes has rendered an acceptable service to his fellow-citizens, who can now make out all the details which compose this extensive city, with its recent changes and multiplied establishments. In short, this is a volume of great and general utility.

The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race, by C. O. Müller. Translated from the German by H. Tufnell, Esq., and G. C. Lewis, Esq., Student of Christ Church. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

THE very learned work of Professor Müller, of Göttingen, is so well known to scholars, and so justly celebrated for its elaborate research, that we need say nothing of the importance of the present translation, which, passing over Müller's first volume, "*Orchomenos and the Minyæ,*" takes up the second and third volumes, which comprehend an entire history of the Dorians, and gives us a vastly enlarged and improved edition of that valuable portion of the series, in the English language.

Readers must be well aware that a long and careful perusal of such a book is absolutely necessary, even for the limited Review which can be afforded to it in a periodical like ours: that

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attention we shall bestow upon it, with reference to the ancient and classical authorities on which it rests; but, in the meantime, we are enabled to state that there is hardly a publication in existence which throws so much light on the "dim" regions of fable and mythology, and on the annals of early Greece. It is, indeed, a standard classic. The translators have had the powerful assistance of the original writer throughout, and have consequently added much excellent information.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Harris on the influence of substances in any degree susceptible of magnetic change, as screens, in arresting the progress of the inductive energy of a magnet on a mass of iron. The recent discoveries in this department of science go far to prove that every known substance is in a greater or lesser degree open to magnetic excitation; but it had not yet been shewn that non-ferruginous masses could screen or stop out the action; on the contrary, from the few experiments hitherto tried, it was rather to be inferred that such masses were devoid of this screening power.* In the course of an extensive inquiry, however, by Mr. Harris, lately communicated to the Royal Society, it was observed, that though a single plate of iron, of about the tenth of an inch in thickness, could effectually arrest the action of a revolving magnet on a disc of copper, yet it had not the same effect on a disc of iron. In the latter case it was found requisite to multiply the intervening mass very considerably. Hence it seemed reasonable to infer that a screening power might actually be obtained by other substances not containing iron, but which were susceptible of magnetic change, provided such substances were employed in large masses. Such was found to be the case. The apparatus employed by Mr. Harris, and described by him, consisted of a magnetic disc, delicately balanced by means of a ring of lead, about a fine centre, and which was set rotating without sensible vibration, at the rate of 600 revolutions in a minute, by means of a train of wheels and a long silk line rapidly run off from its circumference. When the disc was free of the silk and wheels, it was carefully covered by a closed cylinder of glass, having a flat surface above, and a light disc of tinned iron movable on a delicate point placed immediately over it; this last was also covered with a glass receiver, and was sustained on a plate of glass at about four inches distant from the revolving magnet. When the iron began to rotate, a large mass of copper, of about a foot square, and three inches in thickness, was interposed; the copper being placed on a convenient carriage, movable on a rail-way, so as to admit of being interposed very easily, without deranging the subject of experiment. The result was, that the motion of the iron became soon sensibly diminished, and at last ceased altogether. On withdrawing the intervening copper, the motion of the iron commenced, and this could be repeated at pleasure. Similar effects were evident with four heavy masses of zinc, in blocks, each about an inch thick. Mr. Harris had also, he observed, obtained the same result with a dense mass of silver, of about three inches thick. He, therefore, concludes that this screening power is common to every substance in any degree susceptible of magnetic excitation, and is probably in the direct ratio of its energy, as estimated by observing its influence in fettering the vibrations of an oscillating magnetic bar. To exemplify a similar screening influence to that just mentioned, by means of distilled water at 32° of Fahrenheit's scale, or a little below, Mr. H. believes it would be requisite to obtain a slight action on the disc of iron at about thirty feet distance, so as to interpose nearly that thickness of ice. Mr. Harris accompanied his observations by occasional experimental illustrations: he seemed very carefully to distinguish between that magnetic state which amounts to a case of permanent polarity, and that induced or transient state which vanishes when the exciting cause is removed, to which he considered the immediate effects now in question might be referred; for whilst the intervening mass undergoes magnetic change by induction, it at the same time neutralises, in a greater or lesser degree, the power of the exciting magnet on a third substance.

In the library were many exceedingly interesting productions, amongst them several inventions of the lecturer; one called by him a Magnetometer, for the purpose of measuring the attractive or repulsive force under various circumstances; and another for the observation of oscillations in vacuo attracted considerable attention; as did also Mr. Parker's new Æro fountain lamp,* which was burning in the room. Our friends of the Zoological Society had sent a living chinchella; and Dr. Johnson had furnished some living specimens of the double-headed *planariæ*. There were also on the table singular specimens of crystallised glass; lead which had been perforated by insects; and a variety of other objects.

* See the interesting researches of Mr. Herschel, Mr. Babbage, and others, detailed in the Phil. Trans.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair. Another portion of Mr. Blackwall's communication on the structure and economy of the spider was read. Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart. was admitted a fellow. Dr. Lyall, late British resident at the Island of Madagascar, presented several hundred dried specimens of the plants of that island. It ought to have been stated in our last notice, that another paper, by Mr. Blackwall, being remarks on the *pulvilli* of insects, was read. The author chiefly dwelt upon the formation of the foot of the *musca domestica*, or common house-fly; demonstrating that the old doctrine of its walking on glass and against gravity, by vacuum, was incorrect.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Earl Stanhope in the chair. Various presents were announced; amongst others, seeds of the *hermodactyle*, from Sir Henry Halford, referred to by Mr. Trallian as a cure for gout, and having a strong analogy to colchicum; also several bottles of the madar powder, from Sir James Macgrigor, found to be useful in the cure of cutaneous eruptions. Mr. Gilbert Burnett delivered his inaugural address as professor of Botany. He dwelt with peculiar force on the question, as to whether many of the active agents sought from foreign countries might not be extracted from our native plants; observing, that the late discovery of salicine might be given as an illustration in the affirmative; for although we have been so long ploughing the Atlantic, and burdening the bosom of the deep, to bring home harvests of Peruvian ague-cure, the truly valuable cinchona salicine extracted from our willows, as far as experiments have as yet gone, proves equally efficient as a medicine with the quinine of Peruvian bark. The lecture, though necessarily very long, was listened to with undivided attention.

* Of this beautiful lamp we have given an account in another column.

SWAN RIVER.

[We are favoured with the following recent and interesting accounts from this new colony:—]

Perth Town, Swan River, Western Australia, Oct. 4, 1830.

My dear ——, A ship being about to sail in the course of a week for England, I must not lose the opportunity of giving you a few lines respecting our movements and the state of the colony. I am somewhat late in my communications to my friends; but as this is the second ship only that has sailed direct for England since our arrival, you must not attribute the delay to any neglect on my part. The information which I can give you may be implicitly depended on. By the late accounts from England, it appears that the most exaggerated and false reports prevail regarding the present state and probable prospects of the colony, like all other reports that are a mixture of truth and falsehood; and as it is usual to paint the latter in the brightest colours, so it usually stands foremost in the picture: they have been industriously disseminated by a set of idle, worthless vagabonds, and have been eagerly taken up by the inhabitants of Cape Town and Van Diemen's Land. Those two places are so excessively jealous of the colony of Swan River, lest the tide of emigration should turn towards us, that the former use every means in their power to induce the settlers in their way here to remain with them; and they have been, I am sorry to say, too successful, having detained nearly two hundred labourers. The grounds of complaint are, that the colony is not equal to the representations given of it, and that it has not answered their expectations. The account in the *Quarterly Review*, as far as it goes, is correct, with one exception; but the impression it is calculated to make, when in unison with the hopes of needy adventurers, is too favourable to be realised. The *Review* observes, that the land seen on the banks of the Swan is of a very superior description, and this is undoubtedly true; but the imagination and enthusiastic feelings of many have induced them to suppose that *all* the land on the banks of the Swan, and the whole country besides, is included in that description. Now, the good land is chiefly confined to the banks of the rivers, as you will see by a map which I have sent to ——; the rest is sandy, but it is covered throughout the year with luxuriant vegetation. The cause of this arises in some measure from the composition of the soil beneath, which, at an average depth of five or six feet, is principally clay, which holds the water in lagoons, that are to be met with in every hollow in every part of the country on this side the mountains. It unfortunately happens that none of the good land is to be seen even as far up the river as Perth, the whole soil of which is sandy; hence all new-comers are at first disappointed, and, without taking any further trouble to examine the country, leave the colony in disgust altogether. But it has now been found that the land at Perth, notwithstanding its unpromising appearance, possesses capabilities which intelligent and experienced persons foresaw, and that it only requires time and patience to develope its surprising qualities: at this moment there are vegetables growing to an enormous size, scarcely credible, and which for the sake of truth I actually measured. What say you to radishes twenty inches round, and grown in nothing

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but sand, without any manure or preparation of the ground? Turnips, cabbages, peas, lettuces, all flourish in the worst soils here; but I fear the climate is too warm for potatoes, though well adapted for most of the tropical fruits, as yams, bananas, &c. The soil and aspect of the country seems well suited for the vine, which, from the little experience we have had, does exceedingly well. There are no esculent productions worth mentioning indigenous, but there is some fine timber, which will no doubt become a valuable article of exportation; it is between the mahogany and the elder, and may be applied to all the purposes of the former; its greatest recommendation is, that the white ant will not touch it, and it will consequently be a great desideratum where that insect abounds. We have likewise the red and blue gum, but in no great quantity, in the immediate vicinity of Perth. The animal productions are the same as on the other side of the island, as also the birds. The rivers swarm with fish, every one of which is good eating; but it is only lately that we have been well supplied with them. There is abundance of lime-stone ready at hand in most parts of the river, as well as the finest and strongest clay, plenty of which runs along the shore that bounds Perth, for a mile and a half, as you will see by the map. Of the mineral resources of the country nothing is as yet known; for every one has been too much occupied in locating himself, to give that subject any attention. By the reports from England, it appears that from the misfortunes which happened to the first ships that came out, a very unfavourable opinion is formed of the safety of the port. Gage's roads afford a very good anchorage during the summer months; but, being exposed to the north-west winds, it is a very insecure station during the winter, the ground being rocky and a loose sand; but this evil, I am happy to say, is in a great measure obviated by the discovery of a good anchorage about four miles to the southward of the mouth of the river, and marked in the map as the Britannia roads. The bottom is firm holding ground, and has been proved to be a very secure anchorage during the late gales, when all the ships in Gage's roads went on shore, while those on the Britannia roads rode it out, with the exception of one ship, which broke her anchor. Besides, a passage has lately been found out from Gage's roads to Cockburn, into which ships may run, if they are too much leeward of the Britannia roads; so that you see we may always have a refuge from the storm. I hope you will take care to give publicity to *this* circumstance, because it is one upon which the success of the colony mainly depends. The bar at the mouth of the river, and the flats in various parts of its course, are a great drawback to our internal communications; but these evils will no doubt be remedied in the course of time, and that without much expense. There is a clear channel all the way up the river for vessels of 500 tons, commencing about a mile and a half above Freemantle to Perth; then there are a succession of flats until you pass the islands, where the navigation continues clear for many miles up the river.

The climate of Swan River is the most delightful that can be imagined, and must always prove a most powerful recommendation of the place. The atmosphere is so exhilarating, and the heat of the day is so deliciously tempered by the sea breezes, as to render it more salubrious and more congenial than any other on the face of the globe. I do not send you the range of the thermometer, because it does not altogether serve as a criterion to judge of the temperature, inasmuch as the degree of heat which would be intolerable in England is here most delightful. The prospects of the colony are every day improving, to the satisfaction of all classes; and the great number of respectable settlers, and their patience and perseverance in establishing themselves, are the surest grounds for the ultimate prosperity of the settlement. The only objections, as I can see, that can be urged with any degree of plausibility against the success of the colony, are, that the land at Perth and in the neighbourhood is not of that description to induce the settlers to cultivate, and that all the good land being now granted, there is no more on this side the mountains to satisfy the demands of new settlers; but these objections are, I am happy to say, about to be removed, as an ensign of the 63d regiment (a Mr. Dale) has lately returned from a tour of discovery into the interior, and has brought intelligence, that to the eastward of the Swan River there is a large and fertile tract of beautiful country, with a river passing through it, which, from a subsequent visit by Mr. Erskine, a lieutenant of the 63d, is likely to prove of the greatest importance to the colony. Those of the settlers who have not taken up their grants of land mean to secure them here, and myself among the number, a grant having been allowed me, at the rate of 3200 acres. The governor is quite delighted, and now considers the ultimate success of the colony to be certain; he intends visiting the country, and tracing the course of the river, in a few days; and it is my wish to accompany him, if possible, that I may select my own grant.

Inform me in your next whether you have any serious intentions of coming out: if you are determined to become a settler at Swan River, I should advise you not to delay, otherwise you may be put in the back settlements, and may lose the opportunity of an eligible appointment.

Our society consists chiefly of the government officers and their families, and are all pleasant and agreeable. The governor is much liked, and justly so; he is a most active, intelligent, and zealous man; his conduct is above all praise; his attention to the wants of the settlers and the interests of the colony entitle him to be called the father of the state. On the 23d of April, a levee was held at the Government House; and a dinner was afterwards given to his excellency by the magistrates and civil officers of the place, at the Perth hotel: we sat down about seventy, and at a time too when we were supposed to be in a state of starvation. The bachelors of Perth have issued invitations for a grand ball, to meet the governor and his lady on the 21st instant. We have a literary and philosophical institution, supported by all the most respectable settlers; it combines the advantages of a museum, library, and news-room: there is a whist club likewise for the gentlemen of Perth, who meet in rotation at each other's houses every Friday evening, which generally concludes with a good supper and all the convivialities of English society. Hence you will see that we are not so badly off, or so wretched, as reports will make us. In fact, the disagreeables and privations attendant upon the first stage of colonisation are passing by; every thing around us is assuming a more favourable appearance, and daily improving both in prospect and reality; tents and temporary sheds are giving way to substantial and comfortable buildings; and the settlers, beginning to enjoy themselves in a manner more congenial to their old habits, are happy and contented.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Davies Gilbert, Esq. V.P. in the chair. The reading of Professor Davy's paper on a new combination of chlorine and nitrous gas was concluded. Mr. Gilbert, in pursuance of the new statutes, gave notice that he would at the next meeting propose for immediate ballot the Bishop of Chichester. Baron Cuvier presented his edition of the Books of Pliny's Natural History relating to animals; Mr. Davies, his Tables of Life Contingencies; and the publisher, Rose's Manual of Chemistry, translated from the German.

The following is an abstract of Mr. Cadell's paper on the hour-lines of the ancients, which was read at a recent sitting:—

The hour-lines on the sun-dials of the ancient Greeks and Romans correspond to the division of the time between sunrise and sunset. An example of these hour-lines occurs in an ancient Greek sun-dial, forming part of the Elgin collection of marbles at the British Museum, and which there is reason to believe had been constructed during the reign of the Antonines. This dial contains the twelve hour-lines, drawn on two vertical planes, with one inclined to each other at an angle of 166°; the line bisecting that angle having been in the meridian. The hour-lines actually traced on the dial consist of such portions only as were requisite for the purpose the dial was intended to serve; and these portions are sensibly straight lines. But the author has shewn, in a paper published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, that if these lines are continued through the whole zone of the rising and setting semi-diurnal arcs, they will be found to be curves of double curvature on the sphere. In the present paper he enters into an investigation of the course of these curves; first selecting as an example the lines indicating the 3d and 9th hours of the ancients. These lines are found by the bisection of all the rising and setting semi-diurnal arcs, commencing from the southern point, where the meridian cuts the horizon, and proceeding till the line reaches to the first of the always apparent parallels; which being a complete circle, meets at the end of its first quadrant. At this point the branch of another and similar curve is continuous with it; namely, a curve, which in its course bisects another set of semi-diurnal arcs, belonging to a place situated on the same parallel of latitude as the first, but distant from it 180° in longitude. Continuing to trace the course of this curve along its different branches, we find it at last returning into itself, the whole curve being characterised by four points of flexure. If the describing point be considered as the extremity of a radius, it will be found that this radius has described in its revolution a conical surface, with two opposite undulations above and two below the equator. The right section of this cone presents two opposite hyperbolas between assymptotes, which cross one another at right angles. This cone varies in its breadth in different positions of the sphere; diminishing as the latitude of the place increases.

The cones, to which the other ancient hour-lines belong, are of the same description, having undulations alternately above and below the equator; but they differ from one another in the number of the undulations, and some of them require more than one revolution to complete their surface. The properties of the cones and lines thus generated, may be rendered evident by drawing the sections of the cones on

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the sphere in perspective, either on a cylindrical or on a plane surface; several examples of which are given in the paper.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, Mr. Hallam in the chair. John Bruce, Esq. exhibited a small silver box in the shape of a scull, beautifully executed, with anatomical precision, found near the site of the abbey of Abingdon: it had a ring attached for the purpose of suspension from the neck, and Mr. Bruce supposed it to be a relic case. He stated that relics were formerly worn as charms against disease; and quoted several writers on the subject of caskets and cases for relics, and their different materials. R. C. Hussey, Esq. shewed drawings of some stained glass at West Horsley, in Surrey; and from a comparison of the dresses and ornaments on this glass with the monument of Archbishop Grey at York, and that of Bishop Marshall in Exeter Cathedral, he considered it to be of the time of Henry the Third. Mr. Britton exhibited some fine drawings of Headingham Castle, Crosby Hall, and the Hall of Penshurst Place: in the latter there is a fire-place without chimney, in the centre of the room, with the dogs for holding the fire.* Mr. Gage, director, communicated some remarks on the proposed removal of the organ screen at York Cathedral, and, as illustrative of these remarks, Mr. Britton exhibited a drawing of the transepts and screen, shewing the relative position of the screen and the pillars of the tower. Mr. Gage observed, that it having been stated at one of the meetings of the subscribers to the restoration of York Minster, that the director of the Society of Antiquaries was in favour of the removal of the screen, he begged, though at the eleventh hour, to express his dissent from such an innovation (which he called a heresy in church architecture), upon one of the most splendid remains of the architecture of our ancestors. He observed the careful distribution of the several portions of the building, and compared it with the divisions of others of our most ancient and splendid cathedrals. The cancelli or screen, after the establishment of the pointed style of architecture, was universally placed against the eastern pillars of the lantern arch. He considered the date of the screen to be the early part of the reign of Edward the Fourth, and observed that great injury would be done to the effect of this beautiful specimen of ancient art, by removing it back from the full light which it now has; but still worse from mutilation, as it will be necessary to reduce it in size, in order to place it in the situation proposed, and the choir and lady's chapel must lose some of their proportions in consequence of the removal — and all this, when it is not pretended that the alteration is necessary, but merely to shew the pillars of the tower. Mr. Gage contended that it was an innovation which, in its consequences, mutilated, changed, and confounded the parts of the sanctuary, contrary to the rubric of the church of England; and objecting to the effect, he adverted to the changes at Ely, which he deprecated. Mr. Gage's letter is addressed to Mr. Cholmeley, of Bransby, and is in the press.

* So late as the year 1814, a similar fire-place was used to burn charcoal in the hall of Gray's Inn: it was placed in the centre, immediately under the lantern, and the benchers sat round it at a circular table.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Professor of Sculpture delivered the first of his course of lectures for the season in the Royal Academy on Monday evening; Sir M. A. Shee, the President, in the chair. — In its general character the lecture was not materially distinguished from that of last year. Mr. Westmacott dwelt most forcibly on the necessity of the observance of those elementary principles which directed the practice of the Greek sculptors; — the necessity, indeed, of these principles, and of some standard to guide the artist, and direct the public opinion, was felt at a very early period by that people; and the astonishing productions which burst forth on the eighty-fourth Olympiad, was the effect of that spirit of progression and improvement which had been so rigidly enforced in the Syconian and Eginetan schools. In his history of the art, Mr. Westmacott avoided, as far as possible, archæological disquisition; confining himself, in his review of the various epochs and distinguishing qualities of each, to the developement of those principles which would contribute most to promote the progress of his art, and lead to practical utility: these epochs were exemplified by various interesting drawings from Egyptian, Etruscan, or early Greek works, and others from the earliest periods to the age of Pisistratus.

The lecture was attended by a numerous assemblage of the R.A. and distinguished men in science and archæology.

Edward Landseer, Esq. whose brilliant talents well entitle him to the honours of his profession, was on Thursday week elected a Royal Academician. The vacancy was made by the death of the late president.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Dutch Girl. Painted by G. S. Newton. Engraved by G. T. Doo. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

ONE of the most fascinating and admirably engraved fancy subjects which has appeared for a long period. It is pleasing in itself, and a perfect gem of art. Great and deserved popularity is certain.

The Empty Wallet. Painted by J. Inskipp. Engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS is another very sweet subject, with more of the pathetic than the arch in expression. In another style, it does great credit to Mr. Giller.

Bust of William IV.—A pretty little bronze bust of his Majesty, a likeness, and of a most convenient size for chimney or boudoir-table ornament, has just appeared. The resemblance of William IV. to George III. is very striking in this small but lasting production.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Fourth notice.]

No. 289. *Highland Game.* Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.—As beautiful a little cabinet piece of finishing as we ever beheld.

No. 291. *Ware Hare!* A. Cooper, R.A. —"Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?" Has the huntsman himself been guilty of no blunder in the performance of his duties? But this is "to consider too curiously." The action of the whipper-in, and the alarm of the dog, are naturally though painfully represented.

No. 297. *A Sea Beach, with Figures.* T. S. Good.—In composition, character, and finishing, one of the artist's *goodest* productions.

No. 302. *The Bitter Morning.* R. W. Buss. —Quite in season: our feelings are perfectly in unison with the subject which Mr. Buss has here so humorously and cleverly treated. The misery of quitting a warm bed, and the operation of shaving, with its cutting liabilities, in this cutting weather, are scarcely balanced by the prospect of a blazing fire and a substantial breakfast. But if this be the case with the well-provided, what must be the bitterness of such a morning to those who awake to the consciousness of pinching necessity of every kind!

> "Take physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
> And shew the heavens more just."

No. 303. *Mercury, in the disguise of a Clown, playing Argus asleep, in order to release Io from the shape of a Cow.* B. R. Haydon.— We fear that subjects of this class are very little in request at the present day; and that an artist, whatever may be his talents, would have a much better chance of encouragement and patronage, by employing those talents in painting a prize ox, rather than a classical cow. There is great skilfulness of composition and richness of colour, as well as a beautiful effect of sunlight, in this able performance.

No. 319. *Preparing for the Portrait.* T. Clater.—Highly creditable to the artist, as regards both fidelity of imitation and power of execution. We do not recollect to have seen the gloss of satin, the Persian tapestry, and the several other accessories introduced into this picture, more successfully painted by the best masters of the Flemish school.

No. 320. *An Arabian Mare and Foal.* James Ward, R.A.—A charming picture of its kind. What a powerful sentiment of affection in the mother! What delightful vivacity in the offspring! And through the whole (with the exception of one spot of light, near the window, which strikes us as being rather out of harmony), the most luminous and picturesque effect conceivable.

No. 331. *Part of the Interior of the Convent of St. Benedetto, near Rome; Peasants at their Devotion to the Madonna.* J. Stevens.—This singular performance is evidently an experiment. It is painted on a granulated or sandy ground, which, where it is not sufficiently covered, sadly mars the effect. Although not very skilfully composed, some of the individual characters are of a very superior order, and are very ably treated.

No. 337. *Departure for Waterloo.* R. Edmonstone.—A kind of parody on the parting of Hector and Andromache, in which Mr. Edmonstone has manifested his usual skill in character, expression, and execution.

No. 345. *An Interior of a Picture Gallery, with Portraits.* P. C. Wonder. — Subjects of this kind are always attended with difficulty, and are generally deficient in that essential quality of art, effect. There is always a contention between the paintings and the living persons; and when, as in the present instance, those living persons are individuals of high rank and character, the evil is likely to be still greater. How could it be expected that the artist should keep Lord Farnborough in the back ground, throw a half tint over Sir Robert Peel and the Hon. Agar Ellis, or involve Sir George Murray, Mr. Watson Taylor, and the Rev. Holwell Carr, in deep shadow? Under such circumstances, it would have required a *miracle* to insure success: as it is, however, the performance is a *wonder*.

No. 351. *Jealousy.* R. T. Bone.—A sketchy but spirited performance; beautiful in colouring, and full of what may be termed pictorial romance.

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No. 364. *The tired Model.* R. T. Lonsdale.—The tired model is a dog, and the painter is, we understand, the veteran Northcote, who is endeavouring to rouse the jaded animal by tinkling a brass pan at his ear. Mr. Lonsdale has introduced a number of objects of still life, which are finished in a very fine style of art.

No. 366. *Ullswater, from Yew Crag.* T. C. Hofland.—This artist's works have always a skill in execution which cannot fail to recommend them. The effect in the beautiful scene under our notice is so calm and tranquil, that it must have a soothing influence over all who gaze upon it.

No. 367. *Lucentio, Hortensia, and Bianca. Taming of the Shrew.* Miss Alabaster.—We regret, on our own account, as well as on that of the fair artist, that this apparently clever performance is not placed in a situation in which its executive merits might have been more thoroughly appreciated.

No. 373. *Magdalen College, Oxford.* A. G. Vickers.—Full of talent; although, like some other performances by this able artist, rather too ashy in its tone.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE incomparable David has at length arrived, and consequently triumphed, in London. What would we not have given to have heard this great singer in his prime! Even as he is, a shadow of his former self, he is so far superior to any thing we could have imagined, that the pilgrimages made by his countrymen from all parts of Italy to the happy city that possessed him, are no longer extraordinary in our eyes. *Ricciardo è Zoraide* was performed on Saturday, for the purpose of introducing him to an English audience. His reception on his *entrée* was most enthusiastic: his appearance was against him. A tall, thin, (we may almost say) emaciated figure, vilely dressed; the shawl twisted about his neck and shoulders adding very unnecessarily to the height of the latter; his carriage awkward, and his action so extravagant, as to remind one of those caricatures of Italian opera singers which used to figure in the print-shops in our boyish days. Here was nothing particularly prepossessing. His opening recitative also betrayed the ravages time had made upon his voice; but the first aria banished every doubt of the justice with which he had been entitled the first tenor in the world. David sings with all his heart and with all his soul; exuberant in his ornament to a degree unparalleled in our experience, he never for an instant loses the expression of the sentiment. His hands, his whole frame, trembled with the excess of his feeling. Be it wrath or be it love, the *roulades*, which in another would seem ridiculously out of place, with him are outpourings of the spirit. The florid style is our abhorrence; but David, though the king of cadences, renders them so beautifully subservient to the sentiment, invests them with such meaning and character, that, having once heard, we could not tolerate the air without them. The compass of his voice is very extensive, and his shake is singularly perfect; a most rare circumstance on the Italian stage, where it is little encouraged. His eyes are good, and the general character of his face pleasing. A slight resemblance to Velluti was observed by several persons near us; but we imagine it arose more from a similarity of gesture than of features. His duet with Zoraide in the second act, and the exquisite air which terminates the opera, were vehemently encored; and on the fall of the curtain, loud calls for David were mingled with the "bravos" and "bravissimos" of the whole house. He came forward, bowed his gratitude, and retired amidst renewed and redoubled plaudits. A Mademoiselle Beck made her first appearance the same evening, and sung with taste and judgment. Curioni was in capital voice; but Miss Fanny Ayton—it needed all the witchery of David to drive the "cruel and barbarous murder" of the delicious "Cruda Sorte" out of our ears!

DRURY LANE.

THE oratorios commenced here last night: of course too late for us to notice them this week. The most striking feature in the bill, however, after the announcement of Braham and Miss Paton, is the following piece of composition:—"The whole of the band of this theatre is engaged, *and which is of* the grandest and most extensive scale."

COVENT GARDEN.

YESTERDAY week was produced *Comrades and Friends*, a translation of Monsieur D'Aubigny's *Deux Sergents*. It has been well characterised as "one of the condemned-to-be-shot-but-miraculously-saved school." We really had begun to imagine that the "make-ready"—"present," and *not* "fire" melodramatists, had contentedly settled down in Surrey; but alack!

> "They rise again
> With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
> And push us from our stools!"

To atone, however, for the staleness of the *dénouement*, we have, certainly, some astounding novelties in the progress of the plot. Two *sergeants* of a French regiment of the line are *sentinels on the same post*, and permit "a mother seeking her husband" (we quote the translator's own bit of pathos), to pass the *cordon sanitaire*. For this act of humanity they are sentenced to be shot; but the court, taking the motive into consideration, consents to be satisfied with one life, and permits the culprits to cast lots for the chance of escape. The loser has a wife and child, who have been ignorant of his fate for five years, and he wishes to give them personally the pleasant information that he is not yet dead, but that he is going to die the next morning. "The fortunate holder of the highest number," (as the late lottery bills would have expressed it,) magnanimously offers to do Pythias to his friend's Damon; and, taking the chance of his return in time to be shot, absolutely succeeds in persuading the officer commissioned to witness the fatal raffling, to falsify his report to the court-martial! Away goes the modern Damon to the Isle of Rosas, in a *sailing* packet, too! to time his passage with more certainty. The commander of the said packet burns it, to prevent his return. Burns a government packet, gentle reader!—and at the suggestion of an adjutant, the very complaisant officer aforesaid!—"The captain's a bold man." A Portuguese vessel, however, touches at the island, and our Damon, of course, arrives just time enough to be present at the "present," and to put out the "fire" with his own pardon tied to a colonel's commission, he having been originally a much-belied paymaster, suspected unjustly of eloping with the military chest of his regiment!—"No waiter, in short, but a knight templar." Warde was the *Damon*, Abbot the *Pythias*. Miss Taylor—poor Miss Taylor! was condemned to play the heroine. Mrs. Chatterley had about a dozen lines to say in the first scene of the second act; and Mrs. Vining, as the wife, we presume, of the jailer, walked about in a hat and forty thousand feathers. The actors did their utmost, and the audience were satisfied—why should not we be? Mr. Pocock has been named as the prescriber of this "mixture as before." The dramatiser of *Rob Roy, Hit or Miss*, and the *Miller and his Men*, ought to have known—and what is a still more serious charge—*does* know better.

On Thursday, *Much Ado about Nothing* was played with a strong cast. Miss F. Kemble the *Beatrice*, Miss Taylor *Hero*, C. Kemble *Benedict*, *Dogberry* Blanchard, *Verges* Keeley, besides Warde, Bartley, Abbott, and others, filled the comedy to the entire satisfaction of the audience. We have not time, now, for criticism.

VARIETIES.

New British Heath.—A heath which was regarded as being indigenous only to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean and to Portugal (*Erica Mediterranea*), has been found by Mr. Mackay, of the Dublin Botanic Garden, growing in "prodigious abundance" in the mountainous district of Cunnemara. This is the most important addition which has, of late years, been made to the Irish Flora.

New Lamp.—Among the useful applications of scientific knowledge to our improvement in domestic articles, we have this week to mention a lamp of a new construction, and on a new principle, which was exhibited on Friday at the Royal Institution, and one of which is now burning on our table before us, affording us the light by which we describe its brilliancy and good qualities. It is the invention of Mr. Parker; and certainly for illumination is equal to oil gas, which it surpasses in steadiness and equability. The essence of the invention is, that a column of air keeps the oil always at the proper height of the wick, so that the flame is continually of the same splendour, without flickering. Yet the machinery is most simple, and the form agreeable. There are no rims to cause shadows; and altogether we do not know when we have been more pleased with a thing of the kind for daily use or ornament. The new lamp is truly a new light.

Mr. Holman.—Our famed blind traveller, we learn, left Calcutta in August last, and has since been heard of from Singapore. He is on his road to the celestial empire.

Cleanliness of Birds.—The following curious fact is mentioned by Mr. Ainsworth in a communication on the cleanliness of animals.—(*Journ. Roy. Institution, No. II.*) "Walking one day along the shore of Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, I disturbed an ash-coloured sanderling (*Calidris islandica* Steph.), which flew heedlessly, and as if injured. On shooting the bird, I found that it was covered with vermin, more especially about the head; so much so, that the poor thing must have fallen a victim to their tormenting ravages: on further examination, I found that it had lost one of its legs, so that it was from its incapability to rid itself of these insects that their extraordinary increase was to be attributed. Poultry (the same naturalist remarks) which run about in stony or paved yards, wear away the points of their claws by friction and digging, which renders them unfit to penetrate their coating of feathers; they are, therefore, more covered with vermin, and in consequence more sickly than fowls from the country."

British Frogs.—The natter-jack was ad-

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mitted into the British Fauna on the authority of Sir Joseph Banks. Mr. Gray states it to be very common on Blackheath, and on Putney and Clapham commons. Its croak is very peculiar. The edible frog, admitted by naturalists as British, is not to be found in Great Britain: we have thus less credit than might be supposed for our not eating these reptiles.

Madarine, a new Vegetable Principle.—Dr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, has obtained a peculiar principle, which he names madarine, from the madar plant (*Calotropis madarii*), known in the East as a powerful medicine.

Extraction of Potash from certain Minerals.—This alkali, so important in the arts, may, it is stated, be extracted from minerals containing it, by a very ample process. This consists in merely calcining them with lime, and then leaving them for some time in contact with water, which is afterwards filtered and evaporated. M. Fuchs, as quoted in the *Ann. de l'Industrie*, states, that he has in this manner obtained from 19 to 20 per cent of potash from felspar, and from 15 to 16 per cent from mica.

New Species of Felspar.—Professor Gustavus Rose, of Berlin, has found that the glassy felspar from Laachek, on the Rhine, and from Vesuvius, forms a distinct species. The observed faces have nearly all the faces of the Adularia, and the same parallelism of edges. Professor Rose is expected, now that he is returned from his journey with Humboldt, to give an analysis of this species.

Okenite.—This new mineral species has been detected by Professor Kobell, of Munich, among the zeolitic minerals from Greenland, and named in honour of the celebrated naturalist Professor Oken, of Munich. The mineral is found at Kudlisat, in Disco island, and forms an amygdaloid of a fibrous or thin radiated structure. Colour, white, yellowish, and bluish white; translucent; lustre, pearly; hardness, between that of felspar and fluor; specific gravity = 2·28; formula, C. S^4 + 2 *Ag*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. VIII. Feb.* 19.]

NEW PUBLISHING SCHEME.—Many of our readers have, no doubt, seen a prospectus for opening a new publishing shop, under the direction of a committee of twenty-one managers;—a scheme which, we fancy, however well intended, not only never can succeed, but never can be begun. For though we see the names of several much-esteemed friends of ours at the head of it, we must say the plan seems really to want all that could recommend a design of the kind to success. It wants the sinews of adequate capital; it wants concentration in its direction; it wants the details of business; it wants premises for a local habitation; it wants agents to publish what it may adopt; it wants authority competent to judge of what deserves publicity;—in short, it wants every thing but a humane and worthy object. So apparent are these defects, that though several meetings have been held, they have attracted little or no attention and support. The last meeting went off like the preceding, with an adjournment to the 15th of next month.

Killarney Legends, edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.; being a new edition, revised and corrected, of the Legends of the Lakes, with contributions from the Hon. Mrs. Norton, G. P. R. James, Esq., &c.; and illustrated by six engravings of scenery.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Marshall's Naval Operations in Ava, 8vo. 6*s*. bds.—Treatise on Doubts in Religious Questions, 12mo. 5*s*. bds.—Warner's Anti-Materialist, a Manual for Youth, 12mo. 4*s*. bds.—Lawrence's Complete Cattle-Keeper, 12mo. 4*s*. bds.—Navy at Home, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l*. 1*s*. bds.—Story of Ginevra, from Ariosto, 8vo. 3*s*. bds.—Chronological and Genealogical Maps and Tables, for the use of Harrow School, 4to. 8*s*. 6*d*. hf.-bd.—Key to Jamieson's Algebra, 8vo. 8*s*. bds.—Pinnock's Grammar of Ancient Geography and History, 18mo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.; New Latin Vocabulary, 18mo. 2*s*. sheep.—Bishop of London's Prayers, new edition, 18mo. enlarged, 2*s*. sheep; 3*s*. black calf; 6*s*. morocco.—Payson's Sermons, 8vo. 15*s*. bds.—Reece's Medical Annual, royal 8vo. 5*s*. bds.—Foster's Algebra, 8vo. 4*s*. bds.—Klattowsky's German Manual, 2 vols. 12mo. 1*l*. 1*s*. bds.—Lachlan's Agapæ, or Sacred Love-Pledge, 12mo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.; 12*s*. silk.—Müller's Dorians, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 10*s*. bds.—Southey's Attempts in Verse, &c. crown 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Parnell on Financial Reform, new edition, 18mo. 6*s*. bds.—Deacon's Digest of the Criminal Law of England, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l*. 15*s*. bds.—Select Library, Vol. I., Ellis's Researches, Vol. I. fcp. 6*s*. bds.—Michell's Siege of Constantinople, 8vo. 5*s*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

February.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 10	From 43. to 57.	30.11 to 30.15
Friday ···· 11	—— 42. — 55.	30.13 — 30.18
Saturday·· 12	—— 42. — 55.	30.18 — 30.21
Sunday···· 13	—— 42. — 49.	30.16 — 30.11
Monday ·· 14	—— 40. — 48.	30.13 — 30.15
Tuesday ·· 15	—— 36. — 47.	30.06 — 29.90
Wednesday 16	—— 35. — 50.	29.76 — 29.93

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 13th, generally clear; rain fell on the mornings of the 12th and 16th—mizzling rain during the 13th.

Rain fallen, ·225 of an inch.

In compliance with the request of a correspondent, we here subjoin a tabular view of the extreme heights of the thermometer for the month of February since 1808.

1809 the maximum was	53°	1820 the maximum was	52°
1810	54	1821	52
1811	54	1822	56
1812	54	1823	50
1813	56	1824	56
1814	49	1825	54
1815	55	1826	54
1816	52	1827	54
1817	55	1828	56
1818	54	1829	56
1819	55	1830	53

From the above table it will be seen that the temperature on the 9th inst. exceeded the mean of the maximum of the past twenty-two years by rather more than 8°.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude····· 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1830.

(*Kept at Edmonton.*)

Month.	*Thermometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Barometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Rain.* In Inches.	*Winds.* N.	N.E.	E.	S.E.	S.	S.W.	W.	N.W.
January··	43	5	30·14	38	30·52	28·59	29·21	1·93	1·375	3	1				3½		
February··	56	2	33·69	54	30·26	28·90	29·36	1·36	1·55					1	12	5½	3
March ··	70	24	47·82	46	30·50	29·96	30·0205	1·14	·225						18	3	4
April ····	73	19	48·52	54	30·14	29·16	29·7288	·98	2·675						19½		3½
May ····	80	30	55·1	50	30·21	29·34	29·8236	·87	2·6						11½	6	5
June ····	76	36	56·76	40	30·06	29·39	29·7456	·67	3·130						4½	16½	9
July ····	84	41	63·66	43	30·29	29·41	29·8509	·88	1·4						2	20	6
August ··	75	33	59·25	42	30·16	29·36	29·8403	·80	2·650							7½	1
September	69	35	54·4	34	30·28	29·22	29·5203	1·06	3·00							21	2
October··	69	37	51·75	42	30·44	29·64	30·1402	·80	·650							13	5
November	60	33	44·17	37	30·33	29·03	29·747	1·25	3·275							20½	7
December	49	8·5	35·18	31·5	30·26	28·90	29·5530	1·36	1·325							4½	4
Year··	84	2	49·21	82	30·52	28·59	29·8930	1·93	23·655	11	26	35	22	56	43	90	48

The mode of keeping the above register is as follows:—the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer, in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

(*Kept at High Wycombe, Bucks.*)

Month.	*Thermometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Barometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Rain.* In Inches.	*Winds.* N.	N.E.	E.	S.E.	S.	S.W.	W.	N.W.
January··	43	10	26·50	33	30·35	29·50	29·71849	1·05	2·61375	3	4	3	5	4	8	6	4
February··	60	10	35	50	30·08	29·12	29·62036	0·96	2·39875		2	5	5	10	1	5	1
March ··	70	30	50	40	30·34	29·14	29·82376	1·20	0·725	1	1	3	1	3	4	7	1
April ····	78	27	51·50	49	29·95	28·93	29·502	1·02	3·13875	4	2	4	2	9	2	3	3
May ····	78	42	60	36	30·03	29·04	29·60677	0·99	3·75	2	1	1	2	5	3	6	1
June ····	74	47	60·50	27	29·85	29·14	29·56444	0·71	4·11875	1	1	1	1	10	2	8	1
July ····	85	51	68	34	30·08	29·18	29·69031	0·90	2·45475	1	2	1	2	5	2	10	7
August ··	75	44	59·50	31	29·98	29·10	29·62709	0·88	2·43075		2	1	1	11	3	7	6
September	70	47	58·50	23	30·10	28·96	29·51877	1·14	3·525	2	2		3		11	8	4
October··	71	36	53·50	35	30·96	29·42	29·9558	0·84	1·1375						7	7	4
November	59	31	45	28	30·15	28·89	29·55655	1·33	3·01275					3	2	6	4
December	48	13	30·50	35	30·19	28·65	29·03784	1·54	1·695					1		7	1
Year··	85	10	49·875		30·35	28·50	29·60254		31·02575	14	31	35	73	36	95	96	55

(*Kept at Wendover, Bucks.*)

Month.	*Thermometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Barometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Rain.* In Inches.	*Winds.* N.	N.E.	E.	S.E.	S.	S.W.	W.	N.W.
January··	43	10	26·50	33	30·10	28·32	29·21	1·78	2·97	11		1	4	7	2	4	
February··	60	10	35	50	30	28·90	29·45	1·10	2·31			4	6	7	8	5	4
March ··	70	30	50	40	30·20	28·80	29·50	1·40	0·37	3	1	2	1	4	10	4	1
April ····	78	27	51·50	49	29·88	28·88	29·38	1·0	4·17	3	1	3	5	1	5	9	3
May ····	78	42	60	36	29·88	29	29·44	0·88	3·97	1	4	3	5	6	1	2	2
June ····	74	47	60·50	27	29·60	29·03	29·315	0·57	4·44	1	3	1	6	10	2	4	3
July ····	85	51	68	34	29·60	29·12	29·36	0·48	1·98	1	3	1	4	6	2	11	4
August ··	75	44	59·50	31	29·75	28·98	29·365	0·77	3·25	1	5	5	4	2	3	11	6
September	70	47	58·50	23	29·92	28·83	29·375	1·09	4·29	1				12	6	6	
October··	71	36	53·50	35	30·15	29·28	29·715	0·87	0·662		6	4	2	2	12	7	1
November	59	31	45	28	30·15	28·40	29·275	1·75	4·367	1	7	3	2	5	3	3	3
December	48	13	30·50	35	30·16	28·53	29·345	1·63	2·28	1	3	4		4			
Year··	85	10	49·875		30·20	28·32	29·394		35·079	26	35	22	56	36	43	90	48

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry we have not room for R. E. of Redruth's letter.

The statement respecting partialities in adjudging the honours at Cambridge, is under consideration.

The Mr. Rogers who invites us to see some ancient

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carvings and basso-relievos, would have been more intelligible if he had told us where.

We regret that we cannot insert J. A. of New York's verses to the memory of J. Keats. By the by, postages across the Atlantic, "per ship Ontario," &c. are no trifles.

Neither has J. W. R., though pleasing, found sufficient favour in our sight for publication.

In our account of Mr. Thomas Hope is a sentence, which, from the hurried manner in which our multifarious sheet is sometimes put to press, is not only incomplete, but not expressive of our own opinion. Speaking of Downing College, the sentence should have run—"the part erected has been generally disapproved by those persons who consider that Gothic designs are more in harmony with the college buildings of Oxford and Cambridge; and where that style has recently been successfully imitated both by Mr. Wilkins and some other professional gentlemen." We have too high an admiration of Mr. Wilkins' talents to question their application.

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The Effects of the principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, and of Civic States and Habits of Living, on Health and Longevity: with a particular reference to the Trades and Manufactures of Leeds; and Suggestions for the Removal of many of the Agents which produce Disease, and shorten the Duration of Life. By C. Turner Thackrah. 8vo. pp. 126. London, 1831, Longman and Co.; Leeds, Baines and Co.

"This paper (says the author in his conclusion) has proved much longer than I expected; and its details, I fear, have been often tedious and desultory. There has been a frequent repetition of facts and opinions,—sometimes from design, often from oversight. For the *limæ labor* I have now neither time nor inclination. Careless of criticism, and indifferent to literary reputation, I have sought to be useful. The uncertainty of life, and the sense of responsibility, urge us to spend our short-lived day less in matters of taste and refinement, than in pursuits which we believe calculated to relieve human suffering, and promote human happiness."

Useful in an eminent measure do we consider Mr. Thackrah's inquiries and publication calculated to be. Practical research has led him to an accumulation of facts at once curious in themselves, and vitally interesting to every living being; for though confined to Leeds and its vicinity, the results apply to every part of the country, and to every condition of life. "If we look immediately at home (he says), we observe the wonders which science and art have effected. We see large buildings, manufactures of almost every kind, and substances, so changed, reformed, and combined, that nature could scarcely know her own productions. We admire the inventions of science, alike in their minuteness and their size, their accuracy, and their extent of operation. We see wool converted into cloth in establishments so numerous and extensive as almost to supply the civilised world: we see the slight blue-flowered product of the field formed, in the same mill, into the thread which passes through the eye of the needle, and into the canvass which bears our ships to every region of the globe: we see rough and massive minerals drawn from the bowels of the earth, converted, on the one hand, into instruments which surpass in power the united strength of the largest animals, and on the other, formed into the finest and most delicate pieces of mechanism. These, and works like these, are assuredly wonderful. But while we admire, let us examine. What are the effects of these surprising works—effects, I mean physical and moral? I say nothing of the wealth they produce, or have produced—for wealth is good or evil according to its application: I refer to the health of fifty thousand persons who spend their lives in the manufactories of Leeds and its neighbourhood, or in allied and dependent occupations. I ask, if these fifty thousand persons enjoy that vigour of body which is ever a direct good, and without which all other advantages are comparatively worthless? I ask, if the duration of life is as great here as in the agricultural districts? To the first inquiry, the mere appearance of our population affords a reply. Take indifferently twenty well-fed husbandmen, and compare them with twenty manufacturers who have equal means of support, and the superiority of the agricultural peasants in health, vigour, and size, will be obvious. Medical men, moreover, have daily proof of the ill effects on the human constitution which our employments produce. They find a number, a variety, and a complexity of diseases, which are little known in country practice, and which, though not directly fatal, greatly reduce the powers of life. The second inquiry will be most satisfactorily answered by reference to the bills of mortality. In the returns of population for the year 1821, as taken according to the act of parliament, we find the following statement in reference to the three Ridings:—

Allowing 20,000 persons in each Riding, there were living in 1821—

	E. R.	N. R.	W. R.
Under 5 years of age	2870	2775	3381
5 to 10	2573	2643	2768
10 — 15	2260	2231	2370
15 — 20	1977	1990	2083
20 — 30	3629	3914	3098
30 — 40	2396	2208	2267
40 — 50	2067.4	1843.7	1702.2
50 — 60	1393.2	1420.2	1204.5
60 — 70	914.0	1103.7	815.3
70 — 80	474.4	629.0	377.9
80 — 90	135.7	208.6	94.22
90 — 100	8.6	20.48	7.43
100 and above	.42	.83	.09

This table does not shew the proportion of children who die under the age of five years; but on other periods its bearings are important. We find that though the number of children living at the time of the calculation is considerably greater in the West than in the other Ridings—about six of the first class in the West to five of the same class in the North—the disparity gradually diminishes as we proceed to the succeeding classes; in other words, we find that considerably more persons die before they arrive at manhood in the West Riding, than in the North or East. As we advance further, we observe that in the ages between forty and fifty the scale turns still more evidently against the West; for though, as we know from other sources, the births in the West Riding considerably exceed those of each other of the Ridings, the number of persons between the age of forty and fifty is actually less in the West than in either the North or East. The same decreasing ratio we find to continue till we arrive at the term 80—90; and though the estimate of more advanced periods is, probably from the comparative paucity of numbers in the returns, rather irregular, yet the West Riding is still below either of the others. It is therefore evident that the *duration of human life is considerably less in the West Riding, the manufacturing district, than in other parts of Yorkshire.* To come more immediately home,—let us compare the mortality in Leeds with that of a town destitute of manufactures, and afterwards with that of a merely agricultural district. I take at random Ripon and Pickering Lythe. In 1821 the population of the town and borough of Leeds was 83,796, and the burials were 1516, or one death in 55 persons. In the liberty of Ripon at the same time, the population was 12,131, and the burials were 180, or one death in 67½. But Ripon being subject, in a degree at least, to the evils of a town, we are required to compare the mortality at Leeds with that of an agricultural district, where the people and their habitations are not crowded. Pickering Lythe returned in 1821 a population of 15,232, and the number of burials 205; one death consequently in 74 persons. Taking, then, the mortality at Pickering Lythe as the natural one, there was an excess of 321 deaths in the borough of Leeds during the year 1821. And allowing for the increase of population since that period, we may fairly say that at least 450 persons die annually in the borough of Leeds, from the injurious effects of manufactures, the crowded state of population, and the consequent bad habits of life. We may say that every day of the year is carried to the grave the corpse of an individual whom nature would have long preserved in health and vigour;—every day we see sacrificed to the artificial state of society, one, and sometimes two victims, whom the destinies of nature would have spared. The destruction of 450 persons year by year in the borough of Leeds cannot be considered by any benevolent mind as an insignificant affair. Still less can the impaired health, the lingering ailments, the premature decay, mental and corporeal, of nine-tenths of the survivors, be a subject of indifference. Assuredly, an examination into the state of our manufactures has long been demanded, alike by humanity and by science. The object of this paper is to excite the public attention to the subject. Myself and my pupils have personally and carefully inspected the state of the artisans in most kinds of manufacture, examined the agencies believed to be injurious, conversed on the subject with masters, overlookers, and the more intelligent workmen, and obtained many tables illustrating the character of the disorders prevalent in the several kinds of employ. From these sources collectively, I have drawn up statements, which, though avowedly imperfect, must, I conceive, approach to the truth."

Mr. Thackrah then goes into his striking details, dividing, for that purpose, the population into four great classes of operatives, dealers, master-manufacturers and merchants, and professional men; and examining "the atmosphere they breathe—the muscular exercise they take—the postures of body they maintain—the variations of temperature and humidity to which they are exposed—their diet and habits of life; and finally, in some classes, their state of mind." We will display some of the results in almost a tabular form.

OUT OF DOORS.

"*Butchers*, and the slaughtermen, their

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wives, and their errand-boys, almost all eat fresh-cooked meat at least twice a-day. They are plump and rosy. They are generally also cheerful and good-natured. Neither does their bloody occupation, nor their beef-eating, render them savage, as some theorists pretend, and even as the English law presumes. They are not subject to such anxieties as the fluctuations of other trades produce—for meat is always in request; and butchers live comfortably in times as well of general distress as of general prosperity. They are subject to few ailments, and these the result of plethora." Though more free from diseases than other trades, they, however, do not enjoy greater longevity; on the contrary, Mr. T. thinks their lives shorter than those of other men who spend much time in the open air.*

Cattle and horse dealers are generally healthy, except when their habits are intemperate.

Fishmongers, though much exposed to the weather, are hardy, temperate, healthy, and long lived.

Cart-drivers, if sufficiently fed and temperate, the same.

Labourers in husbandry, &c. suffer from a deficiency of nourishment.

Brickmakers, with full muscular exercise in the open air, though exposed to vicissitudes of cold and wet, avoid rheumatism and inflammatory diseases, and attain good old age.

Chaise-drivers, postilions, coachmen, guards, &c., from the position of the two former on the saddle, irregular living, &c., and from the want of muscular exercise in the two latter, are subject to gastric disorders, and, finally, apoplexy and palsy, which shortens their lives.

Carpenters, coopers, wheelwrights, &c. healthy and long lived.

Smiths, often intemperate, and die comparatively young.

Rope-makers and gardeners suffer from their stooping postures.

Paviers, subject to complaints in the loins, increasing with age, but they live long.

IN-DOOR OCCUPATIONS.

Tailors,† notwithstanding their confined atmosphere and bad posture, are not liable to acute diseases, but give way to stomach complaints and consumption. "It is apparent, even from observing only the expression of countenance, the complexion, and the gait, that the functions of the stomach and the heart are greatly impaired, even in those who consider themselves well. We see no plump and rosy tailors; none of fine form and strong muscle. The spine is generally curved: the reduction in the circumference of the chest is not so much as we might expect; the average of our measurements presented 33 to 34 inches, while that of other artisans is about 36. The capacity of the lungs, as evinced by measuring the air thrown out at an expiration, is not less than common: the average of six individuals was 7¾ pints. The prejudicial influence of their employ is more insidious than urgent—it undermines rather than destroys life. * * * Of twenty-two of the workmen employed in Leeds, not one had attained the age of sixty; two had passed fifty; and of the rest, not more than two had reached forty. We heard of an instance or two of great age; but the individuals had lived chiefly in the country."

Staymakers have their health impaired, but live to a good average.

Milliners, dress-makers, and straw-bonnet-makers, are unhealthy and short lived.

Spinners, cloth-dressers, weavers, &c. &c., are more or less healthy, as they have exercise and air. Those exposed to inhale imperceptible particles of dressings, &c., such as frizers, suffer from disease, and are soonest cut off.

Shoemakers are placed in a bad posture:—"Digestion and circulation are so much impaired, that the countenance would mark a shoemaker almost as well as a tailor. We suppose that, from the reduction of perspiration and other evacuations, in this and similar employments, the blood is impure, and consequently the complexion darkened. The secretion of bile is generally unhealthy, and bowel complaints are frequent. The capacity of the lungs, in the individuals examined, we found to average six and one-third, and the circumference of the chest thirty-five inches. In the few shoemakers who live to old age, there is often a remarkable hollow at the base of the breast-bone, occasioned by the pressure of the last."

Curriers and leather-dressers are very healthy, and live to old age.

Saddlers lean much forward, and suffer accordingly from headach and indigestion.

Printers (our worthy co-operators) "are kept in a confined atmosphere, and generally want exercise. Pressmen, however, have good and varied labour. Compositors are often subjected to injury from the types. These, a compound of lead and antimony, emit, when heated, a fume which affects respiration, and are said also to produce partial palsy of the hands. Among the printers, however, of whom we have inquired, care is generally taken to avoid composing till the types are cold, and thus no injury is sustained. The constant application of the eyes to minute objects gradually enfeebles these organs. The standing posture long maintained here, as well as in other occupations, tends to injure the digestive organs. Some printers complain of disorder of the stomach and head; and few appear to enjoy full health. Consumption is frequent. We can scarcely find or hear of any compositor above the age of fifty. In many towns printers are intemperate."

Bookbinders—a healthy employment.

Carvers and gilders look pale and weakly, but their lives are not abbreviated in a marked degree.

Clockmakers, generally healthy and long-lived.

Watchmakers, the reverse.

House-servants, in large, smoky towns, unhealthy.

Colliers and well-sinkers, a class by themselves, seldom reach the age of fifty.

EMPLOYMENTS PRODUCING DUST, ODOUR, OR GASEOUS EXHALATIONS.

If from animal substances not injurious; nor from the vapours of wine or spirits.

Tobacco-manufacturers do not appear to suffer from the floating poison in their atmosphere.

Snuff-making is more pernicious.

Men in oil-mills, generally healthy.

Brushmakers live to very great age.

Grooms and hostlers inspire ammoniacal gas, and are robust, healthy, and long-lived.

Glue and size boilers, exposed to the most noxious stench, are fresh-looking and robust.

Tallow-chandlers, also exposed to offensive animal odour, attain considerable age.*

Tanners, remarkably strong, and exempt from consumption.

Corn-millers, breathing an atmosphere loaded with flour, are pale and sickly: very rarely attain old age.

Maltsters cannot live long, and must leave the trade in middle life.

Tea-men suffer from the dust, especially of green teas; but the injury is not permanent.

Coffee-roasters become asthmatic, and subject to headach and indigestion.

Paper-makers, when aged, cannot endure the effect of the dust from cutting the rags. The author suggests the use of machinery in this process. In the wet, and wear and tear of the mills, they are not seriously affected; but live long.

Masons are short lived, dying generally before forty. They inhale particles of sand and dust, lift heavy weights, and are too often intemperate.

Miners die prematurely.†

Machine-makers "seem to suffer only from the *dust* they inhale, and the consequent bronchial irritation. The *filers* (iron) are almost all unhealthy men, and remarkably short-lived."

Founders (in brass) "suffer from the inhalation of the volatilised metal. In the founding of *yellow* brass, in particular, the evolution of oxide of zinc is very great." They seldom reach forty years.

Copper-smiths "are considerably affected by the fine scales which rise from the imperfectly volatilised metal, and by the fumes of the 'spelter,' or solder of brass. The men are generally unhealthy, suffering from disorders similar to those of the brass-founders.

"*Tinplate-workers* are subjected to fumes from muriate of ammonia, and sulphureous exhalations from the coke which they burn. These exhalations, however, appear to be annoying rather than injurious; as the men are tolerably healthy, and live to a considerable age. *Tinners* also are subject only to temporary inconvenience from the fumes of the soldering.

"*Plumbers* are exposed to the volatilised oxide of lead, which rises during the process of 'casting.'" They are sickly in appearance, and short-lived.

House-painters are unhealthy, and do not generally attain full age.

Chemists and druggists, in laboratories, are sickly and consumptive.

Potters, affected through the pores of the

* "Butchers (he says) in fact live too highly—not too highly for temporary health, but too highly for long life. Is every man gifted at birth with a portion of the pabulum of life, which he cannot increase, but which he may prematurely consume;—in other words, does nature endow us with a vital patrimony, which we may exhaust, not only by profligate indulgence, but even by regular draughts too frequently repeated? Or rather, does not high living (for I speak not at present of excess or intemperance)—does not high living produce that plethoric state which gradually leads to disease? I believe the latter. Congestion of blood, affecting chiefly the vessels of the abdomen and head, shortens the lives of numbers who are plump, rosy, and apparently strong. My very intelligent friend, Dr. Murray, of Scarborough," he adds, "concurs in the statement relative to butchers. 'The high living of butchers assuredly leads to plethora and premature dissolution.' He adds:—'Thus coalmeters, &c. of London, rarely, if ever, attain the age of forty, though men remarkable for muscular bulk and strength. They work most laboriously, perspire immensely, and supply such waste by extraordinary and almost incredible potations of porter, which ultimately, without much positive and actual intemperance, brings on irregularities of the digestive system, structural changes, and death."

† On the bent postures, which Mr. T. considers so injurious, we may remark, that a French physiologist has just published a memoir, in proof that the spinal marrow has, properly speaking, no special action upon the circulation distinct from the general action of nervous centres, and that it is not in it that the essential principle, still less the exclusive principle, of the circulation resides.

* "During the plague in London it was remarked that this class of men suffered much less than others."

† "Last year, there were in the village of Arkendale (in the heart of the mining district) not less than thirty widows under thirty years of age. The prevalent maladies appear to be affections of the lungs and bowels. Smelting is considered a most fatal occupation. The appearance of the men is haggard in the extreme."

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skin, become paralytic, and are remarkably subject to constipation.

Hatters, grocers, bakers, and chimney-sweepers (a droll association), also suffer through the skin; but though the irritation occasions diseases, they are not, except in the last class, fatal.

Dyers are healthy and long-lived.

Brewers are, as a body, far from healthy. "Under a robust and often florid appearance, they conceal chronic diseases of the abdomen, particularly a congested state of the venous system. When these men are accidentally hurt or wounded, they are more liable than other individuals to severe and dangerous effects."*

Cooks and confectioners "are subjected to considerable heat. Our common cooks are more unhealthy than housemaids. Their digestive organs are frequently disordered, they are subject to headach, and their tempers rendered irritable."

Glass-workers are healthy; *glass-blowers* often die suddenly.

With this ends Mr. Thackrah's examination of the first great division—*the labouring classes*; and here for the present we must pause, reserving the other parts, and very important they are, for a second notice.

The Tuileries: a Tale. By the Author of "Hungarian Tales," "Romances of Real Life," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE are three very delightful volumes, if the term delightful may, even in a literary sense, be applied to annals of such crime and suffering as those whose scenes are laid in the French revolution. We remember being much pleased with Mrs. C. Gore's early productions, of which French history furnished the *matériel*. The *Lettre de Cachet* was a very interesting tale. Since then, we think her style has considerably improved: her stories are more simple, and her characters better developed. The present romance is one of that life so real and so terrible, a few years ago, when the best and the worst feelings of our nature were called into play,—when the thirst of blood was an absolute disease, and the horror of the times could only be equalled by their absurdity. The story of the *Tuileries* is rendered very attractive, by private sorrows being mingled with public calamities; while our interest, fixed on individuals, becomes more active by being concentrated. Is it weakness, or is it selfishness, that makes us sympathise so much more with the sorrows of the few than of the many? Mrs. Gore has given a great air of reality to her scenes. Euphroisine is a true portrait in the troubled times that produced a Charlotte Corday; and the two cousins are brought into good contrast. A romance is something like a journey; we can scarcely give a just idea of its progress by one scene of it; still, as one prospect tempts to another, we must try. We select, first, one from a brilliant representation at Trianon.

"On the entrance of a group of lovely children into the stage-box, a murmur arose from the part of the theatre in which he sat, of '*Vive Monseigneur le Dauphine—Vive Madame!*' At the suggestion of Madame Mackau, their sub-governess, these infantine representatives of royalty gracefully acknowledged the applause which greeted their arrival; while the eyes of Camille remained riveted upon their box. Mademoiselle Euphroisine, observant of the air of interest with which he gazed on the 'Children of France,' and believing it to be excited by the delicate appearance of the young dauphin, immediately began a loyal lamentation over the unfortunate feebleness of constitution evinced by the heir to the throne; mingled with a refutation of the vulgar opinion that he did not share the affections of his mother equally with Madame Royale and the Duc de Normandie. But it was not the Dauphin's precarious condition, nor the imputed alienation of the queen's attachment, which absorbed the earnest attention of Camille Valazy. Several children of the nobility had been admitted into the royal box; and among them, a fairy girl, with long glossy brown curls overhanging her little shoulders, whom Camille could have avouched that he had carried a thousand times in his arms, and bestowed a thousand kisses on those waxen cheeks, which afforded a faultless model of infantine beauty. 'It is Emiline!' he murmured—'my own Emiline!' 'It is in truth the little Emiline de St. Florentin,' observed the astonished Euphroisine; but she had no time for farther explanations. The curtain at that moment drew up, and discovered Marie Antoinette in all the graceful splendour of that youthful beauty, which affliction had not yet 'clawed within his clutch;' her glistening hair was not yet blanched by the vigils of anxious sorrow, nor her clear blue triumphant eyes sullied by tears of humiliation. Her dress was adjusted with the perfection of elegance which was one of her sins in the eyes of the cavilling multitude; and even the costume of her attendant was of the choicest fashion; for that attendant was the Marquise de St. Florentin. 'Mamma! my dearest mamma!' exclaimed the startled cherub of the stage-box, clapping her little hands in uncontrollable ecstasy; while, notwithstanding the prolonged *st, st*, resounding through the house, every spectator sympathised in the affectionate rapture of the delighted child."

Our next is of a very different kind.

"Valazy could not trust himself to look! he felt that the total extinction of his hopes of saving the unfortunate Euphroisine would be too much for endurance; and resolved to wait patiently the event. *Patiently!*—to witness patiently the immolation of shrieking women,—of Christian priests,—of aged men,—guiltless of all crime, save that of nobility of birth, or nobleness of fidelity towards the cause of their hereditary sovereign.—Patiently!—Alas! his very reason appeared impaired by the excesses he was compelled to witness;—his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets—his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth when he attempted to join in the ferocious clamour of the shouting multitude—and his compressed lips were parched as by a burning fever. 'I cannot longer endure this agony!' he exclaimed, panting for breath. 'Let me die!—let me die! and close my eyes on this scene of horror and iniquity!' 'Nay,' cried his companions, misinterpreting the motive of his ejaculation; why not suffer the wound to be properly dressed at once?—and though in truth these vile aristocrats are a disgusting spectacle, dost thou not see that every half hour delivers us from half-a-dozen of the gang?—But hush! the wicket opens—a woman, too!—a woman who might be young and pretty, were she not as worn and thin as one of the hatchets yonder.' 'How deadly white are her face and arms!—the terrors of conscience!' 'That sackcloth garment supplied by the prison to its pauper-inmates, is somewhat different, I suspect, from the robe in which the Sardinian princess will make her appearance.—Aha! our wounded friend pushes forward now,—he wishes to have a touch at this lamb of the fold.' 'Hush! the sentence!' cried several of the mob, who were somewhat interested by the youthful and humiliated air of a girl unrecognised by any among them as belonging to the obnoxious aristocracy. Even the soldiers seemed to pause before they pronounced the fiat of destiny on their pale and shrinking victim. A dead silence again prevailed. '*A l'Abbaye!*' roared out the elder of the two guards. '*A l'Abbaye!*' re-echoed the crowd; and already the executioners approached with their uplifted weapons,—from which Euphroisine Delplanque recoiled not, nor uttered the faintest cry of alarm. Her soul was concentrated in prayer! 'No, do not strike!' cried one of the assassins, interposing a bleeding arm between them and their victim. 'You owe me some recompense for this accursed gash;—give me the woman for my prize.' 'No, no; strike!—rid me of my miserable existence!' cried Euphroisine, roused to a consciousness of their proceedings, and sinking upon her knees. 'Nay, girl, thou wert but too well off to save thy life by becoming mate to a good patriot!' exclaimed the old soldier, to whose knees she was clinging. 'Up, and thank him for his mercy.' 'Let me die! let me die!' shrieked the agonised prisoner. 'Give me not into the hands of this wretch. Man!' she persisted, folding her arms round her executioner, 'you are old—your hairs are gray!—I have an aged and gray-headed father—for *his* sake—for the sake of his sorrow—kill me at once rather ——' 'No more of this raving!' cried another of the miscreants; 'let her die at once,—it is her sentence. Let her join the goodly company in yonder heap,' and he swung round his axe to insure a steadier aim, but was again interrupted by his comrade. 'Friends!' cried Camille, turning to the mob, 'it is for you to decide. My wounds should purchase, methinks, the goodwill of my fellow-patriots;—do you adjudge me this whimpering fool to be my house-drudge?' 'Ay, ay, *sans phrase!*' cried the foremost of the populace. 'She seems to hate thee worse than the axe;—and so take her, and break her stubborn neck in thine own way.' Euphroisine had fallen insensible on the ground at this horrible sentence; but Camille, recovering all his strength in such a crisis, snatched her from the earth; and flinging her across his shoulder, forced his way through the mob, who greeted him with acclamations and shouts of laughter for what they conceived to be a project of further evil. Bewildered,—oppressed,—but with the vague consciousness of triumph uppermost in his thoughts, he staggered through several adjacent streets—still fancying that the avengers of blood were behind him—that the assassins of La Force would overtake him, and wrest his unhappy victim from his arms;—and with increased eagerness pressed onwards to get beyond the reach of the echoing shouts of the fatal *huaille*. Remembering the obscure passage he had traversed early in the evening, Camille now bent his course thither, in hopes of finding it deserted, and obtaining a moment's pause for consideration. But he beheld it crowded with persons gathered together in terrified inquiry touching the progress of events at La Force; among whom his wild and distracted appearance, and the figure he held in his arms, with her long black tresses entangled round her, excited observation and suspicion. He would have given worlds to shelter and succour the unfortunate being he had rescued

* "The ill-health of brewers is, however, evidently attributable to their habitual and unnecessary potation of beer. There is no reason to believe them injured by their employ."

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from a cruel death; but every house was closed for the night which might have opened to receive two persons of an appearance so suspicious;—nor did he dare encounter the scrutiny of any frequented part of the city. At length his exertions enabled him to reach a stand of fiacres; and in a few minutes he found himself jolting towards his own home, with Euphroisine still lying senseless upon his shoulder."

The history of France is a peculiarly rich field for the romance writer; and Mrs. Gore's present performance is a very successful effort. The dialogues are uncommonly characteristic and spirited.

A Year in Spain. By a Young American. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. J. Murray.

Our young American, Lieutenant Alexander Slidell, of the navy, is a very lively and pleasant travelling companion. He has been long enough in Spain to see a great deal of the country, and he has mixed sufficiently with them to know a great deal of the people. The vivacity of youth gives spirit to his views, and an evident store of good humour imparts animation to all that he has observed and relates. He is no pretender to high and fashionable intercourse; and does not bore us with accounts of the fêtes to which he was invited, the fine folks whom he met, or the extraordinary distinctions he received: on the contrary, he was resolved to make himself acquainted with Spain, and the manners and customs of its population, and, like a stout and sensible sailor, he *roughed* it. Without a superabundance of cash, to tempt the robber or murderer, he trusted himself to the same routes, conveyances, lodgings, and accommodations, with the natives; and, though not without his share of escapes, he seems to have drawn a faithful as well as a striking picture of the scenes which he witnessed. His work has, we believe, been also published in America; where we have no doubt national feelings will not diminish the popularity of an author who justly deserves to be popular in both hemispheres. With these few remarks we shall allow him to speak for himself, though, to confess the truth, we have been somewhat anticipated by an anticipatory and well-written review in the Quarterly, in which the personal adventures of the gallant lieutenant are brought forward in a style worthy of his countryman, Washington Irving. It is a fact, that when two persons ride on the same horse, one of them must ride behind; all we can do, therefore, is to ride as well as we can on the crupper. Passing over the journey, behold us then in the capital, and taking a drive on the Prado, the Mall of Madrid.

"The vehicles, to the number of several hundreds, are of every variety, among which are elegant carriages of the diplomatic corps of the most modern construction, with a liveried coachman and Swiss footman, flanked by a chasseur with a pair of epaulettes, a hunting sword, and cocked hat surmounted with green feathers. Most of the carriages, however, are in the old Spanish style, not very different, indeed, from the first one used in Spain, by the good, or good-for-nothing queen Joana the Foolish. The body is square and formal, ornamented in a sort of Chinese taste, and is not unlike a tea-chest. This body is sustained by leathern straps, whose only spring is derived from their great length; for which purpose they are placed at such a distance from each other, that they scarce seem to be parts of the same vehicle. As these primitive carriages were built in remote ages, long before the invention of folding steps, the ascent and entrance to them is facilitated by a little three-legged stool, which dangles by a strap behind, and which, when the carriage stops, the footman hastens to place in readiness beside the door. This singular vehicle is usually drawn by a pair of fat and long-eared mules, with manes, hair, and tails fantastically cut, driven by a superannuated postilion, in formidable jack-boots and not less formidable cocked hat of oil-cloth. When I looked at an equipage of this kind, I could scarce persuade myself that the coach, the mules, and the postilion, had not existed always, and would not continue for ever to make each day the circuit of the Prado. Such is the Saloon, and such the Prado. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the range of the eye from the fountain of Cybele, on the afternoon of a feast day. At your back is the gate of Recoletos, standing at the extremity of a double avenue of trees; on the right is a hill ascending by the street of Alcala towards the Gate of the Sun; on the left, the same street making a second ascent, and terminated by the noble arch of triumph. The whole road is thronged with soldiers in varied uniforms, and people in picturesque costumes, from the various provinces of Spain. The saloon, too, is thronged to overflowing, whilst in the distance are partially discovered the museum and botanic garden through the vistas of the trees; and in the interval, Neptune, half concealed by the spray thrown up before him, is seen urging his watery steeds. At such a moment the arrival of the king, surrounded by a pageantry scarce equalled by any court in Europe, serves to crown the splendour of the spectacle. His coming is first announced by drum and trumpet, as he passes the various guard-houses which lie in the way, and presently by the arrival of an avant-courier, who rides forward without looking to either side, in the road which his master is to follow. Next comes a squadron of young nobles of the body-guard, mounted on beautiful horses from the royal stables, which are chiefly of the cast of Aranjuez; and immediately after a gilded carriage drawn by six milk-white steeds, covered with plumes, and with manes and tails that are full and flowing. They are mounted and controlled by postilions, richly dressed in jockey suits of blue and gold. Within, the Catholic king is discovered seated on the right, conspicuous by his stars, his blue scarf, and the golden fleece which dangles from his neck. He glances round on the multitude with a look of mingled apathy and good humour, and salutes them mechanically by putting his hand up towards his nose and taking it down again, as though he were brushing the flies away. At his left is the queen, looking too good for this wicked world. Next comes Don Carlos, the heir apparent, drawn by six cream-coloured horses, more beautiful than those of his brother. He grins horribly through his red mustaches, and frightens those whom he intended to flatter. Beside him is his wife, a large coarse woman, with heavy beetling eyebrows. In the third coach is Don Francisco and his wife, drawn by six noble blacks. In the fourth the Portugueza, with her young son Don Sebastien; after which come some four or five carriages, each drawn by six mules, and which contain the lords and ladies in attendance. The whole is numerously escorted by cavaliers of the body-guard, and grooms from the royal service. The arrival of the royal family, like the passing of the host, or the tolling of the angelus, usually arrests every one in the situation in which it may find him. The line between the carriages is at once cleared, through the exertions of the cavalry, and the vehicles on either side pause until their majesties have passed. Those who are walking turn their faces towards the road; the gentlemen unroll the embozo of their cloaks, and take their hats off, whilst the women shake their fans in passing salutation."

The writer gives a curious account of the multitude of beggars of every kind who infest every quarter of Spain. Among the rest he says—

"The most singular instance of mendicity I have ever seen was furnished by a couple whom I one day met in the Red San Luis. The principal personage was a large blind man, whose eyelids were turned up and fiery, and who carried upon his shoulders a most singular being, with an immense head and a pair of thin elastic legs, which were curled and twisted round the neck of his companion. The fellow overhead carried a bundle of ballads, which both were singing at the top of their lungs. Behind them came a patient ass, tied to the girdle of the blind man, and loaded with their effects, as though they were passing through on their way to some other place, or were coming to make some stay in the capital. They seemed to manage very well by thus joining their fortunes; for, whilst the blind man effected their locomotion, the cripple shaped their course, jesting with the other beggars and blind men whom they met, and holding out his hat to receive the offering of the charitable. Their bodies were indeed so twisted and entangled as to give at first the idea of a single being, forming a combination almost as monstrous as the fabled one of the Centaur."

Lotteries are also a general pest in Spain; and the following is a strange speculation:—

"Before quitting this subject (says Lieutenant S.) it may be well to give some account of a minor lottery which exists in Madrid, and which may be considered a miniature of the *loteria moderna*, inasmuch as the tickets, instead of selling for two dollars, cost but as many cuartos. This is the Hog Lottery. It is held at one corner of the Puerta del Sol, opposite the church of Buen Suceso. There, a *memorialista* has his little pent-house, placed against the wall of the corner shop, and carries on the business of selling the tickets. As the memorialista is a very important personage in Spain, it may not be amiss to say, that his employment is to copy documents and write letters, or draw up petitions, with a due observance of the forms and compliments in use among his countrymen. As he is far too poorly paid to be at the expense of a regular office, he is content with a small wooden box, to which he bears the same relation that a tortoise does to its shell, which may be moved about with him at pleasure, and which he is allowed, for a trifle, to set down against a wall or in a court-yard. But the memorialistas are by no means such transitory beings as this facility of locomotion might imply. Indeed, to look on one of them, seated in his little tenement, half hidden under an old cocked-hat and black cloak as thin as a cobweb, and busily employed in forming antique characters upon Moorish paper, with a pen old enough to have served Cide Hamete Benengeli in writing the life and actions of Don Quixote, and ever and anon pausing and placing his pen over the right ear, whilst he warms his fingers or lights his cigarillo at the chafing-dish of charcoal beside him—when one sees this, I say, he can scarce believe that the memorialista has not been thus occupied for at least a century. The most frequented stand of these humble scribes is in the rear of the Casa de Correos. Here they are

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ready throughout the day to do whatever may be required of them, more especially to expound letters just received by the post, and to indite answers for such unlearned persons as can neither read nor write—a class sufficiently numerous in Spain. They also muster in force about the purlieus of the palace, to draw up petitions for those who have business with the king, his ministers, or with the servants of his household. In truth, the memorialista is indispensable in Spain; for no business of any kind can be done there without the intervention of a memorial, or, as it is more frequently called in the diminutive, with a view perhaps to shew the modesty of the supplicant—a memorialito. To return to the Gate of the Sun, whence we have so unwittingly wandered; the memorialista in question was, like the rest of his fraternity, a threadbare, half-starved man, who sat all day in his humble pent-house, selling the tickets of the hog-lottery. He always looked cold and torpid in the morning, thawing gradually towards noon, when the sun got from behind the portal of Buen Suceso. It was then, too, that the idle frequenters of the Gate of the Sun began to gather round him, either to take tickets, or to praise the good qualities of the hog, who reposed upon straw in a second shed beside that of his master. This they might well do, for the animal was always a choice one. In fact, the breed of hogs in Spain is the finest in the world, unless, perhaps, their equals may be found in Africa, whence they came, for aught I know, though Mahomet was no pork-eater at the time of the conquest. The hog chosen as a subject for the lottery was always black without any hair, and enormously fat, having dimples in every direction, such as are to be found about the neck and chin of many a 'stout gentleman.' His legs were short, thin, and sinewy, with a well-made head and curly tail. The price of tickets in the hog-lottery is such as to exclude no one, however poor—so that even the mendicants can take a chance. This is especially the case with the blind men, who, as we have already seen, fare better in Spain than the rest of the beggarly fraternity. When one of these happened to pass through the Gate of the Sun, he almost always went towards the lottery, winding his way dexterously through the crowd until he reached the hog-pen: he would then feel round with his staff for the occupant, and when he had reconnoitred him sufficiently, straightway give him a poke under the shoulder, to try if he squealed well; for these poor fellows have a thousand ways of finding out things that we know nothing about. If the result answered his expectations, he came up behind and scratched him, tickled his ribs, and then twisted his tail until he squealed louder than ever. This done, to pacify the irritated and now clamorous memorialista, he would go at once and select a number of tickets. When all are thus sold, the lottery draws, with proper solemnity, and the successful player, well consoled for the jokes and gibes of the disappointed multitude, moves off in triumph with his prize."

(To be continued.)

Summer and Winter Hours. By Henry Glassford Bell. 8vo. pp. 174. London, 1831, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Edinburgh, Constable.

Some brief but delightful snatches of poetry; feelings, the tender and the dreaming, which may grow more wise in after years, but not more beautiful; thoughts, or rather imaginations, for they are as yet winged and wild; fancies, some sad, some playful; little touches of nature, which shew the writer has wandered through the green wood with a poet's eye;—such, flowing in most musical verse, are the contents of this slight volume, which is full of

> "The fragrance of the summer,
> Though summer is gone."

Mr. Bell says, in his preface: "The author was desirous of publishing a selection of his fugitive pieces, more as an intimation of his poetical existence than as any attempt to prove himself entitled to the highest honours of the Muse. If he live, he will put his capabilities as a poet to a more ambitious and arduous test." The present work is one of most kindly promise: but let our readers judge for themselves.

"A Meeting sadder than a Parting.

Thou needst not thus have mock'd me
With that low, sweet voice of thine;
The days are gone for ever
When I thought to make thee mine!
Thou wouldst not thus so witchingly
Have smiled upon me now,
Couldst thou but know how beats my heart,
And throbs my burning brow.

I know thou hast forgiven me;
Yet painful 'tis to see
A tranquil smile upon thy cheek,
Where a warm blush used to be:
Why should thy hand so readily
Be proffer'd when I come?
I loved thy former welcoming—
Thou look'dst it, and wert dumb.

We never to each other
Can be what we have been;
And I must hide my feelings 'neath
False apathy's cold screen;
But with me ever lingers
A memory of the past,
And o'er my sad futurity
Its lengthening shade is cast.

Affections have been squandered,
Once hoarded all for thee;
And now I feel how priceless is
A true heart's constancy;
And oft, in silent bitterness,
I wander forth alone,
And ponder on the joyous hours
When I was thine alone.

Then do not mock me, dear one,
With friendship's icy forms;
And do not wear that tranquil smile,
Which gleams but never warms:
'Tis better ne'er to meet thee,
Than in remorse to dwell—
My own fate is before me,
A long, a last farewell."

"I loved thee till I knew
That thou hadst loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me?
What care I for the glance of soft affection full,
If for another once it beam'd as beautiful?

That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store;
It was a spell 'gainst care
That next my heart I wore;
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize,
My ringlet I renounce,
'Tis worthless in my eyes:
I envy not the smiles in which a score may bask—
I value not the gift which all may have who ask.

A maiden heart give me,
That lock'd and sacred lay,
Though tried by many a key
That ne'er could find the way,
Till I, by gentler art,
Touch'd the long-hidden spring,
And found that maiden heart
In beauty glittering—
Amidst its herbage buried like a flower,
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy bower.

No more shall sigh of mine
Be heaved for what is past;
Take back that gift of thine,
It was the first—the last.
Thou mayst not love him now
So fondly as thou didst,
But shall a broken vow
Be prized because thou bidst—
Be welcomed as the love for which my soul doth long?
No, lady! love ne'er sprang out of deceit and wrong."

We quote one verse from a lively poem, "The Wind's in the West:" the image of the ship seems to us one of great beauty, though the division of the lines is bad.

> "The wind's in the west! and the blossoms are all
> Silver and ruby on every tree;
> The wind's in the west! and the white ship tall
> Gleams like a palace upon the sea."

"The Scarf of Gold and Blue" and "Mary Queen of Scots" received our tribute of praise when they were published in the Annuals; we therefore pass on to other favourites. "An evening Hour," "Sir William of Normandie," and a sonnet called a "Night of Stars and Poetry," deserve particular mention for talent. We believe Mr. Henry Glassford Bell is a young gentleman of much reputation on the other side of the Tweed; he has our cordial welcome on this, and our good wishes.

THE MARCHMONT PAPERS.

We are tempted to another and a longer quotation from this important and interesting work, than any in our preceding review. It gives a curious picture of a closet interview between the king and a peer of the realm, on a very memorable crisis. It is Nov. 30, 1744–5.

"The Dukes of Queensberry, Montrose, and I, met at Lord Stair's, who proposed to tell the king, in our joint names, that we had made our proposal only for his service, and were ready to serve him in any shape he thought proper. The only objection made to this was, its being already done. I told them I would go in to the king this day. Then Lord Stair talked of the danger of our becoming a province to France. I went into the closet to the king after the ministers were gone out. I told him, I did not come to trouble him about a proposal wherein I had a share. He said: 'I liked it; but the difficulties it would have met with in the House of Commons, made it impracticable.' I said we were too happy to have his approbation; it was our duty to submit to what was thought for his service. Then I told him my share in it, and what I had done before. He said: 'You know what a distress it would have been, and what an effect abroad it would have had, had it been rejected in the House, or carried by a small number: you know how the last was carried, so many voting against it.' I told him, I did not mention it, but to shew that we were ready to serve him in any shape; that our wish would have been to have had him form the plan, and left us the honour of the execution only; that my family, he knew, had always been zealous friends to his cause; that I was the same, and ready to set my life and fortune at the same stake; that my brother had voted against the last regiments, but had no view in it of distressing his service, nor would have any such view at any time; that he was the only person with whom I had any influence or interest in the House of Commons; and that I could assure him, he would exert all his talents to serve his family; that it was in this view we had agreed that he should propose the act, making it treason to correspond with the Pretender's son, when it was neglected by others. I told him, that I desired to inform him of the state of Scotland; that all the south was zealous for him. He said they were all presbyterians, who had always been for his family; that Dumfries, Glasgow, and others, were good towns; but that he could not say so much for Edinburgh. I told him, he had even there at least four out of five. He said, there were a great many Jacobites there. I said, that in the south there were not a hundred papists; and that the people were zealous for him, and all those that had property. He said, he believed so, except Lord Kilmarnock. I said, he was a man of

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desperate fortune, whose estate would go to his creditors, when his person was under forfeiture; that I had an estate in the country where he lived, and there was none of property there; and in another county, there was but one man of property, a Jacobite, against whom a warrant had been granted. He said: 'Mr. H.,' but that he had not been taken. I said, there was not a man of 'em could carry out a hundred men against him in the south. He said the southern parts liked the union, and found benefit by it. I said, his majesty knew that it had been made to bring the crown into his family. He said: 'Yes; but they had felt benefit by it too.' I said, no doubt they had; that I could assure his majesty, he had twenty thousand good men ready to arm for him in the south; and that all we desired, was to have him for our king. He said, he had ordered the duke (who was in very great spirits, and extremely pleased with the civilities he received in the country), as soon as this was decided, to detach a body of troops to Scotland, and that the Scots regiments were to recruit in the south of Scotland; but that I knew that London was the principal place. I said, his majesty was the best judge; that his people in Scotland desired no other; that I had lived in his foreign dominions, and therefore could assure him, that he had no where better subjects than in the south of Scotland; and who wished to see his interest superior, abroad and at home, and to see him respected on the continent as well as here; that they had nothing to do with the English factions. He said: 'You have factions amongst yourselves; there are the Highlands against the Lowlands, and others; but one must do the best one can.' I said, there were no factions against him: all we desired was, to have him cast an eye upon us, and to have access to him. He said, he had never refused any body. I said, I was far from meaning so, and that I had taken the liberty to trouble him, only to represent the state of Scotland to him. He said, he looked on the two countries as one united, and would equally regard them both; that Scotland had always been well affected; but, indeed, the last elections had not gone as he desired; but he hoped it would not be so more. I said, that the elections had never gone against him; that, indeed, if any subject would act without regard to his interest, and pretend to set himself up, it would create difficulties; but that all we desired to know was, his majesty's own opinion. He said, he never would let any subject set himself between him and his people. I said, that was all we desired; we wanted to behave like good subjects, and have none between him and us. He repeated, he had never refused any. I told him, I am sure I ought not to think so, since he had shewed but too much goodness in hearing me so long; that it was the first time I had ever had the honour to speak to him; and I desired he would be assured, that he had not a subject more affectionate to his cause than I was; that I wished the method proposed now, to arm in Scotland, might answer. He said: 'What would you have me do? they have offered it—they have offered it.' I said, I wished it success; but could have wished in this, and in ours, that his majesty, who understood these matters better than any in his council, had formed the plan. He said, the House of Commons would not consent, as I saw by the last. I said, I believed many voted then, because they thought he did not approve of it. He said, 'I did not approve of it at first: but these lords having shewed so much zeal, my ministers thought it was proper; and when I did approve of it, it should not have been obstructed.' He said, great zeal had been shewed every where; and when this was over, some scheme must be thought of to prevent it for the future. I said, the south of Scotland would be glad to concur in any his majesty judged himself to be proper. He said, his ministers would propose something to secure the south of Scotland for the future. I said, whatever service in that, or any thing else I could do for his family, I should always be ready to do. I begged leave to assure him, he should always find me a faithful subject; and if he ever did me the honour to speak to me again, he should always find me a man of truth. When the king mentioned the duke, he said he had some regiments together, with which he was sure he would give a good account of the rebels. I told the king, I hoped so, and did not doubt it; that they were a pack of robbers from the head of Argyleshire; that his majesty knew well enough from what country they came. He said, 'Yes;' they were the Camerons, the Stewarts of Appen, and the Athole men."

When disputes ran highest against Sir R. Walpole's ministry, Alexander Earl of Marchmont thus writes to the Earl of Stair (1739)—

"No doubt you have heard of Sir Robert Walpole's rudely disobliging the prince. When a deputation was appointed to compliment him, Sir Robert called across the house to Alderman Heathcote, who was one of those named to go, 'Take a bank bill of 20,000*l.* with you—he needs it—he will touch.' You may guess how this is taken; and I am told, he has called the prince one of the pretenders to the king's crown—one at Rome, the other at Norfolk House. What does not such a fellow deserve? What do you think of all this flagitious madness from one in his situation? The Duchess of Marlborough shewed me a drawing, which points out his deserved exit."

From the letters to Hugh Earl of Marchmont, who succeeded his father in 1740,* we shall make a few selections; and, for the sake of room, afford them no other introduction or comment than the names of their celebrated writers.

"I do not know now whose life or death to wish for; I know whose death I should have wished some years ago, to have prevented the mischiefs that are now remediless, and whose lives to have enjoyed better times; but in certain situations it is happier for honest men to die than live, and in some times fitter that knaves should govern, to stand charged with the infamy of them to posterity. God Almighty certainly knows what he does when he removes those from us whose lives we pray for, and leaves behind those scourges which a mercenary people deserve, though the partiality of a few virtuous or brave men (who happen to be born among them) would save them. We do not live, my lord, under the Jewish dispensation, nor are to imagine the most dirty, rascally race on earth are the favourite people of God. You know, when they were so, after they had provoked him enough, he punished them with an absolute king: he has done as much to all Europe of late days; and if Britain should be the only corner left still free, do you think it will not be more his goodness than our merit?"—*Pope.*

"Whether the Supreme Being governs the moral and physical worlds by general laws, as I find most reason to believe, for this is matter of opinion only—or by particular providences, resignation to his government is our duty most certainly; and wherever we are concerned as individuals—I mean wherever the accidents of life, or that of death, fall on us alone—I think we should practise, as far as the frailty of our nature permits, the lesson contained in the hymn of Cleanthes—we should follow cheerfully, what we must follow necessarily, the order and disposition of Providence; but in all cases we should follow it without murmuring; and this may be done by him who feels his loss, and who even indulges his grief the most."—*Bolingbroke.*

"The languor and dispiritedness that have made life burthensome to me all this winter, require a better climate, and more dissipation, than I can find here; and I think it is better conversing with the cheerful, natural born slaves of France, than with the sullen, venal, voluntary ones of England. * * * The curiosity of knowing what becomes of one's country and one's friends is natural—nay, the want of it would be blamable; but, beyond that, I protest, the melancholy prospect before us has sunk me into such an indifference as to public matters, that I should neither trouble my friends nor myself about them. I want those two great prevailing springs of action, avarice and ambition; and being convinced that, as the world goes, a man that will enjoy a quiet conscience must lead a quiet life, I most cheerfully embrace an honest, however contemptible, obscurity."—*Chesterfield.*

(1743) "I am lame—my wife has lost the use almost entirely of one hand. We are going to the pool of Bethesda; and we shall soon see whether the angel will descend and stir the water for us. I take my resolution of bearing the ills I cannot prevent or remedy, as well as another. But physical evils put philosophy to the hardest trial; and instead of crying out, like the stoic, 'Gout, do thy worst!' I will never confess that 'thy pain is an evil,'—I confess that it is a great one, and that a rheumatism causes much perturbation of mind, as well severe bodily sensations."—*Bolingbroke.*

"The state of my health, like that of my fortune, is not abundant, but sufficient, because I spend little, and shall want neither of them long."—*Id.*

"I agree with your lordship, that it is better to be clapped on the stage than hissed; and I approve the desire of applause, because I apprehend that the maxim *contemptu famæ contemni virtutes* was drawn by Tacitus from a just observation of human frailty. But the applause of the world is a very uncertain tenure; and a wise and a good man will secure to himself another—that inward, conscious applause, which will never fail him when he has deserved it."—*Id.*

The following, entire, are of much literary interest.

Mr. Pope to Hugh Earl of Marchmont.

"Easter Monday.*

"My dear Lords,—When I see a finer day, or feel a livelier hour, I find my thoughts carried to you, with whom, and for whom, chiefly I desire to live. I am a little revived to-day, and hope to be more so by the end of the week, since I think that was the time you gave me hopes you would pass a day or two here. Mr. Murray, by that time, or sooner if he can, will meet you. I hope Lord Bolingbroke has settled that with him in town. Mr. Warburton is very desirous to wait on you both; if he

* The allusions are to his death and that of Sir William Wyndham.

* "This letter, without date or signature, is directed to the Earl of Marchmont, Batterses; but is evidently addressed both to him and to Lord Bolingbroke. It is probable that it was written in 1744. He died on the 30th May of that year."

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comes to Battersea in a morning, pray furnish him with my chaise to come on hither, and let the chaise be left here, of whose earthly part I shall make use in my garden, though not of its aquatic. My faithful services wait on Lady Marchmont."

Viscount Bolingbroke to Hugh Earl of Marchmont.

"Battersea, Monday.

"My dear Lord,—The arrival of your servant with the message from Lord Stair gives me an opportunity of telling you, that I continue in the resolution I mentioned to you last night, upon what you said to me from the Duchess of Marlborough. It* would be a breach of that trust and confidence which Pope reposed in me, to give any one such of his papers as I think that no one should see. If there are any that may be injurious to the late duke or to her grace, even indirectly and covertly, as I hope there are not, they shall be destroyed; and you shall be a witness of their destruction. Copies of any such, I hope and believe, there are none abroad; and I hope the duchess will believe I scorn to keep copies when I destroy originals. I was willing you should have these assurances under the hand of, my dear lord, your faithful and devoted humble servant, BOLINGBROKE.†

Viscount Bolingbroke to Hugh Earl of Marchmont.

"Monday Morning.

"Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press, just before his death, an edition of the four Epistles that follow the Essay on Man. They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because, if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it, after he had received the favour* you and I know; and the character of Atossa is inserted—I have a copy of the book. Warburton has the propriety of it, as you know. Alter it he cannot, by the terms of the will. Is it worth while to suppress the edition? or should her grace's friends say, as they may, from several strokes in it, that it was not intended to be her character? and should she despise it? If you come over hither, we may talk better than write on the subject. Adieu, my dear Lord."†

We have nothing to add in the way of praise: such a publication speaks best for itself.

Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries. Interspersed with some Particulars respecting the Author. By William Godwin. 8vo. pp. 471. London, 1831. Effingham Wilson.

THE result of thirty years' meditations of the author of the "Inquiry into Political Justice" are well entitled to consideration. Sound reason and humane principles form the essence of this truly excellent volume; which, being the production of a thinking man, will be a fountain for thoughts in all his readers. To analyse it will require much attention; and for the present announcement of it we shall aid our good opinion with but two passages. In the first we detect the fruitful cause of much of that spirit which now distracts our country; and we see, if the schoolmaster is abroad, that he has not been abroad widely or long enough.

"It is principally while knowledge and information are new, that they are likely to intoxicate the brain of those to whose share they have fallen; and, when they are made a common stock upon which all men may draw, sound thinking and sobriety may be expected to be the general result."

Mr. Godwin is decidedly inimical to the system of ballot, and his objections are as plain and as obvious as they are profound and philosophical.

"The very essence of this scheme is silence. And this silence is not merely like that which is prompted by a diffident temper, which by fits is practised by the modest and irresolute man, and by fits disappears before the sun of truth and through the energies of a temporary fortitude. It is uniform. It is not brought into act only, when the individual unhappily does not find in himself the firmness to play the adventurer. It becomes matter of system, and is felt as being recommended to us for a duty. Nor does the evil stop there. In the course of my ordinary communications with my fellow-men, I speak when I please, and I am silent when I please, and there is nothing specially to be remarked either way. If I speak, I am perhaps listened to; and if I am silent, it is likely enough concluded that it is because I have nothing of importance to say. But in the question of ballot the case is far otherwise. There it is known that the voter has his secret. When I am silent upon a matter occurring in the usual intercourses of life, where I might speak, nay, where we will suppose I ought to speak, I am at least guilty of dissimulation only. But the voter by ballot is strongly impelled to the practice of the more enormous sin of simulation. It is known, as I have said, that he has his secret. And he will often be driven to have recourse to various stratagems, that he may elude the inquirer, or that he may set at fault the sagacity of the silent observer. He has something that he might tell if he would, and he distorts himself in a thousand ways, that he may not betray the hoard which he is known to have in his custody. The institution of ballot is the fruitful parent of ambiguities, equivocations, and lies without number."

Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Bering's Straits, to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions; performed in H. M. S. Blossom, under the command of Capt. W. F. Beechey, R.N., in the Years 1825, 26, 27, 28. Published by authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 4to. pp. 742. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS splendid volume has at length reached us; and we have had an opportunity of perusing in full many of those interesting statements, slight sketches and hints of which we had the pleasure to receive during the progress of the voyage, wherewith to enrich several Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*. And though we do not this week go into extracts, partly on account of the difficulty of selecting passages brief enough for our pages, and partly on account of the late hour at which we received the volume, when our columns were previously arranged—we cannot allow a Saturday to pass without bearing testimony to the superior merits of this sterling production. The narrative is replete with every thing that can attract British feeling: the description of hitherto unknown lands, the perils of four years' travel, the near approach to the consummation of the great object contemplated, accounts of extraordinary customs among uncivilised tribes—in short, all that can delight the reader, are given by Captain Beechey in a manner infinitely to

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* "The following passage occurs in Johnson's Life of Pope:—'He (Pope) left the care of his papers to his executors, the Earl of Marchmont and Lord Bolingbroke, whom undoubtedly he expected to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no one ever dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller attended one of them, to solicit preference as a publisher, and was told, the parcel was not yet inspected; and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was reserved for the next age.' This letter alone would shew that this inculpation, as affecting Lord Marchmont, is wholly groundless. It is to Lord Marchmont that Lord Bolingbroke states a certain line of conduct which he is ready to hold, and what line of conduct is forbidden him, under the exclusive power and control over his papers committed to him by Pope. All that Lord Marchmont feels himself authorised to do with regard to certain papers of his supposed to exist, is to convey to Lord Bolingbroke a message respecting them; and when Lord Bolingbroke declares that he will destroy them, if ascertained to exist, the only part allotted to Lord Marchmont in the transaction is that of a witness of their destruction. But it appears, that in the third edition of his Lives of the Poets, Johnson substituted for the first sentence of the passage cited, the following:—'Pope left the care of his papers to his executors; first, to Lord Bolingbroke, and, if he should not be living, to the Earl of Marchmont—undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust.' It is quite clear, not only that Johnson had not read Pope's will when he wrote his life, but not even when he had to qualify an assertion on a matter connected with that will in the third edition of it. From the last quoted statement of his it would be supposed that Lord Marchmont and Lord Bolingbroke were the sole executors; but there were four executors—Lord Marchmont, Lord Bathurst, the Hon. William Murray, and George Arbuthnot; and Lord Bolingbroke was not of their number. Pope, however, left all his manuscript and unprinted papers to Lord Bolingbroke, 'committing them to his sole care and judgment, to preserve or destroy them; or, in case he should not survive him, to the above said Earl of Marchmont.' As Lord Bolingbroke survived Pope, he had those papers, which never came into Lord Marchmont's possession. Lord Marchmont complained of inaccurate statements made by Johnson in his Life of Pope, in despite of the information which he had afforded him, and which, he apprehended, would be laid to his charge, as it was known that he had been in communication with that author respecting it."

† "As Pope died on the 30th of May, 1744, this letter must have been written between that day and Lord Bolingbroke's departure for France."

* "At the bottom of the original letter is written, in Mr. Rose's handwriting, in pencil, '1000*l.*;' and this sum Lord Marchmont stated to be the favour received by Pope from the hands of the Duchess of Marlborough. Pope expresses himself as follows, respecting the Duchess of Marlborough, in a letter to Swift of the 17th May, 1739—'The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body;' thus closing this intelligence by an insinuation which is as coarse as it is groundless, and, from obvious circumstances, absurd. But in a later day his feelings towards her shew themselves plainly, in a letter of his printed in this collection, which must have been written about July 1743. The veneration which Pope there professes for her grace is a demonstration made solely to give more point and effect to the expression of derision, and even aversion, which its last words distinctly breathe. Her grace's letter to Lord Marchmont, of the 3d March, 1742, shews how much she was afraid of Pope. She is alarmed lest her religious belief, if such it is to be called, should not be quite religious enough for him; and she begs his lordship to 'endeavour to keep him her friend.' She was then well aware that his friendship was held under a slippery tenure; and it seems probable that her effort to secure it had been already made. After the evidence we have how generous and munificent her friendship could be, as is evinced by her conduct to Lord Marchmont on his father's death, of which the proof is in her letter to him on that occasion, and by her legacies to Mr. Pitt and to Lord Chesterfield, it would be very unjust to assume that her gift to Pope was under intimidation only. But Pope, crooked-minded, and impressed as he was towards her, was little likely to give her credit for disinterested kindness—he was too clear-sighted not to have discovered her apprehensions of him; and, fond of contriving and managing as he was, it would have been painful and humiliating to him to have been, in his own view of the matter, outwitted, outmanœuvred, and compelled to consent to have an object carried against him in despite of himself, and to forego a magnificent subject of satire, of which he had made himself thoroughly master, even under her own roof. He was sure that in the caricature he had not missed the likeness, for he was in correspondence with her, and he frequented her house on a footing of much familiarity—facts which appear in her letter of the 15th March, 1742; so that he added an act of remarkable perfidy to the ingratitude he was guilty of towards his benefactress. He had made a splendid dissection of a rare and peculiar specimen, with all the avidity of professional eagerness, and could not endure to be baulked of the display of his exquisite anatomical skill. It may well have been, and one must hope it was so, that, carried away by the strength of these impulses of his mind, he committed this act of singular baseness and malignity, without allowing himself to recognise the deformity of the features which it presents to the eye of the bystander."

† "This letter must have been written after the preceding letter, but before Lord Bolingbroke left England. He wrote from Calais on the 18th June."

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enhance that delight. Not to speak of his memorable doings in Beering's Straits, his touch at Loo Choo is in itself an episode which would float a quarto volume upon the tide of popularity. The maps, too, and the multitude of admirable engravings from the burins of the Findens, deserve the highest encomiums;—but we must finish with only one—Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific is full of valuable information, told in the most agreeable manner.

Fuseli's Life and Lectures. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS large publication has also reached us, but merely in time for a paragraph. The Life occupies 418 pages of Vol. I.; twelve Lectures occupy Vol. II. and 60 pages of Vol. III.; aphorisms, chiefly relative to the fine arts, take 100 pages more; and the work finishes with views of the various great schools—the Tuscan, Florentine, Roman, Mantuan, Neapolitan, Siennese, Venetian, and Bolognese. Some of the aphorisms are very striking; and we shall take an opportunity of winnowing them. To-day we only quote one anecdote from the memoir. Fuseli was educated for the church, at Zurich.

"As his reputation stood high at college, and as his society was coveted for the power which he displayed in conversation, and for his deep knowledge in the classics and in sacred and profane history; so, a great degree of curiosity was excited among his friends as to the success of his probationary sermon, which he knowing, with characteristic humour, took his text from the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, 18th verse—'What will this babbler say?' and preached against the passion of curiosity."

Buffon's Natural History of the Globe, and of Man, Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects. Corrected and enlarged by John Wright, M.Z.S. 4 vols. 18mo. London, 1831. Tegg.

WE have here an extremely neat and compact edition of Buffon's celebrated work, illustrated with abundance of well-executed wood-cuts, printed in a good clear type, and sold at an extremely moderate price. The editor has also consulted Cuvier, Lacépède, and other eminent naturalists, to improve the text, and give the latest information; so that, altogether, we are bound to mention this publication as a valuable accession to the cheap and pleasing intelligence now so generally diffused. Both young and old will read it with instruction and delight.

A Manual of Analytical Chemistry. By Henry Rose. From the German by J. Griffin. 8vo. pp. 454. London, 1831. Tegg.

THE practical chemist is as much indebted to Mr. Griffin as the student, for his translation of this admirable work. The name of Rose is well known to the scientific world; and of the two chemists of that name who are ornaments to the Prussian capital, Mr. Henry Rose is particularly distinguished by the philosophy of his researches and the accuracy of his experiments. It would be mere supererogation, then, on our part, to say any thing of the volume before us: its arrangement is somewhat novel, but its details embrace an immense number of facts, many of which possess the greatest interest. Works on analytical chemistry are exceedingly rare in this country; indeed, we had none of importance until the translation of Klaproth made its appearance; and Dr. Reid, of Edinburgh, has lately published a useful work of the same character. These, however, have made Mr. Rose's Manual only more acceptable; and we have merely to regret that it was not placed in the hands of a more correct translator. "There *be* (says Mr. Griffin) translations in which the text hides its diminished head under the accumulated illustrations of the translator;" and there *are*, we may add, translations which profess to come from the pen of scientific men, and which would disgrace the grammatical accuracy of a preparatory school. The rejection of the nomenclature of Berzelius, used in the original, is, to us, an unpardonable fault.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE subject announced was, on the reproductive powers and history of the Planariæ, by Dr. J. R. Johnson, a gentleman who has paid very great and close attention to these little animals, but who, in consequence of sudden and severe indisposition, was unable to appear behind the lecture-table. Mr. Faraday, therefore, came forward, at a very short notice, to supply the vacancy.

Mr. Faraday's subject was *oxalamidi*—a substance recently found by M. Dumas, and which possesses some curious relations to organic and inimitable matter. It is obtained by distilling the salt called oxalati of ammonia, and is a white, neutral, insipid substance, almost insoluble in water, containing neither oxalic acid nor ammonia, but able to yield both by treatment with potash and water, and in such quantities as to surpass in weight the oxalamidi used. Mr. Faraday first spoke of the chemical history of oxalic acid and ammonia, stating and illustrating, as he went along, in what manner M. Gay Lussac succeeded in producing the former from a great variety of organic matters, by the action of potassa: and also pointing out, that the latter is almost always the result of the decomposition of organic matter: oxalati of ammonia was then found, and from it the oxalamidi by distillation. Finally, Mr. Faraday dwelt, with his accustomed perspicuity, upon the views entertained by M. Dumas and others, and referred to the general paucity of means possessed by man to imitate organic bodies—the influence of these means, both in theory and practice, and the extension of that portion of knowledge which relates to both organic and inorganic matter by the discovery of oxalamidi.

In the library there was a beautiful apparatus, by Mr. Harris of Plymouth, for determining the laws of the developement of voltaic power, by the heat evolved in a wire through which the current is passing. There was also a very beautiful quadrant, in which the effect of parallax was removed, and by which an angle of 170° could be taken. Some very fine engravings were also exhibited; amongst them an unfinished proof, by Mr. Landseer, of the Dogs of the Pass of St. Bernard. There were likewise some curious metallic productions, from Mr. Johnson of Hatton Garden, embracing a finely worked paladium chain for the Emperor Nicholas—Russian platina coinage—and native platina from Russia.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY:—ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

THE Rev. Adam Sedgwick, F.R.S. president, in the chair. The president informed the Society, that the medal on the foundation of the late Dr. Wollaston had been awarded by the council to Mr. William Smith, for the eminent services rendered by that gentleman to geology, and especially for his having been the first successfully to point out to geologists the importance of fossil remains in the study of the science. Professor Sedgwick in the evening, on quitting the chair as president, at the termination of the triennial period prescribed by the regulations of the Society, took his leave of the members in a splendid and elaborate discourse,—in which he reviewed the present state of geology, its prospects, and the rules of reasoning to be adhered to in studying its phenomena; entering into a detailed analysis of the labours of the Society, as well as of those of the most distinguished geologists on the continent during the preceding year. Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. F.R.S. was elected president, and Dr. Turner and H. T. De la Beche, Esq. secretaries.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MARCH.

20d 20h 21m—the Sun enters Aries, the vernal equinox.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Ophiuchus ..	6	5	11
● New Moon in Pisces	13	17	49
☽ First Quarter in Orion	20	10	17
○ Full Moon in Virgo	27	20	21

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Capricornus	10	14	15
Mercury in Aquarius	12	4	30
Venus in Pisces	15	6	0
Mars in Taurus	18	11	20
Saturn in Leo	24	14	36
Regulus	24	18	0

1d—Mercury in conjunction with ι Capricorni: difference of latitude 8′. 3d—in aphelion. 8d—in conjunction with ι Aquarii: difference of latitude 8′. 18d—with 943 Mayer: difference of latitude 3′. 26d—with 24 Piscium: difference of latitude 10′.

17d 10h—Venus in conjunction with ζ Piscium, a beautiful double star.

17d 11h 13m—Mars will pass very near or entirely eclipse 1 A Tauri. 25d—in conjunction with 1 ν and 2 ν Tauri: difference of latitude 11′ and 3′ respectively.

The Asteroids.

	D.		H.	M.		°	′
Vesta ..	1	R.A.	2	6	N.D.	7	39
	9	.....	2	17	.....	8	54
	17	.....	2	29	.....	10	9
	25	.....	2	42	.....	11	22
Juno ..	1	.....	1	8	.....	0	19
	9	.....	1	25	.....	1	47
	17	.....	1	43	.....	3	13
	25	.....	2	0	.....	4	38
Pallas ..	1	.....	19	19	.....	7	7
	9	.....	19	28	.....	7	59
	17	.....	19	36	.....	8	56
	25	.....	19	43	.....	9	56
Ceres ..	1	.....	19	56	S.D.	24	6
	9	.....	20	8	.....	23	49
	17	.....	20	20	.....	23	33
	25	.....	20	31	.....	23	16

1d—Jupiter in conjunction with 21 Capricorni: difference of latitude 2′. 12d 16h—with 9 Capricorni: difference of latitude 4′. 20d 7h—with Uranus: difference of latitude 7′. 28d—with 877 Mayer: difference of latitude 2′.

5d 21h—Saturn in conjunction with Regulus. Uranus is gradually escaping from the solar beams.

Lunar Eclipse.—26d 5h 15m (this afternoon)—the Moon will rise E. by N. with nearly half its disc eclipsed. 6h 11m—when at an altitude of 8° it will have escaped from the Earth's shadow: its appearance at this time will be singularly beautiful, about 10° east of the planet Saturn and the bright star Regulus.

Deptford. J. T. B.

NEW PROCESS OF DISTILLATION.

WE have occasion to call the attention of our readers to what will probably be deemed one of the most curious discoveries that has been

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effected in the useful arts during the present century,—that of procuring alcohol, or ardent spirit, from fermented paste, such as is commonly used for making baker's bread; in lieu of making an extract of malt or corn, for the especial purpose of raising a vinous fermentation, as now practised by the corn distillers. This important discovery has been made by Mr. Robert Hicks, a gentleman in the medical profession, who, we understand, has just taken out a patent for the invention.

As nearly all vegetable substances capable of undergoing the vinous fermentation are known to give out a certain portion of aroma, in conjunction with the carbonic acid gas evolved by the process, it might have been inferred, *à priori*, that at least a portion of such vapour contained gaseous alcohol. But the discovery of this fact, obvious as it may appear when once announced, has hitherto been overlooked, notwithstanding the profound discoveries which have been made in almost every department of chemical science during the last thirty years. The only doubt we entertained on the question, on hearing of this discovery, was, as to the practicability of obtaining spirit in any quantity worthy of notice, from the vapour of fermented paste, and sufficiently pure for the purposes of the rectifier. Previous to offering any notice of this important invention, therefore, we took the trouble of investigating its nature, and of tasting a sample of the spirit which had been produced from the condensed vapour given off during the process of baking. The specimen we tasted served at once to satisfy us of the perfect practicability of the process on a large scale. The sample (which appeared to be nearly the strength of proof spirit) was certainly destitute both of that empyreumatic flavour, which might have been in some measure expected from a species of *dry* distillation, like that of the baking process; while it was equally free from any fetid or unpleasant odour, such as would be supposed to result from imperfect fermentation. We should say that the spirit we tasted had a slight acidulous or ether-like quality, by no means unpleasant to the palate, but which may probably be quite got rid of by subsequent rectification. It is needless to state that it was also perfectly free from colouring matter, and apparently applicable to the most delicate purposes of the rectifiers and compounders of British spirits.

In the absence of any drawing or plate to illustrate the invention of Mr. Hicks, we shall endeavour to give such a description of the new baker's oven and distilling apparatus, as may perhaps render the invention intelligible to the majority of our readers.

The body of the oven, instead of being constructed of brick-work, is formed of iron plate, and made of a circular figure, having a coating of brick or tile for receiving the loaves, when prepared of the usual sponge or dough. This oven is supported upon hollow brick-work beneath, with a space round the sides and top, sufficient to allow the play of the flame or heated air from the fire below. About a foot beneath the bottom of the oven is a circular iron plate, of the same diameter with itself, on which rests the grate or fire-chamber, with openings for the ashes to fall through into the ash-pit beneath. This circular platform is affixed to, and made to revolve on, a vertical axis, furnished with a bevil wheel, which communicates with another bevil wheel fixed on the end of a horizontal shaft; the exterior end of which shaft is provided with a winch, to enable the platform to be kept in motion by the hand, or any other moving power that may be judged necessary. The object of applying this machinery is to keep the action of the fire uniformly distributed beneath the bottom and round the sides of the oven. But in addition to this desirable point, we are informed that a very great saving of fuel is effected, as compared with the quantity required to heat an oven of the same capacity by the common brick flues. Indeed, when we take in view the rapid conducting power of metal compared with brick-work, nearly the whole effect of the fuel must be rendered available for the double process of baking and distillation. In order to prevent any escape of the heated air or flame, the edges of the circular platform are bent downwards, and made to work in a narrow trough of water, forming what may be called a water-joint.

From the upper portion of the oven, a large chamber or pipe receives the vapour evolved from the baking process, and carries it onwards through a pipe and worm-tub, or refrigerator, as in the usual process of distillation. This vapour from the bread contains a quantity of carbonic acid gas, combined with the alcohol vapour; but the latter becomes condensed into the *liquid* form; while the former flies off in the gaseous state, from the recipient containing the spirit.

The upper portion of the oven also contains a most ingenious contrivance for regulating the temperature of the whole process with the utmost precision. An iron tube, containing a quantity of oil, with a thermometer immersed in it, contrived so as to lower down into the body of the oven, and to be withdrawn at pleasure; thus preventing the possibility of the oven being overheated sufficiently to scorch the bread, or impart a disagreeable flavour to the spirit. The operative portion of this compound process seems to us to be provided for in a manner so as to leave little, if any thing, to be desired.

The practical application of this important discovery may lead to results which cannot at present be anticipated. Without offering any opinion as to the benefit to the community of the extensive consumption of ardent spirit, there can be no manner of doubt that, if it be a benefit, the more cheaply it can be procured, the greater will be the advantage in an economical point of view. If that which has hitherto been deemed a worthless vapour can be now converted into a valuable product, as an article of almost universal consumption, the discovery must, at all events, be deemed one of great importance in civil economy, and calculated to enhance, in a very eminent degree, our national reputation for improvements in the several departments of the useful arts. How far the discovery of Mr. Hicks may be found to militate against the interests of persons at present connected with distillation from corn, it is not our business to inquire. Neither is it necessary to investigate the position in which the patentee may stand with regard to the present excise regulations relative to the distillation from grain. But the merits of the discovery can be in nowise prejudged, as a scientific process, by the influence it may exercise on any question of manufacturing speculation.

With regard to the influence it may have indirectly upon the agricultural interests of the country, from a considerable diminution of the consumption of grain, we are not enabled at present to form any estimate. It will assuredly tend to diminish the enormous consumption of barley at present required for the use of the corn distillers; but when it is considered that the growth of barley in this country is not adequate to such consumption, and that a considerable sum in specie is annually paid to the foreign agriculturist for the importation of grain, without the smallest return being made as a compensation to our manufacturing interests; it is doubtful whether the English agriculturist would eventually suffer by the general introduction of this invention for saving the consumption of grain in the process of distilling. Another important saving will be effected in the consumption of fuel at present used for distillation, which forms so large a portion of the outlay required in this extensive branch of manufacture. We have heard it stated (but almost deem it incredible) that the sponge necessary to form the peck loaf is capable of yielding three ounces, imperial measure, of proof spirit during the operation of baking, and without prolonging the process beyond the ordinary time for baking the quartern loaf. It is also stated, that the bread baked by this new oven is superior in quality, and more porous in texture than that baked in the usual way, from the vapours being carried off as fast as they are generated by the new patent oven, while a great portion may be presumed to be again condensed and incorporated with the bread by the old process. The invention, in a variety of respects, will be likely to excite no ordinary attention in the public mind, the moment it is reduced to practice.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Davies Gilbert, Esq. V. P. in the chair. Two papers were read; the first by Mr. Barry, on the chemical action of atmospheric electricity; and the second by Mr. Lloyd, on the operations carried on by him in ascertaining the difference of level between the river Thames at London Bridge and the sea; and also for determining the height, above the level of the sea, of intermediate points passed over between Sheerness and London Bridge. In the library were exhibited the beautiful instruments employed by Mr. Lloyd. The Bishop of Chichester, Dr. John Lee, and Dr. Isaac Wilson, were elected fellows.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Hudson Gurney, Esq., Vice President, in the chair. Among other presents to the Society, Miss Waddilove, daughter of the Dean of Ripon, at the instance of W. Bray, Esq., the venerable and respected late treasurer of the Society, presented a collection of extremely beautiful and interesting Spanish drawings and prints of the Alhambra Palace. Mr. J. Gough Nichols, by permission of Mr. Mackey, exhibited an ancient brass plate, found at Tours in France, commemorating the dedication of the Chapel of St. Eloy, by the Archbishop of Tours, in 1446. The ground of the plate had been cut out, leaving the inscription in relief; and the letters were rather tastefully ornamented, each line being varied. A communication was read from Mr. Smirke, in answer to Mr. Gage's remarks on the proposal to remove the organ screen at York, accompanied by some very pretty views of the screen in its present position, and as it is presumed it would appear after the alteration; but the correctness of which views, both as to situation and light, was very strongly attacked at the last meeting of the subscribers. Mr. Smirke observed, that although the Dean of York had yielded to the wishes of a large body who were opposed to the removal of the screen, he considered it necessary to make some reply to the remarks of the

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director of the Society of Antiquaries. He asserted that the screen would not be deprived of light by its removal, as had been stated by Mr. Gage, but that the light thrown upon it would be increased; that with regard to the alterations at Ely, where the screen was removed to the second pillar of the choir arches (and in York Cathedral it had been proposed to remove it only to the first pillar in the choir), Mr. Gough had stated that the alteration at Ely was a restoration. Another point in Mr. Gage's remarks, was the mutilation of the screen, by reducing it to occupy the proposed new situation; and Mr. Smirke observed, that it had not been any part of his proposal to reduce the height of the screen, although he contended that it might have been done without injuring its beauty or proportions; he felt a just dread of mutilating a specimen of ancient art; but he observed, that much of the present screen was but modern plaster; and that the screen was formed of seven niches on one side of the entrance to the choir, and eight on the other; and consequently the entrance was not in the centre, and therefore he presumed the eighth niche was a modern addition, and had proposed to remove it. Mr. Gage had also said, that the removal would be against the rubric of the Church of England, which directed that the chancels should remain as they had done in times past; but Mr. Smirke observed, that some of the early reformers had been very strenuous in their endeavours to destroy the separations of the chancels from the naves of churches, because the laity were not admitted there, and they alleged that the people did not properly hear the service; but that the rubric referred to, which settled the dispute, merely decided that the chancel or choir should remain separated from the nave. Mr. Smirke stated, that now that the question of removal was settled, he did not wish to revive the discussion of it; but he considered it due to himself, and those who had agreed in opinion with him, to make some observations in justification of his opinions and conduct. We congratulate the lovers of architectural antiquities, that the attempt (worthy of a country churchwarden,) to mutilate and disfigure our northern masterpiece of ancient art, has been for the present abandoned,—we say *for the present*, as it appears from the dean's letter, published in the *Yorkshire Gazette* of the 19th inst., that he intends, at some future time, and at the expense of the dean and chapter, to partially remove the screen, though not so far as had been proposed. We sincerely hope that time will never arrive, and that our antiquarian friends will keep a vigilant eye to the subject.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

COLONEL BAILLIE, M.P. in the chair. A paper on the white elephant, by Captain Low, was read. It appears that there are several of these animals in the stables of the King of Siam, where great reverence is paid to them. When one is newly caught, he is attended by an escort, and the governors of towns meet him on the road, with every mark of respect. From a verse in Siamese, we learn that the white elephant ranks above the king! In the same communication Captain Low alludes to the *Albinos*, or White Indians; a drawing of one of whom accompanied the paper. The original was about forty years of age, fair as a European, white hair, and bluish eyes; very weak. He was married; his children were of the Malay complexion; and he had two sisters, who were likewise albinos. This person was by profession a schoolmaster. Another short paper was read; it was on the popular Hindu belief of the creation, and an account of the incarnations of Vishnu. Colonel Broughton is the author. There were presented to the Society several valuable oriental literary works, by the Chevaliers De Hammer, D'Hemso, and other individuals. Two members were elected.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

FEB. 16. Colonel Leake in the chair. The Secretary read the first part of a paper, by Mr. Prince Hoare, on two connected subjects,—"The moral fame of authors," and "The moral character of Shakspeare's dramas." The object of the writer is to prove the inseparable connexion between the durability of the reputation of authors and the soundness of their moral principles and depth of their religious sentiments. In support of this opinion, he adduces Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Horace, &c., among the ancients; and Dante, Tasso, Camoens, Fenelon, Goldsmith, Johnson, &c., in modern times, as instances of the superior advantages of moral writers over those of a different description. With regard to Virgil, he thinks that the great prize which that poet proposed to himself in the rivalry of Homer, was lost by omitting to follow the first of epic poets in the grand path to fame, indicated in that reverence for the supreme powers that preside over human actions, which distinguishes the Iliad. How far the surpassing eminence of our great dramatic bard is to be ascribed to the same principle, is the subject discussed in the second part of the memoir, the reading of which is reserved for another meeting. The portion read was remarkable for that amenity and intelligence of mind and manner which were the peculiar characteristics of the amiable author when in the full enjoyment of the health and spirits, the loss of which his friends and society have to lament.

Among the presents of books announced was the Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum of Bœckius, the valuable donation of the Bishop of Salisbury, president of the Society.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Fifth Notice.]

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 394. *Cutting an Old Acquaintance.* C. Hancock.—A fair hit at the way of the world; but we much doubt if brutes degrade themselves by imitating the men of it. The contrast between the two dogs is very happy.

No. 414. *View of the Ruins of the Castle of Bredenrode in Holland.* A. Brondgeest.—It would have been difficult to make more of old walls.

No. 437. *The Fox detected.* T. Clater.—As in Mr. Mulready's "Wolf and Lamb," the character and disposition of the animal are here exhibited in human shape. The future career of these young marauders may be easily foreseen: from plundering a henroost, to robbing the mail: from the treadmill to the gallows. In character, expression, and colouring, this is one of Mr. Clater's best pictures: the story is well told, and the effect is clear, brilliant, and powerful.

No. 440. *Descending to an Eagle's Nest, Morning: Dinner-cry, Noon, "Cromaboo-a:" False Lights on a Leeshore, Night.* W. Willes.—There is much originality of conception in the treatment of these subjects, and good character and effect; especially in "Night."

No. 443. *Roderick Random and Miss Sparkle.* W. Drummond.—We cannot compliment the artist on his choice of a subject: it is an offensive view of human nature. In the colouring and execution there is much to commend.

No. 447. *Mount St. Michael.* C. Stanfield.—We poured out our admiration of this noble work in our notice of the last exhibition at Somerset-House; and we mention it now, only for the purpose of expressing our astonishment and shame at its remaining without a purchaser.

No. 462. *The Interior of Mr. Pinney's Gallery, Pall-Mall.* W. Novice.—As far as the situation of the picture will enable us to judge, Mr. Novice has given more interest to this subject than it would appear to promise.

No. 475. *A Land Storm.* S. W. Reynolds.—We never remember to have seen a picture from the pencil of Mr. Reynolds, that did not excite our attention by its fine abstract qualities. His choice of scene, like that of Rembrandt, is simple in form, but attractive and characteristic in effect. We consider this to be one of the most powerful and striking productions in the gallery.

No. 476. *The Spae Wife.* T. Warrington.—However repulsive such a picture of age and infirmity, the artist has very ably personified a being, invested by northern superstition with supernatural powers; the object at once of terror and of persecution.

No. 489. *The Casket.* G. Lance.—A variety, in Mr. Lance's best style of jewellery.

No. 500. *Macbeth, Act IV. Scene* 1. T. H. Nixon.—A print from this highly imaginative performance was noticed in our 733d Number. The original amply justifies our encomiums on the artist's talents.

No. 502. *The Return from the Chase.* J. Nash.—A little crude in the colouring; but designed with great taste, and executed with much spirit.

No. 504. *Chelsea Reach.* J. Wilson.—A perfect gem in the class of art to which it belongs; with the most clear and sparkling effect.

No. 509. *Ruins; Moonlight.* W. Delmar.—As a composition this little picture is admirable; nor is it less so for its truth.

No. 534. *The Chase.* C. Hancock.—The perils of the chase, and one of its occasional catastrophes, fatal at once to the pursued and the pursuer, are here very ably and spiritedly depicted.

No. 543. *Isaac and Rebecca. Vide Ivanhoe.* K. P. Parker.—To the two characters thus introduced from Sir Walter's admirable novel, Mr. Parker has imparted a colouring and an effect which would not have discredited a Rembrandt.

No. 546. *The Forecastle of a Berwick Smack.* T. S. Good.—Nature, and nothing but nature. Here is no exaggerated opposition of dark to light, no catching gleam, proceeding no one knows whence, to attract attention. The figures seem to awake our recollections; and their weather-beaten features are pencilled with singular firmness and truth.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Fraser's Panoramic Plan of London. Dedicated to the Queen. Engraved on steel by Josiah Neele. London, J. Fraser.

A COMPLETE *bijou* of a map, and not less useful than elegant. The plan is laid down on the space of only about twenty-two inches in length, and a foot in breadth; but it is so clearly and accurately engraved, as to be adequate for all needful reference. Tints of colour

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assist the eye, and almost render the sheet a picture. Round the borders are engravings of remarkable objects in and about the metropolis, such as theatres, bridges, the Bank, London University, New Post-office, and other public buildings. Altogether, we may fairly say, that for neatness, conveniency, and general merit, we have no where seen a plan of our immense capital so worthy of public favour as this.

Of Man, Six Monograms. By David Scott, S.A. Edinburgh, Constable; London, Moon, Boys, and Graves; Hamburgh, Peithis and Besser; Leipsig, Ernest Fleisher.

THIS is a very striking and extraordinary production, consisting of six designs, of singular wildness and power. They seem to be metaphysical imaginings, expressed with an energy of art which leaves us at a loss whether to wonder most at the daring hand of the artist or the exalted mind of the inventor. Life, relation, knowledge, intellect, power, and death, are the subjects; and they are all treated with much originality and grandeur of conception, as well as skill and boldness of execution. Who Mr. David Scott is, we know not; but if we trace his ideas to the mystical fount of German philosophy, his expression of them in these outlines forces upon us a comparison not to his disadvantage with the best things of Blake, Fuseli, Flaxman, and even Michael Angelo. We warmly recommend them to the notice of the lovers of art, and especially of what is remarkable.

Thomas Telford, Esq., F. R. S. L. and E. Painted by S. Lane; engraved by W. Raddon. London, E. Turrell, W. Raddon.

A MORE manly and masterly portrait cannot be produced. Our able engineer is represented in a natural attitude; and on the left is a distant view of one of his most celebrated works. The engraving is quite worthy of the highest name in this branch of art; and though we are not familiar with that of Mr. Raddon, we hail his accession to the band of which England has so much reason to be proud.

M. de Talleyrand. By F. Gerard; engraved by E. Finden. J. Murray; H. Leggatt and Co.

WE congratulate the admirers of little exquisite pieces of art, on the separate publication of this portrait. It is a beautiful curiosity.

Costume de Haut Ton, No. I.—Fancy Ball Dress, Ragusa, No. I. London, W. Spooner.

THE French lady is a little dumpy, with all her prettiness; but the fair Ragusan is quite a creature to fall in love with. Both are likely to attract the patronage of the sex for whose tastes they are intended; for the dresses are unexceptionable. The execution is very pleasing; and the colouring of the lithographed plates far more carefully and neatly finished than is usual with performances of the class. We perceive this is to be a periodical; so that our fair ladies may have a continual reference to what is most new and most becoming, and consequently what is most interesting!!

CONVERSAZIONE TO PROMOTE THE FINE ARTS.—We hear of the formation of a Conversazione on a more extensive scale than any hitherto established, for the promotion of the Fine Arts. Lord Wharncliff is said to be the originator of this design, with the concurrence of Lord Farnborough and other distinguished patrons of our native school. The members are proposed to consist of 120 of our principal artists, and 80 amateurs; each member to pay an annual subscription, and meetings at stated periods to be held.

DIORAMA.—The exhibition of a new picture has been opened at the Diorama in Paris. It is painted by M. Daguerre, and represents the Hôtel-de-Ville, on the 28th of July, 1830. The picture of the Deluge is about to be sent to London.—*Le Globe.*

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

ON Monday last, the first of the annual series of these performances took place in the King's Concert Room, Haymarket, before a very numerous audience.

The Eroica, Beethoven's third symphony, is a work as stupendous as it is difficult, and is seldom performed without some partial failure, as was the case on the present occasion, when, owing to the *scherzo* having been taken too quick, the horns were out in the trio. The same may be said of the overture to *Don Giovanni*, which was also performed too much *à la chasse*. In every one of Beethoven's symphonies, except the first two, which are uniform throughout, there is one favourite movement much superior to the others; so in the fourth and seventh, the andante in the C minor the last movement; and in the Eroica it is undoubtedly the funeral march. Even the poet's pen might vainly endeavour to give an adequate idea of the intensity of feeling and grandeur of this wonderful production. Every one of the pieces performed was of the German school, and Spohr appears three times on the programme. From the predilection of the Germans for the instrumental, their vocal compositions encroach now and then too much upon the sister department; and their accompaniments are frequently so much at work, that one hardly knows whether the orchestra accompanies the voice, or the voice the orchestra. Spohr himself is not free from this fault; nor Beethoven, as was clearly perceivable in the "Terzetto Tremate," from *Fidelio*. Otherwise the duetto from the *Berggeist* is finely composed, and though fully performed according to its merits, it did not please. Hummel's military septetto was the most prominent novelty of the evening. It is a fine composition, no doubt, but not equal to the first septetto of the same author. Without being in the least influenced by the frequent bravos so excellent a judge as Mr. John Cramer bestowed on Mrs. Anderson during this piece, we have no hesitation in saying that it was her *chef-d'œuvre*. She gave the spirit of that composition in a manner which would have delighted the composer himself. The delicacy of expression in all the feeling passages, and the animation with which she played the lively parts, produced an effect which gained her the most flattering applause after every movement. It is needless to say how she was assisted, considering the names of the masters who accompanied her.* The overture to *Euryanthe* could not have been performed better. Madame Stockhausen was enthusiastically applauded for her excellent execution of the beautiful scena, "Mi sospinge." Spohr's double quartetto, which was played with no very great success last year, gave, on this occasion, universal satisfaction; the principal violin being in the hands of M. Mori, and the other instruments in those of performers also distinguished in their departments.* Many would take the "Tremate" of Beethoven for a work of Mozart; and it would be perfect if it were less crowded with accompaniments, and had a more striking melody. The whole concert, under the excellent direction of Messrs. John and Francis Cramer, was a high musical treat.

* Messrs. Mori, Lindley, Dragonetti, Nicholson, Willman, and Harper.

THE ORATORIOS.—The *Messiah* at Covent Garden on Wednesday was admirably given throughout.

THE APOLLONICON.—Among the musical treats of Lent, we know of none more attractive than the Wednesday performances of the Apollonicon. Harmony from mechanism is a curious production; but when it rises to the power and sublimity of this extraordinary instrument, and delights us with the noblest compositions of the science—it is wonderful. Mozart's overture to *Idomeneo*, and Weber's to *Oberon*, are surprising in combination and effect.

DRAMA.

AT Covent Garden, *Much Ado about Nothing* has been frequently repeated to full and applauding audiences. At Drury Lane, the great dramatic event of the week has been a royal visit on Tuesday. The house was brilliantly attended; and the representations on, as well as the loyal play off, the stage, were most gratifying.

ADELPHI.

ON Thursday, a comic burletta, called *Kind Intentions*, and from the pen (we believe) of his son, afforded Mr. Mathews an opportunity of appearing in one of his best original characters. He enacts a *Mr. Meanwell*, who, with the best purposes in the world, throws every thing into confusion and every body into distress. His consequent embarrassments and regrets are admirably delineated; and we have thus another very popular piece (and of a different character from the others) added to the strong list at this most attractive little theatre. Wilkinson, as a footman, has also an amusing part, in which he makes a very humorous figure.

OLYMPIC.

BOIELDIEU'S elegant little opera *Le Nouveau Seigneur* has been produced here, with some improvement and well-merited success. A translation, by the Hon. G. Lamb, was performed at Drury Lane some years ago, called *The Man his own Master*; but though a lively farce, and pleasantly acted by Harley, the omission of the tasteful and characteristic music of Boieldieu was grievously annoying to those who were acquainted with the original. The pieces most effective for the English stage have, in this instance, been retained; and an opening chorus, and an air for Madame Vestris,—the latter adapted from the popular finale to *Michel et Christine*,—introduced by the present arranger, Mr. Livius. Madame Vestris, instead of the original valet, is a page, whose assumption of his master's rank gives the title to the piece of a *Duke for a Day*. Miss Sydney played *Aline*, daughter of the Duke's seneschal, enacted by Mr. W. Vining; and Cooper and Newcombe sustained the characters of two rival cousins. The well-known duets, "*Oui, c'est du Chambertin*," and "*Si vous restez*," were very effective in the hands (or rather the mouths) of Madame Vestris, Miss Sydney, and Mr. Newcombe. The choruses were also well sung. The *Duc de Valmont* found but a sorry

* Spagnoletti, Moralt, Lindley, Watts, A. Griesbach, Lyon, and Dragonetti.

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representative in Mr. Hodges. This gentleman has a sweet voice, but he is a most intolerable walking-stick. The scenery, by Mr. Gordon, is very picturesque; and the dresses, in point of character and magnificence, we have rarely seen equalled in London.

FRENCH PLAYS.

Jeune et Vieille, the first performance on Monday night, introduced Madlle. Jamain to a London audience. In the early portion (the first act), in which she is the young and blooming Rose, her acting is charming; and even in the second act, when forty years have elapsed, and she meets her original lover again, both having meanwhile grown old in absence, she displayed very amusing talents. She is a welcome accession to the company. Laporte was excellent throughout; but in the latter part perfect. His chagrin and astonishment at the reception he meets with from her, of his long-cherished fancies, are as admirable as any thing of the kind upon the stage. The other pieces were, *André le Chansonnier* and *Quoniam*, in both of which M. Bouffé grew greatly into favour. The touches of feeling in the former, and the sheer comic humour of the latter, deserve no less a meed. We are, therefore, glad to see these lively representations becoming every night more fashionable.

As is usual, theatre running against theatre, instead of devising separately what is most likely to please the public, we hear that Sphor's *Selima and Azor* is in rehearsal at Covent Garden, and Mozart's *Zauberflotte* at Drury Lane!

VARIETIES.

Mortality among Leeches during Storms.—That atmospheric changes have a remarkable influence upon leeches, is a well-known fact. In 1825, M. Derheims, of St. Omer, ascribed the almost sudden death of them, at the approach of or during storms, to the coagulation of the blood of these creatures, caused by the impression of the atmospheric electricity. This opinion, which, at that time, was the result of theory, he confirmed during the summer of last year by direct experiment.

*Mrs. *****. The newspapers contain a statement, which we earnestly hope is not true; namely, that a lady, celebrated for her literary productions, and no less for having enacted what (after their public effect) was deemed the part of a Modern Dame of Ephesus, has found the foreigner, to whom she resigned her widowed heart, in the possession of a prior wife. If this be true, it is a lesson to our females how they form engagements with foreigners: few such matches turn out well.

York Minster.—It is stated, in the York newspapers, that after all the bickering which has taken place, the choir-screen in this cathedral is to remain *in statu quo*. As the dispute, like all disputes on matters of taste, ran high, we took no part in it; and now, as non-combatants, have only to remark, that, according to Smirke's engravings, the removal must decidedly have added to the grandeur and beauty of the architecture. The question whether this improvement of one part should be obtained at the cost of another, and that of so fine a remains of antiquity as the screen itself, it is not in our power to determine.

Cholera Morbus.—This disorder appeared at Tera, in Russia, in the autumn of 1829. It was suspended during the winter; but, reviving in the spring, spread on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and reached Astrachan. On the 8th of August, 1829, it appeared for the first time at Tiflis, and attacked three soldiers of the garrison. Doubts were at first entertained of the nature of the malady, but by the 13th those doubts ceased. The affrighted population sought for a remedy against this new scourge, in religious processions. These, by assembling so many persons, among whom some were already infected, propagated the disorder. It augmented prodigiously, carrying off hundreds in less than eight hours after their first attack. All medical aid proved unavailing; and in less than a twelvemonth the number of the inhabitants was reduced from 30,000 to 8,000! At Tauris above 5,000 persons have already fallen victims either to the cholera morbus or to the plague; for both those disorders are raging there together. The greatest precautions ought to be adopted to prevent this dreadful malady from invading the whole of Europe, to which it has, in former times, extended its ravages. In the years 1362, 1363, 1379, and 1380, it raged at Augsburg, under the name of the vomiting sickness. It appears that even in 1653 an establishment was formed out of that town, entitled the Vomiting Hospital; as well as a cemetery, the graves of which were ordered to be six feet deep. Recent news from Swedish Finland states that the cholera morbus has shewn itself in the neighbourhood of Wilmanstrand.

Salicine.—M. Leroux, an apothecary at Vitry-le-Français, has established the means of producing large quantities of this new medicine for general consumption.

Vitalism.—The physiologists in France are divided in their opinions. The one party, attaching themselves to physio-chemical researches, endeavour to shew, in all the phenomena which appear in living bodies, the application of the general laws which govern matter; the other party hold that organised beings are not only subject to the action of the forces which operate upon bodies, but that they are further subject, during the whole of their lives, to the action of forces of a particular nature, which they denominate "vital forces." M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire lately read to the French Academy a paper, in which he defends the former opinion.

Flying Machine.—A projector, of the name of De la Porte, lately submitted to the French Academy a plan of a flying machine, capable of being worked by hand, by mechanical means, or even by steam! A committee of the Academy, to whom the plan was referred for consideration, have pronounced an unfavourable opinion upon it.

Iodine.—The most satisfactory results have been produced at the hospital of Saint Louis, in Paris, by the administration of preparations of iodine in scrofulous cases, even of the most desperate character.

Saxamelodicon.—The name given to his invention by a M. Backstein, of Cassel, who strikes flints together with so much skill as to produce very agreeable sounds.

Royal (alias sans culotte) Condescension.—A few days since L— left town in a great hurry for Brighton, where, passing along the Steyne, he met the king. His majesty, with his usual frank urbanity, accosted him as an old acquaintance. "Ah, L—, how are ye? what brings ye here? how long do ye stay?" L— replied, he came to see a sick relation, and was obliged to return the ensuing day. "Pooh, pooh, pooh," said his majesty, "you must dine with me first." "Please your majesty, I am under the necessity of returning immediately." "Nonsense! come to-morrow. Sir Herbert, do you mind, L— does not go away without dining with me." L— whispered to Sir Herbert that it was quite impossible he could avail himself of the honour, for he was deficient in a certain article of dress. Sir Herbert overwhelmed poor L—, by at once informing his majesty of his reason for declining the honour, namely, that he had no breeches. "Nonsense—ceremony—stuff—let him *come without*—let him come without," said the king.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. IX. Feb. 26.*]

The Albanians, a Dramatic Sketch, to which are added Miscellaneous Poems, by George J. Bennett, Theatre Royal Covent Garden.—Valpurgis; or, the Devil's Festival, with Illustrations by R. Seymour.—Mr. Martin is, we are informed, engraving two Prints, "Satan presiding at the Infernal Council," and "Pandemonium," on the same scale as the "Belshazzar's Feast."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Coster's Manual of Surgery, by Fife, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Benson's Young Christian's Guide, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Tuileries, a Tale, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Burckhardt's Customs of the Modern Egyptians, 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland, 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—Wilson's Trigonometry, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jamieson's Modern Geography, 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Bent's London Catalogue, corrected to February 1831, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Nolan's Time of the Millennium, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Napier's War in the Peninsula, Vol. III., 8vo. 1*l.* bds.—Money's Vade Mecum of Morbid Anatomy, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Armstrong's Journal of Travels in the Seat of War, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Year in Spain, by a Young American, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Marchmont Papers, selected by Sir G. H. Rose, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

February.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 17	From 34. to 48.	29·82 to 30.06
Friday 18	—— 32. — 48.	30.11 Stationary
Saturday .. 19	—— 32. — 49.	29·99 to 29·96
Sunday.... 20	—— 34. — 40.	29·86 Stationary
Monday .. 21	—— 29. — 43.	29·94 to 29·98
Tuesday .. 22	—— 30. — 41.	30·01 — 30·18
Wednesday 23	—— 28. — 43.	30·30 — 30·25

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Alternately clear and cloudy; rain on the mornings of the 17th, 19th, 20th, and 23d.

Rain fallen .25 of an inch.

The swollen bud of the lilac and gooseberry, and that of the elder-tree having burst, remind us of returning spring.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. January 1831.

Thermometer—Highest..... 49·00°
Lowest ..... 19·00
Mean ..... 33·01209
Barometer—Highest..... 30·34
Lowest ..... 28·81
Mean ..... 29·57741

Number of days of rain and snow, 15.

Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 2·721.

Winds.—6 East—1 West—6 North—1 South—6 North-east—4 South-east—1 South-west—6 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was warmer than in the last two years; but the range of the thermometer was not so great. The mean of the barometer was higher than that of January last year, and the maximum above any in the corresponding months since 1826. Snow fell on the 27th and 31st—the whole depth only 3·6 inches; the rain and melted snow measured 2·721 inches, being more, excepting in 1828, than for the last seven years. The most splendid aurora borealis that has been seen in these parts for the last thirty years, was observed on the evening of the 7th, about seven o'clock: the whole of the atmosphere, from the E.N.E. to the N. was brilliantly illuminated by a deep yellow light. From the first-mentioned point several curved and divergent rays issued—at intervals streams of a greyish blue light shot up, with great velocity, and, passing the zenith, vanished in a few seconds. These appearances continued for nearly an hour, when the radii assumed a deep-red tint, and the whole light spread further to the westward. At one time two red rays took the shape of a very pointed arch, like that of a lancet window. With little variation as to form and brightness, the rays and light continued until past nine o'clock, still extending more to the westward, and reaching from the E.N.E. to the W.S.W.; after this hour the aurora gradually became fainter, but had not entirely disappeared until after midnight.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A mass of private correspondence is reluctantly left unattended to this week. Some of our public returns must also stand over.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

BY MR. HODGSON, at his Great Room, No. 192, Fleet Street, on Thursday, March 3d, and Friday, March 4th, to commence at Twelve o'Clock precisely, a valuable and splendid Collection of Books, Prints, Books of Prints, and Illustrated Works; the Library of a Gentleman going Abroad, among which are—

Folio.—The Stafford, Houghton, Tomkins, and Forster Galleries, India Proofs—Cooke's Pompeii, 2 vols.—History of Buckinghamshire, illustrated—Physique Sacrée, 8 vols.—Macklin's Bible—Voyage Pittoresque de Naples, Sicile, et de la Suisse, 7 vols.—Dugdale's Warwickshire—Musée Français, 4 vols.—Atlas Universel, par Vandermaelen, 6 vols—Stuart's Athens, 4 vols.—Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens, 6 vols.—302 coloured Botanical Drawings—Thoresby's Leeds, 2 vols. printed on India paper.

Quarto.—Vetus Testamentum Græcum, curâ Baber, printed on Velum, 6 vols.—Britton's Architectural Antiquities, 4 vols. large paper—Rees's Cyclopædia, 45 vols.—European Sceneries, 7 vols. large paper—Lysons's London illustrated, 10 vols.—Encyclopedia Metropolitana, 30 Parts.

Octavo, &c.—Dodsley's Annual Register, 73 vols.—Lodge's Portraits, 40 Parts—Gentleman's Magazine, 142 vols. uncut—Auctores Classici Graci et Latini, 150 vols.—Universal History, 63 vols.—Biographie Universelle, 52 vols—Donovan's Fishes, Shells, Birds, Insects, and Quadrupeds, 39 vols.—Beauties of England and Wales, 25 vols.—Galérie du Musée de France, 10 vols.—many in superb bindings of morocco, russia, and calf.

A handsome Spanish Mahogany Book-case; a ditto Secretaire and Book-case; and an Egyptian Manuscript on Papyrus.

To be viewed, and Catalogues had.

LITERARY GAZETTE.—Thirteen Vols. in handsome Half-binding, to be sold.

Inquire of Mr. Furlong, Stationer, Throgmorton Street.

MUSIC.

New Songs by Mrs. Hemans.

A SET of SIX ORIGINAL SONGS, the Poetry by the above Lady; the Music by J. Zeugheer Herrmann, and H. F. C. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* Containing—

Far away!	O lonely Bird
Sister! since I met thee last	Dirge at Sea
Pilgrim's Evening Song	The Lyre and Flower.

Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

MADAME VESTRIS'S NEW SONGS in the GRENADIER.

		s.	*d.*
*O they marched through the Town	Nelson	2	0
*Listen, dear Fanny! Serenade	Ditto	2	0
*The gay Savoyard Boy	Donnadieu	2	0

* Sung in the new Burletta called the Grenadier, at the Royal Olympic Theatre, and nightly encored, written by T. H. Bayly, Esq.

Come to my Orange Bower, sung by Madame Vestris	Nelson	2	0
Highland Minstrel Boy, sung by Mr. Wilson	Barnett	2	0
Hope for the best	T. H. Bayly	2	0

Hart's New Quadrilles.

Hart's Grenadier Quadrilles		3	0
Hart's Thirty-fourth Set, from the Opera of Il Pirata		4	0
Hart's Thirty-third, or Adelaide Quadrilles		4	0
Hart's Royal Mazurkas, as danced at Brighton		3	0
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No. 737. SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the War in the Peninsula. By Lieut.-Col. Napier, C.B. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 640. London, 1831. T. and W. Boone.

If we were called upon to name the department of science which in this country has met with the least attention or encouragement, we should directly answer, the study of the art of war. It seems to have been cautiously avoided by the deep reasoner, the speculative theorist, and the literary aspirant. Volumes we have, out of number, professing to give histories of our great captains, and descriptions of our British "feats in broil and battle;" but it must be acknowledged, looking at war as a grand science, that they are, for the most part, of flimsy construction—offerings to the imagination, not to the head—presenting a heterogeneous mass of confused geography, huddled march and countermarch, towns leaguered, with rockets hissing, shells exploding, soldiers sacking,—and crowned with the delineation of combats, much in the pell-mell style of Mr. Cooper's battle-pieces. Humane and moral motives have been adduced to explain this neglect and want of consideration for military art; but they are of little weight, it being universally admitted, that wars have become less bloody, and strife less ferocious, as the means of fighting have improved. We are more inclined to the opinion of its being constitutional in us islanders — for dislike and jealousy of the military pervades all our institutions, and is instilled into us from our cradle: "*any thing will do for a soldier,*" is the apology for devoting the impracticable graceless scion of the family to the profession of arms; the mouthing patriot scares his shuddering infant brood with the bugbear terrors of a standing army; and, in harmony with these, the Mutiny Act, authorising the maintenance of a permanent force, with admirable consistency opens with the declaration of its being contrary to law. Our military system is also clogged by these defects; no qualification, except as to age and size, is required to fit an officer for the army—it is not even necessary for him to read or write; and many losses of opportunity, *matériel*, and men, in our primary campaigns, are to be attributed to those in command being utterly ignorant of the first principles of their profession. The doating parent restricts his own pleasures, to furnish means for the education of the favourite son who is destined for what is termed a learned profession; but the scapegrace who has to gain for himself "a name in arms," is permitted to idle away his time till the hour arrives for what is, in many cases, but the gratification of a foolish vanity, which would perhaps have been dissipated, if the measures to make him an accomplished soldier had been duly pursued. Surely it ought to be required that every candidate for a commission should be grounded in mathematics, and possess a knowledge of at least one continental language.

We have been led to this digression, previously to laying before our readers a report of the admirable military work before us, being the third volume of Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War;* and to such as are disposed to think lightly of the military in juxta-position with other professions, we recommend its perusal: it will at once satisfy them by numerous illustrations of the natural endowments and scientific acquirements absolutely requisite to those who have any ambition to "shine in arms."

The earlier pages of this volume detail the final dispersion of the Spanish armies, and the almost entire subjection of Spain; but as the thread of the gallant author's narrative successively unwinds, we open upon events of more powerful interest,—the defence of Portugal by Lord Wellington, the retreat of Massena, and, in conclusion, the battle of Albuera, fought by Lord Beresford. To the latter we shall confine this notice, regretting that we are compelled, by want of space, to omit what appears to us one of the most favourable specimens of the author's style; his clear, distinct, and perspicuous description of the combat of Ocaña, so fatal to the Spaniards, who there proved their total inefficiency, single-handed, to withstand the invader. We, therefore, direct our attention to the eleventh book, which opens with a political tirade, expressed in the writer's usually strong language, ascribing to the ministry of the period (1810) the worst of motives, coupled with glaring ignorance and cowardly timidity. Is the gallant author, like his great chief, so wholly and exclusively a soldier, as to be but an indifferent and shallow politician? or does he suppose that all honour and high ambition for the country's welfare is the property of himself and his companions in arms? That faults were committed by the ministry, candour will admit; but the sin of ignorance is sufficient visitation, without the imputation of dishonourable motives. Their aim was the same as Lord Wellington's, and no less difficult was their part to accomplish: they had obstacles to encounter from a nation whose constitutional prejudices against military expeditions were confirmed by repeated disgraces and discomfitures; and no wonder they hesitated before they threw all into the scale of continental warfare: abler men would, perhaps, have done the same. While on this topic, we cannot forbear noticing the following extraordinary passage, of which sound discretion would, we think, have dictated the omission. If the communication to Lord Wellington was private, its revival is scarcely justifiable; if public, in common justice to the nameless writer, the whole letter ought to have been published. The arrow thus shot, is likely to fix in more than one breast.

"This spirit of faction was, however, not confined to one side; there was a ministerial person at this time, who, in his dread of the opposition, wrote to Lord Wellington, complaining of his inaction, and calling upon him to do something that would excite a public sensation: *any thing, provided blood was spilt.* A calm but severe rebuke, and the cessation of all friendly intercourse with the writer, discovered the general's abhorrence of this detestable policy."

Our present illustration will be the battle of Albuera; and the severe strictures to which it gives rise on the conduct and capacity of Lord Beresford, almost lead us, in the spirit of charity, to wish that time had run a longer course, before history, with pen severe, had recorded these events. After such exposures (if, as they appear to be, justified by facts), no future confidence in a commander can be expected from either officers or men.

"During the night, Blake and Cole arrived with above sixteen thousand men; but so defective was the occupation of the ground, that Soult had no change to make in his plans from this circumstance; and, a little before nine o'clock in the morning, Godinot's division issued from the woods in one heavy column of attack, preceded by ten guns. He was flanked by the light cavalry, and followed by Werlé's division of reserve, and, making straight towards the bridge, commenced a sharp cannonade, attempting to force the passage; at the same time, Briché, with two regiments of hussars, drew further down the river to observe Colonel Otway's horse. The allies' guns on the rising ground above the village answered the fire of the French, and ploughed through their columns, which were crowding without judgment towards the bridge, although the stream was passable above and below. But Beresford observing that Werlé's division did not follow closely, was soon convinced that the principal effort would be on the right, and therefore sent Blake orders to form a part of the first and all the second line of the Spanish army, on the broad part of the hills, at right angles to their actual front. Then drawing the Portuguese infantry of the left wing to the centre, he sent one brigade down to support Alten, and directed General Hamilton to hold the remainder in columns of battalions, ready to move to any part of the field. The thirteenth dragoons were posted near the edge of the river, above the bridge, and, meanwhile, the second division marched to support Blake. The horse-artillery, the heavy dragoons, and the fourth division, also took ground to the right, and were posted; the cavalry and guns on a small plain behind the Aroya, and the fourth division in an oblique line, about half-musket-shot behind them. This done, Beresford galloped to Blake, for that general had refused to change his front, and, with great heat, told Colonel Hardinge, the bearer of the order, that the real attack was at the village and bridge. Beresford had sent again to entreat that he would obey; but this message was as fruitless as the former, and, when the marshal arrived, nothing had been done. The enemy's columns were, however, now beginning to appear on the right, and Blake, yielding to this evidence, proceeded to make the evolution,

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yet with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction in person. Great was the confusion and the delay thus occasioned; and ere the troops could be put in order, the French were amongst them. For scarcely had Godinot engaged Alten's brigade, when Werlé, leaving only a battalion of grenadiers and some squadrons to watch the thirteenth dragoons and to connect the attacks, countermarched with the remainder of his division, and rapidly gained the rear of the fifth corps, as it was mounting the hills on the right of the allies. At the same time the mass of light cavalry suddenly quitted Godinot's column, and, crossing the river Albuera above the bridge, ascended the left bank at a gallop, and, sweeping round the rear of the fifth corps, jointed Latour Maubourg, who was already in face of Lumley's squadrons. Thus half an hour had sufficed to render Beresford's position nearly desperate. Two-thirds of the French were in a compact order of battle, on a line perpendicular to his right, and his army, disordered and composed of different nations, was still in the difficult act of changing its front. It was in vain that he endeavoured to form the Spanish line sufficiently in advance to give room for the second division to support it: the French guns opened, their infantry threw out a heavy musketry, and their cavalry, outflanking the front, and charging here and there, put the Spaniards in disorder at all points: in a short time the latter gave way, and Soult, thinking the whole army was yielding, pushed forward his columns, while his reserves also mounted the hill, and General Ruty placed all the batteries in position. At this critical moment General William Stewart arrived at the foot of the height with Colonel Colborne's brigade, which formed the head of the second division. The colonel, seeing the confusion above, desired to form in order of battle previous to mounting the ascent; but Stewart, whose boiling courage overlaid his judgment, led up without any delay in column of companies, and attempted to open out his line in succession as the battalions arrived at the summit. Being under a destructive fire, the foremost charged to gain room, but a heavy rain prevented any object from being distinctly seen, and four regiments of hussars and lancers, which had passed the right flank in the obscurity, came galloping in upon the rear of the line at the instant of its development, and slew or took two-thirds of the brigade. One battalion only (the thirty-first) being still in column, escaped the storm, and maintained its ground; while the French horsemen, riding violently over every thing else, penetrated to all parts. In the tumult, a lancer fell upon Beresford; but the marshal, a man of great strength, putting his spear aside, cast him from his saddle; and a shift of wind blowing aside the mist and smoke, the mischief was perceived from the plains by General Lumley, who sent four squadrons out upon the lancers, and cut many of them off. During this first unhappy effort of the second division, so great was the confusion, that the Spanish line continued to fire without cessation, although the British were before them; whereupon Beresford, finding his exhortations to advance fruitless, seized an ensign, and bore him and his colours, by main force, to the front; yet the troops would not follow, and the man went back again on being released. In this crisis, the weather, which had ruined Colborne's brigade, also prevented Soult from seeing the whole extent of the field of battle, and he still kept his heavy columns together. His cavalry, indeed, began to hem in that of the allies; but the fire of the horse-artillery enabled Lumley, covered as he was by the bed of the Aroya, and supported by the fourth division, to check them on the plain, while Colborne still maintained the heights with the thirty-first regiment: the British artillery, under Major Dickson, was likewise coming fast into action; and William Stewart, who had escaped the charge of the lancers, was again mounting the hill with General Houghton's brigade, which he brought on with the same vehemence, but, instructed by his previous misfortune, in a juster order of battle. The weather now cleared, and a dreadful fire poured into the thickest of the French columns, convinced Soult that the day was yet to be won. Houghton's regiments soon got footing on the summit, Dickson placed the artillery in line, the remaining brigade of the second division came up on the left, and two Spanish corps at last moved forward. The enemy's infantry then recoiled, yet, soon recovering, renewed the fight with greater violence than before; the cannon on both sides discharged showers of grape at half range, and the peals of musketry were incessant, and often within pistol shot; but the close formation of the French embarrassed their battle, and the British line would not yield them one inch of ground, nor a moment of time to open their ranks. Their fighting was, however, fierce and dangerous. Stewart was twice hurt; Colonel Duckworth, of the forty-eighth, was slain; and the gallant Houghton, who had received many wounds without shrinking, fell, and died in the act of cheering his men. Still the struggle continued with unabated fury. Colonel Inglis, twenty-two other officers, and more than four hundred men, out of five hundred and seventy that had mounted the hill, fell in the fifty-seventh alone; and the other regiments were scarcely better off, not one-third were standing in any. Ammunition failed, and, as the English fire slackened, the enemy established a column in advance upon the right flank; the play of Dickson's artillery checked them a moment; but again the Polish lancers charging, captured six guns. And, in this desperate crisis, Beresford, who had already withdrawn the thirteenth dragoons from the banks of the river, and brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde movement, wavered; destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind. Yet no order to that effect was given; and it was urged by some about him, that the day might still be redeemed with the fourth division. While he hesitated, Colonel Hardinge boldly ordered General Cole to advance; and then riding to Colonel Abercrombie, who commanded the remaining brigade of the second division, directed him also to push forward into the fight. The die being thus cast, Beresford acquiesced, and this terrible battle was continued. The fourth division had only two brigades in the field; the one Portuguese, under General Harvey, — the other, commanded by Sir W. Myers, and composed of the seventh and twenty-third British regiments, was called the fusileer brigade. General Cole directed the Portuguese to move between Lumley's dragoons and the hill, where they were immediately charged by some of the French horsemen, but beat them off with great loss: meanwhile he led the fusileers in person up the height. At this time, six guns were in the enemy's possession; the whole of Werlé's reserves were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the French; and the remnant of Houghton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground: the field was heaped with carcases, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillery on the upper part of the hill, and on the lower slopes a Spanish and English regiment, in mutual error, were exchanging volleys: behind all, General Hamilton's Portuguese, in withdrawing from the heights above the bridge, appeared to be in retreat. The conduct of a few brave men soon changed this state of affairs. Colonel Robert Arbuthnot, pushing between the double fire of the mistaken troops, arrested that mischief; while Cole, with the fusileers, flanked by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion under Colonel Hawkshawe, mounted the hill, dispersed the lancers, recovered the captured guns, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade, exactly as Abercrombie passed it on the left. Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory: they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front; while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed; Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded; and the fusileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies; and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes; while the horsemen, hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm, weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as, foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood; and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!"

Our task for the present draws to a close; and, after the expression of our cordial thanks to the author for the able execution of his undertaking, we divest ourselves of our characters as critics, and, as Englishmen, express our national pride, our triumphant satisfaction, at finding written proofs, beyond the reach of foreign hatred, or contemporaneous jealousy, that the defence of Portugal, and the discomfiture of her invaders, was not decided by a cast of "fortune's faithless die;" but was solely due to the sagacious designs

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and skilful combinations of our general and countryman, Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXV. Journal of a Residence in Normandy. By J. A. St. John, Esq. 18mo. pp. 295. Edinburgh, 1831, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

This is a very pleasant little volume, though, we must say, full long for the importance of its contents. A residence in a provincial town, and a few journeys in its environs, afford scant matter for nearly three hundred closely printed pages. But it is a common fault of travellers to imagine that what would never be thought worth mentioning (hardly even in a private letter) if happening in their own country, is deserving of circumstantial detail if occurring in a foreign land. Much in these pages might well have been left out, without loss of either information or amusement; and there are one or two coarse passages, the omission of which would have been an improvement. We now turn to the more agreeable office of praise and quotation. We recommend Mr. St. John's observations on his resident countrymen in France to particular attention.

"It is certain, however, that they who go to reside in France for purposes of economy, very quickly discover that they might have lived much more economically at home. There are very few things cheaper in France than in England, excepting wine and brandy; and, with the aid of these, a man may certainly kill himself for a trifle in that country. House-rent is far from being lower than in towns of equal size in England; and it is considerably higher, if we consider the quality of the house and of the furniture which is put into it when it is called furnished. If persons ever save any thing in France, it is by rigidly denying themselves all those pleasures and comforts which they were accustomed to enjoy in their own country; but this they might do at home, with far less trouble, and a much less painful sacrifice, only removing to a little distance from the scene of their prosperity. Indeed, there are not, I imagine, in the whole world, persons more to be pitied than English economisers on the continent. Cut off from all old associations, they become restless, dissatisfied, unhappy. They are seldom sufficiently numerous in any place to allow of each person among them finding society exactly according to his taste; and, whatever they may pretend to the contrary, they never thoroughly enjoy the society of the natives. Reduced to the mere animal gratifications, they eat, drink, sleep, and creep on in discontent and obscurity to their graves. Some of them, it is true, enjoy that sort of excitement which gambling furnishes, and which people without brains mistake for pleasure; but these persons are quickly reduced to a state more wretched than that of the mere eating and drinking emigrants, and generally end by furnishing prematurely a *subject* to the French demonstrators of anatomy. In proportion to the length of time they have been away from England, their patriotism, or rather their nationality, is strong; for the feeling increases as time softens down the unpleasant and heightens the agreeable features of their own country in their memory. But this only renders them more unhappy in themselves, and more disagreeable to the inhabitants, by constantly impelling them to institute comparisons between England and France, which of course are disadvantageous to the latter. Besides gambling, they have a few other amusements — scandal, calculation of their expenses, balls, parties, and newspapers. But still their time is badly filled up, and much remains to be devoured by idleness and *ennui*. Go into the streets whenever you please, you will generally observe two or three knots of Englishmen on the look-out for excitement, inquiring about the king's health, the emancipation of the Jews, or the arrival of the last steam-packet from England. Every new comer is regarded as a godsend for a few days — that is, until he ceases to be new; and then another comes, and amuses and disappoints them in his turn. One excellent regulation has been adopted by the English abroad: a stranger, on his arrival at any place, calls first upon as many of the residents as he desires to be acquainted with, and thus knows just so many persons as he wishes, and no more."

The sounds mentioned in the ensuing passage are new, at least to us: —

"Among the signs of spring in this country, there is one which is any thing but poetical; and that is, the croaking of the frogs, which, in the dusk of the evening, and during the night, is so loud and unintermitting, that it disturbs one's sleep. I never heard any thing resembling it in England. It is almost as loud as the scream of the quail. And every pond, ditch, and river, in the whole country, appears to nourish myriads of these rivals of the nightingale, who seem to rejoice exceedingly in tuning their terrific voices, and 'making night hideous.' With this infernal croaking, which nightly brought Aristophanes into my head, another sound, which I heard for the first time in my life in the neighbourhood of Caen, is frequently mingled. Having occasion to visit the city one night in the early part of the spring, I was startled, on approaching the Falaise road, by a sound resembling the distant tinkling of small bells, breaking suddenly, and in a strange manner, upon the ear. While I was pausing, and endeavouring to conjecture what it might be, a hundred similar sounds seemed to burst up out of the earth, in various places, until all the fields around were alive with this strange music. I was now convinced that it must be the cry of some bird, or reptile, or insect, and was listening to the clear, silvery, fairy tinkling in the distance, when the same sound suddenly burst up in the grass at my feet. I now began to imagine it must be the grasshoppers calling to their mates; but, upon inquiring of the peasants, the only persons who appeared to know any thing of the matter, I was informed that the owners of these fairy bells were the toads. Other persons, however, maintained that it was a species of lizard; others, that it was the frogs; but, upon the whole, the toads seemed *to bear the bell.*"

At Rouen there is a portrait of the celebrated Ninon, of which Mr. St. John observes: —

"A portrait of Ninon, painted by I know not whom, is perfectly exquisite. It was taken when the lady was young and innocent, if she ever was so, for it betrays none of those qualities of mind and heart which have rendered the original so famous. I should have conjectured Ninon to have been a dark beauty, with tresses of jet, and eyes of fire; but she was nothing of all that. On the contrary, she was a delicate *blonde*, a gentle, modest-looking creature, with blue eyes, and cheeks slightly carnationed. Her only defect was to have had hair too fine and scanty, her tresses being rather apologies for ringlets, than those rich sunny curls which one would have expected to see on the temples of one so fair and so celebrated."

The following extract does not say much for the common comforts of life: —

"The cutlery, for example, is generally exceedingly poor and clumsy; and every improvement which is attempted is said to be *à l'Anglais*. They mark their linen with English ink; they cut their beef steaks and plum puddings with English knives, when they can get them; and, if they can scrape off their beards with an English razor, they are but too happy. But, in fact, no man can be expected to be patriotic or national in the matter of razors; for, if the devil himself kept a cutler's shop, and sold a good article, I think no man who has a beard would scruple to become his customer. I was not able to discover a pair of nut-crackers in all Caen, though, I am told, such things have accidentally been seen there; and was compelled to send to London for a pair or two. The instrument with which filberts and hazel nuts are squeezed to pieces here, is exactly like a country cobbler's pincers, only not half so neat. Walnuts are opened with a knife, at the constant risk of lock-jaw. Fenders, of course, there are none; and the fire-irons are of the most rude and awkward construction. The ordinary earthenware is exactly of the description which, I suppose, prevailed before the siege of Troy, being at once ugly and brittle; but the porcelain and finer species of earthenware are frequently extremely tasteful and elegant. The manufacturing of glass seems by no means to have reached the perfection which it has attained among us, though many articles are cheap and pretty. But of all the clumsy fellows in the country, the locksmiths, I think, bear the bell. Nothing can equal the ugliness and coarseness of their locks and keys, if you except the manner in which they are fastened to the doors. In shoeing horses, also, the Normans are peculiarly inexpert. Three persons are invariably employed in the operation: one man seizes the horse by the head, another takes hold of his foot, turns it up, puts on the shoe, and holds it with both hands, while the third strikes in the nails."

The cold in the winter is intense, firing is exceedingly dear, and they have a great prejudice against coal fires.

"Dr. Bennett, the Protestant clergyman, told me, that he had received notice to quit his house, *because he burned coal;* and another English gentleman at Caen, who had invited a large party, finding his drawing-room very thin, and inquiring the reason, found that the French had staid away *because it was understood he burned coal.* What renders the preference for wood fires more astonishing is, that, besides giving much less heat than coal, they are far more expensive."

The lace-makers resort to a curious custom to save fuel. "They agree with some farmer, who has several cows in warm winter quarters, to be allowed to carry on their operations in company with the 'milky mothers.' The cows are tethered in a row, on one side of the apartment, and the lace-makers are seated cross-legged upon the ground, on the other, with their feet buried in straw. Opposite each girl, in a small niche in the wall, is a candle, placed behind a clear hemispherical bottle, the flat side of which is towards the candle, and the globular one towards the knitter. This bottle is filled with water, and throws a small stream of strong, pure, white light upon the cushion, which renders the minutest thread of the lace more visible, if possible, than by day. These

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cow-houses being generally too dark to allow of their ever working without candles, and the cattle being sometimes out in the fields by day, the lace-makers prefer working all night. Numbers of young men, of their own rank, resort to these cow-houses, and sit or lie down in the straw, by the cushions of their sweethearts, and sing, tell stories, or say soft things to them all night, to cheer them in their labours."

French love-making differs very much from our English method. "During courtship, the mother generally sits in the room with the lovers, walks out with them, goes to church with them, and, in one word, never quits her daughter's side until she is fairly married. The other day, in a match where the lover was French, the mistress English, the gentleman, some time after he had obtained permission to pay his addresses, petitioned, with much gravity, to be allowed every day, on entering and quitting the house, to kiss his mistress's cheek. The favour was granted, and the methodical and conscientious lover, never dreaming of overstepping the bounds prescribed, gave his beloved two kisses regularly per day. The courtship was carried on in French, of which the mother did not understand one word, and the daughter very few; but the diplomacy of love requiring but little aid from language, the business was conducted with facility, and terminated as it ought. If the mother, however, left the room for an instant during the courtship, the lover, in the greatest alarm for the honour of his mistress, would start up from the sofa, on which they usually sat, and, throwing open the door of the apartment, that the persons in the next room might have a full view of him, would pace to and fro, or stand as far as possible from the girl, until the duenna returned."

Mr. St. John has, to our taste, one great fault in style — he is too fond of grandiloquent similes applied to ordinary events. The blacksmiths, for example, use "a hammer large enough to have served the Cyclops in beating out the thunderbolts for Jupiter in their smithy in Mount Etna." He encounters some execrable dormitories, sleeping in which calls forth a not very complimentary comparison. "Here, however, having, at all events, a bed apiece, we resolved to repose our 'wearied virtue,' like Milton's devils, after their fall." Passing through the refectory at St. Michael's, now converted into a place of confinement for criminals, is called passing "like Dante and his guide." Two men of low rank quarrel at an inn, and one, "like Byron's Lara, conceives himself insulted." We have reserved the most poetical and polite to the last. "Their 'robes' are only what, I believe, is technically called *half-low* among the ladies. From beneath the neck of this, however, the rich lace of the chemise peeps out, like the leaves of the white rose, full and fragrant, and gives an air of delicate coquetry to the person." We advert to these little absurdities, because they are quite out of keeping with the good sense which marks so many of our author's observations. We regret we have not room for a very interesting scene of drawing for the conscription.

The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race, by C. O. Müller, Prof. Univ. Gött. Translated from the German by H. Tufnell and G. C. Lewis, Esqrs. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

THE difficulty, and it is one of reiterated occurrence, that will be found to present itself in the perusal of Müller's *Dorians*, consists in arriving, with any degree of satisfaction, at the definite conclusion as to what we are to admit and what to reject. We cannot but feel indebted to the weariless spirit of research displayed in collecting materials from the most varied and multiplied sources. We cannot but applaud learning as unbounded in its range as it is indefatigable in the pursuit of all that can illustrate and develope the different bearings of its subject. But while we make these willing acknowledgments, we must urge the necessity of caution, lest, from the extraordinary erudition of the author, the reader suffer himself to be lured on into the wilderness of conjecture and vague speculation. At the same time that no passage of antiquity which bears upon his subject, or can bring out his views in a forcible, or even faint light, escapes the scrutinising intellect of Müller, he cannot be acquitted of an unreasonable tendency to captious incredulity, and a proneness to disputation, where, from the obscurity of the question, any definite result is utterly hopeless. Hence springs up the prevalent habit of rejecting as prejudices the only positions which the relics of ancient literature have handed down. Many incongruities are now apparent, and many inconsistencies startle us, which, had a perfect instead of a mutilated account descended to us, would have been seen to have no existence but in the ignorance arising from the scant and incomplete information that now remains. Thus, the German scholars go far to balance the debt we owe their deep research and acquirements, by throwing doubt upon points of history, from which we have been wont to derive unmixed delight, but the charm of which is broken the moment we fear them to be no longer facts. From thus having many of our fountains of pleasure destroyed at "one fell swoop," we are the more disposed to cherish the supposition, that these uncompromising historical sceptics are frequently wanderers in the fields of conjecture. We have said so much for the purpose of warning the reader of Müller's *Dorians*, that while he revels in the rich learning of these volumes, however he may be astounded by the prodigious display of investigation, or admire the keen ability evinced in extracting from the depths of classic lore every allusion to his subject, and compacting therefrom a probable, or at least profound, statement; still he will do well to bear in mind, that the grounds upon which Müller proceeds, require the close scrutiny which he himself applies to others; and that his inferences must ever "be weighed in the balance," and when "found wanting," be unscrupulously rejected. We now quote the annexed curious explanation of various terms of relationship, for which we are indebted to the able translators.

"There is, however, a subject connected with the political divisions of the ancient states, on which little or no information is to be found in any English writer; and we have therefore collected from some German books, a knowledge of which is presupposed in the following work, a brief account of the meaning of the terms φυλὴ, φρατρία, πάτρα, γένος, and δῆμος. We shall begin by setting down a translation of a passage of Dicæarchus, preserved in Stephanus of Byzantium, which is the chief authority on this difficult subject. 'Patra was the name of the second stage of relationship among different persons, the first having merely been the affinity between man and wife. Its title was derived from the most ancient and powerful of the race, as, for instance, the Æacidæ or Pelopidæ. The names *Phatria* and *Phratria* arose as follows. When a man married his daughter to the member of a different patra, the bride no longer continued to share in the sacred rites of the patra to which she by birth belonged, but was reckoned in the patra of her husband. So that a meeting of brothers and sisters in different patras having first arisen from natural affection, another society was formed, with a community of sacred rites, called *phratria*. Thus a *patra* arose chiefly from the affinity of parents and children, and children and parents; and a *phratria* from that of brothers and sisters. The terms φυλὴ and φυλέται first arose from the association of mankind into states and nations, each of the combining parts being called a φῦλον.' The above very curious passage of Dicæarchus, who was a pupil of Aristotle, must be considered in reference to the political theory of that philosopher. The most simple element of civil society is, according to Aristotle, a family: the next, a village, which is a collection or assemblage of families: the last, a state, which is a collection or union of villages. Aristotle, therefore, considers mankind as brought together by the communion of *place*. Dicæarchus, however, supposes the principle of union to have been, not communion of residence, but relationship. In shewing this, he supposes society to be resolved into its most simple element,—a married pair. This is the first stage; and he then proceeds to form a nation, as it were, *synthetically*; that is, he adds the parts together, to make up the whole. The second degree is a *family*, properly so called; that is, a number of persons deriving their descent from the same stock. This was sometimes called πάτρα, as being a collection of persons springing from the same father, or πατὴρ. This person (whether real or supposed) gave his name to all his descendants, such as the Æacidæ from Æacus, the Heraclidæ from Hercules, &c. which corresponds to our *surname*. In the origin of society, a family would consist only of parents and children living under the same roof. This is the point at which Dicæarchus must take it; for his third stage is a *collection of families*, which arose, he says, from the regret which the sisters, when married, felt for the loss of their brothers' company; as the wife belonged to the patra, or family, of her husband. Hence certain meetings were held, at which all the patræ connected by marriage took part in the same rites and sacrifices, and thus formed a certain political division, called a *phratria*, from φρατὴρ,—the same as *frater*; because the connexion originated, not, like a patra, from *paternal*, but from *fraternal* affection. This great religious festival was, by the Ionians and Athenians, celebrated under the name of 'Απατούρια, 'the union of the φράτορες, or members of the πάτραι.' A union of these larger bodies, or phratriæ, made a φυλὴ, or tribe (*tribus*), which tribes were again combined into a state."

To enter fully upon the multifarious subjects of which our author treats, is wholly incompatible, both with our purpose and our page: let it be sufficient, therefore, that we afford space for such an extract as will give our readers a fair sample of the translators' style, and Müller's searching manner of handling his subject. We select his remarks on the condition of the Helots.

"It is a matter of much greater difficulty to form a clear notion of the treatment of the Helots, and of their manner of life; for the rhetorical spirit with which later historians have embellished their philanthropic views, joined to our own ignorance, has been productive of much confusion and misconception.

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Myron of Priene, in his romance on the Messenian war, drew a dark picture of Sparta, and endeavoured at the end to rouse the feelings of his readers by a description of the fate which the conquered underwent. 'The Helots,' says he, 'perform for the Spartans every ignominious service. They are compelled to wear a cap of dog-skin (κυνῆ), to bear a covering of sheep's skin (διφθέρα), and are severely beaten every year without having committed any fault, in order that they may never forget that they are slaves. In addition to this, those amongst them who, either by their stature or their beauty, raise themselves above the condition of a slave, are condemned to death, and the masters who do not destroy the most manly of them are liable to punishment.' The partiality and ignorance of this writer is evident from his very first statement. The Helots wore the leathern cap with a broad band; and the covering of sheep's skin, simply because it was the original dress of the natives, which moreover the Arcadians had retained from ancient usage: Laertes, the father of Ulysses, when he assumed the character of a peasant, is also represented as wearing a cap of goat's skin. The truth is, that the ancients made a distinction between town and country costume. Hence, when the tyrants of Sicyon wished to accustom the unemployed people, whose numbers they dreaded, to a country life, they forced them to wear the κατωνάκη, which had underneath a lining of fur. The Pisistratidæ also made use of the very same measure. Thus also Theognis describes the countrymen of Megara (whose admission to the rights of citizenship he deplores) as clothed with dressed skins, and dwelling around the town like frightened deer. The *diphthera* of the Helots, therefore, signified nothing more humiliating and degrading than their employment in agricultural labour. Now, since Myron thus manifestly misinterpreted this circumstance, it is very probable that his other objections are founded in error; nor can misrepresentations of this political state, which was unknown to the later Greeks, and particularly to the class of writers, have been uncommon. Plutarch, for example, relates that the Helots were compelled to intoxicate themselves, and perform indecent dances, as a warning to the Spartan youth; but common sense is opposed to so absurd a method of education. Is it possible that the Spartans should have so degraded the men whom they appointed as tutors over their young children? Female Helots also discharged the office of nurse in the royal palaces, and doubtless obtained all the affection with which the attendants of early youth were honoured in ancient times. It is, however, certain that the Doric laws did not bind servants to strict temperance; and hence examples of drunkenness among them might have served as a means of recommending sobriety. It was also an established regulation, that the national songs and dances of Sparta were forbidden to the Helots, who, on the other hand, had some extravagant and lascivious dances peculiar to themselves, which may have given rise to the above report. We must, moreover, also bear in mind, that most of the strangers who visited Sparta, and gave an account of its institutions, seized upon particular cases which they had imperfectly observed, and, without knowing their real nature, described them in the light suggested by their own false prepossessions. —But are we not labouring in vain to soften the bad impression of Myron's account, since the fearful word *crypteia* is of itself sufficient to shew the unhappy fate of the Helots, and the cruelty of their masters? By this word is generally understood, a chase of the Helots, annually undertaken at a fixed time by the youth of Sparta, who either assassinated them by night, or massacred them formally in open day, in order to lessen their numbers, and weaken their power. Isocrates speaks of this institution in a very confused manner, and from mere report. Aristotle, however, as well as Heraclides of Pontus, attribute it to Lycurgus, and represent it as a war which the Ephors themselves, on entering upon their yearly office, proclaimed against the Helots. Thus it was a regularly legalised massacre, —and the more barbarous, as its periodical arrival could be foreseen by the unhappy victims. And yet were not these Helots, who in many districts lived entirely alone, united by despair for the sake of common protection, and did they not every year kindle a most bloody and determined war throughout the whole of Laconia? Such are the inextricable difficulties in which we are involved by giving credit to the received accounts: the solution of which is, in my opinion, to be found in the speech of Megillus the Spartan, in the Laws of Plato, who is there celebrating the manner of inuring his countrymen to hardships. 'There is also amongst us,' he says, 'what is called the *crypteia* (κρυπτεία), the pain of undergoing which is scarcely credible. It consists in going barefoot in storms, in enduring the privations of the camp, performing menial offices without a servant, and wandering night and day through the whole country.' The same is more clearly expressed in another passage, where the philosopher settles, that in his state sixty agronomi or phylarchs should each choose twelve young men from the age of twenty-five to thirty, and send them as guards in succession through the several districts, in order to inspect the fortresses, roads, and public buildings in the country; for which purpose they should have power to make free use of the slaves. During this time they were to live sparingly, to minister to their own wants, and range through the whole country in arms without intermission, both in winter and summer. These persons were to be called κρυπτοὶ, or ἀγρεανόμοι. Can it be supposed that Plato would have here used the name of *crypteia*, if it signified a secret murder of the Helots, or, rather, if there was not an exact agreement in essentials between the institution which he proposed and that in existence at Sparta, although the latter was perhaps one of greater hardship and severity? The youth of Sparta were also sent out under certain officers, partly for the purpose of training them to hardships, partly of inspecting the territory of Sparta, which was of considerable extent, and who kept, we may suppose, a strict watch upon the Helots, who, living by themselves, and entirely separated from their masters, must have been for that reason the more formidable to Sparta. We must allow that oppression and severity were not sufficiently provided against, only the aim of the custom was wholly different; though perhaps it is reckoned by Thucydides among those institutions, which, as he says, were established for the purpose of keeping a watch over the Helots. It is hardly necessary to remark, that this established institution of the crypteia was in no way connected with those measures to which Sparta thought herself compelled in hazardous circumstances to resort. Thucydides leaves us to guess the fate of the 2000 Helots, who, after having been destined for the field, suddenly disappeared. It was the curse of this bondage (which Plato terms the hardest in Greece), that the slaves abandoned their masters when they stood in greatest need of their assistance; and hence the Spartans were even compelled to stipulate in treaties for aid against their own subjects."

This topic naturally awakens the recollection of the reader, and directs it to the extraordinary delusion that prevails in the world relative to the vaunted *liberty* of Greece. At Sparta the slaves were upwards of two hundred thousand; at Athens, something under that number: the proportion of citizens in the former state was eight thousand; in the latter, twenty; and thus, throughout the rest of Greece, was the infinite majority doomed to slavery. Provided in that "land of the free" the democracy at Athens, the oligarchy at Sparta, or whatever favourite form of government suited their several tastes, was the dominant power, a hue and cry was raised about freedom, the echoes of which would still have the world suppose that such a thing had a positive existence. Now, if the great bulk of mankind is to be taken into account, this liberty was assuredly romance, rather than reality. In closing our notice of these volumes, we have only to express our acknowledgments to the industry, and add our testimony to the creditable manner in which the translators have executed their useful and laborious undertaking, and mention that the work carries with it the recommendation of some invaluable maps.

Thackrah on the Effects of Arts, Trades, and Professions, and on Health and Life.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

In this age of strange and contradictory opinions, when it is no easy matter to decide, whether it is better or worse for a community that a majority of its members should be cut off in the flower of their years, or be suffered to enjoy a healthy longevity, and people the country; at a period when, in theory at least, all the anxious measures of former legislators, and all the ideas of our forefathers, that it was good to replenish the earth, and that the strength of a nation lay in the abundance of its population, seem to be regarded as barbarous paradoxes; at such a time, we say, it is difficult to tell whether we ought, humanely speaking, to laugh or weep at the distressing *ensemble* of Mr. Thackrah's picture. Sure we are, that our progenitors would have thought it most calamitous, and would have set to work, with all their strength and ingenuity, to devise means of improvement: but we are almost equally sure that our contemporary philosophers will hail it as a blessing, that so many occupations contribute to the abridgment of human life. Were it not for these, for habits of intemperance, for labour continued beyond the physical endurance of man, for insufficient nourishment, for exposure to cold and misery, for the rack of nerves, and the thousand other ills which, in our complicated state of civilisation, more than 95 per cent of us are heir to, the land would soon be so overrun, that we must resort to infanticide, cannibalism, or some other horrible process, in order to thin and remedy the superabundance. War and pestilence would come to be hailed as boons; the individual who imported plague or cholera morbus would be entitled to a statue or a temple. Yet it is a curious contradiction in our system, that, while we praise the devisers of every scheme for reducing the population, such as discouraging early marriages, and encouraging emigration, we at the same time praise the skilful accoucheur, surgeon, and physician, the patriarchal-looking papas and

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mammas with prodigious tails of good-looking progeny, and all others who contribute to increase our wretchedness, by bringing into, and keeping in, the world that very superflux which occasions us so to jostle and pinch each other for food and raiment. Truly we are in a dilemma; but still we must confess, for ourselves, that our hearts bleed when we read of so vast a multitude of our fellow-creatures perishing from disease, and doomed to close a life, only long in weary sufferings, in the quiet of an early grave. Surely Nature never intended this; surely it is counter to the scheme of a beneficent Providence. It is dreadful to reflect upon; and every being, not utterly lost in heartless selfishness, ought to exert his uttermost power to lighten the heavy load. We are not fond of theories; but *the theorist* upon this subject claims our respect, when we see that his motives are benevolent; and, if we could but witness *the practical* also, each in his own sphere, the landlord, the master-manufacturer, the merchant, the clergyman, bend his energies to promote the welfare of those immediately around him, we fancy that a mighty sum might readily be added to the aggregate of human happiness.

It is a disordered state of society, where any considerable proportion cannot obtain food by their toil; and discontent and the desire of change are the rational results. Before the necessity of remedying this state of things, even the great question of Reform becomes a mere trifle. They ask for bread, and you give them a problem,—a problem, however, which we grant is of essential consequence to the body politic.

With these preliminary remarks, we resume our analysis of Mr. Thackrah's volume, and come to his second division, *i. e.* of *dealers.*

Shopkeepers suffer from want of air and exercise. They are "pale, dyspeptic, and subject to affections of the head. They drag on a sickly existence, die before the proper end of human life, and leave a progeny like themselves."

Commercial travellers are compelled to take more liquor daily than nature requires; and the consequence is, in spite of their active employments, that few of them bear the wear and tear for thirty years—the majority not twenty. For the drinker, if he "be not suddenly taken off by apoplexy, or other affection of the brain, he merges into dropsy, and the bloated mass sinks into an early grave."*

The third division of the work before us refers to *merchants and master-manufacturers.* These are affected by the general principles applicable to other classes. If not too much confined, or exposed to injurious dusts, or effluvia from manufactures, or so hurried as to swallow their meals in a hasty manner, their lives are of a fair proportion. But, truly, adds the author, "of all agents of disease and decay, the most important is *anxiety of mind.* When we walk the streets of large commercial towns, we must be struck with the hurried gait and care-worn features of the well-dressed passengers. Some young men, indeed, we may remark, with countenances possessing natural cheerfulness and colour, but these appearances rarely survive the age of manhood. * * * The physical evils of commercial life would be considerably reduced, if men reflected, that the success of business may be prevented by the very means used to promote it. Excessive application and anxiety, by disordering the animal economy, weaken the mental powers. Our opinions are affected by states of the body, and our judgment often perverted. If a clear head be required in commercial transactions, a healthy state of the body is of the first importance; and a healthy state of body is incompatible with excessive application of mind,—the want of exercise and of fresh air. But subjects like this find no entry in the books of our merchants. Intent on their avocations, they strangely overlook the means necessary for pursuing them with success. They find, too late, that they have sacrificed the body to the mind."

Mr. Thackrah allows for the pleasures of the table; but goes into details, enough to frighten the most resolute *bons vivants*, who exceed, and make a god of their belly. The worshippers of *venter Deus*, who build houses as if they were immortal, and feast as if they meant to live for only a very short time, are denounced as the sure consummators of the latter purpose. But we need not insist on the evils which attend those who will indulge their appetites: all that we can do, is to suggest the use of an improvement of our own day for their benefit—we allude to the stomach pump! The Romans, we know, had some not very delicate modes of prolonging and repeating gastronomic enjoyments; had they been enlightened with the knowledge of this machine, how happy it must have made them!

But, leaving both Roman and English epicures, we approach the fourth, the last, and not the least interesting of Mr. Thackrah's divisions; *professional men, and persons engaged in literature:* those who work by mind more than by body. "Some have mental application conjoined or alternating, with considerable exercise in the open air.

"*Civil engineers, surveyors, and architects*, belong to this division. Though confined to the desk occasionally, yet they travel frequently through the country, and thus enjoy fresh air and muscular exertion. They are, indeed, occasionally exposed to wet and cold; but these agents seldom injure persons in motion. Few individuals in this department are unhealthy; except those who are irregular in their habits, and addicted to high living.

"*Ministers of religion* have a similar alternation of study and exercise. The latter, however, is too gentle or restricted for muscular men. Their situation, and the ideas attached to it, unfortunately prevent their joining in sports or amusements which produce a full circulation of the blood, and a full action of the viscera. Hence, congestion of the venous system of the bowels is a frequent occurrence. The individuals of this class who are hard students may be referred to the section of literary men. Clergymen, who preach long, frequently, or with vehemence, as well as orators, actors, public singers, and persons who play much on wind instruments, are subject to pains in the chest, spitting of blood, and diseases of the larynx.

Practitioners of medicine and surgery.—"Night calls (observes Mr. T.) are generally thought to be very injurious. I think the evil less than the public and the profession suppose; for, if we observe those who have for thirty or forty years been much engaged as accoucheurs, we shall find them as robust as others. Anxiety of mind does more, I conceive, to impair health, than breach of sleep, nocturnal exposure, or irregularity in meals." As a profession, the medical is by no means healthy;* and there is an extraordinary mortality among the students.

"We have next to refer to persons who have much mental application, without adequate exercise of the body.

"*Clerks, book-keepers, accountants, &c.* suffer from confined atmosphere and a fixed position.

"Though urgent disease is not generally produced, yet a continuance of the employment in its full extent, never fails to impair the constitution, and render the individual sickly for life.

"*Schools* (the author continues) demand our particular attention. Children are crowded in rooms of disproportionate size. The air, consequently, is greatly contaminated, and the vital power is more or less reduced. Even where attention is paid to ventilation, the evil must, in a greater or less degree, exist in large schools. I mention, as an instance, that excellent institution, the Leeds Lancasterian school. Children, and very young children, are kept, too, for many hours daily, in a state as nearly motionless, as it is possible for the masters to produce. The time devoted to amusement is much too little. Instead of two or three hours a-day being allowed for play, only two or three hours a-day should be devoted to confinement and labour. To fix a child in a particular posture for hours, is vile tyranny, and a cruel restraint on nature. The practice in infant schools is admirable; for here the muscles and the mind are suitably and alternately exerted. The diet at boarding-schools is often much too scanty. The meals are neither as numerous nor as plentiful, as the growth and nourishment of the body require. Neither is the diet sufficiently animal. The exertion of mind also greatly, though indirectly, impairs the corporeal vigour. Learning, or what is called learning, absorbs the nervous energy which is necessary for the body. School-boys have, in winter, too little fire, or are kept too far from it. Hence they suffer a general depression, and are often affected with chilblains. The inmates of schools, though not often attacked with urgent disease, are rendered delicate. Scrophulous complaints are developed, and the vigour of the constitution remains frequently impaired for life. Young ladies especially suffer from habits of schools. Their exercise is much too limited. They walk out, it is true, but scarcely at a rate sufficient to warm the feet. Their time for amusement is too little; and full romping exercise, exercise which brings all the muscles into play, is discouraged." The principal cause of the ill health of girls is the want of full exercise, whether at schools or after they have returned to their homes. Tight stays are also of the most fatal tendency, injuring the spine, and diminishing the capacity of the chest.

"*The profession of the law*, in most of its branches, is sedentary. Solicitors' and other clerks are kept, from morning to night, in a bad position, with the limbs fixed, and the trunk bent forward."

But, leaving the lawyers to take care of themselves, which they very well know how to do in this world, we "have now arrived at the last class of society,—persons who live in a bad atmosphere, maintain one position most of the day, take little exercise, and are frequently under the excitement of ambition. This class

* "Thus," says the author, "an occupation in itself so healthy, that a man might follow it from boyhood to eighty, in health and vigour, is corrupted to the production of disease, and the destruction of at least half the term of human existence."

* "Ramazzini speaks very differently on the subject He says that medical practitioners are comparatively exempt from ordinary diseases, in consequence of their good exercise, and their hilarity of mind, when they go home with their fees in their pockets,—*Dum bene nummati lares suos repetunt.* He adds, that medical men are never so unwell, as when no one else is unwell."

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includes individuals from the several professions, as well as the men devoted to science and literature."

And on this subject we cannot but quote the first observation feelingly:—

"The position of the student is obviously bad. Leaning forward, he keeps most of the muscles wholly inactive, breathes imperfectly, and often irregularly, and takes a full inspiration only when he sighs!!"

Our poor friends and fellow-labourers, is not this too true? Unhappy race! whose best breath is a sigh; whose inspiration is almost a groan; and whose expiration is but a brief term! We will not detail the particulars of your unhappiness, your enfeebled circulation, your cold feet, your reduced powers of digestion (when you have any thing to eat), your impaired nervous energies, your disturbed brains, your irregular arterial action, your epilepsies, your insanities, your diseases of liver, lungs, and heart (*quæque ipse miserrima vidi*). We will only finish, as we cannot help ourselves, with "a full inspiration,"

ALAS! A SIGH!!!

Legends and Stories of Ireland. By Samuel Lover, K. H. A. With six Etchings by the Author. Pp. 227. Dublin, 1831, Wakeman; London, Baldwin and Cradock; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

WE very much doubt whether "excess of appetite doth" in this way "grow by what it feeds on." Irish tales and legends have been both so very good and so very plentiful, that, to use a Dublin Bay simile, "there's a glut of herrings in the market." Many of the stories are very humorously told, though somewhat lengthy. The "iligant" addition to Brian O'Lynn's "ginteel clothin" is very droll.

"Brian O'Lynn had no watch to *put on*,
So he scooped out a turnip to make him a *one*;
He next put a cricket clane undher the shkin,
Whoo! they'll *think it is* tickin! says Brian O'Lynn."

The etchings are extremely clever and characteristic.

The Works of Lord Byron. Vols. V. and VI London, 1831. J. Murray.

THESE two neat and singularly low-priced volumes complete the edition of Lord Byron's works, containing all the scattered poems, never before collected. We must confess most of his epigrams are much indebted to his name. Still this collection is of great interest:—from the Hours of Idleness upwards, we may mark the progress of his mind, and in every slight poem some phase of his thoughts and feelings. We must own to preferring his graver mood—more than half of his mirth was ill nature;—but that is mirth's usual infirmity.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXIV. The Achievements of the Knights of Malta. Vol. II. By Alexander Sutherland, Esq. Author of "Tales of a Pilgrim." London, 1831. Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Edinburgh, Constable and Co.

WE have only to repeat for this volume the recommendation we gave its predecessor;—praise for industry, clearness, and an animated tone, which enters into the chivalric spirit of the order whose annals it records.

Songs of the People; or, British Melodies. By T. H. Cornish. Pp. 132. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE must be some particular charm in publishing a volume of poems—there ought to be. We extract a single verse from this little volume for the sake of one of the oddest opinions that were ever pronounced on Crabbe's poems.

"I was not born to fame—not I;
I was not born to fame;
I have not Hood's keen pleasantry;
I have not Campbell's claim.
Friend Crabbe was never crabbed seen,
I like his *cheerful* twittle:
Though I have never Moorish been
I love the name of Little."

Certainly, "Sir Eustace Grey," the dark and powerful painting of the "Borough," was never called "cheerful twittle" before. It is something for an author to be original.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia; Vol. XVI. Geography. London. Longman and Co.

THIS volume is the third and last devoted to the interesting history of Maritime and Inland Discovery. Of later date than the first volume, it could not be expected to contain so much of matter which was not only racy, but new from its antiquity. The first chapter, however, is an equally able and agreeable sketch of the progress of geographical science in the middle ages. The rest is a pleasing *coup d'œil* of the voyages of Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Cook, La Pérouse, D'Entrecasteaux, Dillon, Bounty Bligh, Flinders, Baudin, King, Ross, Parry, Franklin, Humboldt, Park, Denham, Clapperton, and other celebrated navigators and travellers. Such a volume must be read with great pleasure, and afford much various information; but we have in our *Gazette* journeyed with so many of the originals, that we need not encumber this encomium with quotations.

The Historical Traveller, comprising Narratives connected with the most curious Epochs of European History, and with the Phenomena of European Countries. By Mrs. Charles Gore. 2 vols. 18mo. Colburn and Bentley.

A SELECTION of interesting episodes belonging to history, and addressed to the rising generation, this is altogether a very charming book for youth. Most of the stories are full of attraction, such of those of Masaniello, Ugolino, Cola di Rienzi, the impostor Demetrius, Hofer, &c. &c.; but besides these, there are a multitude of chapters devoted to information of all ages, kinds, and countries, which is supplied in a way well calculated to amuse while it instructs.

The Planet. No. II. for March. Nimmo.

WE are again induced to notice our modest monthly contemporary, for some interesting reminiscences of Gilbert Stuart, Burns, and John Logan. They are simple and unadorned touches, and must be gratifying to all the admirers of genius—especially to our brethren in the north. The other parts of this little publication display throughout good feelings—the greatest recommendation of any periodical.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library; Vol. III. Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1830. Longman and Co.

ONE of two volumes to record the principal events of the past year, according to the best views which the writer could take of them from so near a distance. It seems to be what is called ultra-liberal in its tone; and the remarks on the character of George IV. appear to us, for instance, to be unnecessarily, and, we think, unjustly harsh. We allude, particularly, to the publicly refuted charge of his having neglected Sheridan during his latter days, which is here stated as a fact.

Dibdin's Sunday Library, Vol. II. Longman and Co.

LIKE its predecessor, a good selection from admired and sterling writers. A valuable contribution to the religious world.

Waverley Novels; Vol. XXII. Kenilworth. Edinburgh, R. Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

AMONG Sir Walter Scott's own "Family Library," few works have been more popular than *Kenilworth*—the first volume of which is now before us. There is nothing in the preface or notes of sufficient originality or interest for quotation. In one of the notes it mentions, that Surrey used to call Leicester the Gipsy, on account of his dark complexion. Now, the portrait at Penshurst certainly represents him with red hair. We submit this discrepancy to the antiquaries.

The National Library — Standard Novels, No. I.; the Pilot, by J. F. Cooper, *complete in one volume.* 12mo. pp. 420. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

A VERY neat and very cheap volume; giving the ornaments of excellent printing, a pretty picture, and a good-looking outside, to that branch of our literature which, being generally called light and amusing, seems especially to require the aid of external embellishment. To this we must add, that a good selection of modern fictions will embody at least the majority of the thought and talent of the present day. The *Pilot* is too well established in public favour to require criticism: we certainly consider it the best of Mr. Cooper's works.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—A pamphlet, professing to be a "Statement of Circumstances connected with the late Election for the Presidency of the Royal Society," has just reached me; and as, in reference to that which has appeared in your publication on this subject, it is insinuated, that your information has been derived from me, and that the effect of this has been to induce Mr. Davies Gilbert to resign the chair of the Royal Society, I have to request of you to disavow for me, in the most positive and unqualified manner, the having contributed to you, either orally or by writing, directly or indirectly, any information at all connected with the subject. After the assertion contained in my letter of the 25th of October, to the editor of the *Times*, to which I subscribed my name, because, as I there state, I had never, "either directly or indirectly, written or given sanction to any of the various anonymous paragraphs that have appeared upon this subject in the periodicals of the day," and which letter is reprinted in this pamphlet, I surely could not expect that it would have been necessary for me to have troubled you respecting it. As, however, it relates to a point of character, I am, of course, anxious on the subject; and I shall feel obliged by your attention to it in your ensuing number. The pamphlet itself neither needs nor merits a reply. I am, sir, your obedient servant, T. J. PETTIGREW.

Saville Row, March 2, 1831.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Cowper on the recent improvements in paper-making. These observations were intended as an appendix to a lecture on the same subject, delivered by Mr. Millington in this Institution two or three years ago. Mr. Cowper described the mode of making paper by the machines of Hard and Fourdrinier, for the sake of those of his auditors who were not present at the former lecture. Next, the beautiful machine invented by Mr. Dickenson was illustrated by drawings and experiments. This machine differs considerably from Fourdrinier's: in the latter, the pulp flows upon a horizontal web of wire, about 30 feet in length, stretched on rollers, upon which it revolves; the water from the pulp flows through the web, and leaves the paper on its surface; and as the water drains from the pulp merely by its own weight, it requires about 11 feet in length of wire-web, moving at the rate of 22 feet per minute, or, in other words, half-minute time, to allow the pulp to become sufficiently set before it can be taken off the wire. In Mr. Dickenson's machine, a perforated brass cylinder, about 20 inches in diameter, covered with wire-web, and nearly immersed in the pulp, is substituted for the endless web in Fourdrinier's. The idea is very ingenious. The cylinder is turned truly inside and out,—it is perforated all over by holes and grooves, so disposed, that, when covered first with a layer of plain wires, and afterwards with the wire-web, there is no part of the wire-web which does not communicate with the interior of the cylinder. The ends of this are closed, and it revolves on a hollow spindle or pipe, which has two or three small branch-pipes, bent downward within, but not touching the cylinder: these pipes, from their action, may be called siphons. An air-pipe enters the hollow spindle at one side of the cylinder, and is bent towards the interior upper surface, where it is united to a sort of trough, the edges of which apply themselves closely to the interior, by means of packing; *i. e.* the interposition of any elastic substance. A vacuum is constantly produced in this trough by the air-pump: the trough extends about 8 or 10 inches along the circumference of the cylinder, all of which part is above the surface of the pulp, in which the rest of the cylinder is immersed. As the cylinder revolves, the water flows through the wire-web into the interior, whence it issues by the siphons through the hollow spindle. The current of water flowing through the wire draws the floating fibres against the cylinder, and the paper continues forming, till, in the course of its revolution, it rises over the vacuum-trough. Here the pressure of the atmosphere comes into action, and the remaining water is instantly forced through the wire-web, and the sheet taken up by a blanketed roller. The paper is thus made in the space of a few inches, the machine moving at the rate of 48 feet per minute. Mr. Cowper exhibited a working model of the machine invented by him for preventing the loss, by what, we believe, is technically called shavings; a loss varying from one-sixth to one-twelfth of the whole paper manufactured. The model was furnished with a reel of tissue paper, about 200 feet long: the longitudinal cutting is effected by circular knives, and the transverse cutting by a serrated knife, which divides the paper easily, accurately, and with a sufficiently small edge. A drawing was also exhibited, to illustrate Mr. Ibbotson's new strainer for preventing the knobs which are sometimes found in paper. Mr. Cowper concluded by noticing the gratifying results of the improvement in paper-making and printing-machines; observing that the Bible Society expended between 50,000*l.* and 60,000*l.* annually on paper and printing; the Tract Society also, he stated, frequently printed upwards of 400,000 of a single tract; other Societies for the diffusion of knowledge, whose names he mentioned, printed of each number of a series as many as 20,000; and of the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Tales about 1000 volumes were printed in a day.

A very fine series of anatomical models and drawings were placed in the library; also working models of Mr. Price's method of warming houses by hot water, the principles of which he explained to the members and visitors.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 28th. Colonel Leake, V.P., in the chair.—Read minutes of the preceding meeting, and list of donations since made to the Society's library. Several members balloted for, and candidates proposed. We are happy to have it in our power to develope the ulterior objects of this excellent institution, by inserting here the purposes announced by its directors.

"The president and council of the Royal Geographical Society of London give notice, that his majesty's annual donation of fifty guineas, as due for this year, will be presented to the author of the best communication of either of the two following descriptions, which may be sent to the Society on or before the second Monday of March 1832; provided that it appear to the council worthy of such distinction, viz.:

1. "A detailed account, accompanied by sufficient plans and views, of any important geographical discovery not previously published, and in which the author shall have been personally engaged.

2. "The establishment of any of those lost sites of antiquity which are materially connected with the geography of history, and which may thus rank with modern discoveries of equal value.

"Further; next year's premium will be bestowed on the best communication of the following kinds (also if considered worthy of it), which may be sent before the second Monday of March 1833, viz.:

1. "A manual for the assistance of travellers; enumerating concisely, but clearly, the objects to which the attention of a geographical inquirer should be especially directed, and indicating the means by which the information he requires may be most readily obtained. It should describe the instruments by which positions are determined, elevations and distances measured, magnetic phenomena observed, and peculiarities of temperature, atmosphere, and climate, compared; giving directions, also, for adjusting the instruments, formulæ for registering the observation, and rules for working out the results. It should also indicate some of those minute observations regarding the division of trades and occupations, the prevalence of marriages, and other data, from which valuable statistical inferences may frequently be drawn, where exact information is unattainable. And, to render it more generally useful, it should further consider, that there are various classes of travellers; and that, for the use of pedestrians, who may be obliged to carry, and often to conceal, their implements, the lightest and most portable, consistent with minute accuracy, should be devised and suggested.

2. "A statement of the principal desiderata in local geography, ancient and modern; bringing into one view what has been already done, and pointing out the most eligible routes that travellers can now pursue, in endeavouring to extend the range of minute and exact geographical knowledge.

3. "Copious tables, shewing the changes which have occurred in the nomenclature of places at successive periods of history, and giving references to the authorities.

"The president and council further announce, that it will always be a favourite object with them to encourage, by premiums or other rewards, mechanical inventions which may facilitate the acquisition of geographical knowledge, or render it more available to the public. Under these heads may be included the simplification of instruments and mathematical formulæ applicable to geographical purposes;—more compendious methods, consequently, of determining positions, heights, or other interesting local peculiarities;—and all improvements in the art of drawing or engraving maps, by which their precision and distinctness may be increased, and greater scope and expression given to what may be called the language of topography."

In conclusion, was read part of a paper on the isthmus of Panama, and the best means of effecting an easy mercantile communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, across it; communicated by J. A. Lloyd, Esq., who surveyed the country with this view, in 1827. This was filled with topographical details of great interest, and for the most part previously unknown; but we reserve our analysis of it till concluded.*

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Dr. Maton in the chair. A paper by D. J. Lindsay, Esq., on a new species of land shell, *helix obvoluta*, of Lamarck, was read. It appeared that this species was found among moss about the roots of trees, at Ditcham Wood, near Buriton, Hants, along with *helix nitida* and *rufescens*; so that the species is decidedly a native, though heretofore it has not been so classed. The commencement of another paper, entitled, "On the Nautilaceous Mollusca of Great Britain," by J. G. Jeffreys, Esq., was also read.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Dr. Henderson in the chair. A communication on the culture of the melon, by Mr. Knight, the president of the Society, was read. Mr. Knight strongly recommends that the Persian melon, especially, should be allowed to grow in a hanging position, as it is thereby less liable to burst than when allowed to rest on the ground, as is generally the mode in which the melon is cultivated. Several beautiful specimens of the *Camellia Japonica*, from the Society's garden, were exhibited.

ECLECTIC SOCIETY.

Mr. J. Frost in the chair. After the routine business, Dr. James Rawlins Johnson read his paper on the Planaria torva. The learned doctor stated that his attention had been called

* The noble president, Lord Goderich, on being informed that in some other societies (the Royal, the Society of Antiquaries, &c.) refreshments were given at their meetings, has, in the most liberal manner, expressed his desire to pay the same attention to the members of the Geographical. Nothing pleases us more than to see ministers of the crown placing themselves in communion with those who cultivate the fine arts, the sciences, and the literature of the country: it is the noblest sort of popularity! We rejoice, therefore, to add, that the same noble Lord was on Wednesday elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature.—*Ed. L. G.*

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to these singular animals by observing parts wanting in some, and in others such variety of appearance as might have justified an inattentive observer in supposing that they were of different species. The planariæ are found near the Red House, Battersea, and are of a dirty brown or black colour; they vary in length from a third to half an inch, and have some resemblance to a leech. They have two eyes, placed like the eyes of a sole; they have two abdominal apertures; one, by which they feed, is situated about the place of the umbilicus in land animals, or even lower, which is very extraordinary; the other is the anal opening, situated at a little distance below the former. They feed by means of a trumpet-shaped proboscis, which is protruded, and bears a strong resemblance to the trunk of an elephant. Dr. J. having first vindicated himself from the charge of cruelty, by shewing that animals so very low in the scale of beings are almost, if not quite, exempt from the sense of pain, proceeded to state the results of his experiments. He cut off the head of a full-sized planaria below the eyes; a new head was reproduced in a few days, varying from nine to fourteen. He cut off this second head; a new one was again regenerated: a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth experiment met with the same success; and the doctor is of opinion, that if the cold weather (which is unfavourable to these creatures) had not set in, any number of heads might have been produced from the same body. In one of these experiments a new head was formed with but one eye, and that in the centre. He next made a longitudinal incision in another planaria between the eyes, and an incision at right angles with it; thus cutting off half the head, together with one of the eyes: in about fourteen days the piece was reproduced with a new eye, in the most perfect symmetry. The doctor divided another planaria into three equal portions transversely; the head speedily acquired a new body and tail, the tail reproduced a new body and head, and the middle piece regained a new head and tail. He divided many other planariæ into six and even eight parts; each portion retained its vitality, and set about reproducing as much of a new body as was required to restore it to the form of the perfect animal, of which it formed once a component part. The doctor dissected wedge-shape pieces out of the heads of other planariæ, which were speedily reproduced, and what is most curious occurred,—that, according to the depth and breadth of these wedge-shaped incisions, a new eye would be supplied, making three eyes; or two new eyes, making four eyes; or if the incisions were very deep, then, instead of a new piece being supplied, the parts would divaricate, and form two perfect heads. The limits of this report preclude many important and curious matters relating to this wonderful little animal. The doctor concluded by stating, that it is his intention to renew his inquiries in the approaching season; and that he had reason for believing he should be able to discover other circumstances in the history of the planaria not less interesting than the foregoing. On the table were two living double-headed planariæ. The meeting adjourned until the last Tuesday in March, which is the anniversary of the Society.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

J. E. Bicheno, Esq. in the chair. The monthly report was read. 3160 persons had visited the gardens, and 816 the museum, during the month of February; and the balance in favour of the Society on the month's account was stated to be 645*l*. Several interesting donations were announced: the Duke of Sussex had presented a beautiful Persian lynx. Professor Sedgwick, Sir Gore Ouseley, Lord Francis Russell, and several ladies, were elected into the Society. In consequence of the resignation of the president, a motion, which requested Lord Stanley, the president of the Linnean Society, to act in his stead until the anniversary, was agreed to. The new by-laws, about which so much has been said at recent sittings, were submitted to the meeting, as approved by the council, and ordered to be suspended in the meeting-room during the next three months. It may be mentioned, that the female Surikati (*Suricata Capensis*), a curious little animal, nearly allied to the ichneumon, died about a month ago: the male has taken his loss so much to heart, that he scarcely lifts up his head, but continues pining, and was considered at the sitting of this meeting to be in a hopeless state.

NEW DYE.

We live in an age of improvements. Last week our *Gazette* contained the first public intimation and account of a discovery, which promises every man his dram with his bit of bread; since the loaf, in its baking, is found to give out a vapour which needs only to be collected to furnish an excellent spirit. Now, therefore, ovens may also be considered as stills, and the staff of life will be the more required to support those whose heads it may tend to turn by its odorous products. But our present purpose is with a new method of dyeing with Prussian blue; which is stated to be so efficient and cheap, as entirely to supersede the necessity for indigo. The prospectus issued by the inventors of this commercially important composition is now before us. It states, that since the year 1752, the attention of the most able chemists of Europe has been directed to the discovery of some means by which a fast blue dye might be obtained without the use of indigo; but that hitherto their researches have been attended with no favourable results, inasmuch as the use of Prussian blue (the only substitute that could be used) has been found to render the wool too hard to work well, and at the same time to burn it. But the inventors, who, we believe, have secured their discovery by a patent, assure us that their experiments have succeeded, and that they are prepared to submit to the public, specimens of blues, which have been produced without indigo; the tints of which are equal, if not superior, to any colour that has yet been produced by that dye, and its durability incomparably superior. Specimens, they add, will be produced of clothes that have been worn until there literally remained but the thread, and yet the colours are as firm as when first the cloth was cut, nor is there the slightest appearance of white upon any of the seams; a fastness of dye which has never been produced by indigo. We ought to mention that these specimens have been exhibited to us, and that they fully bear out the description given. Among the advantages which the proprietors promise from the adoption of this dye, are the following:—All the substances which compose it are indigenous to all countries, are abundant and cheap, not only in consequence of their great plenty, but also from many of them being absolute refuse, such as old woollen rags, meat unfit for use, blood, entrails, and, in fact, every description of animal matter, however corrupt may be its state:—as a new branch of industry, the manufacture would be a national benefit:—a much greater solidity, beauty, and brilliancy of colour, than hitherto attained, and a capability of being brought to any tint required:—in an apparatus of equal capacity, three times more wool can be dyed by this process in a given time, and at an infinitely less cost than can be dyed by indigo:—wool dyed by the new process is in every respect better to work, is softer, cards better, and is more pleasant and easy to weave than when dyed with indigo:—it is not only applicable to blues, but is equally efficient as the foundation for blacks and greens; those colours being produced of the most beautiful tints:—for hats, the beauty and intensity of the black it produces, and the rapidity with which the operation of dyeing is performed, renders the discovery invaluable to that branch of trade. Such are the advantages proposed by the adoption of this process; and assuredly a discovery which would lower the price of articles of universal consumption and in constant use, and open a home employment of great extent, in the room of foreign and imported produce, is well worthy of the consideration of a commercial people. We can only speak of the thing from what we have seen, and the old and new cloths shewn to us seemed completely to warrant the pretensions which accompanied them. We have no doubt but that both practical skill and large capital will soon put this novelty to the test; and were it ours, we should not be afraid to "stand the hazard of the dye."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Duke of Sussex in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Lloyd's paper on the level of the Thames was resumed and concluded. Several scientific works were presented. After the meeting, Mr. Robinson exhibited in the library his new mountain-barometer, and explained its peculiarities. This instrument excited much interest amongst the members. The mercurial column is divisible into two portions, for safer and more convenient transport; the barometer itself, and the stand, may be enclosed in a case a foot and a half long, and three or four inches deep. Mr. Davies Gilbert has appointed Professor Whewell, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Kidd, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Roget, Mr. Charles Bell, the Rev. W. Kirby, and Dr. Prout, to write the work for which 8,000*l*. was left by the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater; the president of the Royal Society for the time, being the sole disposer of the money, and having the appointment of the authors, without any control; and being empowered to advance the sums of 300*l*. and 500*l*. during the progress of the work. In forming the above selection of authors, Mr. Gilbert was guided by the advice and opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London.

The following is an epitome of Dr. Lardner's paper on the lunar theory, read at a recent meeting:—

The subject treated of in this paper is introduced by a review of the labours of Clairault, Euler, D'Alembert, and Thomas Simpson. The theories of these eminent men, the author remarks, were very deficient in accuracy, and were not at all adequate, without correction from observation, to the construction of tables. They could serve only to point out the arguments of the equations, and not all even of those. The inequalities of the moon's motion are investigated by approximating processes, which lead to results more or less accurate, according as the approximations are car-

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ried to a greater or less extent. The writers above mentioned had contented themselves with short and easy approximations; and, though they had accomplished much, had yet left much more to be done. Subsequently to these, Mayer published an elaborate theory of the moon; but his co-efficients required much correction, the results of his computations being in some cases found to differ very widely from observation. A much greater degree of accuracy was attained by La Place, who bestowed particular attention on the influence of minute quantities in every part of theory. In the present paper the author has endeavoured to introduce further improvements in the lunar theory, by carrying the approximations considerably further than they have hitherto been made. In the solutions of the problem given by former mathematicians, the chief obstacle to the attainment of accuracy was the extreme length and labour of the necessary computations. Another object, therefore, which the author has had in view, is to facilitate these computations, and render them less appalling. This he endeavours to effect by the employment of certain artifices, by which the multiplicity of small terms will, with their co-efficients, be reduced within a practicable compass, and their numerical computation rendered less laborious. The co-efficient of the equation depending on the moon's distance from the sun, affords the means of calculating the sun's horizontal parallax. For this purpose, La Place has computed this co-efficient with greater accuracy than the rest, and he makes the sun's parallax nearly 9″. The author's theory gives it little more than 8½″, which is very near the mean of the various results obtained by the observation of transits. He thinks that there is therefore great reason to conclude that its true value is about this quantity.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. Hamilton, V. P. in the chair.—A communication was read from A. Bartholomew, Esq. with a representation of some ancient painted and glazed tiles found in digging a cellar near Clerkenwell Green, about five feet beneath the present surface. Mr. Britton exhibited drawings of Brixworth Church, Northamptonshire, and Jury Wall, Leicester, as specimens of Roman architecture; also of the south transept (exterior) of Beverly Minster, the south porch of Malmsbury Abbey, and three views of Warwick Castle. The Chevalier Brousted shewed two splendid Grecian bronzes, found in Italy, near Tarentum, on the spot where Pyrrhus fought his first battle with the Romans In the execution and anatomical expression of the figures they are exquisite: they appeared to be shoulder-pieces for connecting the back and front parts of the gorget, and had evidently been gilt. It was observed, that it had been related, that Pyrrhus, in the contest alluded to, had worn golden or gilt armour, and that he was on that account so conspicuous, that during it he changed his armour; which afforded a presumption that these magnificent remains of Grecian art might have been part of his armour. The secretary read a further portion of the Rev. John Skinner's letters on the site of Camelodunum;—but the reverend gentleman was (and we say it with due respect to an antiquary of no mean talent) so erratic and diffuse, that it was impossible to follow him in any of the details of his paper, from merely hearing it read.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Phillips has commenced his course of lectures at the Royal Academy; but, however well calculated to lead the student on to eminence in his profession as a painter, (and a guide superior to Mr. P. could no where be found), they do not demand our detailed report, as they are the same as last year, when we paid them due attention.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Sixth notice.]

Having gone through the rooms of the Gallery, we shall conclude by noticing a few of the works of talent which have hitherto escaped us.

No. 7. *A Cottage Child asleep.* T. Barker.—A subject always interesting, and treated by Mr. Barker in a very painter-like and old-masterish manner.

No. 21. *Boy with Whitings.* Miss Emma Jones.—Very creditable to the fair artist.

No. 94. *Cottage Children with their Pets.* T. Woodward—The excellence of this picture entitles it to be made a pet by the fortunate possessor, whoever he may chance to be. The study of the ass, and the beauty of the execution, have never been surpassed.

No. 116. *Country Gossip—Morning.* John Tennant.—Those who wish to see the light and freshness of morning, without the trouble of early rising, should go and gaze on this clever work.

No. 312. *Othryades.* F. Pickering.—A good deal in the style of the French school of art. The dying Spartan is well drawn; and the accompaniments are carefully and skilfully painted.

No. 132. *The Loiterer.* R. Farrier.—The younkers at the well have mischief and audacity enough to disturb a whole village community, much more the temper and patience of the old dame in the back-ground. Mr. Farrier, like Mr. Webster* (whose pictures of "the Culprit" and "the Catholic Question" entertain and delight us more and more the oftener we look upon them), seems to luxuriate in representing the various youthful arts of "ingeniously tormenting."

No. 461. *The Falconer.* Joseph Severn.—One of the best examples of Mr. Severn's talents that we remember to have seen.

No. 135. *Old Widow.* N. Condy.—Mr. Condy has in this performance united the concentrated effect of Rembrandt with the cabinet pencilling of Teniers.

No. 206. *Numidian Lion-Hunt.* F. Howard.—A spirited representation of exploit and danger: perhaps a little too monotonous in colour.

No. 66. *Saturday Night.* T. Clater.—A sort of cupboard-love subject; in which the youthful sweetheart, contriving to arrive in pudding time, is fortunate enough to be welcomed by the father as well as by the daughter. It is an admirable piece of fire-light, executed with great truth and skill.

No. 145. *The Lake of Nemi;* No. 157, *The Lake of Albano.* Miss E. Rawlinson.—As well as we can judge from their elevated situation, deserving of much better places. The same may be said of No. 168, *A Lane in Warwickshire.* T. Creswick.

No. 143. *A View at Finchamstead, Berks.* E. Lane.—A fine sunshiny effect; so well managed, that a visit to the spot itself could hardly afford us more pleasure.

No. 44. *View on the Maese near Rotterdam,* C. Deane; No. 60. *Taken by Surprise,* R. Farrier; No. 65. *Swiss Peasants,* H. Mundy; No. 87. *Jaques,* James Stark; No. 89. *Hampstead Heath,* T. C. Hofland; No. 131. *The Domestic Friends,* S. M. Smith; No. 181. *A Priest at an Altar,* Harry Willson; No. 190. *The Remembered,* B. R. Faulkner; No. 222. *Scotch Firs at Woburn Abbey,* H. W. Burgess; No. 224. *Landscape,* J. A. O'Connor; No. 234. *Smugglers alarmed,* W. Derby; No. 288. *A Stable in Hampshire,* G. Jones, R.A.; No. 363. *An Old Warrener,* J. Inskipp; No. 380. *Helena de Narbon,* T. Warrington; No. 388. *The Thames at Petersham,* G. Hilditch; No. 402. *A close woody Scene,* B. Barker; No. 423. *Lane Scene near Norwich,* G. Vincent; No. 456. *Scene at Dolgien near Dolgelly, N.W.,* F. C. Lewis; No. 457. *Chapeau Noir,* B. R. Faulkner; No. 477. *The Mollah Hadan recognising Hajah Baba,* C. Hamilton; No. 517. *The Gondola,* J. Stephanoff, &c. &c., are all well deserving attention.

Of the sculpture there is little which has not already appeared before the public. *A Falconer, in marble,* by J. E. Carew, is a spirited figure. *Hamon and Antigone,* an elegant group by F. W. Smith; and a head of *Flora,* by T. Sharpe, are among the best of the novelties.

* Upon this most promising artist's *Fair-day* we may reverse what Falstaff says, "If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably." On the contrary, Mr. Webster has every reason to be proud of his recruits, and of every picture he has this year contributed to adorn the gallery.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The above Society held its second meeting on Thursday the 17th ult., in a brilliantly-illuminated suite of rooms, hired by the committee for the season, at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Street. The display of all kinds of specimens of art was uncommonly splendid, comprehending works of the president and most of the other members of the Royal Academy, as well as numerous efforts of rising talent. The meeting was numerously attended, nearly one hundred persons being present, and amongst them many distinguished characters.

SCULPTURE.

We have just had time to take a glance at the exhibition of sculpture, opened to private view to-day, by Mr. Lawrence Macdonald, the celebrated Scottish artist. Scotland has not been prolific of sculptors, and we rejoice to see works of so much genius offered to the inspection of their southern neighbours from that country. Mr. M. has some noble heroic and classical compositions, in which style he seems to excel; but he has also shewn powers in the representation of female loveliness. Among his range of busts, we recognised striking likenesses of several distinguished persons. Altogether, his efforts do honour to his native land, and are splendid monuments of his own abilities.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages, particularly of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq. Nos. XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII. London, 1830. Fisher, Son, and Co.

We have, for very obvious reasons, considerable difficulty in speaking of this publication; yet it would be unjust to debar it from notice in those pages which continually offer fair reports upon works of far inferior merit and importance. Our only resource (and we care not

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if it expose us to malicious comment) is to state the truth candidly, and leave the truth to the judgment of our readers. We feel confident in their confidence, and in having deserved it; and therefore need only state that these criticisms emanate from the pen of a gentleman intrusted with the department of our Journal to which they belong; that the editor has such entire reliance upon his impartiality and integrity, that he would deem it an affront to alter a syllable he had written; and that so far from the connexion being likely to augment the praise bestowed, its tendency is rather unfavourable to Messrs. Fishers' deserts, since a sense of delicacy prevents that panegyric which their efforts would otherwise so often command. —*Ed.*

Part XX., besides three beautifully executed portraits, from pictures by Beechey, Jackson, and Hoppner, contains memoirs of the Duke of Kent, the Earl of Harewood, and Archdeacon Nares.

The general reflection included in the following paragraph from the memoir of Lord Harewood, we have never before met with in print, although we fancy it must have frequently occurred to the political observer:—

"Since his elevation to the House of Lords, on the decease of his father in 1820, we have little to record of the senatorial efforts of the Earl of Harewood. It is remarkable how many able and efficient commoners retire into the silent performance of their duties, when they become members of the upper house. No doubt this may in a great measure be accounted for, from the circumstance, that few questions can arise in that place to affect represented interests, or demand individual exertion, beyond an honest vote; but still it is curious to behold the most active members of the House of Commons become, as it were, suddenly obliviated by removal into another sphere of usefulness. Far are we from wishing that the same ardour for debate were felt in both; and we simply notice the fact as a corollary to our sketch."

After an enumeration of "the meritorious efforts in the cause of morality and learning," of the late venerable and lamented Archdeacon Nares, his character is thus summed up:—

"In private life no man was ever more beloved than Archdeacon Nares. His friends from youth to old age were delighted by his talents; while they were compelled to set a still higher value upon his individual character, so estimable and honourable in every relation of life. To know him, indeed, was to be attached to him; for the exemplary divine, the profound scholar, the judicious critic, and the elegant writer, was at the same time one of the most amiable, pleasing, and instructive companions into whose society good fortune could throw either the young or the old. No wonder, then, that his intimacy was zealously courted, and that he ranked among his most constant friends a number of the foremost men of the times which he himself lived to adorn."

Of the beautiful portraits which ornament No. XXI. we have already spoken. The narrative, brief but authentic, of the splendid military career of the Marquess of Anglesey, and the sketch of his political character, will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment; when the welfare of so important a part of the British empire, under circumstances of singular delicacy and difficulty, is intrusted to his lordship's care.

From the memoir of the Earl of Carlisle we extract the following passage, illustrative of the cause of the severe attack made by Lord Byron upon Earl Frederick, the father of the present earl.

"It will be recollected by our readers how bitterly he was assailed by his relative Lord Byron, in his literary character; and we refer to the matter, for the purpose of throwing some light upon this incident, which none of the biographers of Lord Byron have yet done. Lord Carlisle was related to our splendid poet by the marriage of his grandfather Henry, the fourth earl, to Isabella, the great-aunt of Byron: and we are informed, that the mother of the latter, a wayward woman, had, from his childhood upwards, prejudiced his mind against his paternal relations. It was not, therefore, surprising that, with a temperament like his, and impressed with erroneous feelings, he should, at the first semblance of an occasion, mistake civility for affront, and throw himself back on his native pride and resentment, instead of looking fairly at the circumstances which gave rise to his anger. It was then he struck the blow, which he afterwards repented, and in some measure recalled. The offence, we believe, was on account of Lord Carlisle's declining to introduce him to the House of Peers, when he took his seat; and also referring him for his pedigree to the Herald's College, previous to the issue of the writ. But it seems to have been his own temper, and not the facts, which could afford materials for so much spleen: the Earl of Carlisle never meant to treat Lord Byron slightingly, by pointing to him the only place where his pedigree could be made out; and with regard to the introduction, it is not consistent with the rules of the house, for a peer of a superior to introduce a peer of an inferior degree. A peer by descent, after receiving his writ, indeed, takes the oaths at the table without any introduction; and a peer newly created is introduced by two peers of his own rank. But, misinformed on these points, Lord Byron gave way to his passions, and endeavoured to stigmatise, or rather turn into ridicule, the party who had so unconsciously offended him."

The memoir of Sir John Franklin details that gallant officer's services in his profession; and contains an epitome of those voyages to the arctic regions, in which, and more especially in the second of them, he exhibited a courage, a perseverance, an endurance of unprecedented fatigue, hardship, and suffering, in the highest degree honourable to human nature.

The late Right Hon. William Huskisson, the late Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and the gallant Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, furnish the subjects for No. XXII. The memoirs of these three distinguished individuals are accompanied by portraits—of the first, from a picture by Graham (painted only three months before Mr. Huskisson's death), in the possession of John Gladstone, Esq.; and of the two others, after pictures by Lawrence;—all of which are exceedingly creditable to the respective artists employed upon them. The portrait of Mr. Huskisson, in particular, must be generally interesting, in consequence of its originality, of the fidelity of the resemblance, and of the recency, and melancholy circumstances, of the death of the highly gifted and deeply lamented statesman whom it represents.

The memoir of Lord Ellenborough contains an interesting letter from his late majesty George IV. to that eminent judge, on his retiring from the Court of King's Bench. It is singularly warm and friendly; but as it has been quoted by almost every newspaper, we shall not repeat it here.

Part XXIII., which has just appeared, contains Lord Tenterden, Sir George Murray, and Herbert Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough — the robe, the sword, and the mitre. The portrait of Sir George Murray is after Lawrence, by H. Meyer; the other two from drawings by J. W. Wright for this Gallery, and engraved by W. Holl and J. Cochran. In the memoir of the learned prelate is the original letter of the premier, Lord Liverpool, offering him, in the prince regent's name, the unsolicited bishopric of Llandaff, as a testimony of his meritorious services and zealous exertions in the cause of religion and learning. This transaction was most honourable to the minister, to the royal head of the church, to the church itself, and to the individual member of it, Dr. Marsh.

Upon the whole we are free to say, that this Portrait Gallery well earns its very extensive popularity; for it can boast of original and well-executed portraits at a price which nothing but an immense sale could render possible; and the memoirs have at least great pains taken to ensure their authenticity.

Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Errol. By Dean, from a Miniature by Cosway.

THIS beautiful portrait is the seventy-fifth of the series in *La Belle Assemblée*; and a more lovely countenance has not adorned it. There is nothing of the dowager in the exquisite sweetness of the young creature here represented, whose large dark eyes and delightful expression seem enough to detain a husband in this world almost in defiance of death.

The National Menagerie, No. I. to XI. inclusive. Published by S. Maunder.

THE Numbers of these studies of zoology from nature, consist each of a single print, of about twenty-two inches by sixteen, and representing various animals, of a sufficient size to distinguish all their characteristics: they are rendered still more perfect by being carefully coloured from the life. The design is an excellent one, and the execution so beautiful, that every plate might be framed as a picture to ornament the study, the sporting-box, the hotel, or any other place where such subjects are appropriate; and for the portfolio the series is quite a treasure. It begins with Bengal tigers and cubs, No. 2. wolves, 3. chetahs, or hunting leopards, 4. the leucoryx or white antelope (an elegant animal), 5. American and black panthers (a fine contrast), 6. the Barbary lion in solitary majesty, 7. lamas, 8. royal striped tiger, 9. the giraffe or camelopard, 10. wapiti, and 11. the extraordinary and fatal combat which accidentally took place in the Tower on the 3d of last December, between a lion and a tiger and tigress. This conflict, which was perfectly appalling, is given with much spirit; and from the situation of the monarch of the animal world, between his two powerful and sanguinary adversaries, it is not difficult to foresee the probable result. The fact was, that he was so grievously wounded as to die within a few days. The various agitation, the roaring, howling, and shrieking, the signs of fierceness and horror of the other inmates of the Tower during the struggle, we are told surpassed all description. We have to repeat, in conclusion, that the general merit of these prints is such as to deserve a wide popularity; for the habits and actions of the beasts are seized with genuine spirit, and the details throughout are true to nature. They are, indeed, mostly portraits of individuals now living in the Tower, Zoological Gardens, &c. &c.

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Vandyke. Drawn on stone by Miss Sambourne. Engelman, Coindet, and Co.

We are assured that this is the first essay of a lady. It is a very fine specimen both of taste and art; and we are sure if Miss S. goes on as she has begun, the critics themselves who could resist her claims, would be harder and worse than stones.

Heath's Historical Illustrations of Scott's Novels, &c. No. II. Rob Roy. Jennings and Chaplin.

Six engravings to illustrate *Rob Roy*, by eminent artists, and excellently engraved. Rob Roy's Wife, with the Baillie dragged before her by her wild followers, is distinguished among the rest as a spirited composition. It does great credit to the talents of H. Corbould. The others, though appropriate, have nothing particularly striking, and the costume of the period is hostile to picturesque effect.

MUSIC.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

The second of these favourite concerts was held on Monday last. The music of the first part, though of the finest, and faultlessly executed, was of too sombre a cast throughout, since, owing to this sameness, it lost that effect which a more judicious variety in selection would have afforded. The burden of the vocal department rested upon Miss Paton,* Messrs. Philips, and Bennet. The leader (Spagnoletti) and the conductor (Forbes) performed a delightful duet, "*C'est une larme*," with admirable precision. In the second part a more enlivening diversity awaited us. Philips sang the "Lass of Loch Lomond" in a rich and manly strain, and was followed by Mr. Chatterton, who executed "the Reminiscences of England" on the harp in a very brilliant and spirited manner. Miss Paton, the only lady who sang during the evening, but a host in herself, gave the ballad "She never blamed him, never," with unequalled power and pathos, and was rapturously encored, *nemine contradicente*. The band was full, and finely disciplined; and, if we may judge from the satisfactory manner in which the exertions of the performers at these concerts are received, they bid fair, if not to increase, at least to retain their deserved popularity.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, in *Matrimonio Segreto*, Lablache gave us his admirable delineation of a deaf man, and sang like a man possessed of a very fine ear; his *Geronimo* is, indeed, a delightful contradiction. David, in *Paolino*, has not a prominent part; but we like to see principal singers do as he did with it—the most. E. Seguin, who has been astonishing the world with his splendid *Polyphemus* at the Queen's Theatre, shewed himself not only the possessor of a noble bass voice, but also, already, a very good actor at the King's. Madame Vespermann does not seem to please the English audience; and we are sorry to say they manifested their disapprobation in an unequivocal and rather coarse and ungallant manner on this occasion. Miss F. Ayton acted better than she sang: she is a nice little creature, though not quite at home in Italian opera.

One of the grandest pageants we ever witnessed on the stage was produced here on Thursday evening, by Mr. Deshayes. Sir W. Scott's Kenilworth has furnished the materials, and the plot of that admirable novel is pretty closely adhered to. In fact, the piece is a tragic pantomime. There is nothing to speak of in the way of ballets more than may be met with in almost every melodrama on the French stage; a fête being considered indispensable, whether the subject be ancient or modern, historical or legendary. In the present case, the dancing occurs in the first act, amongst the peasantry, who are holyday making in the neighbourhood of Cumnor Place; and in the third, in the gardens of Kenilworth, before "the queen's majesty." A *pas-de-trois*, by the Earl of Leicester (!) and two of the court, setting aside the *un*-common sense of the thing, was most admirably executed, and loudly encored, the dancers being Lefèvre, Paul, and Madame Montessu. It was followed by a dance of gods and goddesses, in the old style of the French *ballet*, which was imagined and executed with considerable whim; but it would have been more in its place at the court of Louis XIV. than at that of Elizabeth. The horrible catastrophe is preserved. Brocard, as *Amy Robsart*, is presumed to break her beautiful neck, and the curtain falls on the agonies of Leicester. We fear there is too much acting and too little dancing to please *our* opera audiences; but the liberality exhibited in the production of the piece deserves, and we trust will obtain, its reward. The scenery, by Mr. W. Grieve, is in that clever artist's best style; and the costumes, banners, and other paraphernalia, most magnificent and correct. The arrival of the queen in her barge, at Greenwich, is one of the most real and picturesque exhibitions ever attempted. When we add, that the porter at the gate of Kenilworth Castle is "a real giant," full seven feet high, our readers may imagine the attention bestowed upon the details of this gorgeous entertainment.

ADELPHI.

Perpetual novelty is as moving a principle as general merit in this popular theatre. On Monday a new vaudeville, in six stages and two acts, called *Bringing Home the Bride*, was produced with much success. It is the French *Voyage de la Mariée*, rendered into English by Mr. Moncrieff, and consists of the adventures of a newly married couple (Reeve and Mrs. Fitzwilliam), on their way from Richmond to Cheapside, in which they are separated, and the bride sore beset. There is a good deal of originality and humour in this piece—some coarse matters, which were, we trust, cut out after the first night—and a great deal of clever acting and pretty scenery. We have always had so much to commend in this delightful resort, that we will only say, that nothing on earth can induce us to allow the appearance of the sweet and absolutely feminine Mrs. Yates in the male garb of the attorney's clerk. It is not to be borne.

VARIETIES.

Experiments on the Action of Cold on Animals.— The experiments of M. Flourens on the action of cold on animals establish that it is not only on organisation and life taken collectively that cold acts, but that it has a principal and determinate action on the respiratory organ, which it affects in two ways; the one, which produces an active inflammation, is promptly mortal; the other, which causes a chronic inflammation, that is to say, pulmonary consumption; and that a mild and constant warmth not only prevents the invasion of consumption, but often stays its progress.

Improvement of Wool.—The *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* objects to Mr. Petre's new theory for the improvement of the wool of sheep, noticed in a former number of the *Gazette*. The period at which sheep can be shorn of their covering, they say, is sufficiently marked by the state of the wool itself; and a repeated shearing of the fleece of young sheep would be a violence done to nature, and could scarcely fail to injure or destroy the health of the animal. Although it is not in our power to subject the question to experiment, we do not coincide in these views; and think it might just as well be argued, that shaving the head of young people does violence to their constitution, and destroys the crop of hair, as mowing a field annihilates the crop of grass.

On preventing the Discharge of a Bullet from a Gun by the Finger.—At the sitting of the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences of the 28th July last, a letter was read from Dr. Flachin of Yverdun, relative to an experiment, before mentioned to the Society, in which the ball was prevented from leaving the bottom of a musket when the gunpowder was fired,—simply by putting the ramrod upon the ball, and the end of the finger upon the ramrod. This experiment requires great care, especially as to the strength of the piece, which is very liable to burst in its performance.

Discharge of a Jet of Water under Water.—Mr. Fox states, in the *Philosophical Magazine*, that a jet of water discharges the same quantity in water as in air, in a given time, without reference to the depth or the motion of the water, at least within certain limits.

To restore the Elasticity of damaged Feathers.—A feather, when damaged by crumpling, may be perfectly restored by the simple expedient of immersing it in hot water. The feather will thus completely recover its former elasticity, and look as well as it ever did. This fact was accidentally discovered by an amateur ornithologist of Manchester.

Nursing!—"Among the superstitious notions which still exist in Normandy, there is one, connected with the treatment of children, which will never, I hope, be put to flight by modern philosophy, unless it be able to replace it by common sense: it is believed that the Virgin Mary sweetens the food of infants,—a notion which saves sugar, and prevents the stomach of children from being overloaded with sweets. As the child grows up, however, the Virgin ceases to interfere with its victuals, which is remarkably judicious."—*St. John's Residence in Normandy.*

"After the capture of Rhodes by the Turks, to mark their deep sense of the calamity that had befallen the order, the Hospitaller-nuns, who had hitherto worn a red robe with a black mantle *à bec*, on which was a white cross, assumed a habit entirely black, in token of mourning, which they continue to wear to this day."—*Achievements of the Knights of Malta.*

Lunar Rainbows.—It is a very prevalent error that these phenomena are of exceedingly rare occurrence. The fact is otherwise, at least in relation to Cornwall, and, probably, to all other localities where showers are frequent. In the western part of that county, a correspondent states to us, there is scarcely an indi-

* We are somewhat puzzled by the programmes, bills, cards, &c. whether we ought to designate this lady as Madame or Mademoiselle. Setting aside, however, these varied *aliases* of the same person, πολλων ονοματων μορφη μια, no one who hears her will doubt but that "by any other name she'll *sing* as sweet." In fact, the envelope to the Armonica cards designates her as "Mrs. Wood, late Miss Paton."

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vidual in the habit of being out late at night, who does not repeatedly witness them.

The Deaf and Dumb.—During the last year a very large workshop has been erected at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Toulouse, where the pupils, who belong to the industrious classes, receive such instruction in mechanical operations, as will afford them the means of maintaining themselves on their return to society.

Scientific Intelligence.—Dr. Brewster and Mr. Faraday have been chosen honorary foreign members of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh.

The Skeleton Man.—A report was lately made to the Académie des Sciences, with respect to an individual, known, in consequence of his extreme leanness, by the name of the Skeleton Man. Nothing extraordinary appeared about this person until he was thirty-four years of age. He was a soldier, and was enjoying good health, when, being wounded in a battle, he was left for three days on damp and cold ground. Transported to a house, where proper care was taken of him, he was seized with a sleep, which lasted, almost without interruption, for three months. From that time his emaciation commenced, and continued until it left him in the condition in which he now is. His muscles are so reduced, that they have become flat cords, invisible on the surface. Nevertheless, he exercises locomotion without difficulty, and grasps forcibly enough a hand presented to him. In the three years which have elapsed since the commencement of his malady, the weight of his body has been reduced from 135 (French) pounds, to 58; and his height, which was 5 (French) feet 3 inches, has shrunk 2½ inches. His skin is hard and dry; nevertheless, the sense of touch does not seem to be impaired. It appears to be the same with his other senses. Even his sight is good, notwithstanding a chronic ophthalmia with which he has for some years been afflicted. The heart has shared in the general atrophy of the muscles; and, as far as can be judged by its beatings, does not exceed in size that of a kitten. He eats and drinks almost as much as a healthy man; and the various functions are performed with great regularity. His intellect seems perfect. Since the period at which his emaciation was already great he has had four chidren, who had nothing extraordinary in their appearance. One of them is dead, but the others are in good health.

Zoology.—The collections recently brought from India by M. Dussumier, for the Museum at Paris, are of great value. When the weather permitted, M. Dussumier never lost an opportunity of fishing; at Sechelles, the Isle of France, Bourbon, Saint Helena, on the coasts of India, in the rivers, and even in the deep sea; in consequence of which he has obtained a vast mass of fishes, some of them entirely new, others of which only imperfect specimens had hitherto been procured. He has also brought from India quadrupeds which have never been seen in Europe in modern times, but with which the ancients were nevertheless acquainted; such as the four-horned antelope, mentioned by Ælian, and in cabinets; of which nothing is to be found in the collection of skulls, except an incomplete head. This animal, which M. Dussumier brought alive from Bengal, died on its way from Bourdeaux to Paris; but its remains have been preserved. Another rare animal, the long-lipped bear, has been more fortunate, and is now in the Parisian menagerie.—M. Dussumier is desirous of returning to Canton and Manilla, to make further researches; and M. Cuvier has proposed to the French Academy to defray a portion of the expense of the expedition.

Meteorology.—It appears from observations made at the Royal Observatory in Paris, that, in the year 1830, the number of fine days was 164; of cloudy, 181; of rainy, 149; of foggy, 228; of frosty, 28; of snowy, 24; of sleety, 8; of thundery, 13.—The wind was northerly 44 times; north-easterly, 23 times; easterly, 17 times; south-easterly, 23 times; southerly, 74 times; south-westerly, 69 times; westerly, 71 times; and north-westerly, 47 times.

Wedding Rings.—It is notorious that a powerful superstition exists among married women with respect to their wedding rings. Nevertheless, a female society has been formed at the Polish town of Suwakki, having for its object to collect wedding rings, to assist in the maintenance of the Polish army. A great number have already been devoted to that purpose. We very much fear that some of the Polish ladies will lose their husbands as well.

New Mineral: Pyrophyllite.—M. Hermann has detected a new mineral species, which he calls pyrophyllite, under the radiated talc from the Ural. Before the blowpipe it exfoliates flabelliform to a great mass. The formula is $\dot{M}^3\,\ddot{S}i^2 + 3\,\ddot{A}l^3\,\ddot{S}i^6 + 10\,\dot{H}$.

Champagne.—A French journal, adverting to the fact that, in consequence of the duty, Newcastle coals are sold at a cheaper rate in Egypt than in London, says, that Champagne, from a similar cause, is sold at a cheaper rate in South America (a distance of 4,500 leagues) than at Paris!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. X. March* 5.]

Songs of Social Hours, being No. I. of Minstrel Melodies; by H. B., author of "the Garland," &c.—A Series of Engravings from the Works of the Members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours is announced, with the honour of a dedication to the King. It is undertaken with the sanction of the Society, and is intended to comprise a selection of the most admired works which have appeared in the past, as well as those which may be produced in future exhibitions.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 16 (History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, Vol. 3), fcp. 6*s.* bds.; Cabinet Library, Vol. 3 (Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831, Vol. 1.), fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Dibdin's Sunday Library, Vol. 2, fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Weber's Anatomical Plates, Parts 1 and 2, 21*s.* each.—Gilly's Waldensian Researches, with Plates, 8vo. 21*s.* bds.—Vincent's Explanation of Moral Rights, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Jones on the Distribution of Wealth, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cary's Dante, 3 vols. fcp. 18*s.* cloth.—Triglott Testament interlinear, Part 1, 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Assassins (the) of the Paradise, &c., 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—John's (James Augustus St.) Anatomy of Society, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, Vol. I. of Sessions 1830-31, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.; 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Hughes's Divines, Vol. 10 (Barrow, Vol. 5), 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Family Classical Library, No. 15 (Tacitus, Vol. 5), 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Knapp's Greek Testament, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. 10 (Poems of the Earl of Surrey) fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Johnson on the Change of Air, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Album (the) of Emily and Isabella, square 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Knowles' Life of Henry Fuseli, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Gore's Historical Traveller, 2 vols. post 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Standard Novels, No. 1 (the Pilot), fcp. 6*s.* bds.—Archbold on the Poor Laws, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Godwin's Thoughts on Man, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Crotchet Castle, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

February.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 24	From 26.	to	49.	30.11	to	30.01
Friday 25	—— 39.	—	45.	29.76	—	29.73
Saturday .. 26	—— 35.	—	50.	29.12	—	29.39
Sunday.... 27	—— 31.	—	49.	29.34	—	29.13
Monday .. 28	—— 31.	—	46.	29.46	—	29.62
March.						
Tuesday .. 1	—— 29.	—	45.	29.74	—	29.86
Wednesday 2	—— 31.	—	55.	29.72	—	29.62

Wind S.W. and N.W.; the former prevailing.

Alternately clear and cloudy; rain fell every day except the 1st.

Rain fallen .575 of an inch.

Lunar Eclipse.—Never, perhaps, was an eclipse of the moon seen under more favourable circumstances than that of the 26th ult. The atmosphere being, except from a few strata next to the eastern part of the horizon, peculiarly clear, the moon first appeared at 40 minutes after 5 (clock time); and from that time till 25 minutes after 6, when the earth's shadow quitted the western limb of the moon, remained perfectly unobscured by clouds: the penumbral shadow, however, was visible till about 35 minutes after 6.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. February 1831.

Thermometer—Highest..... 60·50°
Lowest ..... 9·
Mean ..... 38·66294
Barometer—Highest..... 30·03
Lowest ..... 28·68
Mean ..... 29·5813

Number of days of rain or snow, 18.

Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 3·8683.

Winds.—1 East—11 West—0 North—3 South—2 North-east—4 South-east—4 South-west—3 North-west.

General Observations.—On the first three days of the month snow fell heavily, and the total quantity measured 17½ inches; but on the 4th a thaw commenced, and, with the trifling exception of a quarter of an inch more snow on the 6th, continued until the whole had disappeared. The melted snow and rain amounted to 3·8683 inches, which was more than for some years. The barometer was lower than in the last two years in the same month; the mean of the barometer, on the contrary, was above those in the same period; and the maximum of heat higher than observed at Wycombe in the February in the last eight years. A very distinct lunar halo observed on the night of the 25th. The evaporation 0·11875 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been unable to complete our perusal of Captain Beechey's delightful volume in time for this No.; and must hold it in reserve, with several other novelties of public interest. Indisposition will also, we trust, plead for us to numerous Correspondents.

To the Junta of —— we shall merely say, that a whole company of fools may be entertaining for a while—it is only one fool at a time that is so very irksome.

We would indulge the natural tenderness of G. B., but that we have rarely found the out-pourings of private feeling generally interesting; and our pages are for the many.

W. E. T. may read an answer in the above, independently of the length of the lines "to *a* spirit of the departed."

M——. The bad division of the lines, &c.

In answer to Lyricus, we are aware that the demand of Two Guineas for licensing a single song if introduced upon the stage, is made by the present Deputy Licenser; and believe, with our correspondent, that the practice has originated with that gentleman. It certainly appears to be a strange thing to charge as large a fee for perusing ten lines as for examining a five-act tragedy; particularly as that fee is a gratuity for expediting business, paid to an officer who has a regular salary for doing his duty.

A. W.'s Sonnet is by no means a sonnet—ten lines are poor measure.

We cannot answer Z. Z. Z. precisely at present.

We thank a Reader of the *Gazette* for Ten Years, and will keep his communication in view.

Upon looking attentively at the charge of partiality and favouritism in the recent award of honours and degrees at the University of Cambridge, we are compelled to decline entering upon the subject. We are desirous to lend our aid to the remedy of any abuse: but so grave an accusation must lead to much controversy; and our weekly sheet is hampered to find room for the pressing calls upon it to fulfil its own plan of being as complete a record as possible of the literature, science, and arts of the day.

We are sorry we cannot find room this week for Mr. Trevelyan's very interesting experiments on heat, which are ably stated in the Edinburgh Courant.

We would refer the curious in animal phenomena to our report of the Eclectic Society, page 152, where the most remarkable instances of reproductiveness we ever heard or read of are detailed.

Corrigendum.—The opinions of the gentleman to whom we owe our reports of the Society of Antiquaries, it would be seen from our last Number, differ widely from those expressed under the head of Varieties, on the question of removing the Screen in York Minster. As we have stated elsewhere, we do not feel justified in altering the MSS. of valued and impartial contributors; still we hold it right to mark our own sentiments where they happen to disagree.

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With such a trip before us, our first tack is to double Cape Horn. Quitting the coast of Chili, the island of Sala-y-Gomez was inspected through the glasses, and the ship bore away for Easter island.

"As the boats approached, the anxiety of the natives was manifested by shouts, which overpowered the voices of the officers: and our boats, before they gained the beach, were surrounded by hundreds of swimmers, clinging to the gunwale, the stern, and the rudder, until they became unmanageable. They all appeared to be friendly disposed, and none came empty-handed. Bananas, yams, potatoes, sugar-cane, nets, idols, &c. were offered for sale, and some were even thrown into the boat, leaving their visiters to make what return they chose. Among the swimmers there were a great many females, who were equally or more anxious to get into the boats than the men, and made use of every persuasion to induce the crew to admit them. But to have acceded to their entreaties would have encumbered the party, and subjected them to depredations. As it was, the boats were so weighed down by persons clinging to them, that for personal safety the crew were compelled to have recourse to sticks to keep them off, at which none of the natives took offence, but regained their position the instant the attention of the persons in the boat was called to some other object. Just within the gunwale there were many small things which were highly prized by the swimmers; and the boats being brought low in the water by the crowd hanging to them, many of these articles were stolen, notwithstanding the most vigilant attention on the part of the crew, who had no means of recovering them, the marauders darting into the water, and diving the moment they committed a theft. The women were no less active in these piracies than the men; for if they were not the actual plunderers, they procured the opportunity for others, by engrossing the attention of the seamen, by their caresses and ludicrous gestures. In proceeding to the landing-place the boats had to pass a small isolated rock which rose several feet above the water. As many females as could possibly find room crowded upon this eminence, pressing together so closely, that the rock appeared to be a mass of living beings. Of these Nereids three or four would shoot off at a time into the water, and swim with the expertness of fish to the boats to try their influence on their visiters. One of them, a very young girl, and less accustomed to the water than her companions, was taken upon the shoulders of an elderly man, conjectured to be her father, and was, by him, recommended to the attention of one of the officers, who, in compassion, allowed her a seat in his boat. She was young and exceedingly pretty; her features were small and well made, her eyes dark, and her hair black, long, and flowing; her colour, deep brunette. She was tattooed in arches upon the forehead, and, like the greater part of her countrywomen, from the waist downward to the knee in narrow compact blue lines, which at a short distance had the appearance of breeches. Her only covering was a small triangular maro, made of grass and rushes; but this diminutive screen not agreeing with her ideas of propriety in the novel situation in which she found herself, she remedied the defect by unceremoniously appropriating to that use a part of one of the officer's apparel, and then commenced a song not altogether inharmonious. Far from being jealous of her situation, she aided all her countrywomen who aspired to the same seat of honour with herself, by dragging them out of the water by the hair of the head; but, unkind as it might appear to interfere to prevent this, it was necessary to do so, or the boats would have been filled and unmanageable. As our party passed, the assemblage of females on the rock commenced a song, similar to that chanted by the lady in the boat; and accompanied it by extending their arms over their heads, beating their breasts, and performing a variety of gestures, which shewed that our visit was acceptable, at least to that part of the community. When the boats were within a wading distance of the shore, they were closely encompassed by the natives; each bringing something in his hand, however small, and almost every one importuning for an equivalent in return. All those in the water were naked, and only here and there, on the shore, a thin cloak of the native cloth was to be seen. Some had their faces painted black, some red; others black and white, or red and white, in the ludicrous manner practised by our clowns; and two demon-like monsters were painted entirely black. It is not easy to imagine the picture that was presented by this motley crowd, unrestrained by any authority or consideration for their visiters, all hallooing to the extent of their lungs, and pressing upon the boats with all sorts of grimaces and gestures. It was found impossible to land where it was at first intended: the boats, therefore, rowed a little to the northward, followed by the multitude, and there effected a disembarkation, aided by some of the natives, who helped the party over the rocks with one hand, while they picked their pockets with the other. It was no easy matter to penetrate the dense multitude, and much less practicable to pursue a thief through the labyrinth of figures that thronged around. The articles stolen were consequently as irretrievably lost here, as they were before in the hands of the divers. It is extremely difficult on such occasions to decide which is the best line of conduct to adopt: whether to follow Captain Cook's rigid maxim of never permitting a theft when clearly ascertained to go unpunished; or to act as Perouse did with the inhabitants of Easter Island, and suffer every thing to be stolen without resistance or remonstrance. Perhaps the happy medium of shutting the eyes to those it is not necessary to observe, and punishing severely such as it is imperative to notice, will prove the wisest policy. Among the foremost of the crowd were two men, crowned with pelican's feathers, who, if they were not chiefs, assumed a degree of authority, and with the two demons above mentioned attempted to clear the way by striking at the feet of the mob; careful, however, so to direct their blows, that they should not take effect. Without their assistance, it would have been almost impossible to land: the mob cared very little for threats: a musket presented at them had no effect beyond the moment it was levelled, and was less efficacious than some water thrown upon the bystanders by those persons who wished to forward the views of our party. The gentleman who disembarked first, and from that circumstance probably was considered a person of distinction, was escorted to the top of the bank and seated upon a large block of lava, which was the prescribed limit to the party's advance. An endeavour was then made to form a ring about him; but it was very difficult, on account of the islanders crowding to the place, all in expectation of receiving something. The applicants were impatient, noisy, and urgent: they presented their bags, which they had carefully emptied for the purpose, and signified their desire that they should be filled: they practised every artifice, and stole what they could, in the most careless and open manner: some went even farther, and accompanied their demands by threats. About this time one of the natives, probably a chief, with a cloak and head-dress of

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feathers, was observed from the ship hastening from the huts to the landing-place, attended by several persons with short clubs. This hostile appearance, followed by the blowing of the conch-shell, a sound which Cook observes he never knew to portend good, kept our glasses for a while riveted to the spot. To this chief it is supposed, for it was impossible to distinguish amongst the crowd, Mr. Peard made a handsome present, with which he was very well pleased, and no apprehension of hostilities was entertained. It happened, however, that the presents were expended, and this officer was returning to the boat for a fresh supply, when the natives, probably mistaking his intentions, became exceedingly clamorous; and the confusion was further increased by a marine endeavouring to regain his cap, which had been snatched from his head. The natives took advantage of the confusion, and redoubled their endeavours to pilfer, which our party were at last obliged to repel by threats, and sometimes by force. At length they became so audacious, that there was no longer any doubt of their intentions, or that a system of open plunder had commenced; which, with the appearance of clubs and sticks, and the departure of the women, induced Mr. Peard, very judiciously, to order his party into the boats. This seemed to be the signal for an assault. The chief who had received the present, threw a large stone, which struck Mr. Peard forcibly upon the back, and was immediately followed by a shower of missiles which darkened the air. The natives, in the water and about the boats, instantly withdrew to their comrades, who had run behind a bank out of the reach of the muskets; which former experience alone could have taught them to fear, for none had yet been fired by us. The stones, each of which weighed about a pound, fell incredibly thick, and with such precision, that several of the seamen were knocked down under the thwarts of the boat; and every person was more or less wounded, except the female to whom Lieutenant Wainwright had given protection, who, as if aware of the skilfulness of her countrymen, sat unconcerned upon the gunwale, until one of the officers, with more consideration for her safety than she herself possessed, pushed her overboard, and she swam ashore. A blank cartridge was at first fired over the heads of the crowd; but forbearance, which with savages is generally mistaken for cowardice or inability, only augmented their fury. The showers of stones were, if possible, increased; until the personal safety of all, rendered it necessary to resort to severe measures. The chief, still urging the islanders on, very deservedly, and perhaps fortunately, fell a victim to the first shot that was fired in defence. Terrified by this example, the natives kept closer under their bulwark; and though they continued to throw stones, and occasioned considerable difficulty in extricating the boats, their attacks were not so effectual as before, nor sufficient to prevent the embarkation of the crew, all of whom were got on board. Several dangerous contusions were received in the affair; but fortunately no lives were lost on our part: and it was the opinion of the officer commanding the party, that the treacherous chief was the only victim on that of the islanders, though some of the officers thought they observed another man fall. Considering the manner in which the party were surrounded, and the imminent risk to which they were exposed, it is extraordinary that so few of the natives suffered; and the greatest credit is due to the officers and crews of both boats for their forbearance on the occasion. After this unfortunate and unexpected termination to our interview, I determined upon quitting the island; as nothing of importance was to be gained by remaining, which could be put in competition with the probable loss of lives that might attend an attempt at reconciliation. The disappointment it occasioned was great to us, who had promised ourselves much novelty and enjoyment: but the loss to the public is trifling, as the island has been very well described by Roggewein, Cook, Perouse, Kotzebue, and others; and the people appeared, in all material points, the same now as these authors have painted them."

Captain Beechey attributes the hostile disposition of the natives, and its unfortunate consequences, to the visits of unprincipled masters of trading vessels, whose conduct has been such as to inspire the people with jealousy and hatred.

After visiting Ducie and some other islands, the Blossom arrived at Pitcairn Island. Here old Adams, in his sixty-fifth year, immediately came on board. "He was," we are told, and it is corroborated by an interesting engraving of him, "unusually strong and active for his age, notwithstanding the inconvenience of considerable corpulency. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, and a low-crowned hat, which he instinctively held in his hand, until desired to put it on. He still retained his sailor's gait, doffing his hat and smoothing down his bald forehead, whenever he was addressed by the officers. It was the first time he had been on board a ship of war since the mutiny, and his mind naturally reverted to scenes that could not fail to produce a temporary embarrassment, heightened, perhaps, by the familiarity with which he found himself addressed by persons of a class with those whom he had been accustomed to obey. Apprehension for his safety formed no part of his thoughts: he had received too many demonstrations of the good feeling that existed towards him, both on the part of the British government and of individuals, to entertain any alarm on that head; and as every person endeavoured to set his mind at rest, he very soon made himself at home."

Our readers are aware that this remarkable individual is since dead: we have had kindly communicated to us a letter from the island, of the 19th March last; and as the public have felt much curiosity respecting this semi-English settlement, we shall notice its substance.

The writer acknowledges the arrival of tools, clothing, and other articles, by the Seringapatam, the Hon. Capt. Waldegrave, and sends the thanks of the islanders to government for these welcome supplies. He then mentions a report that had reached them from Mr. Nott, a missionary, of its being the intention of the Admiralty to send a ship to convey them to Otaheite, or some of the Friendly Islands. This, we had heard, was intended a year or two ago, but we presume the plan has been abandoned; and we rejoice at it, for the writer adds; "the natives are all satisfied at present with their little island, and do not desire to leave it."* Adams, he relates, died on the 5th of March, 1829, after a short illness; and his wife survived him but a few months. The writer expresses the gratitude of himself and the rest for the kindness experienced from the Blossom, and for the remembrance of their wants, which led to the shipment in the Seringapatam. Since the death of Adams, he and another young man who had stopped there, officiated in the performance of religious duties, and in the instruction of the children. George Adams had married Polly Young, and had two sons; Sarah Christian was the wife of George Nobbs (the young man above alluded to); while Robert and Edward Young, and Mary Christian, were yet unmarried. The inhabitants were all in good health. With this slight episode, we resume our review; and we are sorry we cannot extract Adams's account of the mutiny in the Bounty. The description of the natives is also extremely interesting. At Gambier Island the natives were very troublesome and thievish; and Captain B. relates:

"I determined, since the main deck was cleared, that it should be kept so, and placed a marine at each of the ladders; but as the natives tried every method to elude their vigilance, the sentinels had an arduous task to perform; and disturbances must inevitably have arisen in the execution of their orders, had it not been for our Newfoundland dog. It fortunately happened that this animal had taken a dislike to our visiters; and the deck being cleared, he instinctively placed himself at the foot of the ladder, and in conjunction with the little terrier, who did not forget his perilous hug of the day before, most effectually accomplished our wishes. The natives, who had never seen a dog before, were in the greatest terror of them; and Neptune's bark was soon found to be far more efficacious than the point of a sentry's bayonet, and much less likely to lead to serious disturbances. Besides, his activity cleared the whole of the main deck at once, and supplied the place of *all* the sentinels. The natives applied the name of *boa* to him,—a word which in the Otaheitean language properly signifies a hog. But it may be observed, that *boa* is applied equally to a bull or to a horse, which they call *boa-afae-taata*, (literally, man-carrying pig), or to all foreign quadrupeds." The natives here were also very hostile.

[To be continued.]

* Captain B., however, says, at the period he was there: "Some books of travels which were left from time to time on the island, and the accounts they had heard of foreign countries from their visiters, has created in the islanders a strong desire to leave it. The idea of passing all their days upon an island only two miles long, without seeing any thing of the world, or, what was a stronger argument, without doing any good in it, had with several of them been deeply considered. But family ties, and an ardent affection for each other, and for their native soil, had always interposed to prevent their going away singly." He adds: "George Adams, having no wife to detain him, but, on the contrary, reasons for wishing to employ his thoughts on subjects foreign to his home, was very anxious to embark in the Blossom; and I would have acceded to his wishes, had not his mother wept bitterly at the idea of parting from him, and imposed terms touching his return to the island to which I could not accede. It was a sore disappointment to poor George, whose case forms a striking instance of the rigid manner in which these islanders observe their word. Wives upon Pitcairn's Island, it may be imagined, are very scarce, as the same restrictions with regard to relationship exist as in England. George, in his early days, had fallen in love with Polly Young, a girl a little older than himself; but Polly, probably at that time liking some one else, and being at the age when young ladies' expectations are at the highest, had incautiously said, she *never would* give her hand to George Adams. He, nevertheless, indulged a hope that she would one day relent; and to this end was unremitting in his endeavours to please her. In this expectation he was not mistaken; his constancy and attentions, and, as he grew into manhood, his handsome form, which George took every opportunity of throwing into the most becoming attitudes before her, softened Polly's heart into a regard for him, and, had nothing passed before, she would willingly have given him her hand. But the vow of her youth was not to be got over, and the love-sick couple languished on from day to day, victims to the folly of early resolutions. The weighty case was referred for our consideration; and the fears of the party were in some measure relieved by the result, which was, that it would be much better to marry than to continue unhappy, in consequence of a hasty determination made before the judgment was matured; they could not, however, be prevailed on to yield to our decision, and we left them unmarried."

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Cambrian Superstitions; comprising Ghosts, Omens, Witchcraft, Traditions, &c.; with a concise View of the Manners and Customs of the Principality, &c. By W. Howells. 12mo. pp. 194. Tipton, 1831, Danks; London, Longman and Co.

How dare Mr. Howells attempt to be facetious in a work of this sort? To buffoon a ghost-story, to jest with omens, and to laugh at witchcraft, are unpardonable mistakes in any writer upon these subjects. If he does not seem to be in earnest with them, their whole charm is lost: without a tolerable tincture of superstition no man ought to put pen to paper about corpse-candles, presentiments, fetches, evil days, will-o'-the-wisps, or bogles. Holding this opinion, we could absolutely kick the author for writing in so uncongenial a style as the annexed.

"It is pretty generally known in Carmarthen, that it was the custom (one not quite obsolete, it being revived about a year or so ago) of a spirit to make his or her appearance every night (I presume there are male and female ones), and follow them, to the no small terror of the travellers on the road to St. John's town. She was generally supposed to be a witch, and the place is still styled after her, *Pen llan wich*: but one would imagine a witch would not take the trouble to be there so often without some emolument. Be that as it may, it is credited by the illiterate Welsh to have been as true as that St. David is patron saint of Wales, that there *has been* a being haunting that road, to whatever genus he or she may appertain; and it was said re-appeared about a year ago, or thereabouts, probably to see how matters were going on, and to give information of the different marches of improvement, intellect, &c. in the shades below."

Were it not impossible that any book about supernatural things could be dull, we really think this Welsh exposition would have been too poor for review; but as hobgoblins and spectres, wheresoever and howsoever they appear, are worthy of some notice, we shall recall two or three of the best from the narrative before us.

"It was very prevalent in Cambria for people to see the funerals of others going to church previous to their death; and it appears not only by the possessors of the second sight, but also by *many* others. On one occasion, a countryman was returning home about dusk with his team, near Llanpumpsaint, Carmarthenshire, when he met one of these ghostly funerals, and, what appears rather singular, the fore-horse was startled at sight of the procession; in about a week after this, the funeral of a person who died suddenly at a farm near there passed that way, and the same man happening to see it, declared the incorporeal and substantial funerals were precisely alike in every respect. Another circumstance in vogue is of a young man of Trelech, Carmarthenshire, who, returning home about 'the hour when spirits roam' from visiting his *cariad*, also met one of these spectral burials, and possessing a considerable share of courage, followed it after it passed him, in order to see what would occur. He had not proceeded far, ere he observed one of the company turn aside to accost a friendly ghost who seemed passing by, with 'Well, Rees, *sut yr ych chwi vachgen?* (how d'ye do, boy?)' In a few days after, a funeral passed by that way, and that he might ascertain whether such things were, the man followed, and confidently asserted to many that the circumstance of the man being accosted actually took place. About thirty years ago, there was a rumour which many of the old inhabitants of Carmarthen may recollect, of the singular appearance of three of these funerals at noon, near Cwmdyvran, when several people were reaping in a field not far distant, and one observing them, called out to the rest, when all, to the number of about twelve, beheld them for a considerable time moving along. In the course of the week three deaths occurred, and the three funerals passed the way where their forerunners were seen, at the same time. These are a sort of processions that I never heard took place any where but in Wales. An old man residing near Llanllwch church, Carmarthenshire, has taken his oath that he often saw these kind of funerals going to church; and one evening he had the curiosity to notice one, by peeping over the wall. Most of the people in the procession he knew, but perceived some one, whom he imagined a stranger, standing apart from the rest, and gazing at them. In a few days after this there was a real funeral, so that he determined to see whether there would be any similarity between them, and went to the church-yard, but unconsciously stood on the very place where he saw the supposed stranger gazing, which, it appears, was no other than his own ghost. This man, I am informed, was favoured with the second sight, so that his seeing such things seems not improbable; but as to others not possessed of the gift, it is absurd for a moment to hesitate that they saw them. * * *

"In some parts of North Wales a voice has been heard when the husband of a house has been quitting for immortality, saying, '*Y mae nenbren y ty yn craccio, fe dyr yn y maen,*' which implies that the main beam which supports the house is cracking, and will soon fall; and, just as he was expiring, it would say, '*Dyna fe yn torri,*' or 'there it breaks.' A strange chirping of chickens has been also heard as people were dying, and I am acquainted with one aged person who has heard it. It is related, too, that as one Rees, a religious man, residing near Carmarthen, was leaving this world, those who were in the room heard some sweet singing, as if of angels. The following remarkable occurrence I cannot refrain from narrating, as the family in which it occurred, who now reside at Carmarthen, were far from being superstitious: their seeing this will recall it to memory. As they were seated in the parlour, with an invalid lying very ill on the sofa, they were much surprised at the appearance of a bird, similar in size and colour to a blackbird, which hopped into the room, went up to the female who was unwell, and, after pecking on the sofa, strutted out immediately. What appears very strange, a day or two after this the sick person died. A bird of the same kind flew to a window, as if it wished to enter the room in which a person lay ill, at Penygraig, and although they endeavoured to frighten it away several times, it would not go. That night the man departed this life."

But the following is of a character quite as peculiar as the chickens chirping, by way of death-tick:

"There stood formerly near Brecon a chapel, called Elnyfed chapel, concerning which the legendary account states, that on one of the saint's days being kept there, after the conclusion of service the people were seized with a sort of lunacy, making motions with their hands and feet of whatever works they had unrighteously performed on other saints' days, so that some were making signs of leaping, some of plaiting, some of spinning, others of combing flax or knitting stockings, &c.; but after they had made offerings before the altar, and begged forgiveness of the saints, they were restored to their senses."

This reminds us of the oriental fable of the Palace of Truth. If people were enforced to exhibit all their misdoings with true pantomimic accuracy at any given time and place, we rather suspect that a number of odd matters would come to light. At any rate the scene would be wondrous droll, though we are not prepared to say that the consequences would be always very agreeable. An *Elnyfed* chapel is not a church, the "*spread*" of which over the country is to be coveted. But we pass to the author's account of the good people.

"The following (he says) is the account related in Wales of the origin of the fairies, and was told me by an individual from Anglesea. In our Saviour's time there lived a woman whose fortune it was to be possessed of near a score of children, (what would the Malthusians now-a-days say to such a living stock?), and as she saw our blessed Lord approach her dwelling, being ashamed of being so prolific, and that he might not see them all, she concealed about half of them closely, and, after his departure, when she went in search of them, to her surprise found they were all gone. They never afterwards could be discovered, for it was supposed that as a punishment from heaven, for hiding what God had given her, she was deprived of them; and, it is said, these, her offspring, have generated the race of beings called fairies. In some parts of Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, we have some singular accounts of islands inhabited by fairies, who attended regularly the markets at Milford Haven and Laugharne, bought in silence their meat and other necessaries, and leaving the money, (generally silver pennies,) departed, as if knowing what they would have been charged. They sometimes were visible, and at other times invisible. The islands, which appeared to be beautifully and tastefully arranged, were seen at a distance from land, and supposed to be numerously peopled by an unknown race of beings. It was also imagined that they had a subterraneous passage from these islands to the towns. It is reported, they were particularly fond of purchasing their meat from one butcher, to whom they often came invisible, and after taking the meat, deposited the proper payment. * * *

"An aged individual from Anglesea, solemnly affirmed to me, that when a youth, he frequently saw the Tylwyth Teg; and that going out early one morning to fetch his father's cows from the field, he observed a *posse* of the little folks dancing: he says, that when beholding them, his eyes became dazzled, as if he was looking upon the sun, and on his return from the meadow, he discovered a groat placed on a stone of Cymmunod Bridge, and always after he had seen them, found the same sum placed there. His having money so often about him, excited his father's suspicion, and one Sabbath day he inquired the manner in which it was obtained, when he confessed that it was through the medium of the fairies. He often went after this to the field, but never found any money on the bridge, or saw the offended Tylwyth Teg again; for through his divulging the secret, their favour and kindness were lost. The same person also informed me, that in the neighbourhood where he lived, a person one day arising to labour, was much surprised at not being able to find his shirt, and next morning much more so at beholding a fairy bounce in the room and disappear instantly: getting up soon after this, he was agreeably

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astonished at discovering his shirt washed clean, with half a crown enclosed in it, for which he was indebted to the little beings. At Llandrwgan, in the same county, a woman had twins, to which the fairies took a fancy and bore away, substituting two of their own children in the cradle in lieu of them; but the resemblance between them being so great, the woman never discovered the trick until several months had elapsed, when not perceiving the children grow, she imagined that something was wrong, and accordingly took them to Gwr Cyvarwydd, or village oracle, who told her to procure an egg-shell, and having filled it with wort and hops, to lay it in the way of the little folks, and particularly to observe what they said respecting it. She acted conformably to his advice; and when the fairies beheld the egg-shells, seeming much astonished, one of them exclaimed,—'I can remember yon oak an acorn, but I never saw in my life people brewing in an egg-shell before.' Upon hearing this, the woman became infuriated,—her Cambrian blood was roused, and seizing a whip that was near, she began to let the surprised fairies taste it; but the old ones, hearing the cries of their offspring, interfered, and the next day the woman was much gratified and pleased at seeing her real babes again."

With this extract we conclude; and have only to add, that the style is in general faulty, and that sad havoc is made with scraps of foreign languages. Where did the author discover, page 8, that the Druids, or their proselytes, worshipped their *demlan maen*, or stone temples; or where did he find, page 62, that *caro sposo* was the Italian plural for sweethearts? We are sorry to see this foolish affectation diffusing itself beyond the region of trashy novels.

The Family Library; Vol. XX. Sketches of Venetian History; Vol. I. London, 1831. Murray.

PICTURESQUE records from one of history's most picturesque records. Never was city more rich in romantic association, and never were romantic associations more fortunate in being chosen for themes whereon "the mighty of the mind poured forth their spirit." And yet, while the name of Venice has been familiar to us as a "household word," a connected English history has hitherto been wanting.* This want is now well supplied—these *Sketches of Venetian History* are written with equal animation and elegance. The author seems to have entered *con amore* into his subject, and brought to his performance that best industry—vivid interest in the pursuit to which it is directed. Full of curious and little-known anecdotes, we cannot do better than make a brief selection. The reception of St. Mark at Venice is better known than his after adventures.

"Notwithstanding the splendour of his reception, and the many subsequent testimonies of high honour which he received, the saint occasionally proved capricious, and did not always deign to shew himself even to his most illustrious visiters. Two centuries after the above translation (1094), when the Emperor Henry III. made an express pilgrimage to his shrine, the body had very petulantly disappeared. The priests had recourse to prayer and fasting for its recovery, and the whole capital was engaged in tears, abstinence, and supplication. At length the saint relented. One morning the sacristan whose turn it was to attend the church in which the body *ought* to have been found, perceived, on entering, a fragrant odour and a brilliant light which issued from a particular column. The simple priest imagined that there was a fire, and ran up in affright to extinguish it; nor was his alarm diminished when he saw a human arm protruding from the column. He hastened to the doge and announced this marvel, and the Bishop of Olivolo and the other clergy, having been summoned, repaired with profound devotion to the church. There, as they knelt before the pillar, the arm dropped a ring from one of the fingers of its hand into the bishop's bosom; and at the same time the column opened and displayed an iron coffin enclosing the remains of the evangelist. The holy corpse wrought numerous miracles; and a feast was instituted to commemorate its invention. On each 24th of July, while the *magnificat* was being chanted, the congregation was sprinkled with rose-water, in memory of the sweet odour, and two tapers were lighted before the pillar. Among the other relics which on this occasion were borne abroad in splendid procession, was an autograph of his gospel from the evangelist's own pen, in which, unhappily, learned men are undetermined whether the character is Greek or Latin, and whether the material is paper or parchment. The ring was sacrilegiously stolen, in the year 1585, and, perhaps, the body has undergone a similar fate. Having been placed in a receptacle more worthy of it, the secret of which was intrusted to none save the doge, and the provveditori—officers especially appointed for the saint's guardianship—a magnificent church was decreed and built over this mysterious tomb. Yet a modern traveller, who was by no means likely to approach this legend with an eye of scepticism, roundly taxes Carossio, who, about twenty years afterwards, for a short time usurped the throne, with a *private sale* of the relics. 'Since his time,' says Eustace, 'the existence of the body of St. Mark has never been publicly ascertained. The place, however, where the sacred deposit lies, is acknowledged to be an *undivulged secret*; or, perhaps, in less cautious language, to be utterly unknown.'"

Venetian luxury:—"The chroniclers have presented an amusing picture of the luxurious habits of the Constantinopolitan fair one, who shared the crown of Dominico Silvio, a later doge. Such, we are assured, was the extent of her refinement—*adeo morosâ fuit elegantiâ*—that she banished the use of plain water from her toilet, and washed herself only with the richest and most fragrant medicated preparations. Her apartments were so saturated with perfumes, that those who were unaccustomed to such odours often fainted upon entering; and as the climax of sinful indulgence (for such it appears to the narrator) in the inordinate pride of her evil heart, she refused to employ her fingers in eating, and never touched her meat unless with a golden fork. Her end was in miserable contrast with these Sybaritic manners. She was stricken with a sore disease, considered, no doubt, as an especial judgment; and her sufferings, which were long protracted, were of such a nature, as to excite rather the disgust than the pity of her attendants."

Heroism displayed at the siege of Tyre:—"The troops investing the city by land murmured at their unremitted hardships; and, contrasting their own daily perils and labours with the ease and security of those who were engaged in the blockade by sea, looked with an evil and suspicious eye upon their Venetian allies. This danger was observed, encountered, and remedied by the promptitude of Michieli; and history presents few specimens of more chivalrous self-abandonment than that upon which he resolved. Stripping the entire fleet of its equipments, he ordered the rowage, masts, sails, and rudders to be borne with him to the camp. 'These,' he said, pointing to the burdens of his attendants, 'are the pledges of our fidelity and of our participation in dangers which ought to be common to all. We can no longer have it even in our power, if it could be supposed to be in our will, to quit the walls, and the slightest gale will expose us to far greater peril than that of mortal combat!' This substantial proof of sincerity, and the politic advance at the same time of one hundred thousand ducats for the payment of the soldiers, restored confidence at once among the allies. A general voice deprecated the useless exposure to danger which the Venetians proffered; and all hands assisted in refitting the fleet, the active services of which might soon be demanded."

Incident at the siege of Ancona:—"A woman of Ancona, heart-broken by the exhaustion of her two sons, and hopeless of other relief, opened a vein in her left arm; and having prepared and disguised the blood which flowed from it with spices and condiments (for these luxuries still abounded, as if to mock the cravings of that hunger which had slight need of any further stimulant than its own sad necessity), presented them with the beverage—thus prolonging the existence of her children, like the bird of which similar tenderness is fabled, even at the price of that tide of life by which her own was supported."

The belief in omens and prophecies was universal in that age. Mourtzouphlus was forced to fly from Constantinople when it was taken by Baldwin.

"Having in vain attempted to rally his adherents, he took refuge in the fastnesses of Thrace, after escaping through the Golden Gate. That gate had been closed for two hundred years; and it bore engraven on it, an inscription, long beforehand regarded as prophetic, and afterwards believed to have been fulfilled in this flight of the emperor. 'When the fair-haired King of the West shall come, I shall open of myself!' Another prediction had ensured the city from capture, unless through an angel; and we are informed by an authority not remote from these times, that the rumour of the Latin conquest was disbelieved, for many days, in the surrounding country, until it was ascertained that the walls had been scaled at a spot on which an angel was painted."

Romantic legends, founded on Baldwin's fate:—"The sad fate of the first sovereign of Constantinople requires some brief notice. The release of Baldwin was demanded from Joannice by Pope Innocent; and the barbarian contented himself by replying that his illustrious captive had died in prison. More than one version of his catastrophe has been given; and each abounds in horror. Nicetas states that, after long confinement, the Bulgarian cut off his arms and legs, and exposed him to wild beasts. Acropolita adds, that his skull, set in gold, was used by the tyrant as a goblet. A yet more romantic tale attributes the Bulgarian's vengeance to jealousy, excited by his queen, who, becoming enamoured of the prisoner, offered him herself and freedom as the price of his love. The examples of Bellerophon and Hippolitus were unknown or unregarded by the disdainful Baldwin; and the disappointed fair, incensed at his cold rejection, falsely

* Daru's delightful work would, we think, well repay an English translation, general as is its popularity in the original.—*Ed. L. G.*

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denounced him to her husband, who, in a paroxysm of fury, heightened by intoxication, slew him and cast his body to the dogs. The circumstances attendant upon his death, no doubt, are obscure; but the fact itself is supported by strong evidence—it was accredited, though far from hastily, by the barons; and it is not easy to assign any reason why Joan-nice should assert it if it had been untrue. Nevertheless, at the expiration of twenty years, when the sovereignty of Flanders and Hainault had devolved on Jean, the eldest daughter of the supposed deceased prince, a claimant appeared, asserting his identity with the lost Baldwin. He maintained, that after his capture at Adrianople, he had been mildly treated by his conquerors, till, having effected his escape from them, he fell into the hands of another tribe of barbarians, to whom his rank was unknown, and who sold him as a slave into Syria. There accident enabled him to discover himself to some German merchants, who ransomed him at a small price; and as the throne of Constantinople, by the death of his brother, had then passed into another line, the recovery of his hereditary dominions appeared to him an easier attempt than that of his eastern rights. The populace, ever credulous of wonders and open-eared to novelty, eagerly devoured this tale, which gained admission among several even of the nobler Flemings. It was rejected altogether by the reigning countess; who, finding herself endangered by the pretender, claimed and received protection from Louis VIII. of France. The king in person examined the nominal emperor; and, though convinced of his imposture, in consideration of a safe-conduct which he had previously granted, contented himself by ordering him to quit his dominions. Detected in his fraud and abandoned by his former adherents, the pseudo-Baldwin, nevertheless, renewed his projects; till, having been betrayed into the hands of the countess, he is said to have confessed, under torture, that he was a Champagner, named Bertrand de Rayns. He was exhibited awhile to public scorn in the chief towns of the Netherlands, and then ignominiously hanged at Lille. Little doubt can exist of the justice of his fate; yet such is the fondness of the human mind for mystery, so pertinaciously, in despite of truth, does it cling to the marvellous, that there have not been wanting writers who prefer to believe the Countess Jean guilty of an atrocious parricide, rather than to admit that an adroit knave practised a daring but not very difficult imposture."

What a magnificent subject of debate is the following!—

"If we may believe the MS. chronicles of Barbaro and Savina, a project of general emigration to the East was at one time contemplated. Ziani is said, during the troubled reign of the second Courtenay, to have convoked the great council and all the chief functionaries of state; and, after pointing out the precarious condition of the empire under its existing feeble and divided rulers, to have proposed the abandonment of Venice, and the transfer of her whole population to Constantinople. The brilliant prospects which he displayed as likely to result from this important change dazzled many in the assembly; and it is added that, notwithstanding an eloquent and impassioned appeal to their affections and their patriotism, by the Procuratore Angelo Faliero, the proposal was negatived, in the division which ensued, but by a single voice, which was not unaptly termed 'the voice of Providence.' How wide a field of speculation does this now scarcely remembered incident open to our view! What changes in the history of mankind might not the adoption of Ziani's project have occasioned! Would the existence of the Latin empire have been protracted by it? Would the conquests of the Turks have been diverted into another channel? Would Christianity, instead of Mohammedanism, have been the dominant religion of the East? Compared with these far mightier questions, the fate of Venice herself is disregarded; and we almost forget to inquire what would have been the fortunes of her deserted islands."

We like the author's own remarks in our next.

"Of the six emperors who had struggled through the half century which succeeded the conquest of Constantinople, the second Baldwin was by far the least qualified to encounter the perils which surrounded him. He had thrice made the circuit of Europe as a suppliant for assistance, and he now returned to his eastern capital impoverished and dishonoured. It is unnecessary to speak of the countless sordid littlenesses to which poverty reduced him; but there are two facts partially connected with the history of Venice too remarkable to be omitted. Philip, a son of this last Latin emperor of Constantinople, was pawned by his father to some burghers of his capital, as the only security which they would accept for a loan incommensurate with the pledge; and the prince was transferred by them to the custody of some Venetian merchants, for greater safety. To other monied usurers of Venice was intrusted a deposit, which, whatever in our present estimation may be its genuineness and intrinsic value, was considered, at the time of which we are writing, as beyond all price. The frequency of imposture has, no doubt, attached much both of ridicule and suspicion to the generality of relics; and the silly pretensions to miraculous virtue which have been asserted for them, have increased these unfavourable impressions. But I know not why those vivid emotions, that glow of affection, that veneration and love, with which we contemplate other monuments of wisdom and of virtue, should be repressed and chilled when we turn to like memorials of our faith. If the reputed crown of thorns was really that borne by our Lord during his sufferings, or (what in the present instance is the same thing) was really *believed* to be such, the piety which coveted its possession demands not our sarcasm, but our respect. On the credit of this treasure, a sum, amounting to about 7000*l.* of our money, had been borrowed by the empire: the time stipulated for its redemption approached; and, if not redeemed, its property would become absolutely vested in Querini, a Venetian who had advanced the loan. Louis of France, who has been canonised for his devotion, profited by the opportunity, and, after an agreement with Baldwin, discharged the debt, and conveyed the relic to Paris. The Sainte Chapelle was built and consecrated for its reception. It was jealously guarded, and magnificently enshrined; and, after the lapse of four centuries, on one of those occasions by which, as a corrective to human pride, the weakness of the good and the follies of the wise are permitted to exhibit themselves in strong light, by being produced as a voucher for enthusiasm it excited the surprise and curiosity, the credulity or the scepticism, of all the Christian world."

The ensuing anecdote is very characteristic of the times; but we must observe, it was the obvious policy of rulers to lead the people to suppose themselves under the immediate protection of Heaven.

"It must be borne in mind that the legend which we are about to produce is recorded by more than one authentic chronicler, and that it was sufficiently believed to give birth to a public religious ceremony. In the year 1341, an inundation, of many days' continuance, had raised the water three cubits higher than it had ever before been seen in Venice; and during a stormy night, while the flood appeared to be still increasing, a poor old fisherman sought what refuge he could find, by mooring his crazy bark close to the Riva di San Marco. The storm was yet raging, when a person approached, and offered him a good fare if he would but ferry him over to San Giorgio Maggiore. 'Who,' said the fisherman, 'can reach San Giorgio on such a night as this? Heaven forbid that I should try!' But as the stranger earnestly persisted in his request, and promised to guard him from harm, he at last consented. The passenger landed; and having desired the boatman to wait a little, returned with a companion, and ordered him to row to San Nicolo di Lido. The astonished fisherman again refused, till he was prevailed upon by a further confident assurance of safety, and excellent pay. At San Nicolo they picked up a third person, and then instructed the boatman to proceed to the Two Castles at Lido. Though the waves ran fearfully high, the old man, by this time, had become accustomed to them; and, moreover, there was something about his mysterious crew which either silenced his fears, or diverted them from the tempest to his companions. Scarcely had they gained the strait, when they saw a galley, rather flying than sailing along the Adriatic, manned (if we may so say) with devils, who seemed hurrying, with fierce and threatening gestures, to sink Venice in the deep. The sea, which had hitherto been furiously agitated, in a moment became unruffled; and the strangers, crossing themselves, conjured the fiends to depart. At the word, the demoniacal galley vanished, and the three passengers were quietly landed at the spots at which each respectively had been taken up. The boatman, it seems, was not quite easy about his fare, and, before parting, he implied pretty clearly that the sight of this miracle, after all, would be but bad pay. 'You are right, my friend,' said the first passenger; 'go to the doge and the procuratori, and assure them that, but for us three, Venice would have been drowned. I am St. Mark; my two comrades are St. George and St. Nicolas. Desire the magistrates to pay you; and add, that all this trouble has arisen from a schoolmaster at San Felice, who first bargained with the devil for his soul, and then hanged himself in despair.' The fisherman, who seems to have had all his wits about him, answered that he might tell that story, but he much doubted whether he should be believed: upon which St. Mark pulled from his finger a gold ring, worth about five ducats, saying, 'Shew them this ring, and bid them look for it in my treasury, whence it will be found missing.' On the morrow the fisherman did as he was told. The ring was discovered to be absent from its usual custody, and the fortunate boatman not only received his fare, but an annual pension to boot. Moreover, a solemn procession and thanksgiving were appointed, in gratitude to the three holy corpses which had rescued from such calamity the land affording them burial."

Enthusiasm of the Venetians during the war with Genoa.

"Where age or infirmity rendered personal

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service impossible, entire fortunes were surrendered to the state; vast debts were remitted by creditors; plate, jewels, and treasure, were heaped into the public coffers; the doge mortgaged his revenues; the ecclesiastics bore arms. One holy band alone was found wanting to its country, and the Minorites excused themselves. It was written, they said, in their statutes, that no one of their brotherhood, whatever might be the occasion, should handle any weapon of offence. Their cowardly hypocrisy received its deserts, and they were banished from the Dogado. Among the traders, we hear of a furrier who undertook the maintenance of one thousand armed men; of an apothecary who equipped a galley; of plain mechanics and simple artisans who associated to defray similar expenses. One, perhaps, of the most touching offers which this great crisis called forth, was that made by Matteo Faseolo, a townsman of Chiozza, whom its loss had reduced from opulence to beggary. Carrying with him his two sons, he presented them to the magistrates. 'If my estate,' he said, 'were such as I once possessed, all of it should be contributed to the public exigencies; but life is now the only property which is left to me and to these. Dispose of it as you think best. Employ us either by land or sea, and gladden us by a consciousness that what little we still retain is devoted to our country."

We regret not having room for the sketch of the heroic Pisani; but his ought to be a full-length. This portion brings the narrative down to the execution of the last princes of the house of Carrara. We recommend this most varied and interesting volume warmly: few of its companions, if any, have better claims on public favour.

Dignities, Feudal and Parliamentary, and the Constitutional Legislature of the United Kingdom. By Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, &c. Vol. I. 8vo. London, 1830. Boone.

HEROES and heroines of romance! ye who, seated on imagination's throne, have basked in the sunshine of popular favour, look not down from your airy height with too much self-confidence. The march of revolution and reform may proceed with rapid strides along the shelves of the Ebers's, the Hookhams, the Andrews, and the Saunders and Otleys; and ye may be hurled to the dust, or, as the old poet has it,

"In a trice
Condemned to Hoods to make up spice."

We raise our warning voice to awake you to the consciousness of your danger, and we have done our duty! In this revolutionary age we should not be surprised if the grave antiquarian and heraldic Sir William Betham were to rival Sir Walter Scott in circulating-library popularity.

However, seriously speaking, it is not improbable, in these days of inquiry into constitutions, and clamour about parliamentary reform, that Sir William Betham's valuable work (the second and concluding volume of which is to be published at the end of the year) will obtain a circulation far beyond that for which it was evidently intended.

The subject, and the character of the author, make these volumes essential for the library of the statesman, the lawyer, the scholar, and the gentleman; but (we of course speak judging from the contents of the volume before us) as they will contain the very spirit of our history, an account of the origin and progress of our "free and glorious constitution," it behoves all, (for every one is now a politician), carefully to study this important and well-timed documentary history.

From works of a comprehensive nature, it is very difficult to select fair and characteristic extracts, and to quote garbled passages is at once an injustice to the author and the subject. We, therefore, of necessity, prefer, as most suitable to our columns, such portions as we can most easily insulate, although affording slight illustrations of Sir William Betham's researches, or of the nature of his work. We prefer too taking the Ulster King of Arms upon his own ground, Ireland; ground which, if he relax not in his meritorious exertions, he is likely to keep with honour. Who but will admire the gallant bearing and courteous demeanor in which he tilts at the Fœdera? And prithee, gentle reader, mark the demeanour, in contrast to that which has been recently exhibited. Let the trumpets sound, and Sir William Betham stand forth.

Thus saith Sir William—"Neither can a good reason be discovered why, in the printed Fœdera, a majority of the entries on the early rolls in the Tower, particularly those respecting Ireland, *are omitted*. Many Irish articles are inserted, otherwise we might suppose it had been intended to form a series of volumes respecting Ireland especially and particularly, which would have been an object well worthy the consideration of the record commissioners; but as the case now stands, it would be better to print, in supplemental volumes, *all the omitted entries*, whatever may be their subject matter, as they are of fully equal value and interest with those printed. This has been demonstrated by Mr. Bayley, the able and intelligent deputy-keeper of the records in the Tower, who printed the omissions in the sixth year of John; and they alone amount to nine pages of folio. The latter volumes are more complete, and the principle of exclusion of Irish documents has not been carried to such an extent, but many are omitted. Why should there be *any omissions*? Every state paper, charter, or letter, has its historical interest and value, and the Fœdera is imperfect and comparatively useless without the complete body of documents. They consist, in part, of instructions to officers, charges against them, and their defences: in such cases, it is not sufficient to give one or two articles of a series *as a specimen*, the whole ought to appear; *examples* of what the records consist are not wanted; as evidence and materials of history, they are alone valuable, and one may say, in that respect, they are inestimable. When we consider the character, learning, and liberality of the individuals, under whose control, direction, and management, the new Fœdera is now compiled, it is, indeed, difficult to account for the omission of those important articles; and it is much to be regretted, as motives of national hostility, contempt, and jealousy, are always ascribed by a sensitive people, when no other national or sufficient cause can be ascribed for so extraordinary an omission."

We proceed to extract a curious passage respecting Irish law students in England:—

"The parliaments of Ireland, held in the 9th of Henry V. and the 7th of Henry VI. made representations to those kings; among other grievances of the hindrances which Irish students of the law met with at the inns of court in London, when they went there to study, in which the unity of practice of the laws in both countries is set forth. These statements are given hereafter in full, from the close rolls; but the passages referring to the students at law are here inserted. That of 9 Henry V. is in the Norman-French language; of which the following is a translation. 'Item, —Your said lieges shew, that whereas they are ruled and governed by your laws, used in your realm of England, to acquire the knowledge of which laws, and to be well informed therein, your lieges have sent able persons of English blood, born in your said land, to certain inns of court,* where, from the time of the conquest of your said land, they have ever been received, until lately, that the governors and company of the said inns have refused, and would not receive the said persons into the said inns, as they had been accustomed to do. Therefore, may it please your most gracious lordship, to consider this matter and ordain due remedy; that your laws may continue, and not be forgotten in your said land.'"†

Upon this, and the representation made in the reign of Henry VI., Sir William Betham proceeds to offer the following interesting observations on the government of Ireland,—a subject at all times of importance, but never before the present, a political point to which the whole gaze of Europe is anxiously directed.

"Special care seems at all times to have been taken to preserve the uniformity of the Irish and English law; no change could have taken place in the former, but what, from time to time, had been made in England; and the early judges were mostly Englishmen, sent over to administer the English law in its purity. The viceroys were also English, or, what might be considered the same thing, Irish noblemen, in possession of large estates in England, as, the Earls of Ormond, &c. &c. They generally held the sword but a very few years: from the year 1173 to 1200, there were no fewer than seventeen chief governors; in the thirteenth century, forty-six; in the fourteenth, ninety-three; in the fifteenth, eighty-five; in the sixteenth, seventy-six; in the seventeenth, seventy-nine; in the eighteenth, ninety-four! All were, naturally, attached to the English laws and customs, but held the viceroyship for so short a time—on an average not more than two years — that none were long enough in Ireland to form laws or customs in accordance with their own notions. The customs of the *mere Irish* were indeed different; but they had no influence on the administration of the laws. Where the Irish had power, they superseded the English law altogether, and introduced the Brehon, or Irish law; but where there was English rule, there was English law. The viceroys and the judges knew no laws or customs but those of England; and when that was the case, no arbitrary variations could have occurred in the administration of the English law in Ireland."

We need not extend our extracts to shew the value of Sir William Betham's work, in a historical point of view. It is one of the few publications of the present day which will be quoted and referred to as an authority.

The Life of Fuseli.

(Second Notice.)

IN our very brief introductory notice of this publication, we mentioned a series of aphorisms, chiefly relative to the Fine Arts, as forming a component part of the second volume. To these pithy saws of the late eminent artist we shall confine this paper: some of them are striking, and most of them replete with high and intellectual ideas. How true is the following!

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* Hostelles de Courte.
† Rot. Claus. Hib. 9 Hen. V.

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"Some enter the gates of art with golden keys, and take their seats with dignity among the demi-gods of fame; some burst the doors and leap into a niche with savage power; thousands consume their time in chinking useless keys, and aiming feeble pushes against the inexorable doors."

And again:—

"He who pretends to have sacrificed genius to the pursuits of interest or fashion; and he who wants to persuade you he has indisputable titles to a crown, but chooses to wave them for the emoluments of a partnership in trade, deserve equal belief."

"Distinguish between genius and singularity of character; an artist of mediocrity may be an odd man: let the nature of works be your guide."

"Know that nothing is trifling in the hand of genius, and that importance itself becomes a bauble in that of mediocrity:—the shepherd's staff of Paris would have been an engine of death in the grasp of Achilles; the ash of Peleus could only have dropped from the effeminate fingers of the curled archer."

"Genius may adopt, but never steals."

"All mediocrity pretends."

"Sensibility is the mother of sympathy. How can he paint Beauty, who has not throbbed at her charms? How shall he fill the eye with the dew of humanity, whose own never shed a tear for others? How can he form a mouth to threaten or command, who licks the hereditary spittle of princes?"

The annexed is quite as applicable to literature as the arts;—we should suspect rather more so.

"If you wish to give consequence to your inferiors, answer their attacks.—*Coroll.* Michael Angelo, advised to resent the insolence of some obscure upstart who was pushing forward to notice by declaring himself his rival, answered —'Chi combatte con dappochi, non vince a nulla:' who contests with the base, loses with all!"

We do not so entirely agree with the next.

"Genius knows no partner. All partnership is deleterious to poetry and art:—one must rule."

Perhaps, however, such exceptions as Beaumont and Fletcher only prove the general accuracy of the remark.

We like the discrimination of the subjoined.

"Art among a religious race produces relics; among a military one, trophies; among a commercial one, articles of trade."

"Modern art, reared by superstition in Italy, taught to dance in France, plumped up to unwieldiness in Flanders, reduced to 'chronicle small beer' in Holland, became a rich old woman by 'suckling fools' in England."

The next is a pretty thought: "The colours of pleasure and love are hues."

It is curious to read the following at a period when the subject has had so remarkable a commentary in the actual state of things. "The invention of machines to supersede manual labour will at length destroy population and commerce;* and the methods contrived to shorten the apprenticeship of artists, annihilate art."

The ensuing is a palpable hit at hypocrisy:—"Expect no religion in times when it is easier to meet with a saint than a man; and no art in those that multiply their artists beyond their labourers."

* "'Sineret se plebeculam pascere,' said Vespasian to the artist who had contrived a machine to convey some large columns with a trifling expense to the capitol, and rewarded him without accepting his offer."

The next we recommend to all the artists, authors, &c. who come under the remarks of the *Literary Gazette*.

"*Modesty.*—The touchstone of genuine modesty is the attention paid to criticism, and the temper with which it is received, or its advice adopted; the most arrogant pretence, the most fiery ambition, the most towering conceit, may fence themselves with smoothness, silence, and submissive looks. Oil, the smoothest of substances, swims on all."

As a contrast:—"*Vanity.* The vain is the most humble of mortals:—the victim of a pimple."

And with this we must, for the present, take our leave of the sagacious dicta of Mr. Fuseli.

Observations on the Registration Bill, addressed to the Commissioners on the Law of Real Property. By George Bentham, Esq. London, 1831.

His Majesty's commissioners on the law of real property have prepared a bill, which is now pending before parliament, for establishing a register for all deeds relating to land.* It is considered, we believe, by all competent judges, that this bill embodies a very ingenious and simple plan, and that it is framed with a degree of skill and care by no means common.

It seems, however, that Mr. George Bentham is the possessor and the intended editor of a treatise by his uncle, Mr. Jeremy Bentham, on *Nomography*. It seems that the undisclosed doctrines of *my uncle* are not implicitly followed in the commissioners' bill; the nephew and editor elect, therefore, sallies forth with a pamphlet, abusing the bill, and substituting one of his own, more conformable "aux idées de mon oncle."

We have not been able to ascertain that any one, except ourselves, has read Mr. B.'s pamphlet, and we have no reason to believe that any one else ever will: Mr. Bentham will, therefore, please to consider that the trouble we take in this matter is designed solely for his benefit. His publication assumes that he is qualified to instruct the commissioners: we do not think that we are qualified to instruct those gentlemen; but if we do not shew that we are better entitled to instruct him than he is to instruct them, we admit that he is not the most impudent man in England.

Adverting to the fact, that the pamphleteer comes forward as the champion of his uncle's MS. doctrines, and the censor of all contraveners, we are naturally led to think of the memorable *Défense de mon Oncle* by the nephew of M. l'Abbé Barin. The points of resemblance between the venerable relative of the pamphleteer and the abbé are numerous and striking. The nephew of M. Barin expressly says, "mon oncle savait parfaitement l'Arabe et le Cophte." Now it is well known that some of the later works of Mr. Jeremy Bentham are written in some language which is not English: it has never been made out to be any other known tongue, and we have failed in ascertaining that it was not Coptic or Arabic, or both. From these premises, we conclude that the strange words which have puzzled the world are, in fact, Coptic or Arabic. Surely this fact argues a strong similarity in the genius of the two uncles.

Then M. l'Abbé, as we know on the same authority, "s'établit à Petersbourg en qualité d'interprète Chinois." Can any man doubt that when the excellent Mr. Jeremy Bentham opened his famous communication with the Emperor of Russia, he had an eye to some similar employment in the same capital? We know of the Abbé Barin, on the best authority, that "son grand but était de juger par le sens commun de toutes les fables de l'antiquité;" while Mr. Jeremy Bentham has written a book for the express purpose of exposing popular fallacies, that is, moral political and metaphysical untruths; in other words, fables, which have blinded and perverted the minds of men from a remote antiquity.

Once more; M. Barin (the uncle) was "très respectueux pour les dames, et zélé pour les loix:" now, our authorities say nothing as to Mr. Bentham's respect for the ladies; but with his numerous French connexions (the nephew himself learnt, he says, the beauties of registration by residing as a landowner in the south of France), it cannot be imagined for a moment that he is wanting in a quality so highly valued by the great nation: and as to zeal for the laws, why Mr. Jeremy Bentham has spent a long life in framing codes of laws for people who were stupid enough not to adopt them, and abusing laws which (whether good or bad) it is strongly surmised he does not understand.

The abbé's nephew exclaims, "Que M. Barin était chaste!" Mr. Jeremy Bentham has lived a bachelor to the age of fourscore.

Lastly, when it is remembered, that the Abbé Barin detested a bishop of Gloucester above all other men; and that the respectable Mr. Bentham, in his excellent work entitled *Church of Englandism*, betrays a similar animosity against the episcopal order; it is impossible any longer to doubt that the one uncle is the counterpart of the other. They are duplicates of the same thing; in the language of the register bill, duplicate originals.

We have directed inquiries as to the death of the Abbé and the birth of Mr. Bentham: if the registers tally, if the chronology bear us out, we shall bring this forward as a case of metempsychosis, proved by internal evidence.

Considering, then, how ably Mr. Bentham was defended in a former state of existence by his then nephew, Mr. George ought to have felt it a sacred duty to make the *Défense de mon Oncle*, which he has undertaken, equally complete. The former defence was written against one who cribbed the uncle's title-page, "croyant que ce seul titre supplément aux idées de mon oncle lui attireroit des lecteurs." Now, we appeal to the whole world, whether the conduct of the present nephew be not more like the conduct of the enemy than of the defender of his uncle; whether the mention in his pamphlet of the "idées de mon oncle" be for any other purpose but "pour attirer des lecteurs?"

Mr. George Bentham boasts of being the possessor and (O shade of Dumont!) editor-elect of his uncle's MS. treatise; he must therefore be presumed to have derived all the improvement which a thorough study of that work can impart: if, then, his pamphlet be a blunder, and prove him to be a dunce, what will the world say of my uncle's *Nomography*?

The world, however, must not judge too hastily; Mr. Jeremy Bentham's sole error may be that he has committed his *Nomography* to incompetent hands. With all his faults, and all his little absurdities, he is a man of real talents; and we shall never believe that a veteran precisian in logic and language like him, has taught his nephew to begin a work published to exemplify as well as to advocate

* It is because we most cordially approve of practical and effectual reforms, that we as heartily set our face against the visionary projects which would impede them.

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the advantages of precise and correct expressions, by such a phrase as "some general modifications of the style of the whole act," which is pure nonsense; and to follow that up by an intimation that it is essential that "every country gentleman should understand the register bill;" when it is not only not essential, but is morally impossible that any man who is not a lawyer should understand it, or any other bill embodying the same plan. The uncle never would have said that this bill was to be in any sense the groundwork of a new system of laws, projected by two sets of commissioners; when it is notorious that there is no new system projected at all: and whatever alterations may be made, it is impossible that they can be a system projected by the two sets of commissioners, as those commissioners do not even communicate, but become acquainted with each others' labours by the same means, and only by the same means, by which those labours are given to the public at large.

Neither do we believe that Mr. Jeremy Bentham taught his nephew to quote another man's work, as he does at page 4, and to have the boldness to put a false construction upon his own quotation. We also acquit the uncle of using such phrases as "adding into the heart of," "malâ-fide lawyers," &c. in the very same page in which he lays down his ideas as to what correctness of expression is. We doubt whether the uncle would use the phrase "generalise a clause," when he means extend it: whether he would lay down a rule, "always to apply the same names to the same ideas;" and begin his pamphlet by applying the name of *bill* in the second line to the same idea to which he applies the name of *act* in the fourth line; and further exemplify his own rule by applying the names "special" and "specific" to the same idea, and that in many cases in which neither is the proper name; whether he would also shew his feeling of the importance of his own rule by using the terms "entering a caveat" and "registering a caveat" indiscriminately, and that in his own bill.

We are quite sure that the old original nomographist himself, however anxious to depreciate the bill of the commissioners, would not have charged the bill with being obscure, and made good the accusation by misprinting it. In the only instance in which we have consulted the pamphleteer's reprint, we found a clause made utterly unintelligible by his substitution of the word "reference" for "entry."

Finally, we are certain that our old friend would not have written a pamphlet of skimble-skamble stuff, setting sound sense, law, logic, and grammar, all equally at defiance; and that if he had framed a register bill, he would not have framed one through every other clause of which you may (in Irish phrase) drive a coach and six.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated by William Sotheby. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 826. London, 1831. Murray.

It has been our good fortune to be able to lay before our readers several specimens of this important work, as they were read at the meetings of the Royal Society of Literature;* from these, alone, the public might appreciate the value of Mr. Sotheby's production: and we are glad that we have enjoyed such means of partially gratifying the curiosity which must be excited by a new translation of the Iliad; because we are obliged to claim the space of a week, in order to compare it with the original, as well as with Pope's, and other versions, before we can offer a criticism upon it. At present we shall only say, that the portions we have read give us a high opinion of Mr. Sotheby's fidelity. Of his competency and talent, no doubt could be entertained: the poetry of Wieland's Oberon stamped him a true poet; the Georgics of Virgil, a classic of the right feeling; and Saul, Italy, &c. &c. added flowers of no slight bloom to the chaplet with which these greater efforts had adorned his brow. Altogether, if so brief an examination may entitle us to say so, we would speak of this performance as an honour to the present age of English literature. The poem appears to be in extent between eighteen and twenty thousand lines.

* The publication is appropriately dedicated to the learned President of the Society, the Bishop of Salisbury, and to the author's brethren, the members of that body.

German Poetical Anthology; preceded by a concise History of German Poetry, and Notices of the Authors selected. By A. Bernays. Second edition, with additional Notes, &c. Pp. 420. London, 1831. Treuttel and Co.

We are glad we have not been mistaken when we recommended this handsome and useful book on its first appearance. The comparatively short time in which the first edition was exhausted, is a good proof that the students of the German language, and the lovers of German literature, were of the same opinion as ourselves. We are nevertheless pleased that the author has not rested satisfied with his success, but has rendered this new edition still more worthy of public approbation. The pieces selected are generally the best of the best German writers, and the work is by this, and the clear and forcible historical sketch with which the selection is preceded, well worthy of a place in the library; while the notes and grammatical references by which the extracts are accompanied, will prove eminently useful to the student.

German Prose Anthology; with Grammatical References and Notes by A. Bernays. 12mo. London, 1831. Treuttel and Co.

This is also a very good selection, but it is not by the author of the *Poetical Anthology;* who, we have no doubt, would, to judge from the knowledge he displays in this work, have been able to collect a nosegay of greater elegance and variety than the one here presented. Nevertheless, in consideration of the useful hints to the reader of German, given by Mr. Bernays in the introduction, and the excellent notes he has appended to this volume, long known by the German title of *Prosaische Anthologie*, we would recommend it as an introductory reading book.

History of the County Palatine of Lancaster; embellished with Views, Portraits, Maps, Armorial Bearings, &c. By Edward Baines, Esq.: the Biographical Department by W. R. Whatton, Esq. F.S.A. 4to. Part I. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

"In exploring the historical treasures of this county," says Mr. Baines, "for the purposes of a late publication, the author of this work was surprised by the vast body of information dispersed throughout its various parishes, and gratified in the highest degree by the readiness with which it was every where laid open to his inspection: thus encouraged, his views expanded beyond their original limits; and though he sat down only to write a *sketch*, he rose with the ambition to complete a *history* of his native county. The materials which he thus collected, his close and extensive connexion with the county has enabled him continually so to increase, that they form a store more rich and varied, perhaps, than is possessed by any other individual in the kingdom, on the subject of Lancashire history; and he now submits to his readers, in a connected and condensed form, a work comprising all the valuable and various matter which is scattered through piles of detached volumes, or locked up in the numerous unpublished pedigrees and other MSS. in his possession, or to which he may have access."

Judging from the specimen before us, we have no doubt that this will prove an exceedingly valuable topographical work. The present part is illustrated by a portrait of Humphrey Chetham, the founder of Chetham Hospital, in Manchester, and by a very beautiful view of the town of Lancaster, engraved by W. Finden, from a picture by J. Henderson.

Dependence. By the Author of "Little Sophy." Pp. 354. Derby, 1830, Mozeley and Son: London, Cowie and Co.; and Harris.

Had at least one third of this volume been omitted, the rest would have been greatly benefited. Under the idea of being easy, the writer is very diffuse. Opinions of all sorts and on all subjects, bishops, socinianism, literature, preaching, &c. &c. are most heterogeneously blended, and somewhat freely expressed. Great part of these letters can have no possible interest for the public, which can scarcely be supposed to care much for the Rev. E. T. V.'s flirtations before he made his choice of the fair writer, at the risk of "breaking some half dozen hearts." Nor can it be a matter of much consequence that she, as it is elegantly expressed, is likely "to get her trimmings" for speaking disparagingly of a favourite child's temper. The author has left on us the impression of an amiable and clever woman—and one very likely to inspire that partiality in her friends which has misled her in the present instance. To connexions and relatives only are the greater number of these letters suited. The narrative part is good, and has an air of truth which must interest the reader in the fate of, certainly, one of the most dependent beings in the world, a young female, who, by her own exertions, must make her way through a harsh, or at least an indifferent world. Truly a governess is expected to have all the amiabilities of the country, and the accomplishments of the town; and, after all, to find, that, like virtue, they must too often be their own reward.

Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon. Translated by Dr. J. S. Memes. 4 vols. 12mo. New edition. Edinburgh, 1831, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co.

We have often spoken of this work, and already of the present translation as it appeared in *Constable's Miscellany.* We have therefore only to notice that the present is a very neat edition.

Select Library. Vol. I. *Polynesian Researches.* By William Ellis. Vol. I. Second edition, enlarged and improved. 12mo. pp. 414. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

Mr. Ellis's works in their original form—the *Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee,* and *Polynesian Researches*—were not only extensively popular, but received the warmest encomiums from every reviewer whose notice of them we have seen, especially from the *Quar-*

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terly Review and the whole host of religious periodicals: they seem, of course, to offer a good foundation for a new Library series, differing in plan from any of those yet called into existence. Of the first specimen, we need only say that Mr. Ellis has made considerable improvements in his interesting narrative.

The Pious Minstrel; a Collection of Sacred Poetry. Pp. *circ.* 360. London, 1831. Tilt.

WITH a portrait of Robert Pollok, and an appropriate vignette, this little volume, about the size of a small Prayer-book, contains two or three hundred compositions from the pens of well-known writers, such as Pope, Milton, Young, Milman, Hannah More, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Mrs. Barbauld, Bernard Barton, Pollok, James and Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Opie, Watts, Wesley, Toplady, Kirke White, Hemans, Heber, Doddridge, Grahame, Caroline Fry, Conder, Croly, Cowper, Bowring, Darwin, Cunningham, Burns, &c. &c. &c. It is a delightful publication to be put into the hands of youth, alluring to piety and virtue through the sweet paths of poesy.

School and College Greek Classics.—1. *The History of the Peloponnesian War, by Thucydides; with Original Notes.* By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D. F.S.A. 3 vols. 12mo. —2. *The History of the Persian Wars, from Herodotus; with copious Notes.* By Charles William Stocker, D.D. In 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. London, 1831. Longman; Baldwin; Whittaker.

THESE useful and economical works continue to issue periodically from the classical press of Mr. Valpy. The valuable annotations of Dr. Bloomfield on Thucydides are a sufficient recommendation of themselves to ensure the ready reception of this edition. The text is conformable to the most approved authorities, and the type clear and distinct. The notes to the first volume of Herodotus, by Dr. Stocker, are not only a source from which much sound scholarship may be gathered; but from the collation of similar idioms, and the comparison of parallel passages, an enlarged and comprehensive acquaintance with the peculiarities of the language cannot fail to be derived. We do not recollect the whole range of the classics being brought to bear more effectively upon the illustration of an author and of each other, than they are made to do under the expansive mind of Dr. Stocker. The Examination Questions attached to the end of each volume are well calculated to brush up the memories of the oblivious, and resuscitate the faculties of retention.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TOADS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In your last Number, I observed a curious statement from Mr. St. John's *Narrative of a Residence in Normandy*, of his having been puzzled to account for strange music all around him on a night in spring. He describes the noise as resembling the distant tinkling of small bells breaking suddenly upon the ear. He mentions that the peasants, of whom he inquired the cause of this strange music, generally attributed it to the toads. I should have been of their opinion, from my own observation of a toad which I kept and watched continually for nearly two years. I was often suddenly surprised by his making a sharp tinkling noise at night, or late in the evening, which often made me start as I sat reading or writing; and for some time I was at a loss to account for so unusual a noise. As well as I recollect, it occurred in the spring, but I think also in the summer months; and I noticed that it chiefly happened after a continuance of dry weather, and before rain. The noise was exactly such as described by Mr. St. John, and it differed entirely from the usual croaking of toads, which differs also from the noise of frogs. Being thus led into the subject, it may be amusing to your readers to know the particulars of this curious fancy of mine to keep a toad. All our natural histories are strangely deficient in their accounts of this poor persecuted animal; some of them continue to repeat old stories, and cherish old prejudices in their regard, which in these enlightened days of scientific discovery are really disgraceful. Partly from a desire to familiarise myself with an animal so generally abhorred, and partly to learn by my own observation such particulars of its history as I had in vain sought for in books, I began to keep a common toad, which I picked up in my garden June 28, 1827. It was a male, and I think about a year and a half old at the time of my taking it into custody. He measured then an inch and three quarters in length; but in the following October he had increased to two inches and a quarter. His greatest length before he died was two inches and a half; and I considered him then as full grown, as I never saw a male toad larger, though I have observed a great number. The large heavy toads which we see, sometimes of enormous bulk, are all females. Having often kept the German *laubfrosch*, or beautiful green leaf frog, I adopted nearly the same plan with my toad. This was to place him in a large glass jar, with moss at the bottom, and sometimes water enough to saturate the moss, but oftener with only a piece of green sod, which I changed when the grass began to wither. Sometimes I contrived to let him have a little well of water in the sod; but I never saw him go into water freely; only when he was frightened, he would plunge in and bury his head at the bottom under the sod. Whether he ever knew me, I much doubt; but certainly he was always perfectly tame, and would sit on my hand, let me stroke him, and walk about my table or carpet with apparent familiarity and contentment. I usually let him out on the table every day; and he would jump down upon the carpet, and hop and crawl about, always making for the skirting-board, which he climbed very ludicrously, and seemed fond of sitting in a corner on the top of it. He ate freely, from the first day I had him; but would never take any thing unless he saw it move. In the whole time, I gave him all the following varieties: flies of all kinds, wasps, and bees, first removing their stings; gnats, which he would snap up at the window, while I held him on my hand up to the pane of glass, with an eagerness that appeared insatiable, and was very amusing; clap-baits, lady-birds, caddices, ants: of these last I used occasionally to give him a treat, by bringing home part of a hillock, and putting him down in the midst of it. He would raise himself on all fours, and with his eyes glistening with something like civic ecstasy, would dart out his tongue, right and left, as rapidly as lightning, and lap up the ants in quick succession, with the most laughable gulosity. I also gave him earwigs, glow-worms, wood-lice, grashoppers, spiders, dragon-flies, ticks, horse-leeches, grubs, moths, and any insect I could meet with. All seemed equally welcome, either by night or day; but it was most diverting to see him contend with a worm. He would dart upon it, secure one end, and swallow with all his might; but the worm would annoy him by creeping out of his mouth before he could swallow it entirely; and I have known him persevere for nearly half an hour, attempting to secure his prize, while the worm kept constantly escaping. He would take a snail, when he once saw it extended and in motion; though he always dashed at the shell, and took all down together in a moment, but could not manage one of large size. It was to me a great source of amusement to feed him, and watch his singular movements. He was often frightened, but very seldom provoked. I once or twice, however, provoked him, I think, to as much wrath as his cold nature was susceptible of; but I feel quite assured that the toad is at all times perfectly harmless and inoffensive: the idea of its spitting or otherwise discharging venom is, I am convinced, wholly unfounded.

In the winter months my toad always refused food, though he did not become torpid, but grew thin, and moved much less than at other times. He did not eat from the end of November to March, gradually losing his appetite and gradually recovering it: he never seemed affected by cold, except in the way of losing his inclination for food. He was most lively towards evening, when his eyes became most brilliant; and he was then more sure of seizing his prey than in broad daylight. On the 29th of March 1829, I found him dead, in the position in which he had sat for several days before, and with his eyes closed. His death was caused, as I imagine, by the unusually long continuance of severe weather in that winter, which appeared to exhaust him before his natural appetite returned: he could not have died from starvation, for the day before I had tempted him with a lively fly, which he refused.

This toad was generally of a dirty yellow or brown colour, which, upon looking at him closely, appeared like gold, however unlike it at a distance; but at various times he assumed different hues—sometimes greenish, sometimes nearly black. I do not believe that the colour of toads has any connexion with the weather, whatever may be the case with frogs; for I have observed several hundreds of toads together upon a warm day in spring, all in one place, and exhibiting among them every shade of colour. It is pretty generally known, that the spawn of toads is very different from that of frogs: it is in very long strings of gelatinous substance, studded with black specks, all in a row, appearing on the water like threads of black worsted. I took some of this spawn one year, on the 14th of March, and put it into a large basin of water: it produced tadpoles on the 12th of April, which fed upon the glutinous matter around them till it was exhausted, when I fed them with pond-weed, of which they ate voraciously. In the middle of June they put forth two hind feet; and in the beginning of July they had fore-feet, after which their tails shrunk up and disappeared. On the 5th of July I put them into a glass with only water; but several were drowned, being unable to get out of the water: I then placed them in another glass with a sod; they were lively on the 12th of July; but I could not find any food which they would take—I tried the smallest insects, but could get nothing so suit them. The consequence was, that they all died by the end of the month. I was desirous to bring up a young toad from the very spawn. If any of your readers can give information as to the food of toads as soon as they begin to crawl

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about, I shall be glad. If the foregoing particulars are likely to interest your readers, you will oblige me by publishing them in your next. I remain, sir, &c.

March 7, 1831. F. C. HUSENBETH.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. EDMUND CLARK on the remarkable volcanic phenomena exhibited by Vesuvius, and on the discovery and remains of Pompeii. The Dr. began by retracing and exhibiting views of the volcano from its present state to that mentioned by the early writers, and placed clearly before the imagination the sublime spectacle of a fierce eruption, by the aid of some very large and effective drawings; entered into the remarkable appearances presented by the fiery streams of lava; and shewed various specimens of ashes and lava ejected by the mountain. Having rapidly described the more violent eruptions of modern times, he went back to the recorded narrative of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum by Pliny; then, carrying the attention to a large plan of the city of Pompeii, he described its discovery, and reverted to the fact mentioned by Suetonius, that some of the Pompeians did return to search for their buried property. Entering the Forum Nundinarium, and describing its general appearance and uses, Dr. Clark passed on to the theatres; then to the house of the sculptor, the temples of Æsculapius and Isis, and the fate of its priests. Advancing along the streets, a succinct description was given of the blocks of lava which form the main road; of the raised foot pavement, the worn impression of wheels, the signs of the houses, the shops, and their general structure; the Forum, Temple of Venus, granaries, and prison; the mode of shutting the Forum at night, and general superiority of the public edifices. Then, issuing from the Forum, winding along the narrow streets to the house of Actæon, and stopping at intervals to exhibit various utensils found among the ruins,—a bell, vase, metallic mirror, saltcellar, specimen of Pompeii glass, with drawings of many other domestic instruments,—he went on to the Herculanean Gate and the Street of Tombs, describing and exhibiting large sketches of the house of Diomedes; the subterranean apartment, containing amphoræ, and the position of the group of skeletons found huddled together near the end of the room round that of their mistress, who was distinguished by gilded bracelets, and other costly ornaments. Then passing down the Street of Tombs, and detailing the appearance of the few skeletons there found, near the semicircular seat, he returned through the ruins of the city to the amphitheatre at its further extremity,—and concluded a lecture, crowded with facts, by some account of the specimens of bread, fruit, the ceratonia siliqua, and other curiosities discovered among the ashes. The lecture was protracted beyond the usual period, but the subject seemed to excite general interest.

Many fine works and specimens were in the library, illustrative of the subject in the lecture-room. There were also models of a tide semaphore, for indicating the depth of water in a harbour mouth, to vessels at sea during the night-time; of Colonel Walker's fire-escape;* and other useful inventions. Two curious native Kandyan drawings, descriptive of some historical circumstances in the revolution of 1812, were also exhibited.

* Colonel Walker is, we believe, exhibiting this experiment publicly, and with great apparent success. It is a valuable and ingenious plan; and we only wonder that similar things are generally so long in procuring adoption.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart. in the chair. This was the second meeting of the season. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the registrar, read a paper from the pen of Dr. Heberden, on the general principles to be observed in the management and care of the sick; in which the moral conduct of a physician, as contrasted with *charlatanerie*, and his professional conduct, as contrasted with empiricism, were set forth with admirable sense and judgment. The true physician, the author observed, will not seek to cure diseases by luck, but by skill; not by the magical agency of a nostrum or specific, but by the judicious use of those means which the experience of former times has placed in his hands. Nor will he be contented with understanding the structure and physiology of the body alone; but will seek to estimate and to regulate the corresponding influence of the mind. He will judge when it is proper to soothe and encourage his patient, when to alarm his fears, and when to animate his hopes. Although he may seek on some occasions to prevent surprise, and to blunt the keen edge of affliction; yet will he never forfeit his patient's confidence by violating the truth. In the treatment even of incurable disorders, he will still endeavour to alleviate or soften those calamities which he is unable to avert. When he can do nothing else, he may still, in the language of the poet,—

"Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death."

Even in the last solemn hour, a judicious physician will be regarded as a friend, under whose care the dying man will utter his latest breath with more complacency. The value of a physician's attendance is likewise very sensibly felt by the friends and family of the sick. They are relieved from a heavy weight of responsibility; from the doubts and fears of erring in matters which may be of importance, and from the painful task of judging often between jarring opinions officiously obtruded upon them. For these things the physician is the proper remedy; and not only his skill, but his prudence, should be such as to inspire confidence, to remove difficulties, and to take upon himself, if necessary, the entire charge and management of the sick.

The author proceeded to notice certain errors in modern practice, particularly the *abuse* of calomel in every kind of case, in the hands of ignorant pretenders. The treatment of some disorders also, such as heartburn, worms, and dropsy, he considered to be often conducted upon narrow principles, and directed rather to the relief of particular symptoms than to the removal of their cause. In conclusion, he suggested some reasons for calling in question the propriety of concentrating the virtues, and reducing the bulk of medicines, in the manner which has more and more prevailed of late years.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, March 2.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. president, in the chair. Several fellows were elected. A paper was first read "on the ripple marks and tracks of animals in the Forest Marble," by George Poulett Scrope, Esq. The reading of a paper was then begun, entitled, "Description of a series of longitudinal and transverse sections through a portion of the carboniferous chain between Penigent and Kirby Stephen," by Professor Sedgwick. Among the donations laid upon the table, was a collection of recent shells from the sea-coast near Swan River, presented by Archdeacon Scott.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

EARL STANHOPE in the chair.—A translation from a Spanish dissertation on the first discovery of the guaco plant in South America—the medical uses of which have been repeatedly adverted to in the *Literary Gazette*—and a paper by Dr. Hancock, on the tasteless emetic, were read by Dr. Sigmond. A lecture on the *papaver somniferum* was delivered by Mr. Gilbert Burnett, the professor of botany; Mr. Evered illustrated the lecture by a variety of experiments, and gave a chemical history of the discoveries of morphine, narcotine, and meconic acid, the details of which would neither be interesting nor understood by the general reader. Mr. Clendinning was elected secretary, in the room of H. Gibbs, Esq., who was elected treasurer, in consequence of the resignation of his father.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF HEAT ON METALS.

A DISCOVERY of a very curious nature, and one which promises to throw light on the subject of the propagation of heat among bodies, has recently been made by a gentleman now studying at the university here, Mr. Trevelyan, son of Sir Arthur Trevelyan, of Northumberland. It is this:—if a bar of iron or brass, a common poker for instance, be heated in the fire, and then laid down on the floor or on a table, with the heated extremity resting on the edge of a block of lead two or three inches square, and one inch thick, the round knob of the handle resting on the table; if it be then lifted up and laid down again several times, to try the effect of different positions, and rocked a little, so as to set it a-going, it continues for a long time vibrating and emitting a sound, varying in tone and intensity with the table or mass on which it stands. To exhibit the effect, however, more conspicuously, and always with decisive success, Mr. Trevelyan has bars of brass or iron made on purpose, about twelve inches long; three or four inches of the bar at the one end is broad and flat, having the under-side formed with a longitudinal ridge, on which the bar being laid, may rock or vibrate easily up and down. This part is about one and a half inches broad, and one-half inch thick at the ridge; the remainder of the bar is formed into a round handle, about one half inch diameter. When the flat end of this bar is heated, and laid with the ridge on a flat block of lead, an inch or two thick and several inches square, it immediately begins of itself a gentle rocking motion, which increases to a certain extent, and then continues uniformly for a long time moving regularly, and vibrating in a most surprising manner. If a bar of brass, ten or twelve inches long, be laid across the other, this vibrates along with it, and shews the effect still more conspicuously; if, instead of balancing the bar on the flat part of the lead, it be rested on the edge, and the other extremity on the table, no vibration is observable—but a loud and distinct sound is emitted from the apparatus, which continues for a long time to be heard. If we press with the finger on the table, or on the metal, the tone varies, and sometimes ceases; if we give the table a gentle rap, it again commences, and continues as before; if we set the apparatus on a box or sounding-board, the tones are highly musical. These are the principal effects which have

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hitherto been discovered; they are, so far as we know, perfectly new, and certainly very curious and important. They evidently arise from some peculiar action of the heated metal on the cold, as the heat passes from the one to the other, and is gradually transmitted through the mass; and they serve clearly, we think, to unveil some of the mysteries by which this great element operates on the internal particles of matter, penetrating into the heart of every substance, and diffusing continually its influence, until an equal temperature prevails throughout.*

BISCUIT-BAKING BY STEAM.

UNTIL within the last few years, all the flour and biscuit consumed in the navy was furnished by private contract. The most flagrant impositions and frauds were but too generally the consequence of this mode of supply, in defiance of all the vigilance of the heads of departments. The flour and biscuit were stipulated to be of the second-best quality; but instead of this, the former was generally mouldy, damaged, or of a very inferior description to that bargained for; while the latter was usually compounded of bad flour, bean meal, old worm-eaten biscuits ground down, and various other cheap or unwholesome materials. To obviate these frauds, government, a few years ago, erected steam-mills at Deptford and Portsmouth, for the purpose of grinding flour for the navy; and a very superior and cheaper article being the result, it was determined, in addition to grinding the flour, to attempt also the manufacture of biscuit from it, at these establishments. The impossibility of accommodating and effectually superintending the multitude of bakers required to knead the dough in the usual way, by hand, so as to effect the supplying of the whole navy, would have rendered this praiseworthy effort, in a great measure, abortive, had not the ingenuity of Mr. Grant, storekeeper at Portsmouth, obviated the difficulty. By the attachment of a few simple pieces of machinery to the engine driving the flour-mill, the dough is now worked, rolled out, and stamped into biscuits, with an expedition inconceivable, and with a saving of two-thirds of the number of bakers required to perform these processes by hand. The flour and water are first put into a trough, through which passes an iron spindle, armed with eighteen knives, in two rows, *i. e.* nine in each row, on opposite sides of the spindle. A strap connected with the engine turns the spindle round; and by means of the revolving knives, the flour and water are in a few minutes worked into dough fit for being stamped into biscuits. The dough is now taken piecemeal from the trough, and shaped by hand into longish rolls, upon two movable baking-boards, supported by small iron pillars, having castor-wheels at top: these pillars are in three rows, extending from the trough to the two rolling-machines; and along the castors upon their tops the baking-boards are pushed, by hand, towards the rollers, under which the dough is rolled out into thin cakes, by their backward and forward swinging motion. The baking-boards are now pushed out, by hand, from under the rollers, and slided along three other rows of pillars connecting the two rollers with the two cutting machines, each containing forty-two hexagonal dies, under which they are momentarily placed, and eighty-four biscuits thus cut out by a single stamp of the two machines. The kneading, rolling, and stamping portions of the machinery, being all separate, can consequently be put in motion or at rest at the will of the baker. By the machinery at Portsmouth, under Mr. Grant's superintendence, 160,000 pounds of biscuit can be manufactured in twenty-four hours—constituting a day's ration for the crews of twenty sail of the line; and with eight or ten such pieces of machinery, biscuit rations may be daily manufactured for 160,000 men, being the greatest number of seamen and marines employed during the hottest period of the war. About 5,000*l.* has been expended in erecting the baking apparatus at Portsmouth; a considerable portion of which expense was naturally occasioned by the alterations and improvements consequent on the erection of a new piece of machinery; but even this sum will be refunded to government during the first year of its employment, by the saving made. This saving of expense, however, is not the only recommendation—the biscuit being free from flintiness, and in every respect more palatable than that baked by hand, in consequence of being more thoroughly kneaded. From the rapidity of the manufacture, also, no more biscuit need now be baked than is required for immediate use, from the supply by this process being as certain as it is rapid; so that our seamen will in future have always fresh-baked and wholesome biscuit served out to them, even on foreign stations, instead of the stale, mouldy, worm-eaten, and unpalatable contract trash generally furnished during the war, which had often been baked for years before issued. It is only those who have been doomed to the penance of the contract flour and biscuit that can duly appreciate the great boon conferred upon our brave seamen by this project of the government; the above articles now supplied to the navy being very superior in quality to those furnished the merchant service—such, indeed, as are fitting for any gentleman's table; and all this at a much lower cost than the former contract supplies.

The first bags of biscuit of this manufacture having, in addition to the usual King's mark of the broad arrow, the word "Machinery" stamped in capital characters upon them, this novel and imposing symbol at once struck the eyes of the superstitious tars as something very mysterious, and many were the solutions attempted of the enigma; until one, more deeply read than the rest, dropping upon one knee, and rolling his quid round and round in his mouth, while tracing with his finger and spelling and re-spelling over and over the ominous word, at length started up from his reverie, and exclaimed with an oath, "Why, it aan't only the name of the swab of a baker—Mac Henry, Mac Henry, that's all that's in it!" and the "machinery biscuit" is now, consequently, known among the tars by the cognomen of "Mac Henry's biscuit." P. C.

* We have copied this interesting notice from the *Edinburgh Courant* of the 26th ult., having previously heard only vague rumours of the remarkable experiments which it describes. The editor considers the discovery to offer a singular confirmation of Professor Leslie's theory in his *Essay on Heat*. No doubt the experiments will be ardently taken up by philosophical inquirers in all parts, at home and abroad.—*Ed. L. G.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—A paper, by H. R. Palmer, Esq., entitled "Description of a graphical register of tides and winds," was read. The Bishop of Chichester, Lord Selkirk, and others, were admitted fellows. The President described the gracious reception the Society's Council met with at court on Thursday—that his Majesty, according to ancient custom, had written the royal signature in the Society's book of laws—that he was exceedingly anxious for the welfare of the Society, expressing a wish that a friendly intercourse might be cultivated with men of science at foreign courts. Her Majesty the Queen also received the Council very graciously, and answered its address in corresponding terms. In conclusion, the royal Duke observed there was no wish of his heart more sincere than that the favour entertained by their Majesties for the Society might promote a perfect and permanent unanimity amongst the members—a feeling which was responded to by the cheers of the assembly.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOTT in the chair.—S. W. Thack, Esq. exhibited to the Society a square-shaped glass vase or pitcher of large dimensions, and three cups of red pottery, all apparently Roman, found at Harpenden, on the Luton Road, about five miles from St. Albans. Mr. Knight exhibited some Roman clay coin-moulds, one with a coin in it, discovered near Lingwall Gate, in the parish of Wakefield Outwood in Yorkshire. It appears questionable whether these moulds were for casting coin to pay the soldiers in Britain, or whether they were the work of Roman forgers of coin. The secretary continued the reading of the Rev. John Skinner's letters on the site of Camelodunum.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON in the chair, who liberally presented three celebrated Chinese works, in history, classics, and novels; and Sir Alexander Johnston, a double sea cocoa-nut in its husk, procured from one of the Seychelle islands. A portion of one of these cocoa-nuts always forms a part of the annual present sent by the sultan of the Maldives to the Ceylonese government. It is believed by the superstitious natives to be one of the articles produced by the sea when it was churned by the good and evil spirits to obtain the cup of immortality. Mr. Elliot presented a variety of curious objects in natural history, and some Persian MSS. Mr. L. Kennedy a piece of bamboo, containing the substance called in India *bhanslochun*, or *tabasheer*,—together with specimens of the substance. This substance resembles the opal, without the polish, and is used by the native physicians; with what effect, however, is a matter not stated. Dr. Turnbull Christie observed, that it is a silicious substance, and when the bamboo was green is moist and translucent; in this respect remarkably coinciding with the chalcedony, which in the rocks (chiefly basalt) where it is met with, has frequently the same appearance, but becomes hard and opaque, like the tabasheer, when exposed to the air. Dr. Christie likewise remarked, that it was not produced only in bamboo, but was also found in teak; neither was it found in all kinds of bamboo, nor in all parts of India. He was requested to furnish a written communication on this curious substance. A further portion of Colonel Broughton's Hindu almanac, and part of a Muhammedan History of the Prophets, were read.

LITERARY FUND.

ON Wednesday the general annual meeting of the Literary Fund, for the election of officers, &c. was held at the chambers of the Society in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The president, the Duke of Somerset, was re-elected; as were also all the vice-presidents and the council, with little alteration. Vacancies from retirements, &c.

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were filled in from the general committee. The auditors' report of the finances was read, and exhibited a favourable state of the funds, though the relief administered to suffering meritorious authors, and their widows and orphans, had been very considerable; as every case of distress and desert had been relieved with a liberal hand. The club afterwards dined together, the Earl of Mountnorris in the chair; and the anniversary was appointed for the second Wednesday in May, when a numerous attendance of the principal patrons of literature, and of the leading literary characters of the age, is anticipated.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Ruins and Scenery of South Wales; from Drawings after Nature by J. E. H. Robinson; executed on stone by J. E. H. Robinson, J. S. Templeton, and G. Childs. No. I. Englemann, Graf, Coindet, and Co.

"THE castle and monastic ruins, and other architectural antiquities of Wales," observes Mr. Robinson, in his prospectus, "are very numerous; those of South Wales exceeding fifty; and are justly celebrated for their picturesque beauty, and variously interesting expression. Many of them are in high preservation, and, from their generally bold and elevated situations, objects of commanding attraction and interest. The scenery that surrounds them is generally fine, and often extremely captivating and impressive. Ruins are always interesting, and generally the principal features in the scenes in which they appear; bestowing additional charm on surrounding objects, and often receiving from them an increase of beauty and expression. The eye dwells on them with delight, and the mind muses with agreeable melancholy; recalling the times long passed in which they flourished; and seeing in them but an image of its own fleeting and perishable existence."

The work is to consist of twelve numbers, each number containing six plates. Those which embellish the present number are full of picturesque quality, and are executed in a fine, bold, artist-like style. This is a publication well calculated to assist in reviving that just admiration of our domestic scenery, which the facilities of continental travelling have for some years in a great measure suspended.

Views in the East, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R. N., with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations. Part VII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE *Palace of the Seven Stories, Beejapore;* "a ruin," says Captain Elliot, "of as great beauty and as much elegance as any of the finest Gothic antiquities of Europe;" *Jahara Bang*, or "the garden situated on the bank of the Jumna, opposite to the upper part of the city of Agra;" and *Abkar's Tomb, Secundra*, "in point of magnificence the most remarkable of all the Mogul monuments;" are the embellishments which the pencils of Messrs. Purser and Boys, and the gravers of Messrs. W. Finden, W. J. Cooke, and J. Ralph, have furnished for the seventh part of this fine collection of oriental scenery. The last-mentioned subject is singularly picturesque and grand. "Abkar," it is observed, "was a noble and a justly renowned monarch, who left behind him the greatest name that was ever known in India, in Mahomedan times. • • • When Sir George Nugent's army was at Agra, in the year 1808 or 1809, a regiment of English cavalry was quartered, and their horses picketed, in this tomb. How distant from the mind of him, over whose ashes, and to whose memory, this great fabric was raised, must have been the conception, that such a scene would ever be witnessed at the monument of his power; or that ever a strange people should come, from almost the ends of the earth, to take possession of the empire that he had fought so hard, and laboured so strenuously, to establish!"

Views above Kurrah Manickpore. By Lieut. G. Abbott, 15th Regt. N. I. Drawn on stone by M. Gauci, F. Nicholson, and W. Gauci. Colnaghi and Co.

THESE views are very pleasing in themselves, and must be highly interesting to those who have visited, or who have connexions in, the part of India, namely, the province of Allahabad, to which they refer. When to this we add, that they are published as a mode of relieving Mrs. Abbott, Lieutenant Abbott's mother, a widow now in England after a long residence in India, who, with her family, has been left without the smallest means of support, in consequence of the recent failure of one of the first mercantile houses in Calcutta; we are sure we need not say any thing further in recommendation of them to our readers. The work is dedicated, by permission, to the East India Company.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FAITHFUL.

THOU wert young, Love, ere we parted—a gay and graceful flower,
With heart as light, and brow as bright, as summer's sunniest hour;
With lips that shamed the forest rose, and whispers soft and low
As living streams of paradise at morn were heard to flow.

Thou wert young, Love, ere we parted—thy gift of life was blest
With hope that, like a spirit-bird, sang ever in thy breast;
Thy thoughts were like those fairy gems the good alone may find,
Thy cares like twilight clouds that shew the beaming stars behind!

Thou wert young, Love, *when* we parted—pale sorrow bathed thy cheek,
And sadder bodings chill'd thy heart than sighs had skill to speak;
But love hath wordless melody, an eloquence no tongue
May e'er express in human speech, or breathe in sweetest song!

The ship lay rocking in the bay—the southern breeze sprang fair;
I kiss'd thy cold and alter'd cheek, and wildly left thee there:
I wept not *then*, my lips were steeped in tears, but not mine own;
For grief had parch'd my heart's warm dew, and held it seared and lone!

The moonlight rose upon the sea, but found nor ship nor bark;
Like hills of silver shone the waves, but all the shore lay dark!
As though thy maiden beauty graced and gladden'd e'en the sea;
But, ah! the shore was dark, my Love, thy light had gone *from me!*
To other lands away—away—thy loveliness was borne;
Oh! wherefore, e'er we bade farewell, had I not died that morn?
The dawn rose o'er the purple waves all beautiful and free,
Yet still the shore lay dark, my Love, there came no morn for me!

Oh! I remember well the hour, when months and months were past,
Those blessed lines of love from thee—from *thee* arrived at last!
I kissed each word thy hand had traced, each sign thy touch had left,
And, trembling, hid it next my heart,—I was not *quite* bereft!

Thou wert young, Love, e're we parted; thy step was fleet and free,
And graceful as the dappled fawn that bounds o'er lawn and lea;
Yet why regret the lost, the sweet, the early scenes we ranged,
Through wave and storm, at length we meet—the same, but ah! how changed!

The daring breath of Time hath touched thy chestnut curls with snow,
Thy form hath lost its fawn-like grace—thine eyes their sunny glow;
Yet art thou still the same to me—ay, dear in thy decay,
As when, a bright and beauteous girl, thou heard'st my first fond lay.

Our passion was no sun-born flower a moment starts to light,
That wastes its bloom in one brief day, and withers in a night:
Ours was no transitory love, that like the rainbow plays;
And wreaths the memory just so long as it may charm the gaze!

But like the tree that lifts its head amidst the northern snows,
And steadfast weathers every breeze and every blast that blows;
That, when the latest leaf hath past, remembers but *the spring;*
For night which closes in so fast, a second morn may bring! C. SWAIN.

2, Dacre Place, Manchester.

A SONG.

"Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,
Or if we linger but a few short years,
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and to love."
Rogers.

O WHY do we darken with strife and with care
The brief gleams of sunshine that fall to our share? [knows,
Our whole span of life is so fleeting, Heaven
It seems but a wild dream that troubles repose.

And yet we oft waste it in futile desires,
In contests the demon of discord inspires,
And blight and destroy in our folly or wrath
The flowers that, spontaneous, spring up in our path.

How bright and how blest would life's pilgrimage be,
If in fellowship sacred all hearts would agree
To bear and forbear, in compassion and love,
And mercy that emulates angels above!

O then this wide earth, which at present appears
Distracted with tumults and tarnished by tears,
Would smile in the light of that spirit divine,
Like the Eden where Love reared his holiest shrine!

CATHARINE GRACE GODWIN.

Burnside, Westmoreland.

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MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert, on Monday last, was, like the first, made up almost entirely of compositions from the German school, there being only two pieces of Rossini, and all the rest from Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr. The frequent introduction of the latter composer, and his great and sudden popularity (at least, with the directors), are new proofs of the vicissitude of taste in music. Not more than a year ago, the Philharmonic audience, with very few exceptions, invariably used to murmur at the dulness of his unmelodious strains. There is, however, in most of what he writes, a solidity, which, when properly understood, compensates for the want of vivacity. The opera Faust, *from* which the overture and scena, "Che sento," had been selected for the present occasion, is, in Germany, reckoned his best work. The overture is very characteristic, but not easily comprehended on a first hearing; and we cannot guess why the concert should commence with an overture instead of a symphony, according to the long-established order, since the overture to Faust is not introductory to the scena immediately following. Signor Lablache is no stranger to the German school, having been for some years at the Italian Opera in Vienna; and Spohr's elaborate scena seemed to give him as little trouble as if it had been an aria of Paesiello's. The other two vocalists also — Mrs. Wood in the duetto "Bella imago" (Semiramide), with Signor Lablache, and Mr. Bennett, the new tenor, (in another duetto with the Signor), "Parlar, spiegar"—acquitted themselves most honourably. Beethoven's magnificent violin quartet in C minor, by Messrs. Tolbeque (from the Paris school), Griesbach, Moralt, and Lindley, contributed their ample share to the delight of the evening; and so did Beethoven's symphony in D, and Mozart's in C (with the fugue), each unique, and unexcelled in its kind. Under the masterly direction of Mori, they were both admirably performed, especially the first. Mozart's notturno, for wind instruments, is an old favourite in the Philharmonic; though it cannot be denied that wind instruments, unrelieved by others, soon appear monotonous, particularly in a *room*. The whole concert went off exceedingly well.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

La Cenerentola, with the admirable performances of Mrs. Wood, Lablache, De Begnis, &c., has revivified the Opera, which generally languishes during the early part of the season. With the splendid spectacle of *Kenilworth*, the entertainments, altogether, deserve to be attended by crowded audiences.

DRURY LANE.

MR. KEAN has terminated his engagement. We fear it has not been a profitable one to the management. At the conclusion of his performance of *Brutus*, on Monday evening, he came forward, in obedience to the call of the audience, and expressed his thanks for the kindness he had received at the hands of the public. He spoke feebly, and was evidently labouring under severe illness. Nature and genius have performed, however, so many miracles for this distinguished actor, that we do not yet despair of seeing him terminate his theatrical career as brilliantly as it commenced. But, warned by wholesome though bitter experience, he must retire, — not for three or four months, but for three or four years,—if he hope to recover his physical power, the decline of which, alone, has been perceptible during his late performances, the mind appearing to be as vigorous as ever, and the will to do having occasionally furnished him for a few moments with the absolute ability. Let him take no more foolish farewells.—The only novelty here since our last, has been the farce of *Decorum*, which, as we hear it was rather precipitately condemned, we are glad we did not see. The author, too, has moved for a new trial; and as he is one who has entertained us much upon former occasions, we sincerely wish him all the benefit of a fresh jury. The cause is down in the paper for next week.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A NEW piece has been produced, to gild the closing, short, but brilliant and successful season of this little theatre. It is from the pen of Mr. Planché, and called *My Great Aunt*,—which great aunt is greatly performed by Mrs. Edwin. The hint of this very clever and entertaining trifle seems to be taken from Pickard's five-act comedy of *La Vieille Tante*; but the author has, with his wonted skill, condensed its spirit into an Olympic nutshell,—all kernel, though enlivened with the maggots of Mrs. Edwin.

THEATRE FRANÇAIS. — It is said, that Messrs. Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas have offered to the commission, appointed by the Minister of the Interior to regenerate the Théâtre Français, to take upon themselves, at their own risk and peril, the direction of that establishment, without any assistance. It is added, that this proposition is warmly supported by M. le Baron Taylor, one of the commissioners.

VARIETIES.

United States' Expedition. — The scientific expedition for the exploration of the South Seas, fitted out by the United States, has entirely failed. The crew of the ship mutinied, and after having set the superintendents of the expedition a-shore in Peru, carried the vessel into St. Mary's, a little south of Conception.

Borate of Magnesia.—M. Gaillardot has discovered the borate of magnesia in the keuper gypsum, near Luneville.

Salt Springs.—For a long time they have been labouring at Lons-le-Saulnier, in France, to discover the mine of mineral salt from which the water proceeds that animates the salt springs. At length the undertaking has been crowned with success: the sound, after penetrating about three hundred and fifty (French) feet, has touched the salt bank.

Aurora Borealis.—A correspondent of the French Academy writes, that, one evening, making some magnetic experiments with magnetic needles, he suddenly observed a singular disorder in their action. The next day he heard that the aurora borealis had appeared at that time; and to that phenomenon he attributes the irregularity of the needles.

Atoms.—M. Becquerel, the French Academician, in making some thermo-electrical experiments on atoms, has ascertained that in certain combinations atoms arrange themselves as little galvanic piles, the reciprocal action of which constitutes what is called molecular attraction.

Botanical Tour in Mexico and California.—Mr. Drummond, of Belfast, is, we learn, about to proceed by New York to New Orleans, and thence to Mexico and California, on a botanical excursion. The perseverance and activity of this gentleman will ensure useful and important results. He expects to be absent for several years.

Dr. Edward Rüppell. — This enterprising and enthusiastic traveller left Frankfort in the early part of November last, to reside again in North Africa. He undertakes this journey, as he did his former one, entirely at his own cost; and having gone out with the intention of spending the remainder of his private fortune (about 3000*l.*) in this undertaking, he has made an arrangement with the town, which he has so much enriched by his ardour, that if he returns, they will allow him an annuity of 100*l.* The museum of Frankfort, entirely formed by the collections made during Dr. Rüppell's last residence in Africa, and by the articles obtained in exchange for his duplicates, certainly ranks third among the continental museums.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XI. March* 18.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lloyd on Light and Vision, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Curtis's Treatise on the Ear, fifth edition, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Faith in Christ, post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Snowden's Moorish Queen, post 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Smith's Description of his Patent Metallic Lining, &c. for Chimneys, royal 8vo. 4*s.* bds.—The Preacher, Vol. I. containing Sixty-six Sermons, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dunbar's Greek and English Lexicon, 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Noble's Orientalist, or Letters of a Rabbi, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Sotheby's Homer's Iliad, 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Weber's Anatomical Plates, Parts I. and II. 1*l.* 1*s.* each.—Mattaire's Greek Dialects, by Seager, 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific, 2 vols. 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Sir John Sinclair's Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Bishop Mant's Scriptural Narratives, 8vo. 13*s.* bds.—Marshall's Byzantium, and other Poems, post 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds. — Sunday-School Memorials, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.— Mrs. Stevens' Comments, Vols. XIX. and XX. 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—The Test of Truth, fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* bds. — Rev. J. Scott's Church History, Vol. III. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Morehead's Tour of the Holy Land, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jukes on Lavements in Indigestion, 18mo. 5*s.* bds.—Montgomery's Oxford, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.; Illustrations to ditto, prints, 8*s.*; proofs, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Dewhurst's Guide to Human and Comparative Phrenology, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Stewart's Mair's Syntax, 18mo. 2*s.* sheep; do. with Vocabulary, 18mo. 3*s.* sheep.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

March.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday..	3	From 43. to 57.	29·52 to 29.62
Friday	4	—— 40. — 56.	29.66 — 29.86
Saturday ..	5	—— 43. — 50.	29·78 — 29·53
Sunday....	6	—— 45. — 52.	29·12 — 29·36
Monday ..	7	—— 51. — 38.	29·58 — 29·75
Tuesday ..	8	—— 26. — 51.	29·70 — 29·46
Wednesday	9	—— 34. — 56.	29·46 — 29·63

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 4th and 7th, generally overcast, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, ·5 of an inch.

Aurora Borealis.—On the evening of Monday, the 7th inst., the northern and western parts of our horizon were brilliantly illuminated from half-past eight to ten; the coruscations were but few, and of short duration.

Solar Spots.—The cluster of spots which has been on the sun's disc the past week is as large as any which have been observed here since the year 1817.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. Z. Z.'s descriptions, though minute, do not enable us to distinguish the plant he mentions. If he will send us a specimen, with a note of the soil and situation in which it grew, we will give him the information he desires.

Sir,—Can you or any of your correspondents oblige me with the two Latin lines composed on the Princess Eboli, mistress to Philip II. of Spain? Both she and her son had lost the sight of one eye; the last two words were *cæcus amor*; and I think Herrick's translation ran thus:

"A half-blind boy, born of a half-blind mother,
Peerless for beauty, were compared to t'other.
Fair boy, give her thine eye, and she will prove
The Queen of Beauty, thou the God of Love." W.B.

We shall take the observations upon the power of conferring degrees, reported to have been given to the London University, into consideration.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,
Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SCULPTURE.—Is now open, at No. 80½, Pall Mall, nearly opposite the British Institution, Mr. Laurence Macdonald's Exhibition of Sculpture, consisting of Colossal Groups, Statues, Busts of Eminent Men, &c. Open from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.
Admission, One Shilling.

TO BE IMMEDIATELY DISPOSED OF, a well-established and profitable Concern in the Book Trade, situated in a respectable and much-frequented Street in Bath. The House is large and commodious, and the Rent moderate. A large Stock of valuable New and Second-hand Books in excellent condition; also Fixtures, &c. to be disposed of by Valuation. The projected Bath College, and the great increase of Literary Institutions, Schools, &c. will no doubt improve the Profits of a House already favoured by liberal and extensive patronage. The motive which induces the present Proprietor to relinquish the Book Trade, is his obligation to enter into a Business extensively carried on by his Relations. As the House will be given up on Quarter Day next, immediate application should be made to the Proprietor, W. Appleby, 3, Bath Street. On inquiry, it will be found that the opportunity for entering into a profitable Business is such as rarely occurs, the present Proprietor being disposed, for the reasons above stated, to be as liberal as possible, and to afford satisfactory proofs of the prosperity of the concern.
All letters to be post-paid.

ACADEMIE FRANCAISE, GREENWICH.—MADAME MARTIN begs to announce that she has now Vacancies in her Establishment. From the whole of her Household being French, she presumes there are few such opportunities in this Country of acquiring a complete Knowledge of the Language, which, with the instruction she imparts to her Pupils in all sorts of French Fancy and Needle-Work, she trusts will be more satisfactory to most Parents, than sending at present their Children abroad. The best Masters attend to give Instruction in the other Branches of an accomplished Education.
For References, &c. Applications (post-paid) may be made to Mr. Morrison, Bookseller and Stationer, 23, Fenchurch Street.

THE late LIEUT.-COLONEL DENHAM, the African Traveller.
Colnaghi, senior, Dominic Colnaghi, and Co. Printsellers to their Majesties and the Royal Family, Pall Mall East, have the honour to inform their Friends and the Public, that they will shortly have ready for publication, a Portrait of the late Lieut.-Col. Denham, F.R.S. from a Picture painted by T. Phillips, Esq. R.A. and engraved in Mezzotinto on Steel, by Mr. Bromley, Jun.
Proofs, 1l. 5s.; Prints, 12s.
A finished Proof may be now seen at the Publishers'.

ROYAL FETE at HOLDERNESSE HOUSE.—This splendid and unique Entertainment, which was given to the Royal Family and the Court, by the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, on Wednesday night, is described in its minutest details, and from exclusive sources, in the Court Journal of this day, March 19th. To give due effect to the description, the whole of the apartments are brought under view, as they appeared on this occasion; for which purpose, and also to afford scope for the details of the Queen's second Drawing Room, with particulars of the court dresses, an alphabetical list of the company present, &c. &c. Twenty-four additional Columns are given, without extra charge.
Orders received by all Booksellers and Newsmen, by whom it is forwarded, free of postage, to all Parts of the United Kingdom.
Published by W. Thomas, 19, Catherine Street, Strand.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—Advertisements, Notices, &c. to be inserted in the general Advertising Sheet of No. 105 of the Edinburgh Review, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by Saturday, March 19; and Prospectuses, Catalogues, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, not later than the 26th.

MUSIC.

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Come to my Orange Bower, sung by Madame Vestris	Nelson	2	0
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I. Memoirs of Dr. Callcott, and II. Rodolphe Kreutzer—III. On the Accordion and Symphonion—IV. Ecclesiastical Choirs of Great Britain and Ireland; No. I. the Chapel Royal—V. The late Carl Maria von Weber—VI. Parke's Musical Memoirs—VII. City Amateur Concerts—VIII. Review of New Music—IX. Diary of a Dilettante—X. Foreign Musical Report—XI. Drama and Oratories, &c. &c.
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London: Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, (to whom Communications for the Editors may be addressed), and regularly forwarded with the Magazines to all Booksellers and Dealers in Music in Town and Country, with whom Specimen Numbers of the Harmonicon may be seen.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey across the Balcan, by the two Passes of Selimno and Pravadi; also of a Visit to Asani, and other newly discovered Ruins in Asia Minor, in the Years 1829-30. By Major the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

DESIROUS of witnessing the Turkish war, and forming his own opinion of that contest, Major Keppel resolved to travel to the seat of action in 1829; but the Russian victories anticipated his purpose; and in the month of June, when he set out, he could only proceed to visit the country where the struggle had been, and see its effects as a past history. Journeying through France, Switzerland, and Italy, he embarked at Otranto for Corfu; and thence, taking various parts of Greece in his route, made his way, principally by sea, to Constantinople. After remaining in that city for a while, he pursued his course to Adrianople, and made a circuit including the Balcan, Derbent, Shumla, Bourgas, Chorli, &c. and so back to the Turkish capital. He next performed a tour in Asia Minor, and inspected some fine remains of antiquity, of which an account is given; but we must go through the work in order, and therefore begin with the beginning.

At Naples, the author speaks of a Prussian general and his staff. "He had come round from Berlin, and was going on a special mission to Constantinople from the King of Prussia, to signify the emperor of Russia's desire of peace. This, of course, was before the successes of the great autocrat. I heard of the general at Constantinople, but did not meet him: he arrived there on the 6th of August. He is a corpulent man, rather advanced in years. On his first visit to the Reis Effendy, or Turkish foreign secretary, that minister said to him: 'Well, general, what proposal from the emperor have you to lay before us with regard to peace?' The general replied, that he was merely instructed to assure the Porte that the emperor was pacifically inclined. 'Upon my word, then, general,' rejoined the Reis Effendy, 'I wonder that a man of your age and corpulency should have undertaken so long and fatiguing a journey on so trifling an errand, seeing that we have had the same assurance on the faith of nearly every ambassador.'"

Major Keppel is not only a very intelligent, but a very lively and agreeable companion. He tells his story with admirable ease; and his narrative is altogether so amusing, that the reader is quite carried away by the manner as well as the matter. Interesting information, entertaining anecdote, and clear description, vary every page, and render these volumes an extremely pleasant contribution to the class of travels. This we are sure will be felt from the extracts which we shall select from many miscellaneous points, without caring to trace the writer from post to post on his journey. The sitting of the Greek parliament at Argos is a curious picture of a legislature.

"The assembly (says the Major) was sitting when we arrived: they had commenced their deliberations at daylight, and had been called together by the beat of drum. The place of meeting was the ancient theatre, which (excepting those at Sparta and Ianina,) is the largest in European Greece. A temporary building had been erected, forming a semicircular succession of benches, on the site of the *scena*, and facing the *cavea*. This structure had no roof; but, like the most primitive Greek theatres, was covered in with boughs of trees. The summons to parliament by beat of drum had appeared rather too military for our fastidious notions of free discussion; but a more decisive mark of military interference here met our view. Like many other ancient theatres, this one at Argos is excavated on a hill: on the brow, at the upper benches of the *cavea*, were five pickets of *palikari*, so posted as to be able to fire down upon the assembled senators in case of emergency. There was, however, little chance of their services being required; for, by the wise arrangements of the president, the assembly was disposed to be nearly unanimous in complying with any wish of his excellency. The members present were about two hundred in number, and were for the most part dressed in the Albanian costume, which resembles in so many respects the ancient dress, as always to bring to mind classical recollections; indeed, the whole scene was likely to produce this effect, for the orators spoke in the language nearly Hellenic, and with abuse truly Homeric, the subject being one on which, in every age, this nation has always been most eloquent—the division of spoil. A sum of money had been granted to the troops who had taken a part in the late war, and the present meeting was to decide upon the mode in which it was to be divided; hence arose an animated discussion, in which the inhabitants of Peloponnesus, and other people of Greece, each insisted on their respective claims; and expressions of satisfaction from the one side, and of discontent from the other, assailed each orator in his turn. Amongst the speakers this morning was Colocotroni, once a clamorous patriot, but now a government man, in consideration (as report whispers) of the sum of eighteen thousand dollars. This man has played so conspicuous a part in the late revolution, that I could not help remembering his name, though, if all who had yielded to the silver persuasion of the president were to be enumerated, it would be necessary to go through the list of nearly the whole parliament."

They seem to need a Reform! Off the Trojan shore our countryman dined on board the Russian flag-ship, and he observes:

"The admiral, Monsieur Ricord, spoke very good English, having served six years in our navy, under Captain Parker: thus, of the three senior officers in the Russian squadron, the first, Count Heyden, is a Dutchman, and the two others have been indebted to us for their education. The squadron in the Black Sea is commanded by an Englishman, Admiral (lately made Count) Greig; and there are no fewer than seven other natives of Great Britain who are Russian admirals on active service, namely, Admiral Greig, son of the commander-in-chief, and (I believe) second in command to him; Admirals Cobley and Baillie, in the Black Sea; and Admirals Hamilton, Crown, Brown, and Chandler, in the Baltic. Admiral Mercer, another Englishman, died lately at Sevastopol. In other departments there are, Sir James Wylie, head of the medical military establishment; Sir William Creighton, physician to the emperor; Dr. Leighton, physician-in-chief to the navy; General Wilson, director of Colpena iron-works and Alexanderosky manufactory; General Forde, chief of the arsenals; and Mr. Venning, superintendent of prisons. To these must be added Captain Sherwood, who discovered the intended mutiny and revolt of 1825, and saved the lives of the present imperial family."

The following anecdote is illustrative of character.

"Near Rodosto, we saw a young soldier mounted on a handsome charger, the reins of which were held by an old Turk with a venerable white beard. They were father and son: the younger man was known to John. His family were rich, and lived near the Asiatic castle of the Dardanelles. John asked him where he had been; he replied, 'Military ardour inspired me with a wish to join my brave comrades in arms; but God's providence put fear into my heart, and so I returned!'"

But we hasten forward to Constantinople, many of the author's remarks on which are extremely interesting.

"A ride round the walls of Constantinople is delightful. They are very curious, and remarkably strong. There are six grand entrances, of which, however, little remains except the general plan of the roads leading to them. They afford superb specimens of antiquity; the ivy grows over them in the most luxuriant manner imaginable. You are shewn the spot where the last Greek emperor fell, and where the town was stormed. Not far from this place are the tombs of the famous rebel Ali Pasha of Ianina, and of his sons, who were all beheaded a few years ago. Our peregrination of the day was performed without our encountering the slightest molestation. Since the destruction of the janisaries, no Turk, except in government employ, is allowed to wear arms; and a Frank can go all over Constantinople, not only without danger, but without insult. Crossing one of the streets, we observed the ground smeared with blood. It was the spot where a man had been lately executed: he was one of some thousands who had been put to death a few days before my arrival. As soon as the advance of the Russians had become generally known, the disaffected spirit which had almost lain dormant since the destruction of the janisaries, broke out, not only in European Turkey, but throughout the Afri-

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can and Asiatic dominions of the sultan; and the news of revolt and discontent in the remote provinces were received at a time when succours from those very parts were most required. In the beginning of August, several attempts had been made to set fire to Constantinople; and the sultan's best troops, who had been previously destined to reinforce the army opposed in the field against the Russians, were employed in preserving peace in the capital. Desertions from the regular army were numerous; and, as I mentioned before, fifteen hundred men abandoned their colours from the *corps d'armée*, encamped at Buyukdere, and about to be called out on active service. These deserters, together with several irregular troops, committed so many excesses, that the neighbourhood of Constantinople became quite insecure, and travellers could not proceed without an escort. On the 12th of August, the sanjak sherif, or sacred standard, was taken to Ramas Chiflik, the principal Turkish barrack. Thither also the sultan went, and made it his future residence. A very few days afterwards, a disturbance took place in the barracks, in which thirty lives were lost. Later in the same month, a regular conspiracy was discovered; the objects of which were, to overturn the sultan's government, to re-establish the order of janisaries, to burn the capital, and to retire into Asia Minor. The ramifications of this plot were very extensive. Most of the Asiatics, with the army at Shumla, were implicated. It was discovered by the conspirators having consulted the astrologers to name a propitious day for the accomplishment of their design. Some day late in August was fixed upon for the purpose. In the meanwhile the astrologers were arrested, and on being put to the torture, confessed the whole. I was told by Mustapha, a kavass in the British service, that the next Friday, after the sultan had become acquainted with the conspiracy, he went, with more than usual pomp, to the mosque, and was attended by a large band of music. Returning from prayers, persons implicated in the conspiracy were seized, made to kneel down, and executed on the spot. The first executions took place on board the fleet, the capitan pasha putting to death several of his own personal attendants. Soon after, the Nasir of Buyukdere was executed, and his head placed on one of the gates of the seraglio. Subsequently, the sultan devolved the office of crushing the rebellion upon the seraskier pasha, or commander-in-chief of the army; a man of about seventy-six years of age, and a great favourite with his sublime highness. This man adopted the expedient which had been acted upon by his imperial master a few years before, —that of extermination. From four to five persons a-day were beheaded and exposed in the streets; and from fifty to a hundred were every night strangled, and their bodies thrown into the Bosphorus, at the seven towers. From three to four thousand persons were put to death. The bodies exposed in the street were seen by the English travellers who were in Constantinople at the time. Lord Dunlo told me, that amongst the corpses, he stumbled upon that of a coffee-house keeper, whose house he had once been in. It was suspected of being the rendezvous of the disaffected: it had been rased to the ground, and its owner beheaded. On another occasion, he came to the spot where a fine athletic young man had been put to death a few minutes before. The head, which had been very awkwardly severed, was placed, according to custom, under the arm. Near the body was the unhappy widow of the deceased, the only person who dared to shew any sympathy in his fate. Other persons either passed on, or stopped for a moment to read the *yafta*, or sentence of death. Mr. Slade, a lieutenant in the navy, was accidentally present at an execution, which took place on the 5th of September, two days before I came to Constantinople. He was entering from the fish-market, which terminates with the custom-house, and about to turn in that direction, when he remarked a crowd of persons, all looking towards the opposite end of the street. He now perceived a guard of about twenty men advancing towards him. Curious to know what it might mean, he remained where he was, at the crossing of the two streets. When the guard had arrived there, it halted, and the officer made signs to the crowd to fall back, upon which two men advanced from the guard — the executioner and the victim, the latter having his hands tied behind him, the former armed with a *yatagan*. So firm and undaunted was the demeanour of the condemned man, that had not his hands been tied, there was nothing to indicate his unhappy character. With the same unshaken determination, he presently knelt down and submitted his head and neck to be prepared by the executioner for the blow, by removing his turban and cap, and feeling the back of the neck for a good place to strike. When this was done, and the executioner had read over the *yafta* under which he was condemned, he made a short prayer to Mahomet in a loud and firm tone of voice; and turning to the executioner, he said he was ready; upon which, with a single blow of the *yatagan*, the head was severed from the body: it rolled two or three feet, while the trunk, instantly lifeless and prostrate, emitted two copious streams of blood. In the mean time the mob and guard disappeared; the executioner quietly wiped his *yatagan* on the clothes of the deceased, sheathed it, laid the body on its back, the head under the arm, and the *yafta* on the breast. Several Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, were executed at this period. Their bodies are disposed of differently from the Mahometans. They are laid upon their bellies, and instead of the heads being placed under the arms, they are put between the legs. Some women were also put to death; but as the Turk never loses sight of the decorum due to the sex, even after death, their bodies were placed in a horse-hair sack, and in this manner exposed, for the sake of example. I have mentioned the *yafta*, or sentence of death. The following is a translation of one that was taken from the breast of a man executed the 6th of September, and may serve as a specimen of Turkish criminal jurisprudence. It will be observed, that the unfortunate sufferer was put to death because another man addressed seditious language to him. 'Achmet, kiaya (chief) of the corporation of merchants dealing in articles of luxury at Constantinople. This wretch obtained, some time ago, through the munificence of his highness, the office of kiaya of this corporation. Instead of shewing gratitude for the manifold benefits he had received; instead of thanking God in the five prayers; instead of praying night and day with his family for his highness and for the Mussulman nation, in remembrance of the favours by which he had hitherto been loaded; instead of attending to his own business; instead of abstaining from criticising business which did not concern him; instead of living quietly, and being more than any other of the like employment attached to government, as his duty and sense of obligation should have compelled him;—this man not only omitted making any of these reflections, but made use of seditious language, saying that the seraskier pasha, or seraskier capissi, had been torn in pieces; that this and that thing had been done. It is in this manner that he had the audacity to cause to be circulated false intelligence, conduct tending to spread alarm amongst Mahometan people. The fact being alleged, and Achmet being interrogated on the subject, could not deny it. He only maintained that *it was not he who had said it*, but Abdi, a cavass of the imperial divan, living in the quarter called Feirouz-Aga. Abdi was summoned to appear, who being confronted with Achmet, he also has been unable to deny it. The boldness of their infamous conduct, and of the language they have held on things which did not concern them, proves that these men are ungrateful wretches, traitors who ought to be made to disappear; and it is thus deemed necessary to execute upon them the penal laws, so that good order may be maintained. In consequence, the traitor, Abdi Cavass, has been executed in another place, and the robber, Achmet, has undergone the punishment here, so that he might seem as an example.'"

"In lounging along the shores of the Bosphorus with Captain Lyons, Mr. Grosvenor, and Mr. Villiers, we came to a village where there were four men hanging. They had been Greeks, in government employ as journeymen bakers, in the marine storehouse. Their crime was murdering one of their companions, having first robbed him of eleven hundred piasters. We were not present at the execution, which had taken place a short time before. Each man was suspended from a separate gallows. The implement of execution was of the rudest description. Three posts of unequal size, as if they had been found by chance on the spot, had been placed *on*, not *in* the ground, and meeting at the top, formed a triangle like that from which weights are suspended in England. The rope by which the culprit was hanging was rove through a ring at the top of the triangle, and twisted in a slovenly manner round one of the posts. The perpendicular of the triangle was seven feet, and the criminals were hanging so low that their feet were within a few inches of the ground; so that when we approached, we found ourselves face to face with the bodies. Their appearance was different from what I had expected; the countenances were tranquil, and, except a slight protrusion of the tongue between the teeth, there was no distortion in the features. The eyes of one of the bodies were open, and we could almost imagine that they were regarding us. The countenance of this man was not bad, while that of the corpse beside him was the vilest I ever remember to have seen. Over each body a sentry was placed, who willingly answered every question that was put to him respecting the culprits. We were told that the bodies would be exposod for two days, and then thrown into the Bosphorus. The mode in which they are hanged is, by one man pulling the rope, while another clings with his whole weight to the body until life is extinct."

Having engaged Lord Dunlo as a fellow-traveller, Major K. departed for Adrianople, to be guided by circumstances as to their future route, as peace had not yet been ratified, and much uncertainty prevailed.

But at Adrianople we also must rest.

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Oxford: a Poem. By Robert Montgomery, of Linc. Coll. Oxon., author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," "Satan," &c. Post 8vo. pp. 258. London, 1831, Whittaker and Co.; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

We have paused upon this volume, for we felt great reluctance to throw a shadow upon the youthful talent whence it has sprung; but upon giving it our best consideration, we are bound by truth to say that we do not think it worthy of the author. There is a mediocrity running through the whole, which shews that the subject rarely or never touched the imagination of the writer; and there are a number of faults not redeemed by a like number of the wonted merits which have hitherto not only excited hopes, but displayed existing genius, in Mr. Montgomery's compositions. As an accession to his fame, therefore, we hold *Oxford* to be a failure; though it exhibits a mind yearning after the good and great, and teaches us to esteem the individual, while we regret to withhold our praise from the poet.

Having thus candidly stated our opinion, it is due to an author who has fairly won so much of public attention and admiration, as well as to our readers and ourselves, briefly to support it by a few remarks and quotations. In a general point of view, the poem is obnoxious to criticism—for its iteration of the same ideas, for its blemishes in structure and style, for its invention of new words and misapplication of epithets, for its offences against taste, for its carelessness, and for its egotism. These are grave charges; but we are sorry to say, a perusal of the work must substantiate them all.

With regard to the constant iteration of the same ideas, it is only necessary to refer, in proof, to the repetition of the thoughts on mind, on mental qualities, and on intellect, which are really harped upon till we are fatigued with the strain. The *grand* and *grandeur* form another string, the length and identity of which might be estimated from the recurrence of these words in almost every third page, from the poor opening couplet, throughout the piece.

"What makes the glory of a mighty land,
Her people famous, and her hist'ry grand!" p. 1.

"In tow'ry dimness, gothic, vast, or grand,
Behold her palaces of learning stand!" p. 14.

"While Genius moulded with a master hand
The primal elements of pure and grand." p. 19.

"Left ravish'd piles all desolately grand,
And breath'd a sterner spirit o'er the land." p. 30.

"All Souls, with central tow'rs superbly grand;
But see! the clouds are born,—they break,—expand." p. 34.

"Whate'er of good and glorious, learn'd, or grand,
Delighted ages and adorn'd the land." p. 41.

"Here Sydney dreamt, Marcellus of his land,
Whom poets lov'd, and queens admitted grand." p. 58.

"No scene was glorious, and no object grand,—
But there he worshipp'd an Almighty hand." p. 90.

Such are the rhymes in the first Part; and it would be curious to count all the combinations of grand, grandeur, grandest, grander, grandly, &c. which are to be found in other lines besides these at their terminations.

Of the faults in structure and style, our specimens on different heads will be sufficient testimony, without our going at length into examples. The frequent omission of the articles, the disregard of mood and tense, and, occasionally, obscurity, or rather, perhaps, the absolute want of meaning, generated by these defects, will strike every judge of poetical composition. Take one short instance.

"The sage of England sat in this lone room:
Yet, well may Fancy at yon evening fire
Behold him seated; and when moods inspire,
As Sorrow droop'd, or Hope her wings unfurl'd,
His spirit hover through the varied world,
Of life and conduct, fortune, truth, or fate,
His future glory, and his present state."

The verbs here are in fine confusion.

Of new-coined words, we disapprove of reposeful, museful, rewardless, mellowingly, &c.; in their places they do not express what the writer intends: and the same remark applies to the epithets and other phrases which occur but too often.—*Ex. gr.*

"Then vainly let the pow'rless sophist frown,
To hide one ray of Oxford's fair renown,
Or quote some verse to vindicate his cause,
Of scornful meaning at her *mental laws*."

What is intended by mental laws—laws of mind?

"With sages whom *historic lovers* read."

Historic lovers, for lovers of history. Speaking of the late King's visit, Mr. M. says,

"With head uncover'd, royally he smiles,
And every heart that noble face *beguiles*."

Of Dr. Johnson:

"The dignified and sage,
The noblest honour of a noble age;
Whose mien and manners, though of *graceless* kind,
Were all apart from his heroic mind."

Now we will venture to say that the author did not use the words "beguiles" and "graceless" according to their common and proper acceptation in the English language. In the following line the word "menial" is also misused; and the whole line itself is a specimen of the alliteration and antithesis which prevail throughout the poem:*

"The mouldy cellar, and the *menial* stall."

A few pages on, we find the epithet "radiant" given to the tiles of Oxford roofs: but enough of these.

The offences against taste, and the egotism, to which we have alluded, are to be found in an episode about the little literary world of London (page 80 *et seq.*); in several descriptions of the author's young poetical aspirations, superior mental enjoyments, and conflicts with envious critics,—matters which have little to do with Oxford,—but on which we abstain from dilating, and only give a small space to the last of our complaints in samples of carelessness.

"Rush'd on thy fate with desolating sway,
And flung a desert o'er thy darken'd sway!"

"All are not fram'd alike: love, hope, and youth,
That guard our age, and glorify our youth."

We trust Mr. M. does not consider these to be justifiable rhymes. Again:

"Truth, taste, and sense, *through* all he does *per*-vades,"

is very bad: and,

"But rarely fraught
"With *something* sprung from self-created thought,"

is no better. We annex a passage, without further comment than the italic letter to mark what we think very indifferent, both in taste and expression.

"Which more offends? The bigot who can read
No volume from the dust of ages freed;
Or he who owns no intellectual grace,
But makes a cargo of the human race,
And values man like produce from the ground,—
'Tis hard to say, yet both, alas! are found.
The dark idolater of ancient time,
And *nauseous* epicure in prose or rhyme,
The musty pedant with an owlish eye,
Who *pipes an elegy* o'er days gone by,—
Oh! still from Oxford be the race remov'd,
And nobler far her gifted scions *prov'd*.
What soul so vacant, so profoundly dull,
What brain so wither'd in *a woful skull*,
As his who dungeon'd in the gloom of eld,
From all the light of living mind withheld,
Can deem it half an intellectual shame
To glow at Milton's worth, or Shakespeare's name!
Who hath not smiled at some *affected bore*
That drivels nothing but—the days of yore."

Again:

"To humble worth a consecration lend,
That proves for lost renown sublime *amend*."

The Freshman!

"And now the walk of wonder through the town
In the first flutter of a virgin gown!"

This is ridiculous; and having told that some of the notes are not more to our liking, we shall now conclude with the more grateful task of selecting some of the beauties, which serve to counterbalance these blemishes. We have said that an amiable and virtuous feeling pervades the poem: the following will corroborate the observation:

"Oh! none whose souls have felt a mighty name
Thrill to their centre with its sound of fame;
Whose hearts have warm'd at wisdom, truth, or worth,
And all that makes the heaven we meet on earth,
Can tread the ground by genius often trod,
Nor feel a nature more akin to God!"

"Oh! little think they, how sublimely pure,
In godlike state above the world secure,
That earthless nature which they genius call;
In vain the tides of circumstance appal,—
Though clouds repress, and darksome woe detain,
The soul remounts, and is herself again!
Go, ask of ages, what made dungeons bright,
Vile suff'rance sweet, and danger a delight,
Created thunders to o'erawe the sky,
Unloosen'd storms, and let the whirlwinds fly,
Yea, forced the universe to feel her nod,
And dar'd a while to imitate a God!
'Twas spirit, independently sublime,—
The king of nature, and the Lord of time."

The country curate is sweetly delineated with a brief touch.

"On such, perchance, renown may never beam,
Though oft it glitter'd in some college dream;
But theirs the fame no worldly scenes supply,
Who teach us how to live, and how to die."

"Parochial cares his cultur'd mind employ,
Domestic life, and intellectual joy.
The old men cry,—A blessing on his head!
And angels meet him at the dying bed."

The last exquisite line is applied to Heber. We now cite another fine passage.

"The day is earth, but holy night is heaven!
To her a solitude of soul is given,
Within whose depth, how beautiful to dream,
And fondly be, what others vainly seem!
Oh! 'tis an hour of consecrated might,
For earth's immortals have ador'd the night;
In song or vision yielding up the soul
To the deep grandeur of her still control.
My own lov'd hour! there comes no hour like thee,
No world so glorious as thou form'st for me!
The fever'd ocean of eventful day,
To waveless nothing how it ebbs away!
As oft the chamber, where some haunted page
Renews a poet, or revives a sage
In pensive Athens, or sublimer Rome,
To mental quiet woos the spirit home.
There stillness reigns,—how eloquently deep!
And soundless air, more beautiful than sleep.
Let winter sway,—her dream-like sounds inspire
The billowy murmur of a blazing fire;
The hail-drop, hissing as it melts away
In twinkling gleams of momentary play;
Or wave-like swell of some retreated wind
In dying sadness echo'd o'er the mind,—
But gently ruffle into varied thought
The calm of feeling blisful night has brought.
How eyes the spirit with contented gaze
The chamber mellow'd into social haze,
And smiling walls, where rank'd in solemn rows
The wizard volumes of the mind repose!
Thus, well may hours like fairy waters glide,
Till morning glimmers o'er their reckless tide;
While dreams, beyond the realm of day to view,
Around us hover in seraphic hue;
Till nature pines for intellectual rest,—
When home awakens, and the heart is blest;
Or, from the window reads our wand'ring eye
The starry language of Chaldean sky;
And gathers in that one vast gaze above,
A bright eternity of awe and love!"

This is genuine poetry, and will convince the reader that, in spite of the imperfections of *Oxford*, there is still abundant reason to hope that we shall again meet its author on more congenial ground. And we will augment the evidence.

"There is a shadow round the holy dead;
A mystery, wherein we seem to tread;
As oft their lineaments of life awake,
And sorrowing thoughts their hallow'd semblance take,

* See also:
"For thus, the spirit on her wing sublime,
Above the *reach* of earth and *roar* of time,
In that deep energy may proudly share,
Which *festur'd* worlds, and all that *formeth* there!"

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What once they dreamt, when mortal nature threw
Phantasmal dimness round their soaring view,
Now all unearth'd, beatified, and free
From toil and tears,—the unscaled eye can see:
No more on them, the fitful whirl of things
From joy to gloom, eternal trial brings;
Array'd in light, before the throne they shine,
And fathom mysteries of love divine.
Why tears were shed, why pangs of woe prevailed,
Why goodness mourn'd, and virtue often fail'd,—
No longer now a with'ring shadow throws,
Like that which hovers round the world's repose."

We can only refer to a visit to Blenheim, page 71, as a delightful example of descriptive poetry and goodness of heart; and, by way of variety, will end with a rather animated scena of college dissipation.

"But who can languish through a hideous hour
When heart is dead, and only wine hath pow'r?
That brainless meeting of congenial tools,
Whose highest wisdom is to hate the schools,
Discuss a tandem, or describe a race,
And damn the proctor with a solemn face,
Swear nonsense wit, and intellect a sin,
Loll o'er the wine, and asininely grin!
Hard is the doom when awkward chance decoys
A moment's homage to their brutal joys.
What fogs of dulness fill the heated room,
Bedimm'd with smoke, and poison'd with perfume,
Where now and then some rattling soul awakes
In oaths of thunder, till the chamber shakes!
Then midnight comes, intoxicating maid,
What heroes snore, beneath the table laid!
But, still reserved, to upright posture true,
Behold! how stately are the sterling few:
Soon o'er their sodden nature wine prevails,
Decanters triumph, and the drunkard falls.
As weary tapers at some wondrous rout,
Their strength departed, winkingly go out,
Each spirit flickers till its light is o'er,
And all is darkness that was drunk before!"

The last line is not very intelligible; but we will save it by another pithy one:

"All men are vain, yet all hate vanity."

There is, however, much sense in concealing vanity; and we rather fear that, with so many enemies as have beset the early career of Montgomery, he will have exposed himself to their malice by the want of this prudent art in the volume before us. He has indeed laid himself very open to them; but yet we trust justice will also be done to his merits by an impartial and generous public.

The Premier. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is the third novel to which Mr. Canning has lent the magic of a name. In *De Vere* an animated and beautiful sketch was given of the noble feelings, the high and lofty mind, the patriotic energy, of the gifted original. *Sydenham* followed in the same track; and the fine and spirited portrait under the name of Anstruther was one of the most favourable specimens of its youthful author's talents. The present is as poor an imitation as it is a contemptible failure. There is a meagre outline of well-known events, better given, a hundred times, in any daily newspaper; and public men are dragged in to have some common and hearsay edition given of their characters—sketches as entirely without originality as they are without power. Why this should be called the *Premier*, we really wonder: the so-called political part barely fills the third of a volume; the rest is eked by pseudo-literary portraits, in which, calling Mr. A. A. Watts Mr. A. A. Potts (which we gather from a blunder, where the real name is printed in one place instead of the fictitious one!) is the most brilliant effort at wit we can discover; while the remaining pages are filled with a love-story so peculiarly absurd, that we shall give the outline as a curiosity. Caroline Asper is in love with, and loved by, Charles Ardent: with family and fortune equally suitable, there seems not an obstacle in the way of their union. The gentleman, however, desires a little mystery (entirely on the writer's account), and wishes the engagement to be kept secret: a Mr. Spencer in the meantime makes Caroline an offer, which is approved by her father; and instead of the fair lady candidly avowing that her affections are engaged (we believe that is the phrase proper on such occasions), the parent is kept in complete ignorance, while the lover supposes indifference is his only obstacle, and *that* time and attention he hopes will vanquish. The day before the marriage, she elopes from home, under the protection of Sir George Ardent, the father of her lover, who is unacquainted with her engagement, but whom she talks and cries into an acquiescence with her plan: strict secrecy is to be preserved towards his wife and daughter, why we cannot understand, except on that author's plea, the "stern necessity" of a little unnecessary embarrassment. They meet in some fields, and Sir George places the fugitive in lodgings with a woman of whom he knows nothing: there she remains a fortnight, while her protector visits her every day, under the name of Mr. Howard. Scandalous insinuations get about, especially in the Sunday papers (a class to which our author seems to have a most special antipathy). Her retreat is discovered; she returns home, and is forgiven. But the most ridiculous part yet remains. Charles Ardent, to veil, as he calls it, "a father's crime," avows to Colonel Asper, (the brother of his Caroline, who visits him to explain,) that he is himself the seducer, nay, writes and signs a paper to that effect. The colonel, instead of explaining, as a word would have done, is bitten with the same mystery-mania as the rest, and affects to challenge Charles. A meeting takes place; but, on the ground, Charles finds his father, and every thing is satisfactorily settled. Unfortunately, this happens at the beginning of the third volume, and, in order to complete the remaining three hundred pages, General Asper takes into his head (to use the writer's own words) "one of the most perverse fancies that ever addled the wholesome thoughts of a human brain." He says he has been imposed upon, and forbids the alliances that were agreed to between the families. Sir George is affronted also. Miss Ardent dies, which brings the elderly gentlemen to their senses; and Charles and Caroline are married at last. What connexion this silly story has with the title of the book, we have not been able to discover. Most of the scenes are, as we have said before, repetitions of the trash of newspapers. The following one is a specimen of the author's original powers: of its grandiloquent absurdity let our readers judge. We should mention that Mr. Cranstoun is travelling with his secretary, and their carriage breaks down.

"Frederick was curiously perplexed at this moment. He could not venture to congratulate Cranstoun upon the vicinity of the Red Lion, for it was beyond the range of his possible conceptions to picture a cabinet minister walking into it for a rest, like a tired pedlar. Added to this, there was the still greater perplexity, *would* he walk into it? 'Well,' said Cranstoun, taking hold of his secretary's arm, while he supported his steps with a stick in his other hand, 'here is a house.' 'Yes, sir—there *is* a house,' replied Frederick hesitatingly. 'The Red Lion,' continued Cranstoun, looking at the sign; 'and, upon my word, as spruce and gentlemanly a lion as I would wish to see, with clean nails and a copper-coloured tail.' Frederick laughed; but still thought of the tale which hung at the end of his own reflections—*would* one of his majesty's minisers call at the Red Lion? and if he did, what would he call for when there?' * * * 'By heavens!' exclaimed Frederick to himself, 'we *are* going to the Red Lion!' and he was at least as much pleased as surprised at the novelty of the thing. * * * The scene that followed, when, the next moment, Mr. Owen Tudor, with a sort of half bow, between a nod and a complete obeisance, still smirking, still rubbing his hands, and advancing a step nearer at each movement of his head, inquired, 'What they would be pleased to take?' might have exercised the pencil of Hogarth in its most inspired touches. Frederick bit his lip violently, to restrain the laugh with which he was bursting. Cranstoun drew his hand across his mouth, and for the first time in his life found himself embarrassed at a reply. Mr. Owen Tudor, with a view to assist them in their choice, recounted volubly the treasures of his cellar. 'I have some prime Herefordshire cider in bottle, and capital perry—capital, I assure you; excellent draught ale, superior stout, and better London porter than is to be got in London itself: I am choice in my spirits, too. You will find the ale very good, gentlemen, if you try it; it is my friend Owen's own brewing; and a purer ale, I'll venture to say, is not to be drunk in this or any other county.' 'Well then,' said Cranstoun, suiting his manner to the occasion, 'let it be ale;' and the landlord departed to obey the order. * * * 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' said Cranstoun in a half-whisper to Frederick; accompanying the words with an indescribable look of arch drollery, as he drew towards him a vacant chair on which he stretched his legs. Frederick could only smile. At no time did the urbane kindness of Cranstoun betray him into familiarity with him; and at the present moment they were so oddly situated that he feared to speak, lest he should cause some awkward embarrassment, especially as there had been no opportunity for Cranstoun to express his own view of their situation."

There is something, to be sure, very much out of the course of nature that a minister and his secretary should stop at a little country inn. But to conclude—a catchpenny title, an uninteresting and ridiculous story, personality without individuality (for truly the portraits require their names to be written under them), inelegance of language, and common-place observation—such is the trash that has been ushered with a prodigious flourish of trumpets into public notice. Mr. Colburn undeniably publishes almost all our best novels: we put it to himself, how he injures the fair fame of those who so richly deserve praise, as well as the general interests of literature, by injudicious and extravagant puffing of works like the present.

Journal of Travels in the Seat of War between Russia and Turkey. By T. B. Armstrong. 8vo. pp. 242. London, 1831. Seguin.

THIS volume comprises a very rapid journey over various countries, written, as the author (who travelled, as we gather, in the useful capacity of a courier) observes, "with little pretensions to elegance or correctness of style." He enjoyed highly, and often describes forcibly, what he saw. After leaving Vienna, the first passage of any interest, much increased by late events, is the following:—

"We had now a splendid and extensive view of Cracow and the surrounding country, with the city conspicuously perched on the river Vistula before us. We crossed the

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bridge of boats; and on the other side of the river were immediately assailed by numbers of Jews, anxious to serve us in exchanging money, or offering horses for hire. We were some time in traversing the very irregular streets of this singular old town. About eight miles from Cracow we arrived at the little village of Wieliczka, celebrated for its salt mines. With permission of the governor, we proceeded next day to a large building in the centre of the village, and entered a small room, where from ten to fifteen men were in attendance, with lighted lamps, to conduct us below. The descent was by winding stairs: the first object that attracted my attention was six horses at work in another machine, dragging up immense blocks of salt; I was told they had not seen daylight for near fifteen years; I found their coats to be as smooth as any English hunters; and they were in as good condition as possible. We visited several chambers cut in the rock; the chapel, in particular, presented a dazzling and singular effect as we approached it with our lamps: the several statues are very well executed, and appear transparent. On the first stage hence, the Vistula winding majestically on our left, through a most delightful country: the villages proved wretched in the extreme, and nothing was to be met with but filth and poverty."

The traveller at last approaches Odessa, over one of the weary steppes of Russia.

"I looked for trees or houses, but found none: the road is according to the fancy of the traveller: it was an ocean of waste. The troops we had passed this morning came to a halt: on inquiring of three officers how long they had been on their route, I was astonished on their answering,—'Eleven weeks, continually.' We next arrived on the ridge of a steppe that continues for fifty versts to Teraspol. Previous to arriving, we witnessed a cloud of locusts: we had to encounter them as they flew over the plain by millions. I took one of them; it measured three inches long, and was two inches broad from the points of the wings. They had devoured every article of vegetation that fell in their way; whole fields of corn were devastated in a few days."

The people of Arabia, whom this scourge still infests, are more fortunate than the natives of the Crimea, inasmuch as they have little verdure to be destroyed, save a few groves of palm. The difference of reception given to these "living clouds" in the two countries is singular enough: the Arabs receive them rather as a blessing—catch them eagerly, fry them in butter, or, in default thereof, eat them almost on the wing, or dry and lay them up as a *bonne bouche*. We remember, one day halting in a stunted group of palms on the banks of the Red Sea, being assailed by these locusts, who dropped from the trees, or came slowly through the hot air, and quietly settled on us, to the great glee of our Arab escort, who, pulling off the wings and heads, devoured them as if they had been so many shrimps. "But the people of these parts," says Mr. Armstrong, "collect with shovels, pans, fire-arms, &c., keeping up a horrible noise, advancing in a line as the locusts retreat, which are thus frequently driven from the lands to seek an asylum in the bosom of the deep."

The author describes an appearance on these endless plains of the same kind as observed in the eastern deserts, though from a different cause. "During the day, I witnessed a curious phenomenon, which frequently takes place on the steppes of Russia, and is called mirage: the vapour from the earth, acted upon by the power of the sun, rises and appears to take whatever object may be before you: its general appearance is that of a lake, with islands, houses, or trees: it recedes as the traveller advances."

On arriving near Varna, he thus describes the present Emperor of Russia:—"After waiting some time in the court-yard of the palace, I was gratified with a sight of the czar as he entered his carriage. He is a tall, handsome, soldier-like personage, with a fine manly countenance, possessing an air *degagé*. He was dressed in the plainest manner, in a dark green double-breasted frock, with red collar and cuffs—a cap of the same cloth, with red band—and a gray military cloak thrown loosely over him. All eyes were anxiously fixed on him whose appearance was to determine the fate of Varna: he saluted his officers severally in an affable manner."

The evil complained of by almost every traveller, is the unhappy sameness of the modern routes: from Paris to Naples, all is so perfectly familiar, that one knows almost the exact scene, whether of mountain, valley, or waterfall, which each day is to present, nearly as well as the good or bad dinners of the inns. Variety, endless variety, is the order of Mr. A.'s journey.

"The last post," he says, "produced a complete change of scenery; we got into a deep valley, covered with cottages and trees, and watered by a clear stream: how welcome and how cheering, after the dreary parched steppe! At last we came to Simpherpoole: the weekly market held here is really interesting to those who enjoy novelty of costume and odd equipages. Here you will meet the German driving a pair of oxen, with a horse as leader; Tartar carts, drawn by dromedaries; and horsemen covered with Circassian bourkas. I actually saw a French doctor, in ill health, leave the place for Theodosia *in a light phaeton, drawn by a pair of immense camels*. On the way from Soudak we passed several burial-places of the Tartars, in one of which I noticed several women, covered with white robes, preparing to inter a body."

Another description is equally novel:—"The Georgian or Tartar dwellings are seldom to be found above ground: the top is covered with beams of wood, branches of trees, and, above all, with a coat of earth, which makes it level with the ground. The natives are frequently disturbed, when sitting round the fire, by the leg of some unfortunate cow or camel making its appearance down the chimney; and it is not uncommon for the lambs to fall through, and spoil whatever may happen to be cooking."

On arriving at Erivan, the scenery was of more lofty character: it is a pity that the traveller could not afford more time to the really interesting places he saw; as it is, he makes the best use of his hurried visits.

"I chose a fine clear frosty morning, and enjoyed a sublime view of the great and little Ararat: both the summits were covered with snow: no one, as yet, has succeeded in attaining the top of either. Several extensive glaciers fill up the ravines, immediately under one of which is an hermitage, about half-way down the mountain, which the natives affirm to have been the habitation of Noah after the flood. Lions, bears, hyænas, and rock-snakes, are said to infest this mountain. About 5 P.M. the snow fell so thick as to darken the air: we wandered about the vicinity of the mountains, when we all at once found ourselves on the brink of a precipice, hanging over a roaring torrent. We at last arrived at some ruins, where we mistook a tombstone for a door, and came at length to an old ruined church, full of sheep: we slept in wet clothes on the damp floor."

From Georgia Mr. Armstrong proceeds into Persia, has an audience of the Shah at Tehran, is wearied with the miserable condition of the people, and with fears of the Koords. Among the few fine scenes of this sultry and unpicturesque land is the following.

"At sunset we had a delightful and extensive view of the lake of Ouroomià and the mountains on its left. We arrived at the neat town of Tasse; its environs form a complete garden, irrigation being carried on here, as indeed in most parts of Persia, very successfully. The circumference of the lake of Ouroomià is 250 miles, its length from north to south 90, and breadth 32—the scenery most beautiful. In the centre of this immense lake are several singular-formed islands; and the mountains of Kurdistan bound the prospect. Its waters, we were told, are so salt that no fish can live in it."

To enter Armenia appeared like a passage into a land of promise. If this country is as he represents—and his descriptions bear the stamp of fidelity and truth—it were well for the lovers of travel, now that revolutions make, or soon will make, the continent a forbidden land to them, to turn their steps towards Armenia—a splendid climate, a friendly and often polished people, with here and there a welcome which one could picture rather in the Highlands of Scotland than in those of the Caucasus: let Mr. A. describe:—

"For one hour we were surrounded with snow, and at another travelling through beautiful groves of trees, with the Araxes at some distance below us: in five hours we came to the advanced part of the immense caravan we had met in the morning. On descending, we arrived at a neat village, on the borders of an immense plain, where, on a grassplot in front of their dwellings, we observed a few Musaulmen at their devotions, kneeling silently. We at last arrived at the well-situated city of Arzeroom. I counted thirty minarets and other towers rising from the bosom of this ancient capital of Armenia. Tiles are used for roofing, which gives the buildings a European appearance; and the form of the houses much resembles the Swiss cottages. * * * This morning we travelled seven hours, and are now in the Sheitan Dura (Devil's Valley); and the heaps of stone we sat on during our refreshment were the tombs of victims, they said, who had been murdered by banditti in this terrific pass. The scenery and the images which the tales of our guides conjured up, made it a valley of horror; and we sharpened our pace. But the next day we were surrounded by the grandest scenery on every side—bold and fertile valleys, watered by mountain streams; rich plains of pasturage, covered with flowers, emitting the most fragrant perfume; the corn-fields looked green and fresh: while the summits of the lofty mountains were covered with snow, their sides were often clothed with forests. * * * We next day traversed the most picturesque valley I ever beheld, covered with the summer residences of the neighbouring gentry. On our right were rocky conical mountains of gigantic height—the town of Kara Hissar, or Black Castle, on one of their summits."

The only defect in this goodly land seems to be the want of inns—a lonely caravansary is

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but a poor substitute, with bare floors and comfortless walls; and exquisite scenery, when long continued, having a strong tendency to excite the appetite, the recoil from the joys of the imagination to the keen and cruel demands of hunger is extreme. We remember travelling with a countryman in Switzerland, who had no passion for cold and snowy magnificence; wearied utterly also with a long day's progress, it was in vain that the sun was going down in excessive glory on Mont Blanc and its neighbouring glaciers. "Look!" exclaimed one enthusiast, "the purple rays are full on its crest and side, after they have fled from every other peak." "Beautiful!" exclaimed every one except W——, who sat sadly on a bank during the pause. "Purple light, and glaciers, and glory, what are they all at this moment compared to a roast pig, well crisped, laid on the rock before us, and the last ray resting on its back?" Mr. A. thus feelingly speaks of a similar train of feeling:—"An old castle is on the summit of a rocky height. We looked with admiration on the loveliest spot in nature, high amongst the mountains, hid from the noisy world, remote in nature's very bosom, enjoying almost every fruit common in Asia. Soon after, we entered a forest, in which we were benighted, and the rain fell in torrents. Our Tartars at last discovered a village: here we were hospitably received in the house of a gentleman; a good fire blazed in the apartment, and every thing to make us comfortable was provided. What a transition from the majestic pine forests and solitudes! Our host with some friends enjoyed themselves, as we all did. After partaking of a good and plentiful repast, we slept soundly."

One could almost envy a residence in Tokat, famed for its wines. "In approaching it, the roads are for two miles ornamented on each side with gardens, the perfume from which is most delicious, and the nightingale warbling its sweet song, the only sound to be heard in the calm stillness of the night. We next passed the beautiful remains of the once-famed Amassia. The reflection of the moon on the ancient castle was striking. The city is placed amidst an amphitheatre of mountains, and watered by a fine river. At the top of a perpendicular rock are the remains of a noble Genoese castle. In the centre of the city, and close on the river, is a superb mosque, with a gilded dome and minarets, rising splendidly from amidst the remains of Genoese art. Quantities of mills are seen on the banks of the river, throwing water into the gardens which surround the town."

Whatever faults of style, and they are very many, attach to Mr. A. as a writer, he has had the good sense to produce his travels in a plain and unassuming form. His volume has much interest: had he tarried longer on the way, and not counted every moment lost in which he was not *en route*, or possessed a more able and elegant pen, few journeys of the day would have been so attractive.

Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.

[Second Notice.]

From Gambier's Islands, Captain Beechey pursued his course, and examined a number of the eastern Polynesian Islands, with which the Pacific is studded, and of which many, no doubt, yet remain to be discovered, as they are indeed discovered by every vessel which shapes a new track through that immense ocean. At the close, he tells us:—

"Of the thirty-two islands which have thus been visited in succession, only twelve are inhabited, including Pitcairn Island; and the amount of the population altogether cannot possibly exceed three thousand one hundred souls; of which one thousand belong to the Gambier group, and twelve hundred and sixty to Easter Island, leaving eight hundred and forty persons only to occupy the other thirty islands. All the natives apparently profess the same religion; all speak the same language, and are in all essential points the same people. There is a great diversity of features and complexion between those inhabiting the volcanic islands and the natives of the coral formations, the former being a taller and fairer race. This change may be attributed to a difference of food, habits, and comfort; the one having to seek a daily subsistence upon the reefs, exposed to a burning sun and to the painful glare of a white coral beach, while the other enjoys plentifully the spontaneous produce of the earth, reposes beneath the genial shade of palm or bread-fruit groves, and passes a life of comparative ease and luxury. It has hitherto been a matter of conjecture how these islands, so remote from both great continents, have received their aborigines. The intimate connexion between the language, worship, manners, customs, and traditions, of the people who dwell upon them, and those of the Malays and other inhabitants of the great islands to the westward, leaves no doubt of frequent emigrations from thence; and we naturally look to those countries as the source from which they have sprung. The difficulty, however, instantly presents itself of proceeding so vast a distance in opposition to the prevailing wind and current, without vessels better equipped than those which are in possession of those people. This objection is so powerful in the minds of some authors, that they have had recourse to the circuitous route through Tartary, across Beering's Strait, and over the American continent, to bring them to a situation whence they might be drifted by the ordinary course of the winds to the lands in question. But had this been the case, a more intimate resemblance would surely be found to exist between the American Indians and the natives of Polynesia."

In our opinion, but we put it with great diffidence, the Polynesian Islands have been peopled both from the Asian and American continents—the nearest to each, from each. If we are rightly informed, there is a marked difference in the physical form, features, hair, &c., between the natives of the islands nearest America and those nearest Asia, as well as in their habits, costume, rites, and language. But the discussion of this question would lead us into too great length; and we rather quote a canoe adventure of much interest, which will shew how accident might contribute to the peopling of island after island. At Byam Martin Island, 600 miles from Otaheite, Captain B. found forty persons, who had been driven thither by storm and stress of weather, and brought one of them, named Tuwarri, off with him, to carry the news home.

"Tuwarri was a native of one of the low coral formations discovered by Capt. Cook in his first voyage, called Anaa by the natives, but by him named Chain Island, situated about three hundred miles to the eastward of Otaheite, to which it is tributary. About the period of the commencement of his misfortunes, old Pomarree, the king of Otaheite, died, and was succeeded by his son, then a child. On the accession of this boy, several chiefs and commoners of Chain Island, among whom was Tuwarri, planned a voyage to Otaheite, to pay a visit of ceremony and of homage to their new sovereign. The only conveyance these people could command was double canoes, three of which, of the largest class, were prepared for the occasion. To us, accustomed to navigate the seas in ships of many tons burthen, provided with a compass and the necessary instruments to determine our position,—a canoe with only the stars for her guidance, and destined to a place whose situation could be at the best but approximately known, appears so frail and uncertain a conveyance, that we may wonder how any persons could be found sufficiently resolute to hazard the undertaking. They knew, however, that similar voyages had been successfully performed, not only to mountainous islands to leeward, but to some that were scarcely six feet above the water, and were situated in the opposite direction; and as no ill omens attended the present undertaking, no unusual fears were entertained. The canoes being accordingly prepared, and duly furnished with all that was considered necessary, the persons intending to proceed on this expedition were embarked, amounting in all to a hundred and fifty souls. What was the arrangement of the other two canoes is unknown to us; but in Tuwarri's there were twenty-three men, fifteen women, and ten children, and a supply of water and provision calculated to last three weeks. On the day of departure all the natives assembled upon the beach to take leave of our adventurers; the canoes were placed with scrupulous exactness in the supposed direction, which was indicated by certain marks upon the land, and then launched into the sea, amidst the good wishes and adieus of their countrymen. With a fair wind and full sail they glided rapidly over the space, without a thought of the possibility of the miseries to which they were afterwards exposed. It happened, unfortunately, that the monsoon that year began earlier than was expected, and blew with great violence; two days were, notwithstanding, passed under favourable circumstances, and the adventurers began to look for the high land of Maitea, an island between Chain Island and Otaheite, and to anticipate the pleasures which the successful termination of their voyage would afford them; when their progress was delayed by a calm, the precursor of a storm, which rose suddenly from an unfavourable quarter, dispersed the canoes, and drove them away before it. In this manner they drifted for several days; but on the return of fine weather, having a fortnight's provision remaining, they again resolutely sought their destination; but a second gale drove them still further back than the first, and lasted so long, that they became exhausted. Thus many days were past; their distance from home hourly increasing; the sea continually washing over the canoe, to the great discomfiture of the women and children; and their store of provision dwindled to the last extremity. A long calm, and, what was to them even worse, hot dry weather, succeeded the tempest, and drove them to a state of despair. From the description, we may imagine their canoe alone and becalmed on the ocean; the crew, perishing with thirst, beneath the fierce glare of a tropical sun, hanging exhausted over their paddles; children looking to their parents for support, and mothers deploring their inability to afford them assistance. Every means of quenching their thirst were resorted to; some drank the sea-water, and others bathed in it, or poured it over their heads; but the absence of fresh water in the torrid zone cannot be

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compensated by such substitutes. Day after day, those who were able extended their gourds to heaven in supplication for rain, and repeated their prayers — but in vain; the fleecy cloud floating high in the air indicated only an extension of their suffering: distress in its most aggravated form had at length reached its height, and seventeen persons fell victims to its horrors. The situation of those who remained may readily be imagined, though their fate would never have been known to us, had not Providence at this critical moment wrought a change in their favour. The sky, which for some time had been perfectly serene, assumed an aspect which at any other period would have filled our sufferers with apprehension; but, on the present occasion, the tropical storm, as it approached, was hailed with thankfulness, and welcomed as their deliverer. All who were able came upon the deck with blankets, gourds, and cocoa-nut shells, and extended them toward the black cloud, as it approached, pouring down torrents of rain, of which every drop was of incalculable value to the sufferers; they drank copiously and thankfully, and filled every vessel with the precious element. Thus recruited, hope revived; but the absence of food again plunged them into the deepest despair. We need not relate the dreadful alternative to which they had recourse until several large sharks rose to the surface and followed the canoe; Tuwarri, by breaking off the head of an iron scraper, formed it into a hook, and succeeding in catching one of them, which was instantly substituted for the revolting banquet which had hitherto sustained life. Thus refreshed, they again worked at their paddles or spread their sail, and were not long before their exertions were repaid with the joyful sight of land, on which clusters of cocoa-nuts crowned the heads of several tufts of palm-trees: they hurried through the surf, and soon reached the much-wished-for spot, but being too feeble to ascend the lofty trees, were obliged to fell one of them with an axe. On traversing the island to which Providence had thus conducted them, they discovered by several canoes in the lagoon, and pathways intersecting the woods, that it had been previously inhabited; and knowing the greater part of the natives of the low islands to be cannibals, they determined to remain no longer upon it than was absolutely necessary to recruit their strength, imagining that the islanders, when they did return, would not rest satisfied with merely dispossessing them of their asylum. It was necessary, while they were allowed to remain, to seek shelter from the weather, and to exert themselves in procuring a supply of provision for their further voyage; huts were consequently built, pools dug for water, and three canoes added to those which were found in the lake. Their situation by these means was rendered tolerably comfortable, and they not only provided themselves with necessaries sufficient for daily consumption, but were able to dry and lay by a considerable quantity of fish for sea stock. After a time, finding themselves undisturbed, they gained confidence, and deferred their departure till thirteen months had elapsed from the time of their landing. At the expiration of which period, being in good bodily health and supplied with necessaries for their voyage, they again launched upon the ocean in quest of home. They steered two days and nights to the north west, and then fell in with a small island, upon which, as it appeared to be uninhabited, they landed, and remained three days, and then resumed their voyage. After a run of a day and a night they came in sight of another uninhabited island. In their attempt to land upon it, their canoe was unfortunately stove, but all the party got safe on shore. The damage which the vessel had sustained requiring several weeks to repair, they established themselves upon this island, and again commenced storing up provision for their voyage. Eight months had already passed in these occupations, when we unexpectedly found them thus encamped upon Byam Martin Island, with their canoe repaired, and all the necessary stores provided for their next expedition. The other two canoes were never heard of."

Capt. B. having landed Tuwarri on Chain Island, sailed to Bow Island, of which his account is curious.

"The natives were in appearance the most indolent ill-looking race we had yet seen; broad flat noses, dull sunken eyes, thick lips, mouths turned down at the corners, strongly wrinkled countenances, and long bushy hair matted with dirt and vermin. Their stature was above the middle size, but generally crooked; their limbs bony, their muscles flaccid, and their only covering a maro. But hideous as the men were, their revolting appearance was surpassed by the opposite sex of the same age. The males were all lolling against the cocoa-nut trees, with their arms round each others' necks, enjoying the refreshing shade of a thick foliage of palm-trees; while the women, old and young, were labouring hard in the sun, in the service of their masters, for they did not merit the name of husbands. The children, quite naked, were placed upon mats, crying and rolling to and fro, to displace some of the myriads of house-flies, which so speckled their bodies that their real colour was scarcely discernible. * *

"On questioning the chief, he acknowledged himself to have been present at several feasts of human bodies, and on expatiating on the excellence of the food, particularly when it was that of a female, his brutal countenance became flushed with a horrible expression of animation. Their enemies, those slain in battle, or those who die violent deaths, and murderers, were, he said, the only subjects selected for these feasts: the latter, whether justified or not, were put to death, and eaten alike with their victims. They have still a great partiality for raw food, which is but one remove from cannibalism; and when a canoe full of fish was brought one day to the village, the men, before it could be drawn to the shore, fell upon its contents, and devoured every part of the fish except the bones and fins. The women, whose business it was to unload the boat, did the best they could with one of them between their teeth, while their hands were employed portioning the contents of the canoe into small heaps. But even in this repast we were glad to observe some indication of feeling by their putting the animal speedily out of torture by biting its head in two, the only proof of humanity which they manifested. In like manner, cleanliness was not overlooked by them, for they carefully rinsed their mouths after the disgusting meal. It appeared that the chief had three wives, and that polygamy was permitted to an unlimited extent; any man of the community, we were told, might put away his wife whenever it is his pleasure to do so, and take another, provided she were disengaged. No ceremony takes place at the wedding; it being sufficient for a man to say to a woman, 'You shall be my wife;' and she becomes so. The offspring of these unions seem to be the objects of the only feelings of affection the male sex possess, as there was certainly none bestowed on the women. Indeed the situation of the females is much to be pitied: in no part of the world, probably, are they treated more brutally. While their husbands are indulging their lethargic disposition under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees, making no effort toward their own support, beyond that of eating when their food is placed before them, the women are sent to the reefs to wade over the sharp-pointed coral in search of shell-fish, or to the woods to collect pandanus-nuts. We have seen them going out at daylight on these pursuits, and returning quite fatigued with their morning toil. In this state, instead of enjoying a little repose on reaching their home, they are engaged in the laborious occupation of preparing what they have gathered for their hungry masters, who, immediately the nuts are placed before them, stay their appetites by extracting the pulpy substance contained in the outside woody fibres of the fruit, and throw the remainder to their wives, who further extract what is left of the pulp for their own share, and proceed to extricate the contents of the interior, consisting of four or five small kernels about the size of an almond. To perform this operation, the nut is placed upon a flat stone endwise, and with a block of coral, as large as the strength of the women will enable them to lift, is split in pieces, and the contents again put aside for their husbands. As it requires a considerable number of these small nuts to satisfy the appetites of their hungry masters, the time of the women is wholly passed upon their knees pounding nuts, or upon the sharp coral collecting shells and sea-eggs. On some occasions the nuts are baked in the ground, which gives them a more agreeable flavour, and facilitates the extraction of the pulp; it does not, however, diminish the labour of the females, who have in either case to bruise the fibres to procure the smaller nuts. The superiority of sex was never more rigidly enforced than among these barbarians, nor were the male part of the human species ever more despicable. On one occasion, an unfortunate woman who was pounding some of these nuts, which she had walked a great distance to gather, thinking herself unobserved, ate two or three of the kernels as she extracted them; but this did not escape the vigilance of her brutal husband, who instantly rose and felled her to the ground in the most inhuman manner with three violent blows of his fist. Thus tyrannised over, debased, neglected by the male sex, and strangers to social affection, it is no wonder all those qualities which in civilised countries constitute the fascination of woman, are in these people wholly wanting."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Col. Napier's War in the Peninsula.

(Second notice: Conclusion.)

INDEPENDENTLY of the military incidents, on which the author is so delightfully diffuse, his volumes have a further claim to attention, inasmuch as they furnish many authentic illustrations of the habitual public bearing and temper of the Duke of Wellington, tending to confirm us in our opinion of the confined direction and limited application of his high powers of mind. Military chiefs have, with few exceptions, made but indifferent statesmen; and never, perhaps, popular ones in a country blessed with free institutions. The boy's first lesson, on obtaining his colours, is to learn submission to the arbitrary will of those above him, and to require the like from those beneath; the pride of this petty sway compen-

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sates for a time the harsh sway of superiors; but, shortly, sated with the novelty of the first toy, he pants for nobler game, and aspires to climb ambition's ladder: every step he mounts, he gains fresh confidence. The constant habits of command, and the frequency of sole responsibility, render him often dogmatical in opinion, and a foe to genius, unless mingled with subservience—martial law, of which he becomes a dispenser, is regarded as the most perfect of practical codes—in correspondence he is dictatorial—in society his manners are agreeable, though frequently approaching to *brusquerie*—in argument his opinions are delivered as axioms—and his mind becomes as it were dyed with the despotic nature of his calling.

The Duke of Wellington is, perhaps, the readiest example we have at hand: much of his early career was spent amid the "trampled fields of Indostan," at a period when a thirst for conquest, stimulated by the hope of booty, was a principle prevailing with but too many; the daily facility with which almost countless hosts were overthrown, and extensive territories acquired, by the disciplined few, must have caused him to look upon his profession as the all-important one, and have attracted to it all the energies of his youthful mind. The influence thus gained was never chilled by ill success; but being continually fostered by fortune, it became the ruling principle. His letters at various epochs, whether on the subject of the East, or addressed to the Portuguese Regency, are all in a like arbitrary tone of command; every where bespeaking the consummate soldier, yet affording but little indication of the future statesman. The power of force is admirably developed; but we look in vain for the peaceful charm of persuasion. Moreover, we here behold him with the reins of government in his hands. His first step was to disembarrass himself from the inconvenience of having men about him who had any genius either to suggest, or independence to disapprove. Many influential departments were filled with his military subordinates, whose devotion to their chief was as unbounded as their confidence was unlimited—the usages of the camp became those of the cabinet—all things were regarded through a military *coup-d'œil*—and the elements of strategy and simulation were arrayed, to veil from his adversaries the general's intended movements in the political combat. But this could not last. The sequel is too well known for us to continue; and we therefore gladly quit the field of politics, for other scenes, where the gallant author has already reaped glorious honour; and which have still rewards, we trust, in store for him of a more substantial nature. We cull from the garland of brilliant exploits, achieved by the dashing light division, and its chivalric commander Crawfurd, the following vivid description of the combat of the Coa.

"Crawfurd's whole force under arms consisted of four thousand infantry, eleven hundred cavalry, and six guns; and his position, one mile and a half in length, extended in an oblique line towards the Coa. The cavalry piquets were upon the plain in his front, his right on some broken ground, and his left, resting on an unfinished tower, eight hundred yards from Almeida, was defended by the guns of that fortress; but his back was on the edge of the ravine forming the channel of the Coa, and the bridge was more than a mile distant, in the bottom of the chasm. A stormy night ushered in the 24th of July. The troops, drenched with rain, were under arms before day-light, expecting to retire, when a few pistol-shots in front, followed by an order for the cavalry reserves and the guns to advance, gave notice of the enemy's approach; and as the morning cleared, twenty-four thousand French infantry, five thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of artillery, were observed marching beyond the Turones. The British line was immediately contracted and brought under the edge of the ravine; but meanwhile Ney, who had observed Crawfurd's false disposition, came down with the stoop of an eagle. Four thousand horsemen and a powerful artillery swept the plain. The allied cavalry gave back, and Loison's division coming up at a charging pace, made towards the centre and left of the position. While the French were thus pouring onward, several ill-judged changes were made on the English side, part of the troops were advanced, others drawn back, and the forty-third most unaccountably placed within an enclosure of solid masonry, at least ten feet high, situated on the left of the road with but one narrow outlet about half-musket shot down the ravine. While thus imprisoned, the firing in front redoubled, the cavalry, the artillery, and the caçadores, successively passed by in retreat, and the sharp clang of the ninety-fifth rifle was heard along the edge of the plain above. A few moments later, and the forty-third would have been surrounded; but that here, as in every other part of this field, the quickness and knowledge of the battalion officers remedied the faults of the general. One minute sufficed to loosen some large stones, a powerful effort burst the enclosure, and the regiment, reformed in column of companies, was the next instant up with the riflemen: there was no room to array the line, no time for any thing but battle, every captain carried off his company as an independent body, and joining as he could with the ninety-fifth or fifty-second, the whole presented a mass of skirmishers, acting in small parties and under no regular command; yet each confident in the courage and discipline of those on his right and left, and all regulating their movements by a common discretion, and keeping together with surprising vigour. It is unecessary to describe the first burst of French soldiers. It is well known with what gallantry the officers lead, with what vehemence the troops follow, and with what a storm of fire they waste a field of battle. At this moment, with the advantage of ground and numbers, they were breaking over the edge of the ravine, their guns ranged along the summit, played hotly with grape; and their hussars, galloping over the glacis of Almeida, poured down the road, sabring every thing in their way. Ney, desirous that Montbrun should follow this movement with the whole of the French cavalry, and so cut off the troops from the bridge, sent five officers in succession to urge him on; and so mixed were friends and enemies at the moment, that only a few guns of the fortress durst open, and no courage could have availed against such overwhelming numbers. But Montbrun enjoyed an independent command, and, as the attack was made without Massena's knowledge, he would not stir. Then the British regiments, with singular intelligence and discipline, extricated themselves from their perilous situation. For falling back slowly, and yet stopping and fighting whenever opportunity offered, they made their way through a rugged country tangled with vineyards, in despite of their enemies, who were so fierce and eager, that even the horsemen rode in amongst the enclosures, striking at the soldiers as they mounted the walls or scrambled over the rocks. As the retreating troops approached the river, they came upon a more open space; but the left wing being harder pressed, and having the shortest distance, arrived while the bridge was still crowded and some of the right wing distant. Major M'Leod, of the forty-third, seeing this, rallied four companies on a hill just in front of the passage, and was immediately joined by a party of the ninety-fifth; and at the same time, two other companies were posted by brigade-major Rowan, on another hill flanking the road; these posts were thus maintained until the enemy, gathering in great numbers, made a second burst, when the companies fell back. At this moment the right wing of the fifty-second was seen marching towards the bridge, which was still crowded with the passing troops. M'Leod, a very young man, but with a natural genius for war, immediately turned his horse round, called to the troops to follow, and, taking off his cap, rode with a shout towards the enemy. The suddenness of the thing, and the distinguished action of the man, produced the effect he designed; a mob of soldiers rushed after him, cheering and charging as if a whole army had been at their backs; and the enemy's skirmishers, astonished at this unexpected movement, stopped short. Before they could recover from their surprise, the fifty-second crossed the river; and M'Leod, following at full speed, gained the other side also without a disaster. As the regiments passed the bridge, they planted themselves in loose order on the side of the mountain. The artillery drew up on the summit, and the cavalry were disposed in parties on the roads to the right, because two miles higher up the stream there were fords, and beyond them the bridge of Castello Bom; and it was to be apprehended that, while the sixth corps was in front, the reserves, and a division of the eighth corps, then on the Agueda, might pass at those places and get between the division and Celerico. The river was, however, rising fast from the rains, and it was impossible to retreat farther. The French skirmishers, swarming on the right bank, opened a biting fire, which was returned as bitterly; the artillery on both sides played across the ravine—the sounds were repeated by numberless echoes; and the smoke, rising slowly, resolved itself into an immense arch, spanning the whole chasm, and sparkling with the whirling fuzes of the flying shells. The enemy gathered fast and thickly; his columns were discovered forming behind the high rocks, and a dragoon was seen to try the depth of the stream above; but two shots from the fifty-second killed horse and man; and the carcasses, floating between the hostile bands, shewed that the river was impassable. The monotonous tones of a French drum were then heard; and in another instant the head of a noble column was at the long narrow bridge. A drummer and an officer in a splendid uniform leaped forward together, and the whole rushed on with loud cries. The depth of the ravine at first deceived the soldiers' aim, and two-thirds of the passage was won ere an English shot had brought down an enemy; yet a few paces onwards the line of death was traced, and the whole of the leading French section fell as one man! Still the gallant column pressed forward—but no foot could pass that terrible line; the killed and wounded rolled together, until the heap rose nearly even with the parapet, and the living mass behind melted away, rather than gave back. The shouts of the British now rose loudly—but they were confidently answered; and, in half

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an hour, a second column, more numerous than the first, again crowded the bridge. This time, however, the range was better judged; and ere half the distance was won, the multitude was again torn, shattered, dispersed, and slain; ten or twelve men only succeeded in crossing, and took shelter under the rocks at the brink of the river. The skirmishing was renewed; and a French surgeon coming down to the very foot of the bridge, waved his handkerchief, and commenced dressing the wounded under the hottest fire: nor was his appeal unheeded; every musket turned from him, although his still undaunted countrymen were preparing for a third attempt. The impossibility of forcing the passage was, however, become too apparent; and this last effort, made with feebler numbers and less energy, failed almost as soon as it commenced. Nevertheless, the combat was unnecessarily continued—by the French, as a point of honour, to cover the escape of those who had passed the bridge;—by the English, from ignorance of their object."

After noticing some other particulars, the arrival of General Picton alone from Pinhel, and his refusal to bring up the third division, the author adds: "Picton and Crawfurd were, however, not formed by nature to act cordially together. The stern countenance, robust frame, saturnine complexion, caustic speech, and austere demeanour of the first, promised little sympathy with the short, thick figure, dark flashing eyes, quick movements, and fiery temper of the second; nor, indeed, did they often meet without a quarrel. Nevertheless, they had many points of resemblance in their characters and fortunes. Both were inclined to harshness, and rigid in command; both prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors; and they were alike ambitious and craving of glory. They both possessed decided military talents; were enterprising and intrepid; yet neither were remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire. This, also, they had in common—that both, after distinguished services, perished in arms, fighting gallantly; and being celebrated as generals of division while living, have, since their death, been injudiciously spoken of, as rivalling their great leader in war."

In conclusion, we have to remark, that the third volume is much superior to the preceding as regards composition: it is plain, precise, and elegant. Among some slight blemishes, we notice a few words, called upon, perhaps by the laws of military conscription, to fill other duties than those for which they were originally intended. The following sentence is an example:—"Previous to the invasion of Portugal, the French, stretching in one great line across the Peninsula, from Cadiz to Gihon, eagerly *discussed* the remnants of the Spanish armies." Again, speaking of the effect of artillery:—"The besieged replied, at first, sharply; but in a little time *stammered in their answers*." A better phrase might have been used than to "*disseminate* troops." There is, likewise, occasionally a resort to classic sources for metaphorical figures, such as "the bed of Procrustes," which distract the attention from the subject, and are like the attempts of the Romans to improve the Greek Doric—totally destructive to the simplicity and manliness of the style.

Nicholas Wood on Rail-Roads. New edition. 8vo. pp. 530. London, 1831. Hurst and Co.

In this the able author has brought up his treatise to the date of the latest improvements in the nationally important plan for conveying merchandise and passengers by rail-roads. We consider the volume to be one of great general interest; and we hope very soon to see the day when rail-roads, radiating from London in every direction, shall bring the supplies of the country from at least a circle of fifty miles, so rapidly and so safely to the metropolis, that every kind of product of the farm, the garden, the dairy, &c. &c. shall be sold to the inhabitants at a much lower price, and in a much finer and more natural condition, than at any former period. As we expressed our favourable opinion of the first edition, we need say nothing more of the present.

Egyptian Learning. Memoir of the Life of Thomas Young, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. *circ.* 200. London, 1831. J. and A. Arch.

Though this publication contains an excellent sketch of the life of the highly gifted and accomplished Dr. Young, and a complete catalogue of his works, its chief claim to the attention of the learned at home and abroad is the preservation* of the doctor's inquiries into the mysteries of the ancient language of Egypt. An astronomical chronology, deduced from Ptolemy and his commentators, the determination of enchorial dates and numbers, and the rudiments of a dictionary with reference to the Coptic, furnish, though as yet very meagre and imperfect, data on which we trust to see very valuable elucidations constructed within a very few years. The series of enchorial dates already enables us to trace the epistolary character of the language from the times preceding the Persian invasion till the conquest of Egypt by the Romans. In the astronomical series (produced from Ptolemy and his commentators, and Africanus' catalogue of the olympiads) the Christian era is, we observe, raised one year higher than the vulgar computation, which occasions the dates before Christ to appear a year too little, and those of the Christian era a year too much—a system likewise adopted by Pingre and other astronomers, but obviously tending to the confusion of chronology. We have only to add, that the few pages which did not undergo Dr. Young's own revision, have been superintended through the press, and the index completed, by the Rev. Mr. Tattam, than whom there is no scholar living more competent to the difficult task.

Lectures on Practical and Medical Surgery; comprising Observations and Reflections on Surgical Education; on the Investigation of Disease, and on the ordinary Duties of the Surgeon: forming part of an extended Course on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, delivered in 1829. Illustrated by engravings. By Thomas Alcock, M.R.C.S., &c. &c. London, 1831. Burgess and Hill.

Amongst the numerous works on surgery published in this country, there is perhaps none which comprises all, or furnishes precise instruction for every duty which the surgeon is called to perform in the course of active practice. It is true that great or important operations, which are seldom performed, and which are required chiefly in consequence of inattention to, or ignorance of, scientific methods of cure in the early stages of disease, are described and descanted upon with great circumstantiality: but in these works, as well as in courses of lectures, the more ordinary and the more useful duties of surgical practice are too generally overlooked, and the students and young practitioners are left to become acquainted with them during the course of their practice; and too frequently under circumstances injurious both to their reputation and to the constitutions of those submitted to their care. In order to remedy these defects in surgical education, as well as to direct the attention of surgical practitioners to various scientific subjects so much neglected; to point out certain important relations subsisting between diseases which appear local, and certain morbid conditions of the whole frame, or of remote and unsuspected parts; and to assist the inexperienced in their endeavours to investigate the origin, nature, and relations of surgical maladies, Mr. Alcock has furnished the profession with this work. These objects are of undoubted importance; and we are enabled to state, that perhaps none in the profession was better fitted, from the nature of his extensive and diversified experience—from the course of his studies and investigations, and the minute and precise character of all his researches—to fulfil them satisfactorily, or in a manner which the state of the medical sciences at the present day should lead us to expect. Mr. Alcock's previous writings had placed him in a conspicuous rank amongst medical authors; but for professional utility, and for general excellence of performance, the present work surpasses his former publications, and deserves to be placed amongst the best which has lately appeared on the nature and treatment of diseases.

* We ought, perhaps, more strictly, to say republication, for the Enchorial Dictionary was appended to Mr. Tattam's excellent Coptic Grammar.

Poems, Devotional and Didactic, from the Poetical Works of Bishop Ken. 36mo. pp. 96. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A pious selection from the ponderous posthumous volumes of Bishop Ken, and well worthy of being rescued from the mass by which they have so long been overlaid. A portrait of the worthy bishop adorns this small tome, which is so neat and tiny, that it seems to be the publishing antipodes of his works, as formerly produced. The sentiments throughout breathe a pure Christian spirit.

The Family Library: Dramatic Series. Nos. II. and III. Murray.

A second and third volume of Massinger, with the omission of objectionable passages: of this series we have already expressed our opinion, and have merely to notice the progress of the design.

The Dramatic Works of Robert Greene; to which are added, his Poems: with some Account of the Author, and Notes. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Pickering.

These two very beautiful volumes deserve the warmest praise. The editor's industry, and the taste of the publisher, have produced a handsome and complete edition of one of our old dramatic poets, whose works, rare and scattered, have long both wanted and merited to be thus collected.

Lucius Carey: a Novel. By the Author of the "Weird Woman." 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Newman and Co.

It is not fair to judge the common run of novels, meant for the common run of readers, by a reference to first-rate standards. These volumes will pass an hour or so as pleasantly as the generality of their compeers.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Ainger on Mordan's pencil and pen-making apparatus. This beautiful apparatus, from Mr. Mordan's manufactory, in perfect working order, was placed in the theatre; and the progression of the work—cutting the cedar, grooving it, cutting the lead and filling it in, gluing, turning the yet square pencils, and finishing them,—was shewn upon the manufacturing scale, and explained by Mr. Ainger. The apparatus invented by the late Mr. Bramah for cutting pens, was also exhibited in full action, together with Mr. Mordan's apparatus for forming the delicate pieces of lead for his ever-pointed pencils. No description of ours can convey a just idea of the adaptation of these mechanical, and we may add perfect, contrivances, to the end for which they were invented.

In the library was the beautiful mountain-barometer, constructed by Mr. Robinson, of which we gave a description (*L. G.* p. 153) when it was exhibited at the Royal Society. A small portable transit instrument was also on the table, besides numerous specimens of Newberry's painted table-covers, and other works of art.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Francis Baily, Esq. in the chair. Two communications were read;—one from Mr. Runker on occultations, the other by Dr. Robinson on irradiation. Several gentlemen were elected into the Society,—others were admitted; after which the meeting resolved itself into a general one, on the subject of the Society's charter. We have neither space nor inclination to give even an outline of the proceedings which followed, and it is satisfactory to know that the advancement of astronomical science does not require we should have either. Discontent was manifested, because (as we understood) Sir James South's name alone was in the charter. The whole proceedings afforded an example of an assembly set by the ears; and we are glad, at least for the present, to abstain from so unpleasant a subject.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Lord Goderich, president, in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Lloyd's paper on the Isthmus of Panama was concluded: our analysis of which, however, we regret to find ourselves again compelled to postpone.

Two very important intimations were afterwards read from the chair. 1. It having been suggested to the council, by several members of the Society, that its objects would be materially advanced if committees were formed for the prosecution of particular branches of research, and the council highly approving of this suggestion, resolved, that members who may feel inclined to assist in carrying the plan into effect be invited to communicate with the secretary regarding it. And, 2. That if any of the members present at the ordinary meetings of the Society, wish, after the business of the evening is concluded, to make brief remarks, or put inquiries, respecting the subject of the paper which has been read, or are able to communicate further information regarding it, they are invited by the council to do so, and the meeting will be happy to attend to them.—Both these measures are, we believe, close copies of what has been long practised, and with excellent effect, in the Geological Society. The committees, by bringing the working members of the Society together, have given unity of purpose to their individual labours; and their *vivâ voce* communications with each other at the ordinary meetings, have both disseminated information among the other members, and greatly extended the interest taken by them in the general proceedings of the Society. Three committees were afterwards mentioned as at present more immediately contemplated; but the utmost readiness was at the same time expressed to form others, if members would come forward to suggest and join them. 1. A statistical committee, which should make the vast subject of statistics its especial object, and thus supply, in this country, the place of a statistical society, as established in Paris. 2. A colonial committee, which should direct its attention either to the British colonies alone, or to colonies generally, as might afterwards be agreed on. And, 3. A committee which should take up some one kingdom or province in the world, and compile a complete account of it in every respect, as an example on which others might be afterwards similarly proceeded with. By perseverance, a complete system of geography might be thus attained; and even if the labours of the committee stopped short of this, they would be most valuable as far as they might go; for, by exposing, as they advanced, the blanks which exist in our knowledge even of the countries most familiar to us, they would at once stimulate and direct inquiry in all. It was hinted, that as there are many *quæstiones vexatæ* regarding our colonies, in which it would be most inexpedient that the Society should interfere, it might be desirable to consider them first only physically; but we did not understand that this was announced as determined on, and, individually, we should rather hope not. There are few points on which our stock of exact information is generally so deficient as the actual and comparative state of our colonial possessions, and hence frequent misrepresentations respecting them, and *quæstiones vexatæ, in longum versantes;* for the common sense of mankind soon disposes of questions in which the facts are first well ascertained. Perhaps, therefore, nothing would be more useful in these colonial debates than the intervention of a coldly scientific and impartial set of inquirers into facts merely—men who, from the habits of their minds, would probably value the result of their inquiries chiefly as being facts, and who, at all events, would be so pledged by their position, and further controlled by their *co-laborateurs*, that it would be scarcely possible that their reports should be other than serviceable to the cause to which all parties must equally wish success, however their imperfect information may, in the mean time, divide them regarding it—the cause of good administration. All this is, however, by the way. After further transacting its routine business, the meeting adjourned.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. President, in the chair. Charles Barclay and Henry Bickersteth, Esqrs. were elected fellows, and M. Karl von Hoff a foreign member. The reading of Professor Sedgwick's paper, begun at the last meeting, was concluded. Among the donations laid upon the table, we noticed a collection of rocks from India, presented by the Asiatic Society of Calcutta.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Duke of Sussex in the chair.—The President informed the meeting, he had suggested that, where it was necessary, all future papers should be accompanied with explanatory sketches and drawings. A paper communicated by Mr. Pettigrew, and written by Mr. Wright, on a means of supplying the metropolis with filtered water from the Thames, was read. The author is known to the public as the writer of a little treatise, entitled "The Dolphin," which probably was the chief cause of the parliamentary commission for inquiring into the supply of London, with a view to get rid of the unutterable impurities held in suspension in the water of the Thames. In the present paper he recommends the construction of a filtering chamber below the bed of the river: sand, or sand and charcoal, he thinks the best filtering medium. He goes on to state, that the wells on the banks of the river Thames, many of which there are, receive their supply directly from the river, which oozes its way through a stratum of sand, and thereby becomes perfectly pure. Another paper, by Robert W. Fox, Esq. communicated by Davies Gilbert, Esq., was also read: it was entitled, on the variable intensity of terrestrial magnetism, and the influence of the aurora borealis upon it. Several gentlemen were elected. There were presented, a method of ascertaining the strength of acetic acid by means of its density, founded upon experiments by A. Vander Toorn; yearly report of the progress of science, published by the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm; and various other scientific works.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. Amyott in the chair. The members present proceeded to ballot for a proposition made by the council, to print certain Anglo-Saxon remains, when the question was carried. Mr. Ellis exhibited casts of the two sides of a seal attached to a grant to the abbey of St. Mary Bordesley, in Worcestershire. The figure represented on the seal wore the pointed helmet and nose-piece of the time of William the Conqueror. Mr. Knight exhibited a drawing (taken from a very advantageous point of view) shewing both the old and the new London bridges, as they are now standing; accompanied by a letter, stating that it was made as a record of the old structure, and to shew to posterity the striking difference in the construction of the two erections,—the old bridge having originally nineteen arches, the largest span of which was thirty-five feet; the new bridge having but five arches, the largest of which is a hundred and fifty-one feet nine inches in the span. The solids, occupied by the piers and starlings of the old structure previous to the commencement of the new works, was seven hundred feet,—four hundred and seven feet of which was occupied by the piers alone; while in the new structure, the space occupied by the piers is only ninety-two feet. The waterway of the old bridge at low water-mark was two hundred and thirty-one feet only, while that of the new bridge at all times of tide is six hundred and ninety feet. A communication was read from W. Waltham, Esq. of a document containing the account of a bailiff of the Duke of Lancaster, of the reign of Richard II., relative to the Savoy Palace and estate, shortly after Wat Tyler's insurrection, in which the palace and its costly furniture were destroyed by the mob; and shewing the price of timber, wages, &c. at that period.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

On Tuesday there was another meeting of the friends and subscribers to this project, at which W. A. Mackinnon, Esq. presided. The report

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of the provisional committee, and a series of resolutions, were read; from which it appeared, that of the proposed capital of 10,000*l.* in 50*l.* shares, to endow the Association, nearly a third had been subscribed; the deposits upon which would amount to five or six hundred pounds. The Rev. Dr. Savage Wade addressed the meeting, and warmly panegyrised the objects of the Institution, which were to patronise and assist sterling literary merit, destitute of resources, and unable to procure the publication of their works by "the trade." To a question put by Dr. Conolly, it was replied, that an individual was to be "*hired*" to decide on the merits of the manuscripts offered to the Society; and a permanent managing committee was appointed, with Sir Thomas Gates and Mr. Thomas Campbell as secretaries.

With every respect for the good intentions of the promoters of this plan, we must again observe, that its means are utterly inadequate to its objects, and its machinery quite ludicrous. To be able to effect any really beneficial results, a far different association would be necessary, with much greater funds, in larger shares, and under another sort of management. The sum total would barely cover the expense of two sterling publications; and if they failed to please, where would the Society and its hired Midas be? Not in the *Literary* GAZETTE, certainly. But there is little chance of any productions of intrinsic value being sent into this channel. It will be choked with the pretensions of the mediocre and the bad; of which classes we have already too many performances, even from the shops of the cautious booksellers.

The committee, and its organ too, will soon find, that by every refusal to gratify self-opinion, they have added to the hornet's nest, which at present only buzzes in their praise. If they resist intrigue and patronage, they must then expect the stings of the disappointed; and if they intrigue and favour, they will speedily dissipate the poor fund on which they set out. There is no safe course between this Scylla and Charybdis; even were the details of business, printing, engraving, &c. &c. not enough to sink the adventure. But, in truth, the whole design is hardly worth an argument,—it is a benevolent and silly absurdity, though graced by the names of the Duke of Somerset, the Marquess of Londonderry, Earl Dudley, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir T. Phillips, Sir G. Duckett, and others, who have entertained the laudable view without reflecting much on the intervening way to its accomplishment.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

THE preparations for opening this annual exhibition are, we rejoice to say, of a highly gratifying description. No fewer than thirteen hundred works have been received; and they include many of the ablest specimens of English and rising art which have ever adorned these walls.

Apropos of English art, we have recently seen some exquisite productions in natural history from the pencil of Mrs. Withers. They are executed in water colours; and it seems to us impossible to paint flowers or fruit in a manner more perfectly true and beautiful. In these pictures, the treasures of Flora bloom with perennial life, regardless of the blights of spring or the frosts of winter; and we have great pleasure in recommending so much merit to general notice. Mrs. Withers is also particularly successful in the delineation of animals. Whether for engraving, for the scientific purposes of such societies as the Linnean, Horticultural, &c., or for elegant tuition, we know of no artist of whose abilities we could speak more favourably than of this lady, whose performances we have noticed in exhibitions and publications, (in the Pomological Magazine, for instance); but never having examined them separately and together, not with that marked approbation which they so eminently deserve.

MR. LAURENCE MACDONALD'S EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

WE have paid another visit to Mr. Macdonald's gallery, in Pall Mall, and the result is a confirmation of the opinion of his powers which we originally formed and expressed. He promises to be — or, rather, he already is — one of the most distinguished ornaments of the British school of sculpture. His groups of "Achilles and Thetis," and "Ajax bearing the dead body of Patroclus," exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the highest qualities of heroic art; although we own it struck us that, in the former, a little elongation of the lower extremities would have increased the grace and dignity of the figures. "The supplicating Virgin," and "The youthful Slinger," are exceedingly elegant and beautiful. Mr. Macdonald's busts are full of character; and are executed in a most bold and masterly manner. We are especially delighted with those of Sir John Sinclair, Professor Wilson, and Mr. Charles Kemble. The last-mentioned is as faithful a resemblance, and as fine and energetic a head, as ever was modelled. A bust of Mrs. Brougham (the mother of the Lord Chancellor) is very striking. Another, of Mrs. Nairne, is remarkable for the feminine delicacy and sweetness of its expression.

We must not omit to notice a simple and graceful figure of a boy, by a lady, a pupil of Mr. Macdonald's. It is equally creditable to the master and the scholar.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS.

WE observe, from a prospectus just issued, that a new Society of Painters in Water-colours is projected. The grounds stated are, the great advances made in this very popular branch of art, and the limitation of numbers in the existing Society.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Engraved by W. and E. Finden. Part XI. Tilt; Moon, Boys, and Graves; and Andrews.

ANOTHER beautiful part of this beautiful publication. Copley Fielding, Roberts, Nash, and Gastineau, are the four able artists from whose pencils these illustrations have proceeded. The view of *Fast Castle*, in particular, by the first mentioned, completely realises the description in the text: "a wilder or more desolate dwelling it was perhaps difficult to conceive." The view of *York Minster*, by Nash, is also very striking; it truly represents "the most august of temples."

Etchings. By W. Geikie. Nos. I. and II.; Six in each. Edinburgh, Constable; London, Moon, Boys, and Graves.

ALTHOUGH deficient in some of the technicalities of art, which may be easily acquired, these etchings exhibit a quality which cannot be easily acquired; for it is the result of powerful perception and acute observation, and is as rare as it is valuable,—we mean, character. In that respect, some of them, such, for instance, as "The Shoe Stand," "A Street Auctioneer," "The Brute's Wud!" and "Morning of the Town Fast Day," are admirable. If Mr. Geikie is, as we suppose, a beginner, we predict that he will, by and by, distinguish himself.

Visits of William IV. when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth, in the Year 1827, *with Views of the Russian Squadron.* By Henry Moses. No. I.

WE have frequently had occasion to notice Mr. Moses' great talents in the delineation of naval subjects. The visit of their present Majesties to Portsmouth, in 1827, has furnished him with materials, of his happy treatment of which the present, being the first of four intended numbers, affords a very pleasing specimen.

Engraved Illustrations of Montgomery's Oxford. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A., and other Artists. Whittaker and Co.

A DOZEN small but neatly-executed views of the various public edifices, &c. in the beautiful city of Oxford. Interesting to all, they must be peculiarly so to those in whom the contemplation of them is calculated to awaken recollections of youthful days, at once pleasing and melancholy.

Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron. From Designs by Captain Locke. Colnaghi.

CAPTAIN LOCKE has transfused much of the spirit of the original into fourteen lithographic sketches, of which these illustrations consist. They are preceded by a fine head of Lord Byron, engraved by T. Wright, from a miniature painted by G. Sanders, when the noble poet was twenty-one years of age.

Six Coloured Views of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, with a Plate of the Coaches, Machines, &c. From Drawings made on the spot by Mr. T. T. Bury. Ackermann.

THESE views, slight as they are, give a very good idea of the stupendous work to which they refer. "The Tunnel" and "The Excavation of Olive Mount" are really awful.

Twelve Designs, chiefly intended for transferring upon White Wood, by means of Ackermann's Caustic Varnish. Ackermann.

IF, as we firmly believe, "idleness is the root of all evil," it follows, that whoever invents a new occupation, however trifling in its character, is a public benefactor. To those fair ladies who have not had the opportunity—we will not be so ungallant as to say who have not the talent—to acquire the power of using their own pencils, the means which the ingenious plan for which the above-mentioned designs are chiefly intended will afford of availing themselves of the productions of the pencils of others, will furnish a pleasing amusement. These prints are also very fit subjects of imitation for young students in drawing.

MUSIC.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

THE third concert was given on Monday to a full and fashionable audience. Much of the performance was instrumental, and beautifully executed; but in the vocal department, Miss Hughes sang with admirable effect, and fully justified the high anticipations we pronounced upon her earliest efforts. She has indeed been rapidly rising to the highest ranks in her profession. Signor David was also rewarded with much deserved applause. The whole went off with *éclat*.

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MR. T. PHILIPPS' LECTURES.

On Wednesday we attended the first of Mr. Philipps' course of four lectures on music, at the concert-room of the Royal Academy, and were both instructed and gratified on the occasion. The lecturer laid down the elementary principles necessary to be observed by all who attempt to sing, and explained at length the best system of solfegging. He applied this system to the distinct enunciation of words, the use of proper emphasis, and the beauty of expression in English singing; and taught how the breath should be managed to enable the vocalist to produce the best effect. All these valuable instructions were enforced by examples, accompanied by the pianoforte; which gave the charm of a concert to what might otherwise have appeared dry as a lesson. Many of Mr. Philipps' melodies were much applauded; and his audience departed highly gratified with his sensible observations and pleasing performance.

CHARITABLE CONCERT.

Mr. Montague Burgoyne, whose exertions on behalf of the distressed poor have more of the indefatigable energy of youth than of his advanced years, has set on foot a concert for the relief of the unemployed poor of the metropolis. It is, we are informed, to take place on Tuesday, under high female patronage, and several eminent performers have volunteered their services gratuitously in aid of this benevolent object. If we may judge from the number of mendicants who infest the streets, there never was a time when efforts of this description were more imperatively called for; and we are glad to see the example set by a gentleman who has done so much to improve the condition of the lower orders in the country by introducing the cottage and ground-allotment system.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Macready, in *Macbeth* on Monday, and in the *Stranger* on Tuesday, well sustained the highest character of the living drama; and fully justified every encomium it has been our good fortune to bestow upon him since his career began. We always felt certain, that the entire public would, with opportunities of fairly estimating his great talents, be of our opinion. Both plays were, otherwise, cast in a satisfactory manner. Miss Huddart, in *Lady Macbeth*, displayed high merits, as well as some faults: Miss Phillips was an interesting *Mrs. Haller*.

Mr. Webster, the meritorious comedian of this theatre, has been trying his hand at a farce. His production, entitled *Highways and Byways*, is not founded, as our readers might imagine, upon Mr. Colley Grattan's work "of that ilk;" but on two vaudevilles, by Scribe,—*Mons. Rigaud*, and *Partie et Revanche*. The plot, which is of the slenderest description, bears but little affinity to the title. A young lady, hight Miss Gordon, is to marry a certain Mr. Stapleton, whom (of course) she has never seen, but who, she learns, is about to visit her *incog.*, in order to reconnoitre his intended. Now it happens, that a certain Mr. Narcissus Stubble, a traveller in the straw line, with a taste for mystery and adventure, arrives in the neighbourhood, and, thanks to a pair of mustaches and a ditto of shepherd's plaid pantaloons, is mistaken for the aforesaid Mr. Stapleton, and is consequently feasted and flattered till the arrival of the real Simon Pure (who is overturned at the door, in company with a lady fellow-passenger, the betrothed bride of Narcissus) puts the man of straw in the awkward predicament expected from the beginning. To escape *horse*whipping, he is content to look like an *ass*, pocket his mustaches as well as the affront, and beg pardon of every body, including the audience. We need scarcely say that Liston enacted Narcissus, or that he made us laugh as much as he could in the character. Miss S. Phillips played *Miss Gordon* very agreeably, and sang better than we had ever heard her. This lady is improving as an actress; and could she but be certain of her intonation, with her pleasing person and manners, we would not desire a better representative of light musical characters like the present. Mrs. Orger, Mrs. C. Jones, and Mr. Cooper, had but little to do; and there were some coarse lines put into the mouth of the former lady, which drew down the reprehension of the audience. Some opposition was manifested at the fall of the curtain; but the ayes had it by a large majority.

COVENT GARDEN.

At this theatre, on Thursday, *St. Patrick's Day* was revived; but the *doubles* in *that*, being sanctioned by antiquity and the name of Sheridan, were vehemently applauded. So inconsistent is popular judgment!

ADELPHI.

We ought ere now to have mentioned the Wednesday and Friday evening entertainments at this theatre during Lent. They are extremely clever; and worthy of the *lay* nights. Mr. Williams is not only one of the most amusing conjurors we ever saw, but one of the best imitators of comic singers. His entire mélange is excellent; the songs of "the last Lord Mayor's Day," and "the Loves of the Rose and Lilly," especially so. The theatre is so neatly arranged that it is like sitting in a drawing-room to witness the feats, and laugh at the whims.

Projected New Theatre.—We have just seen the plan of a new theatre, called the Royal Sussex Theatre; and to be erected at Knightsbridge, in the midst of that populous and rapidly improving neighbourhood. The projectors are, Messrs. Ward, Egerton, and Abbott; so that there is also a good foundation of dramatic ability. Nine thousand pounds is the estimated amount of the expenditure, of which sum it is proposed to raise six thousand by bonds of one hundred pounds each, at a stated interest, and with certain privileges. We hear that several noble and influential persons have adopted the scheme; and we certainly wish it every success.

PANORAMA OF HOBART TOWN.

We were yesterday gratified with a private view of this small but very picturesque and interesting panorama, which Mr. Burford has just painted for exhibition. The scenery is various, beautiful, and very finely executed. But perhaps the principal attraction to the public will be in the spectacle of some of "the Swell Mob," of whom we heard so much last week on the way to the Queen's drawing-room, in the very different appearance they cut in Van Diemen's Land. Here the gentry have no hats to knock off, no watches to take, no purses to pillage, no wipes to filch. They are in a state of ragged and squalid coercion, with plenty of room for every thing except to commit depredations or run away. We think the panorama ought to be opened gratuitously, or at the public cost, one day in the week, as a moral lesson to "the Swell Mob." There are also groups of natives and other groups, which animate the picture—the whole well deserving of popular favour.

VARIETIES.

Earthquakes.—An earthquake occurred at Canton on the 16th of September, a phenomenon very rare in that part of the world. The shocks lasted six or seven seconds, and the oscillations were north and south. On the 24th of June, however, a most destructive earthquake is described to have taken place in Tayming, a country north of Houan province, in lat. 36°, by which twelve cities and towns, and an immense multitude of people, were destroyed.

Necrology.—M. Robert Lefebvre, the French painter, died at Paris in September last. His Psyche, Phocion, and Heloise, and his various Scriptural pieces, had procured for him considerable reputation. No one surpassed M. Lefebvre, in France, in portrait, as his pictures of Carlo Vernet, de Grétry, de Guérin, de Bertin, de Vigée, Napoleon, Josephine, Pauline Borghèse, the Duc de Berry, &c. sufficiently testify. Fine colour, graceful composition, perfect execution, and harmony of effect, were the characteristics of his pencil. Just before his death, he made his physician sit to him, and with a trembling haud endeavoured to discharge the debt of friendship. M. Lefebvre was a native of Bayeux.

History of the Morea.—M. Fallmereyer has published at Stuttgart a History of the Peninsula of the Morea, full of merit. On two epochs, especially, great light has been thrown by his researches. The first is that of the invasion by the Sclavonians, the second that of the conquest by the French chevaliers. It is no longer possible to disbelieve, that in the year 589, the Avares, of the Sclavonic race, spread themselves over the whole of the Peloponnesus, and soon expelled the population. The fugitives passed over to the islands, by which M. Fallmereyer explains their maritime power. The other event occurred when the ruins of the Byzantine empire were still smoking. Leon Sguros wished to reign over Greece; he was the archon of Nauplion; he was perfidious and cruel: he had already seized Argos, plundered Corinth, and besieged Athens; when he was beaten near Thermopylæ by Boniface, the Count of Macedonia, and thrown back upon the Acropolis of Corinth. Then appeared near Patras the Count de Champlitte and his chevaliers. Scarcely had that town fallen into their hands, when they hurried to Corinth; and in company with Boniface and Ville-Hardouin, engaged in the expedition to Argos. Before Boniface left them, he invested Champlitte with the suzerainty of Athens and Eubœa.

Buonaparte.—The first authentic traces of Buonaparte's political doctrines are to be found in a pamphlet published by him in 1790, when he was twenty-one years of age. It is a letter to one of his countrymen, a deputy from the noblesse of Corsica to the constituent assembly, the conduct of which he blames. The following is a remarkable passage. "M. Paoli fancied himself a Solon, but he badly copied his original. He placed every thing in the hands of the people and their representatives, so that there was no existing but by pleasing them. Strange error! which submits to a brute, to a mercenary, the man who by his education, the lustre of his birth, his fortune, is alone made to

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govern! In the end, so palpable a perversion of reason cannot fail to cause the ruin and the dissolution of the body politic, after having tormented it with every kind of evils."—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

Plic et Ploc.—Under this strange title, M. Sue, a French writer, has just published a volume in emulation of the naval tales of Cooper. It contains two stories, both of pirates. The first, after a series of extraordinary adventures, is taken and executed at Cadiz; but his death is revenged by a comrade, who contrives to import the yellow fever into Cadiz from Tangiers! The second obtains possession of a slave-ship, by throwing his captain out of the cabin-window, turns bucanier, leads a life of pillage and violence, and then retires with a large fortune to his native town, where he conducts himself respectably, goes regularly to church, and on dying bequeaths a part of his wealth to the priest who is charged with the posthumous care of his soul! The French critics say that the work is too purely descriptive, and that it is deficient in character.

Religion Saint Simonienne.—Some of the French papers, especially *Le Globe*, are full of the rhapsodies of the professors of this new religion, which, it seems, is speedily to put down all other religions, and to establish a universal and harmonious union over the face of the whole earth! Among other desirable objects which it is to accomplish, are "classification according to capacity, and retribution according to works." At Brussels, the Catholic priests have succeeded, for a time at least, in preventing the missionaries of the Religion Saint Simonienne from having an opportunity of publicly proclaiming their doctrines.

Ancient Greece.—An able tract has been published at Berlin, from the pen of M. Schnitzler, on the colonisation of ancient Greece, a fragment of Schæll's History of Greek Literature. M. Schnitzler examines three propositions—Did Cecrops come, about the year 1580 before Christ, from Saïs into Attica? Did he there found Athens, and the worship of Minerva? Did Danaüs of Chemmis, in Upper Egypt, come and found Argos about the year 1500 before our era?—and he decides in the negative with respect to them all.

Medal of the Geographical Society of Paris to Mrs. Laing.—The medal which had been voted by the Geographical Society of Paris to the widow of the late Major Laing has been returned by Mr. Warrington, our consul at Tripoli, in consequence of the death of that lady. The Society has determined that it shall be transmitted to the heirs of the unfortunate traveller.

Parasitic Beetle.—At the meeting of German naturalists at Hamburgh, Dr. Sundewald, of Lund, described a parasitic beetle, found in the body of the *Blatta Germanica.* Von Winthem, of Hamburgh, confirmed this observation, by exhibiting the occurrence of the larvæ of the *Tachina pacta* in the bodies of the *Carabus gemmatus* and *violaceus.* At the same meeting, in the sixth sitting, Dr. Von Nordman made known his observations on worms in the eyes of fish; to which Professor Gurlt, of Berlin, added his observations on worms found in the eyes of horses.

Change of Colour in the Plumage of Birds from Fear.—The following facts are related by Mr. Young, in the *Edinburgh Geographical Journal.* A blackbird had been surprised in a cage by a cat. When it was relieved, it was found lying on its back, and quite wet with sweat. Its feathers fell off and were renewed, but the new ones were perfectly white.—A gray linnet happened to raise its feathers at a man who was drunk: he instantly tore the creature from its cage, and plucked off all its feathers. The poor animal survived the accident (the outrage, we would rather say), and had its feathers replaced, but they were also white.

The Origin of the Asiatic Negroes.—The Geographical Society of Paris has offered a new prize for the best memoir on the origin of the Asiatic negroes,—a question which, they say, belongs peculiarly to the present masters of India to solve, as they are in a situation favourable for the investigation, and for the collection of documents which can throw light on a subject of that nature.

Conundrum.—Who are the most disinterestedly good? D'ye give it up? The good for nothing!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XII. March* 19.]

New Magazine.—We see, from an advertisement in our *Gazette* of to-day, that a new magazine, to be called the *Metropolitan*, is about to start, under the editorship of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Redding, so long the conductors of the New Monthly. They have experience and abilities; so we look forward with hope to our new contemporary.

French Poetry for Children, selected, with English Notes, by L. T. Ventouillac.—Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems, by Walter Savage Landor, Esq.—Tales from the German of Tieck: Old Man of the Mountain, the Lovecharm, and Pietro of Abano.—Atherton, a Novel, by the Author of "Rank and Talent."—Rustum Khan, or Fourteen Nights' Entertainment at the Royal Gardens at Ahmedabad, by a Gentleman who has resided several years in that part of India.—A Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography; with Illustrations of the most interesting points in History, Poetry, and Fable, compiled by Mr. Arrowsmith, for the use of Eton School.—A Second Series of Tales of a Physician, by W. H. Harrison.—The Canon of the Old and New Testaments ascertained; or, the Bible complete without the Apocrypha and unwritten Traditions, by Archibald Alexander, D.D., New Jersey: with Introductory Remarks by John Morison, D.D.—Essays, adapted to the understandings of Young Persons, on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, the Immortality of the Soul, &c., by Mr. R. Ainslie.—Omnipotence, a Poem, by R. Jarman.—Richard Baynes's General Catalogue of Books in all Languages and Classes of Literature, consisting of above 9,000 Articles.—Philip Augustus, an Historical Romance, by the Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

March.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 10	From 25.	to	47.	29·83	to	29·90
Friday 11	—— 29.	—	51.	29·70	—	29·60
Saturday .. 12	—— 30.	—	50.	29·86	—	29·43
Sunday.... 13	—— 36.	—	47.	29·56	—	29·41
Monday .. 14	—— 34.	—	48.	29·56	—	29·66
Tuesday .. 15	—— 35.	—	50.	29·71	—	29·46
Wednesday 16	—— 40.	—	57.	29·53	—	29·73

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 10th, generally overcast, with frequent rain. Rain fallen, ·925 of an inch.

The spots at present on the solar disc are well worthy of a telescopic observation.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B.'s inquiry in our last has brought us many answers, which shall be noticed in our next.

We have no knowledge or recollection of the Pleasures of Benevolence!!!

P. N.'s contribution did not fall within our line of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

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T. S. TULL, Secretary.

March 12, 1831.

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The Duchess of Bedford, the Countess of Hardwicke, the Countess of Caledor, the Countess of Delawarr, the Countess of Cawdor, the Countess of Denbigh, the Countess of Chichester, the Countess Howe, the Countess of Verulam, the Lady Suffield, the Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the Lady Ann Lindsay, the Lady Ann Wilbraham.

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No. 740. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century; consisting of Authentic Memoirs and Original Letters of Eminent Persons; and intended as a Sequel to the "Literary Anecdotes." By John Nichols, F.S.A. Vol. VI. 8vo. pp. 896. London, 1831. Nichols and Son.

THE immense stores of literary correspondence, anecdote, biography, and antiquarian research, which Mr. Nichols during his long and useful life collected, have now furnished forth a sixth volume of very miscellaneous and curious matter, in addition to the valuable works for which the public are indebted to his ever-diligent pen. The title-page describes its contents, and we have only to turn over the leaves for such illustrations as will serve to intimate the agreeable character of the whole.

By the memoirs, correspondence, memoranda, anecdotes, &c. &c., we are made to meet, as it were, in familiarity, with W. Gifford, Lord Camelford, the Bishop of Dromore, the Earl of Buchan, Mr. Gough, Dr. Phineas Pett, the Rev. S. Denne, and many other persons of literary tastes and habits, whose inquiries were all directed to objects of antiquarian curiosity, or subjects of *virtù* and the *belles lettres*. From a volume so full of pleasing gossip, it is almost immaterial where we make our selections. We will, however, pitch *imprimis* on some letters of Lord Camelford, the then proprietor for the borough of Old Sarum, to his nominee Mr. Hardinge, as illustrating some of the mysteries of close boroughs, at present engrossing so much of popular opinion.

"Oxford Street, Jan. 28th, 1785.

"My dear Hardinge,—A few words upon the last sentence in your note as to your democratical principles of reform, of which you say you gave me early notice. The question now grows more serious, and therefore let us understand one another. I never wished you to vote against your opinion upon any subject, nor do I wish it now. Your principles, however, cannot be more decided upon the business of reform than mine; nor are they half so strongly pledged to the public. Old Sarum has two representatives; upon one of them I have not the smallest claim, because I never pretended any kindness to him in the seat I gave him. It is, to be sure, even in his instance, however, a whimsical thing, that from his connexion with Pitt he feels himself under a necessity of subverting, as far as his vote goes, the seat he is intrusted with by his constituents, or, if you choose to call it so, by his constituent. But were he to vote against what Pitt, to whom he owes it, professes to have at heart, I am well aware it might be interpreted by the enemies of his friend as inconsistency and double dealing. What is your case? the argument cuts exactly the other way. Who will believe, if they see you take a part in direct opposition to what I have so often declared to be my deliberate opinion, that there is not a game played between us for the sake of flattering the minister's favourite object! My line has been distinct, and I have never departed from it. I dread every change; and at this moment in particular, think it not only unnecessary, but, considering the state of Scotland and Ireland, I think such a measure madness and absurdity. If, however, the circumstances were never so favourable, the utmost length I can go to is the one additional county member; but that I consider as an experiment, and as a compounding to prevent further mischief. This I shall certainly say in the House of Lords, if ever it gets thither, and shall think (what I shall not say) that he is an enemy to parliament who goes further. If, from your general wish to support the minister, or from your attachment to Lord Camden, or from a conscientious opinion upon the subject, you cannot think as I do, at least absent yourself upon this occasion, and do not distress me so far as to make me appear to hold two languages, at the same time that you oppose one of the most decided political tenets I can ever form, and oppose it with the weapon I have put into your hands. As to the democratical principle, how far that is likely to be gratified by enabling three or four great families in every county (generally peers) to add to their influence in the House of Commons, or by rendering such additional influence still more powerful in extinguishing the balance of the open boroughs, I leave to your reflection. I profess to wish that power and property may go together, and am therefore not very anxious for the plebeian system. All I shall add is, that, if I were to consider only my own emolument and that of my son (for I look no further), I should be happy that any scheme took place that would enable me to convert my privilege into an increase of income, which is a far more solid advantage than what is called importance and consideration. Weigh all this calmly in your own mind, and assure yourself that no difference of opinion will ever make an alteration in the affectionate regard with which I am faithfully yours, CAMELFORD."

In a letter two years later, he writes, facetiously—"As you say nothing of your re-election, I conclude you are tired of St. Stephen's Chapel, or disdain to represent the muttons, as Lord Mount Eliot calls the electors, with a bell-weather for the returning officer."

And again, two years later (1789)—"None of your Whig nonsense to me about the French revolution; madness and knavery, fanaticism and cruelty, are the principles of them all, from the leaders in their senate to their butchers in the streets. Let them not talk of liberty till they have learned the elements of justice, or of magnanimity till they are sensible to the dictates of humanity. They will go on from violence to violence, and from absurdity to absurdity, till common sense comes into fashion again at last, and things are brought back again into their old channel. If you will be a Whig, let it be in Brabant, where they have something to say for themselves. My heart bleeds for them, when tyranny drives them to the wall; and no alternative is left them for safety but the *ultima ratio*, with all its consequences. I hope the accounts are exaggerated from thence; but I know enough of the temper of both sides to believe in the most horrid carnage."

"It seems (he observes, in 1790—and really, if we did not give the dates, these extracts might be very innocently read as penned in 1831)—it seems as if the world was always to go round in its circle, lest it should happen at any time to fix in a medium of common sense and common happiness. Ignorance and superstition produced the miseries of ages within our recollection; the opposite extremes to which all Europe is tending, point to evils full as great on the other hand, which I fear must afterwards throw us back again into barbarism and its concomitant, ignorant superstition. We may reason and refine for our amusement, if we please, in our closet, till we can distinguish no longer between right and wrong, and at last doubt of our own existence; but when once a people undertake to think for themselves, and to admit no principle they cannot prove logically and mathematically, sense becomes nonsense, and all practical ideas of social connexion are at an end altogether. Our religious and our political opinions (prejudices, if you please to call them so) must be taken up and maintained upon trust by at least 999 in 1000, or the Lord have mercy upon us. Well said the old French philosopher, that if he had all truths in his hand, he would die a thousand deaths before he would open it. The modern philosophers let out all, truth and falsehood together, to set mankind by the ears from one end of the globe to the other. I would tell them, that it requires but little genius to triumph over prejudices; but the proof of real understanding is shewn in respecting them, and directing them at the same time to the happiness of our fellow-creatures."

But we will not make it appear, from our illustrations, as if this were a political volume; on the contrary, it is anecdotical and literary, and we proceed to shew it in its truer light by quoting a few specimens.

Lord Camelford writes:—

"I sent ——— some wretched puns some months ago, but did not sign my name. I will tell you one that I thought perfect. The Bishop of Alais visiting a rector who was very rich and very avaricious, gave him some gentle hint of the character he had heard of him; 'Mais, monsieur,' says the man, 'il faut garder une poire pour la soif.' 'Vous avez bien raison,' replies the bishop; 'prenez garde seulement qu'elle soit du bon Chrétien.'† * * *

"When the Spanish dauphine passed through France to Paris, Bourdeaux received her and her suite with extraordinary magnificence. The Duchesse de Caumont had a cabinet fitted up for her at the house of a president, at God knows what expense; but she tossed up her nose at it, and was seen by Montesquieu in

† Our readers are aware that "bon Chrétien" is the name of an excellent pear.

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the ante-room of the dauphine as he was going to pay his court. 'Que faite-vous, la madame la duchesse?' 'Je m'échauffe, vous sentez bien que je n'ai rien où je suis logé; mais vous, président, comment pouvez-vous abandonner Paris pour une Société de Campagne? que fait on ici de grace? dites moi un peu, et vos présidentes, elles font ici les duchesses je m'imagine.' 'Oh, non, madame! pardonnez moi, elles ne sont pas assez impertinentes.'"

"Our correspondence resembles, at this distance, the two gentlemen who made the observation upon the weather at Hyde Park Corner, and hatched the answer upon the same spot at their return. You will have forgotten the examination of the physicians; and will perhaps be congratulating upon the recovery by the time this comes to tell you, that this measure seems to me to verify an old adage of Fox the father, 'that nothing disconcerted an opposition so much as yielding to their proposition.'"

"I do not wonder you cast a longing wish towards these scenes of neutrality and sunshine. I have been longer a near witness to the revolutions of politics than you have, and have *vu le fond du sac*, as the cardinal said, when he rejected the sacrament upon his deathbed; it is a sad picture of the meanness and wickedness of the human heart; and I forgive princes whose feelings are hardened by it."

Some anecdotes of Dr. Johnson are hardly worth repeating: the following is not very favourably characteristic of another Don—the Rev. Mr. Leman.

"It has been remarked, with some justice, that his manners, on a first acquaintance, would often too plainly insinuate, that he knew himself to be a rich as well as a talented man, and that he was disposed to admit to a freedom of association such only as were equally fortunate with himself. Thus every person of title, or distinction for affluence, whom he named, was 'his friend.' The untitled, or moderate in circumstances, whom he was obliged to mention, however great their worth or talent, were merely persons of whom he had heard, or of whom he might chance to know something—at a distance. It was curious to observe how this fantastical humour spread itself amongst his servants—almost invariably the apes of their masters. I recollect calling once in the Crescent, and on inquiring if Mr. Leman were at home? was thus answered by his man: 'No, sir! Mr. Leman is out, and I do not exactly know where. But he is gone either to call on my Lord ——, or my Lord ——, *or some other nobleman.*'"

Anecdote of George IV., who, when Prince of Wales, rented, as a sporting-seat, the mansion of Critchill, about three miles from Chettle: it is told by the Rev. Dr. Chafin:—

"About this time, a very remarkable circumstance took place. One morning his royal highness called upon me alone, without any attendant, not even one servant, and desired me to take his information for a robbery, and to grant him a search-warrant. He insisted on my administering the oath to him, which I reluctantly did; and he informed me, that the head groom of his stables had his trunk broken open in the night, and a watch and many valuable articles stolen and carried away; and that it was suspected that they were concealed in such and such places, and that he chose to come himself, lest an alarm might be given, and the goods removed. His royal highness sat by my side while I filled up a search-warrant, which his royal highness hastened home with, and saw the execution of it himself; the goods were found in the suspected places, a nest of thieves were detected, and all brought to condign punishment. Should his royal highness become sovereign, as by the grace of God he may soon be, what a strange story it will be to tell, that a King of Great Britain did apply to a poor country justice to grant him a search-warrant for stolen goods! But this would be a real fact."

Anecdote of George III., from the same authority:—

"His majesty's journey being made known, many persons went out of curiosity to see the cavalcade pass by; and, among others, my two nieces and I were standing near the place where the road turned, when his majesty's carriage suddenly stopped, and a horseman rode up to us, whom I immediately knew to be Lord Walsingham, and he knew me; for, some time before, I had a bill pending in the House of Lords, and his lordship was at that time chairman of the committee; and in the process of the business (in which I did not succeed) I had the honour of having several conferences with his lordship, which I gratefully acknowledge. His lordship, addressing me with a smile on his countenance, said, 'His majesty wants to speak to you; he wants to see whether your picture at Lord Dorchester's is a good likeness.' I was much confused at this notice; and was hastening towards his majesty's carriage, when I observed a favourite little dog of my niece's running under the wheels of another carriage, and in great danger, which with some difficulty I released, and took it up in my arms, and in that situation presented myself at the side of his majesty's chaise. His majesty very graciously begun a conversation with me, by asking me if that house, pointing to it, was not mine. I answered his majesty that it was. He observed, that it was pleasantly situate, and appeared a good old mansion. I informed his majesty that it was built by my father. He said that he thought it must have been much older; and then very quickly added, 'Walsingham tells me that you are about to leave this fine healthy country for the foggy one of Cambridgeshire.' I answered, 'Yes; and please your majesty, I do it for reasons, with which if your majesty was acquainted, I think you would not much blame me.' He instantly said, 'I know, I know all.' And then, looking earnestly at me, he said to Lord Walsingham, 'Beach has done justice; it is a good likeness, a good picture.' Then looking at me again, with a smile on his countenance, said, 'In your picture you are drawn with a book in your hand, but now you have a dog, a pleasanter companion, I suppose; for Walsingham has informed me that you are a sportsman; all in character, I find.' And immediately the glass was drawn up, and the cavalcade passed on."

This is one of the many characteristic hits made by the king, whose quick manner was misconstrued or misrepresented as folly, while he uttered such sound remarks as these in the most good-humoured way.

From these extracts we trust our readers will be taught to like this book; for we must now leave it to their good will.

The Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Aldine Poets, Vol. X. London, 1831. Pickering.

As beautiful and elegant a volume as its predecessors—and more cannot be said in its praise. A life of Surrey, written in the most minute spirit of antiquarian research, is prefixed. Biographers are generally accused of a leaning in favour of their subject: this accusation at least cannot be brought against the present writer. In his anxiety to take an opposite course to that of Dr. Nott, whose life of Surrey leans to the romantic and most favourable view, the author now before us shews quite a dislike to his hero; and Surrey leaves his hands as much despoiled of all interest as is well possible. We must say, that some of the conclusions are too invidiously drawn: there seems to us no sufficient grounds for calling him an unkind son—an inference founded on a complaint of "ungrateful children," in one of his mother's letters. The Duchess of Norfolk, in every chronicle of the times, is recorded as an intemperate and ill-disposed person, who seems to have scrupled little at any falsehood in the indulgence of an ungovernable temper. And when even his present severe biographer allows, that to his father he was a kind son, that he was also a good husband and father, it seems harsh and partial judgment to impeach his filial piety on no better authority than a violent woman's violent expression. There is not a grain of imagination throughout the memoir; but there is the most careful industry. Now, if the reader be so disposed, he can himself supply the want of fancy; but it would be a more difficult task to supply the facts and ingenious deductions of the most pains-taking investigation. The passage about Surrey's arms is so curious that we quote it—we allude to his quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor—one of the capital charges brought against him.

"The crime for which this young nobleman was arraigned has never been properly examined; and, satisfied with its manifest absurdity, historians as well as the biographers of Surrey have omitted to point out upon what grounds that inference is justified. The arms of King Edward the Confessor are presumed to have been a blue field charged with a gold cross flory at the ends, between five gold martets, a kind of swallow without legs; but as heraldry was then unknown, it is extremely doubtful if this or any other bearing was used by that monarch. Arms appear to have been used by the kings of England in the reign of Richard the First, who bore a red shield, charged with three gold lions, which have ever since been deemed to be the arms of England. As early as the time of Edward the First, and probably about a century before, the arms of three saints were always borne on banners in the English army, and on all state occasions, namely, those of St. George, the tutelar saint of this country, of St. Edmund, and of St. Edward the Confessor; but neither of those ensigns was deemed to be connected with the sovereignty of England. Richard the Second, however, being actuated by extraordinary veneration for St. Edward the Confessor, chose him for his patron saint, and impaled his arms with those of England and France; and at the same time, he granted the Confessor's arms to be borne per pale with the paternal coats of two or three of the most eminent noblemen of the day, each of whom was descended from the blood royal. One of the persons so distinguished was Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham and Duke of Norfolk, the right to whose arms and quarterings was indisputably inherited by the Earl of Surrey; but the right to the coat of the Confessor depends upon whether it was granted to Mowbray for life only, or to him *and his heirs*, a point which has not been ascertained. Conceiving himself, however, entitled to it, Surrey, in marshalling his arms, included it with his other numerous

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quarterings; and the injustice of construing the act into a treasonable design is still more apparent from other circumstances. Neither Henry the Eighth, nor any other monarch after Richard the Second, ever used the arms of the Confessor in conjunction with their own; and the statement that Prince Edward then did so with a label, is not supported by any other evidence. Surrey introduced the label as the proper distinction of his arms from those of his father, so that he appears to have done nothing that he was not authorised by law to do; and even at this moment heralds allow the Confessor's arms to several noble families. It is remarkable, that whilst this preposterous accusation was brought against Surrey, he himself bore the *royal* arms by virtue of his descent from Thomas of Brotherton, the son of Edward the First; whilst various other noblemen in the reign of Henry the Eighth quartered the royal arms of England and France; and two, if not more of them, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Wiltshire, had borne them, not in the inferior position of the third or fourth, but in the *first* quarter, as their paternal arms, with impunity, and as a matter of acknowledged right."

The whole romance of the fair Geraldine is utterly demolished by the author of the present life of Lord Surrey.

The Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.; with Reminiscences of the most distinguished Characters who have appeared in Great Britain, and in Foreign Countries, during the last Fifty Years. Illustrated by Facsimiles of Two Hundred Autographs. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

AFTER sifting these volumes with considerable patience, we are bound to say, that they contain a mass of curious information, and many entertaining anecdotes, as well as notices of persons of celebrity with whom the author has had intercourse, and of places he has seen under circumstances of more than common interest. We must likewise state, however, that there is also a considerable sacrifice of space to mere names, and to matters which do not repay the time spent in discussing them. Complimentary notes, thanks for books presented, &c. &c. acquire no claim to publication from being written by Prince This, or the famous That. In other cases, the subjects are rendered far more deserving of attention by the characters of the persons who write upon them; as when, in the second volume of this work, we find Washington, like another Cincinnatus, at the plough, entering into all the details of statistics, agriculture, buying and breeding, with the worthy Scots Baronet, who has devoted so long a life to these and other useful inquiries, well deserving the inscription which he tells us the Bishop of Blois wrote to him as "the most indefatigable man in Britain, and the man in Europe of the greatest acquaintance." A similar record is preserved in a more playful vein—a letter from Sir J. Macpherson in 1807, says:

"Go on with your united military and agricultural labours, and *they* will aid to give that *longevity* to Britannia which you have been usefully explaining to her children. The lives of states and individuals are lengthened and shortened by corresponding causes. Your life as a traveller, a financial historian, an armed yeoman, a parliament man, and a president of a board of agriculture, has been as useful as it has been various in its pursuits; not forgetting your own rising generation, and your statistical labours. Continue; and may good, and every satisfaction, attend your liberal pursuits."

This is well borne out by the list of Sir J. Sinclair's works given in these volumes:—

"1. *Personal Works.*	Vols.
1. Observations on the Scottish Dialect	1
2. Various Tracts on the Navy, the Militia, &c.	1
3. History of the Revenue	3
4. Miscellaneous Essays	1
5. Husbandry of Scotland	2
6. Tracts on the Bullion Question	1
7. Tracts on the authenticity of Ossian	1
8. Code of Health (first edition)	4
9. Code of Agriculture	1
10. Analysis of the Statistical Account of Scotland	1
	16
"2. *Works, in general drawn up by others, but printed under my directions.*	
1. The Statistical Account of Scotland	21
2. County Agricultural Reports, in 4to.	10
3. The County Reports of England and Scotland, in 8vo.	70
4. The General Report of Scotland	5
	106
Total number of volumes	122

The conclusion is also so characteristic, that we must quote it.

"*On the plans which are still in the author's contemplation.*—After so many years of incessant labour, the publication of so many works, on such a variety of subjects, my having recently entered into the seventy-seventh year of my age, and having so numerous a family as thirteen children, and fourteen grand-children, many would recommend a life of retirement and repose; but various reasons have induced me to resolve on a different plan. 1. I find that a life of inactivity and idleness is the most irksome of any; and I am persuaded that an active mind degenerates, unless some great objects be kept in view: 2. From the attention I have paid to the subjects of health and longevity, I find that I am still capable of great exertion, either personal or mental: and, 3. I have for some time been employed in collecting the materials of some works, as the author of which I wish to have my name handed down to posterity, looking upon those I have hitherto published, with two exceptions (the Codes of Agriculture and Health), as of inferior value. On all these grounds, I have been induced to undertake completing what I call 'the Codean System of Literature,' comprehending four great works: 1. A Code or Digest of Agriculture; 2. A Code of Health and Longevity; 3. A Code of Political Economy, founded on statistical inquiries; and, 4. A Code or Digest of Religion. The two first of these works having been already printed, only require to be revised; and the materials of the two latter having been collected, and a plan for drawing them up having been arranged, the principal difficulties in regard to their publication have been surmounted."

We shall now select a few specimens of the multifarious contents of these volumes, which consist of correspondence with every quarter of the earth, with people of all kinds, from the throne to the workshop, and on almost every topic that could be suggested to an active and inquisitive mind.

"At Berlin (says Sir John, in 1786), I recollect an interesting discussion on the question, 'To what circumstance it was owing, that the French language prevailed so much in Germany, and in other parts of Europe?' On this subject, it was remarked by M. de Wilner, whom the new king much consulted, 'That the prevalence of the French was not owing to the superiority of the language itself to the English or German, or to any greater ability in the French authors, but in a great measure to the number of refugees driven from France when the Edict of Nantz was repealed, who acted as teachers in every country where they went, and served to spread the French language, manners, and dress, all over the continent.' This remark was more applicable to Germany than to several other parts of Europe. I heard two anecdotes of Frederick, which I think it right here to record, as they do credit to the wit and manly spirit of two British subjects. A Dr. Baylis, having spent his fortune in vainly endeavouring to get a seat in parliament, was at last obliged to study medicine, and established himself in Saxony, where he acquired a high reputation. The King of Prussia offered him very handsome terms to settle at his capital, which he accepted. Upon his arrival in Berlin, and being introduced at court, the king said to him: '*Dites-moi un peu, monsieur, combien de monde avez-vous expedié, avant de parvenir à votre grande reputation?*' '*Pas la moitié autant que votre majesté,*' replied the doctor. It was so home a thrust that the king never forgave it. He liked to be witty himself, but not to be the cause of wit in others, or to give them any advantage over him in conversation. Hence he soon quarrelled with Voltaire and other distinguished literary characters. Sir Andrew Mitchell, a North Briton, was long ambassador at Berlin, particularly during the seven years' war, and attended the king during all his battles and campaigns. One day intelligence was received of great rejoicings in England, on account of some victory, with acknowledgments to the Divine Being for his powerful aid. On this the king asked Sir Andrew, '*Si le peuple d'Angleterre étoit assez fou pour supposer que le bon Dieu étoit un de leurs alliés?*' To which Sir Andrew answered: '*Que, s'il en étoit ainsi, il ne prenoit point de subsidés.*' As it is well known that the King of Prussia was enabled to carry on the war, in a great measure, by the aid of English subsidies, the stroke was peculiarly cutting."

The following remarks are not inapplicable at the present time.

"Notwithstanding all the disadvantages attending it, there are never wanting, however, a sufficient number of persons anxious to obtain seats in parliament, and thus to enter on the career of politics. The objects which commonly influence their conduct may be briefly enumerated.

"1. *To obtain fame.*—But this is rarely practicable. The character and talents of a statesman may be warmly eulogised by one set of men, but will be as loudly reprobated by another, and the public do not well know which to believe.

"2. *The acquisition of wealth.*—Though some individuals and families have profited by enjoying official situations, yet many more have been ruined. Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters to his son (No. 89, vol. iv. p. 565), informs us, that the famous Duke of Newcastle, after holding great offices for fifty years, died £300,000 poorer than when he first came into power.

"3. *Rank.*—The acquisition of hereditary titles is certainly a desirable object, more especially when bestowed for public services. Indeed, when a British peerage is bestowed, it is not only accompanied with political power, but, if the private fortune of the individual be inadequate, his family is, in general, provided for at the public expense.

"4. *Personal decorations.*—These distinctions, when discriminately awarded, cannot be objected to, more especially as they die with the person on whom they are originally bestowed. It is a cheap way of recompensing public services.

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"5. *Patronage.*—Fox often declared, 'that the pleasures of patronage seemed to him the circumstance which chiefly rendered the possession of political power desirable.' It is patronage, and not pecuniary emolument, which all high-minded men covet."

Upon mentioning to Mr. Bamber Gascoigne, "'that the changing one member of an administration would be no great loss to it, more especially if he was not a very efficient minister;' he replied, 'Be assured that you are quite mistaken; for it is a general rule, that an administration is like a set of nine pins—if you knock down one, the others are very apt to follow in succession.'"

Of the late Lord Melville we are told an interesting anecdote, which is also curiously illustrative of his illustrious friend, W. Pitt.

"In December 1796 I happened to meet with the noble lord at St. James's, when he said to me, 'It is a long time, Sir John, since you have been at Wimbledon. Name any time when you can spend a day with us, and we shall be most happy to see you.' By accident I fixed upon the last day of that year. Upon reaching Wimbledon to dinner, I found Mr. Pitt there. Lady Melville and the beautiful Miss Duncan (afterwards Lady Dalrymple Hamilton) were the only ladies present. We spent the evening principally in conversation, but also played a short time at cards; and about eleven we went to bed. As soon as I got up next morning, I proceeded to Mr. Dundas's library, where I found him reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape of Good Hope, to add to the security of our Indian possessions. I said to him, on entering, 'I come, Mr. Dundas, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of it.' His answer I shall never forget—'I hope that this year will be happier than the last, for I scarcely recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it.' On this remark the following reflections naturally occurred: 'Here I am living in the same house with the two men the most looked up to, and the most envied of any in the country. I have just heard the declaration of the one, and I am convinced that the feelings of the other are not materially different. Can any thing more strongly prove the miseries attending political pursuits?' After breakfast Mr. Pitt asked me to return to London in his carriage, when he immediately commenced a political conversation. He said that the finances of the country were getting into a state of great disorder, from the enormous expenses of the war; and he was apprehensive that it would be extremely difficult to raise the necessary supplies for carrying it on much longer. He then added, 'As you have attended so much to those subjects, and have written the history of our finances, I should be glad to have your opinion as to the measures that ought to be pursued at such a crisis.' I suggested the idea of a loyalty loan, and that every individual should be called upon, in proportion to his income, to lend a sum of money to government, at a fair interest, according to the rate at the time. He entered at once into the idea: it was subsequently carried into effect, and ultimately produced those taxes on income and property which enabled us to carry on the war, and to bring it to so happy a conclusion."

"Lord Melville was a great friend to decision in business; and it was with him a favourite maxim, 'that delay leads to procrastination—procrastination to neglect—and neglect to oblivion.' He considered it extremely desirable in a free constitution, that there should be parties steadily opposed to each other, that the measures of those in power might be vigilantly scrutinised, and when unable to stand investigation, successfully resisted. Hence he occasionally gave as a toast—'A strong administration, and a firm and able opposition.' The celebrated John Wilkes had the highest opinion of his oratorical powers. He thus discriminated to me the talents of the principal speakers in the House of Commons:—'Fox has most logic, Burke most fancy, Sheridan most real wit, Pitt excels in command of words and ingenuity of argument, but Dundas, with all the disadvantage of being a Scotsman, is our greatest orator. There is (he added) much sound sense, and no rubbish in his speeches.' At first he had great difficulty to obtain a patient hearing, owing to his Scotch pronunciation and dialect; but these defects were soon forgotten, from the force and ability with which his sentiments were delivered. As it was late in life before he got into parliament, he thought it better not to take any particular pains in correcting those national defects; and the house became so much accustomed to them that they proved no material detriment to his success as an orator."

Of Lord Erskine:—

"Lord Erskine was the youngest of three brothers, all of whom were remarkable for their wit and powers of conversation. The learned lord was particularly addicted to punning, of which I recollect the following instance:—I happened accidentally to inform him, that a female relation of his was unwell. He asked me what was the nature of her complaint. My answer was, '*water in her chest.*' 'If that is the case,' he replied, 'she is not much to be pitied. It is very lucky, in these hard times, to have any thing *in one's chest.*' Lord Erskine used frequently to compose short epigrams, which often contained much point and humour. As a specimen, may be mentioned four lines he wrote on hearing that the spurs of Napoleon had been found in the imperial carriage after the battle of Waterloo. Lord Erskine said they ought to be presented to the prince regent, with this inscription:

> These Napoleon left behind,
> Flying swifter than the wind;
> Needless to him when buckled on,
> Wanting no spur but Wellington."

Of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan, the well-known Persian ambassador, Sir John relates:—"At one of the dinners I gave to the Mirza, the celebrated Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, was present. The bishop observed that the Persian took wine very freely; upon which he said to him—'Mirza, how comes this? Is not drinking wine prohibited by the Koran?' Upon which the Persian said, 'I take it *by inference.* In the Koran it is said, that we may take whatever is good for our health. I am informed that taking wine, in this country, is good for the health; and *therefore I infer,* that I may take it consistently with the precepts of the Koran.' * * *

"There was, at the same time, a great jealousy among the Irish statesmen, for the patronage of their own country. Lord Clare and Mr. Beresford wanted to get rid of Lord Castlereagh, who, they found, had more influence with Mr. Pitt than they had; and being accustomed to intrigues, they contrived, through the medium of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Lord Auckland's brother-in-law) and others, to blow up the flame. Their object was, partly to shake Lord Castlereagh's power, and partly to get rid of the Catholic emancipation, which they considered to be a dangerous measure. These intrigues, also, were much aided by Lord Liverpool, in hopes that it would bring forward his favourite son, Lord Hawkesbury. Mr. Pitt, therefore, found a much greater resistance to his proposal of emancipation than he had at all anticipated; and being unaccustomed to have any favourite measure thwarted or controlled, he thought that the best mode of obtaining his object would be to threaten to give in his resignation, little dreaming that it would ever be accepted of. The king, however, had made it a matter of conscience to resist the measure, and had even canvassed several members of both houses to oppose it in parliament, that he might not be under the disagreeable necessity of giving it the royal negative, which he had resolved on, if the bill had passed both houses. In vain Mr. Secretary Dundas endeavoured to convince him, that it was not contrary to his coronation oath. His answer was, 'That he wanted none of his Scotch sophistry, and that it was better for him to change his ministers than his religion.' Other causes may have contributed to sour the king's mind, and to sow dissensions in the cabinet; but had it not been for the Catholic question, they would never have gone to any great extremity."

A fine collection of autographs of great and remarkable persons gives an additional value to these volumes.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of a Naval Life: chiefly for the Use of Young Persons. By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. F.R.S. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

THE general national feeling and popular movement towards the navy has, of late years, been eminently sustained and kept alive by various literary works of no common standard. The splendid prose of Southey, so worthily employed on the triumphs of our great naval hero, will never cease, as long as our nation or language have existence, to "revive the old and inspire the young;" while the less ostentatious but more touching record of poor Collingwood's life and services, his unflinching perseverance under wearying difficulties, and patriotic self-devotion to the many deaths of lingering disease, stamp him as a finished model for professional imitation, and the unceasing object of his country's lament. Favourably disposed as the English public thus is to works having for their purpose the developement of that cherished but somewhat anomalous character—the British sailor; Captain Hall has not speculated badly on the subject he has chosen for his present literary adventure. His volumes consist of an agreeable *mélange* of autobiography, naval anecdote, and sketches of a somewhat discursive nature, which we have felt much pleasure in perusing, although not perhaps unalloyed with feelings of an opposite nature; for the gallant author here, as elsewhere, contrives, out of charity, to throw a bone to the critics, to preserve the race of snarlers from starvation. But more of this anon. We have enough of agreeable matter, for the time present, to occupy both our own and readers' attention.

The title-page to these volumes indicates their being chiefly intended for young persons; but we are very much mistaken if the race of gray-beards will be the least numerous class among the readers of "midshipmen's pranks," and the humours of the gun-room. To us the following is irresistible.

"During the long winters of our slothful discontent at Bermuda, caused by the peace of Amiens, the grand resource, both of the idle

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and the busy, amongst all classes of the Leander's officers, was shooting—that never-ending, still-beginning amusement, which Englishmen carry to the remotest corners of the habitable globe—popping away in all countries, thinking only of the game, and often but too reckless of the prejudices or fears of the natives. This propensity is indulged even in those uninhabited regions of the earth which are visited only once in an age; and if Captain Parry had reached the Pole, he would unquestionably have had a shot at the axis of the earth! In the mean time, the officers and the young gentlemen of the flag-ship at Bermuda, in the beginning of 1803, I suppose to keep their hands in for the war which they saw brewing, and hourly prayed for, were constantly blazing away amongst the cedar groves and orange plantations of those fairy islands, which appeared more and more beautiful after every such excursion. The midshipmen were generally obliged to content themselves with knocking down the blue and the red birds with the ship's pistols, charged with his majesty's gunpowder, and, for want of small shot, with slugs formed by cutting up his majesty's musket-bullets. The officers aimed at higher game, and were, of course, better provided with guns and ammunition. Several of these gentlemen had brought from England some fine dogs—high-bred pointers; while the middies, also, not to be outdone, must needs have a dog of their own: they recked very little of what breed; but some sort of animal they said they must have. I forget how we procured the strange-looking beast whose services we contrived to engage; but, having once obtained him, we were not slow in giving him our best affections. It is true, he was as ugly as any thing could possibly be. His colour was a dirty, reddish yellow; and while a part of his hair twisted itself up in curls, a part hung down, quite straight, almost to the ground. He was utterly useless for all the purposes of real sport, but quite good enough to furnish the mids with plenty of fun when they went on shore—in chasing pigs, barking at old, white-headed negresses, and other amusements, suited to the exalted taste and habits of the rising generation of officers. People will differ as to the merits of dogs; but we had no doubts as to the great superiority of ours over all the others on board, though the name we gave him certainly implied no such confidence on our part. After a full deliberation, it was decided to call him Shakings. Now, it must be explained that shakings is the name given to small fragments of rope yarns, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards,—in short, to any kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of the ropes. This odd name was perhaps bestowed on our beautiful favourite in consequence of his colour not being very dissimilar to that of well-tarred Russia hemp; while the resemblance was increased by many a dab of pitch, which his rough coat imbibed from the seams between the planks of the deck, in the hot weather. If old Shakings was no great beauty, he was, at least, the most companionable of dogs; and though he dearly loved the midshipmen, and was dearly beloved by them in return, he had enough of the animal in his composition to take a still higher pleasure in the society of his own kind. So that, when the high-bred, showy pointers belonging to the officers came on board, after a shooting excursion, Mr. Shakings lost no time in applying to them for the news. The pointers, who liked this sort of familiarity very well, gave poor Shakings all sorts of encouragement. Not so their masters; —they could not bear to see such an abominable cur, as they called our favourite, at once so cursedly dirty and so utterly useless, mixing with their sleek and well-kept animals. At first their dislike was confined to such insulting expressions as these; then it came to an occasional kick, or a knock on the nose with the but-end of a fowling-piece; and lastly, to a sound cut with the hunting-whip. Shakings, who instinctively knew his place, took all this, like a sensible fellow, in good part; while the mids, when out of hearing of the higher powers, uttered curses both loud and deep against the tyranny and oppression exercised against an animal which, in their fond fancy, was declared to be worth all the dogs in the ward-room put together. They were little prepared, however, for the stroke which soon fell upon them, perhaps in consequence of these very murmurs. To their great horror and indignation, one of the lieutenants, provoked at some liberty which Master Shakings had taken with his newly-polished boot, called out, one morning—'Man the jolly-boat, and land that infernal, dirty, ugly beast of a dog belonging to the young gentlemen!' 'Where shall I take him to, sir?' asked the strokesman of the boot. 'Oh, any where; pull to the nearest part of the shore, and pitch him out on the rocks. He'll shift for himself, I have no doubt.' So off went poor dear Shakings! If a stranger had come into the midshipmen's birth at that moment, he might have thought his majesty's naval service was about to be broken up. All allegiance, discipline, or subordination, seemed utterly cancelled by this horrible act. Many were the execrations hurled upwards at the offending 'knobs,' who, we thought, were combining to make our lives miserable. Some of our party voted for writing a letter of remonstrance to the admiral against this unheard-of outrage; and one youth swore deeply that he would leave the service, unless justice were obtained. But as he had been known to swear the same thing half-a-dozen times every day since he joined the ship, no great notice was taken of this pledge. Another declared, upon his word of honour, that such an act was enough to make a man turn Turk, and fly his country! At last, by general agreement, it was decided that we should not do a bit of duty, or even stir from our seats, till we obtained redress for our grievances. However, while we were in the very act of vowing mutiny and disobedience, the hands were turned up to 'furl sails!' upon which the whole party, totally forgetting their magnanimous resolution, scudded up the ladders, and jumped into their stations with more than usual alacrity, wisely thinking, that the moment for actual revolt had not yet arrived. A better scheme than throwing up the service, or writing to the admiral, or turning Mussulmen, was afterwards concocted. The midshipman who went on shore in the next boat easily got hold of poor Shakings, who was howling on the steps of the watering place. In order to conceal him, he was stuffed, neck and crop, into the captain's cloak-bag, brought safely on board, and restored once more to the bosom of his friends. In spite of all we could do, however, to keep Master Shakings below, he presently found his way to the quarter-deck, to receive the congratulations of the other dogs. There he was soon detected by the higher powers, and very shortly afterwards trundled over the gangway, and again tossed on the beach. Upon this occasion he was honoured by the presence of one of his own masters, a middy, sent upon this express duty, who was specially desired to land the brute, and not to bring him on board again. Of course, this particular youngster did not bring the dog off; but, before night, somehow or other, old Shakings was snoring away, in grand chorus with his more fashionable friends the pointers, and dreaming no evil, before the door of the very officer's cabin whose beautifully-polished boots he had brushed by so rudely in the morning,—an offence that had led to his banishment. This second return of our dog was too much. The whole posse of us were sent for on the quarter-deck, and in very distinct terms positively ordered not to bring Shakings on board again. These injunctions having been given, this wretched victim, as we termed him, of oppression, was once more landed amongst the cedar groves. This time he remained a full week on shore; but how or when he found his way off again, no one ever knew—at least no one chose to divulge. Never was there any thing like the mutual joy felt by Shakings and his two dozen masters. He careered about the ship, barked and yelled with delight, and, in his raptures, actually leaped, with his dirty feet, on the milk-white duck trousers of the disgusted officers, who heartily wished him at the bottom of the anchorage! Thus the poor beast unwittingly contributed to accelerate his hapless fate, by this ill-timed shew of confidence in those who were then plotting his ruin. If he had kept his paws to himself, and staid quietly in the dark recesses of the cock-pit, wings, cable-tiers, and other wild regions, the secrets of which were known only to the inhabitants of our sub-marine world, all might yet have been well. We had a grand jollification on the night of Shakings' restoration; and his health was in the very act of being drunk, with three times three, when the officer of the watch, hearing an uproar below, the sounds of which were conveyed distinctly up the windsail, sent down to put our lights out; and we were forced to march off, growling, to our hammocks. Next day, to our surprise and horror, old Shakings was not to be seen or heard of. We searched every where, interrogated the cockswains of all the boats, and cross-questioned the marines who had been sentries during the night on the forecastle, gangways, and poop; but all in vain!—no trace of Shakings could be found. At length the idea began to gain ground amongst us, that the poor beast had been put an end to by some diabolical means; and our ire mounted accordingly. This suspicion seemed the more natural, as the officers said not a word about the matter, nor even asked us what we had done with our dog. While we were in this state of excitement and distraction for our loss, one of the midshipmen, who had some drollery in his composition, gave a new turn to the expression of our thoughts. This gentleman, who was more than twice as old as most of us, say about thirty, had won the affections of the whole of our class, by the gentleness of his manners, and the generous part he always took on our side. He bore amongst us the pet name of Daddy; and certainly he was like a father to those amongst us who, like myself, were quite adrift in the ship, without any one to look after them. He was a man of talents and classical education, but he had entered the navy far too late in life ever to take to it cordially. His habits, indeed, had become so rigid, that they could never be made to bend to the mortifying kind of discipline which it appears essential every officer should run through, but which only the young and light-hearted can brook. Our worthy friend, accordingly, with all his abilities, taste, and acquirements, never seemed at home on board ship; and unless a man can

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reach this point of liking for the sea, he is better on shore. At all events, old Daddy cared more about his books than about the blocks, and delighted much more in giving us assistance in our literary pursuits, and trying to teach us to be useful, than in rendering himself a proficient in those professional mysteries, which he never hoped to practise in earnest himself. What this very interesting person's early history was, we never could find out; nor why he entered the navy; nor how it came, that a man of his powers and accomplishments should have been kept back so long. Indeed, the youngsters never inquired too closely into these matters, being quite contented to have the advantage of his protection against the oppression of some of the other oldsters, who occasionally bullied them. Upon all occasions of difficulty, we were in the habit of clustering round him, to tell our grievances, great and small, with the certainty of always finding in him that great desideratum in calamity—a patient and friendly listener. It will easily be supposed, that our kind Daddy took more than usual interest in this affair of Shakings, and that he was applied to by us at every stage of the transaction. He was sadly perplexed, of course, when the dog was finally missing; and, for some days, he could give us no comfort, nor suggest any mode of revenge which was not too dangerous for his young friends to put in practice. He prudently observed, that as we had no certainty to go upon, it would be foolish to get ourselves into a serious scrape for nothing at all. 'There can be no harm, however,' he continued, in his dry and slightly-sarcastic way, which all who knew him will recollect as well as if they saw him now, drawing his hand slowly across his mouth and chin, 'There can be no harm, my boys, in putting the other dogs in mourning for their dear departed friend Shakings; for, whatever is come of him, he is lost to them as well as to us, and his memory ought to be duly respected.' This hint was no sooner given than a cry was raised for crape, and every chest and bag ransacked, to procure badges of mourning. The pointers were speedily rigged up with a large bunch of crape, tied in a handsome bow, upon the left leg of each, just above the knee. The joke took immediately. The officers could not help laughing; for, though we considered them little better than fiends at that moment of excitement, they were, in fact, except in this instance, the best-natured and most indulgent men I remember to have sailed with. They, of course, ordered the crape to be instantly cut off from the dogs' legs; and one of the officers remarked to us, seriously, that as we had now had our piece of fun out, there were to be no more such tricks. Off we scampered, to consult old Daddy what was to be done next, as we had been positively ordered not to meddle any more with the dogs. 'Put the pigs in mourning,' he said. All our crape was expended by this time; but this want was soon supplied by men whose trade it is to discover resources in difficulty. With a generous devotion to the cause of public spirit, one of these juvenile mutineers pulled off his black handkerchief, and, tearing it in pieces, gave a portion to each of the circle, and away we all started to put into practice this new suggestion of our director-general of mischief. The row which ensued in the pig-sty was prodigious—for in those days, hogs were allowed a place on board a man-of-war,—a custom most wisely abolished of late years, since nothing can be more out of character with any ship than such nuisances. As these matters of taste and cleanliness were nothing to us, we did not intermit our noisy labour till every one of the grunters had his armlet of such crape as we had been able to muster. We then watched our opportunity, and opened the door so as to let out the whole herd of swine on the main-deck, just at a moment when a group of the officers were standing on the fore part of the quarter-deck. Of course, the liberated pigs, delighted with their freedom, passed in review under the very nose of our superiors, each with his mourning knot displayed, grunting or squealing along, as if it was their express object to attract attention to their domestic sorrow for the loss of Shakings. The officers were excessively provoked, as they could not help seeing that all this was affording entertainment, at their expense, to the whole crew; for, although the men took no part in this touch of insubordination, they were ready enough, in those idle times of the weary, weary peace, to catch at any species of distraction or devilry, no matter what, to compensate for the loss of their wonted occupation of pommeling their enemies. The matter, therefore, necessarily became rather serious; and the whole gang of us being sent for on the quarter-deck, we were ranged in a line, each with his toes at the edge of a plank, according to the orthodox fashion of these gregarious scoldings, technically called 'toe-the-line matches.' We were then given to understand that our proceedings were impertinent, and, after the orders we had received, highly offensive. It was with much difficulty that either party could keep their countenances during this official lecture, for, while it was going on, the sailors were endeavouring, by the direction of the officers, to remove the bits of silk from the legs of the pigs. If, however, it be difficult—as most difficult we found it—to put a hog into mourning, it is a job ten times more troublesome to take him out again. Such at least is the fair inference from these two experiments; the only ones perhaps on record,—for it cost half the morning to undo what we had effected in less than an hour—to say nothing of the unceasing and outrageous uproar which took place along the decks, especially under the guns, and even under the coppers, forward in the galley, where two or three of the youngest pigs had wedged themselves, apparently resolved to die rather than submit to the degradation of being deprived of their mourning. All this was very creditable to the memory of poor Shakings; but, in the course of the day, the real secret of this extraordinary difficulty of taking a pig out of mourning was discovered. Two of the mids were detected in the very fact of tying on a bit of black buntin to the leg of a sow, from which the seamen declared they had already cut off crape and silk enough to have made her a complete suit of black. As soon as these fresh offences were reported, the whole party of us were ordered to the mast-head as a punishment. Some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-trees, some on the top-gallant yard-arms, and one small gentleman being perched at the jib-boom end, was very properly balanced abaft by another little culprit at the extremity of the gaff. In this predicament we were hung out to dry for six or eight hours, as old Daddy remarked to us with a grin, when we were called down as the night fell. Our persevering friend, being rather provoked at the punishment of his young flock, now set to work to discover the real fate of Shakings. It soon occurred to him, that if the dog had really been made away with, as he shrewdly suspected, the butcher, in all probability, must have had a hand in his murder; accordingly, he sent for the man in the evening, when the following dialogue took place:—'Well, butcher, will you have a glass of grog to-night?' 'Thank you, sir, thank you. Here's your honour's health!' said the other, after smoothing down his hair, and pulling an immense quid of tobacco out of his mouth. Old Daddy observed the peculiar relish with which the butcher took his glass; and mixing another, a good deal more potent, placed it before the fellow, and continued the conversation in these words: 'I tell you what it is, Mr. Butcher—you are as humane a man as any in the ship, I dare say; but, if required, you know well, that you must do your duty, whether it is upon sheep or hogs?' 'Surely, sir.' 'Or upon dogs, either?' suddenly asked the inquisitor. 'I don't know about that,' stammered the butcher, quite taken by surprise, and thrown all aback. 'Well—well,' said Daddy, 'here's another glass for you—a stiff north-wester. Come! tell us all about it now. How did you get rid of the dog?—of Shakings, I mean?' 'Why, sir,' said the peaching rogue, 'I put him in a bag—a bread bag, sir.' 'Well!—what then?' 'I tied up the mouth, and put him overboard—out of the midship lower-deck port, sir.' 'Yes—but he would not sink?' said Daddy. 'Oh, sir,' cried the butcher, now entering fully into the merciless spirit of his trade, 'I put a four-and-twenty-pound shot into the bag along with Shakings.' 'Did you?—Then, Master Butcher, all I can say is, you are as precious a rascal as ever went about unhanged. There—drink your grog, and be off with you!' Next morning, when the officers were assembled at breakfast in the ward-room, the door of the captain of marines' cabin was suddenly opened, and that officer, half shaved, and laughing through a collar of soap-suds, stalked out, with a paper in his hand. 'Here,' he exclaimed, 'is a copy of verses, which I found just now in my basin. I can't tell how they got there, nor what they are about;—but you shall judge.' So he read the two following stanzas of doggerel:—

'When the Northern Confed'racy threatened our shores,
And roused Albion's lion, reclining to sleep,
Preservation was taken of all the king's stores,
Nor so much a *rope yarn* was launched in the deep.

But now it is peace, other hopes are in view,
And all active service as light as a feather,
The stores may be d—d, and humanity too,
For SHAKINGS and *shot* are thrown o'erboard together!'

I need hardly say in what quarter of the ship this biting morsel of cock-pit satire was concocted, nor indeed who wrote it, for there was no one but our good Daddy who was equal to such a flight. About midnight, an urchin—who shall be nameless—was thrust out of one of the after-ports of the lower deck, from which he clambered up to the marine officer's port, and the sash happening to have been lowered down on the gun, the epigram, copied by another of the youngsters, was pitched into the soldier's basin. The wisest thing would have been for the officers to have said nothing about the matter, and let it blow by. But angry people are seldom judicious—so they made a formal complaint to the captain, who, to do him justice, was not a little puzzled how to settle the affair. The reputed author, however, was called up, and the captain said to him—'Pray, sir, are you the writer of these lines?' 'I am, sir,' he replied, after a little consideration. 'Then—all I can say is,' remarked the captain, 'they are clever enough, in their way—but take my advice, and write no more such verses.' So the affair ended. The satirist took the captain's hint in good part, and con-

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fined his pen to topics below the surface of the water."

[To be continued.]

Major Keppel's Journey across the Balcan, &c.

[Second Notice.]

At Adrianople Lord Dunlo and Major Keppel (whom we left there at the close of our preceding notice) were hospitably entertained by Mr. Duveluz, the British consul, of whose domestic establishment, &c. we have the subjoined touching story:

"The consul's house is nearly the best in the town. The fate of its preceding occupants is an example of the uncertainty of life in this country. It was successively the property of two brothers. One fell a victim to the plague, when that heavy scourge last visited Adrianople; the other, who succeeded him in his property, was decapitated shortly after, before his own door. Among the servants of the consul is a beautiful Greek of the name of Marigo, who comes nearer to my idea of a Hebe than almost any other woman I ever saw. Moreover, she is not only very pretty, but very good. Her adventures are a picture of the country and times in which she lives. I relate them as I heard them, partly from Mr. Develuz and partly from her own mouth. She was born at Scio; her father, a man in comfortable circumstances, was remarked for his facetious character, even in that island, the former abode of wit and mirth. At the insurrection of Scio, he was one of the first who fell in that terrible massacre. His unhappy widow, with four children, of whom Marigo was the youngest, fled into the mountains, with a little dry bread and a pitcher of water, and hid themselves in the cavity of one of the highest rocks in the island. They remained unmolested for two days, though they were kept in dreadful alarm by the constant report of fire-arms, the savage yells of the Turks, and the despairing screams of their victims. Their supply of water exhausted, the mother resolved in the dead of night to refill the pitcher; but the courageous little Marigo seized it from her mother's hands, said she would fetch the water, that she was the lightest and smallest of them all, and had the best chance of escaping unseen by the Turks. At midnight she set out on her good and bold enterprise, crept down the rock, and arrived at a spring, without any further inconvenience than cutting her feet with the sharp stones. As she was returning, she heard voices in the Turkish language near: she threw herself into a field of standing corn. She had been heard and was pursued. The Turks hunted for her with their yatagans. At last one of their party slightly wounded her. It was an old white-bearded negro, who hurried her away towards the town. They stopped at a house, and were admitted by another negro, who proved to be the son of her captor. The younger black immediately conceived a violent affection for the pretty captive: a quarrel between the men was the consequence; and it ended in the father's seizing a pistol and discharging the contents into his son's body. The wretched old man became frantic at what he had done, and mingled his yells of grief with his son's dying groans. The wounded man soon expired: the old father then opened the window, took up the corpse, and flung it into the street. He now became more furious than ever. At length he seized Marigo by her hair, dragged her into the street, and offered her for sale. Haji Baba, a nefarious slave-dealer of Adrianople, bought her for a handful of paras (a few pence), and took her to his depôt, where she found a number of companions in misfortune, who, together with herself, were put into a large boat, and landed at Gallipoli, whence she was brought to Adrianople. Here she had the happiness to fall into the hands of my excellent friend Mr. Duveluz, who redeemed her. Ever since, he has treated her like a daughter, and she repays his goodness with a daughter's love. Several of Marigo's companions in misfortune were sold in the Dardanelles to Turks, though Haji Baba had assured them that he intended to take them to Adrianople, and to dispose of them only to Christians. The greater portion, however, were brought to Adrianople. On his arrival, Haji Baba waited upon the consul, as the Christian subjects of the Porte did not dare to deal with him; and he himself was under the same apprehensions of treating openly with him for his slaves. The consul requested to see them. He was conducted to the place where they were confined. He describes it as the most heart-rending scene he ever beheld. They were the true picture of misery. Pale, emaciated, sickly, dirty, and in rags, they all flocked round him, and, with the most ardent prayers, begged he would redeem them. The voice of misery never pleaded in vain to my kind-hearted friend. He purchased the redemption of the six youngest, four of them (amongst whom was the pretty Marigo) he sent to Mrs. Duveluz, and consigned the care of the two others to his shoemaker, a married man, and an Ionian. In a very few days, through the assistance of the Greek archbishop of Adrianople, together with what he himself could spare, he obtained the liberty of all the poor creatures. Some were comfortably placed in Christian families; and several of the young girls Mr. Duveluz had the satisfaction of marrying well in the town, and of restoring others to their relations, who had escaped to different parts of Greece. Mr. and Mrs. Duveluz brought Marigo's mother from Smyrna in 1828. Her two sons, although the consul offered nine thousand piasters for their ransom, to a Turk at Cassaba, near Smyrna, he could never prevail upon him to sell them; and the Mahometan has since induced them to conform to his religion. Marigo's sister has never been heard of. It is not fair to throw the whole odium of the massacre at Scio on the Turks, inasmuch as it was brought on the Greeks entirely by themselves. The following remarks are from Sir Pulteney Malcolm's dragoman, one of the sufferers who was sent into slavery to Smyrna, and purchased by Captain Hamilton, of the Cambrian, for one or two dollars. At the time of the insurrection in Samos, the Greeks and Turks in Scio were living on the most friendly terms, and it was the general wish of the inhabitants to continue so; the Turks consequently refused to take any part in the struggle, and communicated their resolution to the constituted authorities. Greek deputies from Samos arrived, and constantly succeeded in raising disturbances, in which some Turks were killed, and hostilities then began, which ended in a general massacre. The Greeks were the aggressors, and took advantage of the state of security in which the few Turks in the island were living. The interference of the Turks with the Sciotes, previous to their insurrection, was confined to a small garrison in the castle, and a tribute paid in mastic to the seraglio. The prosperous state of the island is a proof how little they were molested. The Sciotes had few, if any, sailors amongst them; their ships, which were numerous, were manned by Ipsariotes. On the breaking out of the troubles, the ships were withdrawn to Ipsara. At the massacre, numbers who escaped from the town fled to the other side of the island, opposite Ipsara, from which it is separated by a very narrow channel. The deplorable situation of Scio was perfectly well known; and these unhappy fugitives, by their cries and motions, endeavoured to persuade the Ipsariotes to come over and carry them away; not a boat shoved off, and, in sight of their own vessels, the unfortunate Sciotes were either massacred by the Turks, or obliged to throw themselves off the rocks into the sea; numbers, especially the women, preferred the latter alternative. By this treachery the Ipsariotes kept possession of the ships, whose owners were no longer in existence, and to obtain which, they stained their name with a crime of which history hardly affords a parallel. The day of retribution soon arrived, and Ipsara is now almost a desert island,—a few straggling houses are the only remains of a once flourishing town; and an occasional pirate-boat, the only vessel seen coming out of a port once the most frequented and busy of the Levant.

"We heard," continues the author, a few pages on, "this morning of a whimsical mistake of identity which occurred a few days before, and is the common talk of the town. An officer in Uhlan's corps of cavalry, well known to the consul, was walking along the streets, when a Bulgarian woman rushed out of her house, and ran towards him, exclaiming, 'My dear boy! what! now that you are in a fine dress, are you ashamed of your poor mother?' Soon after, an older woman claimed him for her grandson, and the younger branches of the family hailed him as a brother. He managed to make his escape for the time; but in passing shortly after through the streets, he was upbraided for his unnatural conduct in disowning his relations. Thus assailed, he applied to Count Diebitsch for protection. An inquiry was established through the medium of the Bulgarian archbishop. The parties were confronted; the supposed mother called out, 'If it be my son, he has a scar on the left side of his forehead.' The officer's cap was removed, and, strange to say, the scar on the identical spot appeared. The woman triumphantly exclaimed, 'He had that scar when he was eight years old.' Here several Russian officers interposed, and said that the officer had left St. Petersburgh without the scar, and had received it in an affair with the enemy before Shumla. Thus ended this comedy of errors."

"A bright-eyed young Greek lady was so obliging as to indulge our curiosity by appearing before us this morning in the dress of the last new fashion from the grand signior's seraglio. This habit is called *antari*: the upper part, or what ladies call the body, fits close to the shape, and shews the form very distinctly, the neck and chest being only covered with a thin gauze; the lower part of the dress is divided into three long lappets, which trail on the ground, one behind and two in front; the hinder one is two feet, and the two before each one foot broad. When the wearer walks, she places the two lappets between her legs, which, together with her capacious trousers, oblige her to make a stride at each step as if she were crossing a gutter. This fashion, which is of the sultan's especial choice, is of one colour; his sublime highness being a great lover of uniformity in the dress as well as in the complexion of his ladies: thus, he is said to be proof against the most fascinating dark eyes, if the hair and skin of the possessor be not found to correspond. The tightness of the

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body of the dress is made in imitation of European fashions: as a further mark of his admiration of them, the sultan has lately put the whole seraglio into stays: a Turkish lady recently arrived from Constantinople wears a very tight pair, and is said to be of a most waspish shape, very different from that rotundity of form of which Ottoman ladies used formerly to be so proud. In the evening, the dragoman of the consulate and his wife came to pay their respects to Mrs. Duveluz. The lady is one of the belles of Adrianople, and looked exceedingly well in the head-dress of the country—an embroidered handkerchief, round which the hair is fantastically but not ungracefully wove. The fate of her father was that of which a parallel instance might be brought forward in most of the leading Greek families of Adrianople. He was beheaded in the first year of the Greek revolution; his alleged crime was wearing the *fez* or red cap, the distinguishing mark of the Turk. We heard that one day, the weather being warm, he had taken off the *calpac*, and had kept on the small red skull-cap which is generally worn under it: but in all probability the accusation was only a pretext for his execution: his situation as one of the principal Greek merchants would naturally have subjected him to the suspicion of being an accessory to the revolt; and, in such cases, a less offence would have ensured his doom."

The following very remarkable anecdote is told of the signature of the treaty between Russia and the Porte:

"The ratification not arriving, an aide-de-camp was despatched to Constantinople, to hurry the signature of the sultan, which had been protracted for a considerable time. I must digress for a moment, to mention the reason of the delay, since it is characteristic of the monarch, who is alleged to have risen above the prejudices of his nation. The paper on which these documents are generally written is gilded and painted in a particular manner. Unfortunately, none of the precious material was ready; and some days were required to manufacture it. It was in vain that they represented to the sultan the necessity of the signature, and not of the gilded paper. Nothing would move him. Like the King of Spain, who died of heat because the proper attendant was not by to remove his chair from the fire, this enlightened 'king of kings' ran the risk of having his capital taken, rather than infringe the slightest iota of etiquette. At last, the document, duly bedizened and gilded, made its appearance; and lucky was it for the sultan that he did so, for the Russian general fully intended to have advanced on the capital at all hazards, if the ratification had not opportunely made its appearance."

Of Turkish fortune-telling we have an amusing specimen.

"A sly-looking old dervish, of reputed sanctity, came to-day to tell our fortunes. His nonsense is only worth recording as shewing the universal prevalence of similar superstitions. After making a numerical calculation of the letters of our names, he read our destinies out of a book. Lord Dunlo's star was in the sixth heavens. The writer in the second heaven had decided that Wednesday is his fortunate day. He will be a rich and great man. His commands will be obeyed, as those of a king. He will have many enemies. He will have strife with those with whom he eats bread and salt. If he have a charm on his right arm, the good peri (fairy) will protect him. He had an illness at two years old; he has since been in health, and will die at a good old age. My fortunate day is Friday. The evil eye has power over me. My heart is as light as the wind. I am impatient, if my orders are not instantly obeyed. My existence will be happy. I have royal blood in my veins. I am anxious about some lady. I also have enemies amongst the eaters of my bread and salt. A person whom I have benefited tries to injure me, but will neither succeed in this world nor the next. I make the best of every thing. Late in life I am to go to the holy land. My guardian angel's seal will protect me from the evil eye and evil tongue. I am to marry three, six, or nine wives. It is to be hoped, that, if I must fulfil this last part of my destiny, my guardian angel's seal will protect me from the penalty which the laws of my country will inflict for such an indulgence."

For the present, we must conclude with a description of the famous Russian general, now so conspicuous on the Polish theatre.

"Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of *Zabalcansky* (or the Trans-Balcanian), the additional one of the *Semavar* (or the tea-kettle). I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face; the sequel will shew how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was on the staff of Frederic. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him, that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company; for, adds he, 'l'empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'extérieur terrible.' This 'delicate hint' that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balcan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country. The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimate of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line. He has subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service, where beauty was not indispensable, that the late emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittginstein in the chief command." He is a Protestant.

Having with this portrait finished all we intend to do for the illustration of Vol. I., we shall reserve a short notice of the second for another *Gazette*. Meanwhile, we most heartily recommend the work as a treat to our readers.

Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.

(Third notice: Conclusion.)

At Bow Island.

"Previous to the arrival of the missionary, every one had his peculiar deity, of which the most common was a piece of wood with a tuft of human hair inserted into it; but that which was deemed most efficacious, when it could be procured, was the thigh-bone of an enemy, or of a relation recently dead. Into the hollow of this they inserted a lock of the same person's hair, and then suspended the idol to a tree. To these symbols they address their prayers as long as they remained in favour; but, like the girl in China, who, when disappointed by her lover, pulled down the brazen image and whipped it, these people when dissatisfied with their deity, no longer acknowledged his power, and substituted some other idol. There were times, however, when they feared its anger, and endeavoured to appease it with cocoa-nuts; but I did not hear of any human sacrifices being offered. They appeared to entertain the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of the soul, and supposed the first vessel which they saw, to be the spirit of one of their relations lately deceased."

We pass by Otaheite, as being pretty well known to the majority of readers, and have only to notice with regret that Capt. B. represents the natives as being less improved than could have been hoped from their intercourse with Europeans. Nor shall we pause at the Sandwich Islands, but adventure on for Kamschatka. On the 10th of July, 1826, Beering's Island was seen from the Blossom: on the 22d, the ship entered Kotzebue Sound; and here the description of the natives presents another variety.

"We were (says the author) visited by several baidars, containing from ten to thirteen men each, whose object was to obtain articles in exchange. They were in every respect similar to the natives of Schismareff Inlet, though rather better looking, and were all, without exception, provided with labrets, either made of ivory and blue beads, as before described, of ivory alone, or of different kinds of stone, as steatite, porphyry, or greenstone: they readily disengaged these from their lips, and sold them, without minding the inconvenience of the saliva that flowed through the badly cicatriced orifice over the chin; but rather laughed when some of us betrayed disgust at the spectacle, thrusting their tongues through the hole, and winking their eyes. One or two had small strings of beads suspended to their ears. The articles they brought off were, as before, skins, fish, fishing implements, and nic-nacs. Their peltry consisted of the skins of the seal, of the common and arctic fox, the common and musk-rat, the marten, beaver, three varieties of ermine, one white, one with a light brown back and yellow belly, and the third with a gray back spotted white and yellow; the American otter, the white hare, the polar bear, the wolf, the deer, and the badger. Their fish were salmon and herrings: their implements, lances, either of stone or of a walrus tooth fixed to the end of a wooden staff: harpoons precisely similar to the Esquimaux; arrows; drills; and an instrument, the use of which was at first not very evident. It was part of a walrus tooth, shaped something like a shoe-horn, with four holes at the small end communicating with a trough, that extended along the middle of the instrument and widened as it neared the broad part. From the explanation given of it by the natives, it was evidently

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used to procure blood from dying animals, by inserting the end with the holes into the wound, and placing the mouth at the opposite end of the trough to receive the liquid as it flowed. From the satisfaction that was evinced by the describer during the explanation, it is evident that the blood of animals is as much esteemed by these people as by the eastern Esquimaux. On the outside of this and other instruments there were etched a variety of figures of men, beasts, and birds, &c. with a truth and character which shewed the art to be common among them. The reindeer were generally in herds: in one picture they were pursued by a man in a stooping posture in snow-shoes; in another he had approached nearer to his game, and was in the act of drawing his bow. A third represented the manner of taking seals with an inflated skin of the same animal, as a decoy: it was placed upon the ice, and not far from it was a man lying upon his belly, with a harpoon ready to strike the animal when it should make its appearance. Another was dragging a seal home upon a small sledge; and several baidars were employed harpooning whales which had been previously shot with arrows: and thus by comparing one with another, a little history was obtained which gave us a better insight into their habits than could be elicited from any signs or intimations."

On the 25th the expedition reached Chamisso Island, where the instructions were to await the arrival of Captain Franklin; it was five days later than the time agreed upon, but as no signs of Franklin were to be seen, Captain B., after taking precautions for his guidance, should he arrive during his absence, proceeded to coast along the farther shores. Of the people he says,—

"The persons of our new acquaintance were extremely diminutive, dirty, and forbidding. Some were blind, others decrepit; and, dressed in greasy worn-out clothes, they looked perfectly wretched. Their hospitality, however, was even greater than we could desire; and we were dragged away by the wrists to their hovels; on approaching which we passed between heaps of filth and ruined habitations, filled with stinking water, to a part of the village which was in better repair. We were then seated upon some skins, placed for the purpose; and bowls of blubber, walrus, and unicorn flesh (*monodon monoceros*), with various other delicacies of the same kind, were successively offered as temptations to our appetite, which, nevertheless, we felt no inclination to indulge. After some few exchanges, the advantage of which was on the side of our acquaintances, who had nothing curious to part with, an old man produced a tambourine, and seating himself upon the roof of one of the miserable hovels, threw his legs across, and commenced a song, accompanying it with the tambourine, with as much apparent happiness as if fortune had imparted to him every luxury of life. The vivacity and humour of the musician inspired two of the old hags, who joined chorus, and threw themselves into a variety of attitudes, twisting their bodies, snapping their fingers, and smirking from behind their seal-skin hoods, with as much shrewd meaning as if they had been half a century younger. Several little chubby girls, roused by the music from the subterranean abodes, came blinking at the daylight through the greasy aperture of the roof, and joined the performance; and we had the satisfaction of seeing a set of people happy who did not seem to possess a single comfort upon earth."

The following is curious among these savages, and might send us back to ancient times for omens of a similar kind:—

"A singular method of deciding a bargain was resorted to by one of their party, almost equivalent to that of tossing up a coin. We had offered an adze for a bundle of skins; but the owner, who at first seemed satisfied with the bargain, upon reflection became doubtful whether he would not be the loser by it; and to decide the doubtful point, he caught a small beetle, and set it at liberty upon the palm of his hand, anxiously watching which direction the insect should take. Finding it run towards him, he concluded the bargain to be disadvantageous to him, and took back his goods."

The accounts of the Esquimaux met on the adjacent coasts are extremely interesting; and so are the details of the boat expedition up Kotzebue Sound, adding seventy miles to our knowledge of the coast,* and the near approach of a meeting with Capt. Franklin. But in the correspondence, to which we referred at the commencement of the review, we have gone so much into these particulars, that we may content ourselves with a general reference to them, and to repetition of our highest praise of Capt. Beechey's volume.

On his return homeward, our intelligent and gallant countryman continued to enlarge our geographical and useful knowledge, by visiting and examining many parts very imperfectly described by antecedent travellers; and has thrown the charms of interest and literature over the whole. His work is thus a lasting monument of his own abilities, and an honour to his country. Our limits, indeed, enable us to do it but scant justice; yet we trust we have said enough to shew that it combines in an eminent degree those qualities which are well calculated to delight the general reader, while they gratify the lover of literature and inform the man of science. Neither are the fine arts neglected; for the designs and drawings, excellent in their original forms, are here admirably multiplied by the burins of E. Finden and other distinguished artists. To conclude, we have not seen a production which could reflect greater lustre upon the talents and character of an individual than this does upon the talents and character of Capt. Beechey.

Scientific School Copies. Selected and written by J. Netherclift. Souter.

It is justly remarked by Mr. Netherclift, in the modest advertisement prefixed to his valuable publication, that "the subjects of the school copies now generally in use impart but little information to the mind, and the great portion of time necessarily occupied in the writing-lesson is thus spent merely in the acquirement of a mechanical art. But the experience of the author (as a private teacher) has fully proved, that by directing the pupil's attention in his writing exercise to copies in which short definitions, theorems, explanations of the terms, &c. relating to science, are repeatedly before his eye; his memory will be gradually stored with the first principles of knowledge, which are calculated so materially to facilitate the higher branches of his education." We entirely agree with Mr. Netherclift; and we cannot too strongly recommend his ingenious and well-executed Scientific School Copies to the attention of those engaged in the education of youth. The first and second series of these copies are now before us, which are respectively devoted to astronomical and geometrical definitions. As specimens of caligraphy, they are beautifully executed; and the cheapness at which they are published is extraordinary—the price charged for a piece of large and small-hand writing being only "one halfpenny." As Mr. Netherclift's is a clever original work, of which no doubt there will be many imitations, we feel bound in honesty to commend his labours especially to the notice and patronage of the heads of schools, at whose hands he certainly merits reward.

* The whole distance left unexplored is only 146 miles.

The Omnipresence of the Deity. By Robert Montgomery. Tenth edition. London, S. Maunder.

An edition of this very popular poem printed as a school-book; in which form it has been introduced into several highly respectable seminaries. We much approve of the plan, and strongly recommend it to teachers.

Fables of the Day; written and arranged for the Artless of all Ages, by Francis Fitz-Esop. 18mo. Pp. 117. London, S. Maunder.

There is both pith and whim in this modern version of fables, which are satirically directed to concerns and topics of the day. The first fifty pages are a fling at Mr. St. John Long; the Two Cocks, in the next, are the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey. The Deformed Ape is a progeny between superstition and bigotry, and shews up O'Connell. The Feud of the Furniture is a droll illustration of reform; and the whole will afford half an hour's amusement to the lovers of caricature, and a laugh at the times.

The Didoniad, a semi-Virgilian Nautic Epic, in nine Cantos. By Paul Hudiger, Esq., late Lieut. R.N. 12mo. Pp. 278. Edinburgh, H. Constable; London, Hurst and Co.

We confess this poem is far too poluphloisboiotico-thalassical for us: we cannot understand it, though it is evidently meant for humour, and does shew scintillations, where the expressions are intelligible, which is not the case with the general scope. There ought to be a key, if there really is any thing to decipher.

The Infant Teacher's Assistant, for the use of Schools and Private Families; or, Scriptural and Moral Lessons for Infants; with Observations on the Manner of using them. By T. Bilby and R. B. Ridgeway, Masters of the Chelsea and Hart Street Infant Schools. 18mo. pp. 112. London, 1831.

We most cordially recommend this little volume, which displays much industry and judgment in its arrangement. Brief and appropriate texts from Scripture — hymns — short poems, containing some simple lesson of morality, or something of general information— questions on different points of sacred history —the first elements of arithmetic — various branches of common and useful knowledge— are here collected in the most plain and distinct form, such as the most childish capacity would be capable of comprehending. The writers well remark on the difficulty of fixing, without wearying, infant attention; and we must say the methods here set forth appear to us to be excellent. Few persons but must be aware of the existence of those admirable institutions, the Infant Schools. The anxiety spared the parents, the benefits conferred on the children, are too obvious to need prolonged mention. This little work is the production of two masters, who thus submit to the public the results of a plan they have themselves found

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to work well; and we must say it is simple, attractive, and various. We would particularly call to it the attention of our country readers. To many a village school, a volume whose lessons are so easily understood and adopted, as are those of the one before us, — to many a village school, it would be invaluable.

A Key to the Genders of French Nouns. By F. de Brandecourt B——. London. J. Johnstone.

This slight pamphlet is founded on Professor Lemare's system, and appears very well calculated to assist the learner in one of the great difficulties of the French language, its genders. We must say, however, that the price, eighteenpence, for scarcely two dozen pages, is quite ridiculous.

The Siege of Constantinople; in Three Cantos, with other Poems. By Nicholas Michell. Pp. 81. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A model is to a poet what a false beacon is to a mariner. Lord Byron has evidently been Mr. Michell's idol; and in imitation he has merged all originality. The *Siege of Constantinople* is a large and faint shadow of the *Siege of Corinth*; and the renegade hero is of the *Lara* and *Giaour* school. Still, there is a spirit about his dedication that we like; and our best justice will be to quote its conclusion.

"Having entered the lists of poetry, should I be foiled at the first onset, I may probably, like a true knight, who, as Cid Hamete's hero says, 'though he be vanquished to-day, may conquer to-morrow,' reset my lance in rest, and venture another encounter."

Neatly bound in cloth, and as neatly printed, this volume is got up in a style very creditable to its publishers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Observing in the *Literary Gazette* of last week a notice of Mr. Young's account of the change of colour in the plumage of birds from fear, I have been induced to mention some circumstances which, among others, fell under my own observation, and from which I am led to conclude that such changes among the volatile tribes are not so rare as may be imagined, and are often produced by disease, as well as by other mental passions besides terror.

Without referring to the celebrated *Jacobite* goldfinch of Miss Cicy Scott, which the good old maiden of Carubber's Close affirmed became of a deep sable hue on the day of Charles's martyrdom,—though doubtless the natural philosopher would have discovered in this some more efficient cause than respect for the royal sufferer!—I myself recollect a partial change in the colour of a fine green parrot, belonging to Mr. Rutherford, of Ladfield. Like Miss Scott, the laird of Ladfield was a stanch adherent of the house of Stuart, and to his dying day cherished the hope of beholding their restoration to the throne of Britain.

In the mean time, Mr. Rutherford amused his declining years by teaching Charley to whistle "The king shall hae his ain again," and to gibber "Send the old rogue to Hanover," for which he was always rewarded by a sugar-plum or a dole of wassail (Scotch short-bread). Those Epicurean indulgences at length induced a state of obesity; and so depraved became the appetite of the bird, that, rejecting his natural food, he used to pluck out the feathers from those parts of the back within his reach, and bruise them with his bill, to obtain the oily substance contained in the quills.

The feathers which grew on the denuded parts were whitish, and never resumed their natural hue. I often saw Charley long after the death of his master, and he looked as if Nature, in one of her sportive moods, had created him half parrot, half goaling,—so strangely did his whitish back and tail contrast with his scarlet poll and brilliant green neck.

A still more remarkable change of colour in a lark, belonging to Dr. Thomas Scott of Fanash, occurred under my own eye, and which, I have no doubt, was produced by grief at being separated from a mavis. Their cages had long hung side by side in the parlour, and often had they striven to out-rival each other in the loudness of their song; till their minstrelsy became so stunning, that it was found necessary to remove the laverock to a drawing-room above stairs.

The poor bird gradually pined, moped, and ceased its song. Its eyes grew dim, and its plumage assumed a dullish tint, which, in less than a fortnight, changed to a deep black.

The worthy physician watched with the eye of a naturalist this phenomenon; but, after a while, fearing for the life of his favourite, he ordered it to be replaced alongside its companion.

In a short time it resumed its spirits and its song—recommenced its rivalry with the mavis—but, after every moulting, the new feathers were always of the same coal-black colour.

The mavis evinced no corresponding feeling of attachment—neither, so far as I recollect, missing its companion nor rejoicing at its restoration.

A. C. Hall.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Ritchie, lecturer on natural philosophy in the Institution, on elasticity,—particularly the elasticity of torsion. From the nature of the subject, and the manner in which it was handled by Mr. Ritchie, this was an exceedingly interesting lecture. He first gave a general view of the elasticity of matter in its two states, solid and fluid. After describing the method by which Mariette investigated the law for the compression of air, he remarked, that this method could not be employed beyond a very few atmospheres, but that M. Œrsted had, by a powerful condensing apparatus, proved the same law to hold when the air was compressed into the one-sixth part of its original bulk. Mr. Ritchie then stated, that there was a striking deviation from the law, "that the volume into which any quantity of air is compressed is inversely as the compressing force," in the case of those gases which Mr. Faraday has liquefied by simple condensation. When sulphurous acid gas is compressed with a force of about three atmospheres and a half, it is converted into a liquid; and when the pressure exceeds two atmospheres, it begins to give signs of this change of state by deviating from the general law of condensation; or, in other words, it begins to lose a portion of its elastic force. The lecturer then made a few observations on the three kinds of elasticity of solid bodies, namely, the elasticity of compression, the elasticity of tension, and the elasticity of torsion; the last of which formed the principal subject of the lecture. After stating the laws of the elasticity of torsion, discovered by Coulomb, in five wires of iron, brass, silver, &c. he investigated experimentally these laws, as belonging in a perfect degree to threads of glass. If a fine thread of glass, two or three feet long, be attached to a small handle, and the other end prevented from turning round, it may be twisted two or three hundred times without breaking; and when allowed to untwist itself, it will return exactly to its former position. By attaching a fine thread of glass to the edge of a delicate balance, and fixing the other end securely in a torsion key, and then putting successively equal weights into one of the pans, Mr. Ritchie shewed that the degrees of torsion necessary to raise the weights were directly proportional to the weights employed. By this means the weights of minute portions of matter could be ascertained; which would scarcely be sensible with the finest balances. Mr. Ritchie then shewed the application of this beautiful property to the construction of an electrometer, and proved, from the perfect elasticity of the thread, as well as from its insulating power, the advantage of glass over the finest metallic wires. But the most elegant application of the elasticity of glass was in the construction of an exceedingly delicate galvanometer. A fine magnetic needle is suspended above a coil of wires by a glass thread several feet long, the upper end of which is attached to a torsion-key. A current of voltaic electricity is then made to circulate along the wires, the needle is instantly deflected, the torsion-key is turned round till the deflecting force of the current is vanquished by the elasticity of the glass. The experiment is repeated with different currents, and the degrees of torsion afford an accurate measure of the deflecting forces of the currents. Towards the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Ritchie shewed two beautiful applications of this property in threads of glass, to the experimental demonstration of two properties belonging to a horizontal or vertical pendulum, when deflected or made to vibrate by the magnetic influence of the earth, or simply by the earth's attraction. These properties involve mathematical considerations which could not with propriety be brought before the general reader, but will likely find a place in the more detailed accounts of the evening lectures, contained in the Journal of the Royal Institution. Mr. Ritchie remarked, that the galvanometer was so delicate as to detect the slightest difference between alloys of the same metal, and might thus be employed as a test for detecting a base gold coin, or even one having too much silver or copper combined with it.

In the library were many curious pieces of apparatus, laid on the table by M. Bourden, of Paris: one of these was a glass lamp, with argand burner, the supply of oil to which was forced upwards by a pump, consisting of a particular arrangement of glass tubes, containing columns of mercury; and the motive power acting upon this liquid was merely the expansion of air in a glass bulb, alternately carried over and away from the flame. Another apparatus, founded upon the hydrostatic pressure of two columns of liquid, the one continuous and the other broken by air, exhibited a circulating motion for a long while together. —Various works of art, paintings, busts, &c., including presents to the Institution, were also placed on the table, together with samples of Col. Pasley's artificial cements; a specimen of a beautiful little ground parrot, from Australia, sent by the Zoological Society, the introduction of which to this country was noticed in the *Lit. Gaz.* some weeks ago.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Botany of Capt. Beechey's Voyage, &c. &c. By Dr. Hooker and G. A. W. Arnott, Esq. Part I. 4to. pp. 48. London, Treuttel and Würtz.

THE first of the scientific adjuncts to the voyage which has recently occupied so many of our pages; and, if we may judge from its commencement, a very valuable addition to botany. The collections were principally made by Mr. Lay, the naturalist to the expedition; but also by the officers generally, and in particular by Mr. Collie. Of the literary portion of such a work we can give no example; and of the plates, ten in number, we need only say, that they are accurately and very prettily engraved.

Flora Boreali-Americana, or the Botany of the Northern Parts of British America. By Dr. Hooker. Part II. 4to. Treuttel and Co.

WE do not remember to have seen the First Part of this work, which is chiefly composed of plants found during Capt. Franklin's expeditions, but with additions from Mr. Douglas's collection. It is every way similar to the preceding, but on a somewhat larger paper, and the plates more numerous.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. LUBBOCK, V.P. and treasurer, in the chair. Two papers were read: the first was a description of Mr. Robinson's mountain-barometer, the column of which is divisible into two portions; communicated by Captain Kater: the second, on water cements, by Col. Pasley. The chairman read a letter from H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, stating his great regret that, from indisposition, he was unable to take the chair that evening, as he had intended. The chairman also notified the adjournment of the meetings till after Easter. Among the presents were several volumes of memoirs, from the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh; Mr. Ranking's two volumes of Historical Researches; and various numbers of Professor Schumaker's *Astronomische Nachrichten.*

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. F. Madden exhibited the matrix and an impression of the seal of the Priory of St. Mary, Southwic, in Hampshire, a remarkably fine specimen of the monastic seals, with splendid Gothic work, in some parts standing out in full relief, distinct from the back ground. Mr. M. observed on the very scanty information hitherto derived as to the manner of making and affixing the impressions of the ancient seals. The seal in question, however, had thrown considerable light upon the subject; and, it appears, that the impressions were formed of two distinct pieces, each half being impressed on both sides,—the *interior* impression of each piece being made to correspond with openings in the other, through which it might be seen, the two pieces were then united with bits of spiral wire, and the edges of the wax melted together. This accounts for the extraordinary and beautiful hollow work seen in many of the ancient seals. An impression of this seal has been found attached to a document dated in the thirteenth century.—The Secretary commenced the reading of what appeared to be a very long communication, by the Rev. H. M. Grover, on the history, customs, and games, of ancient Greece and Italy. On account of Passion week and Easter, the meetings of the Society were adjourned to the 14th of April.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE President in the chair.—The paper read was the conclusion of Mr. Prince Hoare's essay on the moral fame of authors. The justness of the opinion, that there exists an inseparable connexion between the moral and religious sentiments of men of genius and the stability of their literary fame, which the writer maintained upon general grounds in the former portion of his memoir, he further evinced in this second portion from an examination of the moral character of Shakspeare's dramas. After various observations upon the productions of that wonderful bard, in relation to the views advanced, he selected the tragedy of Macbeth as a signal illustration of his principle. Throughout this sublime composition, he shewed that the transcendent powers of the poet are no less apparent in the way in which he attains his object of instilling moral warning and instruction, than in his astonishing delineations of character and passion. The eloquent writer, in conclusion, asserted his belief, as an inference to which he had been led by his subject, that literature is one among the principal means employed by a beneficent Providence for effecting the great moral purposes of his government, in relation to mankind. Viscount Goderich and the Rev. Miles Bland, D.D. were elected members. Various presents to the Society's library were announced.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Sir ALEXANDER JOHNSTON in the chair. There were read, 1. Remarks on some ancient inscriptions found in Lycia and Phrygia, by Professor Grotefend, of Hanover. Facsimiles of these inscriptions are given by Mr. Walpole, in his Travels in the East, with explanations; they were discovered by Messrs. Cockerell, Carlyle, and Col. Leake: they are in the old Etruscan character, and treated of at length by MM. Letronne and Saint Martin; but in the philological part much remains to be done, and to this Professor Grotefend applies himself in his essay. 2. A copy of a Latin inscription found in the great temple at Kalabsher, in Nubia, in 1828, by Captain Rainer, C.B., R.N. It appears to be to the honour of Gallus, a favourite general of the Emperor Hadrian. A transcript has been made by the Rev. H. Drury, of Harrow; and a translation was furnished by Col. Broughton. The latter gentleman having resigned the office of secretary, had a unanimous vote of thanks awarded to him for the valuable services he had rendered to the Society. Mr. Prescot presented his Remarks on the Architecture, Sculpture, and Zodiac, of Palmyra; the chairman some MSS. connected with inquiries made by him while chief justice on the island of Ceylon, at the suggestion of Jacob Bryant, Maurice Heeren, and other eminent antiquaries, respecting places in that island mentioned by Ptolemy, Pliny, and others.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

WE have been much gratified with our private view of this, the eighth, Exhibition of British Artists in Suffolk Street; for it justifies all those anticipations of improvement and success with which we hailed the establishment of this new colony of the arts. We have no hesitation in stating that it far surpasses any former year. Indeed, there is no department in which it does not display works of extraordinary merit; whether we refer to subjects of general interest, portraits, landscape, familiar life—or to the qualities of fancy, colour, drawing, taste, and other essentials of painting. There are no fewer than 915 Nos. in the catalogue, including two whole-lengths begun by Sir T. Lawrence, and finished by Mr. Simpson. In landscape we have Linton, Hofland, Roberts, Nasmyth, Wilson, Westall, J. W. Allen, Witherington, Childe, J. Ewebank, Earl, C. J. Scott, Maddox, and many others, from the well-known excellence of most of these we have named, to the rapidly rising talent of others. In portraiture, Mr. Lonsdale is eminently conspicuous; and Hurlstone, J. P. Davis, Clint, R. F. Bone, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Pearson, &c. are seen around, his not unworthy associates. Mr. R. B. Davis has a superb chase; Parris, Inskipp, J. Holmes, Prentis, Hart, and Harvey, some sweetly fanciful performances, and others of a yet more ambitious character. Lance is great in the larder; and the domestic circle, whether for whim or feeling, is admirably kept up by Knight, Webster, Fraser, Liverseege, Clater, Kidd, Gill, and Lonsdale, jun. The room with water-colours and miniatures would in itself form a very attractive exhibition; but we have not time to dilate even on the whole, and can only heartily recommend an early visit to all who love to witness the progress and prosperity of the British school.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE late Mr. Holwell Carr has bequeathed a splendid collection of Italian pictures of the old masters to the National Gallery. Surely this addition to the treasure already possessed by the country, and likely to be so munificently augmented, will lead to the immediate erection of a building worthy of its reception.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

AN oratorio, called the *Last Judgment*, in the original *Die Letzten Dinge*, composed by Spohr, to words selected from the Holy Scriptures by Rochlitz of Leipsic, was the grand and very novel feature of the third Philharmonic Concert, on Monday last. So great an innovation as the introduction of nearly a whole oratorio, to the exclusion of instrumental music,—especially the orchestral symphony, for which the Philharmonic audience has hitherto shewn such a decided predilection,—could not have been hazarded by the directors but under the impression that the work they substituted possessed some very superior qualities. Their bold experiment, we are happy to state, succeeded beyond all expectation. Since the first performance of that oratorio, at Cassel, in 1827, under the composer's own direction, and at the Norwich Music Festival in September last, the most competent judges have come to the conclusion, that it is a work so ingenious in its original conception, so profound and elaborate in its construction, and yet throughout so beautifully adapted to, and descriptive of, the sublimity of the subject, that it must be ranked among the best productions in the sacred style, whether ancient or modern. Here Spohr seems to have been in his very element; and we have always maintained, that the gravely serious, the plaintive and pathetic, are much more suited to his genius than the opposite qualities; more a "mater dolorosa" than a "Fin ch' han dal vino." The overture, the

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first part of which is in D minor, the second in D major, is very characteristic, and partakes of the two styles of composition — the sacred and dramatic. The first chorus, "Praise his awful name," and the solo, "Mighty he cometh to judgment," more simple in construction than the following, form a beautiful contrast with the recitative and solo, "Behold the Lamb that was slain!" and "Weep no more." The solo and chorus, "Blessing and honour," have justly been remarked as bearing resemblance, both in the melody and the accompaniments, to Handel's chorus, "The many rend the skies." It is rather light, but very pleasing. A greater claim to particular distinction, for beauty of melody and deep feeling, has the duet, most deservedly encored, "Forsake me not in this dread hour, O God, most merciful." The chorus,* "Destroyed is Babylon," is grand and magnificent beyond all description —its effect almost terrific. The quartet, "Blessed are the departed," is as beautiful as it is difficult, and was the second piece encored. The singers, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Vaughan, and E. Taylor, and also the choir, deserve the highest praise for accuracy and precision in the execution of these extremely difficult pieces, several being written in four sharps and flats, one even in six flats; to say nothing of abrupt transitions and intricate harmonies. Of the other parts of the concert it may suffice to mention Meldelssohn Bartholdy's overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Mr. Neukomm's sinfonia in E flat. The latter is written very much in the easy, pleasing style of Haydn, his master, and was very favourably received. The whole concert produced general satisfaction.

ANCIENT CONCERT.—On Wednesday her Majesty was present at the Ancient Concert. The performances were of a very high order.

ON Wednesday, Mr. Philipps's second lecture, at the Royal Academy of Music, was still more numerously attended than the first; and his farther developement of the principles of musical instruction, with pleasing vocal examples, was often and much applauded.

THE famous Hummel of Weimar, we are told, is about to pay us another visit, at the latter end of next month, about the time when Paganini is expected.

DRAMA.

THE Adelphi and the Olympic close this evening for the season. The lessees, male and female, of these true places of entertainment will no doubt hail the termination of their labours, and keep their golden harvest-homes merrily enough. But their small green curtains will fall heavily on *our* hearts, and their closed box-doors make a dismal blank in our existence. The knowledge of their well-merited success must, however, in some measure console us. The *Wreck Ashore* has proved laden with specie, to the great joy of the dwellers on the Strand; and the roar of *Olympic Revels* (as we predicted) ceases but with the season; *Pandora* closing her strong-box upon upwards of three thousand pounds, which the kind gods have netted for her within three months! Mathews and his double, the veritable *Adelphi*, the anything but Sigh-amese twins, we may chance to get a peep at during the spring, in some less dramatic but equally amusing shape: but Vestris is lost to us till the first of next October: Momus may be "at home" for a few nights, but Euphrosyne leaves town for the season. Venus will not be an evening star again till the autumn; but she will rise, say the theatrical astronomers, with redoubled splendour. "The lower limb" of this beautiful planet (we speak the language of the observatory) will become visible $7^h\ 5^m\ 30^s$ on the 1st of October, 1831.——Hold! gentle reader, we have been just bitten by an astrologer—what if we continue our observations and predictions, concerning the drama generally, in the true Mooreish style. Listen to the *Vox Stellarum Scenicarum*.

Of the Vernal or Spring Quarter.

According to the meridian of Greenwich, this quarter will commence on Easter Monday, the 4th of April, when Astley's Amphitheatre will be found in ☍ (or opposition) to the Surrey, and Drury Lane equally so to Covent Garden. Kean will be lord of the ascendant in the succedent house near Finsbury □; and Inverarity, the newly discovered star in the constellation Lyra, will be a conspicuous object in the operatic hemisphere. We may expect to hear important news from the east. A deep tragedy is likely to be acted on the other side of Temple Bar — Heaven preserve the lord mayor and aldermen! Some important cavalry movements will take place near Westminster bridge —ay, and in the Haymarket too, if we may trust the appearance of Cooke's troop in the old Tennis-court. A showman, near Greenwich, shall augment his fortune about this time; and let those who run down hill look to their footing. Nearer home we may expect splendid mutations of scenery: a great painter is at work at Drury Lane; and the ☌ of Peake with Farley, at Covent Garden, bodes much entertainment to the holyday makers. Let us hope all will go well.

Of the Estival or Summer Quarter.

At this ingress of the Sun into Cancer we have several occultations of the superior planets, in the cadent houses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Farren will be in transit to the Haymarket, where he will be an evening star for four months; and that lately observed luminary, Taylor, will be seen rapidly approaching the same star about the end of June. From this favourable aspect we predict that a manager is likely to make money, and a young actress to rise greatly in public estimation. A long-pending cause in Chancery is settled about this time, and the gentlemen of the long robe, who have fattened upon the spoils of their foolish clients, are the only gainers by the decision.

The Autumnal Quarter

Will commence, as we before stated, on the 1st of October, when all the superior planets will be in opposition. We may expect great changes in every part of the theatrical world.

> New faces now in ev'ry house appear,
> And minor signs do make the majors fear
> Something is acting for the public good,
> Where players can be seen and understood,
> Malignant aspects stream from Charles's wain,
> And Mars doth glare in angry Leo's mane;
> Futurity man's feeble vision mocks,
> But Hope remains in sweet Pandora's box.

The Winter Quarter, or Brumal Ingress, Begins on Monday, the 26th of December, when those eccentric bodies, the comet pantomimes, become annually visible in all the signs of the theatrical zodiac;—which is to set the Thames on fire next Christmas, we cannot pretend to say. The most remarkable sign in this quarter is a △ (or trine) of Abbott, Egerton, and Warde, which is likely to affect the inhabitants of Knightsbridge and its vicinity — we hope pleasantly, but time alone can shew. Persons high in office seem disposed to clear up all former misunderstandings. A reform in theatricals is as much wanted as a reform in parliament. Let us hope, then, courteous reader, that a reform play-bill may pass both houses, and calm down the present agitation of the dramatic world.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday night Pacini's far-famed folly, *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei*, was produced at this theatre, for the benefit of Signor David; and on Saturday repeated, as we might say, for the benefit of the mechanist, and not of the treasury. The cast was well suited to the composition, and the composition to the cast; for never was vile production so vilely performed. Imagine Castelli, Fihelmi, and Deville, strutting away as "top sawyers"* in the scene, and the late Miss Paton, too late in the day, enacting the part of the *prima donna* of the night. Lablache, to be sure, did his best to conceal the composer's defects; and David exerted his utmost to render more unpalatable, if possible, the author's puerile production, by the constant employment of an effeminate *falsetto* with a *false* intonation. Nor does Signor David improve upon acquaintance, at least in this piece. His emphatic "pumpings" in passages when the sense of the music would proscribe all expression of passion, are sometimes laughably ludicrous. To employ a "coinage" of our own, he sings too much in *italics;* he reminds us of a pitiable punster who has no other mode of pointing his joke than by strongly accenting his witless word.

As for the title of the opera, judging of the character of the music, and of the unsuited situations of the scene, it might as well have been called the *Last Days of the Tory Administration*, as here, or any where else indeed, entitled, the *Last Day of Pompeii*. But it were a waste of words to enter into a critical analysis of poor Pacini's *patchwork*. With the exception of a quartet in the first act, and a duet in the second—the former pilfered from the *Semiramide* of Rossini, and the latter from the *Otello* of the same author—there is not discoverable in the whole opera an original motive or a connected melody, which could, by possibility, ever run the chance of even dying a natural death upon a Parisian *hurdy-gurdy*.

In conclusion, we have only to advise the manager, who doubtless has incurred considerable expense in his second *mounting* of Mount Vesuvius: "Do, by way of *variety*, substitute the Vesuvius of *Pompeii* for the Vesuvius of *Masaniello*, when that inimitable ballet is next represented; or, if not, why, follow the example of the provincial worthy, and advertise, according to custom, in large letters—'POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT *of the last* DAY *of Pompeii*—the whole of the music *to be left out* by particular desire.' This may do something for the theatre, keep the audiences in good humour, and perhaps sufficiently awake to enjoy either the pretty ballet of *La Somnambule*, or the splendid spectacle of *Kenilworth*."

* We are little inclined to find fault, but cannot refrain from hinting to the directors, that in the choruses the tenor voices were too prominent, and the basses not enough so; the effect would have been much improved had this been otherwise. The Messiah at Drury Lane theatre was nearly torn to pieces a few evenings since by the *screaming* of three or four tenors, who seemed disposed to have the affair entirely to themselves; and there was a little of the same fault here on Monday night. These very noisy persons should not be allowed to sing *solos*.

* Vide Lady Morgan's *Book of the Boudoir*.

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COVENT GARDEN.

Miss F. Kemble has played *Lady Constance* in *King John* twice this week; and without disparagement to her fair fame. Much of the performance was very fine.

VARIETIES.

Action of Metals on Water and Carbonic Acid. — M. Despretz has stated to the French Academy, that nickel, cobalt, zinc, and tin, possess, like iron, the property of decomposing water at a red heat, and that their oxides are reduced by hydrogen at the same temperature: he has also observed that carbonic acid is converted by zinc and tin into oxide of carbon, and that this gas completely reduces the oxides of these metals. Thus a fact, which was considered as anomalous, extends to several metals and binary compounds.

Sir Walter Scott. — A rumour obtained very general circulation last week, that Sir W. Scott had been attacked by a serious illness; but we are happy to say it was only the revival of a former exaggerated report. The excellent baronet is in good health, and giving his leisure to the finish of Count Robert, which we trust we shall see as soon as the ferment of politics has subsided.

The March of Politics.—Not only has Mr. Ridgway published the majority and minority on the Reform Question in red and black ink, to distinguish the sheep from the goats; but Howlett and Brimmer have followed the example, and given us the lists in gold, opposed to black letters. We observe that Hunt, notwithstanding his blacking, is on the golden side, and Goulburn is among the blacks.

Britton's Lectures on Architecture. — On Monday Mr. Britton commenced his course of eight lectures at the London Institution. The attendance was numerous, and the lecture listened to with great approbation.

Peterborough.—A society has been recently established in this city, on a very respectable footing, both in point of numbers and in the character of the members, embracing in its objects the discussion of historical and literary questions, and the formation of an extensive library. It is also the intention of some of the members to offer occasional contributions of papers, in order to make a collection of manuscripts illustrative of the history and antiquities of Peterborough and its neighbourhood, and other compositions of a miscellaneous nature. The ends the society have in view are, "the general improvement of the intellectual powers, the promoting a love of literature, and the diffusion of useful knowledge."—*Cambridge Paper.*

One Sense! ! ! — Our philosophical readers, who have hitherto valued themselves on the possession of *five senses*, and our less instructed friends who have talked in common parlance of being frightened out of their *seven senses*, will, to use the phraseology of parliamentary petitionising, be filled with consternation and dismay at learning that it has just been settled *there is but one sense! ! !* Man, the head of created beings, enjoys only one sense, and that sense is TOUCH. His eye touches spectral objects, his ear touches sounds, his nose touches smells, his palate touches flavours—in short, his whole life is but Touch and Go.

Scientific Societies. — It is estimated that there are above fifteen hundred learned and scientific societies in the world; above half of which are occupied in the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

Observations on the Mollusca. — M. Rang, who has recently returned from a voyage to Senegal, has addressed a letter to Baron Ferussac, in which he communicates some of the results of his voyage. He has found that the *ropan* of Adanson is nothing else than the *modiola caudigera* of Lamarck, which envelopes itself in a calcareous tube, with which it lines the cavity it has previously hollowed in stone. Lamarck had already seemed to believe in the presence of a tube in the lithodomus; and the discovery of the fact in the living animal is the more important, that M. Ch. Desmoulins has determined its presence in fossil individuals from the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. M. Rang found in the river Senegal beautiful *etheriæ* at a distance of 600 miles from its mouth. He has also discovered in some rivers the *galathea radiata*, which Lamarck quotes as coming from Ceylon. This beautiful shell is found on sand-banks which are covered by some feet of fresh water: with it live eight or ten species of *melaniæ* of exceeding beauty, and which in form, variety, and size, approach the genus *potamides* of M. Brogniart, as well as the fossil *cerithea* of the Parisian limestone.

Cholera Morbus. — Accounts from Russia state, that notwithstanding the season, which invariably checks this fatal malady, the artificial heat produced at Moscow and other Russian towns by the use of furs, and by the large stoves in the houses, have prolonged its existence, and that great apprehensions are entertained that, on the approach of spring, its violence and rapidity of communication will be entirely restored.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIII. March* 26.]

At Home and Abroad, a Novel, by the Author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," and "Continental Adventures," is announced.—An Essay on the Influence of Temperament in modifying Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by Dr. Thomas Mayo.—A new edition of Mr. Babbage's Table of Logarithms.—A work, consisting of Illustrations of the Rarer Plants contained in the Herbarium collected by Dr. Horsfield in the Island of Java; selected and described by Robert Brown, Esq. and entitled Plantæ Javanicæ Rariores, descriptæ Iconibusque illustratæ, is announced.

Of Destiny, by the Author of "Marriage," we have only time to say, that a hurried glance gives us a very favourable opinion of its entertaining powers.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Agriculture, new edition, 8vo. 2*l.* 10*s.* bds.—Mitchell's Siege of Constantinople, a Poem, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Lovett's Revelation of St. John Explained, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Young's Egyptian Dictionary, 8vo. 12*s.* bds. — The King's Secret, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Burckhardt's Travels among the Bedouins and Wahabys, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Family Library of French Classics, Vols. I. and II. 8vo. bds. 3*s.* 6*d.* each; fine paper, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Brown's Bible, imperial 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Lord Henley's Memoir of Lord Northington, post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hall on the Faith and Influence of the Gospel, with Essay by Chalmers, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Clarke's Scripture Promises, with Essay by Wardlaw, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Dr. Pye Smith's Discourses on Prophecy, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Hinton's Lectures on Revivals, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Leigh's Guide through Wales and Monmouthshire, with Map and View, 9*s.* cloth.—Roberts's Welsh Interpreter, 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of England and Wales, 3d edition, with plans of Tours and Map, 8*s.* bound; with 55 County Maps, 12*s.* bound.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

March.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 17	From 49. to 59.	29·76 to 29·89
Friday 18	—— 33. — 52.	30·06 — 30·13
Saturday .. 19	—— 31. — 49.	30·13 — 30·06
Sunday.... 20	—— 32. — 55.	30·04 — 30·00
Monday .. 21	—— 42. — 56.	30·00 — 30·03
Tuesday .. 22	—— 39. — 49.	30·16 — 30·26
Wednesday 23	—— 33. — 45.	30·28 — 30·12

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Except the 20th, generally clear; a little rain fell on the 17th and 21st, though not measurable.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to suggest to several correspondents the expediency of furnishing us with their addresses when they expect answers. E. W. C. and Lieutenant L. (we give only the initials) may be in the next street; but we cannot tell.—M. A. B. must address Annette elsewhere; we advise *viva voce*.

The Latin lines inquired for by W. B. a fortnight ago, and several answers to which we last week acknowledged and promised to insert, are quoted by F. C. P. thus—

"Lumine Acon dextro; capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque deos.
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede parenti;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

He is of opinion that, though they might have been applied to the Princess Eboli, they were written centuries before.

P. G. J. quotes Martial—erroneously, we fancy:

"Lumine Acon capt' est dextro; Leonilla sinistro,
At formâ potest vincere uterque Deos.
Parve puer! lumen quod habes, concede sorori—
Sic tu cæcus Amor; sic erit illa Venus!"

Ignotus has the lines from the papers of a deceased friend, with a rather paraphrastic translation—

"Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et poterat forma vincer' uterque Deos;
Parve puer! lumen quod habes concede puellæ,
Sic Tu cæcus Amor, sic erit Illa Venus."

"Since of thy right eye, Acon, thou'rt bereft,
Whilst Leonilla sadly mourns her left,
Yet both possess'd of forms so beautifully true,
That gods themselves might bend the knee to you—
O boy! concede the light thou hast
To her, so matchless then!
And thus to woman Cupid be—
She, Venus to the men."

Ignotus tells us he also found the annexed epigram and translation, in looking for the above lines—

"Hic liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque,
Et in quo reperit dogmata quisque sua."

"His doctrine here, each doctor strives to find,
And finds out ev'ry doctrine to his mind."

Another valued correspondent quotes the lines exactly like Ignotus, only substituting "sorori" for "puellæ." He refers us to the Pandects of Amalfi, of which it is stated in the Encyclopædia, "Amaltheus (Jerome, John Baptiste, and Cornelle), three celebrated Latin poets of Italy, who flourished in the 16th century. Their compositions were printed at Amsterdam in 1685. One of the prettiest pieces in that collection is an epigram on two children, whose beauty was very extraordinary, though each of them was deprived of an eye."

J. W. L. quotes the epigram from the Latin poems of the three brothers Amaltheus; and says, "it is stated in Dr. Warton's Essay on Pope's Genius and Writings, to have been made on Louis de Maquiron, the handsomest man of the time, and his sister the Princess d'Eboli, both having lost an eye."

Another correspondent, E. M. of Bath, writes:—"I know of no composition of *two* lines on the subject referred to; but, with the hope of communicating some information to W. B., I transcribe a letter in my possession, addressed to me by the late accomplished Mrs. Piozzi.

29th May, 1817.

Sir,—This is how the epigram stands in *my* scrap-book:

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Ex poterat formâ vincere uterque Deos.
Blande Puer! lumen quod habes concede Sorori;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Would not the epigram have gained in value, had the *mother* and *son* been represented as each of them one-eyed? It would certainly have been more classical to have substituted the word *parenti* for *sorori*; but I am never sure of my prosody. One could *then* have translated it thus:

Leonilla said, 'Lend me that eye,' to her son,
Perceiving the boy, like herself, had but one;
'For then we may manage the matter between us;
And you'll be blind Cupid, whilst I shall be Venus.'

The writer of this epigram was Cornelius Amaltheus, who printed a collection of poems at Amsterdam, in 1685: a Protestant, I believe, though born in Italy, and who parodied in Latin verse the Catechism of the Council of Trent."

T. S., however, does give us two lines only; but they are imperfect;—they do not tell the fact, and are merely the last two of the four. E. T. does the same, and says they were made use of in the reign of Philip II., though previously written. Mr. C. Walmsley says the lines were by Jerome Amaltheus; and quotes them (the same as in our first example, except sorori for parenti) from the Selecta Poëmata Italorum, 2 vols. Lond. 1740.

We need notice no farther explanations; and we insert the foregoing as an amusing proof of the interest taken in matters connected with polite literature. By the by, "a Truant from Dean's Yard," Westminster, palms the following upon us as an attempt at a free translation, pretending he had not seen the original; but the last line is a sad tell-tale!

Pulchra parens pueri; puer ipse, parentis imago,
Uno, sorte pari, luminis orbe carent;
Redde tuum, formose puer, modò redde parenti;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

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March 12, 1831.

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MUSIC.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Italy. By Josiah Conder, author of the "Modern Traveller." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Duncan.

AFTER a long list of tours, and descriptive sketches, and guides,—all of which comparatively disappoint the reader in search of comprehensive knowledge,—we are here presented with a work whose purpose is to supply the defects of its predecessors; and, though concise in form, to make us amply acquainted with Italy and its inhabitants. The name of the writer, already so well known as the author of those highly interesting and valuable volumes the *Modern Traveller*,—a work which every year advances in popularity, as its merits come to be more fully examined,—is a sufficient attestation to the interest, impartiality, and intelligence, of his present design. Taking all the performances on Italy, which have been so copiously furnished during the last twenty years, combining their information, correcting their errors, reinforcing their anecdote and information by his own, and influenced by no authority but that of an excellent and practised judgment, he may congratulate himself on having compiled a work of the most serviceable, and not less of the most attractive nature, to every man who desires to have, in a portable size, a vade-mecum through Italy. For truly says the preface, "Stimulated by the public approbation awarded to his former work, as well as by the intrinsic interest of the subject of these volumes, the author has spared no pains to render them as complete and accurate as possible; and the delay which has occurred in their appearance has been occasioned by no remission of his labours, but by the very arduous nature of his complicated task. He does not shrink from any competent criticism, feeling assured that the work will be most favourably estimated by those who will be best able to detect its deficiencies. If it is not all that he could wish to have made it, he claims the merit of having, under all the circumstances, done his best. So wide are the discrepancies in the varying reports of our best writers, even upon points which it might seem easy to verify, or impossible to mistake, that it has often been a matter of no small perplexity to ascertain which statement might be most safely depended upon. Not to speak of the varying estimates of the area of Italy, given by Humboldt at 10,000, by Malte Brun at 15,000 square leagues; the reader will find, for instance, the height of the Falls of Terni stated, by different travellers, at 1060, 800, 266, and 200 feet; that of the Torre d'Asinello at Bologna, at 256, 327, 348, 376, and 476 feet; the Val di Chiana, at 60 miles in length and 3 in breadth, and again at 40 miles in length by from 7 to 12 in breadth; the height of the aqueduct at Spoleto, at 250 feet and 238 yards, &c. But in numberless instances, these variations have been too unimportant to notice, though they have materially added to the difficulty of the writer's task. Who would have expected to find the accurate Gibbon guilty of the gross blunder of making the Mincio flow *into* the Lago di Guarda?"

The plan of these volumes is that of a complete account of Italy as it is; a view of it in its political relations, natural qualities of character, produce, and soil; antiquities, architecture, general arts, &c.—all that can form matters of inquiry to an intelligent mind. Without the dryness of a road-book, it points out the routes to the principal points of concourse and curiosity; without the teasing minuteness of a "Guide," it leaves no remarkable church, picture, or object of ingenious invention, unnoticed; and without the intolerable prolixity and trifling of antiquarian detail, it traces vividly, and yet closely, those footsteps of ancient times which make Italy classic ground,—an illustrious cemetery, filled with the monuments of men and ages whose memory it is almost a religion to preserve. The arrangement which the author has adopted for his volumes, also appears to us to be admirably calculated to bring all those features into full relief. Noticing the actual territorial divisions as matters of geography, he follows in his description the routes which would be naturally presented to a traveller desirous of thoroughly investigating Italy. He makes the chief cities leading points of his narrative; and from each as a centre, he *radiates* out to the circumference of the circle which may be presumed to have been influenced by their character;—as, for example, Turin, Genoa, Milan, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Bologna, Rome, and Naples. As it would swell this notice to a singularly inconvenient length to give all the passages which strike us as conceived with beauty, or described with force, we shall take only a few topics, as specimens of its information; inclining to the description of places which at this period, from political causes, possess an additional degree of public interest. We shall therefore dismiss the malaria, and leave Rome and Florence, with their statues, pictures, and churches, often vividly described by this writer, and turn to the districts in which the new Italian revolution is making progress: and first of Parma, whence the ex-empress of France has been lately ejected with so little ceremony.

"Parma, together with its little river of the same name, retains unchanged its ancient appellation. Like the greater number of Italian cities, it may justly boast a certain degree of beauty in its architecture. It covers a considerable area, its walls being between three and four miles in circumference, and contains a population amounting to between 30,000 and 35,000 souls. Lady Morgan describes its streets as, nevertheless, dull and dreary, 'lined with those mouldering edifices which the French call *masures*, the habitations of the lowly, and with some fine and almost ruinous palaces, the dwellings of the great. Almost every other building is a church; but of these churches, though all are rich within, few are finished without—a fact of common occurrence in Italy. The miserable little shops, the silent streets of Parma, shew no traces of its ancient commerce, when its market supplied wool to Europe. Now it exhibits only a hopeless indolence and a torpid inactivity. A little raw silk, and the cheese which is found so much better every where than in the district whence it takes its name, form the whole exports of the Parmesan States; and the only visible symptoms of internal trade are festoons of macaroni, and the swinging pewter basin which vibrates over the barber's shop. The barber of Italian towns is still a character, and differs little from the important personage who, in remoter times, gave heroes to comedy, and *intriguants* to novels. His shop alone is secure of custom, where all must shave *sometimes*, and where no one shaves himself. While the barber's shop is the emporium of news and the mart of trade in the morning, the *caffè*, after the church, seemed to be, in Parma, the principal place of resort to persons of all ranks. These *caffès*, modelled upon the French, and about as splendid as such festive rendezvous are in a third-rate provincial town in France, are still the gayest things in Parma. The churches are evidently the fashionable evening lounge; for, though we saw but very few carriages on the *corso*, and found the theatre empty, the churches were brilliantly illuminated; and the votarists were so numerous within, that many, unable to proceed further, knelt in the street round the doors of entrance, while the benediction was pronouncing. Parma is extremely Spanish, from having been long the residence of a Spanish court, and governed by Spanish influence.' * * * In an attic apartment of the Farnese palace, the traveller is shewn the splendid Parisian wardrobe of the ex-Empress of France. Massive toilet-tables of *or-molu*; a beautifully sculptured mirror; the cot of the young 'King of Rome,' of mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold; vases and basins of solid silver, washed with gold: these and other articles of imperial luxury, the memorials of fallen greatness, together with Napoleon's travelling bedstead, and various other things belonging to him, are here fondly or ostentatiously preserved by the present sovereign of Parma—once the imperial mistress of France, now sunk into 'the sole directress of the monotonous concerns of a petty state,' with no one to soothe her sorrows or to enliven the dulness of her present life—an empress without an empire, a widow while her husband was yet living, and now a childless mother with a living son. Her majesty (for she still retains that high style) resides principally at her country villa at Colorno, ten miles north of Parma, visiting her capital only during the carnival. She is said to be much beloved by her subjects."

Modena, another of the lately revolutionised states, follows.

"This city, which has been much embellished within the last fifty years, has a very handsome and cleanly appearance, together with an air of gaiety and liveliness, which bespeaks it to be the residence of a court. The

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recent improvements (chiefly in the *Strada Maestra*) have divided it into the new and the old city. Its general architecture is striking to a stranger, the greater part of the streets being built with open arcades, which add greatly to the beauty of the place, and afford a welcome shade or shelter from the heat or the storm. The ducal palace, which stands isolated in the great square, is a handsome structure; 'not, like that of Parma, on too great a scale for the state, but completely finished, superbly furnished, and kept up in a suitable style. Among its decorations is a rare and very beautiful marble, called *scogliato*, of a bright azure, slightly mixed with deeper shades of blue.' The ducal library, well known under the name of the *Bibliotsca Estense*, contains 60,000 volumes, and is esteemed highly valuable. It was formed of the Ferrara library, to which great additions have been made; and two of the most eminent literati which Italy has produced in modern times, have successively filled the office of librarian here—Muratori (born at Vignola in this duchy) at the beginning of the last century, and Tiraboschi (a native of Bergamo) about 1780. The picture gallery, though despoiled of some of its most celebrated pictures, is still one of the finest collections in Italy. A copy only of the famous *Notte* of Correggio, is now to be seen here, which is said, however, to give no bad idea of the admirable effect of the original. The subject is, the Adoration of the Infant Saviour by the Shepherds. The principal light emanates from the body of the Infant, illuminating the surrounding objects; but a secondary light is borrowed from a group of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the Child. The face of the new-born Saviour is skilfully hidden by its oblique position; but that of the Virgin is warmly irradiated, the forehead only being thrown into shade. The glow which illuminates the piece is heightened to the imagination by the attitude of a shepherdess, who shades her eyes with her hand. The glimmering of day-break, which shews the figures on the back-ground, contributes to the splendour of this noble composition."

Bologna, the most successful of the present candidates for independence, has been always of a strangely republican cast, and worn its papal chains with a good deal of scorn: it has prospered accordingly.

"On approaching the city, the country gradually improves, and becomes better wooded. The extreme fertility of the rich plain in which it stands is indicated by the heaviness of the grain, the height and vigour of the full-eared maize, and the incomparably fine growth of the hemp. In the neatness of the cottages, the careful husbandry, and the general appearance of the population, there are also signs of a greater degree of prosperity than in almost any other part of Italy. The Bolognese has always been the most flourishing of the four papal legations; owing, Bishop Burnet tells us, to its peculiar constitution. 'For Bologna,' he says, 'delivered itself to the popedom upon a capitulation, by which there are many privileges reserved to it. Crimes, there, are only punished in the persons of those who commit them; but there are no confiscations of estates; and though the authority in criminal matters belongs to the pope, and is managed by a legate and his officers, yet, the civil government, the magistracy, and the powers of judicature in civil matters, are entirely in the hands of the state. By this regulation it is, that, as the riches of Bologna amaze a stranger, it being neither on a navigable river, nor the centre of a sovereignty where a court is kept; so, the pope draws much more (in taxes) from this place of liberty than from those where his authority is unlimited and absolute, but that are almost quite abandoned.' Another favourable circumstance is, that the sale of the monastic property during the occupation of the French has greatly multiplied the number of the smaller landed proprietors, and raised up a thriving agricultural population. In one respect, however, that revolution has led to disastrous results. It has afforded opportunity and pretext to the restored government for depriving the Bolognese of most of their ancient privileges. By a papal rescript dated July 6, 1816, the popular magistracy and tribunals, the ancient faculties, the government of the militia, the right of coining money, and the right of popular election, were cancelled and annulled; and Bologna is now subject to the same laws and regulations as the rest of the states of the church. Bologna is picturesquely situated at the base of the Appennines; the Reno passes through the city, and the Savena washes its walls. It is surrounded with a high brick wall, about six (Italian) miles in circuit, and contains a population of between 60,000 and 70,000 souls. On approaching the city, its curious leaning towers and high antique spires, with the singular arcade leading up to the church of the Madonna di San Luca, perched on a steep hill overhanging the Reno, have a singular and striking effect. Though one of the oldest cities in Italy, it is one of the best preserved, and has a venerable appearance, without being ruinous. Its streets are lined with arcades, affording a covered footway on each side, as at Padua and Modena. If less elegant in appearance than the latter city, it has nothing of the monotonous, sombre character of the former. Its fine lofty arcades are supported on well-proportioned columns, and the architecture is in better taste, more finished, and on a larger scale. The city abounds with large churches and handsome palaces; and if these are not distinguished by any very striking architectural excellence, the general style is good, and the effect pleasing. * * *

"We have yet to speak of what was once the glory of Bologna, its University,—one of the oldest in Europe, being founded in 1119, and the first in which academical degrees were conferred. 'It was within her walls, during the tumult and desolation of the eleventh century, that learning first attempted to raise her head; and scholars and soldiers were often mingled in the same street, which resounded alternately with the shouts of warriors and the vociferation of disputants. In the twelfth century, the almost incredible number of ten thousand students was assembled there; and each country of Europe had its regents and professors, to prevent a second confusion of tongues in this modern Babel. The civil and canon laws were the favourite, almost the exclusive studies. Paris addressed herself more particularly to theology. Salernum was equally unrivalled in medical pursuits; but it flourished only under the humble name of school; and the diploma which, in process of time, constituted it a university, seems to have been the signal for the expiration of its learning, and the extinction of its authority. Padua and Oxford now began to acquire celebrity. The former university, a sort of offset from that of Bologna, soon eclipsed the medical school of Salernum. The latter, in the host of its students, if in no other respect, far outstripped every other. In the year 1340, the university of Oxford is said to have contained no fewer than 30,000 students. The schools of Bologna have been distinguished by one remarkable peculiarity: in the number of its learned female members and professors, its university stands alone. In the fourteenth century, Giovanni d'Andrea, professor of jurisprudence, had two daughters, one of whom, named Novella, when her father was prevented from delivering his lectures, was accustomed to supply his place from behind a curtain,—which, we are told, was

> 'drawn before her,
> Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
> Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
> And quite forget their jurisprudence.'

In later times, the chairs of the university have occasionally been filled by female professors of eminent attainments. Not many years before Mrs. Piozzi visited Bologna, *la dotteressa*, Laura Bassi, gave lectures upon the mathematics and natural philosophy, till she grew very old and infirm; and her pupils always handed her very respectfully to and from the doctor's chair. A marble tablet has been erected to her memory. Many learned ladies of France and Germany were at that time members of the university. Madonna Manzolina was about the same time professor of anatomy. Still more recently, the professorship of Greek was held by Signora Clotilda Tambroni, whose severity, we are told, is still remembered by her pupils. The university of Bologna, although it has long been on the decline, is on a much better footing now than prior to 1798, when monkish professors taught nothing but a sophistical and rancorous theology, together with the narrow principles of canon law. * * It now possesses the best and most costly instruments, as well as a large botanic garden. The number of professors (stated by Eustace to be seventy) is at present about twenty-six. That of students, a few years ago, was 550. The library contains 200,000 volumes."

We have thus run lightly over the volumes, which deserve an ample and attentive study, and which we should prefer either on an Italian tour, or as an intelligent conductor through the delights and wonders of the finest region of the world for the traveller at his own fireside, to any work that has been hitherto furnished by English literature. An interesting preface, containing a catalogue *raisonné* of the chief authorities on the subject, displays the singular extent of inquiry and diligence resorted to by Mr. Conder for the completion of his volumes on Italy. We have only to add, that the embellishments are numerous and beautifully executed: indeed, they are equal to some of the much-prized Annuals.

Destiny; or, the Chief's Daughter. By the Author of "Marriage," and the "Inheritance." 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1831, R. Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

To do full justice to an excellent novel, it should scarcely be judged as "one by itself, one;" but rather with reference to its thousand competitors. Comparisons are odious, we grant; but is it not their truth which makes them odious? no falsehood was ever half so afflicting as a disagreeable verity. To appreciate, therefore, the merit of the three clever volumes before us, compare them with the trash, "without mark or likelihood," which daily issues from the press—historical novels, which have laid Holinshed, &c., not their author's, invention under contribution; political novels, made up from last year's newspapers; or fashionable novels, each resembling the other, as do the parties whose chronicles they

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profess to be. Instead of such "dull reiteration," we have here a work that really does owe something to its author's talents, that calls upon the inventive faculty, and that is indebted nothing to either the peerage or the papers. Miss Ferrier is evidently a woman of strong practical sense, great knowledge of character, a keen perception of the ridiculous, and a wonderful power of re-creating the images imprest on her mind again on paper. She is almost unrivalled in her portraiture of an oddity; the absurdities stand forth so actual and so tangible—or, to use a national phrase, so life-like. *Destiny* is of a species that may well be called the novel of character—it is in the developement of character and its results that our author excels. Glenroy may almost be termed an historical picture; the selfishness of small and daily greatness, the exaggerating dignity of the Highland chief, the profusion mismaned generosity, the indulgence wrongfully termed affection—are all drawn in colours as forcible as they are true. Benbowie, the chief's silent companion, whose great distinction is his ugly waistcoats, whose only agreeable quality is acquiescence, and whose constant reply to Glenroy is an affirmative, or, as our author neatly terms it, a confirmative, is another genuine personage. The Rev. Duncan M'Dow is also perfect: coarse, obtuse, selfish, with that "dulness which ever loves a joke," a loud laugh rather, indifferent to the feelings of others, because quite unconscious of them. Happy are those who have no Mr. M'Dows among their acquaintance! Inch Orran is a finely dried and preserved specimen of "a particular man,"—to use the author's own words, "Many and various were the rumours afloat concerning him. The only point they all agreed in was, that he was a very particular man—which is the next thing to being called a Hydra. * * * He recollected that he was a particular man; and even a great man must give way to a particular man, inasmuch as the one is sometimes a poor man, and the other is always a rich man." But though we have not room to go through the whole catalogue of characters, we must not omit Mrs. Macauley, the most simple, kind-hearted creature that ever nursed a fit of the gout. After all, affection is the best moral beautifier. We must give a conversation between her and the chief, premising that the boy Ronald therein mentioned is the object of Glenroy's anger, from a distant kinsman having made him his heir; and the chief is one who whenever he is angry thinks himself ill-used.

"'You'll really make these children as great fools as you are yourself,' cried Glenroy, impatiently. 'How can you put such nonsense into their heads!' 'Me, Glenroy! 'deed, I never put any thing into their heads. I would be very sorry; so far from that, when the boys said that you hated Ronald—for he was a bad boy—I said to them: Well, childer, your papa may say what he pleases, and you ought to mind every thing he says, when it is good and fit to be remembered; and when he happens to say what is maybe not just so right, then you must be sure to forget it.' 'I really don't believe there is such another fool as yourself in existence,' cried Glenroy; 'and I only wish you had this gout of mine in your tongue, to silence it.' 'Well, I'm sure I wish I had, if it would take it out of your toe, Glenroy; but wait till you hear.' 'Oh,' says Norman, 'I shall take care never to forget that he cheated me out of an estate.' 'Nor I,' says Reginald, 'that he had the impudence to want to marry Edith; a pretty husband, indeed, for Edith, a poor tacksman's son!' Childer, says I, I fear you read your Bible to little purpose, or you would not speak evil of your neighbour, or be so scornful of any body for being more humbly born than yourselves; for we are such curious creatures, we cannot tell what may happen to us. You ought to remember how Joseph, that was sold for a slave, came to be a ruler over his proud brethren; and was not there King David, the greatest of all the kings of the earth,—what was he but a poor shepherd boy? But it pleased God to make him a great king; and if it please Providence to appoint that Ronald should live to become a great man, who knows but he may be married to Miss Edith——' 'Providence!—appoint!—what is it you mean, Mrs. Macauley? do you know what it is you are saying?' cried Glenroy, furiously. ''Deed do I, Glenroy, and I'm sure so do you, that it is Providence that appoints our lot——' 'Providence!—appoint!—lot!—do you mean to make my children predestinarians?' cried Glenroy, passionately. 'I thought you had been merely a simpleton—but I see you're a most mischievous creature, and I cannot suffer you in my family, if you sport such doctrines as these.' 'Well, Glenroy, if you think so, I cannot help it;' and poor Mrs. Macauley's heart rose at the thoughts of having to choose between her chief and her conscience. 'But I don't believe you know yourself what it is you mean,' cried he, somewhat mollified at sight of her distress. ''Deed, then, but I know very well, Glenroy.' 'Then I say you are a very dangerous and mischievous woman,' cried Glenroy, enraged that she would not take advantage of the loophole he had opened for her escape. 'Well, maybe I am, Glenroy,' was the humble reply; 'but I'm very sure I do not mean it.' 'You are really not fit to associate with either men or children,' cried the chief, striking his crutch on the floor as he spoke. 'Well; may be not,' was said in a very dejected tone; 'but you may say what you please of me, Glenroy—for there's no harm in that; but I do not like to hear you casting out with Providence.' 'Who's casting out, as you call it, with Providence, you old goose?' 'Well, I really thought you was affronted at my saying that we did not get every thing our own way in this world, but that Providence appoints our lot for us.' 'Then I tell you again, Mrs. Macauley, that I will not suffer such doctrines in my family; I'm for none of your predestinarian notions here. I suppose you'll have my servants cutting my throat, and saying it was appointed. I—I—it's really a most infamous doctrine.' 'Oh! Glenroy, that is not the Christian notion of the thing at all; it's only poor ignorant heathen craaters, or them who do not take pains to read their Bible, who can misuse it that way; for how can we think we are appointed to do mischief to one another, when does not He tell us that we are to love our neighbours as ourselves? 'Deed, if an angel were to tell me the contrary, I would not believe it.' 'You really—you know nothing about the matter, and I desire I may hear no more such doctrines; there's no knowing where it would end.' ''Deed' then, I think it would just end in our being of contented minds, and learning to walk humbly with God, casting all our care upon Him who careth for us.' 'Oh, you are setting up for a saint too! but I'm for no saints in this house, remember.' 'Well, you know if you wish me to go my way, I cannot help it; it is my duty to go.' Here tears streamed down Mrs. Macauley's cheeks. 'Yes, yes, you're ready to go, and leave me at the very time when you might be of some use; you might at least have the discretion to stay till I have got somebody to take your place; but do as you please.' 'Oh, Glenroy, how can you think it would please me to leave you and your children!' cried poor Mrs. Macauley, quite overcome. 'Well, stay where you are,' cried Glenroy, somewhat softened; 'only don't go and fill the children's heads with these pernicious doctrines of yours.' Mrs. Macauley's face fell at the conclusion of this sentence. 'I must speak the truth to them, Glenroy,' said she, with a sigh, 'whatever may come of it; and I think we are such curious craaters, and know so little, that we cannot tell what may happen to us. It may be God's will to raise us up, or to cast us down.' 'Are you at it again,' interrupted Glenroy, furiously; 'when I tell you, Mrs. Macauley, I will not suffer these doctrines in my family?' 'Well, Glenroy, I am sorry it should be my lot to displease you—for I owe you a great deal of kindness, and I would lay down the hair of my head for you and your childer; but I cannot give up my principles.' 'Who's meddling with your principles?' demanded Glenroy, again softened at sight of her distress. 'Well, I thought it was not like you to do it; you who have such good principles of your own.' 'It's my opinion,' said Glenroy, 'you know nothing about principles—I don't believe you know what they are; are they flesh and blood, or are they skin and bone?' 'Oh! Glenroy, I wonder to hear you, who have so much good sense, speak that way, when you know what respectable things principles are, and what poor craaters we would be without them. No, Glenroy, when I die, I will leave those things behind me; but I expect to carry my principles along with me—for no doubt they will be of use to me in the next world.' 'That's very true,' said Benbowie, waking out of a doze; 'on my conscience, we should keep all we can.' 'I don't believe there's a man on earth but myself that could put up with two such idiots,' muttered Glenroy. 'Oh! 'deed, we have all our appointed trials, Glenroy,' said Mrs. Macauley, looking in his face with the most perfect good-nature and sympathy; 'but we have all a great deal to be thankful for, too, and myself most of all; for 'man proposes, but God disposes,' and so He has disposed you to be a good and kind friend to me, Glenroy.' 'You speak a great deal of nonsense,' said the chief, whose wrath, having had its full swing, now evaporated; 'but I don't believe you know what you say, and I dare say you mean well; and there's the children calling you.' And he graciously extended his hand, which received a kindly pressure from the placable Mrs. Macauley."

Our limits only permit us to point attention to a most touching and beautiful scene at the end of the first volume—we allude to that where Ronald gazes on his unconscious family; and we regret we can do scant justice to the sweet and gentle Edith, the very personification of "how divine a thing" a woman may be made. We should, moreover, have liked to introduce Mr. M'Dow in his married state: but we have only space to commend these parts most heartily to our readers. One great charm of the volumes is the vein of fine taste and feeling that runs through them; the quotations that are made are gems of their kind; and to our taste, these treasured memories are most graceful evidence of "the fine fellowship of kindred minds." We now leave the *Chief's Daughter* to that fair favour she so well deserves to find with the public.

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Dramatic Annual, 1831. *A Playwright's Adventures.* By Frederick Reynolds. 18mo. pp. 356. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

THE title-page is a misnomer; for the adventures are those of one Vivid, the author of an excellent and successful comedy, and consequently no "Playwright," but a sterling dramatic writer. And these adventures, we are sorry to say, are exceedingly commonplace: the mere usual routine of two young lovers, separated by cruel fate, and brought together by such accidents as falls from vicious horses, being nearly drowned but not quite, meeting at every strange turn of life, saving from the clutches of what the Irish call an abductor, and other cases of rescue too tedious to mention, till in the end they are rivetted together fast as the law can make them.

Not expecting this sort of thing from Mr. Reynolds, we are disappointed; and our disappointment is the greater as we looked for an abundance of whim, anecdote, and smart observation, not only on the stage, but on society at large. Having, however, but a sprinkling of these qualities, we shall do our endeavour to illustrate the volume in the most favourable light by their selection. And first, of the obstacles to play-writing, the experienced author tells us, when Vivid resolved to pursue that course—

"In vain also did other well-wishers point out the various difficulties attendant on dramatic composition. In vain did they remind him that his *first* difficulty consisted in pleasing *himself*—his *second* difficulty in pleasing the *manager*—his *third* in pleasing the *actors*—his *fourth* in pleasing the *licenser*—his *fifth* in pleasing the *audience*—his *sixth* in pleasing the *newspapers*—and, in addition to all these, the actors must *please* not to be taken ill, the weather must *please* not to be unfavourable, the opposing theatre must *please* not to put up strong bills; and then!—what then?—why then, '*Please* to pay the bearer the small sum of * * *;' and, N.B. which sum is sometimes, *par accident*, not paid at all."

There is so much truth in this, that it is surprising any one should attempt dramatic composition: but hundreds do so every season; and what between their own trash and the difficulties in the way of getting aught good performed, our theatres are what we see.* The subject is farther exposed in a dialogue between the pseudo author and Charles Candide, a manager of one of the great theatres.

"'Come,' said Mr. Candide, 'sit down, sir, and I will soon convince you that I am not exactly so great and powerful a personage as you suppose me to be. First, give me your hand; next, a bumper to our better acquaintance. There; and now allow me to ask—Would you treat an actor with similar respect?' 'Certainly not, sir. I look upon him as one who, in most respects, is a dependent on the manager.' 'You mistake. The manager is, now-a-days, dependent on him, at least on every first-rate performer; but, by way of preamble, please to understand that the remarks I am about to make are only applicable to those actors and actresses who demand and receive large nightly salaries; for as to the second, third, and fourth-rate performers, *i. e.* the stock company—why, looking upon each of them as my fellow-labourer in an unproductive vineyard, I am consequently their advocate and champion.' 'I comprehend: you only mean to complain of what Churchill calls the 'monarch players.' 'Certainly not. [*i. e.* certainly ay?] But the truth is, since the star system commenced, and the salaries have been nearly more than *trebled*, these 'monarch players' have become so much above their employer, that when on a Saturday (pay day) I drive to the theatre in a hackney-coach, I am often prevented getting up to the stage-door in consequence of the number of their gay chariots, cabriolets, and other handsome equipages.' 'Indeed! and authors?' earnestly inquired Vivid, but in his usual unsophisticated style. 'How many authors' carriages drive up?' 'Oh! as to authors,' replied the smiling manager, 'two or three of them, perhaps, mount old umbrellas; but when *some* people are overpaid, *other* people must be necessarily underpaid, you know, and—' 'How? why, I thought, at least I have heard of a thousand pounds having been made by a comedy.' 'True; but in that day there were no stars, or if there were, they had gazers, and at any rate did not *rise* in demand as they *fell* in attraction. Colman received for *John Bull* eleven hundred pounds, and he well deserved such remuneration; for the comedy averaged four hundred and seventy pounds for forty-eight nights; and the salary of no actor who performed in it (and amongst such actors were George Cooke, Lewis, Fawcett, Emery, John Johnstone, &c.) exceeded twenty pounds a-*week*; whereas, 'there *be* players' who latterly have actually received *double* that sum per *night!* and this at the time when a first-rate actor (not singer) at Paris is content with getting about four hundred pounds per annum.' 'Well, but excuse me, my good sir, if the system does not answer, why go on giving such high and ruinous salaries?' 'Why, 'there's the rub;' and I can only thus explain the case: you have heard, I presume, of two rival stage-coach proprietors, who, in the frenzy of competition, blind with rage and jealousy, became so determined to outvie each other in the number of customers, that at last each ran his coach from Exeter to London, not only *gratis*, but actually paid for every passenger's provisions during the journey. Such is nearly mine and my rival manager's *stage* contest; and till we can get an *understanding* (not so easy a theatrical acquirement, I assure you), and imitate the example of our predecessors, those firm allies, Messrs. Sheridan and Harris, why, season after season we shall only open the doors of our magnitudinous concerns to find *provisions* for others, certainly not for ourselves.' 'So it appears; and yet, I believe, sir, you will frankly acknowledge, that you sometimes reap a productive harvest.' 'We do, once in three or four years; and, *entre nous*, I'll tell you how such harvest is produced; but mind, your finger on your lips.' Vivid bowed assent, and Mr. Candide continued. 'Why, aware, sir, that of late years more has been achieved *off* than *on* the stage, we invent, or rather *manufacture*, an histrionic *lion* or *lioness*.' 'What? I don't understand.' 'Observe! In the event of two or three disastrous seasons, that formidable champion, the press, always most liberally and good-naturedly comes forward, and offers to rally round the falling house. After various preparatory sprites, we then bring out our manufactured novelty—our aforesaid lion or lioness—of course taking care that the curtain shall draw up to a crowded audience; for if it be a bad house, the town regularly deem it to be a bad performance. Then, as to applause, in addition to our own rank and file, the dread of closing our doors induces so many hundreds to open their hands and mouths, that three *rounds* and continued *bravos* are secured to every attitude and clap-trap. Next, if a tragedy be selected for this important first appearance, we rely on the never-failing pathetic author's producing tears; but having three or four *fainters* at command, we ourselves bring them into action.' 'Capital! Why, you leave nothing to chance?' 'Nothing; for, the curtain down, the hackneyed call, amidst waving of hats and handkerchiefs, is huzzainly made and acceded to. Laurel is likewise thrown on the stage; and next morning the *tocsin* of panegyric being sounded in every liberal paper, in a day or two after the manager not only raises the salary, but publicly, in the green-room, makes a brilliant and appropriate present; next, most of the print-shops display a likeness of the new wonder, whose *defects* actually become *beauties*; then, in case of the slightest indisposition, bulletins are issued; and the box-keeper is also ordered to state that 'not a box is to be had for a month.' Such a sufficient quantity of *dust* is thrown into John Bull's eyes, that he cannot see any mode of escape, and therefore, though at least he *finds it out*, he comes till he *does find it out*; and which act of kindness is all that is required in a city whose population consists of above a million and a half of capable customers. There—don't you call this management.'"

Upon this picture the only remark we shall offer is in defence of at least one organ of public opinion. The *Literary Gazette*, though kindly disposed to encourage every species of rising talent, in literature, in the arts, or on the stage, never lent a line to the manufacture of either lion or lioness; but, on the contrary, has been ever bold in pulling the lion's skin off any ass that attempted to bray a roar from under such covering. It is, no doubt, very difficult for the press to keep itself quite free from influence, whether favourable or unfavourable, (but especially from the former, generated, perhaps, by friendly intercourse, by a knowledge of matters justly bearing upon a case though unfit for public reasoning, or by many adventitious circumstances); yet we will venture to say, that its particular and general independence is far more worthy of approbation than deserving of covert censure. It requires an inflexible sense of duty to induce an editor to be the means of wounding the feelings or injuring the interests of persons whom he esteems; but we claim, not only for our own publication, but for many of our contemporaries, the meed earned by this most painful of all our sacrifices—the sacrifice of private sentiments to honest and independent responsibility. As for the opposite innuendo—that of indulging in resentments or enmities—it is beneath an honourable mind to notice it. We have nothing, therefore, to detain us from another extract; and we fall on Westminster and Winchester schools, with instances of the scandalous and demoralising fagging system. Vivid is on the coach for London:—

"Among other passengers, there were two little boys about eight or nine years of age, accompanied by a livery servant; and it appeared, from their conversation, that one was a Winchester, and the other a Westminster scholar. The Bartholomewtide holydays having lately concluded, they were both returning to *purgatory*, and were disputing aloud which had undergone, or would still undergo most school

* Near the end Mr. R. makes one advise Vivid "the writing by steam—otherwise 'cribbing' from *vaudevilles*;" and adds—"Modern dramatists are completely justified in adopting this system; for when the company is *shy*, and the cash is *shy*, none but a rich or independent author can afford to devote a whole year's labour to the composition of that *precarious* commodity, a comedy in five acts; and certainly several living dramatists are fully capable of producing such commodity."

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hardships. The little Winchester asked his fellow-sufferer if ever he had been locked up by the big boys (as he termed them) in Westminster Abbey? 'Because,' added he, 'last winter I passed one whole frosty night in our cathedral.' 'Very well,' replied the Westminster, 'and what did I and five little second-form boys undergo, one dark December evening, in the cloisters?' 'What?' rejoined the little Winchester. 'Why, the gravediggers having dug a deep grave (preparatory to a corpse being buried in it next morning), as usual, placed a few loose boards over it, and left their work for the night. Soon after, as I and my little chums were passing, in our way from school to our boarding-house, we were suddenly pounced upon and seized by half a dozen head boys, who, having removed the boards, instantly, *sans cérémonie*, forced us all into the grave; and then, having replaced the said boards, they all commenced dancing upon them, and thus sung aloud:

'Earth shall cover ye,
We'll dance over ye.
Fol lol de riddle loll.'

Then, would you believe it? though we were shuddering — nay, almost senseless with cold and terror, yet, on their stamping, and, in a loud threatening tone, calling out 'Chorus! join in chorus!' we were actually obliged to sing out, or rather sigh out,

'Earth doth cover us,
They dance over us,
Fol—lol—de—riddle—loll—Oh! oh! oh!'

'However,' continued the Westminster, 'the Abbey clock tolling nine, our tyrannical seniors all fled to the dormitory, and we, the poor entombed juniors, more dead than alive, crawled out, one by one, and at last tottered to the boarding-house, where the increased dread of our despotic lords compelled us, in answer to the mistress's inquiries, to assign any cause but the real one for our alarm and absence.' The little Winchester resumed; and, as if his senses had not yet recoverrd from the fright, thus flourished away: 'Ay; but on that night, when I was shut up in the cathedral, on the bell tolling 'one,' did not a supernatural light make its appearance—and did not the organ, of its own accord, strike up? and, then, did not the effigies of Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop Gardiner, William Rufus, and Inigo Jones, led on by the grim king of antics, commence the 'dance of death?' and then——' Here the argument was stopped by the stopping of the coach."

After the severe exposure of this sort of nefarious tyranny at Winchester School—(see the *Literary Gazette* for 1829)—we had hoped the practice would have been reformed altogether. But it is not so; and the painfully ludicrous exemplification of its continuance related by Mr. Reynolds, is no caricature or exaggeration of the sufferings of the unhappy younger members of these places of tuition. Is it not astonishing that the masters of these schools should not, for their own sakes, set their faces against the cruelties and degradations to which the children confided to their charge are subjected? Within the last month we have been made acquainted with the abuse of power by head boys at Westminster, of which we could have formed no conception without actual proof. Literally, the torments inflicted by ruffian despots on their juniors are incredible: and what are the results? the decay of the school! for what parent will send his son, under the pretence of public education, to be treated worse than a dog, his spirit broken, and his character rendered slavish and deceitful by the caprice and barbarity of uncontrolled viciousness, alike destructive of the moral future—of the oppressor and the victim. Earnestly do we trust that these remarks may recall attention to this most important question.

We shall now shortly dismiss the volume before us. The intrigue story of Lady Ardourly (founded on a notorious affair at a *déjeûné* the season before last) borders too closely on the license of *Tom Joncs*, to be consistent with the better taste of our day. At p. 260 will be found a pretty considerable detail of what active travellers can accomplish in forty-eight hours.

"On their arrival within a mile of Geneva, they took up their abode at the Hotel d'Angleterre, which is built on the very shore of the lake; and they were all so delighted with the house and its situation, that they determined upon remaining there a couple of days; during which period Vivid and Lady Henrietta, accompanied by her father and Mrs. Almack, took various pleasurable excursions; sometimes visiting Geneva, sometimes various ancient chateaux—amongst others, Voltaire's residence at Ferney—and frequently sailing on the lake."

We conclude with a trio of the best *jeux d'esprit* we can find.

"A third anecdote was that of an actor, whose lower limbs (*i. e.* those by which he walked) were so tremendously thick and unwieldy, that, on his being thrown out of a cab, the wags said, that he had broken his right leg with the *greatest difficulty*."

"On Vivid being asked whether love-making or quarelling predominated behind the scenes—'Oh! by far the latter,' he replied; 'however, I must say, your true wrangling brethren of the sock and buskin soon make it up again, and in the height of their dispute mix kind, familiar expressions with angry ones;—such as, ''Tis a lie, my dear Tom, &c.' As a proof—not a week ago, a deputy manager, after having written to a monarch-player and threatened, if he did not return to his duty and complete his engagement, an action would forthwith be brought, he (the hostile manager) thus curiously concluded his letter—'And, *wishing you success*, I remain truly your's, &c."

"It appeared that on returning from the duel, the captain indulged in his usual mode of getting relief whenever he had at all suffered by over excitement, *i. e.* by ringing either his sitting-room or bed-chamber bell regularly every four or five minutes; and on this occasion he continued ringing them with such increased fury, that the quiet old landlady told him, that he must either leave off thus for ever disturbing the other lodgers, or instantly quit the house. Having often threatened him before, she now insisted on being obeyed; when, after some remonstrances on his part, finding her inexorable, he consented to leave off ringing the bells, provided he might keep quiet possession. This being agreed to by the good old lady, all went on peaceably till the evening, when, about nine o'clock, the report of a pistol was heard in his chamber. Every body rushed in, expecting to find he had destroyed himself; when, to their astonishment, he stood erect before them, and said, coolly, 'By the powers! if I mayn't ring a bell, what better noise than this can I make, honeys, just to get a little *attindance?*'"

We are afraid our literary examples cannot recommend the Playwright to the highest share of popular favour; yet, for the common and readily-pleased reader, it has attractions enough to while away a few idle hours, even in this point of view. But it possesses a superior value, and one which is worth its whole price twice told. We allude to the numerous designs which accompany it, from the pencil of W. H. Brooke. Beside those illustrative of the author's narration, are others purely inventive, displaying a fertility of genius and imagination, both in the serious and comic of art, which must increase even this artist's reputation.

Among this class we were struck with two in perfect contrast. Success is designated by a pair of dashing sparks kicking the world before them in the way of a football; while the want of success is represented by a poor fellow out at elbows, hissed at by a goose and a serpent. The jubilee in honour of Shakespeare is humorously hit off; where the characters who formed the procession, from the drenching nature of the day, were obliged to march under umbrellas. Mr. Brooke has introduced the ghost in Hamlet, followed by Caliban thus furnished. These, with many others, display very superior qualities; for in them are admirably united humour without caricature, and the imaginative with sound principles of art.

A Narrative of a Visit to the Court of Sinde; a Sketch of the History of Cutch, &c. &c. By James Burnes, Surgeon to the Resident at Bhooj. 8vo. pp. 253. Bombay, Summachar Press. Reprinted: Edinburgh, 1831. J. Stark.

A VOLUME equally interesting and unpretending; and illustrative of a country of which we know comparatively little, though it was traversed by Scylax, the admiral of Darius Hystaspes, and by Alexander the Great, and is the Delta of one of the noblest rivers in the world. Besides a considerable addition to modern geography, Mr. Burnes furnishes an entertaining narrative of the court of the Ameers of Sinde, and of the manners of their subjects: but as even their territory is not accurately known to Europeans, we shall begin our review by stating what it is. "The dominions of the Ameers of Sinde extend from the district of Shikarpoor on the frontier of Cabûl, and the island of Bukkor in the Indus, along the level plain, watered by that river, to the sea; a space of about two hundred and fifty miles. Their general boundaries are the British principality of Cutch, and the Indian Ocean to the south; the kingdom of Jessulmere and the Registah, or Sandy Desert, to the east; the mountains of Belochistan on the west; and the provinces of Seewistan and Bahawulpoor on the north. The Indus traverses the country in a direction nearly diagonal; fertilising the soil in its course, but, like the Nile, often proving pernicious to those who dwell on its banks, by the swamps which its annual inundations create. The temperature in the summer months is high, and proportionally low in the winter season. * * * Hyderabad, the capital, is situated about 130 miles from the sea, on the eastern side of the river. Its population may be estimated at 20,000 souls; and that of Tatta, the only other city of note in the province, at 40,000."

Without going into its previous history, we may say: "On the distribution of the Mogul realms into Soobahs or divisions, in the time of Akber, Sinde was attached to Mooltan, but was occasionally ruled by separate viceroys, nominated by the court of Hindostan, till the invasion of Nadir Shah, when it was ceded to Persia by virtue of the treaty concluded between that monarch and the Emperor Mahommed the Second; who, to use the polished terms of the instrument itself, 'in consideration of an affection stronger than father ever shewed to son, or brother to brother,' dismem-

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bered to his conqueror, as a peace-offering, all the territories bordering on the Indus which were then deemed worthy of his acceptance. This arrangement concluded, Nadir Shah visited Tatta; but his assassination, which occurred soon after at Meshed, in Khorassan, having left a field open for the ambitious schemes of his general, Ahmed Khan Seedozy, that aspiring chief declared himself King of Cabûl, and laid the foundation of the Douranee empire, to which Sinde, after a time, submitted, and has ever since been considered subordinate. The house of Calora claimed a lineage from the princely blood of Abbas, the uncle of the prophet; but its greatness in Sinde is traced to Adam Shah, a native of Belochistan, who gained a high influence from the reputed sanctity of his character, and as the chosen disciple and delegate of a famous Mahommedan preacher in the middle of the fifteenth century of our era, and whose descendants, inheriting the holiness of their ancestor, succeeded to his spiritual power, and were revered as saints, till about 1705, when they were honoured with a title and a jaghire, by the great Aurungzebe. With temporal rank thus added to religious veneration, the grandeur of the family rapidly increased; and in a few years their glory reached its zenith by the issue of a firmaun, under the emperor's signet, installing their representative in the viceregal government of Tatta. The patent for this investiture was granted about 1735, in the person of Meean Noor Mahommed, who may be styled the flower of the race."

Of Belochistan, Pottinger's travels gave us some account; and respecting Sinde itself, the author refers for information to various Indian Reports, of which we could have wished he had incorporated the marrow in his own relation, as they are sealed books to the English reader. But we must be content with what he has done; and therefore proceed to his personal observations on a visit to Hyderabad in 1827-8, which he performed as a medical man, at the request of the principal chiefs, one of whom, Meer Mourad Ali, was supposed to be dangerously ill at the time.

About the end of last century, after the common mutations of oriental courts, intrigues, assassinations, &c. &c., a person named Futteh Ali, descended from the chief of a Beloche tribe, called Talpoor, and several of whose ancestors (who had for generations held the highest offices of state) were murdered by the rulers of the Calora dynasty, mounted the musnud, " and was shortly afterwards confirmed as ruler of the country by the patent of the king, Timour Shah. On his own elevation, this prince liberally resolved to admit to a participation in his high destiny his three younger brothers, Ghoolam Ali, Kurm Ali, and Mourad Ali; and the four agreed to reign together, under the denomination of the Ameers, or lords of Sinde. While they all lived, the strong and unvarying attachment they evinced for each other gained them the honourable appellation of the *Char Yar*, or ' the four friends;' and although Meer Futteh Ali died in 1801, and Ghoolam Ali in 1811, this government, a phenomenon in history, has continued, with little alteration, from its first commencement to the present moment. There are still some remnants of the exiled house living under the protection of Runjeet Sing, the celebrated Sikh chieftain, and the king of Joudpoor. The intercourse of the British with Sinde has been rare, and for the most part unsatisfactory. The great advantages of Tatta as an emporium for the trade of central Asia, early invited English speculators to the Indus; but the constant opposition of the Portuguese prevented their effecting a permanent settlement; and, if we may judge from the indignities offered to the ambassadors of James the First to the King of Persia, as they passed through in 1614, our countrymen must at that time have been in bad repute. About 1758, Gholam Shah encouraged the Bombay government to establish a factory at Tatta, which was withdrawn, however, some years after; though so late even as the beginning of this century, Mr. Crow appears to have been our commercial resident at that city. The ambitious schemes of the French made it necessary in 1808-9 to send missions to the chief powers in the north of India, in order to counteract their intrigues; and while Mr. Elphinstone and Sir John Malcolm were deputed to the courts of Cabûl and Persia, an envoy also proceeded to Hyderabad, who, although indifferently received, gained the object of the governor-general. Before this embassy, the Ameers had seen no British subjects, except as petitioners for mercantile benefits; which gave rise to a reproach they have often been known to apply to us, unwittingly in the same terms as a much greater personage—that we are a nation of shopkeepers. Of this erroneous impression we may presume that they are by this time pretty nearly cured."

Having crossed the Kora, or easternmost branch of the Indus, here about four miles wide, from Luckput, the northern town of Cutch, to Kotree, the southern town of Sinde, our countryman journeyed to Hyderabad, amid the usual delays of eastern caution and ceremony. On this side of the river the habitations of the natives are inferior to those of Cutch; and the houses, or rather huts, are still movable, as they are described to be by Arrian in the days of Alexander. At Ruree, a considerable place, Mr. Burnes was met by khans sent by the Ameers to welcome him. " They received me (he says) with great courtesy, each embracing me in a ceremonious manner; and, after a profusion of civilities on their part, entered into a long complimentary message from the Ameers, who, they assured me, were highly gratified by my visit. They brought orders from Hyderabad that neither I nor my retinue should be permitted to pay for any supplies on the route; and although I was of course unwilling to accept, and remonstrated strongly against, such an expensive mark of kindness to above a hundred persons, I was forced to comply, in order to avoid giving offence. Fifty camels were in attendance, by command of the Ameers, who had given positive directions that none of my followers should be allowed to walk. The khans even considered seriously how my palanquin-bearers could be mounted; and although this was impracticable, I was obliged to consent that the sipahis [sepoys] of the guard, and all others, should proceed on camels. The supplies were of an expensive description; nothing, in fact, seemed to be spared that could add to my comfort, or that of my attendants; and sugar, sweetmeats, and opium, were daily issued in great profusion. * * *

" Nothing (he continues) could exceed the attention I experienced on the route from my Mihmandars, who themselves frequently sat up to watch me during the night. A large cotton mattress, covered with crimson silk, was always carried near me, in case I should feel disposed to alight; flaggons of cooled sherbet, and other luxuries, were also liberally supplied. The Ameers had sent several hawks, which afforded an attractive sport on the road, and supplied my table with every species of winged game, which, indeed, is more abundant in Sinde than in any country I have ever visited. My great object being to reach Hyderabad without delay, our rate of travelling was as rapid as possible. There must have been at least a thousand persons in our party, most of whom were mounted on camels."

" On the morning of the 10th of November, I entered Hyderabad; and no language of mine can do justice to the busy and varied scene which was then before me. Upwards of ten or twelve thousand persons must have been assembled, all of whom manifested an intense curiosity to see me: the women even, very unlike the gentle Hindoo ladies, pressed themselves close to the chair, and such was the concourse, that it was almost impossible to proceed, although the Sindian soldiery spared neither sword nor matchlock in endeavouring to clear the way. Within a mile of the city, I was mounted on a large black horse, handsomely caparisoned, which had been brought out by Wullee Mahommed Khan, and led slowly forwards; but the crowd being found quite impervious, my conductors recommended me to enter my own close palanquin, or box, as they termed it, to be out of sight, and escape the pressing of the multitude. In this manner, after much labour, in one of the hottest days I had ever experienced, we at length reached the gate of the fortress of Hyderabad, which is appropriated solely to the residence of the Ameers and their families, and where I learned, for the first time, that I was immediately to be introduced to the lords of Sinde. The silence which reigned within the fort formed a strong contrast to the noise and tumult without. After passing through some narrow streets, which were inhabited only by the immediate retainers of the court, I found myself, unexpectedly, among a crowd of well-dressed Sindians, in a large open area, the walls of which, on either side, were fancifully decorated with paintings, and the ground covered with variegated carpets. At one end appeared three large arched doors with curtains of green baize, towards one of which I was led by the vizier and another officer; and before I could collect myself from the suddenness of the transition, my boots were taken off, and I stood in presence of the Ameers. The *coup-d'œil* was splendid. I had an opportunity of seeing the whole reigning family at a glance, and I have certainly never witnessed any spectacle which was more gratifying, or approaching nearer to the fancies we indulge in childhood, of eastern grandeur. The group formed a semicircle of elegantly attired figures, at the end of a lofty hall spread with Persian carpeting. In the centre were seated the two principal Ameers on their musnud, a slightly elevated cushion of French white satin, beautifully worked with flowers of silk and gold, the corners of which were secured by four massive and highly-chased golden ornaments, resembling pine-apples, and, together with a large velvet pillow behind, covered with rich embroidery, presenting a very grand appearance. On each side, their highnesses were supported by the members of their family, consisting of their nephews, Meer Sobdar and Mahommed, and the sons of Mourad Ali, Meers Noor Mahommed, and Nusseer Khan. Farther off sat their more distant relations, among whom were Meer Mahmood, their uncle, and his sons Ahmed Khan and Juhan Khan. Behind stood a crowd of well-dressed attendants, sword and shield bearers to the different princes. To a European, and one

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accustomed to form his notions of native ceremony by a much humbler standard, it was particularly gratifying to observe the taste displayed in dress, and the attention to cleanliness, in the scene before me. There was no gaudy show of tinsel or scarlet; none of that mixture of gorgeousness and dirt to be seen at the courts of most Hindoo princes; but, on the contrary, a degree of simple and becoming elegance, far surpassing any thing of the kind it had ever been my fortune to behold. The Ameers and their attendants were habited nearly alike, in agricas or tunics of fine white muslin, neatly prepared and plaited so as to resemble dimity, with cummerbunds or sashes of silk and gold, wide Turkish trousers of silk, tied at the ankle, chiefly dark blue, and the Sindian caps I have already described, made of gold brocade, or embroidered velvet. A pair of cashmere shawls of great beauty, generally white, thrown negligently over the arm, and a Persian dagger at the girdle, richly ornamented with diamonds, or precious stones, completed the dress and decoration of each of the princes. Viewing the family generally, I could not but admire their manners and deportment, and acknowledge, that, in appearance at least, they seemed worthy of the elevation they had gained. The younger princes, indeed, had an air of dignity and good breeding seldom to be met with, either in the European or native character. The principal Ameers were the least respectable of the party in point of looks; probably from having had less advantages, and more exposure to hardships in early life. They are in reality older, but did not appear above the age of fifty, from the very careful manner in which their beards and hair are stained. With one exception, there is little family likeness between them and the younger chiefs, who have inherited from their mothers fair complexions, jet black hair, with long eyelashes and eyebrows."

We must reserve a few further particulars for our next No.

The King's Secret. By the Author of "The Lost Heir." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. E. Bull.

A MOST animated and picturesque narrative, whose interest is as well sustained as its mystery. Truly, it is no small praise, in these novel-reading days, to say that we think even the most experienced reader will not guess the secret of these pages before the author's own time. The scenes are laid in the stirring reign of Edward III.; and the author has caught the spirit of the time, and given a most accurate and dramatic picture of the by-gone days he invests with all the life of fiction. But, while careful to preserve that propriety of costume and manners, which gives such an air of reality to an historic fiction, he has not fallen into the too common fault of merging the author in the antiquary, and relying on the details of others instead of his own resources. On the contrary, the story is as original as it is interesting. We shall select one scene, partly for its merits, partly because it displays those of the hero. We should mention, that Leonard is the nephew of an Italian gold-worker, who has often distinguished himself in the sports of the age.

"It chanced, then, on the occasion alluded to, that some of the nobles of the court, then held at the Tower, had ridden within the walls to view the city sports, and partake of the good cheer of the wealthy citizens, as was by no means unfrequent in these days, when the deep indent which lay between trade and aristocracy was actually impassable to the former, and there was therefore less danger, and more condescension, in these and the like politic courtesies, which served, for a time, to reconcile to their state a class whose wealth gave power, and forced respect, in outward forms at least, from the proud and privileged lords of land, although they did not yet, as their wise descendants have done, receive the rich traders into their order; thus, in reality, securing its permanence, and adding to its power, by the accumulated wealth of these recruits, who pass a life of labour in one class, on purpose to amass the gold wherewith another may uphold the sinews of its greatness. At the time of which we treat, the line of demarcation was complete, and too well defined to be lost sight of, because occasionally crossed; like oil and water, the parties might flow together for a time, but there was then little apparent chance of their ever permanently co-mixing. The courtly visitors were, therefore, on the occasion alluded to, received in all humility, and thankfully welcomed, by the attending authorities. The most honourable places were cleared for their ladies, in the gallery, which overlooked the lists; and such of their attendant esquires as might choose to seek honour against the city youth, were courteously entreated to enter the arena. As many had come prepared to share in this favourite and eagerly sought sport of the age, a party, termed of 'the Court,' was quickly formed against that styled of 'the City.'"

At length Leonard is opposed singly to Lord James Audeley.

"Taking the full sweep of the enclosure, they returned each to his own end of the lists, whilst the friends and well-wishers of the champions received their favourites with various quaint greetings of encouragement. 'Well stricken, Audeley!' 'Fairly played!' called out many of his approving comrades. 'Bravely held, bold squire! I warrant thy spurs will be kept bright, win them when thou wilt, young bird of a bold breed!' shouted a sturdy-looking yeoman, who supported himself on a slight projection of the gallery, under which the youthful noble once more took his stand to receive from the courtly dames above, as numerous, though less heartily expressed, praises. 'Right gently borne, James Audeley,' murmured one fair maid, as he gracefully bent over his saddle, in passing along. 'Choose tougher lance, cousin James; let Colthurst pick for thee!' called out an elder dame, experienced in such matters. 'Thou must not leave this prize in the city, or thou art no longer squire of mine; so, bestir thee, young gentleman,' impressively whispered the Lady Agnes Beauchamp, as she stooped over the gallery, in which she occupied the place of state."

An act of courtesy on Leonard's part occasions a slight delay.

"It was during the interval consumed by this preparation that Leonard received his first disgust of the situation in which fate had placed him, from the gallery we have before noticed, and under which his reverse position now placed him. Of a truth, the remarks of those of the court who sat there were not conveyed in a tone that courted concealment, and were certainly less flattering to the young citizen than those of his friends, at the other end of the space. More than one tongue expressed a desire to look upon his face, adding, in a tone of mock pity, that they regretted his cervelliere had but little chance of being raised that day—unless it was to give him fresh air, and free breathing, after the overthrow which must terminate his next course with the Lord James."

Our hero, however, unhorses his opponent.

"The city's success was now achieved, and the area of old Smithfield never rung with louder cheers of triumph than rose from that multitude, when the marshal loudly awarded the prize, and the honour of having borne him best, to their young defender. After first slowly parading round the ample space, amidst these loud demonstrations of favour, preceded by the marshals and their train, Leonard, with a throbbing heart, was conducted to the gallery, there to receive, from the hand of the Lady Agnes Beauchamp, a rich belt and sword, the allotted prize of this day."

"'Give me the sword, sir marshal,' replied the ladye, 'and let us look upon the face of the young citizen, who has had such a lucky chance against James Audeley; marry it will teach our young gallants not to play so loose a game within your lists for the future, but to come better mounted, and not hold city running so over cheap.' It was thus this proud ladye haughtily intimated that Leonard was rather to ascribe his success to the contempt of city prowess, which had led young Audeley and his fellows to come indifferently mounted to this meeting, than to his superior skill. As she spoke, she indolently rose to receive the weapon from the hands of the marshal, whilst Leonard, bending on both his knees before her, lifted from his head the close cervelliere, or outer helmet, worn during the course over the simple basinet, which usually left the whole face exposed. 'Why, who is this?' exclaimed the countess, turning obviously pale as she bent a look of rivetted and painful interest upon the youth—'who is this, I say, that kneels here?' 'Leonard Borgia,' replied the marshal, proceeding literally to enumerate in due form all the particulars noted on his formulary; 'the nephew to Messer Andrew Borgia, merchant, and—' but here the impatient ladye broke in with— 'Leonard Borgia! impossible—he has deceived you, this is none such as——speak, young sir, who are you?' 'Even that which you have heard me called, ladye,' replied Leonard, rising indignantly to his feet, and led, by what he had before heard, to construe this questioning into a fresh desire to insult. 'Why, this is marvellous!' again exclaimed the ladye, her brow darkening with the very severity of her continued examination of the features of the youth; then turning to the marshal, she hurriedly continued— 'There, sir, do you take the sword, and gird it about this young man, for I find it something over heavy for my handling;' and, in truth, the weapon shook in her grasp, as she presented it to the wonder-struck functionary; then sinking back into the seat, she continued, curiously, though with a more composed look, to watch the progress of the investiture, or rather the person invested. 'God and St. George speed this good gift!' cried the old marshal, laying his hand on the sword pommel, after having drawn the buckle of the belt. 'May this good weapon never be drawn but with right, and never be it sheathed but with honour!' 'Amen!' Leonard ejaculated, as bowing low, he gladly and hastily withdrew, amidst the smiling approval of the fair circle through which he moved. But these commendations came too late, and were now unheard or unheeded; that haughty ladye's scorn had pierced too deeply within his sensitive and proud spirit, and those first-heard contemptuous whisperings lived in his hearing, long after the shouts of

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triumph which preceded and followed them, were forgotten."

We must refer our readers to the work itself for farther explanation. Among the characters introduced are a very graphic and bold sketch of the celebrated Von Artevelde, and a very lovely one of his daughter. Altogether, we can cordially commend these pages, and hold the *King's Secret* to be among the very best of our historic fictions. It may not be amiss to remind our readers that the author is Mr. Power, the celebrated Irish comedian, who is assuredly making himself as high and popular a name in literature as upon the stage.

The Christian's Magazine. Part I. 8vo. pp. 80. London. C. Richards.

We have great satisfaction in welcoming this new and excellent contemporary into the field. Founded on the principle of establishing the Christian faith above the attacks of the infidel and deist, it is indeed a very superior production, and contains not only a miscellany of high character, selected from a multitude of sources, but also many specimens of learning, and a knowledge of ancient and oriental literature, which must be very effectual in promoting its beneficial design. We have rarely read eighty pages of greater variety and instruction; and we may add, notwithstanding the title and object, of greater interest and entertainment.

Standard Novels, No. II. Caleb Williams. Pp. 452. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; Cumming, Dublin.

This publication must ensure a prodigious success; for it is wonderfully convenient and wonderfully cheap. As we had the Pilot in Vol. I. we have here in Vol. II. the whole of Mr. Godwin's deeply-wrought story of *Caleb Williams*, finally touched by the author, with a frontispiece and a vignette, which, though not of the first order, are sufficient embellishments for such a work. A short but interesting memoir of the able and distinguished writer is prefixed; and also other prefatory matter; so that altogether we may say that we have seen no periodical design more attractive in every way than the "Standard Novels."

National Library, Vols. VII. VIII. IX. Bourrienne's Memoirs of Buonaparte. Colburn and Bentley.

We have of late had occasion to deliver our opinion so frequently upon M. Bourrienne, that we shall now content ourselves with describing this edition of his works. It is very handsomely got up, with beautifully engraved portraits (one to each vol. of Buonaparte and his two empresses), and many well-executed designs of leading events in the extraordinary life of its hero. A manifest and striking improvement is also made by contrasting or corroborating the text with notes from the mouth of Napoleon himself, and from the publications of the Duke of Rovigo, Rapp, B. Constant, and other writers who have treated of the same period and matters. A very carefully digested and clear index* adds a value to the whole; and when we consider that the substance of eight octavo volumes is corrected and compressed in these three; that new contemporaneous lights are thrown upon the original; and that the work is really admirably adorned by the engraver, we need only leave it to its own course.

* We are glad to see the practice becoming more general of appending indices to works of this description, since they not only enable the reader to find, in an instant, any information he may require treated of in the text, but must prove a valuable saving of time to the historian who may hereafter have occasion to consult them.

Epitome of English Literature; or, a Concentration of the Matter of Standard English Authors. Philosophical Series. No. I. Paley's Moral Philosophy. Edited under the Superintendence of A. J. Valpy, M.A., late Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford. London, Valpy.

Well, here is another cheap periodical condensation — another Tincture of Literature. We know not when the cup will be full; nor can we very clearly foresee what will be the consequences of this widely increasing species of publication, either in respect to general information or to the particular interests of publishers and authors. It is true with regard to this, as to almost every other similar design, we must say of it separately that it is excellent. To have the essence of Paley's Moral Philosophy in a neat pocket volume, for five shillings and sixpence, (followed by sterling works in like fashion) is very desirable; and must tend to spread the knowledge of our classic literature where it has never found its way before. But where will encouragement be found for living or future Paleys, if the whole circle of publishing is to be thus occupied by epitomes and condensations? Who will plod over voluminous authors, and dwell on the details, however invaluable, of illustrious minds, when they can have them concentrated into spirit through the alembic of abridgement? Will the saving of time and labour always compensate for the loss of those minute characteristics by which so much of ingenious speculation may be kindled, and on the understanding of which so much of wisdom may hinge? It is a theme of vital importance: we cannot resolve these and many other questions which it suggests.

We may return to the consideration hereafter; but all we have to do now is to bestow our hearty approbation upon the skilful manner in which the present undertaking has been completed.

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1. *Greek and English Lexicon, &c. &c.; also, an English and Greek Lexicon.* By George Dunbar, A.M. F.R.S.E., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, and E. H. Barker, Esq. 8vo. pp. 1167. Edinburgh, Maclachlan and Stewart; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, Cumming.
2. *Elements of Greek Prosody.* Translated from the German of Dr. Frank Spitzner, by a Member of the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 179. London, Whittaker and Co.
3. *Elements of Greek Accentuation.* From the German of Dr. Karl Goettling. pp. 122. Same Publishers.
4. *Maittaire's Greek Dialects.* Abridged and translated into English, by the Rev. J. Seager, B.A. &c. 8vo. pp. 304. London, Longman and Co.; Baldwin; Whittaker and Co.
5. *Scriptores Græci Minores, &c.* 2 vols. 12mo. Oxford, Talboys.

In the present day, when classical learning is somewhat at discount, as compared with the times of Bentley, it is curious to observe how extraordinarily the facilities for its attainment are multiplied, and its advancement furthered, by productions "aiding and abetting" every branch into which it is divided. To commence the above list of works, we have, first, an English and Greek Lexicon—a thing unknown till the days of Dr. Donnegan. The especial advantages of Greek being at once translated into our own language, we conceive to be, the obvious clearness and comprehensiveness with which we arrive at the meaning, neither of which would be equally attained by a Latin version—comprehensiveness being incompatible with the cramped medium of the Latin tongue; so that we are often laid under the necessity of acknowledging that "the interpreter is the most difficult to be understood of the two." Another peculiar recommendation claimed by Dunbar and Barker's Lexicon is, that it carries with it the nature of a gradus, as the quantities of all doubtful words are marked. It is a most excellent production, and well deserving the attention of every scholar and teacher.

2. The Greek Dialects, although a very learned work, and well calculated to be very useful, if not a very great favourite at our schools and universities, may be presumed to be of not sufficient interest to the general reader to warrant our going any length into extracts.

3, 4. Greek Accentuation by Goettling, and Greek Prosody by Spitzner, are valuable tools in the hands of a "reading man," and will doubtless conduce to elevate him in the tripos, or further him towards the attainment of a first class; but we dare say our readers generally will pardon our omitting to enter upon a discussion concerning "masculine paroxytones" or "polysyllabic feminines."

5. The Minor Greek Poets we cordially recommend. The present is a very beautiful, and, if we are not mistaken, the only collected edition. These little volumes hold out great inducement, even to an idle man, to brush up his Greek, will repay the time spent over their pages with gratification, and may be read with the greatest ease, especially if the Greek and English Lexicon be not out of reach.

At Home and Abroad. By the Author of "Rome in the XIXth Century," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. J. Murray.

The fair and popular author of "Rome in the XIXth Century" comes upon us with strong claims to attention; even though the influx of new novels since our last, warns us from giving too much of our *Gazette* to that single species of publication. And we are almost glad of it in this instance, because *At Home and Abroad* is of a different order from the preceding publication to which we have alluded, and one of the more usual class of fictions, in which loves, and jealousies, and fears, and hopes, and accidents, are woven into the history of the characters. Upon this ground we should suspect the present to be a more juvenile performance of the accomplished writer; and consequently rather addressed to youthful reading than to gray-bearded criticism. There is often a degree of liveliness, however, in these pages, and also touches of playful satire, which promise more than they perform, owing to the light, and we might say careless, way in which the scenes are wrought out. We shall make no extracts; but call on the author to favour us, which she is quite capable of doing, with something yet better than she has produced.

Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa in 1822, 3, *and* 4. By Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Dr. Oudney, &c. &c. 4 vols. 18mo. London, 1831. J. Murray.

As he has previously done by Parry and Franklin, the publisher has here done by the interesting Travels designated in the title-page;—made them accessible to the poorest

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classes of the reading world, by printing them in a very neat manner, and selling them at a price which nothing but the widest circulation could render possible, and which hardly any probable circulation can render profitable. Thus, while handsome libraries and public rooms may boast of their quarto and octavo editions, not only the home of the 10*l.* householder, but even of the cottager, may enjoy the pleasures of these pages, and while their inmates glow over the enterprise and spirit of our adventurous countrymen, they may acquire a knowledge of foreign climes and manners, and imbibe similar feelings for their own government at home. Though on a smaller scale, the portraits and embellishments of these vols. are equal to the large.

The Secretary's Assistant. 12mo. pp. 156. Whittaker and Co.

One of those useful little books which, having used and found how serviceable it is for almost daily reference, you wonder that you could ever do without. This Assistant gives you superscriptions, lists of ambassadors and consuls, the forms of petitions and memorials, abbreviations of knightly orders, and other pieces of instruction for intercourse with society. It is a fifth edition.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POLAR CIRCLE: CAPTAIN ROSS.

We have received intelligence that the Esquimaux have not this season visited any of the Hudson Bay settlements; and the fact cannot but be considered interesting with reference to Capt. Ross's Expedition. It is to be presumed that had these people fallen in, either with our enterprising countryman, or the wreck of his vessel, they would waive their usual journey, having through these means procured their supplies: but at all events the probability is that Capt. R. had gained the main land, though up to last winter he had not been able to pass it.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Faraday on the properties of light generally, and more particularly on the experiments connected with this subject lately made in the laboratory of the Institution by Mr. Pearsall, the chemical assistant. Mr. Pearsall, though a youthful experimentalist, has, by a course of unrelaxing application in the laboratory, made some important discoveries in the nature and properties of light. His recent papers, also, which have found a place in the Journal of the Institution, of itself a sufficient test of their worth, do his research much credit. Mr. Faraday first took a brief view of the white and coloured properties of light, which was required in order to make the point of the experiments clear; he then proceeded to the experiments themselves. There are certain mineral substances in which light would seem to be stored up, and which may be evolved by particular operations: thus, some fluor spars, phosphate of lime, and other minerals, when moderately heated, evolve light for a short time and then become obscure, like ordinary bodies. When re-heated, there is no repetition of the appearance; the light, or source of light, appears to be exhausted. Mr. Pearsall however, has found that by passing the electric discharge of a moderately-sized jar ten or twelve times over these exhausted phosphori, the power is restored, and they acquire their first state: this may be repeated a great number of times. Further, such bodies as scallop and oyster shells, the bones of cuttle-fish, mother-of-pearl, ivory, &c. when calcined, may in this way be converted into phosphori, never having before been in that state. The particular effects and nature of phosphori were fully illustrated by experiment.

In the course of the evening it was intimated that there would be no Friday evening meeting until the 15th of April, when Mr. Daniell would treat of the forms and attractions of the particles of crystals.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Sir Henry Halford, Bart. in the chair. The registrar, Dr. F. Hawkins, read a paper on epilepsy, by Dr. Roberts, in which some instances were related of this disorder arising from external injury. In one case a tumour of the brain, surrounded by a softening of the cerebral substance, was caused by blows on the head. It was the opinion of the author, that if bleeding had been practised in these cases to a sufficient extent, after the infliction of the injuries, the subsequent occurrence of epilepsy might have been prevented. A paper by Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson was afterwards read, on the effects of *strychnia* on the animal economy. This valuable alkali is a powerful stimulant of the nerves of voluntary motion, and has lately been recommended as a remedy in paralytic cases, especially in those arising from the poisonous influence of lead. Dr. Thomson had instituted some experiments with this substance on dogs, which were minutely detailed in his paper, and from which it appears that strychnia has no tendency to cause determination of blood to the head; and he concludes, therefore, that it may safely be administered even in those paralytic cases which have appeared to arise from pressure on the brain. He conceives it to be a remedy of considerable value in all cases of palsy, in which the sensibility of the affected limbs has not been impaired.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

W. J. Broderip, Esq. in the chair.—A paper on the geology of Swan River and Garden Island (Isle Buache), was read by the venerable Archdeacon Scott. The memoir was accompanied by a series of specimens, illustrative of the general structure of the country, and particularly of the modern calcareous formation which constitutes so great a portion of the western coast of Australia. There was likewise exhibited a new species of Delphinula (*D. camellosa*), which occurs in a recent state on the beach of Garden Island, and was also found fossil in digging a well on the mainland, a mile from the shore, at the depth of eighty-four feet, imbedded in the calcareous sand. The whole collection was presented to the Society by Mr. Scott. Among the donations laid on the table was a very fine slab of the Dudley limestone, crowded with organic remains, and presented by Lord Dudley. Several fellows were elected.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair. Read a memoir, by the Rev. Dr. Goodenough, on the voyage of H. M. S. Blonde up the Black Sea, in 1829.

The Blonde weighed from Constantinople on the 9th November, 1829; and proceeded on her voyage for the first twelve hours with a fair wind. On the 10th, she was taken aback by a strong gale from the northward, with thick weather and snow; and this description of climate seems to have accompanied her during nearly the whole trip. On the 13th, she arrived at Sevastopol, in the Crimea, having sounded repeatedly in the passage, with 100, 120, and 140 fathoms line, without striking the bottom, even with this last, when within sixteen miles of the Crimean shore. At Sevastopol she anchored in nine fathoms, in the outer road, which is of easy access, but open to the west and north-west, unless, as in part, protected by some reefs and shoals outside, which are indicated by beacons. The inner harbour is one of the finest in the world; but owing partly to the quarantine regulations, and partly to the state of the weather, few or no observations were made on it. It is reserved exclusively for the use of the Russian navy; and several of their ships were lying in it; but their state of repair seemed indifferent, and their bottoms especially were said to be much injured by the worm (*teredo navalis*), which seems to have taken up here its favourite abode. From Sevastopol she proceeded along the land to the northward, till, on reaching Cape Tarherm, the north-west point, (which runs out low, but has an excellent light on it, that may be seen eleven or twelve miles), she bore up for the opposite coast, which she made about Akerman, finding the distance eleven or twelve miles less than is laid down on the charts. Thence she proceeded to Odessa, and anchored in seven fathoms; again in the outer road, which is perfectly open, having every where a uniform depth at equal distances from the shore. The quarantine regulations here also prevented intercourse; but the town looked from the sea to be handsomely built; and the lazaretto and quarantine establishments were far superior to those of Sevastopol. There appeared, however, to be no fortifications or guns mounted; and the salute was returned by a brig, the only vessel of war then in the port. From Sevastopol she coasted to the southward, touching at Varna, Bourgas, Sizeboli, &c. &c. on her way to Constantinople; and her whole voyage is comparatively barren of incident. But it is interesting, both as having been the first ever made in this sea by a British man-of-war, and also as furnishing a few points on which existing facts may be compared with the representation of the ancient geographers concerning a portion of the ocean of great importance in their estimation, and which they have minutely described.

1. The severe weather experienced may be considered illustrative of that proverbial inclemency which, with the cruelty of some of the earlier inhabitants of a portion of its shores, is said to have given this sea at first the name of ἄξενος, or inhospitable, until probably the multiplication of Greek colonies along its whole coast changed this to εὔξενος, or hospitable; and which is also considered as having suggested its modern name "Black." 2. Its extreme depth is the more remarkable, as Polybius, and even long before him, Strabo of Lampsacus, assert it, in their time, to have been rapidly filling up; and the prodigious number of great rivers which flow into it, make it, indeed, impossible that this should not be the case, though the effect seems not yet perceptible; nor until the bottom rises to within a reasonable distance from the surface can it become so; for, from another observation made by the Blonde, (viz. that even in the mouth of the estuary into which the Dnieper, Bog, Dniester, &c. flow, at twenty miles distance, there is no deposit of mud, but only stones and broken shells), it is evident that the current of these rivers carries their charge of earthy matter beyond this distance, to the as yet unfathomed depths out-

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side. 3. Sevastopol, Dr. Goodenough remarked, is not the ancient Sebastopolis (Augusta), once the seat of the great Indian traffic of the Romans, where, as Pliny tells us, 150 interpreters were kept to facilitate a traffic maintained with 300 nations; but that place (at an earlier period called Dioscurias, and now Iskourial,) is situate on the opposite shore, about thirty miles north of the Phasis, or river of the Argonauts. 4. Odessa is, in like manner, an instance of the misapplication, by the Russians, of the classical names of ancient cities on this sea, not being either of the towns called Odessus: and Kherson is not even on the peninsula, which either gave or borrowed its name (Chersonesus) from the town so called. 5. In passing the Danube, the master of the Blonde, from whose log the above particulars of his voyage are extracted, minutely describes the appearance of the Isle of Serpents, generally considered by geographers the same with the island Leuce, or of Achilles, mentioned by the ancient writers as being off the mouth of that river, but which Dr. G. thinks must be sought for nearer the land, if not, perhaps, now completely incorporated with the coast. The delta of the Danube, like all others similar, probably gains annually on the sea. And it is at least certain that a bank, described by Polybius as being a day's sail (thirty or forty miles) from it out to sea, and on which, he says, the fishing vessels there frequently grounded, no longer exists at that distance, the Blonde having stood to within three miles and a half of the light-house, with regular shallow soundings — not, however, less than ten fathoms — the whole way.

The thanks of the Society were unanimously voted to Dr. Goodenough for his most interesting communication, and the meeting adjourned.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

20d 8h 47m — the Sun enters Taurus: its true place in the heavens will be south of those stars in Aries which 2000 years since passed through the equinoctial colure.

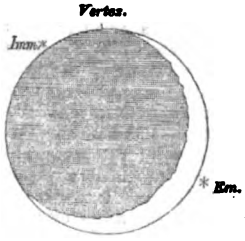
Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Sagittarius ..	5	0	3
● New Moon in Pisces	12	4	0
☽ First Quarter in Cancer	18	18	27
○ Full Moon in Libra	26	12	19

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Capricornus	7	12	0
Mercury in Aries	12	17	0
Venus in Aries	14	2	15
Mars in Taurus	16	0	6
Saturn in Leo	20	18	30

Occultation of Aldebaran.—15d 4h 50m 29s—immersion; 5h 54m—emersion. The following diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emersion.



Notwithstanding this will occur at the time the Sun is above the horizon, it may be readily seen with a telescope. This occultation (should the unenlightened limb be visible) will be more favourable for observing the singular phenomenon of the projection of Aldebaran on the disc of the Moon than those which have already occurred of this series: the immersion will take place at the dark edge of the disc, and the eye will be less likely to be perplexed with the different illuminations of the star and the moon, the one sharp and twinkling, the other soft and quiescent: the observer may follow the star to the edge of the disc with less excitation than when the immersion takes place at the bright edge, and be better prepared to note any phenomena which may occur. This series of occultations of Aldebaran commenced in 1829, and will terminate in 1832.

5d 19h 15m — Mercury in his superior conjunction. 11d — ascending node. 15d — perihelion. 22d — in conjunction with ϑ Arietis: difference of latitude 4′.

Venus is now of a gibbous form, with about $\frac{1}{13}$ of her full disc defective. This beautiful planet pours forth a flood of radiance on the evening landscape, though still too remote from the earth for satisfactory telescopic observation. 4d—ascending node. 22d—in conjunction with 1 ▲ Tauri: difference of latitude 6′. 26d — with 1 and 2 υ Tauri: differences of latitude 2′ and 10′ respectively.

Mars continues to be conspicuous among those stars which have shed their brightest lustre over the wintry sky of the northern regions of the world, and are now gradually blending their enfeebled rays with the glorious beams of the advancing summer's sun. 6d—in conjunction with 179 Mayer: difference of latitude 4′. 25d 6h—with 132 Tauri: difference of latitude 12′.

The Asteroids.

	D.		H.	M.		°	′
Vesta ..	2	R.A.	2	54	N.D.	12	32
	10	.....	3	7	.....	13	39
	18	.....	3	21	.....	14	43
	26	.....	3	34	.....	15	43
Juno ..	2	.....	2	18	.....	6	0
	10	.....	2	36	.....	7	19
	18	.....	2	54	.....	8	33
	26	.....	3	12	.....	9	42
Pallas ..	2	.....	19	50	.....	10	50
	10	.....	19	55	.....	12	3
	18	.....	20	0	.....	13	9
	26	.....	20	4	.....	14	15
Ceres ..	2	.....	20	41	S.D.	23	0
	10	.....	20	51	.....	22	46
	18	.....	21	0	.....	22	35
	26	.....	21	9	.....	22	28

Jupiter is a morning star. The following is the only eclipse of the satellites which will be visible:

	D.	H.	M.
First Satellite, Immersion	24	15	44

28d—Saturn stationary.

Uranus is advancing to a favourable position for observation.

*Lunar Eclipse of 26th February last.**—The following were the observations. 5h 45m (clock time)—the Moon's upper limb was indistinctly perceived above a low bank of clouds, over which was diffused a slight blue haze. 5h 55m—the shadow of the Earth quite clear of Mare Crisium and Mare Humorum: the eclipsed part of the disc not visible. 6h 5m — the shadow passed the centre of Tycho and the northern part of Mare Fecunditatis. 6h 10m — the eclipsed limb dully visible, and of a neutral colour; the edge of the shadow more defined than when first observed, and the penumbra about the breadth of Mare Crisium. 6h 15m—the shadow passed through the southern part of Mare Fecunditatis. 6h 25m — the defined edge of the shadow left the Moon; the penumbra lingered for several minutes afterwards, and exhibited a dull appearance on the western limb. A halo of unusual brilliancy surrounded the Moon at 9h.

*Conjunction of Mars with 1 ▲ Tauri, 17th March last.** — This conjunction, if not an occultation, was a very close appulse; the planet was traced to within a minute distance of the star, and at 11h 15m the star disappeared, and continued invisible for about three minutes: the proximity of Mars to the vapours of the horizon rendered the edge of the disc rather confused, notwithstanding which, the impression on the observer is, that the star was occulted.

Deptford. J. T. B.

* See Celestial Phenomena for February.

* See Celestial Phenomena for March.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

Rocked, as it were, in the storm of political agitation, our artists continue to produce their bright creations with as much perseverance as if all around partook of the tranquillity which belongs to their own pursuits and character. Whatever may be their success as respects individual advantage, we may justly repeat, that a fairer, or, indeed, so fair a claim to public favour has never before been preferred by the Society of British Artists; and we trust that, amidst the contests and clamours of the day, the lovers and encouragers of the Fine Arts may yet find a breathing time, in which to inspect the performances and reward the merits of those who have laboured so indefatigably to win their regard. We proceed to notice a few of the novelties which most forcibly attracted our attention.

No. 3. *A Portrait of James Heath, Esq., A.R.A.* J. Lonsdale. — A more faithful and characteristic resemblance, and a more living head, we never saw.

No. 6. *Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Gordon, &c. &c.* The head and hand painted by the late Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; the arrangement and the completion of the picture by J. Simpson. — Mr. Simpson has acquitted himself very creditably in this arduous undertaking. We prefer this picture to the *Portrait of the Right Hon. the Earl of Jersey*, finished under similar circumstances.

No. 7. *Civita Castellana.* W. Linton.—In our opinion, decidedly the best of Mr. Linton's productions of this class. Although a local view, he has imparted to it the grandeur of a fine composition.

No. 18. *Il Penseroso.* T. Webster. — And *l'Allegro* too; for if the subject weeps, the spectator laughs. Painted with Mr. Webster's accustomed ability.

No. 25. *Reading the Manuscript.* A. G. Vickers. — Good composition, harmonious colouring, and free execution, are the only qualities to be recognised in this production. Is it not rather imprudent in an artist, who can evidently do so much more, to content himself with presenting such mere splashes of his pencil to the public?

No. 61. *The upper end of Derwentwater, taken near Lowdore Waterfall.* T. C. Hofland. — A concentration of all of beautiful that lake-scenery can yield.

No. 66. *The Poacher's Daughter.* J. Inskipp.—Rich, deep, and transparent.

No. 73. *Study from Nature.* Mrs. W. Carpenter.—Truth and simplicity, with a masterly breadth of effect and execution.

No. 74. *Children blowing Bubbles.* W. Gill. —A beautiful little gem.

No. 78. *The Gravedigger.* H. Liverseege.— We have seen pictures by Mr. Liverseege that we prefer to this; but there is great talent in it, nevertheless.

No. 79. *Still Life.* J. Holmes.—A very *fair*

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pun. The accessories are finely painted. It is one of Mr. Holmes's best pictures.

No. 80. *The Grandfather.* J. P. Knight.—What scenes are so interesting as those in which the domestic affections are called forth?

No. 87. *A Study of my Father.* J. Hayter.—Mr. Hayter has communicated a powerful Rembrandt-like effect to his little sketch.

No. 93. *Ferreting.* C. Hancock.—Full of life and spirit.

No. 100. *An Interior of a Room, 15, Berners Street, with a Portrait of H. Bone, Esq. R.A.* R. T. Bone, Jun.—Perfectly the effect of a camera-obscura—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." An admirable little work.

No. 101. *Auld Robin Gray.* J. P. Knight.—Much technical excellence; but, in other respects, we confess that we have seen this oft-repeated subject better treated.

No. 102. *View near Hertford.* S. J. E. Jones; No. 108. *Market Morning.* J. W. Allen.—Two exceedingly clever landscapes.

No. 114. *The Eleventh Hour.* E. Prentis.—Mr. Prentis has here proved himself a master. Parts of his picture are frightfully fine, especially the expression of the dying usurer and of his dissipated and obdurate son. Several Hogarthian touches will reward an attentive examination of this work, which, if in some little respects open to criticism, nevertheless discloses talents of a very high order.

No. 132. *The Covenanters.* G. Harvey.—A scene of deep interest. The various and well-contrasted characters who are listening to the energetic exhortations of "the minister," shew that Mr. Harvey has studied human nature attentively.

No. 138. *The Presumptive Pinch.* W. Kidd.—Farcical and amusing.

No. 157. *The Festival of the Law.* S. A. Hart.—A gorgeous assemblage of colour; but toned down into rich depth and harmony. It is difficult to conceive any thing more splendid.

No. 158. *Portrait of a Lady.* G. Clint, A.R.A.—The costume in this sweet portrait is chosen with peculiar taste.

No. 160. *Portrait of Lord Chancellor Brougham.* J. Lonsdale.—As strong a likeness of this highly-gifted and extraordinary man as any portrait, the features of which are immovable, can possibly be. The composition is grand, the parts are well put together, and the whole is firmly and finely painted.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Gallery of Greenwich Hospital; comprising Portraits of celebrated Naval Commanders, and Views of their most memorable Actions: illustrated with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. By Edward Hawke Locker, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., one of the Commissioners of the Institution. Part I. Harding and Lepard.

THIS is the first Part of a work, which, if we may judge of the intended volume by its commencement, will be a worthy companion to *Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs*, brought out by the same spirited publishers, and to which we have so frequently felt it our duty to call the attention of our readers. The present publication, while it records the achievements of that gallant profession of which our beloved Monarch is so illustrious an ornament, will make the humble middy pant for opportunities to emulate Nelson and Trafalgar. At any time such a work must have been popular; but in the present favourable circumstances, appearing, as it does, under the immediate patronage and sanction of his Majesty, it will no doubt be peculiarly so. The memoirs in the first Part are those of Lord Hawke, Lord Bridport, Vice-Admiral Benbow, and Capt. Cook. As a specimen of the simplicity and clearness of the composition, and as exhibiting a curious picture of a state of things, to which, happily for the country, our navy has long been a stranger, we will extract a passage from the account of Vice-Admiral Benbow, of whom Mr. Locker justly observes:—"Perhaps no name is better remembered among our seamen than that of their ancient favourite, Benbow, whose death, recorded in one of their most popular ballads, still cheers the middle watch of many a stormy night at sea."—He had recently been employed in enforcing the restitution of some English vessels which had been seized by the Spaniards at Cartagena.

"Scarcely had he returned from this valuable service, when the prospect of war with France determined the English ministers to despatch a stronger force to the West Indies. They advised the king to send Benbow once more; but to this his majesty objected, considering it ungenerous to so zealous an officer, to give him no respite, while others lay idle on shore. This service, however, being relished by none of those to whom the command was successively offered and declined, the king, half offended with his ministers, turned merrily round upon them, and, alluding to the foppery of dress and manners exhibited by some of the naval officers of that day, said, 'Well, then, I see we must spare our beaux, and send honest Benbow.' Being summoned to the royal presence, the king asked if he were willing to return to the West Indies; graciously observing, that he should forfeit none of his favour if he declined to go. Benbow, though not insensible of his sovereign's considerate regard for him, replied, 'No, sire, I do not understand such compliments. When your majesty wants my services, I have no right to choose. I am ready to sail immediately to any quarter of the world to which your majesty may be pleased to send me.' Having thus accepted the command, and relieved the embarrassment of the king's ministers, the vice-admiral hoisted his flag, in August 1701, and received under his orders the ships after-named, viz.

Breda,	70 guns	Vice Admiral John Benbow. Captain Christopher Fogg.
Defiance,	64	Richard Kirkby.
Windsor,	60	John Constable.
Greenwich,	54	Cooper Wade.
Ruby,	48	George Walton.
Pendennis,	48	Thomas Hudson.
Falmouth,	48	Samuel Vincent."

Mr. Locker proceeds to describe, in a clear manner, Benbow's able conduct in the West Indies, his actions with Du Casse, and the cowardly and mutinous behaviour of his captains, except Captain Walton of the Ruby. After which he continues:—"On the 24th (we quote from the narrative of a person on board the Breda), 'a light breeze carried us once more within hail of the sternmost ship of the enemy, upon which he fired a broadside of double and round below, and of partridge aloft, which was returned. At three in the morning the admiral's right leg was knocked to pieces by a chain shot, and he was carried below. While the surgeon was at work with him, one of his lieutenants endeavoured to console him; upon which Benbow replied, I am sorry for it too; but I would rather have lost both my legs than have seen this dishonour brought on the English nation. And hear me, should another shot deprive me of life, behave like men, and fight it out while the ship can swim.' He immediately ordered his cradle on the quarter-deck, and thus continued the fight till day-break, when their antagonist ship exhibited terrible proofs of the effect of their fire. The enemy, seeing Benbow still deserted, bore down again in a body between her and the Breda, firing all their broadsides into her, and towing off their disabled ship, which he was in no condition to prevent, though he followed them still with all the sail he could carry, enforcing the battle signal, which was always out, by firing shot at his own treacherous deserters. The admiral, during a calm, sent Captain Fogg to each of their ships to remonstrate with them on their base conduct. Kirkby came on board the Breda, expressed no sympathy for his wound, and impudently pressed him to desist from any further engagement. This unprincipled man, who is designated as *Colonel* Kirkby in the proceedings of the court-martial, seems to have had great influence over his wretched colleagues, who being thereupon summoned on board by the admiral, avowed their concurrent opinions, having already signed a paper which Kirkby had drawn up for that purpose. On this, Benbow, 'perceiving they had no mind to fight, thought it not fit to venture further. He was then abreast of the enemy, and had a fair opportunity of beating them, all the ships being in good condition except his own.' Thus basely abandoned, the indignant admiral was obliged to bear up for Jamaica, nor was the enemy either in a condition or a disposition to follow him. At no time had the French a more brave and able naval commander than Du Casse, who, while he felt for the honour of his own nation, rendered ample justice to his antagonist, from whose resolute attack he had a narrow escape. Three times during their long-continued contest was he boarded by Benbow, who received a shot in the arm, and a severe wound in the face in these encounters, and would undoubtedly have carried his antagonist, had his own captains made any fight against the rest of their ships. When the French admiral reached Cartagena, with a liberality highly honourable to him, and which we gladly record, he addressed the following pithy letter to his much-injured rival.

"'Sir,—I had little hope on Monday last, but to have supped in your cabin. It pleased God to order otherwise; I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for they richly deserve it. —Yours, DU CASSE.'

"When arrived at Jamaica, Benbow issued his commission to Rear-Admiral Whetstone to try these officers by a court-martial. Benbow, though suffering great anguish from his wound, gave evidence against them in person, and on the 12th of October, 1702, they received sentence as follows:—

Colonel Richard Kirkby ·· Captain Cooper Wade ····	} to be shot.
Captain John Constable ···	cashiered.
Captain Christopher Fogg · Captain Samuel Vincent ··	} suspended.

Captain Hudson of the Pendennis died before the trial, or would undoubtedly have shared the fate of Kirkby and Wade. The sentence being forwarded to England, and the prisoners sent home shortly after, in H. M. S. Bristol, the government, in order to mark its indignation against them, and perhaps to defeat all attempts to procure their pardon (for it is said they were highly connected), caused death-warrants to be sent to all the ports, that summary justice might be done upon Kirkby and Wade, immediately on their arrival, who were not permitted to land, but were shot on board the Bristol, on the

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16th of April, 1703, two days after she anchored at Plymouth. The health of the gallant admiral declined rapidly after the amputation of his leg, chiefly owing to the grief and indignation he had endured, and he breathed his last at Port Royal, on the 4th of November, 1702."

The portraits prefixed to the memoirs are admirably engraved, from original pictures by Cotes, Kneller, Reynolds, and Dance; and they are followed by a free and spirited etching (by J. C. Allen), from the magnificent and well-known painting by De Loutherbourg, of "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada." "For this splendid picture," says Mr. Locker, "our Gallery is indebted to the liberality of Lord Farnborough, who, being one of the Directors of Greenwich Hospital at the period when the collection was first projected, was not contented with proving, by this donation, his cordial desire to promote the honour of the Royal Navy, and the interest of that art of which his lordship has constantly shewn himself a judicious patron, but a still more important service was rendered to the Institution by his effectual mediation with our late accomplished sovereign, who was graciously pleased to present to it thirty-seven of the most valuable pictures now in the Gallery."

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XII. London. C. Tilt.

ANOTHER exquisite series of four landscapes, which illustrate scenes in Red Gauntlet, Waverley, Ivanhoe, and the Black Dwarf.—Solway Sands, and Manor Glen, after Copley Fielding; Stirling Castle, after Robson; and Wharncliffe, after De Wint, all engraved by E. Finden, not only portray interesting subjects in his most beautiful manner, but preserve the characteristics of the original paintings so delightfully, that we seem to have the artists in their own styles and colours before us. The word "gems" could never be more truly applied to productions of art.

Compositions of the Acts of Mercy. Drawn by the late John Flaxman, Esq. R.A.P.S. Engraved by F. C. Lewis, Engraver of Drawings to the King. Published by Miss Flaxman and Miss Maria Denman.

EIGHT noble designs, distinguished for their grandeur, simplicity, beauty, and pathos. That must indeed have been a pure and refined mind from which they were the emanations. It is impossible to look at them and not be fully sensible of the force and dignity of the arts, when directed to objects worthy of their highest powers. "Feed the hungry," and "Deliver the captive," are our favourites; but they are all admirable; and they have been engraved in aquatinta by Mr. Lewis with a congenial feeling.

Thomas Young, M.D. F.R.S. Foreign Associate of the Royal Institute of Paris. Engraved by C. Turner, A.R.A. from a Picture by Sir T. Lawrence. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

WE have seldom seen a portrait by the late President which more happily exemplifies the grace and beauty of his style, as far as respects the preservation of gentlemanlike character, and the exquisite drawing of the features.

Views of the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains of Combetoor, Southern India. Drawn from nature and on stone, by Captain E. M. M'Curdy, 27th reg. M.N.I. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE are few acquirements more valuable to a military man, whether with reference to his profession, or merely to the rational and amusing occupation of his frequent leisure, than the power of using his pencil in the delineation of the various and distant scenes among which, in the course of an eventful life, he may chance to be thrown. Of this truth the present publication adds another and a very pleasing proof. "These beautiful 'Blue Mountains' (as their name implies, from neil, *blue*, and gherry, *mountain*)," observes Capt. M'Curdy, in the general description fixed to his plates, "had long excited the admiring gaze of each European who had passed within view of their majestic height (towering as they do far above all other of that grand range of mountains called the 'Western Ghauts'), and their smooth and verdant tops had long tempted the adventurer's tread. But it was not till January, 1819, that they were explored, and found more than to realise all the expectations of the enterprising Englishmen who reached their summit, and breathed an air so pure, cool, and elastic, that it did not require the contrast with the burning plain from which they had just ascended, to convince them of its exhilirating, beneficial, and strengthening influence." It appears that, since the above-mentioned period, a settlement has been established on these mountains for the reception of sick officers and men; and that its salubrity has in many instances been strikingly exemplified.

The views are four in number (besides a small vignette), and are of a very picturesque character. If they do not exhibit all the technicalities of the more practised professional artist, they evince much firmness and freedom of execution, and bear the stamp of that important quality the absence of which in representations of local scenery cannot be compensated by any other,—fidelity.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

*Supposed to be the Prayer of the Supplicating Nymph in Mr. Laurence Macdonald's Exhibition of Sculpture.**

She kneels as if in prayer, one graceful arm
Extended to implore; her face is fair,
But calm and somewhat sad: methinks the past
Has taught her life's all general lesson—grief;
But grief which has subsided on that brow
To a sweet gravity, that yet seems strange
In one so young: her lip is cold, and wears
No smile to suit its beauty or its youth.
What is its prayer?

THE myrtle wreath that I have laid
Upon thy shrine is withered all;
The bloom which once its beauty made,
I would not, if I could, recall;
No! emblem of my heart and me,
I lay it, Goddess, on thy shrine;
And the sole prayer I offer thee,
Is—let it still be emblem mine.

There was a time when I have knelt
With beating heart and burning brow;
All I once felt is now unfelt—
The depths once stirred are silent now:
I only kneel that I may pray
A future like my present time—
A calm, if not a varied way—
A still, if not a summer clime.

There comes no colour to my cheek,
Whatever step be passing by;
No glance makes mine the green earth seek,
That answer of a conscious eye;
My pulse is still as waves that sleep
When the unbroken heaven is seen;
Ah! never comes a calm so deep
As where the tempest late hath been.

Thou, Wind, that, like a gentle song,
Scarce stirs the sleeping summer air,
How often hast thou borne along
The vain reproach of my despair!
Fair fount, by whose moss-circled side
My eyes have shed their bitter rain,
Flow on with an unsullied tide,
Thou'lt never see my tears again.

Time was, I loved so many things,
The earth I trod, the sky above,—
The leaf that falls, the bird that sings;
Now there is nothing that I love—
And how much sorrow I am spared,
By loveless heart and listless eye!
Why should the life of love be shared
With things that change, or things that die?

Let the rose fall, another rose
Will bloom upon the self-same tree;
Let the bird die, ere evening close
Some other bird will sing for me.
It is for the beloved to love,
'Tis for the happy to be kind;
Sorrow will more than death remove
The associate links affections bind.

My heart hath like a lamp consumed,
In one brief blaze, what should have fed
For years the sweet life it illumed,
And now it lies cold, dark, and dead.
'Tis well such false light is o'ercast,
A light that burnt where'er it shone;
My eagerness of youth is past,
And I am glad that it is gone.

My hopes and feelings, like those flowers,
Are withered, on thy altar laid—
A dark night falls from my past hours:
Still let me dwell beneath its shade,
Cold as the winter midnight's air,
Calm as the groves around thy shrine—
Such, Goddess, is my future's prayer,
And my heart answers, "It is mine!"

L. E. L.

* We could wish our readers to visit the beautiful statue which has inspired these exquisitely descriptive, touching, and poetical lines.—*Ed. L. G.*

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

MISS LINWOOD'S EXHIBITION.

THIS lady, an extraordinary instance of talent and perseverance, has, in (we believe) her 74th or 75th year, added another large work to her gallery, upon which she has been employed for the term of an apprenticeship. It is called "The Judgment upon Cain," and represents the first murderer when his "punishment is greater than he can bear," with his wife and two children partaking of his agony and despair. The picture is originally of the French school, and a good deal exaggerated; but still, as a performance of needlework, with all its vivid hues, it is a remarkable production. The rest of the Gallery, consisting of above sixty pieces, many of them natural as well as beautiful, is a singular spectacle of human ingenuity. For our young holyday-making friends, we counsel a visit to Miss Linwood; from whose works they will derive pleasure, and from whose example they may gather a useful moral lesson.

OXFORD STREET BAZAAR.

THIS mart, where so many holyday gratifications are concentrated, will, no doubt, attract a shoal of visitors, both old and young, at the approaching Easter. The spirited landlord has put forth a fresh bush from his Diorama and Physiorama, to entice the pleasure-seeking multitude. At the Diorama the novelties comprise views of the interior of King's Chapel, Cambridge, Llanberis Lake, and the Basilica of Saint Francis. The first of these, presenting

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our glorious canon of Gothic architecture, the King's Chapel, is incomparably the best, yet still leaving sufficient to admire in the two others. In the view of the Basilica of Saint Francis, where a congregation is beheld engaged in devotion, we must say, the artist has partially failed; for, in the mass of figures he has there introduced, we discover a want of harmony and connexion with the other parts of the picture; but this demerit is not peculiar to the present occasion; for, in all similar compositions, we have noticed that a much higher degree of excellence is yet to be attained, before the illusion can be perfect when animate objects are represented. The Physiorama contains fourteen pleasing views, with which both children and parents will be equally delighted; the former at seeing so much,— and the latter at only paying a shilling for it.

VARIETIES.

Barometric Variations.—M. Bouvard, of the observatory at Paris, has lately published some minute and very numerous observations on the movements of the barometer, from which it would appear that, towards the equinoxes, this instrument attains its maximum at eighty minutes past eight A.M., and at about eleven P.M.; the minimum at the same period is at four A.M. and at four P.M. In summer, the maximum is at ten minutes past eight A.M., and in winter at thirty minutes past nine A.M.

Lieut. James Holman, the Blind Traveller.—We have news of our friend at Canton, where he was safe and well at the beginning of last December.

Earthquakes.—The shock of an earthquake, it is stated in a Caernarvon journal, was felt at Bardsey Island on Thursday the 17th ult. It lasted about a minute and a half. A similar phenomenon occurred about seventy years ago. This is the second earthquake on the British coasts within the last month: Dover, Deal, Sandwich, and the adjacent parts of Kent, having been affected by a movement on the 2d.

Odd Title.—A work has been published in France with the title of "Universal Peace; or, the Philosophical Marriage of Commerce with Agriculture and his whole Family."

Klinger, &c.—The German poet Klinger, the author of Faust, died lately at St. Petersburgh, at the age of seventy-seven.—Another German bard, Frederick Matthisson, expired at Dessau on the 12th ult. aged seventy-one.

French Industry.—The Académie de l'Industrie at Paris has offered a gold and silver medal (the former of the value of five hundred francs) for the best and second best "Inquiry into the scientific and practical principles most favourable to the progress of agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial industry in France."

Chinese and Portuguese Grammar.—A new grammar of the Chinese language, the *Arte China Constante de Alphabeto e Grammatica*, by Father Gonçalves, has been produced at Macao, and is highly spoken of in the *Canton Register*. It is stated to contain a good deal of Chinese antiquities, specimens of forty-five different dialogues, a collection of proverbs, and useful extracts relating to history and mythology.

Theory of Sound.—We understand that the experiments instituted in London on Mr. Trevelyan's theory of sound do not bear out the conclusions to which he has been led. (See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 738.)

Arabian Tradition.—The Asshabir-Ras (the presumed ancestors of the Russians) had a well which furnished them with water sufficient to water their ground, and a just king whom they deeply regretted after his death. After some time, the devil appeared to them in the shape of the defunct king, and said to them, "I am not dead, but I absented myself from you to witness your grief." At this they were exceedingly delighted. He then ordered them to interpose a veil between the people and himself; and pretended that he should never die. The greater part of them believed and worshipped him. God sent a prophet to announce to them, that it was the devil who was talking to them from behind the veil, and to turn them from his worship. He ordered them to adore the only God, who had no associate. They approached the prophet, killed him, and threw him into the well. Immediately, the water disappeared, drought prevailed, the trees dried up, the fruits fell to the ground, the country became a desert, and the inhabitants were changed into wild beasts.—*Hammer's Russian Origines.*

Population of Rome.—The Diario di Roma has published the following statement of the population of Rome during the twelve months which elapsed between Easter 1829 and Easter 1830:—

Parish churches		54
Families		34,805
Bishops		30
Priests		1,455
Monks and Friars		1,986
Nuns		1,385
Seminarists and Collegians		560
Heretics, Turks, and Infidels, exclusively of Jews		266
Prepared for the Sacrament		107,433
Not prepared for the Sacrament		39,852
Marriages		1,068
Male baptisms 2,339 / Female baptisms 2,351	Total baptisms.	4,690
Male deaths 2,882 / Female deaths 2,113	Total deaths	4,995
Males of all ages		77,475
Females of all ages		69,810
Total population		147,385

From this table, compared with those of preceding years, it appears that in Rome, in the year 1830, the population had increased by 2,744 souls; the births, in proportion to the whole population were 1 to about $31\frac{4}{10}$; the deaths, 1 to about $29\frac{5}{10}$; the births of males and the births of females nearly equal; the births in proportion to the deaths, 1 to $6\frac{8}{10}$; the marriages in proportion to the births 1 to $4\frac{4}{10}$; the average number of births amounted to 391 a-month, or 13 a-day; the average number of deaths amounted to 416 a-month, or 14 a-day.

New Method of multiplying Dahlias.—Some dahlias, belonging to M. Jacquemin, having been injured by the wind in the first days of June, and some branches broken off, he placed them in the ground, in hopes of developing the flower. This did not take place; the vegetation languished, but the plants appeared good, and being carefully taken up, were found furnished with tubercles. Hence a new means of multiplying these flowers, and the illustration of a curious physiological fact.

Why is a man who deals in stale jokes like a stock-jobber?—Because he depends on fundead property.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIV. April 2.*]

The third and concluding Volume of Dr. Nares's Life and Times of Lord Burleigh is just ready for publication. We have reason to believe that the public have been long under an erroneous impression respecting the author of this work. It is not a *posthumous* publication of the late *Archdeacon* Nares, as many have supposed; but the work of a living divine, the Rev. Dr. Nares, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, as set forth in the title-page. Of the Archdeacon, who died in the year 1829, and of his many learned works, an account has lately appeared in Messrs. Fisher's National Portrait Gallery. The author of the present work, it may be sufficient to state, by way of distinction, is also the author of a work on the "Plurality of Worlds," much noticed on its first appearance (1802); the Bampton Lecture for (1805), highly commended in Archbishop Magee's great work on the Atonement; the Critical Remarks on the Version on the New Testament edited by the Unitarians, 1811; the Sermons on the Creed, 1816; the Historical Prefaces to the several Books of Scripture in the second edition of Macklin's splendid Bible; the continuation and enlargement of Tytler's "Elements of General History," a tenth edition of which is just published; the "Heraldic Anomalies;" and, long ago (anonymously), the popular little work "Thinks I to Myself;" besides abundance of single Sermons, Reviews, &c.

By the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A., author of "May You Like It," the Records of a Good Man's Life.—A new edition, by H. C. Deakin, of the Deliverance of Switzerland; and of his Portraits of the Dead.—Second editions: the Rev. Mr. Evans's Rectory of Valehead; Mr. Dawson's Present State of Australia; Mr. Montgomery's new Poem, Oxford.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. XVII. (Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, 1 vol.) fcp. 8vo. 6s. bds.—Reynolds's Dramatic Annual, 12mo. 13s. hf.-bd. mor.—Holland on the Fœtus, Liver, &c., 8vo. 8s. bds.—Family Classical Library, No. XVI. (Theophrastus), 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Epitome of English Literature, No. I. (Paley's Moral Philosophy), 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Hughes's Divines, No. XI. (Barrow, Vol. VI.), 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—National Library, Nos. VII. VIII. and IX. (Bourrienne's Napoleon, 3 vols.) 12mo. 6s. each, bds.—Denham and Clapperton's Travels in Africa, 4 vols. 18mo. 1l. bds.—Todd's Life of Cranmer, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s. bds.—Destiny, by the author of "Marriage," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Burnes's Visit to the Court of Sinde, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Locker's Naval Gallery, No. I., imp. 8vo. 12s. 6d., roy. 4to. proofs, 1l. 5s.—Extracts from Taylor's Living and Dying, fcp. 8vo. 6s. bds.—Stepping Stones for Tottering Feet, 16mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Mayo on Indigestion, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Doddridge's Correspondence, Vol. V. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Standard Novels, No. II. (Caleb Williams), 12mo. 6s. bds.—At Home and Abroad, 3 vols. post 8vo. bds. 1l. 4s.—Latrobe on Church Music, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Shephard's Account of St. Vincent, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Hall's Fragments of Voyages, 3 vols. 18mo. 15s. bds.—Xenophon's Cyropædia, with English Notes, by Barker, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XI. (Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt), fcp. 8vo. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

March.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 24	From 27. to 39.	29·94 to 29·70
Friday 25	—— 30. — 45.	29·63 — 29·46
Saturday .. 26	—— 35. — 55.	29·35 — 29·63
Sunday.... 27	—— 39. — 59.	29·83 — 29·93
Monday .. 28	—— 30. — 61.	29·94 — 29·99
Tuesday .. 29	—— 35. — 47.	30·06 — 30·14
Wednesday 30	—— 33. — 48.	30·16 — 30·22

Wind N.E. and S.E.; the former prevailing.

Except the 27th, 28th, and 30th, generally overcast, with rain at times: snow fell frequently during the 24th.

Rain fallen ·55 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to S. M.; but it is hardly worth while to occupy more room with the subject.

Our thanks to H. E. B.; but the insertion of her pretty poem would commit us to more correspondence of the same kind than we could accommodate.

To shew that we meant no ill will to S., we will indulge him with his version of the epigram.

"We have each but one eye;
Yet so lovely men deem us,
With the gods we may vie,"
Quoth Miss Polyphemus.
"Dear boy, then, how stupid,
To share two between us!
Give me yours—You'll be Cupid,
And I shall be Venus."

We received No. I. of our new contemporary, the Englishman's Magazine, too late for any notice, except that it appears to be very neat in its typography and arrangement.

The Working Man's Companion, Cottage Evenings, and the Architecture of Birds, a volume of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, both published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; Dr. Lardner's Hydrostatics and Pneumatics (Vol. XVII. of Cabinet Cyclopædia); Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt (new volume of the Aldine); and several other novelties, are also too late.

The Navy at Home is postponed, in consequence of the number of Novels which previously demanded attention.

The entertaining and clever No. of the Harmonicon (XLVIII.) can only have a passing note of praise. It is quite a musical treasure.

No. I. of the National Omnibus, a journal *apparently to appear* once a fortnight, is an odd jumble, but displays considerable whim and talent.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Archbishop Cranmer. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M. A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Rivingtons.

WHILE all parties either admit or applaud the transcendent scholastic abilities of Cranmer, not only has the public life and political reputation, but even the private worth and character of this theological reformer, furnished fuel for unceasing controversy. In the times immediately subsequent to those in which he suffered, and, indeed, at every successive period, when party-zeal, on the one hand, deemed it a furtherance of its own cause to belabour the memory of the dead, or taking up the cudgels in behalf of his fame, was by the other party considered as equivalent to self-defence, this literary warfare has been ever and anon waged, and that without losing much of its disputatious and acrimonious character. Hence we find the historical reputation of this eminent man either deified or demonised, according as his chronicler might be papist or protestant. It is from a comparison of such contradictory statements, that we can hope to arrive at the truth with any degree of probability or satisfaction. The author of the present Life has done wisely in quoting his authorities for such positions as contravene former opinions; and, in laying down his own neither dogmatically nor unsupported, he has entitled himself to the claim of a fair and judicious biographer. We give the first interview of Cranmer with the king.

" But to return to the conference, as related by Foxe, Archbishop Parker, and others. The almoner had no sooner communicated the advice of Cranmer, than the delighted sovereign exclaimed, ' Where is this Dr. Cranmer? Is he still at Waltham?' Gardiner and Foxe replied, that they left him there. ' Marry,' said the king, ' I will surely speak with him, and therefore let him be sent for out of hand. I perceive that this man hath the right sow by the ear. And if I had known this device but two years ago, it had been in my way a great piece of money, and had also rid me out of much unquietness.' Cranmer had departed from Waltham. But a messenger was sent after him, and he was brought, unwillingly, into the royal presence. The interview is interesting. ' I well perceive,' said the king, ' that you have the right scope of this matter. You must understand, that I have been long troubled in conscience; and now I perceive that by this means I might have been long ago relieved one way or other from the same, if we had thus proceeded. And therefore, master doctor, I pray you, and nevertheless, because you are a subject, I charge and command you, all other business and affairs set apart, to take some pains to see this my cause to be furthered according to your device, so that I may shortly understand whereunto I may trust.' Cranmer appears to have thought the plea of conscience sincere. Himself was certainly sincere in the opinion, that this affair might lead to the separation of his country from the despotism of the see of Rome. His was the sagacity of the many who throughout Europe were in favour of the divorce, in order that by checking the dispensing power of the pontiff, they might free the mind from that ' absolute monarchy which superstition had erected in it.' He therefore admitted, but with the diffidence that always distinguished him, the conversation into which he had been accidentally drawn. ' I am content therewith,' said his sovereign; ' but yet, nevertheless, I will have you specially to write your mind therein.' And so calling the Earl of Wiltshire to him, he said, ' I pray you, my lord, let Doctor Cranmer have entertainment in your house at Durham-place for a time, to the intent that he may be there quiet to accomplish my request; and let him lack neither books nor any thing requisite for his study.' "

Cranmer has been charged, and not without some shew of reason, with sycophancy to the monarch; but the details of his history warrant the supposition that neither his own interest, nor personal advancement, were the motives of his courting the favour of the king, by seconding his views. Without the royal support, the cause of the reformers was for the time hopeless, and Cranmer knew that it was not to be gained by vainly attempting to thwart the desires of such a despot as Henry the Eighth. And it was thus, " by giving him his head," that he was enabled so to guide and manage the power of the king as to direct it to the furtherance of the reformation. It is indeed more than probable, that the reformed church owed its existence and progress to Cranmer having made a friend of this regal mammon of unrighteousness. But through the very means that advanced and invigorated the cause to which he devoted his life, the character of the high-principled reformer became tarnished, by being merged in the subserviency of the courtier. We quote the annexed letter, from him to Henry, respecting Anne Boleyn, as highly characteristic of the times and the writer.

" ' Pleaseth it your most noble grace to be advertised, that at your grace's commandment by Mr. Secretary's letters, written in your grace's name, I came to Lambeth yesterday, and do there remain to know your grace's further pleasure. And forsomuch as without your grace's commandment I dare not, contrary to the contents of the said letters, presume to come unto your grace's presence; nevertheless of my most bounden duty I can do no less than most humbly to desire your grace by your great wisdom, and by the assistance of God's help, somewhat to suppress the deep sorrows of your grace's heart, and to take all the adversities of God's hands both patiently and thankfully. I cannot deny but your grace hath great causes many ways of lamentable heaviness; and also that, in the wrongful estimation of the world, your grace's honour of every part is so highly touched, *whether the things that be spoken of be true or not*, that I remember not that ever Almighty God sent unto your grace any like occasion to try your grace's constancy throughout, whether you can be content to take of God's hand as well things displeasant, as pleasant. And if he find in your most noble heart such an obedience unto His will, that your grace, without murmuration and overmuch heaviness, do accept all adversities, not less thanking Him than when all things succeeded after your grace's will and pleasure, nor less procuring His glory and honour; then I suppose your grace did never thing more acceptable unto Him, since your first governance of this your realm. And moreover your grace shall give unto Him occasion to multiply and increase His graces and benefits unto your highness, as He did unto His most faithful servant Job; unto whom, after his great calamities and heaviness, for his obedient heart, and willing acceptation of God's scourge and rod, *addidit ei Dominus cuncta duplicia. And if it be true that is openly reported of the queen's grace*, if men had a right estimation of things, they should not esteem any part of your grace's honour to be touched thereby, but her honour only to be clearly disparaged. And I am in such a perplexity, that my mind is clean amazed. For I never had better opinion in woman than I had in her, *which maketh me think that she should not be culpable.* And again I think that your highness would not have gone so far, except she had been surely culpable. Now I think that your grace best knoweth, that next unto your grace *I was most bound unto her of all creatures living.* Wherefore I most humbly beseech your grace to suffer me in that, which both God's law, nature, and also her kindness bindeth me unto; that is, that I may, with your grace's favour, wish and pray for her, *that she may declare herself inculpable and innocent.* And if she be found culpable, considering your grace's goodness towards her, and from what condition your grace of your only mere goodness took her and set the crown upon her head; I repute him not your grace's faithful servant and subject, nor true unto the realm, that would not desire the offence without mercy to be punished, to the example of all others. And as I loved her not a little *for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and his Gospel;* so, if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and his Gospel that ever will favour her, but must hate her above all other; and the more they favour the Gospel, the more they will hate her; for then there was never creature in our time that so much slandered the Gospel. And God hath sent her this punishment, for that she feignedly hath professed his Gospel in her mouth, and not in heart and deed. And though she have offended so that she hath deserved never to be reconciled unto your grace's favour, yet Almighty God hath manifestly declared His goodness towards your grace, and never offended you. But your grace, I am sure, [ac]knowledgeth that you

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have offended Him. Wherefore I trust that your grace will bear no less entire favour unto the truth of the Gospel than you did before; forsomuch as your grace's favour to the Gospel was not led by affection unto her, but by zeal unto the truth. And thus I beseech Almighty God, whose Gospel he hath ordained your grace to be defender of, ever to preserve your grace from all evil, and give you at the end the promise of his Gospel. From Lambeth the 3d day of May, [1536].

"'After I had written this letter unto your grace, my lord chancellor, my lord of Oxford, my lord of Sussex, and my lord chamberlain of your grace's house, sent for me to come unto the Star-Chamber; and there declared unto me such things as your grace's pleasure was they should make me privy to: for the which I am most bounden unto your grace. And what communication we had together, I doubt not but they will make the true report thereof unto your grace. I am exceedingly sorry that such faults can be proved by the queen, as I heard of their relation. But I am, and ever shall be, your faithful subject.'"

By judiciously collecting and arranging all the requisite information that bears upon the subject of his volumes, Mr. Todd has rendered his work amusing, while it is calculated to convey a fair view of Cranmer's character, and the manners of the times in which he lived; and from the pleasing and unprejudiced style of his writing, he has succeeded in throwing the semblance of novelty over a subject somewhat deficient in that particular, from the frequency with which it has already been handled, either in praise or vituperation. We therefore readily lend his work our recommendation, as being the most impartial and complete historical narration of the life of this celebrated churchman.

The Navy "at Home." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Marsh.

We have had several sailors' books of late, descriptive of the sea and those who live upon its bosom, to which number we do not think the present performance can be deemed a very popular addition. Scenes of low and uninteresting association do not acquire attractions from being painted with minute accuracy; and it is a gross mistake to fancy that the vulgarities of the cock-pit can bear the test of repetition even in society, and far less of printing and perusal as a picture of manners. There is a laboured attempt at smartness, too, in this narrative, which, like all forced humour, instead of making us laugh, makes us yawn; and looking at it in the graver light, as likely to do honour to or depreciate the naval character, we must say that the author has only succeeded in raising the most unfavourable impressions of the class to which we presume he belongs. For example, the introduction of the hero to his ship.

"At this instant, following the same supply, came thundering down the ladder, and dragging something in human shape, dressed in a *red coat* after him, the midshipman (Mr. Theophilus Tugjunk) who had been in the boat for the said provender, and who now called out with a voice of thunder, or rather the growl of a bear, to which quiet and well-bred quadruped he bore no bad resemblance, either in make or disposition, 'I say, hoy! avast there! halves! d—— my eyes, not so fast—don't gammon a fellow—here's a lad wants something as well as yourselves—you've no 'casion to be in such a b——y hurry: come, shove in there, youngster! sheer off!' After which pithy exordium he thrust the unfortunate being round the table, half on the backs of those in the way, to a spot among the youngest at the lower end; where, having jammed him into a place between two, who seemed in no hurry to make room, he regained his own seat (left vacant, near the caterer) in a twinkling, seized on the remains of one of the ponderous quarterns, which he generously divided with his protégé, throwing it along the table, and calling out to 'pass it up' and 'give the youngster a cup and saucer, and knife, d—— his eyes!' So busy by this time, indeed, were the whole fraternity, that their new and fancifully dressed guest was hardly noticed, nor was it without sundry d——ing of eyes' (which we take to be synonymous with the sweet gentle 'my gracious and goodness' of young ladies), that the unfortunate subject of this our history (for it was no less a personage) obtained a cup and saucer."

Such is a specimen of the language; and elsewhere throughout these volumes we find terms yet more coarse and offensive, such, indeed, as ought never to have passed the ordeal of a decent pen, and still less have appeared in any publication of the present day, when external decorum, at least, is demanded by the good sense and good taste of the country. Filth, oaths, and obscenity, are not, we surmise, entertaining to any description of readers; and it is only in these qualities that the writer of the *Navy at Home* differs from, and is infinitely inferior to, the *Naval Sketch-Book*, or Captain Maryatt's volumes,* much as we had to condemn their lapses. We have also noticed, that the author, by drawing derogatory portraits of all ranks on board of ship, has lowered the profession of which he was a member; but yet we do not think, and we are glad of it, that he has had the honour of being a real seaman, —for we discover so many errors in naval phraseology, that we may safely conclude they never fell from a sailor. Thus, for instance, vol. i. p. 78, we are told, "Jack was dancing round the capstan bars," whereas Jack could only be *turning* round *with* the capstan bars; and, again, in the next page, we have "pull together," for the nautical term of "heave together." At page 90, we have "beans" served out among the provisions,—a thing, we believe, never seen in the navy; and at page 99, it is asserted (in contradiction to the fact that the captain alone can inflict corporeal punishment), "there was a too unlimited power left with the officers throughout the ship, down to the smallest brat, of inflicting instant and corporeal punishment for the most trivial mistake, occasionally; the severity of which was only moderated by the quantum of anger occasioned at the moment: this species of punishment was generally inflicted by the boatswain's mate on the spot, either with his *rattan*, or with a more cruel instrument a '*rope's end*,' quite as severe as the Russian knout."

We have noted a few of these matters to shew that the writer had no pretensions to undervalue his predecessors in the same style of composition, or set himself up as a model. The following practical remarks, however, merit consideration.

"Looking with the eye of experience at a more noble race of fellows, most officers know that they prefer a prompt and calculated severe suffering, to a tedious task, or a stoppage of grog: not one in fifty but would cry out, 'O, d——n my eyes, give us a dozen at the gangway at once; but no black list, no stopping a feller's grog!' Besides, as to tasks, they are almost as vexatious to the officers as the men; business and lists multiply as in the chancellor's court; and having a sort of convicts about the decks busy at a needless labour, when there is quite enough to do in the regular routine of duty—and thought hardly used by all the rest of the men (for offences of all sorts are forgotten the next minute), is, after all, but an indifferent succedaneum. Supposing the positive stripes could be avoided—but they cannot, these very men are sure, in the end, to furnish the ordinary periodical quota for the *ultima ratio*. That this number may be small or excessive, depends more on the captain than themselves. Men throughout the service are pretty much alike, and are, like household servants, what their masters make them—we say the captain, and it would seem to fling a responsibility on his shoulders unjustly disproportionate. But who does not know, among naval men, that the officers of the ship 'trim' themselves, as well as their sails, to the wind that blows?—'trim' themselves they must—if for the better, so much the better; and how many thousand various shades are there harmonised and finely blended, simply from the master hand! in fact, in whatever way duty is carried on—whether the men are peaceable, happy, and do their duty well, or whether the exact contrary is perceptible—one can never be very far out, in giving the commander the entire credit, good or bad: like the wheels of a clock, they will not go well while the main-spring is defective; though indeed, to carry on the simile, they may and do go, after a fashion."

We need proceed no farther with a work of this sort, the chief characteristics of which are all the vulgar coarseness of a low cockney captain's clerk, without any of the wit or eccentricity of the tar; of silly twaddle; of revolting descriptions, where the forcible and pathetic are aimed at; and of the repetition of poor stories, which could not amuse even a galley-stoker. We conclude with the author's notice of his own powers:—

"The next in order was a young fellow of very good family, who had been long at sea, and was up to quite as much as this salt-water quill-driver, and had, indeed, out-slanged and out-blackguarded him in a regular set-to, in which the whole mess sat umpires."

He is the very person to earn such a victory.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXVI.—Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrenees, in 1830, Vol. I. By Derwent Conway, author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands." Edinburgh, 1831, Constable and Co.: London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

SWITZERLAND is beaten ground to go over, and we doubt whether the pages before us contain any striking novelty. Still, the book is a very pleasant and a very readable one: those who have not visited the country will find much information communicated in a lively manner; and those who have previous and personal knowledge will find it agreeably refreshed. A collection perchance is the best exemplification of the varieties of a traveller.

"The *coiffure* of the women of Basil pleased me. In place of tying a handkerchief close round the head, as is the almost invariable custom in the French provinces, or of covering the hair with tinsel ornaments, as is usual on the German frontier, the Swiss, at least the *Basilois*, adopt the simple mode of fixing a bow of broad black riband a little forward from the crown of the head, allowing the two vandyked ends to fall halfway down the forehead. This does not disfigure a pretty face, and sets off a

* Apropos: among other stale or stolen parts, with which the Navy at Home is stuffed, we find the King's Own plundered verbatim.

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plain one. I did not find the taste of the Basilois so conspicuous in every thing else. Although the rain had ceased, they still carried their umbrellas unfurled, to dry them; and these exhibited more than all the colours of the rainbow. The favourite colours were bright red, yellow, and pink; nor did the ladies of Basil shew more taste in colours, than the women in humbler ranks. Their parasols exhibited quite as gaudy an array, and, being silk, the colours were even brighter. * * *

I have never travelled in any country where the people talk so much about liberty, as in the country of the Grisons—above all, in the Engadine. 'This,' said a peasant to me at a little village in the *Ober Engadine*, where I shall by and by conduct the reader, 'this is the only republic in the world, and we are the only free people!' and I have no doubt he spoke as he believed. 'Touch the very smallest of our rights,' said another in the village of *Pont*, 'and revolt would instantly follow.' If the rights vaunted by these people did really exist, their determination to preserve them might be easily accounted for. The Engadine is shut out from the rest of the world by high and almost impassable mountains. The defile of the *Finstermunts*, on the side of the Tyrol, might be defended by a handful of resolute men; and if a single rock were blown up in the pass from Chur by Mount Albula, the only vestige of a road would be swept away; and the only entrance to the country would then be by the tremendous chasm below, and up a cataract of two or three hundred feet. But the liberty so much spoken of by the Grisons, and of which they are so proud, has no existence. When we say that the country of the Grisons is a republic, that no distinction of rank is ostensibly recognised, and that every individual has a voice in the election of representatives, we enumerate all its pretensions to the enjoyment of perfect political liberty; but much more than this is wanted, before a country can be said even to approach such a state of political liberty as is compatible with the existence of any organised government; and in all beyond what I have enumerated, the Grison republic is deficient. That first and greatest safeguard of the rights of a free people, the liberty of the press, is unknown. Nothing is published that is not previously read by the public authorities, and approved; and so far off are the Grisons from trial by jury, that the courts of law hear and determine with closed doors. So far, indeed, is this principle carried, that the council, or representative body of the canton, holds its deliberations in secret. There are some things, indeed, of a public nature, with which the Grisons have much reason to be pleased, though these by no means result from their form of government, but from the smallness of the state. I allude particularly to the absence of taxation. There is no imposition or tax of any kind. The expense of the government, &c. is defrayed by the dues charged upon the transit of merchandise through the canton; so that the Grisons themselves pay nothing for the maintenance of their state. * * *

The scene in this inn afforded a fair specimen of Grison enjoyment. Fourteen villagers were seated at a long table, each with his cap on, which each no doubt fancied the cap of liberty. A small wooden plate, with some bread and cheese, and a small bottle of wine, stood before each. The conversation was energetic and grave; its theme was politics—the politics, not of the world—not of Europe—not even of Switzerland—but of their own canton. One, seemingly the most respectable of the group, perceiving that I listened to the conversation, and suspecting that I was unacquainted with the language in which it was carried on, commanded silence, and addressing me in French, told me, that I had here a specimen of the manner in which the Grisons spent their evenings. 'When the labour of the day is ended,' said he, 'we assemble here—we order our chopin of wine, and discourse upon the privileges we enjoy. You have no liberty in England to compare with ours;' and yet, the man who was the eulogist of liberty, was himself the village tyrant:—so the person who spoke English informed me. * * *

"The reason why so many of the young men left their country to seek fortune in other quarters, was not owing to any dissatisfaction with home, nor even to a vague desire of seeing the world; but that this arose from a certain habit of thinking, which teaches every peasant of the Engadine, from his earliest youth, to look with horror upon a state of dependence; and as every father cannot leave to a numerous family a patrimony sufficient to secure them all against dependence, one or two sacrifice themselves to the general good: and so sober and industrious is the general character of the Grisons of these valleys, that the greater number of those who have left their home when youths, return to it before their best years be over, and before the death of friends and relatives has robbed home of its greatest charm. For the most part, these young men carry away with them from 300 to 500 francs. They direct their steps to any of the great cities—to Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, or Bourdeaux, and perhaps spend a hundred francs upon their journey. Three or four hundred francs are therefore left, one half of which, perhaps, they offer to the master of any well-frequented *café* or *restaurant*, as a fee, to be taken as a *garçon*. Activity and industry recommend them to the master, civility to the customers, and saving habits soon produce a little store. A knowledge of pastry, acquired at home, renders them useful; and perhaps, after some time, this department is confided to their care. At all events, in the course of a few years, they generally open a confectioner's shop, and in it acquire a sufficient sum to carry back to their native valley, though not yet sufficient to purchase repose. They then become travelling merchants between their own country and those parts where they purchase foreign articles for home consumption; and it frequently happens, too, that, even after their permanent settlement at home, they retain a shop in some distant city, to which they pay an annual visit. In the absence of the proprietor, the business of the shop is not intrusted to a stranger, but is always conducted by some young man of the same valley, or perhaps of the same village, who is fortunate enough to get at once into so excellent a road to fortune, and who willingly pays some hundred francs for the privilege. In time, he purchases the proprietory, and becomes rich in his turn."

"In the Grisons, as in many other parts of Switzerland, the sexes rarely mingle in society. A man seldom visits in company with his wife; and it scarcely ever happens that young men and women are found in the same party, unless when visits are made to the houses of near relatives. But to this strict limitation of intercourse there is one very extraordinary exception. In Chur, there is what they call a *réunion* of young men; that is, unmarried men, from about twenty to twenty-eight years old. During the winter, this society has two or three balls, generally given at some place out of town; and each member of this *réunion*, which comprises all the respectable young men of the town and neighbourhood, invites a young lady. The invitation is always accepted, with consent of her parents; and on the appointed evening, the young lady is put under the protection of her cavalier, who conducts her in a sledge or carriage to the place appointed for the ball. None of the parents are present; the party is composed entirely of young unmarried persons. The ball continues till three or four next morning; and when it breaks up, each gentleman conducts his partner home. This, I say, is a very extraordinary exception to the strictness otherwise observed in the intercourse between young persons of opposite sexes, and cannot fail to produce its results. The Grisons are doubtless as susceptible as the people of other countries; and it is evident that a custom like this must greatly encourage the formation of attachments. Now, what would any one naturally infer from the existence of this usage, knowing to what it must lead? They would presume, that the young men composing this *réunion* were all of them young men of so much respectability, and of such worldly prospects, that it was almost a matter of indifference to the parents of the young ladies to which of them their daughters were united. Nay, one might almost go the length of inferring, that this *réunion* was formed by the young men, and sanctioned by the old people, purposely to facilitate the marriage of sons and daughters. But all this is far from being the case: there are no such things as marriages of inclination. If, as must often be the case, a proposal is made by a member of this *réunion* to the young lady whom he has been accustomed to escort, it immediately becomes a matter of diplomacy. If the suitor be agreeable to the young lady's parents, he is accepted, and the *fiancée* goes to no more balls, even in company with her intended husband: her visiting days are over until the marriage takes place. But if the marriage proposed be not acceptable to the parents of the young lady, there is an end of the affair: she must get the better of her attachment, and may continue to go to the balls; though etiquette and prudence, of course, forbid that she should continue to have the same escort."

Mr. Conway does not give a very favourable picture of the Grisons' honesty; and their liberty, at all events, they seem resolved to keep for themselves:—

"I scarcely ever changed a piece of money in the Grisons, that an attempt was not made to give less than its value; and, at the same time, presuming upon my ignorance of Swiss coinage, money either altogether false, of depreciated value, or useless in the country of the Grisons, made a part of the change. Moderate overcharges I do not complain of, because I lay my account with them. But these, when very gross, become mere robbery; and of this description was the demand made at Ilanz, where I now am. I had bread, milk, and two eggs, for supper—this was all the house afforded; and for breakfast, I had bread, butter, sugar, and hot water to make tea, which I carried with me. The whole of these could not have been worth one franc; and in the morning, when I demanded my bill, I was told it amounted to *nine francs*. I requested to know the particulars. Supper three francs, breakfast three francs, bed three francs. I told him [whom?], the charge was quite absurd. He shrugged his shoulders. I told him it was at least three times what would be charged for the same accommodation in England. '*C'est possible!*' said he, with the greatest coolness; '*mais nous*

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sommes à present en Suisse.' I told him I would not pay it. 'How can you help it?' said he, with the utmost effrontery; and, in short, I purchased leave to go upon my journey by submitting to be robbed. I could mention several other instances of robbery to match this. And with respect to begging in the Grisons, how do the peasants manage to reconcile their cupidity with their independence? They manage in this way. They employ their children to beg in the neighbourhood of Chur; and, on the road to the Bains de Pfeffers, where the inhabitants are accustomed to see strangers, you cannot pass a hamlet without being assailed by children; while the parents, richer, perhaps, than you are, stand at the door with an air of Grison independence. But this is not all:—when I have refused to give any thing, (and, I need scarcely say, I always did refuse,) I have been frequently hooted at, and pelted with stones; and, upon one occasion, when I turned back, to bestow a little wholesome chastisement upon some boys past the age of children, two or three men, and as many women, all of whom had seen the misconduct of the boys, rushed from the cottage-door, and shewed, by their menaces, that I should act wisely in submitting to be pelted with stones in so free a country as the Grisons. So much for Grison honesty and Grison civilisation."

"There is a law peculiar to this valley, which forbids the transference of small parcels of property. A man must sell all, or none; he cannot sell his meadow-land without his mountain-grazings also, nor these without his wood; so that the multiplication of very small proprietors, and the division of land, is checked. There are several other curious laws and usages peculiar to Grindelwald—one, among others, that a man cannot bequeath his property to his children by testament, or according to his own wishes. He must divide it into parts, and his children draw lots for their separate inheritances. There is yet another usage still more extraordinary—so extraordinary, indeed, that I took great pains to inform myself upon the subject, as I could with difficulty bring myself to give credit to it; yet, however incredible it may seem, I feel that I am entitled, from the inquiries I made, to assert the existence of the usage. When persons are married, in whatever rank they may be, the bride passes the twenty-four hours previous to the celebration of the ceremony, with her intended husband *as his wife;* and I could not learn that a refusal to celebrate the marriage had ever followed this uncommon license. Unlike many other parts of Switzerland, marriages in this valley are generally marriages of inclination."

There is an interesting account of M. de Fellenberg's establishment; a philosophical experiment, of which we have frequently spoken in the *Literary Gazette.*

We should think the next-coming volume would be interesting, as the south of France and the Pyrenees are less known than the parts treated of in the present.

The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy. By Thomas Keightley, Esq. 8vo. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

A PRODUCTION like the present, of diligent research, philosophical comparison, and general intelligibility, embracing within moderate limits a view of the mythology of Greece and Rome, was a desideratum in our literature which we are glad to see filled up. Differing essentially from the imperfect treatise of Tooke, and from the mystic reveries of Creutzer, Mr. Keightley has presented us with a classical and scientific work, at the same time forming a popular compendium of his interesting subject, and wileing the young mind to its study by the pleasing manner in which he has treated it.

Of a book embracing so many topics of attraction, and extending to such a variety of discussions important to the philosophical inquirer, it will not be possible to present the reader with an analysis within the limits afforded to us. We prefer letting Mr. Keightley speak for himself in one or two short extracts; and warmly recommend the work, as by far the best that has appeared on the subject in the English language.

"In process of time, when communication with Egypt and Asia had enlarged the sphere of the ideas of the Greeks, the nether-world underwent a total change. It was now divided into two separate regions: Tartarus, which in the time of Homer was thought to lie far beneath it, and to be the prison of the Titans, becoming one of its regions, and the place of punishment for wicked men; and Elysium, which lay on the shore of the stream of Ocean, the retreat of the children and relatives of the gods, being moved down thither to form the place of reward for good men. A stream encompassed the domains of Hades, over which the dead, on paying their passage-money (ναῦλον), were ferried by Charon: the three-headed dog Cerberus guarded the entrance; and the three judges, Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, allotted his place of bliss or of pain to each of the dead who was brought before their tribunal. A river called *Oblivion* (λήθη) was added to those of Homer's trans-Oceanic region, of whose waters the dead were led to drink previous to their returning to animate other bodies on earth. All these circumstances were, if we are to credit the historian Diodorus, framed in imitation of the customs of Egypt; where judges of the dead sat, in an island to which each body was conveyed ere it was consigned to the tomb, to have sentence passed on the life and character of the deceased, and sepulture was assigned according to his merits. In this country, also, the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or animation of successive bodies by the same soul, was taught; and thence it was probably first imported into Greece. In the sixth book of Virgil's Æneis will be found the richest and fullest description of the new-modified underworld, and it will not be an uninteresting employment to compare it with that in the eleventh book of Homer's Odyssey. The poet Claudian, too, has with his usual elegance drawn a luxuriant description of the blissful scenes which the under-world would present, to console and reconcile its future mistress. Before we quit Aïdoneus and his realms, we must call attention to the circumstance of mankind agreeing to place the abode of departed souls either beneath the earth, or in the remote regions of the west. The former notion, it is probable, owes its origin to the simple circumstance of the mortal remains of man being deposited by most nations in the bosom of the earth; and the habits of thinking and speaking which thence arose, led to the notion of the soul also being placed in a region within the earth. The calmness and stillness of evening succeeding the toils of the day, the majesty of the sun sinking as it were to rest amid the glories of the western sky, exert a powerful influence over the human mind, and lead us almost insensibly to picture the west as a region of bliss and tranquillity. The idea of its being the abode of the departed good, where, in calm islands, they dwelt 'from every ill remote,' was then an obvious one. Finally, the analogy of the conclusion of the day and the setting of the sun with the close of life, may have led the Greeks to place the dwelling of the dead in general in the dark land on the western shore of Ocean."

The next extract relates to the celebrated Eleusinian mysteries, of which Mr. Keightley offers the following solution:

"In the very early ages of Greece and Italy, and probably of most countries, the inhabitants of the various independent districts into which they were divided had very little communication with each other, and a stranger was regarded as little better than an enemy. Each state had its own favourite deities, under whose especial protection it was held to be, and these deities were propitiated by sacrifices and ceremonies, which were different in different places. It is further to be recollected, that the Greeks believed their gods to be very little superior in moral qualities to themselves, and they feared that if promises of more splendid and abundant sacrifices and offerings were made to them, their virtue might not be adequate to resisting the temptation. As the best mode of escaping the calamity of being deserted by their patrons, they adopted the expedient of concealing their names, and of excluding strangers from their worship. Private families, in like manner, excluded their fellow-citizens from their family sacrifices; and in those states where ancient statues, aërolites, and such-like, were preserved as national palladia, the sight of them was restricted to the magistrates and principal persons in the state. We are to recollect, that Eleusis and Athens were independent of each other till towards the time of Solon. The worship of Demeter and the Kora was the national and secret religion of the Eleusinians, from which the Athenians were of course excluded, as well as all other Greeks. But when Eleusis was conquered, and the two states coalesced, the Athenians became participators in the worship of these deities; which, however, remained so long confined to them as to have given origin to a proverb (Ἀττικοὶ τὰ Ἐλευσίνια), applied to those who met together in secret for the performance of any matter. Gradually, with the advance of knowledge and the decline of superstition and national illiberality, admission to witness the solemn rites celebrated each year at Eleusis was extended to all Greeks, of either sex and of every rank, provided they came at the proper time, had committed no inexpiable offence, had performed the requisite previous ceremonies, and were introduced by an Athenian citizen. These mysteries, as they were termed, were performed with a considerable degree of splendour, at the charge of the state, and under the superintendence of the magistrates; whence it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the rites could have contained nothing that was grossly immoral or indecent. There does not appear to be any valid reason for supposing, as many do, that any public discourse on the origin of things and that of the gods, and other high and important matters, was delivered by the Hierophant, or person who bore the highest office in the mysteries; whose name would rather seem to be derived from his *exhibiting the sacred things*—ancient statues, probably of the goddesses—which were kept carefully covered up, and only shewn on these solemn occasions. The delivering of a public discourse would, in fact, have been quite repugnant to the usages of the Greeks in their worship of

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the gods, and the evidence offered in support of this supposition is extremely feeble. But the singing of sacred hymns in honour of the goddesses always formed a part of the service. The ancient writers are full of the praises of the Eleusinian mysteries, of the advantages of being *initiated*, i. e. admitted to participate in them, and of the favour of the gods in life, and the cheerful hopes in death, which were the consequence of it. Hence occasion has been taken to assert, that a system of religion little inferior to pure Christianity was taught in them. But these hopes, and this tranquillity of mind and favour of Heaven, are easy to be accounted for, without having recourse to so absurd a supposition. Every act performed in obedience to the will of Heaven is believed to draw down its favour on the performer. The Mussulman makes his pilgrimage to the Kaaba at Mecca, the Catholic to Loretto, Compostella, or elsewhere; and each is persuaded, that, by having done so, he has secured the Divine favour. So the Greek, who was initiated at Eleusis,—whose mysteries, owing to the fame in which Athens stood, the able writers who so loudly extolled her and every thing belonging to her, the splendour and magnificence with which they were performed, eclipsed all others,—retained ever after a lively sense of the happiness which he had enjoyed when admitted to view the interior of the illuminated temple, and the sacred things which it contained, when, to his excited imagination, the very gods themselves had seemed visibly to descend from their Olympian abodes, amidst the solemn hymns of the officiating priests. Hence there naturally arose a persuasion, that the benign regards of the gods were bent upon him through after-life; and, as man can never divest himself of the belief of his continued existence after death, a vivid hope of enjoying bliss in the next life. It was evidently the principle already stated, of seeking to discover the causes of remarkable appearances, which gave origin to most of the ideas respecting the recondite sense of the actions and ceremonies which took place in the Eleusinian mysteries. The stranger, dazzled and awed by his own conception of the sacredness and importance of all that he beheld, conceived that nothing there could be without some mysterious meaning. What this might be, he inquired of the officiating ministers, who, as various passages in Herodotus and Pausanias shew, were seldom without a tale, a ἱερὸς λόγος (*sacred account*), as it was called, to explain the dress or ceremony, which owed perhaps its true origin to the caprice or sportive humour of a ruder period. Or, if the initiated person was himself endowed with inventive power, he explained the appearances according, in general, to the system of philosophy which he had embraced. It was thus that Porphyry conceived the Hierophant to represent the Platonic Demiurgus, or creator of the world; the Torch-bearer (*Daduchus*), the sun: the Altar-man (*Epibomius*), the moon; the Herald (*Hierokeryx*), Hermes; and the other ministers, the lesser stars. These fancies of priests and philosophers have been by modern writers formed into a complete system; and St. Croix in particular describes the Eleusinian mysteries with as much minuteness as if he had been actually himself initiated."

We must not omit to mention, that the work contains some very beautiful etchings from the antique, selected from Millin's superb *Galérie Mythologique*, and most accurately and tastefully copied by Mr. W. H. Brooke. In fine, we may say with the author to the student—*Accipe.*

Captain Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

[Second notice.]

We return with unabated interest to this agreeable skimmer of ocean life and adventure. The lively extract with which we illustrated our preceding notice put us in so good-humoured a vein, that we should be quite content not to intrude upon less agreeable matter; but such is the influence of bad example—which all condemn, yet still pursue—that even in the present instance we can only express our regret at Captain Hall's having been induced to deviate from his fair-weather course,—and then follow him ourselves. The portion of his work to which we are about to advert, is among the latter pages of the second volume, where, leaving his delightful subject, and happy way of treating it, he betakes himself to outrail the railleries of the reviewers on the subject of a former publication,—his Travels in North America. We must, nevertheless, premise, that we are by no means certain that he is sincere in his sharp attack upon "fire-side and library-keeping" critics: we remind ourselves of his being a man of war, well versed in strategy; and it may be only a weak invention, to revive the drowsy attention of the public to this much-injured scion of his pen. If, however, in earnest, we confess our surprise; for it is not an age since he himself assumed the critical sword and balance, and on a subject where it was perhaps not altogether unreasonable for those who think deeply, and consequently change rarely, to look for a Minos of a little more political experience, and less doubtful consistency, than was to be found under the hood of the Tory novice. We cannot, indeed, discover in what way Captain Hall has been ill-treated: he went to the United States for the expressed, and in no way concealed, purpose of limning our brother Jonathan. Now, no one is easy while sitting for a portrait; and surely, after having sat, or as, probably, our Transatlantic friends would say, having squatted, an opinion may be offered as to the likeness. We believe the painter was dissatisfied with the materials there afforded him to work out his canvass; he had no idea of finding society upon so low and equal a scale; it was a shock to his cultivated mind to have vice protruded on him without a courtly veil—to look upon honesty linked with vulgar bluntness, and real courage with blustering vanity; to behold the honoured staff and truncheon of command intrusted to ignoble names, and wielded by vile hands,—and, in direct opposition to his lurking aristocratical principles, to find all this accompanied with a more even distribution of happiness than in any other part of the globe. The United States, as a late author well observes, "is only just setting out on the path of history;" the face of the country is too majestically featured with wood and water, and has been as yet too little disturbed, to suffer the pettiness of ornate or minute description; and the population is of too coarse and homely a cast, to allow any high exaltation of praise, or attack of rude asperity. That Captain Hall made a most able use of a few materials, is beyond dispute; but he should not be dissatisfied if the world refuses to receive his opinions on the same terms as his information. We have observed that those who suddenly change either their religious or political tenets are invariably the most violent and least reasonable declaimers against former opinions and associates; and the gallant author, in his *mild* mention of the Liberal party, will not be the exception to our remark.

We have now but little to stop us in regaining our course of hearty commendation; but this little is on a subject with which we are completely at variance with the writer's opinions. He holds that, for the well-being of our navy, it is absolutely necessary to tempt the aristocracy with the bounty of speedy promotion, as an inducement for them to embark in this profession, that they may, by their habits, infuse a gentlemanlike spirit through the service. With regard to the infusion of a gentlemanlike spirit by such means, it is quite the *argumentum ad absurdum:* indeed, if our recollection be not sadly astray, most of the naval sprigs of nobility we have seen, rather appear to have taken their tone from the cockpit than to have given one to it; and it is pretty certain that the navy makes manners, as well as men. This is well exemplified in our present patriot monarch, who, untouched by the refinements of the highest society, still retains the characteristic straightforwardness and blunt expression of the British sailor, combined with a fine sense of honour and gentlemanlike feeling. The unfair distinction of speedy promotion, putting aside the public odium that attaches to it, is of itself destructive to the noble *caste* it is meant to serve; for it tends to confirm indolence, to foster pride and unnatural pretensions; it is a clog upon genius, a death-blow to honourable exertion, and a principal reason why so few of lordly title and lineage are to be found upon the roll of Britannia's naval heroes. Having now expressed our opinions upon these trifles—for trifles they are in comparison with the general merit of the work,—it will be our duty to select some passage whereby we may lead the reader's mind to the same conclusion that our own has arrived at from a closer perusal; which is, that these volumes do infinite honour to their author, may be of infinite service to the naval profession, and are sure of being productive of infinite pleasure to the very many who will certainly read them. Through the whole range of English literature it would be perhaps difficult to light upon a specimen of autobiography more simply elegant and more purely natural than the following:—

"Various circumstances conspired to give me, very early in life, what is called a taste for the sea. In the first place, I came into the world in the midst of a heavy gale of wind; when such was the violence of the storm, and the beating of the rain, that there were some thoughts of removing the whole party to a less rickety corner of the old mansion, which shook from top to bottom. So strong, indeed, was the impression made on the imagination of those present, by the roaring of the surf, close at hand, the whistling of the wind in the drenched forest, and the obvious rocking of the house, under the heavy gusts of that memorable gale, that, as soon as I was old enough to understand any thing at all, the association between the events of my future life, and those of my birth-night, began to be sown in my mind. Thus, long before I shipped a pair of trousers, I felt that a salt-water destiny was to be mine; and as every body encouraged me to cherish these early predilections for the sea, I grew up with something of the same kind of certainty of becoming a sailor, as an elder brother does of becoming a country gentleman, from his knowing—'for quickly comes such knowledge'—that the estate is entailed upon him. The holydays, also, which released me from the irksome confinement of the High

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School of Edinburgh, were passed in the country, on a part of the rugged sea-coast of Scotland, peculiarly calculated to foster nautical propensities. During the weary months which preceded and followed these six delicious weeks of liberty, my thoughts, instead of being devoted to the comprehension of abstract rules of grammar, which it was our worthy preceptor's sole object in life to drive into us, invariably strayed back to the picturesque and iron-bound shore, as it is happily termed in naval language, along which I was wont to ramble in full enjoyment during these holydays. So incessantly, indeed, was the contrast presented to my imagination, between the cramped routine of school discipline, and the glorious freedom of the sea-beach, that I took little or no interest even in the games which filled up the play-hours of the other boys; and, from dwelling upon these thoughts day and night, I became so gloomy and wretched, that the bare recollection of my feelings at that period often makes me shudder, though more than thirty busy years have since passed over my head. The master of our class was as excellent a man, I believe, as could be; but he would have deemed it a shocking crime against his calling—which he very naturally considered the first on earth—to have allowed that any one boy possessed a particle more of feeling, or was conscious of more independence of thought, than his companions. Still less could he understand that any boy should pretend to have aspirations and wild fancies—dreams he called them—the object of which lay far beyond the boundary walls of the play-ground. Accordingly, I dragged on a tolerably profitless and painful existence for several years; though, perhaps, with a little management, this period might have been rendered not only useful, but happy. Once only, during my continuance in this limbo, as the Spaniards call the purgatory of children, I was addressed in a very kind manner by the head master, though a severe personage in his way, as far as regarded the use of the formidable strap, or taws, which in Scotland supply the place of the wholesome birch of English seminaries. He took me on one side, and said, in a tone so unusual in the despotic government of schools in those days, that it made me start,—'How comes it, little fellow, that you are always so gloomy; and that you never play as the rest do, but look for ever as if some misfortune had befallen you?' I answered, 'that the confinement of the school was much too great, and that I could not bear being always treated as if I had no feelings or peculiar wishes worthy of separate consideration. That it was not the number of hours' confinement I complained of, but the awkward selection of the periods. Let me, sir,' I said, 'but choose the time for study, and I will cheerfully work even much longer. At present, the day is totally cut up and destroyed.' He smiled, patted me on the head, and said the hours and discipline could not be changed, merely to suit the fantastic taste of one boy. I knew this well enough already; in fact, I was not so absurd as to suppose that a public school could be maintained on my visionary principles, or that any rules could be established for their government but such as took account of average abilities, and made allowance for an ordinary share of feeling and patience. Whether or not my quantum of sensibility were needlessly great, is of little consequence: it certainly was so different from that of my companions, that it completely prevented my profiting, in the mean time, by the opportunities of this school, and drove me to rest my only prospect of happiness in getting away from its thraldom. Certain very troublesome misgivings, also, as to the future, came across my juvenile thoughts about this epoch; especially as to the probabilities of happiness in that wide world of freedom for which my soul panted, and of which I knew nothing, except by description. I happened, one day, to get hold of Gray's Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College—a poem fraught, it is true, with images of the highest possible beauty, both of thought and of expression, but most of which are certainly far better calculated to beget despondency than hope, by teaching that school days are unavoidably happier than those of after-life. What the 'march of intellect' may have done lately to remedy this matter, I cannot say; but in my time, and at the particular school alluded to, the season of boyhood was, to me at least, any thing but a happy one; and I well remember, after reading the poem in question, exclaiming, in a state of great despair, 'If it is certain that my future life is to be more wretched than this, which is now so full of misery, what, alas! is existence worth?' In this terrified frame of mind, I dived into various other works, but, to my sorrow, very seldom met with any thing of a more consolatory nature. Nor was it till many years' trial of the wear and tear of actual life, that I came to learn the fallacy of most of these assertions respecting the comparative happiness of school; and to feel assured that the whole, or nearly the whole matter, lies essentially with ourselves, since, in any situation in life, the amount of our happiness will be found to bear, in the long run, a pretty exact ratio to the heartiness with which we perform our duty. Whereas Gray's Ode, Young's Night Thoughts, and other sombre productions, too often thurst into the hands of young people, would almost seem to inculcate the notion that the most virtuous persons are the least happy, and that life is necessarily filled with care and remorse, instead of being, as it really is, to those who choose to make it so, a scene of high enjoyment—not, indeed, one of unmixed enjoyment, but one in which the pleasures generally far outweigh the sorrows. It has, accordingly, always seemed to me a libel on our nature, and a perverse misapplication of the gifts of Providence, to consider that the earliest days of life must of course be the happiest. It may do very well, in poetical fiction, to talk of childhood being the 'sunshine of the breast;' but surely the true, broad daylight of life, not poetically, but practically speaking, is to be found at a later period, when the faculties are far more matured, and the will is left free. Be all this, however, as it may, I never lost a minute in hurrying away from school, the instant our examinations were ended. At these periodical trials, it may be well supposed, I never cut any great figure; for, I contented myself with trying to keep a little above the middle, partly because some boys sat thereabouts to whom I was attached, and partly because the particular bench alluded to was near the fire. As soon as the term of imprisonment was over, I flew to the coach-office, and never felt perfectly satisfied that all was right and safe, till fairly seated on the top, by the side of my friend the guard, and bowling along the high road. On reaching the country, the first object always was to hunt out some of the fishermen on the shore, who readily engaged to give me a row next morning. After a sleepless night of anticipated delights, I commonly found myself, at sunrise, in a fishing-boat, half a league from the coast, surrounded by congenial spirits—fellows who had no idea of grammar—and who were willing, either from bribery, or from motives of professional sympathy, to consider me as somebody, and not to reckon me as a mere zero, serving no other purpose but to augment the numbers of a school without having any value in myself. At all events, these hardy boatmen were so much amused with my enthusiasm about their art, that they took great pleasure in feeding my young fancy with tales of nautical dangers and hardships, the joyous excitement of which placed the dull drudgery of syntax in sad contrast. On these expeditions, however, I was always wofully sea-sick; for the boats, or cobbles, as they are called, were not altogether so tidy as a man-of-war's gig; besides which, they generally enclosed a due allowance of bilge water, and decayed remnants of forgotten fish. So that my taste for the sea had often tough work to hold its ground, against the deranged action of the stomach; and it must be owned that I often leaped on shore again, to the enjoyment of steady footing and an atmosphere less fishified, with a half-uttered vow at my lips that I would never tempt the ocean more. This slight infidelity to my beloved element, however, was always very transient, as it seldom lasted longer than the time it cost to climb the high, steep bank, which guarded the coast. From this elevation, the view extended far up the Firth of Forth on one hand, with many a mountain lying between it; right out into the German Ocean in front; while the scene was bounded on the right, or eastern side, by the noble promontory called Fast Castle, better known as the Wolf's Crag of the Waverley Novels. To my young fancy this seemed the grandest of all landscapes—and still, after I have rambled for more than a quarter of a century over the earth's surface, and made personal acquaintance with some of the sublimest works of nature, my opinion of the beautiful scenery in question is not changed, otherwise than by increased admiration. Indeed, it will often require much time, and more extended means of comparison, as well as the assistance of just conceptions of what is really meant by the great and beautiful in nature, which spring from experience alone, before we can fairly estimate the advantages which frequently lie at our very doors. This will apply, perhaps, to other things besides scenery—but it is with that alone I have to do just now—and certainly few things can be imagined more brilliant than the view from the part of the coast in question. For the sea at that point being a great commercial thoroughfare, is generally studded over with vessels of various sizes and descriptions, and, I may add, of colours. For what the lights and shades of heaven do not perform in this respect, the seamen do for themselves, by tanning their sails, and painting the ships of many different hues. As these vessels drifted past, and dropped, one by one, out of sight, beyond the horizon, I felt the most eager desire to follow their wanderings into those wide seas, about which I had so often read—where the land is lost sight of for months together, and where every evening brings fresh stars into view, and every bird and fish, as well as every breath of air, indicates another climate, and almost another world. In the meantime, however, my operations in nautical affairs were necessarily limited to the horse-pond, upon which, by the assistance of an obliging carpenter lad, I managed to make the first fair trial of that element with which, in after-life, it was my happy lot to become so familiar. Our vessel consisted of two or three rough logs, filched from the farm-yard, and sundry planks nailed or lashed across them. A mast was readily obtained by the abstraction of a bar from the

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nearest paling. But considerable difficulty arose as to the sail; for canvass was a material much beyond our finances or influence. At length my ingenious companion—who, by the way, distinguished himself in after-life as a ship-builder—suggested the idea of employing one of the mats used by the gardener to protect his plants from the frost. Thus, step by step, our gallant vessel was at last rigged out; and on the second day of our labours, every thing being ready, and the wind fair, we started from one end of this inland sea, and, after a prosperous voyage of about ten minutes, by 'God's grace'—to use the quaint language still printed in bills of lading—more than by any skill of our own—we reached the other extremity, without any serious disaster. The pleasure which this primitive voyage inspired, has never since been much exceeded. It was the first unalloyed happiness I had ever experienced, and at once opened up a new prospect of hope and resolution, which rendered the weary load of school existence somewhat less intolerable than it had been before. It also gave me a foretaste of the joys of enterprise, and independent command, which, in their turn, called up innumerable visions of successful resource, surmounted difficulties, and all the demi-savage delights of such a life as that of Robinson Crusoe, with the additional advantage of that great adventurer's experience. Little did I then think, and, in fact, it was nearly impossible I should reasonably think, that the realities of life could ever reach these imaginary conceptions. And yet I have lived to experience that, sanguine as I then was, these anticipations fell much short of the glorious reality, which is almost every where to be met with. Indeed, I may say, with perfect truth, that in all these voyages and travels, I have generally found things more curious, and more interesting, in all respects, than I had looked for—or, if the career of curiosity has at any time been checked, it has only been followed by a more ardent pursuit, and ultimately by still higher rewards. This process of feeding the curiosity was well enough exemplified by a series of very exciting, though often painful and seemingly discouraging, incidents that occurred every year on the coast already mentioned, as forming the scene where I passed the holydays. Ten leagues, or thirty geographical miles, due north of the house in which I was born, lies the Bell Rock, just off the mouth of the Tay, and close to the northern side of the great estuary called the Firth of Forth. At the time I am speaking of, this rock was justly considered one of the most formidable dangers that the navigators of those seas had to encounter; for its head was merged under the surface during greater part of the tide, and at no time did it make any shew above the water. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to keep well clear of the mischief, or, as seamen express themselves, to give the rock a wide birth. Ships, accordingly, bound for the Forth, in their constant terror of this ugly reef, were not content with giving it ten or even twenty miles of elbow-room, but must needs edge off a little more to the south, so as to hug the shore, in such a way, that, when the wind chopped round to the northward, as it often did, these over-cautious navigators were apt to get embayed in a deep bight to the westward of Fast Castle. If the breeze freshened before they could work out, they paid dearly for their apprehensions of the Bell Rock, by driving upon ledges fully as sharp, and far more extensive and inevitable. Thus, at that time, from three to four, and sometimes half a dozen vessels used to be wrecked every winter, within a mile or two of our very door. Perhaps there are few more exciting spectacles than a vessel stranded on a lee-shore—and especially such a shore—which is fringed with reefs extending far out, and offering no spot for shelter. The hapless ship lies dismasted, bilged, and beat about by the waves, with her despairing crew clinging to the wreck, or to the shrouds, and uttering cries totally inaudible in the roar of the sea—while at each successive dash of the breakers, the number of the survivors is thinned, till, at length, they all disappear—the gallant bark goes to pieces—and the coast, for a league on either side, is strewed with broken planks, masts, boxes, and ruined portions of the goodly cargo, with which, a few hours before, she was securely freighted, and dancing merrily over the waters. But it is the greatest of all mistakes to suppose that the actual contemplation of such disasters, still less the description of hardships, has any tendency to divert a young mind from following its original bent, towards a profession of such varied and high excitement as that of the sea. At all events, the effect of each succeeding shipwreck I witnessed, was only to stimulate me more and more to pursue the object of all my thoughts, waking or dreaming. I can recollect, however, being conscious of a feeling of awe, approaching at times to dread, as I saw the waves curling themselves over these devoted vessels, and gradually tearing them to pieces as the tide advanced. But still there was always more of confidence and pleasure in the prospect which my mind's eye conjured up to itself beyond these stirring adventures. To this day there is told a traditional story amongst our fishermen, of my having once contributed to save a ship's crew, by engaging some country people to transport a boat from a distance, across the hills, in a cart. The account farther sets forth, that I had only a few halfpence in my pocket; and that when these proved insufficient to induce the carter to go out of his way, I stoutly asserted I had authority from my father to offer five pounds for any such assistance. Upon this pledge the cart was freighted with its unwonted cargo, and the boat was brought in time to the spot. I have no recollection whatsoever of this incident; but something of the kind may possibly have occurred, or, more probably, may have been merely talked of amongst the fishermen, my great patrons and admirers. These things, by making me feel not so utterly useless in the world, as I was made to appear at school, must have united me by still stronger ties to the animating profession to which I grew up, apparently as a matter of course."

We have now only to thank Captain Hall for the pleasure we have felt on perusing his work, and to wish him a fair and prosperous voyage to his destined port of public favour.

Burnes' Visit to the Court of Sinde.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

THE Ameers of Sinde greatly doubted the medical skill of one so young as Mr. Burnes; but he soon inspired them with confidence, by curing Mourad Ali of his disease, which was not immediately dangerous, though "his brothers, Futteh and Ghoolam Ali, had died of, or rather perhaps with, complaints of a similar nature, which seem to be hereditary in the family; and he himself had gone so far as to make his will, settle his property, and prepare long written advices for his children." Yet there was something whimsical in the treatment, from the doctor's being obliged to go shares with his patient in all his prescriptions, "according to the Beloche rule, which requires the physician to swallow one pill before he administers another. Mourad Ali (he tells us) positively refused to take any remedy without this previous ceremony; and as my complaisance could not bring me to inflict on myself the nauseous dose more than twice, an unfortunate attendant was selected as the subject of experiment, and underwent, without mercy or necessity, such a course of continued sweating and purgation, as must have left on his mind and body any thing but a favourable impression of the English mode of practising physic. Latterly, when I became more intimate with the Ameers, the custom was dispensed with; though they took care to intimate to me that their doing so was the highest compliment they could have paid me, and even made so much of the matter, as to direct their envoy to bring it to the notice of the governor of Bombay, as an extraordinary proof of their confidence and friendship for the British."

The sulphate of quinine was proved to be of invaluable efficacy on this occasion; and Mr. B. states, that "their highnesses, the moment they discovered the effect of the quinine, seized the phial which contained it without ceremony, and ordered it to be sealed and locked up for their own proper use at a future period. Even afterwards, when I myself fell sick, no solicitations could induce them to part with a single grain, though I was dangerously ill; and when, at my departure, I made a request for the bottle in exchange for another, as it was one which belonged to a valuable medicine chest, the proposal was at once rejected, evidently from an idea, that it might share with its contents some supposed talismanic virtue."

Speaking of the wealth and splendour of the Ameers, Mr. B. says, "Of all the things calculated to engage the attention of a stranger on visiting the court of Sinde, none will excite his surprise more, or is really more worthy of observation, than the brilliant collection of jewels and armour in possession of the Ameers. A great part of their immense treasure consists in rubies, diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, with which their daggers, swords, and matchlocks, are adorned, and many of which they wear as rings and clasps on different parts of their dresses. The fall of the Cabúl monarchy has reduced to indigence and ruin most of the princes and nobility of that kingdom, and has forced them to part with ornaments of great value, many of which have been bought up, at low prices, by persons sent by the Ameers to take advantage of their necessities. Merchants, with precious stones, are encouraged to visit Sinde from all parts of Asia, in consequence of the ready market they meet with at the capital for their valuables; and one or two Persian goldsmiths are engaged at court, where they work in enamel, and contrive expedients to display the jewellery of their masters to advantage. The art of enlaying letters of gold on steel has also been brought to the greatest perfection by these artisans. The Ameers have agents in Persia, Turkey, and Palestine, for the purchase of swords and gun-barrels, and they possess a more valuable collection of these articles than is probably to be met with in any other part of the world. I have had in my hand a plain unornamented blade which had cost them half a lac of rupees. They estimate swords by their age and the fineness of the steel, as shewn by the *johar* and *awb*, or temper and watering. One, which Kurm Ali presented to me, bears the Mahommedan date 1122 (A.D. 1708,) and was valued in Sinde at two thousand rupees. The armory of their

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highnesses is graced with swords which have been worn by almost every prince renowned in Asiatic story; and I have had the honour of trying the balance of weapons which had been wielded by Shah Abbas the Great, Nadir Shah, Ahmed Shah Doranee, the present king of Persia, and many other equally illustrious personages. The blades are embellished with inscriptions in gold, which, in the case of those belonging to members of the family who are Sheahs, usually consist of short prayers to Huzrut Ali for aid and protection; and in that of the others, of verses from the Koran, or appropriate quotations from Persian authors. On all belonging to Kurm Ali I observed the words *Bunduh Ali Mohammed*, 'the slave of the descendants of Mahommed Kurm Ali;' and on that he gave me, besides a couplet from the Shah Nameh, there was one of his own composition, together with a stanza from the pen of Wullee Mahommed. Meer Nusseer Khan presented me with one on which were inscribed six lines written by himself for the occasion, and where my own name is introduced. The swords do not appear heavier than our common English sabres, but they are differently balanced; and I have seen one of the young princes with a single stroke cut a large sheep in two pieces; a feat which somewhat reminded me of that told of the famous Saladdin in Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of the Crusaders.' There is a certain mode of striking with them, which requires great practice and dexterity, as one of Meer Ismail Shah's sons broke a very valuable blade in a similar experiment a short time before I went to Hyderabad. Our English cutlery, which is so generally esteemed throughout Europe, has little value in the estimation of the Ameers. They had never heard of a sword from Great Britain of any price; and I raised their curiosity to the utmost by informing them that his Majesty had lately presented one of his great lords (the Duke of Northumberland) with one worth a lac of rupees. They seemed to be fully sensible, however, of the superiority of our gun-locks, a number of which they entreated me to beg the government to procure for them. I saw several expensive and highly-finished fire-arms which had been presented to them, from time to time, by our authorities in India, thrown aside as useless, without their locks, which had been removed to put on their own fowling-pieces. For the shape and appearance of the latter I must again refer to the frontispiece to Pottinger's Travels. Those belonging to the Ameers resemble the two there delineated, with the addition of being highly ornamented. The barrels, which are all rifled, are chiefly brought from Constantinople; they are about double the length of ours, and of a very small calibre. The Sindians never use small shot, and they place no value on pistols or detonating locks. When they observed that their jewels and armour excited my admiration, some of them made a point of appearing differently decorated every day, and always handed me their swords for examination."

The Indus, called Sindh by the natives, has undergone, and is continually undergoing, great changes; but Mr. B. anticipates the time when the British influence shall extend to Sinde, and this classic river once more become the medium of a mighty intercourse between the interior of Asia and the uttermost points of India.

Having allowed so much of our space to this volume, we must refer the history of Cutch and other parts to those interested in Indian subjects, to whom, as well as to the public generally, we can most cordially recommend Mr. Burnes' production.

Aldine Poets. Vol. XI. The Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt. London, 1831. Pickering.

THIS volume is got up in the same style of excellence as its predecessors. A life of Sir Thomas Wyatt is prefixed, painstaking, but dry; and utterly deficient in those critical remarks which should form part of biographies like these: it is far fitter for an antiquarian than a poetical series.

Irishmen and Irishwomen. By the Author of "Hyacinth O'Gara," &c. 12mo. pp. 219. Second edition. Dublin, Tims; London, Hamilton and Adams; Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes.

A VOLUME full of pictures of conspiracy, murders, burnings, executions, such as the newspapers weekly contain of the gem of the ocean and finest pisantry on earth. The catastrophe is to enforce the advantage of religious instruction.

Select Female Biography; comprising Memoirs of eminent British Ladies, derived from original and other sources. By the Author of "the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed." Pp. 395. Second edition. London, 1829. Harvey and Darton.

A SELECTION of memoirs, made with much good taste and feeling. All the biographies tend to illustrate the beneficial effects of religion on the female character. Perhaps the term "eminent" is a misapplication; for many of the sketches are of individuals, some little known, and, in two instances, anonymous: but examples so amiable and so excellent cannot be too widely diffused. We much approve this little volume.

Agapæ; or, the Sacred Love-Pledge. By Mrs. Lachlan, author of "Leonora," &c. 12mo. pp. 569. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE do not see the utility of the present volume: it is a large collection of sacred texts; selected, we must say, with more zeal than judgment. If designed as a present, it were far better to give the source of these pages. We shall not improve upon the Bible.

Mischief. pp. 46. London, E. Moxon.

WE were, of course, attracted by the captivating title of this poem; and soon ran it through. Having done so, it appears to us only necessary to say that it displays considerable talent, and is, take it all in all, a sort of inferior Beppo. We should not like to say that it is immoral and indecent; but it sails as near the wind as possible in both these respects, and will hardly do good to readers of any class, sex, or age.

A Treatise on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics. By the Rev. D. Lardner, LL.D., &c. 12mo. Longman and Co. 1831.

THE 17th No. of Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia" has just made its appearance, and fully sustains the favourable opinion we have already expressed as to the merits of this valuable compendium of modern science.

The principles both of hydrostatics and pneumatics are too well explored to admit of any thing like novelty. The editor has, therefore, with great judgment, devoted his labours to their most recent application to the common purposes of human economy. It is this view of scientific literature which forms the distinguishing feature of Dr. Lardner's excellent and popular series.

The Pleasures of Benevolence, a Poem. Pp. 108. London, Holdsworth; Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes.

"OH, fallen mid evil days!" may any young writer now exclaim, who adventures forth on the sea of public favour with a slight volume of poems. Yet there is much in these pages that merits praise; harmonious verse, and a vein of good and kindly feeling, which in former times would have won notice.

Alibeg, or the Tempter. By William Child Green, Author of the "Abbot of Montserrat." 4 vols. 12mo. A. K. Newman and Co. London, 1831.

THERE is a great deal of invention and variety in these pages; and to the lovers of a wonderful, mystical, and mysterious narrative, we commend them.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

W. J. BRODERIP, Esq., in the chair. The usual Report was read. Balance in favour of the Society, on last month's account, was stated at 769*l.* There was an increase of 385*l.* during the last quarter, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year. In the month of March nearly 7000 persons visited the gardens, and upwards of 1000 the museum. Amongst the donations to the Society were 500 East Indian bird-skins, embracing about eighty different species, presented by Mr. Heath, of Madras, to Mr. Vigors, and by the latter gentleman to the Society. The Report further stated, that all the female kangaroos presented by his Majesty had produced young: so had the *Axis* doe, and several others. One of the *Cereopsis* geese, which had laid eggs early in the season, hatched one; the remainder having been unfortunately frozen. These are birds of the southern hemisphere, whose natural time of breeding corresponds with the English winter; and it is an interesting speculation in science, adds the Report, to ascertain whether the effect of climate may so far counteract the natural impulses of this species, and of others of the same hemisphere, as gradually to assimilate their period of breeding to those of the species of our own latitudes. Difference of temperature had a manifest effect on the male Wapiti deer; the one kept warm at the garden having shed its horns six weeks before those of its species at the farm; whilst the rapid and almost daily increasing growth of the new horns is obvious to every visitor. The Report gave much satisfaction. It was resolved that the anniversary meeting should be held in the rooms of the Horticultural Society, or others of proper dimensions. Lord Stanley and Mr. Vigors were put in nomination: the former as President, *vice* the Marquess of Lansdowne, and the latter Secretary, as heretofore; an arrangement which met with much approbation. A number of ladies and gentlemen were elected into the Society.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

DR. HENDERSON in the chair. Two communications were read; the first was on the cultivation of the carnation, by Mr. May; and the other on the double-flowering yellow sweet-briar, by John Williams, Esq. The author is

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of opinion that in the course of a few years there will be no end to the varieties of the rose. Last year gave to him three new seedlings from a bed raised from seeds of the single *villosa* and pollen of the double Scotch rose: the leaves resembled the *spinosissima*, but much more vigorous. It was announced that the annual *fête* would be celebrated on Wednesday the 22d of June, instead of Saturday the 18th of the same month. There was a very fine show of plants in flower at this meeting, and several varieties of the apple and pear in excellent preservation.

EXETER HALL.

THE object of this building, the most striking of the architectural improvements in the Strand, which has recently been opened, is to afford increased and suitable accommodation for the anniversary and other meetings of the religious, charitable, and scientific institutions of the metropolis. It consists of a spacious hall, 130 feet in length by 76 in breadth, and capable of holding upwards of 2,500 persons, which is designed for the meetings of the larger societies: a second-sized room, 58 feet long and 31 feet 6 inches wide, for smaller meetings, and calculated to contain an audience of about 600; together with twenty-three other rooms, of different sizes, intended for committee rooms and offices,—several of which are already occupied.

The building is said to have cost about 28,000*l.*; nearly the whole of which sum has been raised by subscription, in shares of 50*l.* each; and it is conceived, that the income arising from the use of the large rooms, and the rent of the offices, will be sufficient to give a reasonable return (which is in no case to exceed five per cent) on the capital subscribed.

The want of a building of this description has been long and severely felt; and its completion, we have no douht, will tend materially to promote the interests of the various benevolent and scientific institutions in London, as well as prove a great public convenience.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Second Notice.]

No. 161. *The Grand Entrance to Rouen Cathedral.* D. Roberts.—Painted to the very letter of the description quoted in the catalogue from "Cotman's Antiquities of Normandy:"—"The western front forms a *tout-ensemble* of the most imposing character. The very discrepancy in the different parts, by increasing the variety, adds to the effect of the whole." Every body knows Mr. Roberts's talents; and they were never more finely exemplified.

No. 164. *Minna and Brenda.* J. Inskipp.—A natural and tasteful display of Mr. Inskipp's powers in colouring and effect.

No. 179. *Badinage.* J. Inskipp.—The Puckish character of playful humour is well calculated to inspire the spectator with a sympathetic feeling of mirth.

No. 180. *Waiting for a Customer.* H. C. Slouse.—We hope that the excellent qualities of this performance will render the appeal comprised in its title irresistible, and that a customer for it will soon be found.

No. 181. *Still Life.* Lonsdale, jun.—In the present, as in other performances of the same kind, this young artist has turned his pots and pans to good account. Nothing that we have seen in the best works of the Flemish school appears to us to have gone beyond this little picture, either in truth, tone, or execution.

No. 186. *Carnarvon Castle.* E. Childe.—We have so frequently seen this distinguished feature of Welsh scenery exhibited under the effect of gloomy grandeur, that it is an agreeable surprise to us to find it thus cheerfully lit up, as well as invested with some of the best qualities of art.

No. 187. *Portrait of J. Carew, Esq.* J. Simpson.—Truth and simplicity are the qualities of this, as well as of other admirable portraits which we have seen from Mr. Simpson's pencil. That he was an assistant of the late accomplished President's, is a sufficient warrant of his talents; but the style of his works is quite distinct from that which might occasionally be called the glitter of Sir Thomas's pictures.

No. 202. *Van Dyck courting the pretty Peasant of Savelthem.* F. De Brackeleer.—A painted libel. The great artist, whose beautiful and noble countenance we have been accustomed to see beaming from the canvass with an air of sweetness and dignity conformable to the recorded character of the original, is here represented, lolling at an ale-house door, with a vulgar visage flushed by liquor, toying with a coarse country hoyden, on whom the epithet "pretty" has been most gratuitously bestowed. We do not find fault with Mr. De Brackeleer's technical skill; we only wish him a better taste.

No. 208. *Coast of East Lothian, Bass Rock and Tantallon Castle in the distance.* J. Ewebank.—Great as is the rivalry in this department of art, and numerous and striking as are the qualities displayed in it, there are a novelty of style and an excellence in the present performance which entitle it to high distinction.

No. 213. *Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator, in Spring Gardens.* T. Clater.—In spite of the vigorous efforts of modern genius and talent to displace them, the characters and scenes of Addison still are, and will long remain to the English public, "familiar as household words." In the representation of the passage which he has chosen for illustration, Mr. Clater has happily availed himself of the splendid and characteristic costume of the time, and has exhibited his usual skill and fidelity in the gloss and texture of its various parts. The light and the effect are admirably managed, and the garden scenery has all the gaiety and variety of Watteau.

No. 220. *The Larder.* G. Lance; No. 233. *The Christmas Present.* W. Derby.—The superlatives of language would fail in attempting to describe the felicitous execution displayed in the representation of these tempting assemblages of "the good things of this life."

No. 222. *The Chase, Portraits.* R. B. Davis.—The lines quoted in the catalogue furnish so excellent a comment on this truly able performance, that we cannot forbear transcribing them:—

> "See my brave pack, how to the head they press,
> Justling in close array ——
> —— the hunter's cheering shouts
> Float through the glades, and the wide forests ring—
> How merrily they chant!——
> See, the swift courser strains! his shining hoofs
> Securely beat the solid ground."

In contemplating the animated scene, snatches of old songs, all tending to prove how skilfully the painter had done his part, came across our memory. We even caught ourselves humming aloud,—

> "And a hunting we will go!"

A resolution, alas! more easily made than carried into effect. The general composition, so contrived as to preserve all the technicalities of the amusement without any injury to its pictorial character, the beauty, high condition, and spirited action of the horses, the eagerness and impetuosity of the dogs, the rich and diversified foreground, the extensive (although somewhat slightly painted) champaign in the distance,—all combine to produce a most pleasing and exhilarating effect; and to shew how justly Mr. Davis is entitled to the honour which we understand has been conferred upon him, of being appointed Animal-Painter to our beloved Sovereign.

No. 234. *Cattle and Figures on the Bank of a River; Evening.* J. Dearman.—This is one of the best specimens that we have seen of the talents displayed by Mr. Dearman in cattle and in river scenery. It may vie with the works of Cuyp, in some of those qualities for which that great artist was distinguished.

No. 235. *The Captive.* R. Farrier.—Most willingly would we rescue so fair a damsel from her confinement, but our days of chivalry are long since past. We must enter our protest, however, against the situation in which one of Mr. Farrier's best-finished pictures is placed.

No. 246. *Landscape Composition.* Rev. J. Thomson.—The character of this landscape composition—with which the tones are in perfect accordance—is that of sublimity; and the style in which it is executed is that of an adept.

No. 255. *The Carrier Pigeon.* R. Edmonstone.—The bird is here introduced as playing no unimportant a part in the sentimental drama of the picture. It is evidently the messenger of love.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Victim of Seduction. A series of Paintings by Messrs. J. and G. Foggo, illustrating the Hon. Mrs. Norton's pathetic Poem of "the Sorrows of Rosalie."

THESE paintings are seven in number, and follow in the course of the poem, describing the most prominent incidents from "the eve of elopement" to the despair and climax of the victim's sufferings in the death of her infant. The pictures are of a cabinet size, and executed with suitable finish; while the character and expression of those who figure in this pictorial drama are justly, and in many instances powerfully depicted; and if it be true that

> "Pictured morals strike the mind,
> And through the eye correct the heart,"

the painters are entitled to that share of commendation which is due to such results.

Interior of Westminster Abbey. From a Drawing, of the same size, by G. Cattermole, Esq.; engraved by W. Woolnoth. London, H. Teesdale and Co.

THIS magnificent interior, engraved in the highest style of line engraving, and enriched with the ceremonial of the funeral of Henry V., is a production of peculiar interest. In the architectural parts it is beautiful, and the introduction of the figures has superadded that splendour of effect which distinguishes the pencil of Mr. Cattermole. The print is at once classical and gorgeous; a very fine specimen of drawing and engraving.

The Bridemaid. Painted by E. T. Parris; engraved by John Bromley. London, Moon, Boys, and Graves.

No admirer of the natural and affecting in the conception of art, and of the excellent in exe-

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cution, can forget Mr. Parris's exquisite production of the *Bridemaid*, which we rejoice to see here multiplied in the most pleasing style, by the skill of J. Bromley. None of the beauties of the composition are lost; but, on the contrary, the tender sentiment of the affectionate bridemaid is preserved with all the effect, except what colour in painting gave, of the original.

The Bride. Painted by Leslie, R.A.; engraved by James Thomson. Same publishers.

ANOTHER exquisite performance, and most delicately engraved. The soft and lovely expression of the head, the light and gauzy costume, the action of drawing on the glove, and, in short, every part of the picture, are sweetly and harmoniously touched.

The Enthusiast. Painted by the late Theodore Lane, who lost his life by an unfortunate accident, May 21st, 1828; engraved by Robert Graves. Same publishers, and for the benefit of Mr. Lane's widow.

A MEMORIAL of the graphic humour of an artist, sorrow for whose melancholy fate is revived by the contemplation of a production of so much whim and drollery. The old gentleman with the gout angling in a tub, and having all the appurtenances pertaining to his ruling passion around him — fishing basket, landing net, baits, Isaac Walton, &c., is admirably delineated. The intense watchfulness of the angler for the bobbing of his float; and the contrast of the good fireside, the medicines on the table, &c. &c. form indeed a Tale of a Tub, worthy of universal acceptation. The engraving, too, does honour to the burin of Mr. Graves; and, in every point of view, we earnestly recommend the plate, as equally deserving of patronage from its own great merits, and the laudable ground of its publication.

Portrait of Cooper, the American Novelist.— A very spirited engraving of Mr. Cooper is the embellishment of the *New Monthly Magazine* for the present month. This mode of attracting popular attention seems to be gaining ground. From the female nobility of *La Belle Assemblée* we have now got to a series of literary characters; and these we cannot but consider very appropriate ornaments to a literary magazine. Mr. Cooper's is a marked countenance; such as might have been expected from his writings. A memoir accompanies the portrait.

The Afternoon Nap. Drawn on Stone by W. Sharp; from a Painting by F. P. Stephanoff.

WHEN the cat is away, the mice will play, says the adage; and when old papas take their afternoon's nap in the sultry summer, their pretty daughters may chance to shew some signs of affection for their young sweethearts:— at least so it is very playfully depicted here; and the lithography is extremely clever.

Fancy Ball Dresses. The Loire Intérieure, No. 2. North Holland, No. 3. Spooner.

No. 2 for us, though No. 3 is not amiss. These costumes are very pretty, and we should think would be great favourites with the fair.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—Allow me a small space in your paper to call the attention of the country, and more particularly those who take a lead in the encouragement of the Fine Arts, to the present state of our National Gallery. Surely no person can contemplate the magnificent and beautiful works which it contains without feeling sorry and ashamed that a building has not yet been found or built suitable for their reception, and worthy of one of the first nations in the world. The lower room in particular,—in which are Hogarth's admirable series of Mariage à la Mode, a fine specimen of Cuyp, a grand picture by Vandyck, West's celebrated Christ healing the Sick, which cost three thousand guineas, besides several others,—is so extremely dark, that it is impossible to see them, much more to examine their various beauties. I understand also there are many pictures which cannot be exhibited for want of room.

The country has lately had an increase of a most splendid collection of the Italian school, bequeathed by the late Rev. Holwell Carr, and also got six pictures left by the late Mr. Cholmondeley, of Great Cumberland Place. I am glad, however, to find that late exquisite connoisseur, Mr. Carr, has stipulated in his will for a gallery where his munificent bequest could be properly seen and justly appreciated; and I do trust that those noblemen and gentlemen who are looked up to as the leading patrons of the Fine Arts will now exert themselves to procure for this country so desirable an object as a National Picture Gallery; it being a matter of surprise, from the present arrangement, that any individual should be induced to contribute to the collection, except on the same terms as Mr. Carr; whereas, were it placed on that scale which every true lover of the art in this country would wish, and which ought to have been the case, if the immense sums of money which are annually voted by parliament for public works are taken into consideration, and none of which, in a national point of view, are of more importance than this,—I have no doubt that very valuable additions would be frequently made by the nobility and the wealthy, so as to render it eventually equal, if not superior, to any other collection in Europe.* I am, &c.

J. M.

HAYDON'S NAPOLEON.

WHEN the print of this subject made its appearance last year, we expressed our admiration of it. That admiration is confirmed by the present picture;—a figure of the size of life, finely and carefully painted. It was remarked of Wright of Derby's celebrated "Dead Soldier," that although there was but one face visible in the composition, and that a countenance of joy, the feeling which the whole excited was of the deepest pathos. In Mr. Haydon's work there is no face visible; and yet, insensible must be the spectator who can contemplate it without emotion. The impressions under which it was conceived and executed have been very forcibly and poetically described by Mr. Haydon himself in the following passages, which we extract from his illustration of the picture:—

"It was impossible to think of such a genius in captivity, without mysterious associations of the sky, the sea, the rock, and the solitude with which he was enveloped; I never imagined him but as if musing at dawn, or melancholy at sunset, listening at midnight to the beating and roaring of the Atlantic, or meditating as the stars gazed and the moon shone on him. In short, Napoleon never appeared to me but at those moments of silence and twilight, when nature seems to sympathise with the fallen, and when, if there be moments fit, in this turbulent earth, for celestial intercourse, one must imagine these would be the moments immortal spirits might select to descend within the sphere of mortality, to soothe and comfort, to inspire and support the afflicted. Under such impressions the present picture was produced. I imagined him standing on the brow of an impending cliff, and musing on his past fortunes; I imagined sea-birds screaming at his feet, the sun just down, the sails of his guard-ship glittering on the horizon, and the Atlantic, calm, silent, awfully deep, and endlessly extensive. I tried it in a small sketch, and it was instantly purchased; I published a print, and the demand is now and has been incessant; a commission for a picture the full size of life, from one well known as the friend of artists and patron of art, followed, and thus I have ventured to think a conception so unexpectedly popular might, on this enlarged scale, not be uninteresting to the public."

In fine, the simplicity and sublimity of this picture forcibly remind us of the exile in Thomson:

> "Day after day
> Sad on the jutting eminence he stands,
> And views the main that ever toils below,
> Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
> Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
> Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds:
> At evening, to the setting sun he turns
> A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
> Sinks helpless."

A subject like this comes home to the understanding of all, and is at once a theme for the moralist, and a lesson to ambition.

* We willingly insert this letter, as giving further information respecting the National Gallery, and enforcing the opinions we have always maintained on the subject.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THE last meeting for the season of the Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Thursday. It was not perhaps so well attended as on former evenings, nor was there so extensive a display of works of art. Several, however, of a very high class were laid upon the tables: one exquisite sea-view of Bonington's excited considerable attention; and a large collection of lithographic drawings, submitted by a German artist, M. Schloss, were universally admired. His anatomical studies, as formerly stated by us in noticing his publications, are extraordinary specimens of accuracy and delicate finish. To the student, either in anatomy or in art, they are acquisitions of no ordinary value. In bidding our annual farewell to this interesting Society, we would say a few words by way of advice and encouragement. If it be intended to produce effects of greater value than mere amusement, it can only be by the personal exertions of such of its members as are artists —we believe it consists of seventy individuals, about forty of whom live by their profession. To such, therefore, any opportunity of exhibiting proofs of their talents or improvement is of essential importance. As comparatively few of the forty, however, have availed themselves of this advantage, it may be well to impress upon them the policy and the propriety of attending more to this matter hereafter. By so doing, they would at once advance their own interests, and add greatly to the enjoyment of the "Amateurs" and visiters.

We have endeavoured to ascertain whether the Society has led to the purchase and sale of pictures — we believe such has not been the case to any material extent. A main object of the Institution should be to attract *customers* (we do not use the term disrespectfully) to their meetings; and they may be assured, that the demand will be in proportion to the supply. This talk about buying and selling, and getting gain, may be considered by some as derogatory,

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and by others as apart from the nature of the Institution. We think otherwise. The Society will do little, if it merely amuses, or affords opportunities of enjoying a pleasant cup of coffee and some agreeable chit-chat. It is capable of leading to more important objects—the advance of art and the benefit of artists. We hope next year these points will have their due weight with the committee and the secretary—to whose industry and attention it is mainly indebted for the popularity it has acquired even in this early, and by no means matured, stage of its existence.

PANORAMA OF MADRAS.

We have frequently repeated our visits to this beautiful painting, and always with increased pleasure. The presence of the sun has made a great difference in its effects, and so much improved its general appearance, that we feel far more at home in the eastern clime than when we stepped into it from an English winter. The water now splashes fervently under the solar rays, and we can prefer a palanquin to a chariot.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Christmas brings its puddings and pantomimes; Easter its buns, cakes, and magico-melodramas, and lends its aid in developing that sensible characteristic, of which, in shewing our respect or reverence for persons or seasons, we are never known to lose sight. When we honour public men, it is by eating a large dinner ourselves; and we consecrate our seasons by setting them apart for the consumption of some especial condiment, and the display of some particular spectacle. At this theatre, the *Ice Witch*, by Buckstone, claims our wonder, like the hags of yore, from the multitude of her enchantments. *Harold* (H. Wallack), together with his servant, *Magnus Snoro* (Harley), are wrecked on an iceberg, whence they are transported by the hand of the *Ice Witch* (Miss Faucit) to her fairy palace. Here, like master, like man, forgetful of their ladye-loves, they submit to being treated with supernatural hospitality, and are for a time very comfortably bewitched. The spirit of *Harold* becomes at length roused from its lethargy, and his love for *Ulla* (Miss Crawford) revives. The *Ice Witch* dismisses him and his follower in vengeance, and, as might be expected, plays them a very slippery trick. The hand of *Harold* is death to all whom it touches; and the presence of *Magnus Snoro*, like that of some other great men, chills all who approach him. The ice and the plot thicken; *Gruthioff*, the rival of *Harold*, scales the castle of *Sweno*, *Ulla's* father, and forcibly abducts both *Ulla* and *Minna*, her maid (Mrs. Waylett); for

> "The mistress she was fair, but the maid was somewhat fatter,
> So he also thinks it meet to carry off the latter."

Harold returns, challenges *Gruthioff*, slays him in single combat, and rescues his betrothed, but dare not give her his hand, "'cause as how he'd kill her." At last this *dignus vindice nodus* is unravelled; the *Sun God* appears, throws some light upon the matter, and breaks the ice, by completely thawing the power of the *Ice Witch*. Such are "the moving incidents of flood and field" which supply the means of displaying the gorgeous pageantry of an Easter spectacle. The scenes are well contrasted; the wild regions of ice, the splendour of fairy palaces, and the grandeur of lordly castles, succeed each other in rapidity, and surpass each other in brilliancy: our sight, however, was greatly relieved by the green curtain.

On Thursday, a farce called *Nettlewig Hall* was produced: it bears a strong resemblance to the *Midnight Hour*, *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, and other old favourites. The first act went off smoothly; Mrs. Waylett sang a charming ballad: the second act was less prosperous, and there was a considerable uproar at the end. After contradicting each other for a while, the ayes seemed to overcome the noes, and the piece was announced for repetition.

COVENT GARDEN.

There was a crowded audience at this theatre on Tuesday, to witness the first representation of the new opera, *Azor and Zemira*. It is the *Zemire und Azor* of Spohr, arranged for the English stage by Sir G. Smart; and it says not a little, not only for his activity, but for the spirit with which every department of this theatre is managed, that (as we are informed) it is not above six weeks since the foreign opera was procured for the purpose of this arrangement; and within this time, the drama has been translated, or rather re-written, the music adapted, the performers prepared, and the scenery and decorations completed. And the praise is the greater, since the performance did not betray the slightest indication of haste in any one of these particulars; for the opera, in the dialogue and English words of the songs, is, at least, equal to any arrangement that has preceded it; the performers thoroughly ready with their parts; and the spectacle as splendid and skilfully managed as almost any thing we remember to have seen. The bringing out of this opera, we conceive, is an important event in the musical world, and must tend greatly to improve the taste, and heighten the relish, for the highest species of dramatic music. There are many, by no means destitute either of natural taste or feeling, by whom the music of Spohr will not be fully appreciated on a first hearing; for it has neither the plain familiarity of the English ballad style, nor the sparkling brilliancy of Rossini's. But, in true simplicity, pure melody, and strong dramatic expression, no music of the present day surpasses that of Spohr. Accordingly, the reputation of this great composer, who has been hitherto little known, and less understood, in this country, is now rising rapidly. His Last Judgment is a worthy companion to the Messiah or the Creation; and Zemira and Azor stands in the same rank with the master-pieces of Mozart. It is impossible, indeed, to listen to Faust, or Zemira and Azor, without feeling that the mantle of Mozart has fallen on the shoulders of Spohr.

Azor and Zemira (we wish the title of Zemire and Azor had been retained) is founded on the pretty tale, familiar to all the nurseries of Europe, of Beauty and the Beast; and this tale is very well dramatised. A Persian merchant is shipwrecked on an island, the residence of a prince condemned by an enchanter to wear a savage form till the spell should be broken by a damsel, who, notwithstanding his hideous person, should love him for the beauties of his mind! The merchant, wandering in the enchanted gardens of the palace, plucks a rose, which, of course, is a talisman to which the prince's fate is attached. He appears, and threatens the intruder with death; but, at length, allows him to return to his family, on condition of either coming back himself, or sending one of his daughters in his stead. He is instantly transported home; and his youngest daughter, who had begged him to bring her back a rose, as a token of his affection, resolves to place herself, as his substitute, in the power of the monster. She goes accordingly, and is treated with so much affection and generosity by the prince, that she loves him, notwithstanding his "unprepossessing appearance;" and the result is, the breaking of the spell, and the happiness of the lovers. The *dramatis personæ*, besides these principal characters, is made up of the damsel's two sisters, whose selfishness serves as a foil to her self-devotion; a comic servant, and a wicked magician, with spirits, good and bad, who fill in as figurantes and choristers.

The piece opens with an instrumental description of a storm, commencing so quietly that the audience is hardly aware of it, till it begins to rise, by a fine climax, to tempestuous fury; and the shipwrecked merchant and his servant are seen approaching a savage and rocky shore, in the midst of a wild chorus of spirits. Nothing can be finer than the manner in which the voices of the bewildered and frightened mortals mingle with the unearthly sounds around them. A fine bass song, by the merchant, Scander, is too much for the physical powers of Morley, though he sings it with intelligence. On the plucking of the fatal rose, Azor suddenly appears in a threatening attitude; and his representative, Wilson, made this situation very effective, by the judgment of his costume, and the force with which he poured out his denunciations of vengeance. The trio that follows, in the form of a round, is exquisite; and is succeeded by a noble recitative and air, by Azor, in which Wilson exhibited great talent. It was, however, somewhat too low for the pitch of his voice, which diminished its brilliancy, and this was the case throughout the part. We are then transported to the *Dom-daniel* of the enchanter, who, alarmed at what has happened, evokes, by incantation, an oracle to declare his fate. The music of this scene is taken from the Faust of the same author, and, we think, has never been excelled. It is as wild as the famous incantation-scene in the Freischütz, and more melodious. Zemira (Miss Inverarity) does not appear till the second act. Her first song, "Rose, softly blooming," is a divine air; we know of nothing that can be compared to it but the "*Voi che sapete*" of Mozart. Her singing of it was charming, full of tender feeling, and the utmost purity of taste and execution. An air of Ali (the servant) in the Spanish, or rather Moorish style, is beautiful. Both in the music and words (which, by the way, are exceedingly pretty), it is full of delicacy; and, though Penson found it necessary (in accordance with his character) to give it a comic effect, yet that is not its true expression, and in private society it will always be sung seriously.

In the last act, Zemira and Azor are brought together; and the music assigned to them is in the very highest degree impassioned and delightful. The whole scene in which Zemira first sees Azor, and is brought by his tenderness to feel compassion and a beginning of affection for him, is charming; and it was very sweetly acted, as well as admirably sung. Wilson has gained prodigiously on the score of feeling, or rather, the power of expressing feeling; for it was always obvious that the feeling was there, though chilled and restrained by timidity. The great *scena* near the conclusion, sung by Miss Inverarity, was a triumph for this accomplished vocalist. The recitative, which is a long soliloquy, containing much variety of feeling, was declaimed in a manner

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worthy of an excellent actress; and the *aria* was a blaze of splendid execution. It was received with tumultuous applause, and was almost encored,—though its great length, and the violent exertion which it caused, ought to have put that out of the question with every body. The two sisters found good representatives in the Misses Cawse, who did great justice to the difficult concerted pieces, and sung a duet, in the third act, in a very beautiful manner.

We are happy to be enabled to speak very favourably of Mr. Peake's melodrama at this house. *Neuha's Cave; or, the South Sea Mutineers,* is founded upon Lord Byron's poem "The Island." We may therefore be excused the plot, which consists of little more than the mutiny on board the Narcissa, and the preservation of *Torquil* in the submarine cavern, by a princess of the Tonga island. Keeley, as the horticulturist of the expedition, is the life and soul of the piece. The heroine is gracefully enacted by Miss Taylor, whom, nevertheless, we shall be happy to see relieved from melodramatic exertions. The scenery is most beautiful throughout; and our only objection to the drama is its termination. We are sick of explosions, which never seem to harm any body: they should only be employed by writers who are incapable of bringing about a *dénouement* dramatically, and wish to smother up their blunders in smoke. This cannot be said of Mr. Peake. By the way, would not the character of *Torquil* have been more interesting in the hand of a male performer? Mrs. Vining played with great spirit. We mean not to depreciate her efforts; but there appeared to us to be no reason for pressing her into her blue pantaloons.

VARIETIES.

Toujours Gai.—The *Mémorial Bordelais* of the 26th ult. contains the following characteristic announcement: "*Pour soulager les douleurs de la maternité dans l'infortune, on chantera, on dansera ce soir au Grand Théâtre.* Le parfum des arbustes en fleurs, les sons d'une musique harmonieuse, les vives clartés de milles bougies, l'éclat des parures des dames, la gaieté des danseurs, et cet ensemble délicieux d'un bal, où tout ravit, où tout enchante, voilà ce que nous offrira ce soir cette vaste salle, dans laquelle plus de trois mille personnes seront rassemblées."

Parisian Diorama.—A view of the tomb of Napoleon, at St. Helena, is about to be immediately exhibited at the Diorama in Paris.

Cholera Morbus.—A Russian physician having asserted in a recent memoir that the cholera morbus is not contagious, M. Moreau de Jonnès, at one of the last sittings of the French Academy, brought forward a number of facts to prove that it is. As the coldness of the season diminishes, this terrible malady increases its ravages. In the latter end of February the number of persons attacked by it in Moscow rose from three to seventeen a-day.

Ancient Custom.—"All the public festivals of yore were attended by the 'hot-meat' men, who, in limited numbers, perambulated, unmolested, in front of the line of demarcation, shielded by the divinity of their mission and time-honoured custom. Every where was the ambulatory larder, and its vociferous bearer, a most welcome sight; by all parties were the white cap and apron hailed with joy, as from afar they heralded the coming of the fresh-laden tin-lined basket, with its thick covering of many-folded napery, through which the steam, nevertheless, cunningly found its way, tickling the nostrils under which the bearer passed with his savoury load, and so fixing the before but half-resolved to arrest his progress; whilst at a nod, his loud announcement of 'hot meat here—all hot and smoking, from Cook's-lane!' changed to the quick technical demand of 'Now, my master, roast or boiled?' till baring his treasure, and flourishing his well-edged knife, he at once decided the indeterminate glance of the epicure by the peremptory hint of 'Quick's the word, master—good meat mustn't be let take cold—hunger's never long a-choosing—roast's the thing—here you are, I know your stomach—thanks, my master, and much good may't do ye!' Then dropping the coin into his apron, off he went again, to charm other ears with 'hot meat here—all hot and plenty, and more a-coming!' accompanying his voice with the rattle of his knives—of which he usually bore two, dexterously balanced, castanet-wise, between the fingers of his right hand, making the blade and haft play sharply together, so long as any of his stock remained undisposed of."—*The King's Secret.*

New Species of Marine Alga.—Dr. Greville has described two new species of marine alga, under the names of *Phyllephora obtusa* and *Rytiphlæa canaliculata.* The former is from the Cape of Good Hope, and the latter from the coast of the Swan River settlement.

Application of Electro-Magnetism to the Discovery of Metallic Veins.—In the second part of the Philosophical Transactions for 1830 is a paper by Mr. Robert Ware Fox, on the electro-magnetic properties of metalliferous veins in the mines of Cornwall. These plates were connected by copper-wire, 1-20th of an inch in diameter, including a galvanometer in the circuit, and extending in some cases as far as 300 fathoms. The action on the needle he found to vary generally with the quantity of ore and the depth of the station. Hence from such experiments material assistance may be derived by the practical miner, in attempting to ascertain the amount of ore in particular veins, and the direction in which it is likely to occur in greatest abundance.

Mineralogical Survey of Scotland.—It appears that the details connected with the mineralogical survey of Scotland have been called for by the House of Commons. This was highly necessary, and we hope will be productive of some advantages to science.

Rights of Artists.—It appears, by the following extract from *Le Globe*, that the right of painters to give or to withhold permission to engrave their works, even when sold, which has been for some time the subject of warm discussion in this country, has been brought under the consideration of a legal tribunal in Paris. "Does the right to have an engraving made from a picture belong to the purchaser of the picture, or does it remain with the painter, even after the sale of his picture; and, by consequence, does an engraver, who engraves a picture by the sole authority of the purchaser, expose himself to prosecution for piracy, either by the painter, or by any one whom the painter may have empowered to engrave his work? This was the question brought before the court with reference to an engraving of M. Gérard's picture of *The Battle of Austerlitz.* The court decided in favour of the painter's exclusive right."

French Drama.—From the 1st of January 1809, to the 31st of December 1830, there were represented at Paris 3558 new dramatic pieces. During the last ten years M. Scribe has produced 135; M. Théaulon, 94; M. Brazier, 94; M. Armand Dartois, 92; M. Carmouche, 92; M. Mélesville, 80; M. H. Dupin, 56; M. Benjamin Autier, 55; M. Dumersan, 53; M. Frédéric de Courcy, 50.

Fossil Bones found near Brighton.—The fossil remains of a large quadruped, supposed to belong to the genus mastodon, have been recently discovered about four miles north of Brighton, a few feet below the surface. Among them are two teeth, each weighing about eight pounds and a half. They are, we understand, in the possession of Richard Weekes, Esq. of Hurstperpoint.

Lindner's Cabinet of Natural History.—Mr. Denis Lindner, at Bamberg, who possessed a cabinet of natural history valued at 100,000 florins, has made a present of it to his native town, and has funded a capital of 5000 florins to increase it, and ensure proper care being taken of it after his death.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XV. April 9.*]

Mr. Gleig has ceased to be the Editor of the National Library: from the appearance of Bourrienne, which fills the months till July, and the subsequent announcements, it appears as if this branch of the prevalent system were to consist rather of republications than of original productions or epitomes.

Pyrus Malus Brentfordiensis; a Descriptive Catalogue of the most valuable sorts of Apples; by Hugh Ronalds.—We learn with pleasure that a Second Series of Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is about to issue from the press; and a second edition of the First Series is to make its appearance at the same time.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Roberts's Welsh Interpreter, square 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth bds.—Leigh's Guide to Wales and Monmouthshire, 12mo. 9*s.* cloth bds.—Stewart's Conveyancing, Vol. III., royal 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Backker's Petit Théâtre de la Jeunesse, 12mo. 6*s.* shp.—Hall on the Athanasian Creed, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Burton's (Rev. Dr.) Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First Century, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Younge's (Rev. J.) Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Andrews's (Bishop) Sermons on the Fasts and Festivals, by Davis, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Christian's Prayer, with Notes, 8vo. 4*s.* bds.—Ollivant's (Rev. A.) Sermons, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Cross's Lectiones Celsianæ et Gregorianæ, 18mo. 5*s.* bds.—Alibeg, the Tempter, by W. Child Green, 4 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Italy, by Josiah Conder, 3 vols. 18mo. 18*s.* bds.—Edwards on the Freedom of the Will, with Essay, 8vo. 12*s.*; 12mo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Arrowsmith's Eton Ancient and Modern Geography, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Outline of the Scripture Evidence for the Trinity, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Dillon's Commercial Tables, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Bunyan's Pilgrim, by Smith, with Cuts, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Little Library (Public Buildings of Westminster described), 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Thorpe's Lectures on the Destinies of the British Empire, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Thornton's Bereaved Parents consoled, 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

March.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 31	From 33. to 49.	30.29 to 30.32
April.		
Friday 1	—— 32. — 49.	30.30 — 30.19
Saturday .. 2	—— 32. — 44.	30.01 — 29.95
Sunday.... 3	—— 36. — 48.	29.93 — 29.72
Monday .. 4	—— 32. — 55.	29.68 — 29.53
Tuesday .. 5	—— 27. — 59.	29.48 — 29.46
Wednesday 6	—— 32. — 58.	29.55 Stationary

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

Generally clear: rain fell in the evening of the 1st and morning of the 2d.

Rain fallen ·15 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. N. has formed very erroneous opinions. Were every individual to do the same, and expect as much, we should require two secretaries, and two sheets per week instead of one.

In reply to Defensor, we take leave to say, that our opinion on the system of fagging is unchangeable. We never meant to take up the statement of the Dramatic Annual as an absolute fact—it might be true or false without affecting our argument. We were also aware that, since the discussion of Sir A. Mallet's pamphlet, Winchester school has been gradually improving, though the masters did not like it to appear, in the first instance, as if they had been dictated to; but with regard to Westminster, we were perfectly informed and well founded. Some of the recent doings there were quite atrocious, and not to be tolerated as forming any part of any system of education.

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The Right Hon. LORD LYNDHURST in the Chair.

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W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

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The next General Meeting of the Friends and Subscribers of this Society will be held on Wednesday the 13th inst. at the British Coffee House, Cockspur Street.
THO. CAMPBELL, Hon. Sec.
The Chair to be taken at Half-past Two o'Clock, precisely.

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Thus Hector follow'd, nor e'er ceased to slay
The foe that hindmost linger'd on his way.
But o'er their piles and fosse confusedly fled,
When rush'd the Greeks, and left on earth their dead,
They mid the ships their routed battle staid,
And each in fear invok'd the other's aid,
Rais'd their clasp'd hands, and pour'd in deep despair
To each celestial pow'r the voice of pray'r.
Then to and fro, fierce-lashing on amain
His fiery steeds through slayers and the slain,
Grim as the god of battle, Hector rode,
And roll'd his gorgon orbs, that glar'd on blood."

Nothing can be more literal and powerful than this. The annexed passage will, we think, bear us out in attributing to Mr. Sotheby pre-eminent excellence where deep feeling and pathos are to be portrayed.

"Then, like a maniac, swifter than the wind,
Flew, and her maidens followed close behind.
But when she rush'd, in that ill-fated hour,
Through the dense throng, and stood on Ilion's tow'r,
And view'd her Hector dragg'd the walls before,
Where the lash'd steeds his bleeding body bore,
Dark night her eye-lid seal'd, she swoon'd away,
Fell back, breath'd out her soul, and breathless lay:
Far fell the band that late her brow had crown'd,
The braid and net that wreath'd her hair around,
And the bright veil that floated round the bride,
Which golden Venus gave, her blush to hide,
When Hector led her from Eëtion's bow'r,
And for her beauty gave his countless dow'r.
O'er her, yet scarce alive, her sisters bent,
And closely held her, on self-death intent.
But when once more she breath'd, to sense restor'd,
Thus Hector's widow her lost lord deplor'd:
'Hector! ill-doom'd alike our natal morn:
Thou, in thy Troy, in Priam's palace born;
I, in far Thebes, mid Hypoplacian bow'rs,
Where crown'd Eëtion rear'd my youthful hours.
Both, miserable both, the sire and child!
Oh! that no light had on my birth-day smil'd!
To darkness and to death thou, thou art gone,
And I, thy widow, left to weep alone.
A boy, sole relic of our union, left,
A helpless infant of his sire bereft.
Thou canst not guard his weakness, thou, in death,
And vain alike to thee his vital breath.
What, if our child escape the battle-strife,
Toil and dire woe his lot in after-life.
Th' intruder plucks his boundary marks away:
His former playmates shun the orphan's way.
His front cast down to earth with bitter woe,
Down his pale cheek the tears unpity'd flow.
Bow'd with sore want, before his father's friends
The suppliant orphan unregarded bends;
Here clasps some rich man's cloak, or prostrate there,
Breathes o'er another's robe th' unanswer'd pray'r:
Where one less harsh may yield his helpless age,
A drop to dew his lip, not thirst assuage:
Or some proud youth, with either parent blest,
Drives from the feast the uninvited guest;
Nay, strikes the child, and cries, with loud reproof,
Thy father feasts not, wretch! beneath our roof.
'Tis thus Astyanax seeks Hector's dome,
And weeps within his mother's widow'd home,
Who on his father's knee scarce deign'd to eat
The richest marrow and the choicest meat;
And who at last, fatigu'd with length of play,
When slumber stole him from his toys away,
In softest bed, upon his nurse's breast
Slept, saturate with joy, his heart at rest:
Reft of his sire, thus poor, afflicted, sham'd,
He, whom Astyanax the Trojans nam'd;
For thine alone, thine, Hector, once the pow'r
To guard each Trojan gate and lofty tow'r.
Now, from thy parents far, in yonder fleet,
When the gorg'd dog shall from thy corse retreat,
The worm shall all thy naked bones consume,
While beauteous vestures grace thy vacant room,
And robes, whose lightness female touch attests,
Lie useless all in thy unopen'd chests:
These will I burn, an undistinguish'd heap;
For not in these wilt thou, my Hector, sleep:
Before all Troy, what once adorn'd thee burn,
And honouring thee, all thine to ashes turn.'"

Occasionally, Mr. Sotheby is led, by his earnest desire to be close and literal, into the use of singular phraseology: we select a few instances. Ajax, in vaunting his warlike experience, does not congratulate himself upon his "march of intellect," but exclaims—

"I am not new to battle, rude in arms
I marched to manhood, amid war alarms."

Most men are wont to be more *touchy* while living, than after; not so with Hector:

"How mild, forsooth! how *tangible* his frame!
This Hector, this, who wrapt our fleet in flame."

This is a poverty-stricken rendering of the

Ω ποποι, η μαλα δη μαλακωτερος αμφαφαασθαι
Εκτωρ, η οτε νηας ενιπρησειν πυρι καιω.

The word *saturate* is also used in a very uncommon manner; the infant Astyanax, θαλιων εμπλησαμενος κηρ, is said to be "*saturate with joy*;" horses, περι λιγυον ιεμενοισιν, are "*saturate with corn*." If our groom had told us that our hacks were "saturate with corn," not having the Greek in such a case to which we could refer, we confess we should have been confoundedly puzzled. There are not, however, many such verbal oversights as these in Mr. Sotheby's version. Having on former occasions had the good fortune to present our readers with long extracts from his *Iliad*, as they were read at the Royal Society of Literature, we the less regret that our limits only suffer us, without more lengthened quotation (the best recommendation we could offer), to dismiss a production which has been the work of years, with our appreciation of its excellence, and admiration of its industry. To the fine feeling of the poet, Mr. Sotheby has united the patient in-

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vestigation and the careful accuracy of the scholar.

The Young Duke. By the Author of "Vivian Grey." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

We have not for some time met with a work which has impressed us with a higher idea of the author's powers. The acute remark, the keen sarcasm, the slight trait exhibited in the slight phrase, but whose knowledge is the deep and just—a richness of imagination, occasional bursts of feeling full of the poetry of thought—these are faculties of a high order, and they are the characteristic merits of these pages. Mr. D'Israeli is evidently a young man, gifted with that higher species of the imagination which creates and combines—which out of impressions extracts reflection, and which alone can give a true sense of the beautiful. He is also witty, shrewd to perceive the real motive, keen in catching the ludicrous, and very felicitous in its expression. So much for the author. Of the work itself we have two different opinions to give—one good, the other bad; for it is a singularly unequal production. The original idea is excellent; and the shadows cast from "those brilliant misfortunes," unbounded wealth and unbounded pleasure, are "neither extenuated nor set down in malice"—the best methods of drawing them. The scene opens with great spirit, as does also the young duke's career. We now turn to the critic's more customary office—that of fault-finding; and we do this the less reluctantly, because we hold that Mr. D'Israeli's faults are those of taste, and the mistaken use of his powers. He is essentially a writer of great imagination; his created scenes are infinitely better than his copied ones, and it is chiefly when he copies from nature that he is unnatural. The truth is, that "fashionable life" is the Delilah that sheers away the locks of his strength: in his desire to shew his knowledge of its scenes and actors, he merges all his higher powers of moral painting in a series of ill-done caricatures—he becomes affected, wearisome, and flippant. Secondly, the work itself is terribly spun out—he writes too much with the fear of three volumes before his eyes; there is *matériel* for about two very brilliant ones. Among the scenes which would well bear omission is that of the supper in the Alhambra; it is objectionable in every point of view. Among the characters, we like the young duke himself; so do we May Dacre: the Fitz-pompeys are good; and Charles Annesley is a clever sketch. Mrs. Dallington Vere is a copy of Mrs. Felix Lorraine; and her crimes are very gratuitous, for they really exercise no influence on the story. We wish the donors of the fête at Boyle Farm would announce, as Mr. Bayly does of the songs he publishes in the Annuals, "This is property." It figures again in these pages. We do advise all writers henceforth to consider intruding on "its fairy ground" as actual poaching. And as for our readers, we refer them to the late novel of *Mothers and Daughters*, as giving its most animated and picturesque description. Perhaps the best idea we can convey of these volumes is, to string some of their sparkles in a series, ranking these extracts under the different heads of true, keen, good, and prettily turned.

"She fell ill, and became that extremely common character, a confirmed invalid. In the present day, and especially among women, one would almost suppose that health was a state of unnatural existence." * * *

"At the end of three years, the Duke of St. James was of opinion, that he had obtained a great knowledge of mankind. He was mistaken: travel is not, as is imagined, the best school for that sort of science. Knowledge of mankind is a knowledge of their passions. The traveller is looked upon as a bird of passage, whose visit is short, and which the vanity of the visited wishes to make agreeable. All is show, all false, and all made up. Coterie succeeds coterie, equally smiling—the explosions take place in his absence. Even a grand passion, which teaches a man more, perhaps, than any thing else, is not very easily excited by the traveller. The women know that, sooner or later, he must disappear; and though this is the case with all lovers, the sweet souls do not like to miss the possibility of delusion. Thus the heroines keep in the back-ground; and the visitor, who is always in a hurry, falls into the net of the first flirtation that offers. * * * Devoted to pleasure, he had reached the goblet at an early age. * * * He was, indeed, greatly interested by her, but he was an habitual gallant, and always began by feigning more than he felt. She, on the contrary, who was really in love, feigned much less. * * * Lady Aphrodite was charmed with the idea; for the enamoured are always delighted with what is fanciful. * * * His life was an ocean of enjoyment, and each hour, like each wave, threw up its pearl. * * * I look upon a long-sighted man as a brute, who, not being able to see with his mind, is obliged to see with his body."

These are slight and brief touches; but no one without either originality, truth, or grace. The following is a lively sketch of a scene in the House of Peers:—

"The Duke of St. James took the oaths and his seat. He was introduced by Lord Fitz-pompey. He heard a debate. We laugh at such a thing, especially in the upper house; but, on the whole, the affair is imposing, particularly if we take a part in it. Lord Ex-Chamberlain thought the nation going on wrong; and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect—brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and in himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesman-like, and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character, when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts. Then there was a maiden speech, so inaudible, that it was doubted whether, after all, the young orator really did lose his virginity. In the end, up started the premier, who, having nothing to say, was manly, and candid, and liberal; gave credit to his adversaries, and took credit to himself, and then the motion was withdrawn."

There is much truth in the following:—"Nothing is more singular than the various success of men in the House of Commons. Fellows who have been the oracles of coteries from their birth, who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double foists, who have nightly sat down amid tumultuous cheering in debating societies, and can harangue with an unruffled forehead and an unfaltering voice, from one end of a dinner-table to the other, who, on all occasions, have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about—no sooner rise in the house than their spells desert them. All their effrontery vanishes; common-place ideas are rendered even more uninteresting by monotonous delivery; and keenly alive as even boobies are in those sacred walls to the ridiculous, no one appears more thoroughly aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and stiff, with a burning cheek and an icy hand, repressing his breath lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed, and clenching his fist, that the pressure may secretly convince him that he has not as completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation. On the other hand, persons whom the women have long deplored, and the men long pitied, as having no 'manner,' who blush when you speak to them, and blunder when they speak to you, suddenly jump up in the house, with a self-confidence, which is only equalled by their consummate ability."

We, however, quite differ from his estimate of divers popular speakers. Digressions are favourites with our author—we shall give place to one.

"I am one, though young, yet old enough to know ambition is a demon; and I fly from what I fear. And Fame has eagle wings, and yet she mounts not as high as man's desires. When all is gained, how little then is won! And yet to gain that little, how much is lost! Let us once aspire, and madness follows. Could we but drag the purple from the hero's heart; could we but tear the laurel from the poet's throbbing brain, and read their doubts, their dangers, their despair, we might learn a greater lesson than we shall ever acquire by musing over their exploits, or their inspiration. Think of unrecognised Cæsar, with his wasting youth, weeping over the Macedonian's young career! Could Pharsalia compensate for those withering pangs? View the obscure Napoleon starving in the streets of Paris! What was St. Helena to the bitterness of such existence? The visions of past glory might illumine even that dark imprisonment; but to be conscious that his supernatural energies might die away without creating their miracles—can the wheel, or the rack, rival the torture of such a suspicion?"

We conclude with a very happy parody:—"No more, no more—oh! never more to me, that hour shall bring its rapture and its bliss! No more, no more—oh! never more for me, shall Flavour sit upon her thousand thrones, and, like a siren with a sunny smile, win to renewed excesses—each more sweet! My feasting days are over: me, no more, the charms of fish, or flesh, still less of fowl, can make the fool of that they made before. The fricandeau is like a dream of early love; the fricassee, with which I have so often flirted, is like the tattle of the last quadrille; and no longer are my dreams haunted with the dark passion of the rich ragout. Ye soups! o'er whose creation I have watched, like mothers o'er their sleeping child! Ye sauces! to which I have even lent a name, where are ye now? Tickling, perchance, the palate of some easy friend, who quite forgets the boon companion, whose presence once lent lustre even to his ruby wine, and added perfume to his perfumed hock!"

The book is like "the young duke" which gives it its title; it would be better were its scenes of folly and fashion curtailed. But, take good and bad, it is well worth the reading. We alluded to "affectations," as one of the besetting sins; and to specify one or two instances, we would mention, that even feminine

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beauty may be over described. If such a thing were possible, we should be tired of "small mouths," &c. Again, the descriptions of dress are quite ludicrous; and being so contrary to any thing ever worn, they destroy the reality of the character.

The Family Library, Vol. XXI.—History of England, Vol. I. (Anglo-Saxon Period.) By Francis Palgrave, Esq. London, 1831. Murray.

WHATEVER may be the diversity of opinions as to the correctness of some of the views embodied in this volume, there can be no sort of doubt that it is one of the few, as yet produced in these monthly miscellanies, which will retain a permanent place in the historical library of this country. It is written in a more familiar manner than the corresponding one of Sir James Mackintosh—indeed, it seems to be mainly intended for young persons, at least in several of its most interesting sections; yet we are inclined to consider it as the abstract and compression of larger and maturer reading and reflection, as to the Anglo-Saxon period, than any author whatever has hitherto brought before the public. Mr. Palgrave is well known as one of the very foremost of English antiquaries, especially with respect to the earliest centuries of our national existence; and it is impossible not to rejoice that such a man should have been induced to give the fruit of his life-long labours in a shape thus universally accessible and engaging,—in place of enditing (as, but for this new species of periodical literature, he no doubt would have done) some unwieldy folios, or quartos, mere "caviare to the million." We do not pretend to enter into a comparison of Palgrave and Mackintosh; their merits are wholly dissimilar, and their books will interfere in no respect with each other. Sir James, one of the most philosophical writers that ever adorned any department of intellectual exertion, has chosen in this popular form to convey a rapid and brief, but masterly, liberal, and profound outline of the philosophy of English history—dwelling but little on the details of events—and not concealing, though far from *projecting*, the strong tendency of his own political predilections. The *minutiæ* of Anglo-Saxon government, manners, and literature, are accordingly but slightly touched on in his delightful pages—if, indeed, such matters had ever engaged any considerable share of his study. Mr. Palgrave, on the contrary, opens this mine with the easy boldness of one familiar with all its recesses—condenses the pith and substance of Turner and his other predecessors, and, without appearance of effort, adds prodigiously to the existing stock of information—contriving, at the same time, to render themes hitherto considered hopelessly dry and wearisome, as full of life and entertainment as if they were part and parcel of a capital historical romance. Who can read such a book, without feeling at every page, that to write really well on any subject, it is absolutely necessary to be master of it? The compilations even of the cleverest men, who merely collect a dozen or two authorities on their desk, and, without previous intimacy with the matter, proceed to manufacture to order, may amuse for the moment—it is impossible they should deserve or obtain solid, lasting reputation. Of such works we have, of late, had but too many. This belongs to a wholly different class. Perhaps we shall convey not an inaccurate, though rough, notion of the character of the book, when we say, that it appears to us something intermediate between Sir W. Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" (the Scotch Series, we mean), and Voltaire's energetic Expositions of General History; uniting the simplicity and picturesque detail of the one great writer, with the broad, luminous, analytic power, which more than redeems all the mere literary defects of the other. There is a particular feature, however, and, in our opinion, a most important one, which must be noticed. Mr. Palgrave is obviously a deeply religious man, and he makes Christianity far more prominent throughout his narrative than any one who has traversed this ground before him. Some may think he overdoes the matter here; but, though we cannot go along with him in some detached opinions expressed on moral and religious questions, we should be sorry not to appreciate the warmth of piety that breathes throughout, as well as the beautiful language in which it is usually clothed.

To give some idea of the graphic skill of this writer, the clearness of his views, and the amusement as well as instruction which his pages will afford young and old, we cannot perhaps do better than quote part of his dedicatory Epistle to that distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, Miss Anna Gurney.

"The primary purposes of this little work forbid my entering into regular discussion upon the Anglo-Saxon laws. Nor could I venture into any lengthened investigation concerning the nature of our Saxon legislature: but as you may possibly think that this subject requires some explanation, we will suppose ourselves placed in the hall of Edward the Confessor, he who, like his predecessors, held the state of 'King of the English—Basileus of Britain—emperor and ruler of all the sovereigns and nations who inhabit the island—lord paramount of the sceptres of the Cumbrians, the Scots, and the Britons,'—and suppose yourselves to be Haco, a Norwegian stranger, introduced by an Anglo-Saxon friend, and listening to his explanations of the assembly which you behold:—'Those persons who are sitting and standing highest to the king are his chief officers of state. That tall, thin, rough-looking man is Algar, the *Stallere*, whom the Franks call the constable of the host; and great as he is, I assure you, Haco, that not one of the king's horses is sent to grass without his special order. The portly nobleman, with the huge knife and wooden trencher, is Æthelmar, the *dish thane*—he carves the meat for royalty. Hugoline, that cautious, sly-looking clerk, is the *bower thane*, or chamberlain; he keeps the key of the king's *hoard*. You would be astonished to see the heaps of treasure in the low, vaulted chamber; and yet there is not quite so much in the hoard as there used to be. After we had driven out your countrymen, the usurper Hardacnute, and restored our darling, King Edward, the true and legitimate heir of the right royal line of Cerdic, the *huscarls* of the palace still continued to collect the *danegeld* as rigidly as before; and many an honest husbandman had his house and land sold over his head, within three days after the tax became due, to pay the arrears which he had incurred. Not that our worthy king was ever a penny the better for the danegeld. Good man, he never troubles himself about money, he leaves all that charge to Hugoline. If you were to empty King Edward's purse before his face, he would not bid you stay your hand; he would only say—Take care, friend, that you are not found out by Hugoline. Though the king was so little benefited by the taxes, I suppose that others fared better; and the danegelt was levied as rigidly as ever—until one day, the king rose from his bed, asked Hugoline for the key, and went alone into the hoard. And when he came out again, he told us all, with looks of the utmost horror, that he had seen the foul fiend dancing upon the money-bags containing the gold which had been wrung from his suffering people, and grinning with delight. Whether the king had really seen any thing, or whether we inconsiderately took as a fact, what he intended merely as a parable, denoting his opinion of the iniquity of the taxation, I cannot tell, but from that day the danegelt was levied no more. Those quiet, shrewd-looking men, with shaven crowns, are Osbern, Peter, Robert, Gyso, and the rest of the clerks of the king's chapel. He who sits at the head of the bench, is Reinbaldus, the chancellor. These venerable persons have been gradually gaining more and more influence in the Witenagemot; though anciently they were only appointed for the purpose of celebrating mass and singing in the king's chapel; and Reinbaldus, the chancellor, holds merely the place of the arch-chaplain of the French kings; he is a kind of dean, the king's confessor, who takes care of the king's conscience, and imposes very hard penances upon him when he has sinned. But for some time past, our kings have been accustomed to turn their chaplains really to good use, by employing them constantly as their writing clerks. In this capacity the most important matters of public business must pass through their hands. Hence they have much power, and a power which was totally unknown to our ancestors; and in this innovating age, their influence has been greatly increased by a fashion which our good King Edward has brought from France. He has caused a great seal to be made, on which you may see his effigy, in his imperial robes; and to all the *writs* or written letters, which issue in his name, an impression from that seal is appended. It is by such writs that our king signifies his commands. If a question of great importance is to be decided before the thanes of the shire, in a manner out of the ordinary course, it is heard before certain clerks, and others, named by the king's writ. If a clerk is promoted to a bishopric, he must have a writ before he can be placed in his chair or throne. If you wish to obtain the king's protection, or his 'peace,' you had best obtain a writ, by which this favour is testified. For this purpose you must apply to the clerks of the chapel. Whether issued by the king's special direction or not, the writ is often a long time in making its appearance; and suitors find, that a golden cup placed in the king's wardrobe, or a bay stallion sent to the royal stable, has a great effect in driving the chaplain's quill. At present, great part of our law business is cheaply, expeditiously, and equitably despatched in the ordinary Folk-moots, or courts of the hundred, or of the shire, which go on regularly, by immemorial usage, without any writ, or other sanction from the king. These tribunals we derive from our remotest ancestors. We had law before we had prerogative, and Folk-moots long before we had kings; and in your country, Haco, they exist in great measure unimpaired. But if, from any cause whatever, these popular courts should decline amongst us, and the pleas which are now decided before them, be transferred to the king's court, it is easy to see that the whole management of the law will fall into the hands of the chancellor and his clerks, and of those whom the king may depute to administer justice in his name. So much for those who are about the king."

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Describing the Witenagemot, the author says:—

"Beneath the clergy sit the lay peers and other rulers, who are bound by homage to the crown. That vacant seat belongs to Malcolm, King of the Scots, or, as some begin to call him, the King of Scotland. The wicked usurper Macbeth had possession of his throne, and of those dominions in Lothian, in respect of which the homage of the King of the Scots is more particularly rendered. Malcolm, the vassal of our King Edward, had a full right to claim the aid of his superior, and it was granted right nobly. By King Edward's command, the stout Earl Siward marched all his forces across the Tweed, with a mighty army. Macbeth had called the Northmen—your countrymen, Haco—to his aid; but his resistance was hopeless: he was expelled, and Malcolm, as King Edward had commanded, was restored to the inheritance of his ancestors. Malcolm ought to be here in person. When he comes up, he is escorted from shire to shire by earls and bishops; and, at convenient distances, mansions and townships have been assigned to him, where he and his attendants may abide and rest. Yet, with all these aids, the journey is most tedious, and not unfrequently accompanied by danger; besides which, it is not altogether safe for Malcolm to leave the wild Scots, his turbulent subjects, uncontrolled during the very long space of time—seldom so little as half a-year—which he must pass upon the road: Watling-street is much out of repair; it has not had a stone laid upon it since the arrival of Hengist and Horsa; and the top of the Roman fosse-way is worse than the bottom of a ditch; and, therefore, the attendance of the King of Scots is generally excused. The King of Cumbria, and the kings or 'under kings' of the Welsh, sit nigh unto the King of Scots. The two latter, Blethyn and Rhivallon, have just now sworn oaths to King Edward, and given hostages that they will be faithful to him in all things, and every where ready to serve him by sea and land, and that they will perform all such obligations, in respect of the country, as ever their predecessors had done to his predecessors. But the Welsh are an unfaithful nation, untrue even to themselves. Griffith, the brother of the Welsh kings, to whom they succeed, was slain by his own men, and his bloody head was sent by Earl Harold to King Edward, at London. The Welsh are constantly rebelling against us; but we keep a firm hold upon them, and compel them, upon every needful occasion, to acknowledge our supremacy. * * * * On the same bench with these vassal kings, sit the great earls of the realm, distinguished by the golden collars and caps of maintenance which they wear. These marks of honour have, however, long belonged to them; for it is thus that the effigy of the venerable Aylwine of East Anglia is adorned, as you may see upon his tomb at Ramsey minster. He who looks so fell and grim is Siward, the son of Beorn, Earl of Northumbria. The good people in the north, who give credit to all the sagas, or lying tales of your Scallds, actually believe that Siward's grandfather was a bear in the forests of Norway, and that when his father Beorn lifted up his uncombed locks, the two pointed shaggy ears, which he had inherited from the bear, testified the nature of his sire. Siward himself takes no pains to contradict this story. On the contrary, I rather think that he considers it as a piece of good policy to encourage any report which may add to the terror inspired by his name. He has declared that he will never die, except in full armour. * * As to that mixed multitude by whom the farther part of the hall is crowded, and who can be just seen behind the thanes, they consist, as far as I can judge, of the class of folks who come together in vast crowds at the meetings of our hundreds and our shires. It is usual, in these assemblies, that four good men and the reeve should appear from every upland or rural township: their office being to give testimony, and to perform other acts relating to the administration of justice, and also to receive the commands of their superiors. In the Witenagemot, I believe they are seldom or never called upon to act; but they attend from ancient custom, deduced, perhaps, from the old time, when our kings were merely the aldermen of a single shire, and when the court in which they presided was merely the moot of their own little territory. And whatever the rights or privileges of these churls might be in days of yore, I am tolerably sure of what they are *not* in these modern times. They have no weight or influence in the enactment of any law: voices, indeed, they may have, but only for the purpose of crying out—*Yea, yea!*—when the doom enacted by the advice of the witan is proclaimed. Some of our old men have thought that this kind of assent is a recollection of the customs which prevailed amongst our forefathers, the old Saxons, before they quitted the forests of Germany, when, as it is said, the *leod*, or people at large, gave their consent to the laws which the ealdormen and priests had enacted in their solemn assembly. I am not learned enough to decide this point; it may be so; but nothing is said thereon by Alfric or by Alfred, or by Bede; and now it is our principle, that he who is worth nothing in *land*, is nothing worth in public affairs, unless, as I have told you before, the place of *land* is supplied by *learning*. But Englishmen are sturdy, and not to be easily put down. I have heard strange things said about the charters granted by Athelstane to the townships of Malmsbury and Barnstaple; and if the churls in general should ever be led to imagine that they have a *right* to be members of the Witenagemot, I should not be surprised if they were one day or another, to pluck up heart of grace, and cry out—*No, no!*—instead of affirming, as in duty bound, what their betters have thought best for them. Yet you must not suppose that these rustics are excluded by any perpetual bar. It was whilome the old English law, that if a merchant crossed the sea three times at his own risk, he obtained the rank of thane. Five hydes of land possessed by the churl for three generations, if held by him, his son, and his son's son, placed the family in the class of those who were gentle by birth and blood; 'Sithcundmen,' as such families were then called, before King Alfred's day; and though such laws are connected with usages and doctrines which have become obsolete, still we retain all the spirit of our ancient lessons of freedom; and, if qualified by station and property, there is no man between the channel and the water of Scotland, who may not acquire a share in the government of our empire.'"

The closing paragraphs of this volume shall form our only other extract for the present. It is a fair specimen of the narrative, being the conclusion of the battle of Hastings.

"It was now late in the evening. The English troops were entirely broken, yet no Englishman would surrender. The conflict continued in many parts of the bloody field, long after dark. The fugitives spread themselves over the adjoining country, then covered with wood and forest. Wherever the English could make a stand, they resisted; and the Normans confess that the great preponderance of their force, alone enabled them to obtain the victory. By William's orders, a spot close to the Gonfanon was cleared, and he caused his pavilion to be pitched among the corpses which were heaped around. He there supped with his barons; and they feasted among the dead. But when he contemplated the fearful slaughter, a natural feeling of pity, perhaps allied to repentance, arose in his stern mind; and the Abbey of Battle, in which the prayer was to be offered up perpetually for the repose of the souls of all who had fallen in the conflict, was at once the monument of his triumph, and the token of his piety. The abbey was most richly endowed; and all the land, for one league round about, was annexed to the Battle franchise. The abbot was freed from the authority of the metropolitan of Canterbury, and invested with archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The high altar was erected on the very spot where Harold's standard had waved; and the roll, deposited in the archives of the monastery, recorded the names of those who had fought with the Conqueror, and amongst whom the lands of broad England were divided. But all this pomp and solemnity has passed away like a dream. The perpetual prayer has ceased for ever—the roll of battle is rent. The shields of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust. The abbey is levelled with the ground—and a dank and reedy pool fills the spot where the foundations of the quire have been uncovered, merely for the gaze of the idle visiter, or the instruction of the moping antiquary. The victor is now installed; but what has become of the mortal spoils of his competitor? If we ask the monk of Malmesbury, we are told that William surrendered the body to Harold's mother, Githa, by whose directions the corpse of the last surviving of her children was buried in the abbey of the Holy Cross. Those who lived nearer the time, however, relate in explicit terms that William refused the rites of sepulture to his excommunicated enemy. Guillielmus Pictavensis, the chaplain of the Conqueror, a most trustworthy and competent witness, informs us that a body, of which the features were undistinguishable, but *supposed*, from certain tokens, to be that of Harold, was found between the corpses of his brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, and that William caused this corpse to be interred in the sands of the sea-shore. 'Let him guard the coast,' said William, 'which he so madly occupied;' and though Githa had offered to purchase the body by its weight in gold, yet William was not to be tempted by the gift of the sorrowing mother, or touched by her tears. In the Abbey of Waltham, they knew nothing of Githa. According to the annals of the convent, the two brethren who had accompanied Harold, hovered as nearly as possible to the scene of war, watching the event of the battle; and afterwards, when the strife was quiet in death, they humbly approached William, and solicited his permission to seek the corpse. The Conqueror refused a purse, containing ten marks of gold, which they offered as the tribute of their gratitude; and permitted them to proceed to the field, and to bear away not only the remains of Harold, but of all who, when living, had chosen the Abbey of Waltham as their place of sepulture. Amongst the loathsome heaps of the unburied, they sought for Harold, but sought in vain,—Harold could not possibly be discovered,—no

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trace of Harold was to be found; and as the last hope of identifying his remains, they suggested that possibly his beloved Editha might be able to recognise the features so familiar to her affections. Algitha, the wife of Harold, was not to be asked to perform this sorrowful duty. Osgood went back to Waltham, and returned with Editha, and the two canons and the weeping woman resumed their miserable task in the charnel field. A ghastly, decomposing, and mutilated corpse was selected by Editha, and conveyed to Waltham as the body of Harold; and there entombed at the east end of the choir, with great honour and solemnity, many Norman nobles assisting in the requiem. Years afterwards, when the Norman yoke pressed heavily upon the English, and the battle of Hastings had become a tale of sorrow, which old men narrated by the light of the embers, until warned to silence by the sullen tolling of the curfew, there was a decrepit anchorite, who inhabited a cell near the Abbey of St. John at Chester, where Edgar celebrated his triumph. This recluse, deeply scarred, and blinded in his left eye, lived in strict penitence and seclusion. Henry I. once visited the aged hermit, and had a long private discourse with him; and, on his death-bed, he declared to the attendant monks that he was Harold. As the story is transmitted to us, he had been secretly conveyed from the field to a castle, probably of Dover, where he continued concealed until he had the means of reaching the sanctuary where he expired. The monks of Waltham loudly exclaimed against this rumour. They maintained most resolutely, that Harold was buried in their abbey: they pointed to the tomb sustaining his effigies, and inscribed with the simple and pathetic epitaph, '*Hic jacet Harold infelix;*' and they appealed to the mouldering skeleton, whose bones, as they declared shewed, when disinterred, the impress of the wounds which he had received. But may it not still be doubted whether Osgood and Ailric, who followed their benefactor to the fatal field, did not aid his escape?—They may have discovered him at the last gasp; restored him to animation by their care; and the artifice of declaring to William, that they had not been able to recover the object of their search, would readily suggest itself as the means of rescuing Harold from the power of the Conqueror. The demand of Editha's testimony would confirm their assertion, and enable them to gain time to arrange for Harold's security; and whilst the litter, which bore the corpse, was slowly advancing to the Abbey of Waltham, the living Harold, under the tender care of Editha, might be safely proceeding to the distant fane, his haven of refuge. If we compare the different narratives concerning the inhumation of Harold, we shall find the most remarkable discrepancies. It is evident that the circumstances were not accurately known; and since those ancient writers who were best informed cannot be reconciled to each other, the escape of Harold, if admitted, would solve the difficulty. I am not prepared to maintain that the authenticity of this story cannot be impugned; but it may be remarked, that the tale, though romantic, is not incredible, and that the circumstances may be easily reconciled to probability. There were no walls to be scaled, no fosse was to be crossed, no warder to be eluded; and the examples of those who have survived after encountering much greater perils, are so very numerous and familiar, that the incidents which I have narrated would hardly give rise to a doubt, if they referred to any other personage than a king. In this case we cannot find any reason for supposing that the belief in Harold's escape was connected with any political artifice or feeling. No hopes were fixed upon the usurping son of Godwin. No recollection dwelt upon his name, as the hero who would sally forth from his seclusion, the restorer of the Anglo-Saxon power. That power had wholly fallen—and if the humbled Englishman, as he paced the aisles of Waltham, looked around, and, having assured himself that no Norman was near, whispered to his son, that the tomb which they saw before them was raised only in mockery, and that Harold still breathed the vital air—he yet knew too well, that the spot where Harold's standard had been cast down, was the grave of the pride and glory of England."

The volume is illustrated with wood-cuts, representing castles, armour, battles, seals, &c. admirably and profusely. But in this department there is also a striking novelty, which we cannot too highly praise: Mr. Palgrave introduces various maps, shewing how the island was divided at different important points of the history, which, when the series is complete, will form a most valuable adjunct to all histories of England whatever. They present, in a clear and summary way, at a glance—*oculis subjecta fidelibus*—more accurate information than an ordinary reader could ever be able to extract from a whole library of narratives. Altogether, we are inclined to say this is the most valuable volume which Mr. Murray's miscellany has as yet produced; and that, by interlaying his staple material of biography with a few such works as this, the publisher will assuredly exalt as well as extend the reputation of his series.

The Old Man of the Mountain—The Love-Charm—and Pietro of Abano: from the German of Tieck. 12mo. pp. 335. London, 1831. Moxon.

In despite of the many excellent translations which have been of late years made from the literature of our neighbours, we doubt whether the great mass of readers have other than very vague ideas on the subject of German literature. Some sit down contented with a conviction of its immorality and sentimentality; others, that it is a vain shew of ghostly phantasmagoria; while another class turn in indolent dismay at the supposed depths and darkness of its metaphysics. All these conclusions have individual right and general wrong, like most other sweeping conclusions. Perhaps the little volume before us is as fair a specimen as could be selected of the romantic and mystic school. There are three tales, belonging to the ideal and supernatural. Some will read them with an imagination excited by the mere interest of wonder; others, again, will say, "their taste is too plain, too real, for these unnatural marvels." Neither class will do these pages justice, unless they dwell upon the under-current of thought which runs through the whole. With many of the beliefs we are at war; some of the developements of feelings we deem exaggerated; but this work will have been carelessly and unworthily perused if it has not stirred the reader's mind, and induced him to think his own thoughts in having thus disagreed with those of another. "The Old Man of the Mountain" is a benevolent and eccentric being; one who having found his affections the source of sorrow in the beginning of his life, resolves on repressing them, and acting contrary to their dictates in the end. The misery of this repelled and yet exaggerated sensibility is well contrasted with the cheerful and affectionate temper of Edward; while the miserable and avaricious Eleazar obliges us to recall the extraordinary character of real life ere we can believe in the existence of so wretched a specimen of humanity. We shall leave the story for the benefit of the future readers; and endeavour, by extracts as various as possible, to give an idea of those peculiarities of remark and reflection which make the originality and worth of the work.

"Life is a spectre, before which, whenever I pause to look upon it, I stand shuddering; and nothing but toil and activity, and straining all my faculties, can enable me to endure and to despise it. I could envy the loom and the spinning-jenny, if such a feeling, such a wish, had any sense in it: for what is our consciousness but a consciousness of misery? what is our existence but an unveiling of the madness, the frenzy of all life? to which we either abandon ourselves in chill patience, or weep and struggle against it convulsively, or play through a caricature of happiness and joy, while in our dreary heart we are fully aware that it is all a wanton lie. * * * Day after day has taught me that very few men really live. Most of them are in a state of ceaseless dissipation: nay, what they call thought and reflection is itself the very same thing,—a mere attempt to raise a mist around the nature and inborn feelings of their hearts, and to keep themselves from discerning them; and arrogance starts up, the consciousness of their dignity and strength goads and spurs them on, till they rave with ungovernable pride."

Fine answer to this strain of repining:—"Whatever unprofitable or cheerless meditations I have indulged in, still I have never strayed into these deserts, which lie, it would seem, at the horizon of all such as abandon themselves with too passionate intensity to captious inquiries. I have heard and read of strong minds, who in the recklessness of passion, or in the extravagances of love, strove to burst the bolts of nature and of life, in order to become one with the universe and to possess it. Despair, self-loathing, hatred of God, have often been the doom and the unhappy lot of men thus under the mastery of their impulses. We feel no doubt that reason is not absolutely sufficient to reveal all that we wish to understand, to reconcile all that we wish to see in harmony with the workings of the Deity. But it may be dangerous to seek for help in the regions of our feelings and imagination, to give ear to our visionary forebodings. They try to set up their own supremacy, and may easily fall out with reason, though at the outset they seem to uphold her. If they gain their aim, and this noble mediatorial power, which, seated in the centre of all our spiritual powers irradiating and swaying them, first converts them into true powers, is overthrown and cast into chains by them, then each of our higher impulses begets a giant as its son, that will war against God. For doubt, wit, unbelief, and scoffing, are not the only faculties that fight against God: our imagination, our feelings, our enthusiasm, do the same, though at first they seem to supply faith with so safe and mysterious an asylum. Consequently, my dear, my honoured friend, since our life is surrounded on all sides by these dizzying precipices, and every path, whatever course it takes, leads to them, what remains for us to do, except to trust with a certain kind of light-heartedness, which perhaps is also one among the noblest powers of our nature, with cheerfulness, gaiety, and humility, in the existence

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and the love of that infinite inexhaustible love, of that supreme wisdom, which puts on every shape, and can weave into its woof even what to us seems worthless and incongruous? so as to bear our life safely and easily, to take pleasure in our taskwork, and to be happy, which we cannot else be, in the midst of affluence itself, making others happy as far as we are able. Is not this, too, piety and religion? I for my part have never met with them under any other form."

Metaphysics:—"The beating of the pulse is not only a sign of life, it is life itself. No feeling, no thought, no sight or hearing, no taste or sensation, flows along with a rushing stream, but all comes skipping, wave upon wave, drop upon drop, and this is its being. One thought is cast out by another; our feelings are only felt as they shift between life and death: the kiss only thrills on our lips when a chill void has already spread over them; our delight in a picture, in music, merely gushes through us; one moment it entrances us, the next it has vanished. Thus, the sea breathes in its ebb and flow, time in its days and nights, its winters and summers."

We recommend the following passages to the lovers of the sublime art of gastronomy:—

"Believe me, my friends, said the counsellor, with great earnestness, the art of eating, the skill men may attain in it, has its epochs, its classical ages, and its decline, corruption, and dark ages, just as much as every other art: and it seems to me that we are now again verging to a kind of barbarism in it. Luxury, profusion, rarities, new dishes, over-peppering, over-spicing, all these, my good sirs, are the artifices now commonly made use of to obtain admiration for a dinner; and yet these are the very things from which a thinking eater will turn away with contemptuous slight. * * In every field of human action history is man's best master. * * * Eating is only another mode of thinking. * * * We see, too, continued the dissertator, what high importance nature has attached to these processes of devouring, eating, chewing, and swallowing, and how in every sphere of existence they have been her main end and aim. What would become of all the animals upon the earth, of all the birds that roam through the air, and all the swarms of greater and lesser creatures that people the waters and the sea, unless every one of them had received a bill, payable at sight, upon his neighbour. What would they live on, if they did not live on one another? or where, forsooth, would they find room to live? Is not the world perpetually oscillating between the two great works of producing and of devouring? * * * We are fond of boasting of our universality, and yet in the very art in which Nature herself has so manifestly intended us to be universal, I mean in that of eating, many people scorn to become so, and fancy it is more dignified to treat this whole branch of knowledge with contempt. And yet the flocks of birds of passage, the shoals of wandering fishes, come from distant regions, flying and swimming into our nets, for the mere pleasure of our palates: and the fruits of every climate, of every soil, of every quarter of the globe, blend into enjoyment within us. Who does not perceive in an oyster, if at least he is gifted with a true sense for it, the might and the freshness of the sea! O asparagus! he that has not the wit to enjoy thee, can know nothing of the mysteries which the dreaming world of plants reveals to us! Can one understand any thing of the history of the world or of poetry, if one is a stranger to all these natural elementary feelings, and incapable of doing justice to the worth of a snipe, or even of a turbot?"

The miners in Germany attach great importance to their *caste*, and affect to despise those engaged in agricultural pursuits. Conrad, an old miner, boasts that he has never yet set foot in the plains: to punish his insolent contempt while drinking, some peasants lay him, when asleep, in a field of corn.

"'My honour!' he screamed, 'my honour as a noble miner! my glory and my pride! all are gone, irrevocably and for ever! and by a pack of base boors, by a puny, cream-faced, chicken-breasted, out-landish starveling, have I been robbed of it. Amid all the mountains round, and doubtless in many others likewise, there was not a miner nor a mine-surveyor who could boast that he had never in his life been down in the beggarly plain. I awoke in the straw, in the corn—such was the rascals' plot to ruin me. The ears were sticking in my nose and eyes when I came to myself—the sorry, brittle, bristly stuff that I had never yet seen except in the pallet of my bed! Scandal and shame! Murder and housebreaking are not so detestable! and no law against it, no remedy, no mortal skill in the whole wide world.'"

Of the two other stories we like the "Lovecharm" the best; but it has already appeared several times in an English dress. "Pietro of Abano" has one or two rich and picturesque scenes; but many of its horrors, and a load of its ugliness, are gratuitous. The translation is executed with much spirit, and an evident understanding of the spirit of the author. We object, however, to one or two expressions—such as "clapperclawing," "man grins and is happy," plants "pricking up their ears," flowers "smiling roguishly," &c. &c. Now, to a genuine German taste, these and similar expressions may seem simple and natural—to an English one, they are only silly and ludicrous. We should think a series of these little volumes would be popular.

Thoughts on Man. By William Godwin.
[Second Notice.]

In returning to a farther notice of this volume, we resume the subject of the ballot, most ably treated by Mr. Godwin. The opinion of a man whose life has been devoted to the study of opinions, and who has now great experience to support his observations, well deserves attention, and the subject itself is one which at this period attracts universal inquiry.

"Communication and publicity are of the essence of liberty; it is the air they breathe, and without it they die. * * * A shrewd person of my acquaintance the other day, to whom I unadvisedly proposed a question as to what he thought of some public transaction, instantly replied, with symptoms of alarm, 'I beg to say that I never disclose my opinions upon matters either of religion or politics to any one.' What did this answer imply as to the political government of the country where it was given? Is it characteristic of a free state or a tyranny? One of the first and highest duties that falls to the lot of a human creature, is that which he owes to the aggregate of reasonable beings inhabiting what he calls his country. Our duties are then most solemn and elevating, when they are calculated to affect the wellbeing of the greatest number of men; and, of consequence, what a patriot owes to his native soil is the noblest theatre for his moral faculties. And shall we teach men to discharge this debt in the dark? * * * But the principle of the institution of ballot is to teach men to perform their best actions under the cloke of concealment. When I return from giving my vote in the choice of a legislative representative, I ought, if my mode of proceeding were regulated by the undebauched feelings of our nature, to feel somewhat proud that I had discharged this duty, uninfluenced, uncorrupted, in the sincere frame of a conscientious spirit. But the institution of ballot instigates me carefully to conceal what I have done. If I am questioned respecting it, the proper reply which is as it were put into my mouth, is, 'You have no right to ask me; and I shall not tell.' But, as every man does not recollect the proper reply at the moment it is wanted, and most men feel abashed, when a direct question is put to them to which they know they are not to return a direct answer, many will stammer and feel confused, will perhaps insinuate a falsehood, while at the same time their manner to a discerning eye will, in spite of all their precautions, disclose the very truth. The institution of ballot not only teaches us that our best actions are those which we ought most steadily to disavow, but carries distrust and suspicion into all our most familiar relations. The man I want to deceive, and throw out in the keenness of his hunting, is my landlord. But how shall I most effectually conceal the truth from him? May I be allowed to tell it to my wife or my child? I had better not. It is a known maxim of worldly prudence, that the truth, which may be a source of serious injury to me, is safest, when it is shut up in my own bosom. If I once let it out, there is no saying where the communication may stop. 'Day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night sheweth forth knowledge.' And is this the proud attitude of liberty, to which we are so eager to aspire? * * * In no long time after the commencement of the war of the allies against France, certain acts were introduced into the English parliament, declaring it penal, by word or writing, to utter any thing that should tend to bring the government into contempt; and these acts, by the mass of the adversaries of despotic power, were in way of contempt called the Gagging acts. Little did I and my contemporaries of 1795 imagine, when we protested against these acts in the triumphant reign of William Pitt, that the *soi-disant* friends of liberty and radical reformers, when their turn of triumph came, would propose their Gagging acts, recommending to the people to vote agreeably to their consciences, but forbidding them to give publicity to the honourable conduct they had been prevailed on to adopt! * * * *The first principle of morality to social man is, that we act under the eye of our fellows.*"

The following anecdote, illustrating that grasping vanity which would fain levy a universal tribute, is very happily introduced.

"Goldsmith was a man of the most felicitous endowments. His prose flows with such ease, copiousness, and grace, that it resembles the song of the sirens. His verses are among the most spirited, natural, and unaffected, in the English language. Yet he was not contented. If he saw a consummate dancer, he knew no reason why he should not do as well; and immediately felt disposed to essay his powers. If he heard an accomplished musician, he undertook to enter the lists with him. His conduct was of a piece with that of the countryman, who, cheapening spectacles, and making experiment of them for ever in vain upon the book before him, was at length asked, 'Could you ever read without spectacles?' to which he was

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obliged to answer, 'I do not know; I never tried.'"

It is scarcely possible for a periodical, whose space is crowded, and whose time is brief, to do justice to a work like the present. It is, as we have remarked, full of thought—thought to be analysed, and to be weighed; and to admit the thoughts of others among our own without due examination, is making an indolent enjoyment of that which should be an active advantage. Mr. Godwin himself states how a book should be read to benefit the reader. Let his own rule be applied to his own work.

"The book does not deserve even to be read, which does not impose on us the duty of frequent pauses, much reflecting, and inward debate, or require that we should often go back, compare one observation and statement with another, and does not call upon us to combine and knit together the *disjecta membra*. It is an observation which has often been repeated, that, when we come to read an excellent author a second and a third time, we find in him a multitude of things, that we did not in the slightest degree perceive in a first reading. A careful first reading would have a tendency in a considerable degree to anticipate this following crop. * * * There is a doggrel couplet which I have met with in a book on elocution:

"Learn to speak slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

I could wish to recommend a similar process to the student in the course of his reading."

We must find room for the illustrating anecdote.

"Toplady, a celebrated methodist preacher of the last age, somewhere relates a story of a coxcomb, who told him that he had read over Euclid's Elements of Geometry one afternoon at his tea, only leaving out the A's and B's and crooked lines, which seemed to be intruded merely to retard his progress. Nothing is more easy than to gabble through a work replete with the profoundest elements of thinking, and to carry away almost nothing, when we have finished."

To some of Mr. Godwin's opinions we do not subscribe, but we always respect them. From some of his conclusions we differ; while to others we cordially assent. But we must say, no one could read the present volume with that attention which it deserves, without his mind being awakened and benefited by such perusal.

Waldensian Researches, during a Second Visit to the Vaudois of Piemont. By William Stephen Gilly, A.M., Prebendary of Durham. 8vo. pp. 560. London, 1831. Rivingtons.

VAUDOIS, Vallenses, Valdesi, or Waldenses—πολλων ονοματων μορφη μια—These various and sounding titles designate only a poor and secluded race of mountaineers, inhabiting a very circumscribed territory, and not exceeding 20,000 in their total numbers. It must live in the memory of all, that this territory was the scene of bloody persecution and desperate conflict many centuries ago. Our sympathies impel us irresistibly to take a lively interest in all that relates to a brave and suffering people; a people who always cheerfully submitted to every privation, and readily laid down their lives, rather than sacrifice the rights of conscience, or relinquish the blessings of liberty.

Whoever is acquainted with the genius and policy of the church of Rome, and the character of its rulers during the iron age of ignorance and superstition, will feel little surprise that these defenceless tribes should become objects of bitter persecution.

For a people so few in number, so mean in station, so obscurely situated, as to be almost unknown to the rest of the world, to dare to refuse subjection to the creed and authority of a hierarchy which then swayed an almost uncontrollable sceptre over the most powerful and civilised nations, must have been a crime all but inexpiable. It followed, of course, that, in order to veil, and even sanctify, the most atrocious tyranny, the poor victims were depicted by their oppressors not merely as dreadful and pestilent heretics, but as monsters of impiety and immorality.

The good offices of the British government have, at times, interposed in favour of the Vaudois, to allay superstitious violence, or procure a redress of their grievances,—and with various success, as weaker or stronger hands wielded the sceptre of power. The interference of Cromwell was to the court of Turin as the command of a sovereign, and proved to the swelling tides of persecution the strong and compelling voice—"Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Since that age, British sympathy has been more than once excited to acts of benevolence, moved by the spectacle of a race of men, despite of oppression and the lapse of time, preserving unchanged the religion of their fathers.

It is a natural supposition, that the author of the work now before us may have depicted in too vivid and too favourable colours the inhabitants among whom he sojourned; at least, we know that this complaint has been made by some against his former work, who were disappointed, as they followed his footsteps, at finding that the reality had less of romance, and was more allied to every-day life. We value it not the less on this account:—indeed, there is something so interesting in the rude virtues of the mountaineers, softened and subdued by the simple instructions of their pastors, or kindling into heroism when the sterner sounds of conflict were heard, that the mind cannot but believe that the spirits which walk before it in the forms of flesh and blood must be of a higher and nobler texture than the tyrants that oppress, or the slaves that blindly obey.

Mr. Gilly has expended the first 150 pages of the present work in an elaborate investigation into the antiquity and purity of the Waldensian church;—a subject doubtless valuable in itself, but, though curious to the philosopher and historian, not very interesting to the general reader, who is equally satisfied to resign himself to his feelings and his sympathies, whether the faith of these mountain-churches was a light that still glimmered through the deepest night of the dark ages, or was rekindled at the shrine of some earlier reformer. Our author has presented his readers with a well-drawn sketch of the real doctrines held by this misrepresented and calumniated people, as opposed to the heresies which have been imputed to them. This he has done in a kind of table, consisting of four columns. In the first we have an account of the opinions said by their enemies to have been held by them A.D. 1250; in the second, opinions corresponding with these, as advanced by Italian writers previous to the twelfth century; thirdly, opinions of the ancient Waldenses, collected from their Noble Leyçon, dated A.D. 1100, and from treatises of the same period; and, fourthly, opinions of the modern Waldenses, collected from confessions of faith and catechisms of later times. From these it appears to result, that the creed of the Waldenses agrees generally with that of the reformed churches, and especially in rejecting what have been stigmatised as the errors of popery. The most ancient record of the Waldensian church seems to be the Nobla Leyçon, which presents an abundant feast to the philologist. It gives its own date, A.D. 1100, and commences thus:—

O frayres entẽde una nobla lenson
Sovẽt devẽ velhar erstar en oson
C' nos veyẽ aqst mot esr ps del chavo.

Mr. G. thus states the principal object of his second visit to the Vaudois territory. "I was desirous of judging, from personal observation and inquiry, how certain sums of money placed at my disposal might be best employed, not only for the benefit of the Waldensian church, but for the advantage of the Protestant cause at large, in this its only stronghold in Italy."

He proceeded by Paris and Dijon to Geneva, thence by a steam-boat along that matchless lake, and beheld on its rival banks the contrasted picture of freedom and despotism. "The one beamed and brightened with all that denotes the happiness of a contented people, flourishing under the blessings of free institutions: the other displayed no improvements; few or no trading vessels and small craft in its creeks; no country retreats of wealthy citizens; no indication of prosperity." But we must onwards in our course; and St. Jean de Maurienne blesses the 18th of July for some saint of wondrous power and holy memory through lands that rejoice in the appellation of Catholic, though all unnamed in English calendars; and, despite of tyranny and legitimacy,

The song is heard, the rosy garland worn,
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes.
Monkish incense burns,
And love and prayer unite or rule the hour by turns.

Passing the author's description of Turin, we will plunge at once *in medias res*, or rather, *in medias montes*, and present our readers with a view of the peculiarities of Vaudois scenery.

"Few persons can enter La Torre without feeling, that as soon as they have crossed its bridge they are in a new country: that which they have left behind them, even San Giovanni, belongs to the great plain of Piemont, but now they are in the valleys; mountains enclose them on each side, and they are more and more walled in by rock and cliff the further they advance. The roaring Pelice is seldom lost to the eye or ear; its noisy tributary streams are crossed at short intervals. There is no longer the undulating landscape, with green or variegated slopes, and extensive levels of lowland, where abundant grass and corn attest the bounty of nature; but there is the abrupt and broken ground, there is rock contending with soil, and the elements with man. The earth still pours forth her riches in places, but it is only in places; the field or ridge, waving with grain, is immediately contiguous to a mass of craigs, torn from the crest that breaks the clouds, or to a bed of sand or stones brought down with the waters. These features increase and become more marked as you ascend this or any alpine valley; patches of cultivation become thinner; the vine, the walnut, and the chestnut, give way to the pine—this too, at last, disappears, and a wilderness of cliffs, assuming a thousand formidable or grotesque forms, proclaims that such wild places are only for the occasional retreat, and not for the habitation of man. The pathways that lead to these rocky summits narrow as they ascend—rugged and more rugged is every access; at last the traces of footsteps disappear; the adventurer makes his way over a *débris* that has

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fallen from above, and tells that more may yet fall and crush him; the precipice seems to yawn for him; but the very danger is inviting, and he urges on his onward pace, not only to see more of these stern dominions of the eagle and the vulture, but because he has a pleasure in sounding his own courage, and in trying the strength of his nerves, and proving to himself and to others that he is not to be outdone."

But a glorious recompense awaits the traveller of this wild region, when the mountain's peak is attained, and repays him for his toils and his dangers.

"Seated upon the pinnacle of the rock, which commands a view of the whole valley, both above and below La Torre, we gazed on the enchanting scene, first with inexpressible rapture, and afterwards with those sensations of littleness and inferiority, to which no man can be insensible who finds himself in the midst of the vast and the enduring. Our eyes wandered, on one side, over the plains of Piemont to those of Lombardy, faintly discerned in the distance. Turin was plainly marked on the map before us, and the marble front of the Superga glittered under the rays of the western sun. The Po was seen winding his course towards the north-east, and receiving the waters of many tributary streams and torrents. Such were the remoter objects on which we glanced from our elevated watch-tower. Immediately beneath us, to the left, were the lovely scenes of San Giovanni and La Torre, embroidered with vineyards, corn-fields, and meadows, and here and there shaded with groves and thickets, and spread over a surface varied by hills, knolls, and undulating slopes. To the right we saw Villar and its hamlets, and the dark glens of Val Guichard, L'Envers, and the park-like beauties of Ralebroué. L'Envers is the shady side of the chain of mountains enclosing Val Pelice to the south; and where it is not clothed with natural forests of alder and birch, it is variegated with rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, the former of which were in full blossom at this time, and covering the ground like a mantle of crimson. In bold contrast with the habitations of man, and the work of his hand, and the lovelier features of nature, were the tremendous chasms and fields of rock, which glared upon us in the nearer vicinity of Castelluzzo. From the immediate point where we were perched we looked down into the sheer depth of a precipice; profound gulfs and ravines yawned on every side, and the whole scene was bounded by an indented line of mountains, one peak rising above another in splendid confusion, among which the towering heads of Mont Viso and Visolet, and the Cols St. Julian and D'Abries were most conspicuous."

At Lucerne our author was gratified by a sight of a very different description. A bright moon and a clear starry sky were above, and the balmy air of Italy breathed around, while myriads of fireflies glanced glittering forth.

"The brilliant lights which they emit, their rapid flitting motion through the air, and the cheerfulness which they impart to the spirits, by engaging us to watch for their playful illumination, are quite indescribable. There is no difficulty in catching them; and I had the satisfaction of carrying one home with me, and gazing at its mysterious lamp, without doing it that injury which the poor butterfly and too many other beautiful insects experience, as the penalty they are condemned to pay for the ephemeral enjoyment of their splendid exterior. I placed it on a book in a dark room, and could distinctly read the words which were within the rays of its light. But the light was not so bright as when it was on the wing and in quick motion; it was more mellow, and like that of the glow-worm in its state of rest; but I did not perceive it to be in any degree intermittent."

Aristotle and Pliny have both of them mentioned this insect; but what is somewhat remarkable, the Greek and Latin poets are alike silent respecting it.

Mr. G. pays, on all occasions, his ready tribute to the characters of the pastors of this interesting people. A remarkable instance is recorded, highly honourable to their perfect disinterestedness—when the British government restored the royal stipend in the year 1827, after twenty years' suspension. This allowance would have given about £21 to each pastor.

"They met in synod, and came to the following resolution: 'We are to receive 6,800 francs a-year from the English government. We will not divide the whole of it among ourselves, but we will reserve part of it for public purposes. We will take 300 francs each, instead of 523, and we will devote the remainder, amounting to 2,900 francs, towards the maintenance of aged or incapacitated pastors, and the widows of pastors, and towards the appointment of two additional curés in the more remote districts.' Not one of these individuals receives, with his recent augmentation, more than £60 a-year."

The excursions of our author extend through each of the three valleys which constitute the abodes of the Vaudois. Though persecution no longer wields the sword and the faggot, the inhabitants of these regions experience considerable hardship from the severe restraints which are imposed by the Sardinian government—being forbidden to extend themselves beyond the three valleys—paying a much heavier land-tax than the Romanists, and being subject to various disabilities. No books, whether of religion or instruction, are allowed to be printed for them in the Sardinian territory; and a very high duty is levied on imported books.

It may be confidently expected that the late changes on the continent will materially alter such a state of things, and that to the Vaudois at least these convulsions of the nations will be productive of unalloyed good. How the change operated which in 1823 took place in the French ministry, when Polignac and his infatuated colleagues assumed the government, may be seen from the following quotation:—

"They told me, that the change of the French ministry, and the tidings of Prince Polignac's nomination as prime minister of Charles X., had so strengthened the Jesuit party, and the enemies of the Protestant cause in Italy, that they could not take upon themselves to advise their countrymen to petition the king at that juncture of time."

There is one characteristic reference to the conqueror of Europe, which we cannot omit.

"Napoleon never lost sight of the church of the valleys, after he had once learnt to take an interest in its fate. I have seen the copy of an order signed by him at Moscow, in 1812, by which he directed a negligent Vaudois pastor to be suspended. Strange! that the invader of Russia, in the palace of the Czars, should be concerning himself with the affairs of a small parish in the remote wilds of Piemont, and the Protestant representatives of the 'defender of the faith' should forget the Waldenses at the Congress of Vienna!"

But we hasten to conclude. There is much information respecting the schools and other useful establishments which have been formed in the Vaudois. A map accompanies the work, which is also illustrated and adorned by twelve plates in lithograph, representing the most striking views of the scenery of the valleys: they were sketched on the spot by Mrs. Gilly, the lady of the writer, and do great credit to her taste and skill. If we have a fault to find with the author's style, perhaps it would be this—that it is sometimes too laboured and ornate, and savours more of the study than of the

"Air of the iced mountain's top."

Cours Elémentaire de Littérature Française, depuis son Origine jusqu'à nos Jours. Par Henriette Amey. 2 tom. A Londres, 1830. Bossange, Barthés, et Co.

THIS is a most extraordinary work to have proceeded from a female pen; whether we consider the immense research, or the extensive reading, both required and displayed. A production like this seems the work of a life. It embodies the whole history of French literature from the very earliest ages: general and clear views of each successive epoch; a short biographical account of each writer, remarks on his works, and in some instances extracts, shewing excellent taste. Such are the contents of a *Cours Elémentaire* which deserves every possible encouragement from the public. When we look at the thousands (this expression is no exaggeration) of different works to which our author must have referred; the unremitting industry necessary to have become acquainted with their contents; the immense mass of information here collected; the royal road thus laid open to such a general and individual acquaintance with the pioneers and the ornaments of French literature; we cannot but acknowledge that not only the young, but all readers owe a deep debt of gratitude to the talents and industry of the lady who has thus exerted them for such universal benefit. We shall this week confine ourselves to the first volume, and by two or three very brief miscellaneous extracts endeavour to give some idea of its miscellaneous contents. We cannot pay a female writer a greater compliment than to extract an account of another, whose interesting history, thus brought from obscurity, seems like a new discovery.

"Madeleine des Roches was as remarkable for her amiable as for her more exalted qualities. Her daughter inherited her talents, and there is something very touching in their mutual and devoted affection. The mother was left early a widow, and the daughter refused every offer of marriage: the claims of a husband would interfere with the attachment which united her to her parent. 'They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.' Both were struck with the plague at the same time, and the one died within a few moments of the other."

The following lines from a poem on the death of a young and beloved friend by Madeleine, are full of feeling and grace:

"Las! où est maintenant ta jeune bonne grace,
Et ton gentil esprit, plus beau que la beauté?
Où est ton doux maintien, ta douce privauté?
Tu les avois du ciel; ils y ont repris leur place."

Alas! where is now the sweet grace of thy youth,
Where thy fair mind, more fair than beauty,
Where thy soft air, and thy gentle retiringness?
Thou hadst them from heaven; they are gone back to their place.

There is a pretty idea in some stanzas addressed to Marie de Medicis. The poet bids them not spare the scattering of flowers before her:

"N'épargnez pas les fleurs,
Il en renait assez sous les pas de Marie."

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Do not spare the flowers,
Enough will spring up again beneath the footsteps of Mary.

There is a very interesting memoir of Brantome, of which we can only extract the end.

"He was buried in his chapel de Richemond, where was inscribed a pompous epitaph, which he had himself composed. In despite of his anger, he willed his property to his nephew; leaving his vengeance, in a codicil, to God, and particularly soliciting that it might be 'little and light.'"

We purpose resuming these volumes next week. It would have added greatly to its utility, as a work of reference, had there been a copious index: this is a great want.

We see these pages are inscribed to Mr. Agar Ellis. We know no one to whom such a compliment could have been more judiciously offered.

Family Library of French Classics. Théâtre Molière. Vols. I. and II. A Londres, 1831. Treuttel and Würtz.

A singularly neat and cheap edition, and belonging to a plan which well merits encouragement. There is a portrait of Molière, with whose works the series commences—Molière, that true, keen painter of both French and human nature. A brief but well-written memoir is prefixed.

Family Classical Library. No. XVI. The Characters of Theophrastus; illustrated by Physiognomical Sketches. 12mo. pp. 159. London, 1831. Valpy.

We shall commence by quoting from the short biographical sketch prefixed to this volume of the Characters of Theophrastus:—"The Characters of Theophrastus bear evident marks of a vigorous and original mind. Although versed in scholastic disputations, their author never neglected the study of human nature. The actions of men furnished him with ample materials for observation, and to instruct them was his aim. Happy in the choice of his subject, he faithfully represents those vices and weaknesses of the human character which are equally applicable to the present time as to the remote age in which they were written. This excellent work will continue to be read and admired until the affections and passions of our common nature cease to interest."

Referring to our Review of the work when published in 8vo, see *Literary Gazette*, No. 375, March 27th, 1824, we may add to the opinions then expressed, that we conceive the chief recommendation these pages carry with them, to arise from the curious sketches, not of character, but of customs; and from the casual insights into the domestic habits of the Athenians, which we find here laid open to censure, or to which sufficient allusion is made to denote their existence. These are points the careful reader will not suffer to escape him, and from which he will derive gratification and interest. We may also, in a more critical mood than we were seven years ago, find fault with Mr. Theophrastus himself. The peculiarities of character subjected to his censures unquestionably have their existence wherever there is man; but traits are assigned as individual which are common to all, while the blemishes and blots peculiar to one are made to bedaub the fair fame of another, upon whom the stigma is improperly affixed. The following is made to delineate "the Plausible:"—

"His house abounds with rarities; he is skilful in training apes and monkeys; he keeps Sicilian doves; he cannot play at dice unless they are carved from the finest buck's-horn; he displays curiously turned crewets; his walking stick is a twisted Spartan staff; his rooms are hung with the figured tapestry of Persia; he has a court always prepared for wrestling, and adjoining to it a billiard-room: hither he is wont to invite those whom he may meet in his rambles—philosophers, sophists, prize-fighters, or musicians; and here they find accommodations for exercising their various arts. All this he does, that when he enters the hall, one of the spectators may say to another, 'That is the master of the palæstra."

These are the characteristics of the Ostentatious, not of the Plausible; and if this extract be misplaced, the error must be visited upon the head of the original; if not, upon that of his translator.

We presume the volume is a reprint of Mr. Howell's work, with some abridgements.

Life of John Knox, &c.; the Reformation in Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

The emphatic words "the fifth edition" on the title-page of this esteemed work, supersede the necessity of our saying a syllable: we have only to repeat "the fifth edition," and leave the rest to the public.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Francis Baily, Esq. in the chair. There were read, extract of a letter from M. Chauchoix relative to a new object-glass, of great aperture; a paper by Mr. Pond on the solstices; and a third, by Mr. Little, on the theory of eye-glasses. The discussion to which we alluded in our last notice of the proceedings of this Society, arose from some misunderstanding relative to the charter. This has been happily removed,—the charter has been accepted, and the members, under the authority of the same, now assume the title of F.R.A.S. Several gentlemen were proposed as fellows, and others were elected.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Wednesday, April 13th. Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. President, in the chair.—Fellows elected. A paper was read, on the limestone caves at Wellington Valley, New South Wales; and on the situation near one of them, where fossil bones have been found, by Major Mitchell, F.G.S. surveyor-general in that colony. This memoir was illustrated by numerous drawings, and a large collection of specimens of the brecchia in which the bones belonging to the wombat, kangaroo, koala, dasyurus, and phalangista, were found. The whole of this collection was presented to the Society by Major Mitchell. There was likewise exhibited the tibia of a gigantic Saurian, found in the Tilgate strata, by Robert Trotter, Esq. F.G.S.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V. P., in the chair. A letter addressed to the Society by Mr. Jones, was read, explaining the construction of a portable barometer, lately invented by him, made entirely of metal, consequently not so liable as the ordinary glass ones to be accidentally injured or destroyed; and possessing, at the same time, some other advantages. The height of the mercury, although enclosed in an opaque tube, is ascertained by means of a float on its surface, having a needle which rises through a small hole in the otherwise close cover of the tube; and a double stop-cock nearly in the neck of the siphon, either entirely closes in the mercury when the instrument is put away, or more or less, at will, contracts its thread when about to be consulted at sea, and when, consequently, the motion of the vessel may make the use of the entire column inconvenient. The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Jones for his communication: and the invention appears calculated to be a real improvement in the equipment of scientific travellers.

Afterwards came a geographical and topographical memoir on the empire of Morocco; communicated by Lieut. Washington, R.N., and the result of observations made by him in October to December 1829; when accompanying a mission to the court of the Sultan, headed by Mr. Drummond Hay, his Majesty's consul-general in the empire. The route was first along the sea-shore as far as Azamor, near Cape Blanco, and thence across the country direct for the imperial city, where the mission was hospitably and respectfully received, and lodged in one of the sultan's palaces for a month. On returning, Mr. Drummond Hay obtained permission to ascend the Atlas as far as might be practicable for the snow; and this forms, accordingly, the chief deviation from the ordinary route pursued by all travellers who have made this journey. But great attention was paid throughout to the determination of positions and heights; noting at the same time minutely the geological character of the country. And thus, aided by a careful incorporation of the best materials at home, (particularly the charts of the coast constructed by the late Captain Boteler, of the navy, who was employed to survey it), Mr. Washington is persuaded that the map accompanying his memoir, and also presented by him to the Society, with a perpendicular section annexed to it, shewing the level, is very much the most correct which has yet been compiled of this empire, the physical features of which are sufficiently remarkable. From the sea to the foot of Mount Atlas, the land stretches away above 150 miles, apparently on about a dead level; but at the city of Morocco, 16 miles distant from the mountains, the height was ascertained to be 1200 feet: and on an attentive examination, three different steps, or breaks, in the continuity of the plain, may be detected, by which altogether, although the ascent is in each easy, the above height is attained. The soil is light and dry, being chiefly sandstone, and the aspect is generally parched and barren. Wherever water runs, however, and there is abundance of it, were it but distributed, the most exuberant fertility is found; and there can be no doubt that, properly cultivated, its productiveness would be very great. But at present the returns are limited, though all of excellent quality, grain, fruits, and vegetables, of all sorts. The wood is generally stunted, not warranting Pliny's accounts of it, and tropical in its character quite to the base of the Atlas, with the eternal snows of which it thus presents a striking contrast. The ascent of the mountain itself is extremely steep and difficult, and the greatest height attained was only 6,400 feet, the travellers being then stopped by the snow. In summer, however, this ascends higher: and an aboriginal tribe, the Shellahs, who neither speak nor understand Moorish nor Arabic, thickly people the clefts and ravines, intermingled, to the extent of almost a fourth, with Jews, individuals of whom take refuge here when singled out for particular oppression by the caprice or tyranny of the Moors below. The mountain, where thus ascended, was chiefly

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composed of limestone, schist, and sandstone, only transition and secondary rocks,—no traces of primitive, except boulders of granite, or rather gneiss, in the valley below, and veins of foliated quartz among the schist. The tendency of the formation also is to table-land, and ridges and rounded summits, not to sharp or alpine peaks. The highest point in sight was ascertained to be 11,400 feet high.

The thanks of the Society were unanimously voted to Mr. Washington for his valuable communication; and a conversation ensued among the members present regarding it; some points of which may also be noticed. It was observed, that although the interior of Morocco is thus, by the account of all travellers, one of the most favoured countries in the world, both in soil and climate, it was yet one of the least known to us; and the opportunity seemed now fair for the Geographical Society, with the aid of Mr. Drummond Hay, one of its members, to investigate its peculiarities and capabilities much more minutely. That for such a purpose the Jews would, probably, be found very efficient agents; being every where distributed over the country, and even, as it appeared, domiciled in the clefts of the Atlas with a people, as yet, entirely unknown. That the objects of research, in such case, would be, many of them, both curious and important,—particularly, perhaps, the sites of some of the most costly ancient marbles, (as the *rosso antico*, and others), which are now lost to the world, although believed, on historical evidence, to be in Mauritania; while the value in commerce, of even small slabs of them, was in consequence very great. And, lastly, that this union of the useful with the curious, was precisely that which the Society should especially study in its investigations, both as calculated to extend the interest taken in its proceedings among a greater number of individuals, and to repay the public most effectually for the patronage which it had already received.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

Since our notice of Mr. Britton's first lecture at this Institution, that gentleman has given two others, embracing accounts and illustrations of the architectural antiquities of India, Egypt, South America, and Greece. A great number of fine and very interesting drawings were exhibited, which excited repeated plaudits from crowded audiences. Being limited to the short space of an hour's lecture, Mr. Britton was evidently under the necessity of touching merely the surface of art: but his numerous references to authors of the highest class shewed that he had sought information from the best sources, and directed the attention of students to the clearest guides. His incidental remarks enforced the necessity of a more diligent attention to architectural studies.

Dr. Crotch is giving a course of lectures on the Theory and Practice of Music at the same Institution. There is also an evening meeting of the members and their friends once a fortnight.

Mr. Brayley, jun., a week or two ago, delivered a very interesting lecture here on trees, for an analysis of which we are sorry we have not yet room.

IMPROVED SADDLES.

Our readers may remember the description we gave some years ago of one of the ingenious inventions of Mr. Pratt, in which by employing iron wire twisted into particular forms, he stuffed sofas, chairs, bedding, &c. &c., in a way far superior to any material previously in use. Of the upholstery thus made we have now had a long trial, which has fully confirmed our opinion that for durability, elasticity, ease, and luxury, there is nothing to be compared to this manufacture. We were therefore very much pleased to see something of a similar kind extended to a new article by Mr. Laurie; who has by this means produced a saddle so springy and pleasant, that we are sure it will very soon be a general favourite. By those who prefer the comfort of a soft seat it will be esteemed a prime improvement; and we have also to speak of its skilful construction, — being so formed as always to preserve its shape. Though some Nimrods of the chase, therefore, may adhere to their accustomed *hard-ships*, we think the new saddle will soon be almost the only one seen in our rides about town, for it is especially framed for the service of fair equestrians, as well as for gentlemen of a certain age, who do not dislike indulgence in any thing.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Advertisement.—University Intelligence.

Oxford, Dec. 2d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—The Rev. A. J. Ram, Grand Compounder, Oriel College; Rev. J. W. Downes, Jesus College; Rev. C. R. Butler, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—N. Levett, Jesus College; R. H. Murray, St. Alban Hall; G. Chetwynd, Christ Church; W. Smith, Wadham College; D. Drummond, Worcester College; R. R. Holberton, Exeter College; H. Manning, E. Pennefather, F. Smith, E. Kensington, Balliol College; J. Oldham, J. D. Harding, Oriel College.

Dec. 9th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. Reade, Grand Compounder, Queen's College; G. W. Hope, Christ Church; G. W. Newnham, Scholar, Corpus Christi College; Rev. T. B. Hill, Wadham College; Rev. S. Douglas, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. W. B. Willan, Queen's College; W. H. Vanderstegen, H. Dickyn, Brasennose College; J. Wise, Wadham College; J. Vaughan, T. Medwin, Worcester College; T. T. L. Bayliff, St. John's College; S. Whiddon, Lincoln College; J. J. Toogood, J. E. Walker, Balliol College; J. H. Talbot, Pembroke College; J. W. Thomas, S. Thomas, Merton College.

Dec. 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. W. Lawrence, Brasennose College; Rev. F. E. Paget, Student, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Jenkins, H. Prichard, Jesus College; Rev. W. J. Shattock, Edmund Hall; W. Tireman, Demy, Magdalen College; A. H. White, H. Ethelston, F. Daubeny, Brasennose College; R. Walker, New College; B. W. Tucker, Oriel College; T. P. A. Champneys, Postmaster, Merton College.

Jan. 14th.—Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—F. Calvert, Grand Compounder, Hon. J. S. Wortley, Fellows of Merton College; J. D. Chambers, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. B. Nayler, C. D. Strong, Magdalen Hall; G. Pinhorn, J. R. R. Humfrys, St. Edmund Hall.

Jan. 20th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—W. W. Champneys, Brasennose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. E. Bates and E. Hill, Students, C. P. Gwilt, Christ Church; F. C. Wilson, Edmund Hall; E. Ellis, St. John's College.

Jan. 27th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Viscount Encombe, Grand Compounder, New College; J. Chandler, Scholar, Corpus Christi College; Rev. F. H. Buckerfield, Magdalen Hall; Rev. T. J. Cartwright, University College; H. C. Morrell, Christ Church; Rev. L. C. L. Brenton, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Edwards, Jesus College; W. K. Hamilton, Student, Christ Church; J. Penlease, Magdalen College; J. Fisher, Fellow, Exeter College.

Jan. 28th.—The Rev. C. W. Stocker, M.A. was admitted to the degree of Bachelor in Divinity.

Jan. 29th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. J. A. Cramer, late Student of Christ Church, now Public Orator, and Principal Elect of New Inn Hall; Rev. C. W. Stocker, St. John's College.

Feb. 2d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation.—The Hon. and very Rev. Edward Grey, of Christ Church, Dean of Hereford, Grand Compounder.

Master of Arts.—Rev. J. Gaselee, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Irving, Jesus College; H. G. Watkins, J. Vincent, P. Twells, Worcester College; J. Anstice, Student, Christ Church; J. Hopton, Brasennose College.

Feb. 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Burton, Christ Church; Rev. T. Dudley, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. F. Newbery, Christ Church; R. Townsend, Brasennose College; A. Fane, Exeter College; A. R. Ludlow, Oriel College.

Feb. 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Lingard, St. Mary Hall; J. G. Phillimore, Student, Rev. R. W. Shaw, Rev. G. F. J. Marsham, Christ Church; W. Rawlings, Magdalen Hall; R. A. Scott, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. W. Bird, Wadham College; G. E. W. Dawson, M. L. Townsend, Worcester College; W. Palmer, Demy, Magdalen College; W. Maskelyne, Pembroke College.

Feb. 24th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Hartley, St. Edmund Hall; C. A. Heurtley, Scholar, Corpus College; Rev. W. W. Park, Balliol College.

Bachelor of Arts.—T. Case, Worcester College.

March 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—J. T. Graves, Oriel College.

Bachelor of Arts.—W. S. Davenport, Pembroke College.

March 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. E. Leslie, Grand Compounder, Christ Church.

Master of Arts.—Rev. W. J. Chesshyre, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. E. Hume, Grand Compounder, Christ Church; T. J. Longworth, Jesus College.

March 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—J. Leach, Brasennose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Bromehead, Scholar, Lincoln College; F. T. J. Bayly, Scholar, Pembroke College; Rev. A. Sayers, St. Mary Hall.

25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. W. P. Powell, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. A. Gardner, Trinity College; T. N. Williams, Postmaster, Merton College.

Cambridge, Dec. 15th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. E. Everard, St. Peter's College, Chaplain to the Household at Brighton.

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. P. Felix, Trinity College, Vicar of Easton Neston and Curate of Chelsea.

Bachelor of Arts.—C. A. Hunt, Queen's College.

Prize Subjects.—The Vice-Chancellor has issued the following notices for the following prize subjects:—

1. The Chancellor's gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry, such resident Undergraduate as shall compose the best ode, or the best poem, in heroic verse, on "The attempts which have been made of late years by sea and land to discover a North-west passage."

2. The representatives in parliament—two prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the degree of Master of Arts; and two other prizes of fifteen guineas each, to be open to all Undergraduates who shall have resided not less than seven terms at the time when the exercises are to be sent in. The subjects are—

(1.) For the Bachelors, *Utrum boni plus an mali hominibus et civitatibus attulerit dicendi copia?*

(2.) For the Undergraduates, *Utrum fides Punica ea esset qualem perhibent scriptores Romani?*

3. Sir William Browne's three gold medals to resident Undergraduates. The subjects are—

(1.) For the Greek ode, *Grata Illustrissimo Regi Gulielmo quarto gratulatur quod in solium Britanniæ successerit.*

(2.) For the Latin ode, *Magicæ accingitur artes.*

(3.) For the Greek epigram, *Magnas inter opes inops.*

(4.) For the Latin epigram, *Prudens simplicitas.*

4. The Porson prize is the interest of 400*l.* stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident Undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is, *As You Like It*, act ii. scene 1—beginning, "To day my Lord of Amiens and myself," &c.; and ending, "Native dwelling-place." N.B. The metre to be *trochaicum iambicum trimetrum acatalecticum.*

Dec. 20th.—The Norrisian prize for the present year was adjudged to Thomas Stone, B.A. Scholar, of St. John's College, for his essay on the following subject:—"The Christian Religion the last Revelation to be expected of the Will of God."

Dec. 27th.—The Hulsean prize of one hundred guineas was adjudged to Frederic Myers, Scholar, of Clare Hall, for his essay on the following subject:—"The futility of attempts to represent the Miracles recorded in Scripture as effects produced in the ordinary course of Nature." The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize essay for the ensuing year:—"The Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Revelation are not weakened by Time."

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is, "David playing the harp before Saul." [1 Sam. xvi. 23.] And the examiners have given notice, that should any poem appear to possess distinguished merit, a premium of one hundred pounds will be adjudged.

Feb. 4th.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each, to the two best proficients in mathematics and natural philosophy among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Friday last adjudged to Messrs. S. Earnshaw and T. Gaskin, both of St. John's College, the first and second Wranglers.

Feb. 9th.—The Rev. S. Lee, B.D. Professor of Arabic, was elected, without an opponent, to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew, vacated by the death of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd.

The following degrees were conferred:

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Doctors in Divinity.—The very Rev. G. Davys, Christ College, Dean of Chester, &c.; the Rev. J. Griffith, Emmanuel College, Prebendary of Rochester, &c.

Doctor in Physic.—E. Morton, Esq. M.B. L.M. Trinity College.

Honorary Masters of Arts.—The Hon. W. H. A. a'Court, son of Lord Heytesbury, St. John's College; the Hon. Major Henniker, son of Lord Henniker, St. John's College; P. R. C. Burrell, son of the Hon. Lindsey Burrell, St. John's College.

Feb. 16th.—*Bachelors of Arts:* W. Hadfield, Caius College; H. P. Cookesley, Trinity College; J. R. Hardy, St. Peter's College.

Feb. 23d.—The following degrees were conferred:

Honorary Master of Arts.—Lord E. A. C. B. Bruce, son of the Marquess of Aylesbury, Trinity College.

Master of Arts.—R. W. Myall, Catharine Hall.

Licentiate in Physic.—W. P. Borrett, Caius College.

Bachelor in Physic.—T. P. P. Marsh, Caius College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Borton, H. A. Pitman, Compounder, Trinity College; W. Borlase, W. W. W. Bowen, St. Peter's College; J. Bywater, St. John's College.

The Rev. H. Cotton, D.C.L. of Christ Church, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

March 9th.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficients in classical learning among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were adjudged to J. W. Blakesley, of Trinity College, and W. H. Hoare, of St. John's College.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. T. Burnet, Christ College.

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Rev. J. H. Humphreys, Trinity Hall.

Honorary Master of Arts.—The Hon. F. A. Gordon, son of the Earl of Aboyne, Trinity College.

Master of Arts.—R. Sutton, Compounder, St. John's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. E. P. Dennis, Compounder, Trinity Hall.

March 18th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—R. Cattermole, Christ's College.

Master of Arts.—A. E. Brydges, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Lowndes, Trinity College; J. B. Clyde, A. Newby, Compounder, St. John's College; J. Cottle, Catharine Hall; E. F. Smith, Christ's College; and on the 21st, R. H. Dolling, Trinity College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY. The meetings were resumed this evening after the recess, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair. The reading of Colonel Pasley's paper on artificial water cements was concluded. There was also read a paper, entitled, "on meteorological observations, made at the apartments of the Royal Society," by J. W. Lubbock, Esq. The Spanish Nautical Almanac, calculated for the meridian and parallel of the Royal Marine Observatory at Cadiz, for 1833, was presented by the King of Spain. Several other scientific works were likewise presented to the Society. His Royal Highness informed the meeting he had received communications from Lord Melville and Sir Robert Peel, which stated their regret that their parliamentary duties prevented them from acting as efficient members of the council; they therefore begged in consequence that their resignation might be accepted. The president then intimated that two members of council, in lieu of Lord Melville and Sir Robert Peel, would be balloted for on the 28th instant. The chair to be taken at eight o'clock precisely.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday evening this Society resumed their meetings; Hudson Gurney, Esq., in the chair.* Mr. Britton exhibited some fine drawings of ancient architecture, which, with others lately shewn, are part of a set illustrative of his lectures on architecture at the Royal Institution. Mr. Ellis shewed a very nicely executed tracing, from an original in the British Museum, of a plan or map of the village of Brighthelmston (at the period referred to called Brighthamsted) and the neighbouring coast, and an attack made by the French, with a very considerable fleet of large ships and galleys, on that place in the thirty-seventh year of Henry the Eighth, when, according to Holinshed, they effected a partial landing; but the alarm being raised and the beacon lighted, they found the whole country so immediately in arms, that they were obliged to retire; they then attempted the Isle of Wight—but with no greater success: they afterwards tried other parts of the coast of Sussex—but every where found the inhabitants in arms to meet them; and so returned home without doing any serious mischief. The lord admiral of England, in revenge for this *attempt*, despatched a fleet which destroyed twenty-one towns and villages on the coast of Normandy. Mr. Ellis also shewed a map (from the same source) of the town of Dieppe and the country adjacent, illustrative of the battle of St. Etienne, in 1589. The secretary read a further portion of the Rev. H. M. Grover's Essay on the Games, Habits, and History, of the Ancients:—our readers must be aware that it is impossible to do justice to the author or ourselves in attempting to give the details of a long essay on such a subject, read only in detached portions.

* Sir Thomas Phillips, one of the auditors appointed to investigate and pass the treasurer's accounts for the last year, read the auditor's report on the same, of which, however, we could not gather the particulars.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Third Notice.]

No. 267. *A Dutch Coast, an Indiaman on Shore, Fog clearing off.* J. Wilson.—This able artist's works are generally distinguished by some remarkable effect, which gives an interest to the scene beyond its ordinary character. The contrast of light and dark is here admirably introduced; and the glittering and silvery tone is in excellent harmony with the whole.

No. 279. *Indecision.* F. J. Meyer.—The sentiment is well expressed. A pleasing composition, picturesque costume, and the essential qualities of youth and beauty, combine to give attraction to this performance. A little more breadth would, we think, greatly assist the general effect.

No. 282. *The Stingy Traveller.* W. Buss.—And a bold one too, who can thus run the gauntlet of waiter, chambermaid, and boots. We like the execution better than the choice of subject. The labourer is certainly worthy of his hire; but in nine cases out of ten, clamorous demands of this nature are gross impositions, and ought to be resisted.

No. 287. *View; Glengarnook Castle.* Mrs. E. Terry.—This performance does great credit to Mrs. Terry's talents. The point of view is well selected; and she has acquitted herself with much skill in the execution of the complicated forms which it comprehends.

No. 295. *View; looking up the Valley of St. Vincente, on the north side of the Island of Madeira.* W. Westall, A.R.A.—Mountains, cascades, and mists, at all times picturesque, are here rendered still more so by the happy manner in which they are treated.

No. 300. *Exeunt Omnes.* H. Pidding.—The title is at least dramatic, though perhaps a little far-fetched. Would not "A fall in the Fish-market" have been better? Here, as elsewhere, monkey and mischief go together. The characters are well sustained, and the finny *avalanche* is admirably executed.

No. 301. *A Tournament.* F. Howard.—A burlesque on the age of chivalry; harmoniously coloured, and with a good effect.

No. 302. *Near Goodrich, on the Wye.* F. W. Watts.—One of those perfect representations of nature by which this artist has so frequently distinguished himself. There is a vivid freshness in the colouring which imparts great value to the picture.

No. 305. *Landscape.* G. Clint.—Under this simple title we find all the essential qualities of good art.

No. 328. *A Recollection.* W. Boxall.—We have a recollection too,—of something very similar to this female in one of Mr. Newton's works. Be that as it may, it is a clever study, with much of beautiful and harmonious colouring.

No. 329. *Morning Ablution.* T. Clater.—A pretty domestic scene; affording a good lesson to mothers to attend to their children's toilets as well as to their own.

No. 343*. *On the Look-out.* J. Zeitter.—A very spirited example of the figures and characters frequently met with on the coast.

No. 346. *Coast Scene, Hastings.* J. Tennant.—Distinguished by brilliance of light, and clearness of atmosphere.

No. 351. *A Rocky Scene, Lynouth, North Devon.* Rev. T. J. Judkin.—We have had sufficient specimens of the fidelity of this gentleman's pencil to warrant our receiving this romantic scene as a faithful delineation of nature. We own that our regard for rocks has been continually increasing, since the hammer of Macadamisers has threatened, sooner or later, to make them as scarce as trees in the suburbs of a city.

No. 352. *Adam and Eve lamenting over the dead Body of Abel.* J. Wood.—As well as good composition, colouring, and effect, there is great pathos in this painting; although much of its touching effect is lost by the frequent repetition of the subject.

No. 356. *Killaloe, on the Shannon; Stormy Weather.* C. R. Stanley.—One of the most picturesque cabins that could fall in the way of an artist. Opposed to the strong and gleamy light under which it is seen, is a fine background of storm. The whole is most spiritedly executed.

No. 371. *The Poacher pursued.* C. Hancock.—This seems an animated scene; but it is too high for an examination of its details. Action, whether in man or in beast, is the successful characteristic of Mr. Hancock's works. We think, however, that on some of his animals more pains are bestowed than are useful; and that, in consequence, their coats have the appearance of being somewhat hard and wiry.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH GALLERY.

ALWAYS considering that the Fine Arts, as well as loyalty-loans, cannot be more benefited than by publicly shewing who are their admirers and patrons, we have great pleasure in inserting the list of the purchases made in the British Gallery during the present exhibition. At Suffolk Street, though only open a short period, similar encouragement has been given to our native school.

Subjects.	*Artists.*	*Purchasers.*
The Interior of the Picture Gallery, Greenwich Hospital	J. S. Davis.	Lord Farnborough.
View in the Wood at Bromley Hill	F. R. Lee.	Rev. W. Long.
Holm Wood, Bognor Road	P. Nasmyth.	Earl of Essex.
The Young Devotee	A. G. Vickers	Ditto.
The Forum of Nerva, Rome	G. Jones, R.A.	Ditto.
American Canna, Citrons, &c.	G. Lance	W. Wells, Esq.
A Fruit-piece	Ditto	R. Vernon, esq.
The Widow	C. Hancock	Lord Nugent.
The Calabrian Shepherd	T. Uwins	Lord Glenorchy.
The Prosepio	Ditto	Sir M. W. Ridley.
A Nutting Party	W. Collins, R.A.	— Thorp, esq.
The old Boat-builder	Ditto	Hon. Gen. Phipps.
Child and Flowers	Miss Kearsley	Rev. J. Charlington

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Subjects.	Artists.	Purchasers.
Gil Blas discovering himself to Camilla	M. A. Shee, jun...	Marquess Lansdown.
Teniers painting the Temptation of St. Anthony	A. Fraser	Lord Northwick.
The faithful Dog	T. Uwins	C. Morton, esq.
Going to Mass	S. A. Hart	Lord Northwick.
H. M. S. Excellent engaging the Salvador del Mundo	W. J. Huggins	A. Denny, esq.
Mercury playing Argus asleep, in order to release Io	B. R. Haydon	*
The Fair-day	T. Webster and F. R. Lee	Lord Northwick.
The Catholic Question	T. Webster	M. Martyn, esq.
The Culprit	Ditto	Ditto.
Falstaff's Assignation with Mrs. Ford	G. Clint, A.R.A...	R. Vernon, esq.
Too hot	E. Landseer	Hon. G. A. Ellis.
The Highland Cradle	Ditto	G. Morant, esq.
Umberleigh Mill, on the Taw, Devon	F. R. Lee	Earl of Essex.
The Lame leading the Blind	C. Hancock	W. Miles, esq.
Low Life and High Life	E. Landseer	R. Vernon, esq.
Cottage Industry	Ditto	Duke of Bedford.
Highland Game	Ditto	R. Vernon, esq.
A Scene in the Highlands	F. R. Lee	
The Return from the Chase	J. Nash	B. Cooper, esq.
The Chase	C. Hancock	T. Griffiths, esq.
The Toilet	G. S. Newton	C. Heath, esq.
Lucentio, Hortensia, &c. (Taming of the Shrew)	Miss Alabaster	
Four Interiors of Cathedrals	H. Wilson	
Landscape (composition)	— Dessoulavy	Sir M. W. Ridley.
Cottage Child	T. Barker	Ditto.
A Study	C. R. Stanley	
Magdalen College, Oxford	A. G. Vickers	C. Martin, esq.
Statue of a Falconer	J. E. Carew	Earl of Egremont.
A View near the Wrekin	W. R. Earl	— Barker, esq.
Reflection (a study)	J. Wood	
Captain Macheath	H. Liverseege	
Children playing at Cards	W. Gill	F. M. Martyn, esq.
Windsor	C. R. Stanley	J. Coindet, esq.
Abelard's first Word of Love to Eloise	H. Fradelle	Lord Northwick.
The Spring Nosegay	Mrs. W. Carpenter	J. P. Ord, esq.
Walnuts	A. J. Oliver	J. Renshaw, esq.
Apples	Ditto	Ditto.
Sunset — Evening Breeze	G. W. Butland	G. Smith, esq.
Preparing for the Portrait	T. Clater	S. Archbutt, esq.
Trout	G. Hilditch	W. Horsley, esq.
The Cottager's Return	P. F. Pool	
Quest of Thoughts, &c.	W. Boxall	
The Poacher's Snare	W. Kidd	J. Slater, esq.
Stable in Hampshire	G. Jones, R.A.	C. B. Wall, esq.
Sketch for an Altar-piece	W. Etty, R.A.	Ditto.
A Couple of Woodcocks	G. Stevens	—Kirkpatrick, esq.
The Fugitive	J. Inskipp	Marquess of Stafford.
Mamelukes & Arabs at the Well	C. Hamilton	T. Alcock, esq.
Scene at Dolgien, N.W.	F. C. Lewis	Rev. E. B. Lewis.
Cottage Scene, near Dulwich	P. Nasmyth	G. Hibbert, jun. esq.
Vessels on the Shore, Southampton	C. Fielding	S. Hibbert, esq.
A Study from Nature	C. Steedman	G. Walker, esq.
A Scene on the Flemish Coast	J. Wilson	Ditto.
Amiens	C. R. Stanley	Ditto.
Moonlight	S. Pether	Ditto.
Lavinia	Sir M. A. Shee	Ditto.
Chapel on Mount Vesuvius	W. Havel	J. Tavcrner, esq.
A Study—an Effect of Wind	C. R. Stanley	
A View of Plymouth	J. Tingcombe	R. Eales, esq.
Shall I fight, or not?	A. Chisholme	J. Gully, esq.
Life Guardsman	W. Derby	W. A. West, esq.
A Woman of Merico	J. Boaden	Viscount Deerhurst.
Boy and Whitings	Miss E. Jones	R. Ingleby, esq.
Ware Hare!	A. Cooper, R.A...	N. W. R. Colborne, esq.
Mount St. Michael	C. Stanfield	J. P. Ord, esq.
Horses at Play	T. R. Davis	Major Newland.
The Bitter Morning	R. W. Buss	Lord C. Townsend.
The Faithful Steward	J. Partridge	G. Cholmley, esq.
Italian Peasant and Child	H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.	Duke of Devonshire.
Damon and Pythias	F. C. Turner	C. Burfield, esq.
Dead Hare	S. Campione	T. Webster, esq.
A Cottage Child asleep	T. Barker	Rev. E. J. Bury.
Tragedy	R. Farrier	C. S. Ricketts, esq.
Swiss Peasants	H. Munday	
Old Widow	N. Condy	
Pallas directing the Steps of Ulysses to the Palace of Alcinous	P. Rogers	J. H. , esq.

* Where we have not filled in the names, the book kept at the Institution is deficient.—*Ed.*

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. W. Pickersgill, R.A. has liberally given his fine picture of Mr. Faraday to the Royal Institution. A copy of the picture of Sir H. Davy, by Sir T. Lawrence, is in progress for the Institution. The portrait of Mr. Brande is to be purchased by a subscription of individual members, to be placed as an accompaniment to the others. These are intended as the commencement of a collection of portraits of distinguished scientific individuals connected with the establishment, and are to decorate the theatre. The tea-room is also to contain a collection of engravings of distinguished men, who have been either professors, lecturers, or members. Proof impressions of Sir H. Davy, Count Rumford, Dr. Young, and others, have been already presented to the Institution for this purpose.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hogarth Moralised. Part II. Major.

In all respects equal to the preceding part. It is really surprising to see how skilfully the various engravers of the plates and cuts which compose this clever little publication, have contrived in so small a space to retain so large a portion of the expression of their prototypes. Much of the descriptive matter, by Dr. Trusler, ably and amusingly elucidates the subjects of the different compositions; but passages occasionally occur in which it is evident that the worthy doctor has drawn largely upon his imagination. For instance, in illustrating "The Enraged Musician," after a tasteless attack upon Italian music, he states that the print in question was intended to ridicule the degeneracy of the age in which such music was encouraged. Now, nothing is more clear than that it is simply a humorous representation of the torturing effect upon a refined ear, of the accumulation of every conceivable discordant sound. Again, in explaining the second print of the series of "Mariage à-la-mode," Dr. Trusler speaks of an incident as introduced into the work by Hogarth, in order to shew "the great and general extravagance of nobility." To this assertion the present editor has affixed the following very judicious note:

"The editor cannot help observing, that upon this head Dr. Trusler, in many places, carries his remarks much farther than his author warrants. Hogarth never intended these subjects as a general satire upon the upper classes, who are as rational in their amusements, considering their enlarged means, as the rest of mankind. To be as liberal in the expenditure of their incomes as they can possibly afford, is but patriotism, without the ostentation of the name. All that Hogarth means to enforce, as Mr. Walpole expresses it, is, that 'the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead by various paths to the same unhappiness.' In Hogarth's own descriptions of these six subjects—referred to hereafter, there is no sort of insinuation as to the incompatibility of virtue and talent with rank and station."

Views in the East. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part VIII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"The Mosque of Mustapha Khan, Beejapore," upon the walls of which "the hand of time seems only to have cast the dark shade of age, without in any way injuring the effect of the structure;" "The Ruins of Old Delhi," and "so desolate and melancholy a scene does [do] the remains of this once magnificent and populous city exhibit, that it has more the look of an assemblage of dilapidated mansions of the dead than of the living;" and "King's Fort, Boorhanpore," the high and massive walls of which "have grown gray with age, and have assumed that peculiar degree of picturesqueness which time invariably bestows upon buildings of this description;" afford, especially the first two, additional and pleasing proofs of the elegant and various character of oriental architecture.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner. No. II. Descriptions, &c. by H. E. Lloyd. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Another delightful fasciculus, replete with this great artist's magical yet natural effects. Ludlow Castle, Folkestone, Tynemouth, and Gosport, are subjects as various as beautiful: wherever we look, we cannot resist the exclamation of "Charming! charming!"

Select Views of the principal Cities of Europe. From original Paintings by Lieut.-Colonel Batty, F.R.S. Part IV. London: Moon, Boys, and Graves; Rodwell; Jennings and Chaplin.

This Part contains Edinburgh Castle, from the Grassmarket (R. Brandard); two panoramic Sketches of Edinburgh, from the Calton Hill, and more finished engravings of the same (Geo. Cooke and J. H. Hernot); the new Royal High School (E. Goodall); Edinburgh, from St. Anthony's chapel (W. J. Cooke); and Edinburgh, from the ascent of Arthur's Seat (W. R. Smith); all interesting representations of this picturesque city, and of those fine objects which so greatly distinguish it from other capitals.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

The *Pledge, or Castilian Honour.*—Friday, April 8. Mr. Kenny has given us a very spirited and faithful version of Victor Hugo's extraordinary drama of *Hernani*. We almost wish he had not adhered so closely to the plot, for, with his dramatic tact, we feel assured that he would have materially improved the last two acts. But the play having made such a noise in Paris, Mr. Kenny perhaps thought it fair to the French author to present the work to the English public in its integrity, as far as regarded construction; and we rejoice that so honourable a feeling has been rewarded by more than ordinary success. To Mr. Kenny, therefore, we cordially award all praise; and the few remarks we have to make, at this twelfth hour, are applicable only to the original deviser of this most curious and extravagant production. It would seem as if M. Hugo, despising the unnatural fetters of the French classical drama, as it is affectedly called, and inspired by the success of Dumas' admirable *Henri Trois*, which gave the first grand blow

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to the school of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, had determined to try the temper of the Parisians to the uttermost, by out-Heroding Herod (*i. e.* Dumas himself), and startling even the ultra Romantiques by the violation of every thing but bare possibilities. The success of *Hernani* has certainly settled the question in France; and we now trust that M. Hugo, satisfied with his bold experiment, will calm down into common sense, and favour the stage with such a tragedy as we feel he *can* write — and in prose too—after the fine example set him by Alexandre Dumas; in our humble opinion, the first French tragic writer now living. Every paper in England having given the plot of the *Pledge*, or *Hernani*, it will scarcely be now required of us. The first act is good; the interest is naturally as well as dramatically awakened. With the second our objections commence,—*Hernani's* leaving *Donna Xanthe* to her fate, is as much out of character as the lady's appearing in the public street with a lamp in her hand, to keep an appointment made with a proscribed lover, is improbable and ridiculous. The third act (with the exception, that *Don Silva* could not feel himself bound to protect a man who had claimed his hospitality under a fictitious title, and with sinister views) is the best in the play. The fourth and fifth we dislike *in toto*. The emperor hides himself in the tomb of Charlemagne, alone, in the perfect knowledge that a meeting of conspirators is to take place beside it; thereby gratuitously putting his life in jeopardy, when it was equally in his power to surround the cathedral and secure the conspirators, without hazarding a finger. And *Hernani*, being pardoned and restored to his titles and his love, consents to poison himself in the evening of his bridal-day, in fulfilment of a promise made in a moment of frenzy, to the man who previously had preserved his life, at the hazard of his own. We shall be told that this overstraining of the point of honour was common to the clime and the period. Granted — but it is now considered ludicrous, and is therefore an unfit subject for a modern tragedy. But to end, as the Italians have it, "with a sweet mouth;" the acting in the *Pledge* would save a more defective and less interesting play. Macready is a most admirable representative of the stern old Castilian; and Wallack, spirited and effective, the romantic and noble outlaw. Cooper, as *Charles V.* (though not so happy as he was in the Hungarian, in *Werner*) is of considerable assistance to the support of the play; and Miss Phillips, if not quite equal to the part of *Donna Xanthe*, has no rival at present to whom it could, with benefit, be transferred. The drama was most enthusiastically received, and continues to be nightly applauded.

VARIETIES.

New Timber Tree.—The French Academy, from the report of some of its members, advise the introduction of the zelhoa or planera (P. crenata), formerly called twisted elm of Sibecia, and which grows on the coast of the Caspian and Black seas, into our latitudes. It appears that it promises well for carpentry, burning, and other purposes.

Prunnerite, a new Mineral.—M. Esmark, in a visit lately made to Copenhagen, has separated from the apophyllite of Hestoe (one of the Fero Isles) a very silicious mineral, crystallised in a different manner, which he calls prunnerite. M. Esmark's son has found near Brevig berzelite, which contains thorium.

Hoo Loo.—Hoo Loo, the poor Chinese brought all the way from China with a huge tumour, for the sake of an experiment at Guy's Hospital, had it cut off in the most beautiful manner last Saturday, and died under the knife *secundum artem*. The theatre was crowded to an overflow; and to read the descriptions in the newspapers, with all their horrid dramatic fidelity, one might believe that the performance and the patient went off with the utmost éclat!!

Cleopatra's Needles.—We see from the French journals, that a vessel of extraordinary construction and dimensions, called the Luxor, has been prepared at Toulon for the purpose of proceeding to Egypt, and thence transporting one of the famous Needles of Cleopatra to France. This memorable trophy of antiquity might have been in England; but we are too poor or too economical a nation, too indifferent mechanics and sailors, to achieve such an object. Alas, old England!

M. Magendie is the only candidate for the medical chair vacant in the College of France.

Colosseum.—It has been reported in some of the daily paper that the Colosseum was about to be purchased by the Zoological Society for the purposes of natural history. We have every reason to believe that no idea of this kind has ever received any support from any body of the members of that Society; as there are no advantages connected with that splendid building which could authorise the great expense of its purchase.

Lieut. Holman.—A second letter from our remarkable friend, mentions his leaving Canton on the 13th of December; and his intention of sailing from Macao about the end of the week for Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, in the Merope. He speaks indignantly of the conduct of the Chinese authorities, and deplores the submissiveness shewn on the part of the Company.

Paganini.—We quote the following curious calculation from that amusing paper *Le Furet de Londres*. One of the concerts given by Paganini realised 16,500 francs: he was therefore paid at the following rate:—During the evening Paganini played three pieces of music, of about five pages each. By each of these pages he gained 1,365 francs. For a bar 12 fr., for a natural note 6 fr., for flats and sharps 3 fr. each, for a quaver 1 franc and a half, for a semiquaver 15 sous, for a demisemiquaver 7 sous and a half; and even after this division 120 francs remain over and above. Truly these are "precious notes."

Giraffe.—There is on its passage from Calcutta to this country, in the Lady M'Naughton, Capt. Langley Pope, expected in about three weeks, a camelopard, which is considered, by all those who have seen it, as one of the finest of its species. It is about twenty feet high, and was taken in the interior of Africa, with two others; one of which was sent to the Grand Sultan, the other is in the possession of the Pasha of Egypt. Its age is supposed to be about eighteen months, and it has been with its original possessor, who is accompanying it to England, nearly twelve. It has become so docile as to allow itself to be caressed by strangers. Its food consists of pease and grain, requiring about 6lbs. twice a-day. It was conveyed to Calcutta in the George the Fourth; on board of which ship it was nearly five months, without suffering the least inconvenience. This will be a valuable acquisition to this country; and from its being taken so young, it will be less liable to suffer from confinement.

High and low Theatrical Salaries.—"Whilst now-a-days *stars* with but few gazers receive twenty, thirty, and even fifty pounds per night, Mrs. Siddons, in 'the meridian of her glory,' only received one thousand pounds for eighty nights (*i. e.* about twelve pounds per night). Mrs. Jordan's salary, in her meridian, amounted to thirty guineas per week. John Kemble, when actor and manager at Covent-Garden, was paid thirty-six pounds per week. Miss O'Neill, twenty-five pounds per week. George Cooke, twenty pounds. Lewis, twenty pounds, as actor and manager. Edwin, the best *buffo* and burletta singer that ever trod the English stage, only *fourteen* pounds per week; and Mrs. H. Siddons, by far the best representative of Juliet I ever saw, nine pounds per week. After this, may we not exclaim—'Ye *little stars!* hide your diminished heads!'"—*Dramatic Annual.*

Auriform Sands of Cyrus.—The *Gazette of Tiflis* publishes the opinion of a person employed in the mines, that it is extremely probable that the alluvial sands met with in the whole extent of the basin of the Kour, or Cyrus, contain gold. This person is said even to have assured himself of the fact, by several experiments in the environs of Elizabethpol.—*Journ. de St. Petersburgh. Bull. de Géographie.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XVI. April* 16.]

A second edition of the Gentleman in Black; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.—A Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and the parts adjacent; illustrated by many Engravings on Wood.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Outlines of History (from Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia), for Schools, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Social Life in England and France, from 1789 to 1830, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Crotche's Lectures on Music, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Clarke on Female Complaints, new edit., 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.* bds.—Landor's Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems, p. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Old Man of the Mountain, &c., Tales from the German of Tieck, fcp. 6*s.* bds.—Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, by M'Gavin, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Moore's (Dugald) Bridal Night, and other Poems, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hall's Dictate Book, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* shp.—A Mother's Present to her Daughter, 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.; 3*s.* 6*d.* silk; 5*s.* morocco.—Morrison's Counsels for the Communion-Table, 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* silk.—The Evangelical Spectator, Vol. III., 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Hall's Sketches of Irish Character, Second Series, crown 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—History in All Ages, 12mo. 8*s.* cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

April.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 7	From 34. to 62.	29·39 to 29·24
Friday 8	—— 42. — 50.	29·24 — 29·32
Saturday.. 9	—— 40. — 57.	29·41 — 29·48
Sunday...10	—— 43. — 56.	29·52 — 29·76
Monday .. 11	—— 31. — 60.	29·86 — 29·93
Tuesday .. 12	—— 34. — 64.	29·89 — 29·76
Wednesday 13	—— 42. — 65.	29·75 — 29·76

Wind variable, S.E. prevailing.

Except the 7th and 8th, generally clear: rain fell on the 8th, and in the evenings of the 7th, 9th, and 12th. The thunder-storm in the evening of the 12th was accompanied by very vivid flashes of lightning, which continued, at intervals, from seven till near midnight. Except a large tree which has been shattered by the electric fluid, no particular damage has occurred in this neighbourhood.

Rain fallen 1·275 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friends and correspondents who postpone their communications to the latest possible period previous to our publication, must not blame us if they seem to be neglected.

In spite of the iterations of Mr. Cobbett's friend, we will not depart from our rules. He is wrong, too, about that gentleman's Grammar, which was immediately reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*, and a multitude of its errors exposed. Try back.

Mr. Clarkson has entitled himself to be considered as a *late* lecturer. We attended at the hour appointed, and waited fully another, but no lecture began; and as time is of some value to us, we suspected a hoax, and came away. We see it stated in the *Morning Herald*, however, (morning papers sit up later than weekly journals,) that there was a long and able discourse delivered.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ROYAL SOCIETY of LITERATURE.—The General Anniversary Meeting for the Election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers for the ensuing Year, will be held on Thursday, the 28th instant, at the Society's Apartments, No. 2, Parliament Street.

The Chair will be taken at Three o'Clock precisely.

RICHARD CATTERMOLE, Secretary.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Decayed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans.

Patron.

H. R. H. the DUKE of SUSSEX, K.G.

President.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P.R.A.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed that the Sixteenth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 23d instant,

The Right Hon. LORD LYNDHURST in the Chair.

Stewards.

Dr. Blundell	Henry A. Pittman, Esq.
Thomas Faire, Esq.	Philip Pusey, Esq. M.P.
A. A. Fry, Esq.	George Rennie, Esq.
Philip Hardwick, Esq.	Thomas Robson, Esq.
Theodore Edward Hook, Esq.	R. Rothwell, Esq. R.H.A.
J. B. Lane, Esq.	Thomas Seddon, Esq.
R. J. Lane, Esq. A.R.A.	F. C. Skey, Esq.
James Lonsdale, Esq.	John Abel Smith, Esq.
Arthur Mee, Esq.	John Stevens, Esq.
F. G. Moon, Esq.	F. W. Wilkin, Esq.
Andrew Morton, Esq.	John Wood, Esq.
W. J. Newton, Esq.	Thomas H. Wyatt, Esq.
J. D. Paul, Esq.	

Dinner on Table at Half-past Five o'Clock.

The Vocal Department under the Direction of Mr. Broadhurst.

Tickets, *1l. 1s.* each, may be had of the Stewards; at the Assistant Secretary's, No. 14, Duke Street, Portland Place; and at the Freemasons' Tavern.

W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, 16th April, 1831.

The Weekly Evening Meetings of the Members of the Royal Institution, which were resumed on Friday, the 15th Instant, will be continued on each succeeding Friday, at Half-past Eight o'Clock in the Evening, till the end of the Season.

The following are the Arrangements of the Lectures, which are to be delivered on each day, at Three o'Clock in the Afternoon.

Geology.—Thomas Webster, Esq. F.G.S. will this day, Saturday, the 16th of April, commence a Course of Lectures on some of the most important Points in Geology.

Chemical and Natural Philosophy.—Michael Faraday, Esq. F.R.S. P.G.S. Corr. Member Royal Acad. Sciences, Paris, Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, &c. &c. will deliver his Second Lecture on Thursday, the 21st instant. The subject will be on Lithography.

Poetry and the Poets.—By James Montgomery, Esq. Author of the World before the Flood, Pelican Island, &c. To commence on Tuesday, the 26th of April, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday till the completion of the Course, on the 31st of May.

Acoustics.—By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S. Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. To commence on Thursday, the 19th of May, and to be continued on each succeeding Thursday till the completion of the Course, on the 16th of June.

Botany.—On Vegetable Physiology and Botany. By John Lindley, Esq. F.R.S. and F.L.S. Prof. of Botany in the University of Lond. and Assist. Sec. Hort. Soc. To commence on Saturday, the 28th of May, and to be continued on each succeeding Saturday till the completion of the Course, on the 18th of June.

Non-Subscribers to the Institution may subscribe to separate Courses of Lectures, on the following Terms:—Gentlemen, Two Guineas; Ladies, One Guinea for each Course.

The Sons and Daughters of the Members of the Royal Institution, under Fifteen Years of Age, may be admitted on payment of half the above Sum for each Course.

Syllabuses of the Lectures may be obtained at the Royal Institution.

The Journal of the Royal Institution, Number III. will be published the 2d of May.

JOSEPH FINCHER, Assistant Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

BRITISH ARTISTS' GALLERY, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

The Eighth Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Living British Artists, is now Open, from Nine till Six.

Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

Glasgow, April 6, 1831.

THE WEST of SCOTLAND FOURTH EXHIBITION of the WORKS of LIVING ARTISTS, under the Patronage of the Glasgow Dilettanti Society, will open this Season on the 8th of August. Works of Art intended for this Exhibition will be received from the 11th to the 30th of July.

JOHN CLOW, Secretary.

Exhibition Room, Argyle Arcade.

*** The Works of Art which the Directors hope to be favoured with from London, may be sent to Messrs. S. Reynolds and Co. Dundee Wharf, Lower Hermitage, on or before the 23d of July, by whom they will be forwarded to Glasgow.

TO BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, and PRINTERS.—To be disposed of, a well-established Business, in a respectable Market-Town, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The Situation the best in the Town, and the Stock small.

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BY Mr. C. N. WRIGHT.—The late Mr. JOHN PEARSON'S VALUABLE PROPERTY for SALE.

C. N. WRIGHT respectfully announces, that he has received instructions to submit for unreserved Sale by Auction, on Monday, the 18th Day of April, 1831, and Seven or Eight following Days, the valuable Property of Mr. Pearson, and the late Mr. John Pearson, Attorney, Wheeler Gate, Nottingham, consisting of the valuable Household Furniture, handsome Spanish Mahogany Sideboard, curious and antique Indian Cabinet, Chiffonier of curious workmanship, antique French Table, elegant Sofa and Card Tables, inlaid with Rosewood; rich Brussels and other Carpets, Grand Piano, by Broadwood; other Pianos, Harpsichords, and various Musical Instruments; a rich Collection of Ancient and Modern Music, an extensive Assortment of curious antique China, Glass, Dinner and Dessert Services; ancient Marble and other Busts, valuable Remains of Antiquities from various parts of the World, numerous Curiosities found in and near Nottingham, antique carved Chests, old carved Arm Chairs, Electrifying Machine, a Series of Roman, Saxon, and English Coins and Medals, in Gold, Silver, and Copper; Fifty Drawers of Minerals and Fossils, many Specimens of choice and of rare occurrence; a very valuable Collection of Shells, ancient Deeds and Manuscripts, Royal and other Autographs, Missals, Historical Manuscript Collections, about Sixty valuable Paintings, Portfolios of Engravings, containing fine Specimens of the old Masters; the entire Law and Miscellaneous Library, containing about 3000 Volumes; choice Black-Letter Gems, valuable Works in Folio, Quarto, &c.; valuable Relics of Antiquity, Linen, Plate, &c.; and some curious antique Armour.

The known taste of the late Mr. Pearson in selecting Articles of virtu will no doubt be appreciated; and the Auctioneer, in soliciting the attention of the public to this sale, (perhaps the most varied and attractive that has ever occurred in Nottingham), begs to state, that not one article will be admitted in the sale that was not the real property of Mr. Pearson, or his respected father.

*** Catalogues of the Furniture, Curiosities, Coins, Paintings, &c. price 6d. are now ready, and may be had of the Auctioneer; Longman and Co. London; Coombe, Leicester; Drewry, Derby; Ridges, Newark; Collinson, Mansfield. The Second Part of the Catalogue, containing the Library, is also ready, price 6d. as above.

PORTRAIT of ENGLAND'S PATRIOT KING.

The Proprietors of the "Weekly Dispatch" (which has the largest circulation of any Newspaper in England) beg to announce that on the 3d of July next they intend to present a most splendid Portrait of his Majesty William IV. to every person who shall have regularly taken in the "Dispatch" during the preceding two months. Those individuals who are not already Subscribers to the "Dispatch," and who wish to obtain the most accurate likeness of our Patriotic King, must commence their Subscription on or before the first Sunday in May, and be careful to order their News-agents to supply them with the successive Numbers up to the 3d of July inclusive. The Print itself will unquestionably be found worth considerably more than the whole two months' subscription. It has been engraved in the same style, and will form an admirable companion to the Portrait of his late Majesty George IV. presented to the purchasers of the "Dispatch" in June last.

MUSIC.

MRS. ANDERSON, Pianiste to Her Majesty, has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and her Friends, that her Morning Concert will take place at the Great Concert Room, King's Theatre, on Friday, May the 6th, 1831. The Concert will be on the grand Scale of former Years, full particulars of which will be duly advertised.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Mrs. Anderson, 2, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, and at the principal Music Shops. Mrs. A. solicits the favour of an early Application for Boxes.

ROYAL MUSICAL SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY. WILLIS and Co. 55, St. James's Street, London, have just published a Set of Six Songs, composed by the Honourable Mrs. Bertie Percy and Miss Charlotte Sneyd; respectfully dedicated (with permission) to Her Majesty. Price 10s. 6d. Also the following New Songs:—

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England. By I. D'Israeli. Vol. V. pp. 475. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. D'ISRAELI has now brought his important work to a close; and volumes more illustrative of the spirit of the times they portray were never placed before the public. As we said, when reviewing the former of these volumes, many will draw different conclusions from the very facts to which the author himself points attention; but none will deny the industry with which he collects facts, or the judicious and enlightened manner in which he reasons upon them. He has cleared away a host of prejudices and falsehoods; and as a work of patient investigation and curious evidence, these Commentaries are of great value. Like most biographers, he has taken up the honour of his hero as if it were his own; and Charles finds in him the ingenious defender and the eloquent eulogist. We must confess we dissent as much from this extreme praise, as we do from the extreme censure of the opposite. The king was not a sacrifice demanded by liberty, and still less a martyr; he was the victim of a small but powerful military party: his head was neither an offering to the people, nor to the church—it was simply a stepping-stone to Cromwell. The truth is, Charles, like most other individuals, was punished for his follies, rather than his faults. Never was man placed in troubled times, less fitted to comprehend their wants, or meet their difficulties. He had many fine, but no great qualities. His speeches were much nearer perfection than his actions. He ascended the throne at an extraordinary period, with which only an extraordinary man could have grappled. A mighty change had for many years been working in England. The feudal system had left its prejudices, but not its power; wealth had not only greatly increased, but changed its sources and its channels; religious had led also to political discussion; and vague, and often ill-judged persecution deepened on both sides by religion into fanaticism;—while politics wandered, as they usually do, into theory, till corrected and made substantial by practice. The crown was poor, and supported by old and false pretensions, whose wrong, or whose weakness, every day developed. At once irresolute and obstinate, unwilling to concede, and unable to enforce; taking as rules of action either worn-out prejudices, or else expediency, Charles was utterly incompetent to meet the exigencies of his time or place. In nothing was his want of mental power more evinced than in his choice of friends. That well-known and admirable reply of Waller's, when Charles II. was depreciating Elizabeth, and observed, "To be sure, she had very wise counsellors;" "Yes," was the true and acute answer, "but when did a fool ever choose such?" The very weakness of Charles's counsellors was a proof of his own. Strafford was the only minister whose talents were at all equal to their post; and it may reasonably be questioned, whether the odium attached to their exercise did not counterbalance the benefit. Here was a striking instance of that deficiency in judgment which was at once Charles's great fault and misfortune. His reign is a very dreary period in English annals; the evil of its experience was even greater than that of its action. To be beneficial, all political change must be gradual;

> "For of the wholly common man is made,
> And custom is his nurse! Woe, then, to them
> Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
> House furniture, the dear inheritance
> From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
> And what is grey with age becomes religion."

To us it appears, that the violence, the fanaticism, the bloodshed of this period, did more to retard the progress of civil and religious liberty, than the example of resistance did to forward it. Principles admirable and immutable bore the blame of their party; and when quiet came at last, people were so exhausted, that they submitted to encroachment, rather than hazard resistance again. All felt that it was "better to bear the evils which they knew, than fly to others which they knew not of." A more enlightened and greater-minded monarch, or a parliament that had adhered to their earlier moderation, would have settled affairs on that best and surest foundation,—a liberal view of the rights of the people; and spared England years of suffering and discord. It is easy to set the past right, but more useful to draw a lesson for the present. We recommend the following passage on civil war to those who dream of revolution, even in their sleep.

"Civil, or intestine wars, are distinguishable from external, or foreign wars, by the personal hatreds of the actors. They are neither combating for ancient glory, nor for new conquests. It is the despair of their passions which involves these fraternal enemies in one common vengeance. Even conquests in civil wars render the victors fearful. Whitelocke was deeply impressed by this sorrowful observation. 'Thus,' says he, 'we may see that even after almost a conquest, yet they (the Parliament) apprehended no safety: such are the issues and miseries of a civil war, that the victors are full of fears from those they have subdued; no quiet, no security!' Where victories are painful as defeats, dark cypress, and not laurels, must be gathered. What can two armies of fellow-countrymen, sometimes two rival counties, opposed to each other with provincial malignity, destroy, but that which was their own? Him who so bravely assaults, and him who so bravely repels, the country might bless had they the hearts to be recreants! What scenes are shifted in this tragic drama! The plundered mansion — the village in flames — the farmer's homestead ravaged! Whose property has the hero of civil war plundered?—his neighbour's! Whom has he routed?—his friends! Who appear in the returns of the wounded and killed of the enemy?—his relatives! The sanctity of social life once violated, family is ranged against family; parents renounce their children; the brother is struck by the arm of his brother; even the affection of the wife is alienated; and finally they leave the sad inheritance of their unnatural animosities from generation to generation. In civil wars not small is the number of those whose names appear in no list of the sufferers, whose wounds are not seen by any human eye, but whose deaths are as certain as any which flies with the bullet. These are they who retreat into the silence of horror and despair, and die heart-broken—or linger on with sorrows unassuaged, or unutterable griefs. But all are not patriots who combat for patriotism. All sorts of adventurers, looking up to all sorts of hopes, take their stations under opposing banners. There shall we find ambition and avarice, often revenge and ingratitude; so many are the passions civil war indulges and conceals!"

Curious combination.

"In the west of England many country gentlemen were persuaded to raise up a third party in the country, which should neither be royalist nor parliamentarian. It was to consist of an army without soldiers, for they were neither to wear swords nor carry fire-arms. Suddenly appeared many thousand men, who it is said at one period amounted to a body of fourteen thousand, armed with clubs and flails, sithes and sickles laid on long poles: it was an agricultural war, and the agrestic weapons, no longer wounding the fertile bosom of Nature, directed the whole rural war against man himself. Announcing that they would allow no armies to quarter within their bounds, they called themselves club-men, and decided all matters by their own club-law. They professed only to defend their harvests and their granaries. At any given point they assembled in considerable force, and their ensign bore a motto in rhymes, rude, but plain—

> "If you offer to *plunder* and take our cattle,
> You may be sure we'll give you battle."

This third party in the civil wars at first were so strange, that neither of the two great parties knew whether to consider them hostile or friendly. The club-men grew to be so formidable as to be courted by both for timely compliances and temporary aid. Cromwell, too decided a general to allow of any independent force, or of ambiguous favours, attacked this unsoldierly army, and so completely routed the rural troops, that they no longer appear in our history. It is remarkable that the term *plunder*, for military spoliations and robberies, which we find in the rhyming motto of the club-men, was now first introduced into our language—it was brought from Germany by some of these soldiers of fortune."

Fine remarks.

"The royal army was inspired by *honour*, and the parliamentary army was led on by *liberty*. * * * *

"Military heroism excites the admiration of the world, more than any other virtue. It seems to be the original sin of our nature to be more interested by action than by repose.

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Power which destroys, astonishes mankind more than power which perpetuates. A philosopher once inquired into the cause of that restlessness and disorder in man which he could not discover in any other animal. He might have recollected, that no other animal is endowed with that proud reason, which is doomed to be tormented by glory, and never satiated by self-love. * * *

"Presumption, which is only hope run mad. * * * *

"Who suspects the monarchical devotion of Lord Falkland, the Earl of Derby, and the Marquess of Newcastle, or the anti-monarchial spirit of Milton, of Ludlow, and of him who desired no other epitaph than 'Here lies Thomas Scot, who adjudged the late king to die!' All these men worshipped the cause which they had hallowed on their own hearths; sometimes, like Gideon, they had made an ephod of their own—till 'it became a snare to Gideon and his house.' We must not judge of these men by the philosophical spirit of our own age; it had not yet arisen. Men must suffer, before they can philosophise. The wisdom of nations must be the bitter fruit of extinct follies and obsolete crimes." * * * *

Cromwell.

"That extraordinary man, who had long witnessed the noble sacrifices of the Cavaliers, now meditated to oppose the spirit of religion to the principle of honour. It is his own avowal in a speech to parliament. We have sometimes smiled at his army halting to sing a psalm—it was as exciting as the Marseillois hymn. Cromwell was a vast genius, because he derived his greatness, not merely from his deeds, but from a higher source, from a principle which, in the present instance, unfolds the philosophy of a Montesquieu. With Cromwell's turn of mind, like another Mahomet, he might have founded a new religion. He prayed, and wept, and had all the unction of inspiration. He rarely disputed on doctrinal points, but he poured himself out on free grace."

Judge Jenkins.

"While the speaker was addressing Judge Jenkins, the old man in a low voice requested his companion not to reply—'Let all the malice fall upon me, my years can better bear it.' The speaker having ended, Judge Jenkins asked whether they would now give him liberty to speak? 'Yes! so you be not very long.' 'No! I will not trouble either myself or you with many words. Mr. Speaker! you said the house was offended at my behaviour in not making my obeisance to you when they brought me here; and this was the more wondered at, because I pretended to be knowing in the laws of the land. I answer, that I not only pretend to be, but am knowing in the laws of the land, having made them my study for these five-and-forty years; and it is because I am so, is the reason of my behaviour. As long as you had the king's arms engraven on your mace, and that your great seal was no counterfeit, and acting under his authority, I would have bowed in obedience to his writ, by which you were first called. But, Mr. Speaker, since you and this house have renounced your allegiance to your sovereign, and are become a den of thieves, should I bow myself in this house of Rimmon, the Lord would not pardon me!' The whole house were electrified—all rose in uproar and confusion! It was long ere order could be obtained, or their fury could exhaust itself. It seemed as if every member shrunk from a personal attack. The house voted the prisoners guilty of high treason, without any trial, and should suffer as in case of condemnation for treason. They called in the keeper of Newgate to learn the usual days of execution, which were Wednesdays and Fridays. The day to be appointed then became the subject of their debate. At this critical moment, when it seemed to be out of all human chances to spare the life of

'This greatest clerk, but not the wisest man,'

the facetious and dissolute Harry Martin, who had not yet spoken, rose, not to dissent from the vote of the house, he observed, but he had something to say about the time of the execution. 'Mr. Speaker! every one must believe that this old gentleman here is fully possessed in his head, resolved to die a martyr in his cause, for otherwise he would never have provoked the house by such biting expressions. If you execute him, you do precisely that which he hopes for, and his execution will have a great influence over the people, since he is condemned without a jury; I therefore move that we should suspend the day of execution, and in the meantime force him to live in spite of his teeth.' The drollery of the motion put the house into better humour, and the state-prisoners were remanded."

Anecdotes.

"The French secretary of state, when alluding to a proposed bribery for the Chancellor of Scotland, assigns as one reason that his lordship would not be offended,—'parcequ'il est Ecossois qui vaut autant à dire qu'intéressé.' The poverty of Scotland at that time is but a poor plea for this dereliction of honour and of morality; but these were the Covenanters of that brave and shrewd people!"

"When the commissioners were preparing for the trial of the king, they debated whether they should have in court both a sword and a mace; for this huddled government, not having yet had time to order a commonwealth-mace, the one in use bore the royal arms. There was something antithetical in the present process of displaying the regal authority in the moment of the abolition of monarchy. They resolved to have both, the sword alone looking too terrible."

"A domestic incident which occurred the evening preceding his execution, gives a touching representation of the man. Charles taking off an emerald ring from his finger, seemed anxious that Herbert, if possible, should hasten immediately and deliver it to a lady, without saying a word. Herbert by great favour procured the parole, and not with little difficulty threaded his way by the numerous sentinels, at that late hour. At the sight of the ring, the lady, who resided in the neighbourhood, desired Herbert to wait. She returned with a little cabinet, closed with three seals, praying that it might be delivered to the hand which sent that ring, and which was left with her. In the morning the mysterious cabinet was opened, it contained diamonds and jewels, and for the most part broken Georges and Garters. 'You see,' said Charles, 'all the wealth now in my power to give my two children.' The person with whom the cabinet had been deposited by the provident monarch was Lady Wheeler, the royal laundress."

We conclude with the following admirable observation.

"Every age has its character, which is derived from the circumstances of the period, but the principle by which men are actuated has ever been the same. Such vague and disturbed notions of civil liberty were more palpable when these 'rationalists' were denominated 'the levellers.' Then was comprehended the nature of their chimerical republics, every man choosing to live in one of his own. Then appeared their barbarous independence, and their ceaseless innovations. All the vain hopes of the eternal restlessness of man, placed amidst the corruptions of human institutions, and the conflicting interests of society itself. The greater peril into which a nation is cast, is when the varied land-marks of society are violently removed; then the demagogue shews his towering head, the reckless adventurer grasps at the universal spoil, and the orator invokes liberty, with a heart vowed to the wretched slavery of flattering the passions of the people."

These volumes cannot be too universally read; read attentively and thoughtfully by all who desire to know the history of this interesting and momentous period. Mr. D'Israeli has been indefatigable; and whether we agree or differ with the author's opinions, we cannot but appreciate the author himself. He places Charles's portrait in the best light, and we imagine our own conclusion will be that of most of our readers;—our sympathies of feeling lean to the side of the king; our sympathies of thought to that of the parliament.

Sketches of Irish Character. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Second Series, pp. 448. London, 1831. Westley and Davis.*

THIS is a work that is both delightful and useful: delightful, for the stories are at once interesting and amusing, and told with all the life of native vivacity; and useful, for to point out a fault is one step towards correcting it; and many indigenous faults are here truly but kindly touched. That liability to excitement which induces an Irishman to act before he thinks, that procrastinating indolence which insinuates itself under the seductive form of easy good nature, the want of that order which is the great excellence of social life,—all these are strikingly painted, and perhaps are the more obvious to every judgment from the simple and natural method in which they are brought out. The scenes are vivid, because they are true. "Mark Connor's Wooing and Wedding," we like much; the difficulties of doing, and yet the much that may be done in the way of improvement, are excellently well shewn. "Mabel O'Neil's Curse" is a very dramatic story; but perhaps the "Rapparee" will be the general favourite. The sketch we extract has the double merit of being essentially Irish, and conveying a most useful lesson—one which points out the misery arising from a national vice (we can call it by no lighter name), that has caused more evil than even "the creature" (*Anglicè* whisky) or the shilelah.

"'We'll see about it!' From that simple sentence has arisen more evil to Ireland than any person, ignorant of the strange union of impetuosity and procrastination my countrymen exhibit, could well believe. They are sufficiently prompt and energetic where their feelings are concerned, but, in matters of business, they almost invariably prefer *seeing about* to doing. I shall not find it difficult to illustrate this observation. From the many examples of its truth, in high and in low life, I select Philip Garraty. Philip, and Philip's wife, and Philip's children, and all the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in *seeing about* every thing, and, consequently, in *doing* nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome, good-humoured fellow, of about five and thirty, with broad, lazy-looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually lurking about

* There is also a Second Edition of the First Series, pp. 459.

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his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes, the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the hag-yard; his blue worsted stockings full of holes, which the suggan, twisted half-way up the well-formed leg, fails to conceal; while his brogues (to use his own words), if they do let the water in, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted twine, and then unroll it; varying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once formed a wall into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full-grown ducks to sail in. But let us first take a survey of the premises. The dwelling-house is a long rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is, that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighbourhood, and ought to be 'well to do in the world.' The dwelling looks very comfortless, notwithstanding: part of the thatch is much decayed, and the rank weeds and damp moss nearly cover it; the door-posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the window-frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a 'lock of straw,' very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is the hag-yard gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall exhibits proof that it had formerly been fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition; the pig-sty is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once-cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys, and contented half-fatted geese, live at large and on the public; but the turkeys, with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it, for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select the grain *à plaisir*. 'Give you good morrow, Mr. Philip; we have had showery weather lately.' 'Och! all manner o' joy to ye, my lady!—and sure ye'll walk in, and sit down; my woman will be proud to see ye. I'm sartin we'll have the rain soon agin, for it's every where, like bad luck; and my throat's sore wid hurishing thim pigs out o' the garden — sorra' a thing can I do all day for watching thim.' 'Why do you not mend the door of the sty?' 'True for ye, ma'am dear; so I would if I had the nails; and I've been threat'ning to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to *see about it*.' 'I hear you've had a fine crop of wheat, Philip.' 'Thank God for all things! You may say that; we had, my lady, a fine crop; but I have always the hight of ill luck somehow; upon my sowkins (and that's the hardest oath I swear) the turkeys have had the most of it: but I mean to *see about* setting it up safe to-morrow.' 'But, Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing, to the steward at the big house.' 'It was all as one as sould, only it's a bad world, madam dear, and I've no luck. Says the steward to me, says he, I like to do things like a man of business, so, Mister Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver over the wheat-field to me, on sich a day, standing as it is, for sich a sum; and I'll sign it for ye, and thin there can be no mistake—only let me have it by this day week. Well, to be sure, I came home full o' my good luck, and I tould the wife; and, on the strength of it, she must have a new gown. And sure, says she, Miss Hennessy is just come from Dublin, wid a shop-full o' goods; and, on account that she's my brother's sister-in-law's first cousin, she'll let me have the first sight o' the things, and I can take my pick, and we'll have plinty of time to *see about* the agreement to-morrow. Well, I don't know how it was, but the next day we had no paper, nor ink, nor pens in the house; I meant to send the gossoon to Miss Hennessy's for all—but forgot the pens. So, when I was *seeing about* the 'greement, I bethought of the ould gander; and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laid y'er two eyes upon, out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in such a manner, that sorra a pen I could hould for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long; and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward.—Good evening to you, Mr. Garraty, says he. Good evening kindly, sir, says I, and I hope the woman that owns ye, and all y'er good family's well. All well, thank ye, Mr. Garraty, says he. I've got the 'greement here, sir, says I, pulling it out, as I thought—but, behould ye—I only cotcht the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco, that was loose in my pocket for want of a box (saving y'er presence); so I turned what little bits o' things I had in it out, and there was a grate hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through, at the bottom, which the wife promised to *see about* mending, as good as six months before. Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth (for he's an Englishman), and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air-holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sich-like jokes, and that I'd go home and make another 'greement. 'Greement! for what?—says he, laying down his grate outlandish pipe. Whew! may-be ye don't know, says I. Not I, says he. The wheat-field, says I. Why, says he, didn't I tell you then, that you must bring the 'greement to me by that day week?—and that was, by the same token (pulling a red memorandum-book out of his pocket), let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mr. Garraty, he goes on, that when ye didn't care to look after y'er own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, I was going to wait upon you? I don't lose my papers in the Irish fashion. Well, that last set me up—and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding; and one word brought on another; and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist, and I had the ill luck to knock him down; and, the coward, what does he do but takes the law o' me—and I was cast, and lost the sale of the wheat, and was ordered to pay ever so much money: well, I didn't care to pay it then, but gave an engagement; and I meant to *see about it*—but forgot; and, all in a giffy, came a thing they call an execution—and, to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame negur, the exciseman, who'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence (if, indeed, there ever was a sowl in the family)—and it's a terrible case to be paying *interest* for it *still*.' 'But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river.' 'True for ye, ma'am dear, and I've been *seeing about it* for a long time, but somehow *I have no luck*. Just as ye came up, I was thinking to myself that the gale-day is passed, and all one as before, yarra a pin's worth have I for the rint, and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though it's a shame to say that of a gintleman; for, jist as he was *seeing about* some ould custodium, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate ever since he came to it, the sheriff's officers put *executioners* in the house; and it's very sorrowful for both of us, if I may make bould to say so; for I am sartin he'll be racking me for the money, and, indeed, the ould huntsman tould me as much; but I must *see about it*: not, indeed, that it's much good, for I've no luck.' 'Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head; do *not lose* a moment; you will be utterly ruined if you do. Why not apply to your father-in-law?—he is able to assist you; for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment.' 'True for ye, that's good advice, my lady; and, by the blessing of God, I'll *see about it*.' 'Then go directly, Philip.' 'Directly! I can't, ma'am dear, on account of the pigs; and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages; for I let the woman and the grawls go to the pattern at Killaun; it's little pleasure they see, the craturs!' 'But your wife did not hear the huntsman's story?' 'Och! ay, did she; but, unless she could give me a sheaf o' bank notes, where would be the good of her staying?—but I'll *see about it*.' 'Immediately, then, Philip; think upon the ruin that may come—nay, that *must* come, if you *neglect* this matter: your wife, too—your family reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate—' 'Asy, my lady!—don't be after breaking my heart intirely; thank God, I have seven as fine flahulugh children as ever peeled pratee, and all under twelve years ould; and sure I'd lay down my life tin times over for every one o' them; and to-morrow for sartin—no—to-morrow—the hurling; I can't to-morrow; but the day after, if I'm a living man, *I'll see about it*.' Poor Philip! his kindly feelings were valueless because of his unfortunate habit. Would that this were the only example I could produce of the ill effects of that dangerous little sentence—'*I'll see about it!*'"

This is so long a quotation, that we have left ourselves no space to shew cause why we praise the liveliness with which Mrs. Hall touches all the love scenes. She is exceedingly happy in her feminine amiabilities. We have been much amused by one little sentence: "I do firmly believe women are a compound of aristocracy and rebellion." The first of these series has already past into a second edition, to which is prefixed a very ingenious and interesting preface by Dr. Walsh. We now leave the two volumes to that public favour which they well deserve, and to which we cordially commend them.

The Cat's Tail: being the History of Childe Merlin. A Tale. By the Baroness de Katzleben. 12mo. pp. 31. Edinburgh, 1831, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THE object of this trifle is not very explicit. In its outset we find the germ of a moral *jeu-d'esprit* on the grand phenomena of education, and the "march of intellect;" but it immediately slides into a real cat's tale; and the life and adventures of Merlin the Cat, interspersed, it is true, with some shrewd remarks on life, bring us to the conclusion. There may be something perdu in this history, but we have not the clue to find it out; and therefore, however it impeaches our critical sagacity, we can only construe the performance literally. The dedication "To the Infant Public" is very good:—

"My dear little Friends,—Your entrance upon the grand theatre of life having, happily for you, been delayed until an era of advanced civilisation, when the march of mind is making such rapid strides towards perfectibility, that every philosopher in swaddling clothes is competent to the office, so pleasingly illustrated by our inimitable Cruikshank, of 'teaching its

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grandmother to suck eggs;' I dedicate to you the feline epic of 'The Cat's Tail,' more apprehensive that its construction should fall *below* the level of your understanding, than that it should call forth any painful exertion of your comprehensive faculties; albeit the said epic is, doubtless, interspersed and dignified by certain passages and allusions presupposing a precociousness of intellect on your part, which it would have been absurd to build on in those dark days of our fathers and grandfathers, when 'the young ideas,' so far from 'shooting' up to perfection, (as is the case in our glorious age), like mushrooms in a forcing bed, were condemned to struggle their painful way to maturity through hard clods and frosty mornings, without further help than rough hoeing and weeding, and now and then a little thinning and topping too, according to the barbarous fashion of those benighted times. I congratulate you, enlightened juveniles! on your happier destinies, which fully to appreciate, however, you should frequently call to mind the sufferings and degradation to which your less-favoured progenitors and progenitrixes were ruthlessly subjected, not only in their toilsome ascent up the rugged rock of knowledge, but under all circumstances of their hapless infancy. Figure to yourselves, my sweet Angelina Cecilia! and my lovely little Emily Anna Maria! and Augusta Matilda! the contrast of your own perfect *tout ensemble*, all laced and braced, sandalled and trinketted, curled, frizzled, and essenced, trousered, flounced, and furbelowed, like a brood of Bantam's graces, in full preparation to cluster, with the best possible drawing-room effect, round the *chaise longue* of the maternal Venus: figure to yourselves, I say, the contrast of your infant persons, so decorated, to those of your great aunts, Betty, Bridget, and Barbara, as you see them represented in the old family picture, which has so long served your brothers for a target, in the great lumber-room behind your nursery. There they stand, the three antique innocents! as just sent down, hand-in-hand (like the babes in the wood), to ask papa's and mamma's blessing, after a toilette, the mysteries whereof consisted of being tied up (like measures of wheat) in plain white frocks, with plenty of tucks to allow for after-growth; blue, mottled, unstockinged legs and chilblained feet, thrust and stamped down into red morocco shoes, the *ne plus ultra* of that day's infant finery; hair brushed smooth, and shining, or left to curl and wave, at Nature the old obsolete beldame's pleasure, about sunburnt polls, or frost-bitten ears, according to the season; and, as the finishing touch, their poor dear little snub noses rubbed up all the wrong way with cold water and soap, and a towel like a currycomb, by a nursery-maid who performed the operation with no more consideration for tender flesh than if she had been dry rubbing a mahogany table. Picture to yourselves this contrast, (no fancy piece, my young friends!), and, as you will find it written somewhere in the subjoined poem,

'Be thankful such woes are not meted to you.'"

The poem which follows this neat introduction describes the hero kitten and his attaining to cat-hood. His most perilous trial during kittency was being thrown upon the fire along with coals from the coal-box, where he was wont to roll himself up for a snooze, and being of coal-colour was not seen. We quote the end of it.

"To conclude *that* adventure, I've only to tell,
That, for once, Master Merlin got off pretty well—
The tip of his tail was just frizzled or so,
(A cat's tail is soon whisked on fire, you know),
And the rim of one ear, just enough to smell musty,
And the moustache on one cheek (the right) was singed rusty;
That, indeed, was unlucky; for by the great care
Most gentlemen take of those two tufts of hair,
I suppose (though the thing I can't quite comprehend)
Their honour and welfare must somehow depend
On the flourishing state, knowing twirl, and all that,
Of those mystical twins. Now, methinks, for a *cat*
The ornament's all very well in its way—
Appropriate, neat, and so forth. But to say,
In a gentleman's phiz, that I think it engaging,
Would be false—and no falsehood shall enter my page in."

Important as it might be to the feline race, yet as we are not sure that we number any of them among our readers, since we lost our poor favourite Tom about a month ago; and as it cannot be so interesting to our human friends, we shall pass over the marriage, &c. of Merlin to a tabby older than himself, and simply illustrate the talent (or talon) of the Baroness of Katzleben by a description of his widowhood and its consequences. By his unkindness

"She was struck to the heart—sicken'd—took to her bed,
And never smiled after, nor held up her head.
He was shock'd, made apologies, swore by his beard—
('Twas burnt off, by the by)—'there was nothing he fear'd
Half so much as the loss of so virtuous a wife,
For whom he was ready to lay down his life,
If the Fates would be pleased to accept it, instead
Of her precious existence. It made his heart bleed
To behold her sad state—it was too much, indeed,
For his poor shatter'd nerves. Just to vary the scene,
He'd step out a minute or two on the green,
Take a turn up and down, and a sniff of fresh air.'
So he went; and, by mere chance, encountering there
His cousin (a giddy, young, frolicsome gig)—
'I'll tell you what, Grizzy!' says he, 'dash my wig!
If I don't think the old lady's hopping the twig!'

* * * *

His good *feelings*, indeed—'tis most certain they fail'd
At this critical juncture, when conjugal love
Should have caused him to mourn, like a fond, faithful dove,
For his dear dying spouse. But, perhaps, after all,
(For there's nothing like candour) those words were let fall
In a passion of grief, when unspeakable pain
Had with sudden delirium affected his brain;
Or, may be, he affected that frolicsome air
Just to mask his soul's anguish, his deadly despair:
We know not how deceitful appearances are,
And how many examples (without searching far)
May be found, of disconsolate husbands, left lonely
By the death of dear spouses, whose sorrows can only
Be guess'd at, with art so profound they conceal
That 'grief passing show' which we know they *must* feel.

There's something excessively moving, my dears,
In that grief which the poet calls 'too deep for tears;'
'Tis so *very refined*?—so—*so deep!*—and all that;
And there can be no doubt but our poor widowed cat
(For his lady went off that same day in a dose—
A sweet quiet ending!) felt exquisite throes
Of extremest concern; though to *outward* appearance
You'd have sworn he consider'd her loss a good clearance.
That night, just as usual, he went out a-mousing,
And up, in the moonshine, I saw him carousing
On the roof of a house, with a frolicsome set
Of his long-tail'd associates. Perhaps they were met
(Indeed, by the clamours I heard over head,
I should think it most likely) to howl for the dead.

One thing, I must own, seem'd at first rather shocking,
And one can't be surprised that it set people talking.
Before his late spouse had departed this life
The short space of three days, he had taken to wife—
(Such indecorous haste turns one's senses quite dizzy
At the first contemplation)—his cousin Miss Grizzy!
Good gracious! how people (the ladies most furiously)
Cried shame on such scandalous haste! how injuriously
They bespatter'd poor Merlin! and yet it came out,
After all, that they set up this terrible shout
At an act that had been, on the widower's part,
Perform'd with excessive reluctance of heart,
In compliance with wishes breathed into his ear
With her very last sigh by his poor dying dear!

'Tis surprising how often fond wives, when they're dying,
Make this parting request! and how *very* complying
The wretched survivors invariably prove
With that sad, solemn, sacred injunction of love!"

The pious match, however, turns out unhappily—the couple quarrel terribly; for the lady is extremely gay, and

"Whole days to some gloomy seclusion he'd fly,
On a rafter perch'd up in the cock-loft so high;
And there, in a sort of brown study or doze,
Would he sit, with the tears trickling off from his nose
To his whiskers, till each to the tip so beset
From his muzzle, stuck out like a diamond aigrette."

But

"By degrees (as in time all things here find their level)
Our couple grown wiser, grew distant and civil,
Chose separate lodgings, kept separate table,
(Leaving *her* the whole house-range, *he* took to the stable),
And by private convention, where each was a winner,
Never met but to see some set party to dinner.
At such times their behaviour was really quite sterling!
So polite and all that. 'Twas, 'My dear Mister Merlin,
Shall I send you a leg of this mouse? It's so juicy!'
And, 'My dear Mrs. M.,' sometimes 'dear Mrs. Pussy,
Let me tempt you to try this cock-robin au naturel,
Or a few of these chafers croquant à la pastorelle;
Dip your whiskers, my life, in this cream or this custard;
Do, love! try this fondu—'tis made without mustard.'

Now and then there were side-hits, a *leetle* bit spiteful,
But perfectly well bred. Enfin, 'twas delightful!
And the Merlins were cited in all their friends' houses
As 'glasses of fashion,' and quite pattern spouses."

With these extracts we trust the public will be satisfied; and we will not anticipate the uncommon catastrophe. Three etchings by G. Cruikshank, the frontispiece of the lady and the cat especially, are very clever, in spite of a little spiteful touch at the science of embellishing books. We quote it, though *we* can scarcely credit the *insinivation!*

"But, before we go farther, just look, dears, I pray,
There's a sketch done from nature the very same day
By a faithful eye-witness. O! no matter *who*,
Nor where posted precisely while taking the view:
A book-maker can't be expected, you know,
To explain all those trifles; he tells you '*'tis so*,'
And you're bound to believe him. If folks were so prying,
Half the prettiest stories would turn out sheer lying;
Half the travels and tours, picturesque and poetical,
Interspersed with neat incidents, touches pathetical,
All with pictures illustrative, done on the spot,
Might be proved—what my story, remember, is *not*—
A mere catch-penny humbug."

Bogle Corbet; or, the Emigrants. By John Galt, Esq., author of "Lawrie Todd," "The Life of Lord Byron," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

At this late period of the week it is impossible to do justice to a work which contains the records of a life full of practical experience. It is characterised by its motto, "Truth severe by fiction drest;" and how this plan is to be carried into execution is well set forth in the preface.

"Information given as incidents of personal experience is more instructive than opinion. The author's opportunities to acquire knowledge of the kind which he has here prepared, have been, at least, not common, and it was studiously gathered to be useful to others. He had proposed to offer the result of his observations in a regular didactic form, but, upon reflection, a theoretic biography seemed better calculated to ensure the effect desired. We disguise medicine, and he but mixes truth with fiction. * * * * * The object of this work has been to give expression to the probable feelings of a character upon whom the commercial circumstances of the age have had their natural effect, and to shew what a person of ordinary genteel habits has really to expect in emigrating to Canada."

We shall now, without further parley, endeavour to give an idea of the miscellaneous contents of these pages. The conversation in which the hero's destiny is arranged by his two doers (*Anglicè*, guardians) is full of Mr. Galt's peculiar and quaint humour; it is too good to be omitted.

"The punch being ready and the glasses charged,—the king and constitution were previously drank in the wine,—Mr. Macindoe turned himself to me, then about seventeen years of age, and said, 'Bogle Corbet, my lad, this is an occasion made on purpose for you, and may you never get a worse dinner, though certainly the broth might have been better boiled,—ahem! gude wife, do you hear that?—Well, Bogle Corbet, we are here met, and I have duly considered what the doctor has often

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said to me—ahem !—or ought to have said,—That there is nothing now-a-days like the manufacturing line.' 'Mr. Macindoe,' interposed the doctor; 'I do not recollect that I ever emitted an opinion on the subject.' 'Well, well, doctor, we'll not cast out about that; but if ye did not, no man could better than yourself prove all its advantages. However, we can defer the consideration of that particularity till another time, and keep to the matter in hand, which, Bogle Corbet, as I was saying, is a lucky thing for you; ye have only to put your heel in your neck, and whirl yourself into Mr. Aird's loom-shop;—I hope, James, ye'll not object to take him. But how is the punch? don't you think it would stand a leetle squeeze of the lime?' 'I am of opinion,' replied the doctor, 'that we should consult the predilections of our ward himself. It has not been the custom for many years—' 'You are quite right,' interrupted my other curator, 'and I think it smacks too much of the souring; a small knob of sugar will mend all. Ladies, this is real prime; take off your heel-tops, and send me your glasses. No doubt, Mr. Aird, ye'll have some notion where Bogle Corbet, poor fellow, should be boarded. Don't you think, doctor, that Mrs. Wadset, if she could be persuaded to take him, would make a capital landlady? Oh! such an alteration it is, to even her, to taking lodgers. There was not a more topping merchant than her husband in all the Virginia trade, before the war. Bogle Corbet, would not you like to bide with Mrs. Wadset?' 'He never heard of her before,' said my most worthy Mrs. Busby. 'If ye had riddled with a riddle the whole tot of the widows of Glasgow, ye could na hae chosen from the leavings a more discreet woman.' 'But,' said Dr. Leach, 'are we not proceeding too fast? I beg to observe——' 'Ay, ay,' cried Mr. Macindoe, 'I should have given the toast first; this is Bogle Corbet's health, and good luck to him, both as a weaver, and as a manufacturer!—I'm thinking, gude wife, your teakettle's boiling;—Bogle Corbet, here's your health, my lad.' 'Really, Mr. Macindoe,' interposed the doctor, 'we ought not to be in such haste; I was not aware that the matter had been decided before I came here.' 'Doctor, doctor, if ye had been a man of business, ye would have known that matters of trade are best managed by settling them at once, and consulting about them after. However, it is a great satisfaction to me to find your opinion so conjunct with mine. Take off your glass, doctor; and, Mr. Aird, ye're no' feared for the road. It's no' the length, but the breadth of it, that should trouble you when ye go from my house.' 'Deed, Mr. Macindoe, I'll ne'er deny that your drink's worth the taking away wi' us. It's no' the first time that I hae stagger'd aneath the burden; but I'll gie you a sentiment: 'Let Glasgow flourish by the weaving of cotton.' Bogle Corbet, ye canna but cock your wee finger aboon your neb to that.' At this crisis the ladies rose and went away. An end was removed from the table, which was wheeled towards the fire; and, after some other adjustments, the deliberation was resumed. 'Well,' said Mr. Macindoe, after he had again filled the gentlemen's glasses, 'this has been a highly satisfactory conversation, and I must here before my colleague frankly declare, that in all the three years we have acted together as Bogle Corbet's doers, we have never once differed. Is not that true, doctor? Indeed, considering your experience, I have had but to bow my head to the suggestions of your practical understanding, and to follow in the right course.' 'I am much obliged to you, Mr. Macindoe,' said Dr. Leach, 'but in this matter——' 'There could indeed be no difference of opinion. The cotton trade presents a great opening, and we could not shut our eyes to the manifest advantage it is to Bogle Corbet. Don't you think we would be the better of a biscuit, a slice of tongue, or a capling? Bogle Corbet, touch the bell; we'll have it to the next bowl. A cobble is but a small boat; I wish the gude wife had thought better of the occasion, and given me the bigger bowl; but women will have their own way sometimes, though I must allow Mrs. Macindoe is one of the best of her kind; but, Mr. Aird, will ye see to Mrs. Wadset? It was a happy thought to think on her.' 'And are ye really resolved, Mr. Macindoe?' inquired the doctor, in a tone that betokened compliance. 'Not if there is any thing to be alleged against the fitness of the lady; and it will help her—she's cousin to my wife—and you know the old saying, 'a friend in need, is a friend indeed;' we'll make it our sentiment.' Thus was it decided that I was to be a manufacturer. The courteous reader will discern how ably and fully all points of the question were discussed, and with what hilarity it was so unanimously arranged."

Bogle Corbet himself is a dreamy, imaginative, and somewhat inactive person, ill fitted for a stirring time,—and his mercantile prosperity vanishes like a dream, leading eventually to his emigration: on which subject we consider Mr. Galt's observation and experience so important, that we shall make a separate article of the third volume. In the mean time we shall note a few of the passages which have struck us in this hasty perusal. There are the truths of a long life in the following remarks.

"The outward gladness and the inward grief are often in harsh discord with one another. * * * * * All sedentary tradesmen are curiously disposed to be politicians. * * * * I had observed that the democrats were ever the most ambitious, and the republicans the most arbitrary. * * * * Casualties generally teach the best lessons of self-knowledge. * * * * * Poverty begets vile thoughts, which mankind, from a benevolent sentiment, do not like to hear. General flatterers of human nature are as much favoured by the species, as particular sycophants by individuals."

We leave the rest of our criticism till next week, when we shall enter at some length on the important subject of emigration; and only say now, that a picture of Jamaica in the second volume is of no less concernment to the West India interests, than the descriptions of Canada in the third, to which we have alluded. Indeed, *Bogle Corbet* is of so much general importance, that we can hardly treat it as a novel.

Authorship; a Tale. By a New-Englander Over-sea (J. Neale). 12mo. pp. 267. Boston, 1830, Gray and Bowen: London, O. Rich.

We do believe Mr. Neale to be a very clever man — one of rich imagination and much thought; but he is one who will never obtain the credit he really deserves. His imagination and his thoughts alike run into the most unbridled extravagance, till the imagery is phantasmagoric, and the feeling ludicrous. He sets out by despising rule, and defying opinion; yet never writer more required to be guided by the one, or to be checked by the other. In his desire of over-exciting, he goes beyond all human sympathy, and quite forgets, that even as discretion is the better part of valour, so taste is the better part of composition. His novel of *Seventy-Six* is a very vigorous and original performance; and whether the stormy time in which it is laid gives sufficient excitement in the actual scenes, there is less of wild and extravagant creation than in any other of his works. Cut down, pruned, and corrected mercilessly, *Seventy-Six* would be a valuable production. Full of skilful historical painting, *Logan* has some fine bits; and the account of American writers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, contained a mass of intelligence, vividly communicated. The work before us is a complete extravaganza: why it should be called *Authorship*, we do not understand—except a brief dialogue about magazine writing, there is nothing that describes authorship in any of its bearings: it is the history of a lady whom the hero sees by chance in Westminster Abbey, with whom he also falls in love, and, after the lapse of three years, meets again in company with her husband. The story is incoherent to the last degree, and aim there is none; still, you read the book with an impression on you that the author could do much better things. Woman is a great stumbling-block in Mr. Neale's way—when "a lady 's in the case," he forthwith rushes on with a spring-tide of passion and absurdity. It is impossible to treat a subject with worse taste than he does one of this kind. With a high idea of feminine excellence, he yet perpetually revolts you: and when he means to be simple and natural, he is only coarse—he wants both knowledge and delicacy. It is an odd thing for an author to be his own critic; yet his own remarks on his own writings are singularly just: they are thrown into the form of a letter. Speaking of his talent, he says—"'You have more than enough. First, then, husband your resources better. Remember that every thing ceases to astonish, to excite, to move, by repetition. Suffering, torture, death, any thing, may become familiar and tamed of its horrors by repetition. Don't launch your thunder at butterflies and gnats. Don't make your heroes go raving mad for a cause, an offence, which five rational words would remove or explain. One ceases to sympathise in such gratuitous and self-inflicted misery. Don't let a scene which might appropriately end in tears, bitter tears and agonised silence, end in fire and fury, whirlwind, tempest, lightning, and the ——. Are you mad, my dear friend? No, you will not be angry with me. I could not write this if I had not a deep interest in all you write. Again: your characters all talk too much the same language—have the same intense and exaggerated and distorted imagination and sensibility. H—— and W—— A——, the only men deserving the name of characters, talk so that sometimes you could not tell which is speaking. One *very* extraordinary man is enough—remember, more than one principal light spoils a picture. If there be two extraordinary men, they should be utterly unlike."

The next extract is one of description:—"Two or three nights before, I had been struck with the amazing beauty of a sunset, which I saw from the Portsmouth side—it was like the sunsets of North America; not so brilliant, however, nor dyed with such exalted and fervent hues; but *like* them in the stillness of their beauty, when to look at them is enough to bring the water into your eyes, and to make your heart run over—especially if there is a woman at your side. I grew melancholy, and I thought how very little we know of each other in this world—nations of nations, neighbours of neighbours, brothers of brothers. On every side of me was the proof; on every side of me beauty and power that were considered peculiar to America; a real Indian summer—that Sabbath of the whole year; a superb sun-

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set, and huge trees overloaded with foliage that appeared like a sort of gorgeous blazonry. Their colours were not so vivid as we have them in America, nor so various, nor did they overhang all the mountain-sides, and all the rocks, and every foot of the earth as far as the eye could reach, with a sort of ponderous and fluctuating shadow; but they had a beauty of their own, a beauty that we never see in the New World—a sort of pomp which is not the pomp of the wilderness, and a sort of wealth which is not the wealth of our everlasting woods, but graver and quieter. They swell up to the eye, cloud over cloud, with colours that we love to see in a picture. Not so with our savage North American landscapes—they would startle and scare you if they were painted with fidelity. If you had gathered your ideas of nature from Claude, or Poussin, or Hobbima, or Both, or Ruysdäl, or from any body that ever painted a landscape in Europe, you would never be able to endure the truth in a landscape of North America. The bright blue, the deep fiery crimson, the scarlet and gold, the orange and purple, the innumerable shades of brown, would appear unworthy of a picture. You would feel as men who have been brought up to the stage do, when they see the terrible passions at work off the stage—you would swear that Nature herself was unnatural. So much for the sunset which I had seen two or three nights before; but nothing that I saw then, though it was all that I have described it to be, could equal the view that I had now of the Portsmouth shore off Gosport, of the shipping, of the military works, and of the far blue sea, with a fleet riding slowly over the dim barrier which hardly separated it from the far blue sky, launching away, ship after ship, into the unfathomable air, as if they knew, like the huge birds of South America when they float over the top of the Andes, *into* the sky, with all their mighty wings outspread—that there was no power in heaven or earth able to wreck them, or shatter them, or disturb them on their way. It was a picture to be remembered for life—to be carried away on the heart, as if the colours were burnt there, and the movable beauty of a camera obscura had been shut up for another day, or melted into the material and fixed there for ever and ever."

There is great beauty in this passage; and were we the oracle that Mr. Neale would consult, our answer would be one word—discipline. But we take for granted, that either reviewer or friend would have to say what the Scotch husband said of his wife—"She winna be guidit by me."

The Correspondence and Diary of Philip Doddridge, D.D., &c. &c. Vol. V. 8vo. pp. 552. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

We have always professed to avoid polemical and political warfare. It is enough for a Journal like this, even in the times of the greatest excitement, to endeavour to preserve its own little green field of delightful literature, of everlastingly improving sciences, and immortally refining arts, clear from the contagion of the hour: the ferment and agitation will pass away, no matter how extraordinary and engrossing they may be; and even those who have been engaged in the hottest of the turmoil will look back for purer gratification to the slightest record of better things. But we are not such dreamers as to fancy that it becomes any intelligent beings, at periods of critical importance to the whole structure and welfare of society, to say we will or can abstract ourselves from the business of life, and be quiet worshippers of some favourite and particular study, while all around us is rocking to the foundation with portent and change: no, this is not the duty of good citizens or good men; and we only advert to the subject by way of explanation, not apology. We desire to keep this publication free from every thought and word that could be attributed to partisanship in religion or government; and if ever we devote a few columns to either principle, it is in the trust that our efforts will be received as impartial analyses of able writers, for the general information, as far as we are competent to digest and elucidate their labours. Thus, when we notice works of the classes referred to, it is simply to make them known: we may praise the style and skill of an author, without agreeing to one of his arguments; we may condemn the want of order and the manner of another, while concurring in every sentiment he utters. In short, we could wish our pages to be consulted as as fair and ample a report of the matters they embrace as could reasonably be expected from unusual facilities and unremitting assiduity: if so, they will be found to be what we have hinted, a pleasant spot for recreation, instruction, and enjoyment, not only during periods of popular ferment, but long after such periods have passed away.

These few reflections have been called from us by the fifth and concluding volume of the remains of Dr. Doddridge. We care not if the Calvinist call the author of the *Family Expositor* a blamably easy and candid man—if the rigid disciplinarian frown upon, or the sanctified zealot condemn him: we take him as he is frankly represented to us by his descendant and editor; and we leave the bickerings of sects and parties to be fought out by the, considering the professions of Christianity, too willing and too ardent combatants. We therefore pass over the introduction to this volume, in which Mr. Humphreys contends that the nonconformists of the last century were liberal, loyal, and social men, as unlike the puritans of the preceding age as the gloomy followers of their creed who affect superior holiness in the present day. Let the *mêlés* of Methodist, Presbyterian, High-churchman, Baptist, Unitarian, Independent, Evangelical, &c. &c. take up the glove: we shake hands with the argument, and shall only produce a few extracts to speak for the volume. In a letter from Dr. Fordyce, dated Aberdeen, March 1748, we meet with some extremely shrewd remark, and a pleasant piece of literary gossip.

"I have (he says) read Colonel Gardiner's Life, and felt my heart melted in many places. I cannot see that there was any impropriety in publishing his letters, but rather think they redound greatly to his honour. He was a most amiable man; and I believe the glorious fruits of his piety will abundantly screen him from the imputation of an ill-informed enthusiasm, even among those who dare not reproach, though little disposed to imitate, his exalted piety. Perhaps there is too just ground for your reflection in the third section; but I must be so frank as to tell you that it has brought *your* orthodoxy into question among many who cannot see what plausibility there is in the objection against the colonel's character, for his adherence to the principles in which he was educated, *i. e.* those of the church of Scotland, which are the same upon that matter with those of England, unless upon the supposition of those principles being false or pernicious. If they are neither, where was the harm of adhering to them, especially as you intimate that the colonel did not seek to impose or persecute?—That infamous libel did not reach this place, and I think you are right to take no notice of it; though perhaps it had been better not to have thrown out so shrewd a hint, which the freest inquirers in both churches will surely think levelled at themselves. The subscription to such large formularies is undoubtedly a grievance in most establishments. But do dissenters enjoy, or dare they use, in fact, in the full extent of the *thing* (not the *word*), that liberty of which they boast? Are they exempt from expedients and salvos, and from *phrases* of ambiguous or equivocal meaning? I am afraid, doctor, we must always make some concessions to the *foibles* of the *creature* if we mean to do him good; which, if rigidly examined, need to be understood *cum grano salis*. And are assemblies of creatures with such foibles to be less respected than individuals? When you can produce a perfect individual, then will I shew you a perfect society! * * * I shall be prodigiously glad to see Mr. West's Pindar, &c., of which I heard before. I remember a beautiful poem of his, some years ago, in imitation of Spenser. I dare say you will be glad to hear that Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' which has lain so long indolent, is in the press. I have got Lowman, but have not yet had leisure to read him. Dr. Sykes writes me that he read him with great eagerness, expecting to have his own work on sacrifices superseded; but he was disappointed, and went on boldly in his own way. He adds that his is a philological rather than a theological work. He writes me of an odd book, called 'A full and perfect View of Christianity,' written by one Deacon, of Manchester, a nonjurant; which he calls one of the most consistent books he ever saw, and very extraordinary to come from a non-jurant, who differs but little from a papist: he would have it considered by a good hand. Have you read Roderick Random? It is done by a Scotch surgeon, one Smollett (who has written a pretty good tragedy), and, I am told, is well liked. What is this new play of Dr. Hoadley's? You do not mean the Suspicious Husband? I think Mr. Lyttelton was right not to accept of the Oxonian diploma. Your freethinking wits would have said 'the man wrote for a *plume*.'"

The following anecdote tempts us by its beauty.

"Some illiberal reflections being cast on the late Dr. Lindsey, Mrs. Humphreys vindicated his sincerity, and *right of* private judgment. A gentleman present remarked, with more asperity than truth, that he wondered Dr. Doddridge had not rendered his *family* orthodox! She replied, with perfect serenity, 'Sir, the orthodoxy *my father* taught his children was *charity*.'"

Henry Baker, the F.R.S. and founder of the Bakerian lectures, was a frequent correspondent of Dr. Doddridge's, who seems to have entered into his own pursuits in repaying his agreeable letters. For example:

"Northampton, July 2, 1748.

"Dear sir,—The occasion of my writing to you now is to inform you of a remarkable fact, which I have just heard from a member of the church of which I am pastor, and in whom I can entirely confide. He tells me that he has in Upper Heyford Field, about four miles from this town, a wether sheep which now suckles a lamb. I know not by what accident the lamb sometime since ran after it and fixed upon its pape, drawing hard, milk followed. The lamb has subsisted very well upon what it sucked, and at the late shearing time he himself pressed the teats, and milk came out in a considerable

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quantity. This reminds me of what Mr. Ray tells us, from Bocconi, that a countryman in Umbria nourished his child by milk from his own breast, and Florentinus and Malpighius are quoted on the same occasion. Bartholinus, in his Anatomy, p. 215, has some remarkable passages to this purpose: he quotes a passage in Aristotle concerning a he-goat, in Lemnos, which had a great quantity of milk. I shall add to this a short account of a monstrous lamb, which was weaned in a field near Newport Pagnel, about the middle of last March, and was brought to me soon after it died. It had two perfect heads, and two long necks, each as large as that of a common lamb, but sucked only with that of the left side. So far as I could learn, the organs of both were complete. It walked only on four legs, but had a fifth hanging down between the two necks, rather longer than the other four, and the bones and hoof were double, and had four claws; the concave side of it was turned upwards, and whenever the creature walked, this leg moved up and down, as it seemed, spontaneously, and in a manner answerable to the other four: it had two tails."

Philosophical experiment appears to be inherent; for the editor, in a note upon a dangerous accident in the Thames, says:

"It occurred on the Thames, when a boat, in which the doctor had embarked, was nearly swamped. The water is so tempting and fatal in a variety of ways, that the reader will perhaps pardon a momentary digression, while I describe a little invention which may be the means of preserving the lives of persons in jeopardy from the manly and salutary practice of bathing. In accidents of this nature, although several persons are usually present, their efforts to recover the body in time are generally unavailing. In fact, the struggles of the victim in the act of sinking, even if there is no stream, remove him to a distance from the spot where he disappeared, which deceives the eye of a spectator. When reflecting on these circumstances, it occurred to my mind, that if a small line, say a piece of whipcord, twelve feet long, had a ball of cork, painted white and about the size of an orange, fixed at one end, and at the other a cotton belt, made to buckle over the shoulders, and passing round one arm to prevent its slipping, it would, if worn by a person who sunk when bathing, not only immediately shew where the body lay, but also furnish a safe and ready means of drawing it out of deep water. This simple apparatus is so easily made, and at so little cost, that it may be expected that fathers and schoolmasters will insist upon its use, while the good sense of 'the bold swimmer' will lead him to adopt the use of the *life buoy*, which may preserve him if seized by cramp, and will be no check to his amusement."

People never will provide against such hazards; we are all, always, too confident—otherwise, this hint might be advantageously taken. But it never will be—such is human character.

Some letters from his secretary, Mr. Parker,* give an interesting account of the last hours of the celebrated Dr. Watts; but we must confine ourselves to a few paragraphs.

"Several of the last weeks of his life were intermingled with much pain of body, and he was reduced to a state of great feebleness, and has been confined to his chamber almost three weeks, but has been able for the most part every day to sit up three or four hours. He wanted much to get up yesterday morning, and accordingly we gratified him; but one hour tired him, and we put him to bed again for the last time. Dr. Clark, his physician, was with him about two hours ago, and told us he was going off apace. Through the goodness of God he lay tolerably easy, and fell into a dose, in which he spent the night—would not receive any cordial, but half a spoonful once or twice—took no notice of any body, yet answered rationally when any question was asked. I fulfilled your request last night at five o'clock; he took notice of it, but in such broken language that I cannot inform you in what manner. I never knew his mind any other than calm and peaceful, and so it will remain, I trust, to the time of his departure, which we think must take place in a few hours, at least before it is possible this can reach your hands. And I doubt not he will have a triumphant entrance into the heavenly kingdom of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, after almost fifty years of *painful*, yet delightful and successful labour for the gospel of Christ, and in the seventy-fifth of his age. * * * He is quite sensible, and his mind in a state of great serenity. I told him this morning that he had taught us how to live, and was now teaching us how to die. He replied, 'Yes.' I told him I hoped he experienced the comfort of those words, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' He answered in these words, 'I do so.' It was his desire, since this last confinement to his chamber, that he might behave so as to teach us all to die, and God has granted his request. His animal powers have been for a good while gradually impairing; and he says comparatively but little now to what he has said in times past, when he has dropped such expressions as these—'I would be waiting to see what God will do with me; it is good to say, as Mr. Baxter, 'what, when, and where God pleases.' The business of a Christian is to do and bear the will of God; and if I was in health I could but be doing that, and that I may be now. If God should raise me up again, I may finish some more of my papers, or God can make use of me to save a soul, and that will be worth living for. If God has no more service for me to do, through grace, I am ready. It is a great mercy to me that I have no manner of fear or dread of death; I could, if God please, lay my head back and die without terror this afternoon or night.' At another time, 'My chief supports are from my view of eternal things, and the interest I have in them. I trust all my sins are pardoned through the blood of Christ. I have no fear of dying; it would be my greatest comfort to lie down and sleep and wake no more.' * * * He has desired to be buried in Bunhill Fields, deep in the earth, amongst the relics of many of his pious fathers and brethren, with whom he desires to be found in the resurrection; but with as little show as possible: and has expressly directed that no rings shall be given, and that his funeral be attended by two Independent ministers, two Presbyterian, and two Baptist."

This is all we can allow to illustrate the Correspondence: the latter half of the volume is filled with Doddridge's Diary—in all its parts a very edifying and pious production. Yet, as we cannot, from their length, copy these passages, we shall, in our next No., refer to what will be more generally acceptable, as a curious illustration of feelings and belief.

* Apropos of this gentleman, Mr. Humphrey states, in a note—"Mr. Parker was, for a long period, the amanuensis and confidential attendant of Dr. Watts. It may be remarked, that the collectors of autographs have been frequently led into a mistake from the first circumstance, as almost all the letters of Dr. Watts were written as *immediately from him* by Mr. Parker. Of the letters in my possession, only one is in the hand of the doctor; and that has a note on the back, by Dr. Doddridge, to that effect. The writing is feeble, disjointed, and tremulous, as might be expected from a person suffering from nervous debility. It may be added, that the signature of Dr. Watts is very closely imitated by Mr. Parker."

Omnipotence: a Poem. By Richard Jarman. pp. 134. London, 1831. Chappell.

SHAKSPEARE, with his usual knowledge of human nature, puts the well-known question of "What's in a name?" into the mouth of a very young lady, exceedingly in love, who could not reasonably be supposed to analyse her meanings very closely. For example, among the many other things which there is in a name, there is a great deal of disappointment—*ex. gr.* the volume now before us. Omnipotence seems to imply every thing. We cannot say that any such promise has been fulfilled: Mr. Jarman has a musical ear for verse, much good feeling, and we cordially agree with the opinions he expresses; while a true and strong sense of religion is a very redeeming excellence. But we exceedingly doubt his possessing that original genius which alone commands attention for the poet.

Petit Théâtre de la Jeunesse, composé pour mes Elèves. Par Madame Backker, auteur du "Souterrain," des "Soirées de Londres," et la "Château de St. Valerie." 12mo. pp. 330. Londres, 1831. Dulau et Co.

MDME. BACKKER tells us in her preface, these dramas were composed for her pupils to perform, and that she has found this plan of dialogue most efficacious in forwarding their progress in speaking the language. The plan appears to us an excellent one; and the dramas themselves embodying an interesting story, in a pleasant and animated form, are well calculated for our young friends. They will recognise "Cinderella" and "Bluebeard" dramatised for the occasion.

Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 12mo. pp. 388. London, 1831. Moxon.

THERE is much of poetical feeling, rather perhaps than of poetry, in this volume. There are some fine passages and very fine lines, though, as a whole, we much doubt its popularity. "Gebir" is a sort of classical tale, the production of youth, and scarce calling for strict criticism. The minor poems are very bad,—silly and affected where they mean to be simple and natural. The tragedy of "Count Julian" is the best specimen of the author's mind: some of the speeches have touches of a high order. Plot there is none, and the characters are drawn in a vague and unsatisfactory manner. Mr. Landor seems to affect obscurity, or else falls into that common fault of authors, and imagines that his meaning is as obvious to others as it is to himself. We shall extract two or three passages which appear to us most worthy of selection.

"Truth costs me more than falsehood e'er cost thee.
Divested of that purple of the soul,
That potency, that palm of wise ambition,
Cast headlong by thy madness from that high,
That only eminence 'twixt earth and heaven,
Virtue, which some desert, but none despise.

* * * *

"He left
To self-reproof the mutinies of vice;
Avarice, that dwarfs ambition's tone and mien;
Envy, sick nursling of the court; and pride
That cannot bear his semblance nor himself;
And malice, with blear visage half-descried
Amid the shadows of her hiding-place."

A father's lament for his children.

"Ermenegild! thou mightest, sure, have lived!
A father's name awoke no dread of thee!
Only thy mother's early bloom was thine!
There dwelt on Julian's brow—thine was serene—
The brightened clouds of elevated souls,

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Feared by the most below: those who looked up
Saw, at their season, in clear signs, advance
Rapturous valour, calm solicitude,
All that impatient youth would press from age,
Or sparing age sigh and detract from youth:
Hence was his fall! my hope! myself! my Julian!
Alas! I boasted—but I thought on him."

Striking remark.

"Guilt hath pavilions, but no privacy."

Fine vein of reflection.

"Justice, who came not up to us through life,
Loves to survey our likeness on our tombs,
When rivalry, malevolence, and wrath,
And every passion that once stormed around,
Is calm alike without them as within.
Our very chains make the whole world our own,
Bind those to us who else had past us by,
Those at whose call brought down to us, the light
Of future ages lives upon our name."

Love.

"Some are there whose close vision sees but one
In the whole world, and would not see another
For the whole world, were that one out of it.
* * * *
"Such grief is yet unknown to me: I know
All tears are not for sorrow; many swell
In the warm depths of gratitude and bliss;
But precious over all are those that hang
And tremble at the tale of generous deeds.
These he relates when he might talk as you do
Of passion; but he sees my heart, he finds
What fragrance most refreshes it. How high,
O Heaven! must that man be, who loves, and who
Would still raise others higher than himself
To interest his beloved!"

Mr. Landor is evidently a man of cultivated intellect. It is a strange contrast to mark in him much of prejudice, and that petty vanity which shews itself in petty affectation. Now, we consider his spelling a mere affectation; and a small distinction is, when of our own seeking, the mark of a small mind.

Memoir of the Life of Robert Henley, Earl of Northington, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. By the Right Hon. Robert Lord Henley, his Grandson. 12mo. pp. 64 of Memoir, and 81 of Judgments pronounced by Lord N. London, 1831. J. Murray.

THERE was not much in the legal and public life of Lord Northington to record; and it is to the credit of his "pius Æneas" that he has not given us a large book. Though not possessed of much popular interest, therefore, this little volume deserves to hold a place in good libraries; while its appendix of decisions, during the nine years of his lordship's holding the seals, will recommend it to lawyers. Having stated the character of the work, it may be anticipated that our extracts need be but very slight. The principal event in Lord N.'s life was the prominent part he took in overthrowing the Rockingham administration, which is, indeed, mainly attributed to him. In his youth he was, like most of the men of that day, a *bon vivant;* and we are told that "many a severe fit of the gout was the result of his early indulgencies. When suffering from its effects, he was once overheard in the House of Lords to mutter, after some painful walks between the woolsack and the bar, 'If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad.'"

In 1757, when a new ministry was formed with much difficulty, the disposal of the great seal was one of the troublesome points.

"In the opinion of many, says his biographer, Sir John Eardley Wilmot was the person to whose custody it would shortly be committed; an event, the possibility of which that modest and exbellent person seems to have regarded with the greatest apprehension. In a letter to his brother, he says, 'the acting junior of the commission is a spectre I started at, but the sustaining the office alone I must and will refuse at all events. I will not give up the peace of my mind to any earthly consideration whatever. Bread and water are nectar and ambrosia compared with the supremacy of a court of justice.'"

Yet this burden Lord Northington undertook to bear; and the author relates,—"There is an amusing anecdote respecting this transaction current in the profession, and which the late Lord Ellenborough used to relate with his characteristic humour. Immediately after Willes had refused the seals, Henley called upon him at his villa, and found him walking in his garden, highly indignant at the affront which he considered that he had received in an offer so inadequate to his pretensions. After entering into some detail of his grievances, he concluded by asking, whether any man of spirit could, under such circumstances, have taken the seals? adding, 'Would you, Mr. Attorney, have done so?' Henley, thus appealed to, gravely told him, that it was too late to enter into such a discussion, as he was then waiting upon his lordship to inform him that he had actually accepted them."

We have recently had a good deal of discussion respecting Lord Lyndhurst's declension in the scale of office. Lord Henley, in a note, reminds us, that "Pemberton, after having been chief justice, first of the King's Bench and then of the Common Pleas, upon being displaced, practised for many years at the bar."

Three neatly-engraved heads of Lord N., and two other of the Henley family, adorn the Memoir.

Select Library. Vol. II. Fisher and Co.

THIS is the second volume, also, of Mr. Ellis's Polynesian Researches, and with very considerable additions and improvements. The original work has been so highly commended in reviews of every kind, that we need add nothing to our notice of Vol. I. to recommend this neat and cheap edition.

Five Years of Youth; or, Sense and Sentiment. By Harriet Martineau. 12mo. pp. 264. London, 1831. Harvey and Darton.

WE stumbled at the preface, which is not very intelligibly expressed. The volume itself is intended to shew, by the example of two sisters, that sense leads to utility and happiness, while sensibility is the source of vain imaginations and misery. We prefer the design to the execution; yet the young will read the story with advantage, for it contains many good precepts.

State Papers, published under the Authority of his Majesty's Commission. (King Henry the Eighth. Parts I. and II.) Vol. I. 4to. pp. 902. London, 1831. J. Murray.

WE have just seen this very important work, which will, of course, occupy many of our future columns. The preface gives an interesting account of the preservation (and we are sorry to say loss too) of state papers, from a very early date: the collection itself is rich in data to correct the history of the eventful period to which it relates, and furnish curious views of men and things.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. J. F. DANIELL, who has been appointed Professor of Chemistry at the King's College, and whose meteorological and chemical investigations are well known to all our scientific readers, opened these evening meetings after the Easter recess with some interesting observations on the forms and attractions of the particles of crystals. He first briefly described and illustrated the cleavages of calcareous spar, and other crystalline bodies, shewing that with each substance the variety of forms found in nature were reducible to one constant and primitive form, into which all the particles could be brought. He then explained Haüy's beautiful theory of the manner in which the secondary or resulting forms are produced by the grouping of the primitive particles; and referred to those substances which, like fluor spar, not being reducible to particles, are all of one form, and seem to be inconsistent with the theory of spherical, or spheroidal atoms, produced by Dr. Wollaston. Mr. Daniell next referred to his former researches in this curious branch of science, by which a difficulty connected with the construction of the cube and spherical particles was removed, and shewed some magnificent samples of dissection, by which crystalline arrangement had been developed. Finally, he noticed a recent observation by Mitscherlich upon the expansion of bodies by heat in different directions, and demonstrated its close association to the spheroidal theory. Mr. Daniell, in his progress, took occasion to remark, that Haüy's disciples said more for him than he had for himself; and that his words were not so strongly in opposition to the spherical theory as many persons had supposed. With respect to fluor spar, for instance, although he concluded, that a mass must consist of tetrahedra, with octoedral spaces, or else of octoedra with tetrahedral, he urges that whatever be the form of the particles, his theory of decrements will hold good; and so it will though spherical and spheroidal atoms should displace those of polyhedral forms.

In the library were numerous specimens of Ceylonese productions, brought from Ceylon by Lieut. Smith, R.A. These were highly interesting, and afford an illustration of the comparative states of the arts in other parts of the globe.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

AT the Annual Meeting of this Society on Wednesday, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex was unanimously re-elected president; and Messrs. Hoblyn, Wm. Hughes Hughes, Wm. Pole, and Alderman Winchester, were chosen *vice* those officers who went out by rotation. Layton Cooke, Esq. was elected chairman of the committee of agriculture; H. Hennel, Esq. chemistry; R. H. Solly, Esq., correspondence and papers; Messrs. Joseph Payne and Henry Roberts for miscellaneous matters; and Henry Singleton, Esq., for the polite arts. The house officers remain as before. On the Tuesday preceding, Mr. Savage delivered a lecture on architecture, which was illustrated by a vast variety of very beautiful drawings and models: among the latter was an exceedingly well-executed one of York Cathedral.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

DR. HENDERSON in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "An account of the different modes of keeping fruit, which have been tried at the Society's garden for the season 1831." The statement was drawn up at the garden, and enumerated eight different modes; the three best and most practicable of which were, the covering of the fruit in pure and perfectly dry sand, dry fern, or in a deal box buried in the earth. By any of these modes it was preserved, free from shrivelling and any disagreeable flavour: in all it must be deposited in a cold situation. By the other five modes,

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although the fruit was preserved in a pretty sound state, a musty flavour was found to be communicated: this was especially the case where oat-chaff was the medium. A portion of the Society's Meteorological Journal was likewise read. A superb collection of flowers was exhibited. Amongst them were nearly 30 varieties of the polyanthus, narcissus, and some beautiful specimens of the camellia. Several gentlemen were elected.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

Mr. Britton's fourth lecture on Architecture was read last Monday evening, and embraced an account, with numerous illustrations, of the great and splendid buildings of the Romans; their temples, baths, aqueducts, bridges, amphitheatres, fora, &c. In allusion to these splendid works, the lecturer quoted passages from Byron, Rogers, &c.; and also commented on the peculiar merits and qualifications of several other authors who have published their opinions on the architecture, arts, and antiquities of Italy generally, and of Rome in particular. After complimenting Piranesi, Hakewill, Williams, Forsyth, and Wilson, the last of whom is not much known; and particularly the new work of "Italy," by Mr. Conder; the once popular "Tour," by Eustace, was described as very erroneous and deceptive. Mr. Britton concluded an impressive lecture by referring to a novel by Mr. Lockhart, called "Valerius," for a view and powerful description of the Colosseum at Rome, when supposed to be filled with spectators, &c. in the time of Trajan.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Thelwall gave a very eloquent lecture on the advantages of studying elocution, and on other mental and personal accomplishments.

MR. ADAMS'S LECTURES.

Mr. Adams, of whose lectures, at the Adelphi and at Willis's Rooms, we have spoken in former Numbers, is now delighting various audiences in the country. Having just concluded a course, and we are happy to say, a profitable one, at Enfield, he next week visits Canonbury Tavern, at Islington. Since Mr. Adams was at the Adelphi, he has added much to his astronomical apparatus; and not being limited to one night's lecture, treats the subject at much greater length than at either of the above-named places; and it is no small expression in favour of the lecturer's able remarks, to state, that from this very circumstance the lectures receive additional interest. Mr. Adams has added to his astronomical lectures, a course on pneumatics, which he also illustrates by an extensive apparatus; but of this we shall speak more fully in a future Number.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

A SOCIETY FOR BRINGING FORWARD UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

The object of the Society forming to assist unknown authors, Mr. Editor, is a benevolent and useful one; but I quite agree with you, that the plan proposed has no chance of succeeding. It will bring the Society into difficulties, while it will even fail in accomplishing its generous purpose.

The design, however, is so praiseworthy, that it is a pity it could not be effected. I have long thought of another plan, which in all probability would produce the intended benefit: and I have the sanction of some experienced booksellers to whom I have mentioned it, in favour of it. They think with myself, that if it were managed with prudence, it would work well, and could scarcely fail of success. As the public attention is called to the subject, I trust you, as a friend to literature and literary men, will make it known in your universally read *Gazette*.

It is, I believe, admitted by "the trade," that the sale of 300 copies at the trade price will pay the expense of 500 copies. Let a society for encouraging authors yet unknown be formed on the plan of subscribing to take so many books a-year,—say to the value of five pounds. Subscribers may agree to purchase as many more as they please: but, perhaps, it will be difficult to muster 300 regular subscribers at a higher minimum.

It will be a matter for consideration, whether the subscribers should receive the books at the trade or retail price; but to induce subscription, I think it would be better to adopt the former rate. The half of the first year's subscription should be paid down as soon as the Society commences publishing. After this, the rule should be *prompt payment* on the delivery of each book. The enforcing of this regulation would be found to be of much practical advantage, and prevent many unpleasing consequences.

This plan is one of easy execution, provided the requisite number of 300 subscribers, or upwards, is obtained. It would give writers of merit, whether in the instructive or amusing lines, who cannot find a bookseller willing, under the circumstances, to venture,—a fair opportunity of becoming popular. The writer would by means of it exhibit his pretensions to the subscribers, moving, as they must be, in various ranks of society. If they are pleased, they will make him known to their connexions, and thus assist the further sale. The approbation of the committee, who should be literary men of more or less eminence, would also be a powerful advertisement in his favour. If the work, thus effectively published, was successful, he could carry it with these recommendations to the trade, and in most cases he might easily find a bookseller who would now think it prudent to purchase the remaining copies, and if called on by the demand, to continue the publishing. Or it might be retained in the hands and under the auspices whence it had emanated.

So much for the author. And for the subscriber, he would not merely encourage deserving men, most of whom he might even specially wish to patronise, at a small yearly expense, without any risk whatever, but he would get works of merit, at their fair value, to the full amount of his subscription.

With respect to the trade, too, and this is a consideration of great practical importance, as all will find to their cost who under-rate it, I am satisfied, that instead of setting their face against such a plan, they would encourage it, provided none got the works at the trade price but *bonâ fide* yearly subscribers. It would, in fact, tend to promote their sale; and it would do what would be agreeable to most publishers in the case of new literary candidates. It would bring fairly forward writers whom they would wish to see encouraged, though they did not consider it prudent to venture the publication of the first works. In truth, it would take away the most hazardous part of their business, by advertising and fairly trying the merits of new men. I have very little doubt that many of them would become subscribers to a well-organised plan of this sort.

Under the natural difficulties in the circumstances of literature, the want of some such plan has always been felt. Many excellent works have been lost to society; while many worthy and gifted individuals, who would have shone as successful writers, and contributed to the advancement of science or taste, as well as to the benefit of their country, have pined away in obscurity and died unknown.

S. G.*

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Sir Astley Cooper in the chair.—A paper was read, on the errors in the course of vessels, occasioned by local attraction, with some remarks on the recent loss of his Majesty's ship Thetis; by Peter Barlow, Esq. Sir M. A. Shee was elected a fellow. Professor Buckland presented his work on the occurrence of the remains of elephants and other quadrupeds in the cliffs of frozen mud in Eschscholtz Bay, within Beering's Strait, and in other distant parts of the shores of the Arctic seas.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Sir George Staunton in the chair.—A great number of valuable and interesting donations were made to the Society: amongst them were several curious Burmese musical instruments, also a carved chair from Malacca, which had been used in the inquisition when the country was in the possession of the Portuguese: these, and several MSS., were presented by Mr. Fullerton, late governor of Prince of Wales's Island. From Capt. Rainer, R.N. several mineralogical specimens from Egypt, including a piece of the vocal statue of Memnon;† fragments from Mounts Horeb and Sinai; and a fine mass of double refracting spar from Shaikh Eridi, supposed to be the Diamond Garden of the Arabian Tales. From Capt. Robertson, of the Bombay service, a coloured drawing or plan of an Indian game called the Shastree's game of heaven and hell, with specimens of the dice and men used in playing it. An account of this game was read. It appeared to be founded upon some of the metaphysical dogmas of the Hindoos, and was intended to illustrate the progress of a soul from hell to heaven! A letter from M. Jacquemont, communicated by Sir Alexander Johnston, was also read. M. Jacquemont has been sent to India as a naturalist, at the expense of the French government. On the recommendation of Baron Cuvier he came to England previously to his setting out, for the purpose of procuring letters of introduction from the learned here. He speaks in the highest possible terms of the liberality and attention shewn to him by every British authority in India. He dates from Ladakh, in Thibet; and in a postscript he calls attention to the philological labours of M. Csoma de Köros, a Hungarian, who has resided four years at Thibet, for the purpose of compiling a vocabulary and grammar of the Thibetan language, in which he has succeeded; and, at the date of this letter, he was about to proceed to Calcutta with the fruits of his labour. A letter from Capt. Rainer was likewise read: it comprised a short account of an avenue of sphinxes, discovered by him in the early part of 1829, at Beni Hassan, in Egypt.

* On admitting this letter, the interest and importance of most of the hints contained in which we highly appreciate, we shall, for the present, content ourselves with inviting to it the consideration of the friends of literature, and pointing also to the possibility of uniting the plan with that of *a Capital Subscription Fund in Shares.—Ed. L. G.*

† A shameful spoliation, in our opinion.—*Ed. L. G.*

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FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Fourth notice.]

No. 383. *Interior of a Ship's Cabin, with Smugglers playing.* H. P. Parker.—But for smugglers and poachers, and such gentry, many artists would want subjects for their pencils. With these rude materials, and their rude accompaniments, a picturesque composition is easily achieved. In the instance before us, the variety of character and costume, and the effect of light and colour proper to the scene, are most successfully depicted.

No. 403. *A Tornado passing over an American Forest.* T. Cole.—If the tempest has done its part in the production of this terrific chaos, so has the artist in its representation; and that in a style which would not discredit the pencil of Gaspar Poussin.

No. 404. *My Child! My Child!* H. E. Dawe.—How many an artist seems, in his works, to say with Zanga, "Horrors are not displeasing to me." Martyrdoms being out of date, wrecks and drownings supply their place. But can any one suppose that such subjects, however well executed, are either instructive or ornamental?

No. 405. *Marble Coppice, Isle of Wight; finished on the spot.* W. R. Earl.—Both in the tangled underwood of the fore-ground, and the open space of the distance, this clever picture, like all that we have seen of Mr. Earl's works, bears the stamp of truth and taste.

No. 411. *Landscape, with Gipsies.* J. Stark.—Every observer of nature, and every lover of art, will find in Mr. Stark's works all the truth and simplicity which distinguish the best productions of Ruysdael and Hobbima, but without any servile imitation.

No. 423. *Heath Scene.* F. W. Watts.—A similar character may be given of Mr. Watts' pencil. He has imparted to his *Heath Scene* an interest not often found even in subjects of a more varied nature.

No. 426. *A Gravel-pit in Windsor Forest.* R. B. Davis.—A pleasing example of the picturesque, united with an admirable tone of colour.

No. 435. *Catherine Seyton.* H. Liverseege.—How many pencils have already been employed, and how many will in future times be employed, in embodying the conceptions of that great writer, one of whose beautiful mental images Mr. Liverseege has here so happily made "sensible to sight!" There is no surer test of descriptive power.

No. 436. *A Cottage Scene.* P. Nasmyth.—The name of this artist is associated with all that is exquisitely finished in landscape scenery.

No. 437. *The Absent.* E. T. Parris.—Every thing we have yet seen from Mr. Parris's hand shews he is of opinion, with Lord Chesterfield, that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Accordingly we find no slovenliness, no mere hints at form. The tear in this little work is a perfect representation of one; the pearl has all the lightness and transparency of that delicate gem. What is still better, however, is, that the sentiment is finely expressed, and that the whole is full of character and grace.

No. 438. *The Enchantress Armida, from Tasso.* F. Y. Hurlstone.—We have always thought highly of Mr. Hurlstone's talents, and we never saw them exhibited to greater advantage. Bold, striking, and imaginative, we feel it difficult to say whether we are more charmed with the powerful expression, or with the rich and deep tone of this noble performance.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

Our fascinating and peculiar annual exhibition of Paintings in Water Colours opens for private view to-day, and on Monday to the world. It is with great pleasure we can state, that no former year has excelled the present, either in the number and variety, or the beauty and excellence of these productions. The whole is a delightful monument of English art.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Bible.

We have just seen the first part of a "Series of Prints to illustrate the Old and New Testament," the publication of which will, we understand, be commenced next week by Mr. Martin. In a prospectus which he has issued of the work, Mr. Martin observes that "Though he is aware that the Bible is a source from which many artists have drawn subjects, adapted to their individual styles of treating them, he is nevertheless satisfied that the supply is inexhaustible; and he is induced to hope, that his own peculiar mode of representing the events recorded in sacred history, is one which will be found to possess advantages that have hitherto been overlooked by his distinguished predecessors. No attentive reader of the Bible will fail to observe, that it abounds in subjects singularly fitted for graphic illustration. The grandeur and importance of the events described,—the awful and mysterious character of so many of the incidents,—the romantic scenery of the countries in which they occurred,—the picturesque costume of their inhabitants,—and the extent and majesty of their public buildings,—form altogether a mass of materials particularly calculated for pictorial display. If, indeed, the painter fails to fix the attention, to raise the imagination, and to satisfy the judgment of the spectator, he fails certainly from lack of power, not from a deficiency of materials, and those of the very highest order. The truth is, that in by far the greatest portion of the sacred history there is scarcely a page that does not seem to afford a subject for a picture; and the real difficulty lies, perhaps, in making the best selection. In the early books especially, they abound in almost every kind. Some of them, indeed, may not come within the proper sphere of the painter's art; but the more extended field of action adopted by Mr. Martin,—his method of availing himself of all the objects afforded by inanimate nature, as well as by the passions and ingenuity of man,—of bringing before the eye the vast and magnificent edifices of the ancient world,—its forests, wilds, interminable plains,—its caverns, and rocks, and mountains,—of freely employing the aid of those powerful and primitive elements of air and water, which, when agitated by their Almighty Disposer, (using the language of the poet,)

'Between the green sea and the azure vault sets roaring war;'

—with the aid, he repeats, of all such available agencies, the artist may perhaps be enabled to select subjects that have been hitherto set aside as impracticable, and thus give new features to his illustrations that may not be without their attractions, and which, in his judgment,—whether he can successfully employ them or not,—are absolutely necessary to the due display of the great and supernatural events related by sacred historians."

The subjects of the two prints which will form the first part of Mr. Martin's publication, are the Divine command, "Let there be light!" and Eve presenting Adam with the fruit of the forbidden tree. They are both full of the high and distinguishing characteristics of this artist's pencil. Whether the first is altogether a fitting subject for pictorial representation—whether "the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters" can ever be adequately or satisfactorily depicted—we will not take upon ourselves to decide; but we can unequivocally say that Mr. Martin has in this composition shewn extraordinary power in the production of grandeur of effect. With regard to the second print, it is a rich assemblage of exquisitely beautiful scenery, such as might well compose an earthly paradise, and over which Mr. Martin has shed that magic of light and shade of which he is so great a master.

Six Views of Windsor Castle, from original Sketches by S. Scarthwaite; drawn on stone by W. Westall, A.R.A. Dickison.

Very pleasing representations of this ancient and magnificent palace, in all its renovated splendour.

The History and Topography of the United States of America. Edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts X. XI. XII.

This work appears to be "progressing" in a very successful manner. Of the plates, the only portion of it on which we can at present speak at all, we can speak with much praise. We were especially struck in the numbers under our notice with two of the views; the one of a magnificent production of nature, the other of a magnificent production of art: we allude to "The Fall of Niagara," and "The Capitol, at Washington."

Visits of William IV., when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth, in the year 1827; with Views of the Russian Squadron. By Henry Moses. No. II.

We are glad to see that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to take this clever and pretty little publication under her especial protection.

The Traveller Disturbed. Painted by W. Kidd; engraved by T. L. Busby.

We are sorry we cannot say much in favour of this performance. The subject is not very agreeable; and the art of engraving stands too high to admit of the success of mediocrity or inferiority.

Sketches in Italy. Engraved on stone by W. Linton. No. III.

Well has the artist sustained the character we gave of the two former Numbers of this truly splendid work: nor can we, from the great improvement in this, pretend to say where the climax of his talents will end; for, like the epicure of old, he continues to cater so well in his intellectual banquet, that "increase of appetite doth seem to grow by what it feeds on." The fact is, the present Number is so full of interest both in subject and style of execution, as to call forth fresh admiration: nor can we for a moment doubt but that each succeeding part will equally establish the integrity as well as the skill of the artist. "The Convent of the Holy Trinity" is very magnificent. "The Crater of Vesuvius" may be considered as unique, since no other artist ever ventured to sit within the very vortex of its horrors. "Civita Castellana," the subject of a picture by this artist, now in the Suffolk Street Exhibition, "The Convent of San Benedetto," and "Rome from the Villa Barberini," are beautiful in composition and grand in subject. "Procida Castle," interesting from

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its associations; "Assisi," at once elegant and sublime; while "Eboli" exhibits in its dark towers, deep ravines, and unscalable cliffs, the haunts and lurking dens of fierce banditti, invested with all of the romantic that the fancy of the painter, or the imagination of the poet, can form in its sublimest flights.

Rome, February 20, 1831.

THE artists, Italian and foreign, established here last year a society for the exhibition of their paintings and sculpture. The collection this year, just opened, does not, I fear, say much for the state of the arts in Italy. Some of the best artists seem to withhold their works, which is to be regretted, as the institution could not but be advantageous to the fraternity, and ought certainly to be encouraged among themselves. Our own works hold a pretty high place among the others. In the statue-room there is very little: by far the best thing is a cast by Gibson of his well-known group of Psyche and the Zephyrs. Wyatt, perhaps the cleverest sculptor in Rome, after Thorwaldsen, has sent nothing: his Nymph, done for Sir R. Lawley, was the gem of the exhibition last year. Galt's dogs are perfect. Among the pictures there are two clever and well-studied portraits by H. Vernet, with whose name and works you are so well acquainted. By another French artist, Bonnefond, we have a picture of a ceremony in the Greek church; full of feeling and expression, well put together, and brilliantly coloured. The best picture is certainly one by Robert, a Swiss, and a beautiful picture it is, though perhaps deficient in the two great principles of chiaro-scuro and natural colour. It is most admirably drawn, and full of Italian character. The subject represents a harvest-home in the Pontine Marshes, but he has thrown an almost historic interest into it. Eastlake has left us for England. His friend Severn, of the same school, has one or two very pretty things, particularly a new production, painted, I believe, for Sir M. Ridley taken from the vintage. There is a beautiful little full-length portrait by Uwins, which will not diminish his high reputation, and makes us regret that he has shewn nothing else. A very clever head by Edmonstone (of Edinburgh), which reminds us of the spirit and manner of Opie. Atkins has surpassed himself this year in a portrait of Lord Belfast: he has also a good one of Lord Meath. Of Penry Williams it is enough to say that he has three pictures in the gallery; all the world knows they must be beautiful: the large landscape, however, is not in my eyes the foremost production of his very skilful pencil. But the most remarkable English picture in Rome is not in the exhibition room. It is the Judgment of Socrates, by Mr. Salter. For simple grandeur of composition, classical dignity, vigour of pencil, richness and harmony of colour, and true conception of the subject, it forms an admirable exception to the poverty, glare, triteness, or negligence, which so often characterise the tasteless and tame pictures of our day. The figure and head of Socrates standing before his judges is singularly happy, and indeed the air of the heads throughout (and there are many), is remarkably grand, simple, and varied. There is an astonishing force of chiaro-scuro and relief in the picture—the drawing, the natural and dignified grouping, merits a high degree of praise; the story is well told, and every thing is appropriate. A general calmness and repose reign through the whole, both in colour and attitude; all is still while the philosopher speaks, and the groups that are in conversation seem to whisper. You will be prepared to conclude from this that Salter is a young man of the greatest promise; in fact, here is promise and performance too. The picture has excited much curiosity in Rome, having gained him the distinguished honour of being elected a "Professore della prima classe" of the Academy at Florence, from which place he has lately arrived. Few young artists are enterprising enough to enter upon the line of historical painting; and when they cease to be young artists, and have established, perhaps, a competency, which would justify their attempting a bolder flight, their manner, and probably their taste, has become formed upon petty productions—their genius is cramped—and the flight fails. I hope Salter, on his return to England next year, will meet with a degree of patronage which will enable him to prosecute this branch of the art. Lord Burgbersh had the discernment to discover and appreciate the painter's merit some years ago at Florence; and a picture which he painted for his lordship, a portrait of two of his children, is not likely to disgrace his future fame. If a man of fortune were to offer a sufficient sum for the best picture on a given subject, of a certain size, to be completed within a certain time, and to be judged by a committee, he would probably get an excellent picture, and the best of the unsuccessful ones would be pretty sure to find purchasers. This is an idea which has just struck me: I wish some one would make it public, and still more that some one would make the experiment.

MODEL OF LONDON.

AMONG the present Sights of London we have to notice a sight of London itself. This model, at which we took a glance yesterday at the Western Bazaar, is on the scale of 4½ feet to a mile. It is a production of great diligence and accuracy, and has, we were informed, occupied three years in its construction. The effect is very good, and the labour a curious example of industry in an extraordinary pursuit. The river, bridges, streets, docks, churches, and other public buildings, are all correctly figured, and the general appearance is singular as well as original.

Another very curious exhibition is one of Pictures worked in cloth, in Soho Square. Without seeing it, it is impossible to conceive that such performances could have been executed from such materials.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BAGATELLES, BY MRS. CAREY.

On the proposed Mode of conveying articulate Sounds through the Manchester and Liverpool Railway.

OH, news of wonder! news of joy,
To gossips through the nation!
'Twill Rumour's hundred tongues employ,
And cause a great sensation.

Scandal was wont to travel post;
But she'll disdain that stale way,
When she shall hear her vot'ries boast
Of railing by the *railway*.

Think how delightful, thus to send
The *on-dit* of the minute
To some dear sympathising friend,
Who'll take an interest in it!

Who, should this novel plan proceed,
May, in her turn, convey it
To ears attent, on Thames or Tweed,
As quick as she can say it.

Grave folk, indeed, who value fame,
May dread this rare invention:
I care not; be it theirs to blame,
While I go on to mention

How lovers, doom'd by fate to part,
May thus hold sweet communion,
Pour forth each feeling of the heart,
Or plan a private union.

No need of writing—*billets-doux*
Will go quite out of fashion,
When tubes, that sound the gossip's news,
Shall breathe the lover's passion.

No letters passing! Pause and think,
Ye rulers of the nation,
How low the revenue might sink
Through such a defalcation!

Yet ways and means might be devised
The due supplies to handle:
Yes! ministers might be advised
To lay a tax on scandal!

On the Marriage of Miss Dear.

Beloved! while single, woo'd, and won,
Thy lot might seem severe—
Thy honeymoon but just begun,
Thyself no longer *Dear*.

But Hope suggests a happier fate
Thy wedded life to cheer;
Though changed thy name, a faithful mate
May ever call thee *Dear*.

MUSIC.

ON Wednesday, the last of Mr. Phillips' course of four lectures was delivered in the concert-room of the Royal Academy, before a highly respectable audience. The chief subject was the defective state of our national psalmody. The lecturer contended that it required but little knowledge of music to effect a very decided improvement in the vocal service of our parish churches, if the choirs were taught a proper emphasis in the delivery of the words, instead of that total violation of rhyme and reason which issues from the parish-clerk and his adjuncts. The barbarous taste of allowing a multitude of discordant voices to sing in what is called *unison*, has been too long the reproach of the English school of sacred music. The different effect produced by solo singing, even when excellent, as compared with fugue and contra-point, was illustrated by Mr. Phillips and the pupils of the Academy singing the same air as solo, and then harmonised. A similar illustration was given on the old favourite Scots air, "We're a' noddin," harmonised by Mr. Phillips with great taste, and deservedly honoured with an *encore*. The illustrations selected by the lecturer from the works of Mozart, Sir John Stevenson, Lord Burghersh, and others, were equally creditable to the judgment of the lecturer and the talent of his juvenile assistants. The execution of the favourite terzetto in *Cosi fan tutti*, first in the Italian, and then adapted to English words, shewed that the English language is not so defective as the self-interest of foreign artists describe it.

As the express object of these lectures appears to be that of rescuing this country from the imputations of barbarism, which have been too long and too justly applied by foreigners when speaking of English music, we think Mr. Phillips entitled to the thanks of his countrymen, and to extended support and patronage.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

ON Monday another beautiful concert was given by this Society.

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DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday last, the public were indebted to the indefatigable and popular pen of Mr. Planché for a new drama at this theatre, entitled *The Legion of Honour;* and taken from *Le Centenaire* of the French. Like all the author's productions, (and we believe it is about the *seventieth!*) it is excellently adapted for the stage; and affords another proof of the discrimination with which he selects, and the skill with which he finishes, his theatrical compositions. In spirit and essence the piece is unquestionably more French than English; and we have been amused to observe this objection made to it by some of our fellow-critics, —as if the national stage were to be literally so national that it should never represent foreign feelings and manners! This is truly being national with a vengeance: but as we have no antipathy to amusement on account of the quarter whence it is drawn, we can say of the *Legion of Honour*, like many other pleasing plays of the same class, that we are glad to see them redeem our Drama from its otherwise inevitable sterility. Under the present system, no living author could run the risk of writing original compositions for the stage; throwing away the labour of many months, or even of years, upon the risk of capricious managers, capricious actors, and a capricious public. No; till dramatic literature is better rewarded and protected, let us not find fault with entertaining importations and adaptations. Of these, the present is one. Four generations of Galliards flourish in it, consisting of *Philippe* (Farren), an old soldier, aged 102; *Jérome* (Dowton), his son, aged 70; *Pierre* (Liston), his grandson, aged 50; and *Capt. Antoine*, his great-grandson, a young military hero, (Mr. Bland). Besides these, there is Harley, as a half gardener, half corporal of dragoons; Benson Hill, as a drum-major; Miss Poole as his adopted child, and a drum-boy of the first water; Mrs. Orger as an aubergiste; and Mrs. Waylett as her niece, a pretty soubrette. The story involves the loves of Jerome and Pierre for the two ladies, and their being ousted by the drum-major and gardener; and the bestowal of a long over-due cross of the Legion of Honour upon Philippe Galliard. The details, however, are not so interesting as the general action. The march of Time on a century of men is a striking spectacle, and it is treated in a striking manner. Farren's is a wonderfully fine picture of extreme old age; every touch is nature, and every peculiarity redolent of military France. His son and grandson are rendered more diverting from their relative and comparative ideas of their own juvenility; and Dowton and Liston are two famous old youths. Harley and Hill are both excellent; and no less can be said of Mistresses Orger and Waylett. The little girl Poole is "prodigious:" we are almost sorry to see a child act so well; for it always puts it into our head, that to be a first-rate performer is not so difficult as the leaders would teach us to believe. *The National Guard* is, to use the common phrase, having a run; and we will not close our notice of it without again adverting to the great fund of entertainment with which Mr. Planché has supplied the public. On Tuesday night the pieces were, this opera, *Charles the Twelfth*, and *the National Guard*,—all his justly successful productions!

COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday night Miss Fanny Kemble made her appearance in *Camiola*, the heroine of Massinger's *Maid of Honour;* a play and character understood to have been especially selected by herself, and, as far as regards her own part, a very judicious selection. Arch, graceful, and throwing into the last scene the most touching pathos, both her fine poetical conception of the heroine, and her skilful embodying, not only shewed her continued improvement, but gave promise of much higher excellence. Her delivery is rapidly losing its monotony; her voice is as sweet, but more varied, though we must still protest against one or two peculiarities of pronunciation: to instance one, the sounding *o* as *u** has all the vulgarity of a cockneyism. The expression of her brow is very beautiful and intellectual; but she deteriorates it by making her eyes, like patriotic opinions, too movable. Still, as a whole, *Camiola* is a very exquisite impersonation of the poetry of our old English drama. With the exception of Warde, who gave an excellent delineation of the high-minded and chivalric General Gonzaga, none of the other *dramatis personæ* call for particular criticism. Charles Kemble had a very disagreeable part to support, and which he acted most languidly. Neither Abbott's *Fulgentio*, Blanchard's *Astutio*, nor Keeley's *Sylli*, could be better than the author made them, and that is not much. With regard to the play itself, it is equally deficient in action and in interest; all its sympathies belong to an age gone by; and its humour, then an obvious and applicable satire, is now absurd, not laughable. There is one great inconsistency in the plot: *Camiola*, in the first act, refuses *Bertoldo*, he being a knight of Malta; and when he proposes a dispensation, says,—

> "Oh, take heed, sir!
> When what is vowed to heaven is dispensed with
> To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
> And not a blessing."

In the fourth act, however, she makes his marriage with her a condition of his ransom,—conduct liable to two objections: first, as not delicate thus to make a debt of love; secondly, as quite forgetting her religious scruples. There was a pretty story in a collection called *Tales of Fact and Fiction*, in which this difficulty is much more neatly managed: *Camiola*, in these, desires the contract as a means of inducing the king's consent, who objects to the disparity of birth. Again, the sudden and avowed passion of *Aurelia* revolts all our present notions of feminine propriety. We conclude by expressing our conviction that the older dramas are unfit for the modern stage; the great, the exquisite poetry in which they abound, is a beauty only to be appreciated in the closet. How finely is the following idea rendered from Horace!—

> "Virtue, if not in action, is a vice."

Again, the description of England, as

> "The mistress of the ocean, her navies
> Putting a girdle round about the world."

Or,

> "Now lose not, by too sudden rashness, that
> Which but be patient, will be offered to you.
> Security ushers ruin."

None of these fine passages produced the least dramatic effect. Our English audiences seem to carry into the theatre only one faculty —that of sight. They see, feel, hear, and understand, through their eyes; and to these merely true poetry makes no appeal. We do not know to what age we should refer this play; but the costume was of all ages, and some of it of no age.

* As in confusion, which Miss Kemble calls cunfusion.

ADELPHI.

On Monday we found the ever-entertaining Adelphi, Yates and Mathews, again at Home for a season, and ready to see company thrice a-week. The performances consisted of three divisions. In the first, Mr. Mathews, alone, presented us with fragments of a Comic Annual, personating various characters, relating various amusing stories, and singing various *patter* songs. There are a great many facetiæ in this part, and they are supplied with all the gusto of Mathews's rich humour. A Scotsman, who has stood too long for politeness with his back to the drawing-room fire, is complimented on his being *done;* as a *raw* Scotsman is so very disagreeable. The slang of cads, *et hoc genus*, belonging to the Paddington Omnibuses, together with the journey of one of these vehicles, in which a family of spoilt children travel, are quite in the performer's style, and enable him to make some palpable hits. An original, who suffers every petty annoyance to make him miserable, merely because his tormentors "have a right" to act as they do, is another excellent sketch. The services of a lazy footman, another; but it would be vain to attempt particulars — suffice it to say, that the whole resembles preceding racy and laughable representations, by the same inimitable imitator. Part the second consists of Yates (also alone, though multiplied like a root by himself) in Italy, where he enacts a pretty French barmaid, the landlady of the inn, a hunch-backed virtuoso lord, a travelling mayor, Fra Diavolo, an English dandy, and Jacksonini, an opera and ballet performer, all with incredible alacrity, changing his appearance like a very Proteus, and assuming shapes so rapidly, that the spectator is often obliged to doubt his identity. The barmaid and her dancing are capital burlesque. The third part, strange to say, in which Mathews and Yates were together, did not go off so well, though it opened with the former as a cobbler, in the most promising style. We do not think there is much in this division itself to recommend it to popularity; but the immediate cause of its unfavourable reception, was the personation of two females, well known in London as frequenting the Bank and Treasury, and who seemed to have some relatives or friends in the house, who strenuously objected to their infirmities being exhibited on the stage. They are, we are told, insane persons, reduced to that condition by misfortunes, and the victims of harmless delusions as to the possession of wealth and power: if so, however faithfully and curiously copied, we incline to the opinion, that it was a mistake to choose them for dramatic exposure. Indeed, both Mr. Mathews and Mr. Yates appeared to acquiesce in this sentiment; and we have no doubt that, on the succeeding nights, every thing which could hurt a good feeling has been omitted.

Next week promises us a striking novelty in our dramatic annals, namely, a regular and original five-act English comedy, from the pen of a foreigner. We understand that this play, called *The Exquisites*, and a picture of our own manners, is the production of Don Telesforo de Trueba, the well-known author of several clever novels. From these we augur well of his greater attempt upon the stage, and especially as the strength of the Covent Garden company is included in the cast. Another remarkable novelty, in preparation at the King's Theatre, is a full Italian opera, written and composed by Mr. Monk Mason, an Irish gentleman!

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VARIETIES.

New Species of Medicago.—Dr. Schmidt has discovered a new species of medicago, which he calls *M. corymbiferæ*. It places itself near the *M. lupulina*, and grows on the island of Usedom, near Swinemunde, on the shores of the Baltic.

New Species of Fucus.—M. Mertens describes a new species of fucus, under the name of *F. Lutkeanus* (after the captain of the Siniavin). It grows on the shores of Sitcha, and is of very great length, and extremely thin.

Great Scientific Meeting to be held at York.—Arrangements are now making for holding at York, in July or August next, a meeting of the cultivators of science from every part of the British islands. The object of the association is similar to that of the German Society of naturalists and philosophers. The sittings will continue for a week. The lord mayor and the authorities at York have, as might have been expected, entered heartily into this plan, and the Philosophical Society of that city have kindly offered to charge themselves with any preliminary arrangements which may be necessary. Scientific individuals who propose to attend, or to become members of the association, are requested to communicate their intention to John Robison, Esq. secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Natural History.—It is a fact, that there is at the present moment a rook's nest, built upon a tree which grows at the corner of Wood Street, within ten yards of Cheapside, and that one of the birds appears to be in the act of incubation, whilst the other is busily employed in supplying her with food.—(April 21.)

Geographical Botany.—The *Fucus pyriferus* is not, as has been supposed, an inhabitant of only warm latitudes. M. Mertens, in the expedition of the Siniavin, met with it first in the neighbourhood of the Falkland Islands. It is very abundant along the coast of Chili, more especially in Conception Bay; and it is found again on the north-east coast of America.

Geological Society of Paris.—A Geological Society has been established at Paris. M. Cordier is the president; MM. Alex. Brogniart, De Blainville, Constant, Prévost, Brochant de Villiers, vice-presidents; MM. Boué and Elie Beaumont, secretaries; and MM. Dufresnoy and J. Desnoyers, vice-secretaries. The Society has already 150 members.

Willemite, new Mineral.—Mr. Levy has discovered, near Liege, a new mineral, composed of silica and of oxide of zinc, with a little oxide of iron. The primitive form is a rhomboedron, with a cleavage in only one direction, which is perpendicular to the axis. He calls it Willemite.

Globular Copper Pyrites.—M. Freiseleben has found specimens of copper pyrites under the form of rogenstein, or radiated globes, in the *Sanders* of Langerhausen, which explains the analogous quartzose formation sometimes observed in the *Weiss Leigende*.

Fibrous Glauberite in Gypsum.—M. Wanger d'Aran announces the discovery of the fibrous glauberite in gypsum, a mile and a half from Brugg, near Muhlingen.

Aurora Borealis.—It is very curious that the gentlemen attached to the northern expeditions of Captain Sir John Franklin and Captain Beechey, never observed that the aurora was accompanied by any noise. The Rev. Mr. Dunbar inserts a paper on the subject in the last number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Geographical Science*, in which he asserts, that during six years' residence in one of the islands of the Hebrides, he heard a crackling noise almost every winter evening when the phenomenon was visible.

A Miner!—"In Africa, as the story goes, people used to find little grains of gold in a sandpit, which they had to deliver up to the poor black king as his property. With the help of these he would then buy all sorts of things from foreigners. One day going a little deeper they fell in with two good-sized lumps of massy solid gold. The slaves in great delight carried the fruit of their labours to their black master, it being more than they had found for ten years past, and they thought how overjoyed the poor man would be at becoming rich thus all at once. But they were mistaken. The wise old king said: Look ye, my friends, these pieces are the father and mother of that little brood of gold grains which we have constantly been finding for ages; carry them back immediately and set them in the very same place, that they may be able to go on producing fresh ones."—*Old Man of the Mountain.*

Mergus cucullatus.—Mr. Selby thinks that this beautiful species of mergus may be added to the list of British birds, one having been killed near Yarmouth, in Norfolk, in the winter of 1829. This is the first instance of its capture not only in Britain but in Europe. We are decidedly of opinion, that the taking of a single specimen does not entitle it to be considered a British bird.

Anatomical Characters to distinguish venomous from harmless Serpents.—Travellers in Brazil, Africa, and India, relate, that many serpents, regarded by naturalists as harmless, because they want fangs in front of the palate, are, nevertheless, reputed to be very noxious by the natives. M. Duvernoy, a French naturalist, has made a number of researches, on a point so important to science and humanity; and the fact appears to be correct in many genera. It seems that in these, as far as examined by M. Duvernoy, there is behind the series of maxillary teeth another larger tooth, separated from the first by a vacant interval, and hollowed by a more or less marked groove along its convexity. These serpents also possess a venomous gland.

Scientific Titles.—The pecuniary arguments of Mr. Charles Babbage against the folly of a number of titles being appended to the name, like a comet, have assumed a different character since the rising metropolitan institutions have admitted the fair sex to the honour of a rank among scientific *men*. Observing a celebrated ornithologist subscribe his name F.Z.S., we inquired of a friend, who has a slight provincial accent, what the ladies would call themselves? "Undoubtedly," he replied, "Fellow-asses (esses)."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XVII. April* 23.]

Mr. J. F. Pennie, the author of the Royal Minstrel, Rogvald, Ethelwolf, and other poems of a high class, announces, by subscription, and under the patronage of the King, a volume entitled Britain's Historical Drama; being a Series of National Poems, intended to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and Religious Institutions of different early Eras in Britain.—Gospel Truth, by the Rev. Messrs. James Hog, Thomas Boston, Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, and others; occasioned by the re-publication of the Marrow of Modern Divinity: with various improvements, &c., by John Brown, Minister at Whitburn.—A System of Endowments for the Provident Classes in every Station of Life, exemplified by the Rules of the Southwell Endowment Society; by the Rev. John Thomas Becher, M.A.—The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., including Notices of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A.; by Richard Watson.—What is a Revolution? and what are the Signs of its approach? A Letter to the King; by the Silent Member of Blackwood's Magazine.—A second edition of the Five Nights of St. Albans.—The History of Poland, from the earliest period to the present times, with a Narrative of the Recent Transactions; by a Polish Nobleman.—Captain Marryat, the author of the King's Own, has another work ready for the press, to be entitled Newton Forster; or, the Merchant Service.—The Young Muscovite; or, the Poles in Russia: an Historical Novel on the subject of Russian History; edited by Captain F. Chamier, R.N.—The Staff-Officer; or, the Soldier of Fortune: a Tale of Real Life; by Oliver Moore.—The Club Book; consisting of Original Tales by the following authors: Theodore Hook, John Galt, G. P. R. James, and other well-known writers.—The Fifth and Sixth Parts of Mr. Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language.—The Parliamentary Pocket-Book, or Key to both Houses of Parliament.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilson's (W. R.) Travels in the Holy Land, &c. 3d edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.—Few Words on Many Subjects, Grave and Light, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Joanna Baillie on the General Tenour of the New Testament, regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—History in all Ages, 2d edition, 12mo. 8*s.* cloth.—Hele's Offices of Devotion, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Rev. C. J. Fenwick's Sermons, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—The Pulpit, Vol. XVI. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jones's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. I. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Hall's Contemplations (Russell's edit. without abridgement), 5 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—The State Papers, 4to. Vol. I. small paper, 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.; large paper, 5*l.* 5*s.*—St. John Long's Exposure of Medical Practitioners, with Observations, &c. &c. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth bds.—The Pastor's Family, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—H. Martineau's Five Years of Youth, 12mo. 6*s.* hf.-bd.—D'Israeli's Commentaries on Charles the First, Vol. V. (the concluding vol.) 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—The Young Duke, by the Author of Vivian Grey, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Richard's Elements of Botany, &c., translated by W. Macgillivray, A.M., 8vo. 14*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

April.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 14	From 42. to 57.	29·83 to 29·87
Friday 15	—— 34. — 60.	29·90 Stationary
Saturday .. 16	—— 40. — 60.	29·98 — 29·94
Sunday.... 17	—— 29. — 56.	29·92 — 29·94
Monday .. 18	—— 27. — 57.	29·98 — 29·92
Tuesday .. 19	—— 33. — 57.	29·90 — 29·83
Wednesday 20	—— 34. — 58.	29·79 — 29·68

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Generally clear; a few drops of rain on the morning of the 17th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. March 1831.

Thermometer—	Highest.....	60·50°
	Lowest	27·
	Mean	42·64112
Barometer—	Highest.....	30·23
	Lowest	29·88
	Mean	29·61376

Number of days of rain and snow, 17.

Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 2.8875.

Winds.—0 East—10 West—2 North—1 South—6 North-east—3 South-east—7 South-west—2 North-west.

General Observations.—There has not been so much rain in the month of March since 1827. The mean temperature was higher than any in the last eight years, excepting last year; but the barometer was generally low; and there was much dull, heavy weather, with very few fine days. A little snow fell on the morning of the 24th; and thunder was heard, and lightning seen on the 13th, about 8 P.M. A faint lunar halo was observed on the 19th, and slight appearances of aurora borealis on the nights of the 7th and 11th. The evaporation 0.3125 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The circular from Bodmin, on the Elective Franchise, is entirely political, and inconsistent with our literary page. We may say, with Mathews (as a cobbler) in the new entertainment, we wont be induced—"nobody shall *this-french-cheese* us."

We must say "No," to G. D., though very graceful and sweet.

From a known Correspondent.—A paragraph appeared in the *Literary Gazette* a fortnight ago, relative to an experiment made by Mr. Trevelyan, which announced that it had failed of success as conducted by several persons in London. Now, as I shewed the experiment last evening in the Royal Institution, to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Faraday, Mr. Wheatstone, and others, I hope you will, in justice to Mr. *Arthur* Trevelyan, correct the false impression which the paragraph is likely to make. The heated bars of brass, when placed upon cold blocks of lead, were seen to vibrate, and heard to sound, as long as a proper difference of temperature was maintained.

We thank "an Old Amateur," and shall attend to his suggestions.

Erratum.—In the report of the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries in our last week's *Gazette*, for *Royal* Institution read *London* Institution.

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ROYAL SOCIETY of LITERATURE.—The General Anniversary Meeting for the Election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers for the ensuing Year, will be held on Thursday, the 28th instant, at the Society's Apartments, No. 8, Parliament Street.

The Chair will be taken at Three o'Clock precisely.

RICHARD CATTERMOLE, Secretary.

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CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

State Papers. Vol. I. King Henry VIII. Parts I. and II. J. Murray.

In our last we briefly but truly characterised this national work, with which we had considerable acquaintance during its progress through the press, and could therefore justly report its value. That it illustrates and corrects our history at an era like the present, of no common importance, will be found in very many instances; and a careful analysis of the volume with reference to this object will reflect credit upon the largest and ablest of our periodical reviews. For ourselves, limited in space, occupied with such various details, and subject to weekly interruptions, it would be vain to attempt such a task; but we trust it will be acceptable to our readers to have the most prominent points seized, and the book fairly exemplified by selections from it of the most curious and interesting matters.

The notice of the preservation of the State Papers appears to us to be one of these extracts.

"It will be readily conceived how rapidly the mass of correspondence must have accumulated in the office of the secretary of state, after the revival of letters in the sixteenth century; yet no provision was, for some time, made, for its being received into any certain depository. Each succeeding secretary had it in his own custody; the apartments provided for him were extremely confined; and the future destination of his official papers depended, in great measure, upon accident, upon the care or the negligence of the individual, or his clerks, and, above all, upon the good or evil fate which awaited the secretary when he resigned his seals. Even in the office of the Privy Council (the office, in which, in those days, and until the Revolution, all the affairs of the realm were debated and resolved on), no written record of the proceedings was preserved until 1540, when it was ordered that a regular register should be kept, and two clerks (Paget and Petre) were appointed to keep it. This register commences on the 18th of August in that year. The necessity of a repository for state papers began soon afterwards to be felt; and, in 1578, an office for keeping papers and records concerning matters of state and council, was established, and Dr. Thomas Wilson (who was then master of requests, and afterwards became one of the secretaries of state), was appointed the keeper and register of those papers. Before this establishment was formed, it is not surprising that numerous papers of great importance should have been entirely lost, and others have fallen into the possession of private persons. Sir Robert Cotton, in the reign of James the First, and Sir Joseph Williamson, in that of Charles the Second, were most assiduous and successful collectors of those scattered papers. The collections of the former now form a portion of the library of the British Museum. Sir Joseph Williamson placed his collections in the State Paper Office, where they still remain. Another mass of papers, consisting principally of letters addressed to Cardinal Wolsey, and to Crumwell Earl of Essex, remained in the custody of the crown; but, instead of being deposited in the proper place, found its way into the Chapter House at Westminster, and is there preserved. The three great receptacles, therefore, of state papers, antecedent to the year 1540, and partially down to the year 1578, are the State Paper Office, the Chapter House, and the Cottonian Library. And so entirely accidental seems to have been the preservation of many of the papers, that, of a series relative to the same subject, a part will frequently be found in each of these three libraries. Nay, of two letters, written by the same person, to the same correspondent, on the same day, one will be discovered in one of these receptacles, the other in another, and the answer in the third; and several instances will be seen, where one portion of a letter is found in one part, and the residue in another part of the same collection. A few are to be met with in the Lambeth Library, the Harleian Collection, the University Library of Cambridge, and in private hands."

The preface proceeds with a list of the keepers from the end of the sixteenth century to the present hour, when the office is held by Henry Hobhouse, Esq.

"In the reign of James I. considerable attention appears to have been paid to this office. On the death of the Lord Treasurer Salisbury, in 1612, the king's commands were given to his successor, Thomas Earl of Suffolk, the lord privy seal, Edward Earl of Worcester, and Sir Julius Cæsar, chancellor and under-treasurer of the Exchequer, to take possession of the late lord treasurer's papers, and deliver them to Muncke and Wilson. The subsequent patents expressly mention the office to contain the papers of Robert Earl of Salisbury. At this period, the papers, which had been hitherto kept in chests, were reduced into the form of a library, and the king assigned certain apartments in his palace of Whitehall for their reception. Wilson seems to have experienced difficulty in getting possession of some of those apartments, and has left a curious memorandum of the presents and douceurs, which he deemed it prudent to give to the lord chamberlain and Lord Worcester, and their servants, to obtain one room, which had been the larder of the lord privy seal. The part of the palace finally appropriated to this purpose, was the tower over the gateway, which connected the eastern and western parts of the edifice, standing across the street, now known by the name of Whitehall. The apartments are described by Tucker as consisting of two rooms, three closets, and three turrets. Of these Wilson did not get entire possession till 1618, when he presented a memorial to the king, complaining that he had received no new papers since Lord Salisbury's. This tower fortunately escaped the conflagration, which destroyed great part of the palace on the 12th of January, 1619,—an escape which gave Wilson occasion to congratulate the king on his prescience in removing the papers, equal to that which led him to the detection of the Gunpowder Plot. But though Wilson boasted that the archives under his care had not, on this occasion, sustained so much hurt as the loss of a blank paper, Raymond, his successor, complained that they were thrown into great disorder, by having been hastily and confusedly cast into blankets, the better to preserve them from the fire. The events of the succeeding reign were very adverse to the regular preservation of public archives. Sir Joseph Williamson states, that he had been told by Sir Edward Nicholas, that Secretary Windebanke's papers were, on his retirement, delivered to Sir Edward, and were, when the latter went to the king from London, seized by the rebels and disposed of, he knew not how, as were all Nicholas's own up to that time. Some of them, afterwards, reached the State Paper Office, but probably in a very imperfect condition. Williamson further learned from Nicholas, that the papers, which he had subsequently collected while the king was in the north, and till the surrender of Oxford, were designedly burnt by Nicholas at that place, through fear that the rebels intended, notwithstanding the articles of Oxford, to seize him and his papers; and that he, at the same time, committed to the flames a cabinet of the king's, full of papers of a very secret nature, which his Majesty had left there upon his retirement to the Scots, with directions to Nicholas to burn them rather than let them fall into the rebels' hands. Among these were thought by Nicholas to be all the queen's letters to the king, and things of a very mysterious nature; but he looked not into one of them, in obedience to the commands of the king, who thanked him for that justice. Besides the destruction which is thus recorded, and much more, which must of necessity have occurred amid the disorders of civil war, the office is stated to have suffered spoliation, from papers, after being deposited there, having been taken from it, particularly by President Bradshaw, Secretary Thurloe, Scobell the clerk of the parliaments, and Milton the secretary for the Latin tongue. And several warrants were issued by the king in 1660 and 1661, requiring papers to be delivered up to Raymond, which had fallen into the hands of the three first of those officers of the commonwealth. Much pains were taken, after the restoration, to lodge in the State Paper Office the documents relative to the affairs of the usurpation. Thurloe is said to have destroyed some of them; but a large portion was secured, and now remains in the office; enough indeed to shew that, amid all the turbulence of that era, the transactions of the state were never more regularly recorded. Williamson has left considerable traces of his assiduity, during the early part of the long period for which he held the office; but his successor, Tucker, made great complaint of its having

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been neglected in Williamson's later years; and it was found in a great state of neglect when it was visited, in 1705, by a committee of the House of Lords appointed to inquire into the method of keeping records and public papers in offices. In consequence of a report from that committee, compiled from a return made by Tucker, an address was presented to the queen, in which it was stated, that, with the exception of the papers of three secretaries of state, viz. Sir Edward Nicholas, the Earl of Arlington, and Sir Joseph Williamson, and those left by Sir Leoline Jenkins, few papers had been delivered into the office since the year 1670, and even those so delivered were not perfect, and many deficiencies are particularised. The address observed, also, upon the deficiency of space, and the inconvenience arising from many papers being kept in bundles; and recommended the repair and enlargement of the office, and that the papers should be sorted, and digested, and bound in volumes. After a reference to Sir Christopher Wren, it was determined that the upper floor of the lord chamberlain's lodgings, at the Cockpit, should be fitted up and appropriated to the State Paper Office. This work was accordingly done, and an apartment of eighty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, which is known by the name of the Middle Treasury Gallery, was then added to the office. In this state it remained until the old gateway was pulled down, about 1750, when the contents were found to have greatly suffered from vermin and wet. The papers contained in the gallery, which was left standing, remained there; but the contents of the rest of the office were removed to an old house in Scotland Yard, where they remained, and suffered still further injury from wet, till 1819, when it became necessary to pull down the last-named house; and the papers were again removed to another old house in Great George Street, in which and in the Treasury Gallery they are now deposited. It will be readily believed that the various casualties to which they have been thus exposed have led to serious loss and injury. In the last session of parliament a plan was approved, and a vote passed, for erecting a new fire-proof building for the reception of the state papers, adjoining to St. James's Park, at the north end of Duke Street. This building is now in progress, and affords good hope that these historical treasures will be rescued from further devastation. In the year 1764, Sir Joseph Ayloffe, Dr. Andrew Coltée Ducarel, and Thomas Astle, Esq., all antiquaries of considerable note, presented to Mr. George Grenville (then one of the secretaries of state) a memorial, representing the bad condition of the State Papers, and the want of indexes and calendars, and proposing to undertake the principal labour of methodising, regulating, digesting, arranging, and binding them, and of making proper catalogues, calendars, and indexes. Sir J. Ayloffe, Dr. Ducarel, and Mr. Astle, received a commission from the crown accordingly, which continued in force till 1800; with no other change, than that the vacancy made by Sir J. Ayloffe's death, in 1781, was filled by John Topham, Esq.; and that caused by the decease of Dr. Ducarel, in 1789, was supplied by Thomas Astle, jun., Esq. But though this commission was thus in existence for thirty-six years, it cannot be asserted that there remain any great traces of the constancy of their labours, nor denied, that their arrangements were very superficially and incorrectly performed. In 1800 this commission was revoked, and a small establishment of clerks was allowed to the keeper of State Papers, to carry on the necessary work under his control. Since that period, great progress has been made in rendering the valuable documents of this collection accessible to those who have occasion to refer to them. In 1825 his late majesty issued the commission which is printed at the commencement of this volume. Under this commission it was found, that though much had been done in arranging the papers in the office, yet those of earliest date had not been the first objects of attention, and that there remained a very large mass of valuable papers, of the reigns of Henry VIII. and his three children, without assortment, without index, or any other means of reference, and many of them in a great state of decay. It was resolved to proceed chronologically in the execution of the commission; and the first step taken under it, therefore, was to direct the assortment of the whole of the papers of those four reigns, and the preparation of calendars (divided according to the subject-matter), in the first instance, of those of the reign of Henry VIII. The difficulty of this task can only be estimated by those who know that, before 1528, the instances are rare of any letter bearing the date of the year; and that it was not till the close of Henry's time that the practice of giving such a date became by any means common: so that it was generally necessary to arrive at the dates by inference, either from the subject-matter of the letter, or from some extrinsic circumstances. And this difficulty was frequently increased by the errors committed by those who had undertaken the task of arrangement, either in the reign of James I. or in that of George III. The difficulty has, however, been surmounted; and there is not now in the office a single paper of Henry's reign which is not arranged both chronologically and according to the subject to which it relates. And it will be obvious that in making this arrangement for the first period, much has, of necessity, been incidentally done with respect to the subsequent reigns. The table of contents which will be prefixed to each part of the work will distinguish what portion of the date of each letter is fixed by the writer, and what is supplied either from inference or conjecture; the latter being included between brackets. The commissioners, having determined to confine their publication, in the first instance, to the reign of Henry VIII., next proceeded to consider how the papers of that date could be best arranged. If they had been published in one chronological series, letters on the same subject would frequently be placed at such a distance from each other, and so intermixed with matter wholly irrelevant, as to perplex the general reader, and to offend one who should be in the pursuit of information on one particular subject. It was therefore determined to classify the papers; and the following division was, after much consideration, agreed on, as that best adapted for this reign:—I. The correspondence between the king and Cardinal Wolsey. II. That between the king and his other ministers at home. III. That between the governments of England and Ireland. IV. That between the government and the king's representatives on the Scottish border. V. That between the government and the king's representatives at Calais and its dependencies. VI. That between the court of England and foreign courts, each forming a separate subdivision. VII. Miscellaneous. It was further resolved to select, under these heads, not only papers of historical interest, but whatever might throw light on the religion, the morals, the manners, the habits, the naval or military history, the commerce, or the literature of the day."

Such is the work before us, which having thus explained, we shall, for the present, quote only one extraordinary letter: it is from the Duke of Norfolk to the king, upon the committal of his near relatives to the Tower for their part in the affair of Ann Boleyn.

"Most noble and gracious soverayne lord. Yesterday came to my knowledge, that myn ungracious mother in lawe, myn unhappy brothir, and his wiff, with my lewde suster off Brydgewater, wer committed to the Towre; wich, by long experience, knowyng your accustomed equetie and justice, used to all your subjectes, am sewer is not done, but for som their fals and traytorous procedynges agaynst your royall majestie. Which, revolvyng in my mynd, with also the most abhomynable dedes done by 2 of my niesys agaynst your highnes, hath broght me in to the grettest perplexite, that ever poure wretche was in; fearyng that your majestie, havyng so oftone, and by so many of my kyn, bene thus falsly and traytorusly handled, myght not only conseyve a displesure in your hert agaynst me, and all other of that kyn, but also, in manner, abhorre to here speke of any off the same. Wherfor, most gracious soverayne lord, prostrate at your fete, most humble I beseche your majeste to call to your remembranse, that a gret part of this mater is come to light by my declaracion to your majeste, accordyng to my bounden dutie, off the wordes spoken to me, by my mother in lawe, when your highnes sent me to Lambithe to serche Derhams coffers; without the wich I thynke she had not be further exmyned, nor conseqwently her ungracious childerne. Wich my trew procedynges towardes your majestie consydered, and also the small love my two fals traytorous niesys, and my mother in lawe, have borne unto me, doth put me in som hope that your highnes woll not conseyve any displesure in your most jantle hert agaynst me; that, God knoweth, never did thynk thought, wich myght be to your discontentation. Wherfor, eftsonys prostrate at your royall fete, most humble I beseche your majeste, that by suche, as it shall please you to commande, I may be advertised playnle, how your highnes doth way your favour towardes me; assewryng your highnes that onles I may knowe your majeste to contynew my gode and gracious lord, as ye wer befor their offensys committed, I shall never desire to lyve in this worlde any lenger, but shortly to fynishe this transitory lyff; as God knoweth, who send your majeste the accomplishments of your most noble hartes desires. Scribbled at Kenynghale Lodge, the 15th day of Desember, with the hande off your most humble servant and subject, (Signed) T. Norfolke."

All the letters relative to the proceedings against Ann Boleyn are deeply interesting, not only from their detailing the tragic events connected with that memorable transaction, but from their shewing how the laws, or rather the king's commands, were administered, and incidentally, the state of families, and their mode of living at the time. Among other documents we have the "*Charges against the Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Surrey.*—If a man cummyng *of the colaterall lyne to the heyre off* the crown, who ought *not* to beare tharmes of England *but on* the seconde quarter, with the difference of *theyre* auncestre, doo *presume to* chaunge his right place, and beare them in the first quarter, leaving out the true difference of thauncestre, and in the lieu therof, use *the very plase* only of the heire masle apparant;

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how thys mans intent is to be juggyd; and whether thys importe any daunger, peril, or slaundre to the title of the prince, or very heire apparant; and howe it wayeth in our lawes. If a man *presume to* take into his armes an olde cote of the crown, *whyche hys auncester never bare, nor he of ryght ought to bear*, and use it without difference; whither it maye be to the peril or slaundre of the very heire of the crown, or be taken to tende to his disturbaunce in the same; and in what peril they be that consent that he shuld soo doo. If a man cumpassing *with hymselfe to governe the realme do actually goo aboought to rule the kinge, and* shuld, for that purpose, advise his daughter or suster to becom his harlot, *thynkyng therby to bryng it to passe, and soo wolde rule bothe fader and soon, as by thys nexte artycle dothe more appere; whatt thys importyth.* If a man saye thies wordes,—'If the king dye, who shuld have the rule of the prince but my father or I,' what it importeth? The depraving of the kinges counsail. If a man shal saye thies wordes of a [man] or woman of the realme—'If the king were dede, I shuld shortely shit him upp,' what it importeth? If a man, provoked and compelled by his dieutie of allegeaunce, shal declare such matier as he herethe touching the king, and shall aftre be contynually threatened by the per[son] accused, to be killed or hurte for it; what it importeth? If a man take uppon him to use in his lordshipp, or to kepe plees himself free waren in his groun[ds, without] lycence; what it importeth? If a subject presume without ly[cence to] gyve armes to straungers; what it imp[orteth]."

From the following paper—being "a bridgment of all such billes, warrauntes, letters, and other writinges, to the nomber of fouresceore and six, whiche the kinges majestie caused me, William Clerc, to stampe with his hieghnes secrete stampp, at dyverse tymes and places in this moneth of Januarie, Anno 38vo Regni dicti Regis nostri Henrici Octavi, &c., in the presence of Sir Anthonie Dennys, Knight, and Mr. John Gate, Esquier,"—we copy a few entries.

"A warraunt for a diete of 26*s.* 8*d.* a daie for Mr. Richarde Morison, sent ambassadour into Denmarke, and for 5*s.* a daie for Jaques Granada, pensioner, appointed to beare him companie; whereof there was an other bill signed at Westminster the 28th of December, which was cancelled. Preferred by Mr. Secretarie Pagett."

"A licence for Edwarde Warner to transport eight hundred tonnes of beere beyonde the seas. Preferred by Mr. Secretarie Pagett."

"A pasport for Monsieur le Baron de St. Blancharde, a Frenchman, with his servantes, two horses, and 12 mastyve dogges. Preferred by Mr. Secretarie Pagett."

"A pasport for Sir John de Leuclerc, your majesties gardyner, whom your highnes sendeth presently into Fraunce, for certain trees and graftes. Preferred by Mr. Secretarie Pagett."

"A letter to geve thankes unto * * for certain apple trees and graftes, whiche he lately sent unto your majestie out of Fraunce, and praie him to helpp and assiste the saide Sir John, whom your hieghnes sendeth thither for that purpose. Preferred by Mr. Secretarie Pagett."

"Richarde Newport and John Holte to be my lorde princes tailours, and have the wages of 6*d.* a daie, and their lyverie cootes yerely, from Michaelmas last past, during their lyves, and the longer lyver of either of them. At the sute of Mr. Harbert."

"Your majesties last will and testament, bearing date at Westminster, the thirtie daie of December last past, written in a booke of paper, signed above in the beginning, and beneth in theude, and sealed with the signet in the presence of thErle of Hertford, Mr. Secretarie Pagett, Mr. Denny, and Mr. Harbert, and also in the presence of certain other persons, whos names ar subscribed with their own handes, as witnesses to the same; whiche testament your majestie delyvered then, in our sightes, with your own hande, to the saide Erle of Hertforde, as your own dede, last will, and testament, revoking and adnulling all other your highnes former willes and testamentes.

"(Signed) W. Clerc."

"A commission to my Lorde of Hertforde, my Lord Privei Seale, &c. to pronounce in the parliament house, your majesties assent for thatteindour of the Duke of Norfolk, by acte of parliament. Preferred by Mr. Secretarie Pagett. (Signed) W. Clerc."

The immediate death of Henry saved the duke, and put an end to stamped signatures.

Calmuc Tartary; or, a Journey from Sarepta to several Calmuc Hordes of the Astracan Government; from May 26 to August 21, 1823; undertaken on behalf of the Russian Bible Society. By Henry Augustus Zwick and John Golfried Schill. 12mo. pp. 262. London, 1831. Holdsworth and Ball.

This little volume contains much interesting intelligence respecting the Calmucs; and its statements will not be considered less deserving of attention from their being combined with the efforts to diffuse Christianity throughout these wild and wandering tribes, who inhabit the steppes on both sides of the Volga and northward of the Black Sea and Caucasian chain.

After the peace of Hubertsburg in 1763, a Moravian mission was established at Sarepta (at the confluence of the Sarpa and Volga), and laboured to 1816, by translating and circulating the Bible, and other zealous efforts, to propagate the Gospel among the surrounding heathens, whose prince, Thummen, did not discountenance their proceedings. On his death, July 11, 1816, his son and successor, Schwedschal, however, was found to be hostile,—"as little as he honoured the priests, (for he had reduced their number from 300 to 250,) he would not willingly either hear or speak of Christianity." Individuals were nevertheless converted; and about 1820-1-2, the Missionary Schill, and some of his native disciples, were established near Sarepta. In 1823, on the 12th of October, "fifteen Calmucs from the Derbodian tribe, headed by a priest, made a plundering incursion upon their believing countrymen. Lurum escaped with difficulty from their hands. Nothing remained for the oppressed, but to put themselves under Russian protection, at Zaritzyn. Sodnom and his brother were baptized there, into the orthodox Greek church (in November), upon application to the patriarch. So ended the attempts of the brethren of Sarepta for the conversion of the Calmucs! And this too at a time, when the colony itself had lost two-thirds of its dwellings, by a fire on the 9th of August preceding. Before this misfortune, and during the residence of the believing Calmucs in their neighbourhood, assistance had kindly been offered to them, for the furtherance of the work amongst the five hordes of wandering Moguls. The Petersburgh Bible Society, at that time zealously active, had sent to the brethren at Sarepta, in the year 1822, a considerable number of copies of the Calmuc Gospel of Matthew, and other small Christian tracts, with a commission to get them distributed by brethren sent out for the purpose. This was the origin of the journey, on behalf of the Petersburgh Bible Society, of which the account is now presented to the reader. Detached portions, contained in the letters of brother Zwick, have already been published in the Memoirs of the United Brethren (for 1823, chapter 6, and for 1824, chapter 1). It is here given as a whole; and its connexion with the preceding labours of the brethren amongst the Calmucs appears from this sketch."

The journeys performed include visits to the Torgud horde, the Erkedan horde, the Yandykschan horde, the Baganzokhan horde, the Coschudan horde; with accounts of their princes, and their camps where the travellers resided. And from these we have chosen the following characteristic sketches.

"The steppes in the government of Astracan, extending northward from the Caspian Sea, on both sides of the Volga, over which the Calmucs and Tartars wander for pasture, are amongst the most desert parts of the Russian empire. The soil consists almost entirely of yellow clay, without stones, and abundantly impregnated with various salts. This fact, as well as the pits and salt lakes, and the great quantity of unfossilised shells still to be found on the surface of the earth, confirms the opinion of some of the learned, that these steppes were formerly the bottom of a sea, which, in some convulsion of nature, has made its way into the Mediterranean, by the Straits of Marmora. Supposing this to have been the case, the Caspian, the sea of Asoph, the Black Sea, and all the other seas in the neighbourhood, as being the deepest parts of that primitive ocean, remained when the waters had elsewhere run off. Except Mount Bogdo (which is noble), there are no mountains amongst these steppes; they seldom, however, present a complete plain, but are more or less hilly, alternately rising gently, and again falling in valleys, so that the prospect is always confined, and seldom allows a view of many miles in extent. Vegetation is exceedingly scanty, consisting chiefly of low-growing wormwood, interspersed with tufts of grass, which never fully cover the ground, or form a uniform turf; these two principal productions of the steppes growing in solitary bunches, between which the yellow ground is seen on all sides. In the valleys, there are here and there places more fertile, but they are commonly covered with salt herbs, fit only for camels. Many parts of the steppes are adorned, in spring, with the brilliant flowers of the iris, the tulip, and other bulbous-rooted plants, till the raging heat of the sun, which is intercepted by no hill or tree, together with the scarcity of rain during this scorching heat, kills them all. * * *

"The animals inhabiting these steppes, between the Taik and the Volga, are wild horses, abundance of antelopes (antelopa sagax), foxes, wolves, the dipus jerboa, and the mus jaculans. Serpents and lizards are very common. There are no bees, nor any of those insects which are beneficial to man, but many of those which are hurtful. Swarms of those locusts which devastate whole provinces (for example), and other less formidable varieties of the same family, have their birth here, and often darken the air with their rustling armies, laying waste wherever they settle. Scorpions, I believe, are confined to Mount Bogdo; but millipedes, six or eight inches long (scolopendra millepes), tarantula (aranea tarantula), and the still more poisonous scorpion-spider, which the Calmucs

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call the black widow (belbussun charra), are every where to be met with, and are much dreaded. These steppes are, on the whole, rich in objects which would be welcome to the cabinet of the naturalist; but on account of their difficulty of access (which even Asiatic hospitality cannot remedy), they are seldom visited by Europeans, except by the few whose office and duty compel them. In a desert, where for a day's journey together you find neither the habitation of man, nor a pool of water, where the pastoral tribes continually change their position, the traveller is in danger of perishing in the wilderness, if he be not provided with an experienced guide. The Russian cattle-dealers, and pedlars, who are induced, by the love of gain, to overlook danger and toil and wants of various kinds, are the only people who are occasionally tempted to enter these deserts. The native inhabitants are Moguls, Tartars, Kirguses, and pastoral Cossacks. The wealth of this nation consists in their camels, horses, oxen, sheep, and goats: these supply all their wants, or the means of procuring from merchants what else they require. The Calmucs, to whom we were directing our steps, are divided into five hordes, —in the Mogul language, orda. These are the Derbodian (the nearest to Sarepta), the Torgudan, the Erkedian, the Baganzokhan, and the Coschudan, each under its own khan or chief. The two first reside usually on the east of the Don and Sarpa; the two next between the Sarpa and Volga; and the last on the Aktubak, on this side of the Volga. The winter quarters of some extend much farther, for in the winter the Calmucs drive their herds from the steppes, and withdraw to regions better furnished with water. The Derbodians to the Kuma, the Erkedians to the well-wooded shores of the Caspian above Kislar—one part of the Torgudans (the Yandykusches) to the same neighbourhood, while the other division, under the Khans Erdeni and Zerren Ubaschi, remain in the Sarpa marshes. The camps of the two Tartarian princes, just mentioned, were our first destination, after we had entered the steppes."

On coming to Prince Erdeni's camp, of about 100 tents, the writer says—

"Having learnt from the Calmucs, that the day of our arrival (the 2d of June) was marked as fortunate in their astrological kalendar, we hastened to make our first visit to the prince the same evening. When we approached the tent, a servant came out to meet us, and inquired what we wanted. We desired to be announced as people who had brought letters from the capital to the prince; upon which we were readily admitted. We drew near to the tent from the right side, according to the Calmuc custom; for it is considered unmannerly to advance directly to the door, or to approach from the left side. We also took care not to tread on the threshold, an old Mogul ceremonial, which Ruisbroek observed in the camp of Monketummer. We made the usual salutation to the prince—Mende ssun tabe tiniger buis ta? 'Are you quite hale and well?' To which he replied, 'Munde' (well); after which we were obliged to sit cross-legged upon a carpet, in the Asiatic fashion. The prince sat in the same position, on his cushion in the interior of the tent, by his wife Dellek; on their left was the little prince Raschi Sangdschai Dordsche, attended by his nurse. Erdeni is in his forty-second year, of a short squat figure, and good countenance. He is intelligent, good-natured, lively, and agreeable. When we entered he was playing on the Dombra, or Calmuc guitar. His wife, Dellek, is six-and-twenty, of a robust figure, and truly Calmuc face, with prominent cheek-bones. The prince was dressed in a short Calmuc coat of blue cloth, white trousers, a mottled silk waistcoat, and a thick velvet cap trimmed with sable, and ornamented with a red tassel and gold loop. The princess wore a blue and white dress, over a red silk petticoat ornamented with gold flowers; she had on her head a high square Calmuc cap of Persian gold muslin, trimmed (like her husband's) with sable, and with a large silk tassel. The tent was about ten yards in diameter, and as many in height, and furnished all round, in the inside, with carpets, for the accommodation of visitors. Opposite to the door was the prince's throne or cushion, about an ell high, and covered with green cotton, and over it a kind of canopy of the same material. On each side was suspended an image; the left represented one of their dreadful idols, Bansarakza; the right was a collection of astrological circles, and many figures of different colours. Both were designed for the protection of the young prince, and to shield him from evil. To the left of the prince's couch was the altar, with a bench in front of it, and on the altar were silver vessels, with rice and other offerings; behind it a number of chests piled upon one another, and covered with a Persian cloth. Above was a wooden shrine, with a well-formed gilt image of one of their principal idol-deities, Schagdschamuni, the founder of their religion. On the right of the prince there was also a heap of chests, covered with Persian cloth, on which stood a few trinket-boxes belonging to the princess. These chests probably contained the valuables of the royal family; and those on the left of the throne the sacred writings, the idols, and other things pertaining to the altar. In the middle of the tent there was a hearth, with a cresset and a common tea-kettle; on the left of the door stood a few pails and cans ornamented with brass hoops, containing sour mares' milk, or tschigan, the chief subsistence of the Calmucs at this time of the year."

Of the Buddh religion among the Calmucs the description is curious.

"Buddhaism knows nothing of one Almighty God, the Maker of heaven and earth; in its creed, God is one with the world, and every thing was produced out 'of the eternal existence of the universe.' From infinite space (in the Mogul language, *chagossun agur*), every thing that is and was, material and immaterial, animate and inanimate, arose by circular motion! Highest in the scale of spiritual existence, is Buddha (in the Calmuc, Burchen), the divine being, who is manifested in many Buddhas, or Burchens, some complete, but most of them incomplete. Next in order are the six classes of pure spirits (Tangri), amongst whom is Chormuzd, the guardian angel of the earth; the impure and unfriendly spirits (Assuri); the pure inhabiting the summit, the impure the foot of Mount Summer, in the centre of the earth's surface, and waging ceaseless war against one another. These are followed by men and terrestrial animals, and these again by the monsters of purgatory (Birid), and the hellish brood of the interior of the earth. These six classes of living beings continue in regular and unalterable order, that is to say, in a regular gradation of good and bad; but the separate individuals of each class, in the perpetual transmigration of souls which takes place, change from one class to another. This circle of migration is called, by a metaphorical image, Ortschilang, the infinite stormy ocean. On its shore, that is exempt from farther migration, are the complete Buddhas. All other beings, from the highest of the Tangri, to the lowest of the hellish monsters, are destined to reach the shore from the Ortschilang, that is, to rise by transmigration to the ranks of Buddhas. If this should be accomplished by all, in the Galap or Kalpa (the complete period containing one million years): if all creatures have become united with Buddh, then Buddh himself is to be again swallowed up in the eternal and original universe. We are now in the fourth period, under the direction of the Buddh Schagdschamuni. At its commencement, this god left his divine abode, and was born in the kingdom of Magad, in India, that he might be an instructor and saviour of all beings, by freeing them from the Ortschilang. Eighty years after, when he had perfected himself as a Buddha, he left this disguise, to govern the world for a period of a thousand years. He sent the divine Chomschin-Bodhissadoa, into the snowy Tangut (or Thibet), to whom he imparted his instructions, and particularly the formula Om-ma-ni-pad mel-chum, the meaning of which nobody has ever revealed: it is, however, the root of all knowledge, the path of salvation for all creatures; and the mere repetition of it, though it be but *once*, is an infinite merit in the estimation of the Buddh Schankiamuni. Chomschin is the most reverenced of all the Buddhs in Thibet (except Schagdshamuni himself), since it was he who undertook the conversion of the nation, and introduced the form of prayer, which is for ever on the lips of all the Buddhaists. He is at all times incarnate in the person of the Dalai Lama, who lives (as Chomschin once did in his own person) in a temple on the Thibetian Mount Putala, where he receives divine honours. Another Bogdo, or grand Lama, (a title which is taken by all the high priests of Thibet,) lives at Teschilunbo, and is also an incarnate Buddh; indeed, the soul of a Buddh, or Burchan, is considered to be united to every Lama. The Gellongs also, and the khans, or princes, have souls of a higher order; the 'blacks,' or common people, of an inferior; but all souls, in the process of transmigration, may rise by good works, or fall by bad. Self-inflicted tortures and penance, such as the Hindostan faquirs endure, are not accounted meritorious by the Buddhaist, as they are by the disciples of Brama; but good works of mercy towards all living creatures, without limit or exception, such as preserving the life of an animal instead of putting it to death; also the strictest observance of the written rules, and more particularly the frequent repetition of the above-mentioned form of prayer, and a great veneration for the priests. The three costly jewels (Ardani), or the summary of all that deserves respect, according to the doctrine of the Buddhaist priests, are Burchan, religion, and the ecclesiastical order; and these three are all united in the Lama. The poor man is accordingly directed to reduce his complex system of theology into an attachment to the three jewels. To this is added many a popular superstition, handed down by the poets, of Tangris and Assuris, domestic and mountain spirits, dwelling in mountains and streams, and interfering, with a beneficent or malicious influence, in all human affairs; of the fabulous Mount Summer in the centre of the surface of the earth, surrounded by seven golden hills and four continents, some inhabited by men, and some by creatures resembling men, of different forms and habits of life; of the earthly paradise (or the kingdom of Suckawadi), west of Thibet, the heaven of

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distinguished saints, who have risen to the rank of imperfect Buddhas, and can only descend to earthly existence, in the person of a Khan, or a Lama; of the dwelling of the Assuri (Erlik-Chan) in the interior of the earth, in a palace with sixteen iron walls, surrounded by the purgatorial fires of Birid, and of the hell beneath, &c. The ecclesiastics of this religion are high priests or Lamas, priests or Gellongs, Gezulls or ministers, and Manschi or pupils: they are all unmarried, and are reverenced by the common people, as beings of a higher order. Their learning, amongst the Calmucs at least, is confined to reading prayers and holy writings in the Thibet language, which few of them understand. They are very numerous in all the hordes."

These quotations will shew the nature of the book; and we shall only add, that in other places the missionaries were not very kindly treated, that in none were they allowed to distribute their books, and that on their return they found Sarepta in ruins from a recent conflagration.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom: with additional Descriptions by E. Griffith and E. Pidgeon. Vol. IX. Class *Reptilia*. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

BEFORE the progress of knowledge banished the wild dreams of imagination from the regions of science, the history of reptiles was a series of the most romantic fictions ever devised by the human fancy. The total dissimilarity in physical conformation, in habits, in residence, and in vital principle, between these animals and the classes with which we are most familiar, became the pregnant source of fables, some disgustingly absurd, but others rich in all the interest which exuberant ingenuity could supply. As if the almost infinite variety of forms which nature exhibits in the reptile kingdom had not been sufficient, poetic philosophers and philosophic poets taxed their powers of invention to devise new combinations equally whimsical and formidable; dragons, griffins, basilisks, serpents with flowing beards, and hydras with innumerable heads, were described as the inhabitants of remote regions; and grave writers, nay even venerable fathers of the church, asseverated that they had themselves seen these fearful monsters. The universal dread of the powerful crocodile and poisonous serpent induced the world to lend a credulous ear to these extraordinary narratives,—for terror is always the most prolific source of credulity. It is true that these creations of sportive or distorted fancy have been long since consigned to the science of heraldry, there to abide for ever with the generations of red lions, blue boars, and all the other monstrosities which have been taken under the special protection of the college of arms; but other tales, equally groundless and equally absurd, still receive ready credence. Even at the present day, the accounts of reptiles, in many of our most popular works, merit to be ranked as the Apocrypha of Natural History.

Superstition has lent its aid to the propagation of these fables: the Septuagint translators of the Old Testament having no better word to express their idea of the animal that tempted Eve, called the Hebrew *nachash* "a serpent," and in this interpretation have been followed by all subsequent commentators. Of course, when the serpent became in men's imagination the embodied representation of the principle of evil, there was no story of its powers too extravagant to be believed, no exaggeration of its mischievous propensities too outrageous for human credulity. In another part of the world veneration produced the same effects that fear had caused in Palestine: the ancient Egyptians saw in the serpent casting its slough, and renewing, as it were, the vigour and brilliancy of youth, a lively representation of those great periodic revolutions to which they believed the universe subject. With them the serpent typified the productive powers of nature; when coiled up it represented the great cycle, after the termination of which "a new heaven and a new earth" should be prepared for a new generation of beings. The formidable powers possessed by the animals themselves, their poisonous bite, their muscular energy, and their long retention of vitality, would have been sufficient, in an age of ignorance, to produce countless legends; but when to these were added the character of Satan in one country, and the wild speculations about eternity in another, while in a later generation all these notions were mixed together in inextricable confusion, we cannot be surprised that this portion of natural history should become a mass of fables far more extravagant than Ovid's Metamorphoses. The nature of human credulity, the causes by which it is influenced, and the effects it has produced on men's thoughts and actions, is a subject that has never been investigated proportionately to its merits; but we must unwillingly defer our observations on the topic until some more favourable opportunity shall arise, and proceed to lay before our readers a brief analysis of the orderly system into which Baron Cuvier has formed this interesting but difficult department of natural science.

The baron's entire system in the arrangement of the animal kingdom is, as we have said in a former number, based on the peculiarities of organisation belonging to the several classes of animated beings: he shews how the vital principle and the habits of life are dependent on the varieties which nature has made in the respiratory, medullary, muscular, and circulating systems; and, as nature seems to have observed some general law in the arrangement of the bony skeleton and the disposition of the organs of sensation, he makes this very intelligible basis the foundation on which the history of peculiar structure should be placed. The first and most obvious characteristic of the reptile world is the coldness of their blood, and the languidness of its circulation; the heart, which, in the higher classes of animals, impregnates the blood with vital air, receives but a small portion of that which circulates through reptiles,—hence it is feebly oxygenated and slowly propelled. In the mammalia and aves, the brain is the centre of the nervous system, and there the vital principle seems to be aggregated; but in reptiles there is little or no centralisation of life, and irritability seems equally diffused over every portion of their system; hence they retain life, or at least the appearance of vital motion, under circumstances apparently incredible. A tortoise has been known to live eighteen days after its brain was removed; a salamander lived several months after the head was taken off, effusion of blood being prevented by a ligature tied tightly round the neck. The respiratory system in reptiles is remarkably simple; as they do not want atmospheric air to oxygenate the blood, they could not use the complicated and powerful organisation with which other animals are supplied; hence we find that these animals retain life when almost wholly deprived of air. Toads have been found alive in the centre of the hardest rocks; vipers have lived for months shut up in close boxes. The last peculiarity of the reptile race which we shall notice, is their power of re-producing certain parts, such as the tail, the feet, &c. when they have been lost. This fact seems to have been known from the earliest ages, and is not the least extraordinary of the characteristics belonging to this wonderful class.

Notwithstanding all the varieties of shape, size, and habitation, in the reptile kingdom, these general principles will be found to pervade the entire, and therefore are the points which the zoological student should imprint most carefully on his memory. The varieties of the species may then be easily acquired, for the causes which produce the difference will be understood.

The elucidations added by the translators in the present volume are as valuable as those in the preceding. They have the additional recommendation of novelty; for the reptile kingdom has been greatly neglected by British zoologists. On the nature of serpents and their poison, more especially, they have collected a vast mass of useful information, derived from the most authentic sources. The illustrations fully maintain the character of excellence which those in the former parts obtained; and, on the whole, the volume now before us is worthy of forming a part of the great work on zoology, which the spirited proprietors have projected, and now partly executed.

We have just received Part XXVIII. of this valuable work, Part I. of *Insecta*, of which we shall take an early notice.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XXIV. The Pirate, Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell; London, Whittaker.

THERE is nothing very striking in the preface to the *Pirate*, only that Sir Walter throws the peculiar charm of his style round the account of a voyage with the commissioners of the light-houses, which first suggested the idea of the *Pirate*. The notes are very various and interesting: we select from them two anecdotes; and preface the first by observing, that the Picts are supposed to be endowed with supernatural life and powers.

"About twenty years ago, a missionary clergyman had taken the resolution of traversing those wild islands, where he supposed there might be a lack of religious instruction, which he believed himself capable of supplying. After being some days at sea in an open boat, he arrived at North Ronaldshaw, where his appearance excited great speculation. He was a very little man, dark-complexioned, and from the fatigue he had sustained in removing from one island to another, appeared before them ill-dressed and unshaved; so that the inhabitants set him down as one of the ancient Picts, or, as they call them with the usual strong guttural, Peghts. How they might have received the poor preacher in this character, was at least dubious; and the school-master of the parish, who had given quarters to the fatigued traveller, set off to consult with Mr. S——, the able and ingenious engineer of the Scottish light-house service, who chanced to be on the island. As his skill and knowledge were in the highest repute, it was conceived that Mr. S—— could decide at once whether the stranger was a Peght, or ought to be treated as such. Mr. S—— was so good-natured as to attend the summons, with the view of rendering the preacher some service. The poor missionary, who had watched for three nights, was now fast asleep, little dreaming what odious suspicions were current respecting him. The

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inhabitants were assembled round the door. Mr. S——, understanding the traveller's condition, declined disturbing him; upon which the islanders produced a pair of very little uncouth-looking boots, with prodigiously thick soles, and appealed to him whether it was possible such articles of raiment could belong to any one but a Peght. Mr. S——, finding the prejudices of the natives so strong, was induced to enter the sleeping apartment of the traveller, and was surprised to recognise in the supposed Peght a person whom he had known in his worldly profession of an Edinburgh shopkeeper, before he had assumed his present vocation. Of course he was enabled to refute all suspicions of Peghtism."

The next is also characteristic.

"The ancient Zetlander looked upon the sea as the provider of his living, not only by the plenty produced by the fishings, but by the spoil of wrecks. Some particular islands have fallen off very considerably in their rent, since the commissioners of the light-houses have ordered lights on the Isle of Sanda and the Pentland Skerries. A gentleman, familiar with those seas, expressed surprise at seeing the farmer of one of the isles in a boat with a very old pair of sails. 'Had it been His will'—said the man, with an affected deference to Providence, very inconsistent with the sentiment of his speech—'Had it been *His* will that light had not been placed yonder, I would have had enough of new sails last winter.'"

Bogle Corbet; or, the Emigrants.

[Second Notice.]

We now, according to our last week's promise, resume these volumes, with a view to collect together some of the most striking passages relative to emigration.

"Why, for example, should there be such a total absence of all arrangement at home, that in the colonial office itself there is no department which can furnish the slightest information respecting the colonial lands open for settlement? And yet emigration, so long as we have colonies, ought ever to obtain no inconsiderable degree of attention from government. The formation of an institution to supply this desideratum might be accomplished for little more expense to the nation than the cost of a single master in chancery. Let but diagrams and maps of the townships and colonies be lodged in every custom-house of the United Kingdom, to be from time to time amended as the lots are successively taken up; the emigrant, by consulting them, would be enabled to make a contingent selection of his location before his departure, and much of that uncertainty would be obviated which hangs so gloomily before him as he quits his native land. Why, also, should not the colonial lands have a specific value set upon them?—but, instead of money-price, a labour-rate? Nothing can be more erroneous in principle, or jejune in conception, than the system in practice. For example, occasionally great public works are undertaken in the colonies, such as the Rideau canal in this province,* vast sums are drawn from the United Kingdom to pay for them; why, instead of offering them to be executed by contract, like the works in an old country, are the public lands not valued to those who receive grants, and so many days' labour on such works required in lieu of payment? The main expense might be thus defrayed without touching the pocket of John Bull at all. * * *

"In this country local attachments scarcely exist, and there is not a farm that by a little judicious negotiation may not be obtained. Land in Canada is a commodity as vendible as any other merchandise; but we bring with us Old-world notions, and require to be some time in the country before we become properly sensible of the fact. * * *

"The turbulent argument of the tempest effectually convinced the settlers that the original design of keeping them in community until they had fixed a local habitation, was the best expedient that, in their circumstances, could be adopted. But the fault lay in their own nature, and could only be changed in its direction, not expunged. A constant yearning for something new in scene or occupation is peculiar to emigrants, whether industrious or dilatory. The same spur in the side which impels them from their native land, goads them wherever they go, and is the main cause of that restless irritation characteristic more or less of them all. While the association were busy under Andrew Gimlet in erecting the house of general shelter, all went on smoothly. The storm had silenced their crave for independence, they saw that without co-operation for some time they must incur hardships that might be lessened, and their patience and activity were commendable; but when it was finished, and their families had removed into it, new objects began to attract their attention aside from their duty, and the management of them became a task of delicacy and address. Several of the Glasgow men being artisans and craftsmen, Stockwell was intended chiefly for them, and those who might come after of the same kind. The town plot was divided into half acres, a moderate price set upon each, with the privilege of living in the shelter-house until their own should be finished, for which three months were allowed; no money was expected to be paid for these lots, but they were to give me three days' labour in the week, computed at a certain rate of wages, the other three days was for their own purposes. Except in respect to the town, no part of the land was to be sold, but cross roads were to be made through it, and it was to form them that I stipulated for their labour. The first undertaking, after having provided shelter, was the opening of these roads, and the construction of separate houses for the emigrants themselves; but they had not proceeded far in accomplishing either, when they proposed to work for me only two days. I represented to them the injury they would incur, as it would prolong the payment of their debt, and tend to increase it, by obliging them to provide for the additional day's living from their own means. But it was not until after some free altercation, that they again consented to adhere to the original plan. Indeed, no sooner was one proposal silenced, than another was ready at the back of it. When their respective cottages in the village were about finished, which the irksomeness of living in community urged them to use the utmost diligence in doing, and when the roads were shaped out, the majority came in a body with a signed request to me, praying me to take the lots that had been chosen for them in other parts of the township, and give them farms along my roads for them. To this I gave a decided negative; but it was evident, that although they submitted to the refusal, they considered themselves ill-used, and one of them had the modest absurdity to say, that after having so worked on the roads, they had surely a right to a preference. 'It may be so,' said I; 'but the land is not for sale, and you have been paid for your labour.' 'We 're no' contesting that, Mr. Bogle Corbet,' replied one Angus M'Questein; 'but ye see it would be a convenience, and make us more obligated to you, if ye would just in a way consent.' 'Angus, I thought you not wanting in common sense: when a weaver in the Gorbals, had you any right to the webs you were employed to work?' 'But there's a wide difference, sir, between the Gorbals and this wild country, which was all ta'en from the Indians, who have the best right to the land, if any body has a right; and I am sure you would na go far ajee frae justice, if ye would think of our request.' 'Depend upon't, Angus, I shall think of it, and the reasons ye have stated to make me comply; for the king's law is here as well as in the old country; and I can assure you that I am as little disposed to indulge covetousness in Canada as I would have been in Glasgow, had you pretended such a right to any property of mine there.' Altercations of this sort, as the work of the summer proceeded, and individual character became more prominent, were vexatiously frequent. At first, when it was necessary to bring supplies from a distance, the sheltering-house was furnished in kind with whatever was requisite, and even after several families had retired to their own houses, the practice was continued to them. But as the place prospered, a storekeeper settled at Stockwell, and provided the different articles that he saw would be required; in consequence it became the practice to give orders on his store, instead of the articles, and he from time to time rendered his accounts. These orders, however, the settlers soon cunningly discovered were as good as bank notes, and it was ascertained that they were in the habit of exchanging them for articles different from those for which they were obtained. Beef was easily convertible into tea, and flour into spirits and sugar, till the increase of consumption in the necessaries led to an investigation. In a word, there is something in the emigrant's condition that makes his honesty flexible, and this, among their other ever-germinating wants and fancies, constitutes the difficulty of regulating them, even when they see it is for their own benefit. When the roads were completed, I caused the men to be assembled, and inquired what they proposed to do next; but strange as it may seem, they had formed no plan. Accustomed to the superintendence of a master, it had never entered their heads to think of the future at all. Dependents of chance, they would probably have remained without reflection so long as their wants were supplied, and then they would have scattered themselves, as thoughtless of to-morrow as beasts and birds of prey when they have devoured the carcass. I was grieved at the discovery of their helplessness; it explained how so many emigrants fall into misery; and it also demonstrated how imperative it has become that government should establish some law for their regulation. Thousands on thousands annually reach Canada, undirected and unprotected, with only their own separate small means; for those who undertake to conduct them across the Atlantic are, in all that relates to settlement, as ignorant as themselves. When they reach their intended locations in the wood, many of them, in consequence, like the innocent babes, wander for a time up and down, and then die or stray away, they know not whither, and are heard of no more."

The following is a judicious remark:—

"I imagined the dulness might be brightened, and the monotony varied, merely by a regular appropriation of my time to different objects.

* Upper Canada.

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But a brief experience soon convinced me how difficult it is to carry such a purpose into effect. Incidents unexpectedly occur, as well as occasional visits, that disorder all systematic arrangement. Besides, the mind tires of exerting itself in leisure, and like a dwarf in a giant's robe, struggles in constant motion, but accomplishes nothing. To do much, one must have much to do."

We now close these instructive pages. As a mere novel, *Bogle Corbet* is inferior in amusement and humour to *Lawrie Todd;* but as a work of information and reference, we hold it to be one of high value.

Correspondence and Diary of Dr. Doddridge. Vol. V.

We resume this volume for the purpose of finishing our notice, without occupying readers with farther remarks.

"Of the memoranda (observes the editor) it may be desirable to speak a little more at large; they are narratives of what Dr. Doddridge considered the especial dealings of Providence, with regard to himself and some persons of his acquaintance. The reader is already aware that he believed not only in the constant superintendence of God in the course of natural events, but also in an occasional direct interference of the divine power, in consequence of prayer, and on other occasions; and he will learn from a perusal of this diary, that Dr. Doddridge thought he had reason to suspect that this interference sometimes assumes a supernatural character. I am perfectly aware of the shallow sarcasms with which it is the fashion to meet every idea of this nature. On metaphysical subjects men too often reason from theories as if they were facts, and consequently become positive without being sure. Mental habit has much to do in these matters: mathematicians, and other students of the more perfect sciences, draw the magical circle of *system* according to their preconceived ideas, and forget that Nature has a world beyond it. My own attention has been principally devoted to physiological inquiries, where, as I find, in the animal organisation, some of the most essential principles inexplicable, I am ready to admit all positive results in action unquestioned. On the same grounds I am willing to confess, that I view the matter of supernatural agency as depending solely upon *evidence*, and as one in which all we can do is to scrutinise supposed facts. A belief in a preternatural influence from God was almost universal in the times of Dr. Doddridge. Many celebrated names might be referred to in support of this assertion; I will only mention two or three. Dr. Watts believed that miracles had not ceased. I have in my possession a very curious little book, relating three apparently miraculous cures. The first is a MS. in the hand of Dr. Watts, who has also added notes, confirming the second, and has written in the fly-leaf of the book, 'Modern Miracles, confirming the Gospel and the power of Christ.' It may be proper to add, that the more recent advance of science affords an explanation in these instances, which could not be before obtained; so that the belief of Dr. Watts was not credulity. Bishop Warburton had faith in a modern power of prophecy. This fact is shewn by his acute and striking observations on the *circumstantial* predictions of Rice Evans, at the time of the death of Charles the First, relative to the restoration of the monarchy and the second revolution. Dr. Johnson's opinion on the matter in question is well known; I will, however, quote his expressions, as given by Boswell. The family ghost of the Wesleys had been mentioned, when the doctor observed: 'I am sorry John did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it.' Miss Seward, (with an incredulous smile,) 'What! sir, about a ghost?' Johnson, (with solemn vehemence,) 'Yes, madam; this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding.' Dr. Jortin, the learned author of the 'Remarks on Ecclesiastical History,' may be also quoted on this occasion. After speaking of magicians, he says, 'Setting aside these sorts of divination as extremely suspicious, there remain predictions by dreams, and by sudden impulses upon persons who were not of the fraternity of impostors; these were allowed to be preternatural by many of the learned pagans, and cannot, I think, be disproved, and should not be totally rejected. If it be asked whether these dreams and impulses were caused by the immediate inspiration of God, or by the mediation of good or evil spirits, we must confess our own ignorance and incapacity to resolve the question.'"

With this explanation we shall give Dr. Doddridge's own *experience*, such as it was!

"*Memorable passages in Providential occurrences relating to the Wills of Pisford, as I collected them from their conversation and united testimony.*—This day I visited this pious, though poor and afflicted family; and I heard the following narrations, which I thought so remarkable that I could not forbear setting them down as circumstantially as I could recollect them. Mary Wills was converted in an extraordinary manner. Having determined to hear no more at the meeting, and even stopped her ears against the word, an occasion happened which obliged her to put her hand into her pocket, and at that moment a word came which reached her heart, and was the blessed means of bringing her home to God. Some time after, a person, jealous of the regard which a young person in the neighbourhood had for her, attempted to poison her, by putting poison into some beer which she was going to drink. In a moment she found the use of her arm taken away, when she would have lifted the beer to her head; and having attempted in vain to give it to the hogs, she threw it down into the sink. Some time afterwards Mrs. Spencer told her that the party whom she suspected had confessed to her the design of poisoning her, and that the attempt was made as above. Some time afterwards she lived in the house of a profligate fellow, who, having locked her in, attempted her chastity by violence. She prayed earnestly, and had those words given in her mind, 'Only believe, and thou shalt see the glory of God!' and immediately the ravisher fell down with an oath in his mouth, and lay as dead all night. She had extraordinary communion with God all that night and the next day; but the wretch thus struck down in the very act of his sin continued hardened, and waxed worse and worse. Being once under some doubt as to her spiritual state, she begged that God would afflict her with some sudden judgment as a token of his love. Immediately she was seized with a violent pain, and lost the use of one arm, in which she greatly rejoiced. In the night she lost the use of one side, and being brought home on horseback the next day, lay many weeks so helpless that she could scarcely turn herself in her bed; and they expected that every day would be her last. On a sudden, while her sister was standing by her, and apprehended her to be almost dying, she confessed the rashness of her former prayer, entreated the Divine favour, and begged an immediate cure in great confidence of faith. hmmediately all her bones cracked, as if they ad been put in place again; and she rose up cheerfully, and in two or three sabbaths more was able to walk to Northampton, being then cured in a moment. Her sister declared she was present when this happened, and her mother was in the house during the whole progress of the affair. The family was once reduced so low that they had nothing left but a crust of bread and a little flour. The two sisters prayed for supplies; and both of them felt a strong persuasion that a brother of theirs, who lived ten miles off, would that day come to their assistance; accordingly Mary determined to make a pudding for him, but having nothing but flour, declared herself persuaded that some assistance would come for making it. Immediately after, a neighbour brought in milk, and another eggs, and before the pudding was baked, the brother came in, bringing corn and other presents, and declared he was so uneasy about them that he could not forbear coming that very day, although he had heard nothing of their difficulties, and had particular business to engage him at home. (A lamb caught in a thicket in answer to prayer; the ewe brought a lamb every year after it.) A while after, her sister continued ill, who could think of eating nothing with pleasure but a pigeon. She went to all the persons that kept dove-houses in the town, but could get none. Returning home with a heavy heart, a pigeon flew into the house before her, which they took up and killed as a supply sent immediately from Heaven. This both the sisters and the mother also attested. As they were coming one day from Northampton, after her sister was but just recovered from a fit of dangerous sickness, they saw a cloud gathered about them, a thundershower came, and they were in expectation of being wet to the skin, which might have been attended with the most fatal consequences to Catherine, as being then in so bad a state of health. Mary earnestly prayed to God that he would appear for them. A wind came and broke the cloud over their heads, so that part went on the right and part on the left; it rained violently all round them, but they, to the amazement of the neighbourhood, came in dry. The mother assured me that she warmed clothes for them, expecting that they would be wet through, and saw them come home perfectly dry, when it had rained almost all around. In their late illness, which happened this winter, they were assisted in an extraordinary manner. Mary, who is a poor weakly creature, sat up with her sister seven weeks, without any sleep but on the Saturday night, and continued perfectly well; and, which is very extraordinary, their drink and their wheat, when they had but enough to last for six weeks in the winter, lasted them six months, though they ate and drank nearly as much as usual; and the miller that ground it, taking notice of their having so much more than they had bought of him, strongly suspected their dealing with some other person. In the account of this they all agreed as positively as could be, as well as in all the rest in which there was any room for their testimony. I confess I heard their stories with the utmost amazement. The persons by whom they were told are all people of eminent devotion, and of a very extraordinary life. They live retired, are continually employed in prayer, praise, and religious converse; and have, upon the whole, as much of heaven among them as I ever saw in any persons whom I have known. What shall we say to

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these things? or, rather, why should we be so much astonished, considering what God has done for his people in times past, and that his power is still the same?"

We have farther accounts of this Mary Wills' "remarkable conversations;" but what we have quoted is enough; and we shall now conclude with an extract of a different kind. It is entitled—

"*An account of several of those Maxims upon which I propose to proceed in future life, under the following various characters:*" and for its single-mindedness and simplicity may well be received as a remarkable document:—

"1. *As to the conduct of every day.*—To breathe out my heart to God before I rise; to pray while dressing; to make prayer the first work, if possible, before I read one word; to make the Scriptures the first book; to do something every morning at monthly letters before breakfast; to begin every lecture in time, with the watch before me, and not to run on so far as to preclude those of the junior class; to get out soon in afternoons; to be at home at evening prayer; to expound when I can; not to exceed a limited time at a place; to be animated in conversation, providing useful materials for that purpose; to take notice of children; to keep a register of my visits; to relate religious remarks then made to the elders; to write before supper; to prepare social entertainment, and demand it; to sup moderately; to go to bed before eleven when I can; if the prayer be slightly passed over in the morning, to introduce it again in the evening; never to acquiesce merely in praying with my wife, without some fervent, though short petitions, alone; to get a little time for meditation on Friday evenings. 2. *As a Husband.*—To be more careful to keep up the spirit of religion in conversing with my wife; to avoid pettishness; to make great allowance for the tenderness of her constitution; to reflect often on her distinguished wisdom and goodness; blessing God for her; recommending her to the Divine blessing, and begging the continuance of her life, as one of the greatest blessings that life can afford, and that on which, under God, most of my own depend. 3. *As a Parent.*—To intercede for my children daily; to converse more or less about religion with each, weekly; to pray with them once a fortnight, and endeavour to dispose them for communion; to endeavour to oblige them; to drop short hints, when there is not room for long discourse; also to speak on religious subjects to the servants, at least once a fortnight. 4. *As a Tutor.*—To maintain a strict inspection; to inquire after each from his respective tutor; to have expositions, prayers, and devotional lectures, as suitable as may be; to exhort and pray with each before the vacation, where it has not yet been done; to get a society of lads established if I can. 5. *As a Pastor.*—To review the state of my flock if possible, at least in town before the vacation; to visit, exhort, and inquire into family religion, &c.; to inquire after every village, referring to the last visit in the catalogue; to pursue a plan for monthly sermons, keeping four schemes beforehand in the book of such papers. 6. *As a Correspondent.*—To be exact in the catalogue of letters with regard to dates; to review that catalogue to determine when, and in what order, to write; to guard against excessive length; to use as many assistants as I can, to get clear before vacation as far as possible. 7. *Miscellaneous matters.*—To draw up a scheme for every week, and then for every day, to be reviewed the next; to make my will; to adjust the account of the lads' society, and to fix on thirty letters at the beginning of the month, to which one hour a day, if possible, is to be given: to read over these maxims once a month."

To resolve to make your will every month is a curious sign of the infirmity of human purpose: but we have no room for comments, and can only again speak of this work as affording abundant grounds for useful reflection, and containing a great deal to interest every intelligent mind.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Marshall on the origin and utility of cow-pox, with the cause of failure in the practice of vaccination. After some preliminary observations on the history of the small-pox, and the introduction of vaccination, Mr. Marshall particularly noticed the odium which attached itself to the propagators of this precautionary measure. Thirty years before its introduction by that benefactor of the human race, the late Dr. Jenner, a humble grazier in one of the English counties accidentally discovered the efficacy of inoculation for the cow-pox: in consequence of the opinions he entertained on the point, he was laughed at by the villagers, and became subject to other and more serious annoyances. The declared opinions also of Jenner himself were considered merely as the reveries of a rural enthusiast. Even that august assembly the Royal Society (we speak of it as it was constituted half a century ago), in answer to certain communications of Jenner on the subject, sarcastically hinted, that he had better not promulgate his sentiments, lest he should incur the ridicule of the scientific. Mr. Marshall paid a warm and just eulogy to the late Duke of York, who, having been made aware of the happy results of vaccination, issued a general order recommending its adoption throughout the whole of the British army; thereby securing for the discovery a certain popularity. In the course of his observations, Mr. M. directed the attention of his auditors to a statistical account of vaccination in Great Britain, as compared with other countries, from which it appeared that the annual mortality in cases of small-pox was reduced in Copenhagen from 450 to 9; Prussia, the average was as 12 to 1; Berlin, in 1819, only 25 had died, being about 1 in 8,000; Bavaria, in 11 years, only 5 persons had died; Anspach, the disease had been completely exterminated; Norwich, in one year, the small-pox cut off more persons than any disease except the plague; Edinburgh, similar havoc; London, in one year, 13,000 died; Russia, from the year 1804 to 1812, there were upwards of 1,200,000 individuals vaccinated. After noticing the causes of failure in the practice of vaccination, which embraced sundry technical details, well expounded in our medical schools, Mr. Marshall closed a very interesting lecture.

On the library-table was the exceedingly beautiful odoriferous lamp, founded upon the principles discovered by Davy and Boberiener, by the power of which bodies combine, and produce not full combustion, but still a temperature equal to incandescence, as is well known to our chemical readers. In the present instance the alcohol was aromatised, and as the spirit burnt around the ball of platina wire and sponge, the aroma was diffused through the room.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 27th. Mr. Murchison, the president, in the chair. An extract was read from a letter of the Rev. George Greg, explanatory of certain subterraneous sounds occasionally heard at Nakoos, near Tor in Arabia; and communicated by the president. A paper was then read, "on some effects of the atmosphere in wasting the surface of buildings and rocks;" by John Phillips, Esq., curator of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, &c. Some valuable donations were received.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

John Barrow, Esq. V. P. in the chair. Mr. Washington's account of Morocco was concluded: and a general view, communicated by Captain P. P. King, R. N., of his late survey of the Straits of Magellan and adjoining coasts, was begun. The first of these papers we have already noticed. The second we shall advert to when concluded. In the mean time we seize the opportunity of introducing the following intimation, for which we have not previously found space.

Royal Premium.—The President and Council give notice, that his Majesty's annual premium of fifty guineas, for the year 1831, will be given to the author of the best memoir, accompanied by sufficient plans and views, which shall describe in detail any important and unpublished discovery made by the candidate in any branch of geography—provided that the same be considered worthy of this distinction. The Council consider as coming within the meaning of this proposition—a detailed account of any excavation or research made by the candidate, the result of which is the establishment of any lost site of antiquity, and the recovery of any object sufficiently important to history, science, or the arts.

The President and Council also give notice, that his Majesty's premium of fifty guineas, for 1832, will be given to the author of the best work transmitted to the Society, of the following nature:—A Traveller's Manual—containing a clear and concise enumeration of the objects to which a geographer's attention should be especially directed; a statement of the readiest means by which the desired information in each branch may be obtained; a list of the best instruments for determining positions, measuring elevations and distances, observing magnetic phenomena, ascertaining temperature, climate, &c.; directions for adjusting the instruments, formulæ for registering the observations, and rules for working out the results;—adapted to the use, not of the general traveller alone, but also of him who, in exploring barbarous countries, may be obliged to carry and often conceal his implements. Each candidate is requested to send his dissertation privately (without his name, and, if he chooses, transcribed by another person, but revised and pointed by himself,) to the secretary, on or previous to the second Monday in March of the years 1832-3 respectively, with a motto written on it; and he is at the same time to send a paper, sealed up, with the same motto on the outside, which paper shall enclose another paper, folded up and sealed, with his name written within. The papers containing the names of those candidates who shall not succeed will be destroyed unopened. And in all cases the successful competitor will be at liberty to publish his communication on his own account, under the sanction of the Society.

The President and Council further give notice, that it is their intention at future

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periods to propose the following as prize subjects:—An essay on the actual state of geography in its various departments, distinguishing the known from the unknown, and shewing what has been, and what remains to be done in order to render it an exact science; together with an indication of the best processes to be adopted in order to supply the several desiderata. An extensive series of geographical tables, (with reference to authorities), shewing the various names, written in the native language and character, by which the same places have been known, in different countries, and at successive periods of history. The best mechanical inventions for facilitating the acquisition of geographical knowledge, or rendering it more available to the public. Under this head may be included the simplification of instruments, more compendious methods of determining positions, and all improvements in the art of drawing and engraving maps, whereby their precision and distinctness may be increased, and greater scope and expression given to what may be called the language of topography.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

THE Repository of New Inventions and Improvements in the Arts, Pall Mall East, was opened on Wednesday for private view; and during the latter period of the morning, this national Institution was honoured by the attendance of a great number of persons of rank, and other patrons of the arts. This is as it should be; for the nobility and gentry of this country are more worthily employed in encouraging the useful arts and manufactures of their own nation, than in patronising those of foreign nations, which fall under the usual denomination of luxuries; and for which articles they are content to pay often double their real value at home, merely on account of their being foreign manufacture.

The articles which are strictly entitled to the name of novel inventions, are perhaps not so numerous in the present as in the last exhibition; yet it is only justice to observe, that the committee of management were unable to prepare catalogues for the opening of the gallery, through the neglect of parties, in not forwarding their specimens destined for exhibition in proper time.

The first article in the catalogue, and, in our opinion, the most important invention in the Repository at present, is the new safety-coach, invented by Mr. Daniel Stafford, of Liverpool. Both a working model in the gallery, and a full-sized four-horse stage coach, of very elegant construction, were exhibited to the visitors. This coach is built on the principle of the ordinary mail-coach, with spacious front and hind boots for luggage; but instead of the usual horizontal springs placed beneath the body, and consequently below the centre of gravity, which always renders a coach liable to overturn, from great inequalities in the road, Mr. Stafford suspends the body of his carriage considerably above the level of gravitation, even when loaded with its full complement of passengers. This is effected by fixing a transverse upright over each axle, which pedestal passes through apertures in fore and hind boots, when it carries an elliptical spring, on the top of which is attached a circular or curved block, on which another block, curved the opposite way, rests; the upper block being attached to a shelf or cornice, projecting about six inches beyond the roof at the front and back. The entire weight of the body and loading may be therefore said to work on rollers, which can shift the centre of suspension according to the inequalities of the road, and thus preserve the body at all times in the horizontal position, so as to render it quite impossible to overturn in case of accident. It was shewn by the model, that, in the event of removing one of the hind wheels, and the carriage part falling on the axle, the body of the carriage very nearly maintains its horizontal position, and allows the passengers to alight in safety. The common inequalities of the road are provided against by the elliptical springs before mentioned, while that oscillating motion, which would result from suspending the weight on two rollers, or segments of circles, is ingeniously counteracted, by the upper block being cut horizontally near the centre, and circular near the ends. The model of this coach is highly creditable to the inventor. It is equally elegant and compact, and much more deserving the name of a safety-coach than any yet brought into use.

In the department of Mechanics there are three or four improvements in pumps, fire-escapes, paddle-wheels, and propelling apparatus. The compound paddle-wheel of Mr. Murdoch is highly ingenious; but it could not be rendered intelligible to our readers without a drawing.

Among the Fine Arts we must mention with high approbation, a plaster bronzed statue of his late majesty, in his coronation robes (size of life), by Mr. Tate, of Leicester Square. Several small models in wax, by the same artist, are also beautifully executed. Some spirited groups are modelled in clay with extraordinary delicacy by Sig. Giovanni.

In the department of Engraving, a beautiful new specimen of *grounding* (or graining) for steel or copper-plate engraving is exhibited by Mr. S. Russell. The Death of Cleopatra is a specimen, though far from perfect, worthy of the notice of artists. Some exceedingly fine specimens of silk and lace manufacture attracted the notice of the lady visitors, while a self-acting superb pianoforte of Rolfe's was polite enough to volunteer its services, by occasionally playing a brilliant concerto of Herz for the amusement of the company. We purpose returning to this exhibition when it is more complete.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

"'Tis most apparent that the succession of things upon the face of the earth is purely the result and effect of the vicissitude of seasons, and is as constant and certain as is the cause of that vicissitude, the sun's declination: so certain, that were a man kept for some time blindfold, in such a manner that he could have no notice how the year passed on, and were at length turned forth into the next field or garden, he would not need any other almanac to inform him what season of the year it then was."—*Woodward.*

THE northern regions of the earth are arrayed with the beauty of spring. The Moon exhibits a canopy of boundless azure, and the night reveals the wintry constellations sinking in the west, with the advance of those stars to the mid heaven which declare that the time of the singing of birds is come, and that the summer is advancing. The flower and the star appear each in its season, and send forth, the one its ray, and the other its fragrance, with unfailing precision. The lovely train of Flora delights the senses with its perfume and beauty; the thrush and blackbird fill the woods with melody; and Arcturus in the east, and Capella in the zenith, shed forth their brightest scintillations: the rose, the nightingale, and bright star in the hand of the Virgin, bloom, sing, and shine together; the violet from its shady bank, the lark from its "watch-tower in the sky," send forth their tribute of odour and harmony, as the stars in the soft Pleiades faint away in the glowing twilight of the vernal eve. As the fervid heat of summer increases, and light is more copiously diffused over the northern world, the stars shine with a subdued brilliancy, the melody of the grove ceases, the Aster tribe of flowers, with their diversified colours and radiations, decorate the field and the garden, and with pure adoration expand their bright florets to receive the full effulgence of the summer's sun.

21d 9h 6m—the Sun enters Gemini.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Capricornus	4	15	35
● New Moon in Aries	11	12	1
☽ First Quarter in Leo	18	4	12
○ Full Moon in Ophiuchus	26	4	0

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Capricornus	5	3	40
Mercury in Taurus	12	16	15
Venus in Taurus	13	21	45
Mars in Gemini	14	14	15
Saturn in Leo	18	1	20

Occultation of a Double Star.—21d—the Moon will occult the double star γ Virginis: immersion 9h 22m; emersion 10h 13m. γ Virginis is a binary system; the two stars are a little unequal in magnitude, and complete a revolution about their common centre of gravity in 708 years: they are both of a white colour.

3d—Mercury at his greatest elongation (21° 3′) as an evening star. 14d—stationary. 20d—descending node. 26d 0h 30m—inferior conjunction. 30d—aphelion.

2d.—Venus in conjunction with 179 Mayer: difference of latitude 3′. 7d—perihelion. 12d 9h—in conjunction with 132 Tauri. 22d 19h—with s Geminorum: difference of latitude 4′. This planet continues an unfavourable telescopic object, though shedding its brilliancy over the evening landscape: its most pleasing appearances, when seen with the telescope, are when it shines as a half-moon, or is waning to a crescent form: these it will assume after the ensuing month of July; at present it is gibbous, one-sixth of its disc being defective of light.

3d—Mars in conjunction with 5 Geminorum: difference of latitude 20′. 22d—with 1 ω: difference of latitude 12′. 31d—with Venus: difference of latitude 49′.

The Asteroids.

	D.	H.	M.		°	′
Vesta	4	R.A. 3	42	N.D.	16	39
	12	4	2		17	31
	20	4	16		18	18
	28	4	31		19	0
Juno	4	3	31		10	46
	12	3	50		11	42
	20	4	8		12	32
	28	4	27		13	13
Pallas	4	20	7		15	20
	12	20	8		16	22
	20	20	9		17	20
	28	20	8		18	12
Ceres	4	21	17	S.D.	22	25
	12	21	23		22	28
	20	21	29		22	37
	28	21	33		22	53

8d—Jupiter in conjunction with 1 *d* Capricorni: difference of latitude 30′. 11d 23h 30m—in quadrature. The following will be the only visible eclipse of the satellites:—

	D.	H.	M.	S.
Third Satellite, immersion	29	13	31	6

16d 11h 30m—Saturn in quadrature.

5d 4h 45m—Uranus in quadrature.

Deptford. J. T. B.

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LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair. A paper was read, entitled, on the Anatomy and Physiology of the minute and Capillary Vessels, by Marshal Hall, Esq. The object of this paper was to shew the peculiar manner in which the blood is thrown out of the arteries at their extremities into minute meshes, and taken up by the veins; and likewise to shew the varied construction of the lungs in different living creatures, in connexion with their tenacity of life. The author is of opinion that many writers on this interesting subject appear to be guided more by imagination than actual observation, so delusive are their results. With the achromatic microscope of Dollond he had pursued his researches with perfect success. After some comparative details on the minute and other vessels of various animals, such as the toad and frog, the author noticed the curious phenomenon which takes place on plunging one of the former species into water of a temperature about 120° of Fahrenheit: the animal becomes stiff, and appears to die instantly without pain. Mr. Hall, however, on application of the object-glass, in opposition to the generally received theory, observed the heart's motion—the venous, arterial, and capillary vessels all performing their separate functions. Sir M. A. Shee was introduced. The President addressed him to the effect, that he considered an honour to have been conferred on the Society by the election of an individual so distinguished as an artist, a man of letters, and President of the Royal Academy. Strangers having withdrawn, the fellows proceeded, in pursuance of a former notice, to ballot for three members of the council. On examining the lists, it was found that the gentlemen elected were George Dollond, Charles Kœnig, and Fred. Daniell, Esqrs. The Transactions of several learned Societies were presented.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On Saturday last, being St. George's day, the Society met, pursuant to their charter, to ballot for the election of president, officers, and council for the ensuing year; H. Gurney, Esq. in the chair: after which, the members dined together at the Freemasons' Tavern. On Thursday, Mr. Gurney in the chair, the Secretary read a paper by Mr. Duppa, containing observations on one of the English articles, namely, *the*, and on pronouns miscalled articles. He observed that the Greeks and Latins had no articles; the *o*, *η*, *τo*, of our Greek grammars, and *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, in Latin, being pronominal adjectives, and the same with the word *the* in English (usually termed the definite article), whenever it was used to designate any one thing as pre-eminent to others of the same kind. Mr. Duppa observed, that Dr. Johnson had censured the custom of sinking the final letter of the article in versification, but he (Mr. D.) considered that the syllable *the* could not be fully and openly pronounced without becoming a pronominal adjective, and it was only when deprived of the final letter that it was an article. A further portion was read of Mr. Grover's communication on ancient history.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The general anniversary meeting, for the election of council, officers, &c. for the ensuing year, took place on Thursday; the president in the chair. His lordship delivered an address replete with interesting facts and valuable literary and philological opinions. It contained a summary of the varied instances of munificent patronage afforded to literature by his late Majesty, the founder of the society; which, in justice to the memory of a sovereign whose taste and learning have not been duly known and appreciated, we hope to see laid before the public.

The secretary read a report of the last year's proceedings, with an analysis of numerous important papers that have been read before the Society.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were elected to preside over its affairs for the next year:—

President.—The Lord Bishop of Salisbury.
Vice-Presidents.—The Duke of Rutland, The Marquess of Lansdowne, the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord Bexley, the Earl of Carlisle, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, the Right Hon. G. Agar Ellis, Colonel Fitzclarence, Archibald E. Impey, Esq., the Rev. G. Richards, D.D.
Council.—Lord Goderich, the Lord Bishop of Bristol, Lord Prudhoe, Lord Carrington, Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., the Rev. H. H. Baber, Decimus Burton, Esq., John Caley, Esq., the Rev. R. Cattermole, the Rev. H. Clissold, W. R. Hamilton, Esq., W. Jacob, Esq., W. Jerdan, Esq., W. Martin Leake, Esq., Lewis Hayes Petit, Esq., W. Sotheby, Esq.
Treasurer.—W. Jacob, Esq.
Auditors.—D. Pollock, Esq., W. Tooke, Esq.
Librarian.—The Rev. H. H. Baber.
Secretary.—The Rev. R. Cattermole.
Foreign Secretary.—The Rev. H. A. Delafite.
Accountant and Collector.—Mr. Thomas Paull.

THE LITERARY FUND.

We see with great satisfaction, that the Lord Chancellor, Brougham, is announced to preside at the Literary Fund Anniversary, on Wednesday week. Our readers are well aware that nothing of politics mingles with this benevolent Institution; and its friends anticipate a brilliant rally of the literary and the distinguished round a chairman of such eminence for literary attainments, and *ex officio* the guardian of literary rights and property.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We can promise our readers much gratification from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which will open on Monday next, and of which we shall, as usual, give a detailed notice in our following numbers. At present, we must content ourselves with stating that Beechey has several portraits, among them those of their Majesties, that of the Queen strikingly like; Callcott, eight landscapes and sea-pieces; Leslie, "Ford's Dinner," admirable; Wilkie, two fine portraits; Landseer, three pictures, a series of "Poachers;" Collins, four coast scenes; Etty and Hilton, several scriptural and historical works; Pickersgill, lots of clever portraits; Allan, a happy re-appearance after a long absence; Newton, three pictures, one "Lear and Cordelia," particularly good; Witherington, a charming "Market Cart;" Lee, a fine landscape; Chantrey, exquisite busts of the King, the Duke of Sussex, &c. We regret to add, that Jackson and Stanfield have been so ill, that they have not been able to send any thing.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

The well-known talents and skill of the artists who form this society are a sufficient assurance to the public of the treat which they are annually to expect. Inexhaustible as nature herself are the diversified stores which the exhibitions of the Society of Painters in Water-colours present; and we every year return to their rooms with unsated delight. In point of execution, it would seem to be impossible that they can excel their former efforts; and yet we own it appears to us that, in the collection of this year, the paper has been more completely got rid of, and the effect of firm and solid painting more completely obtained, than in any of its predecessors.

No. 3. *Belinda.* Miss E. Sharpe.—It is not gallantry which induces, but justice which compels us, to say that this is one of the most fascinating works of art we ever beheld. Mock allegory is a subject of great difficulty; and especially when gnomes and sprites are to be mixed up with costume which, however gorgeous, is at variance with the creations of the imagination. Yet such is the skill of the fair artist, that she has rendered all her materials subservient to the purposes of art; and has embodied with the happiest effect the playful and elegant fiction of the poet.

No. 9. *English Pastoral.* G. Barrett.—It is seldom, indeed, that English landscape is seen under such a blaze of light. It is evident that it has been Mr. Barrett's object to exert his utmost power in that respect; and he has reached a climax which we could scarcely have anticipated.

No. 8. *View near Ludlow.* P. De Wint.—We hardly think that a subject was ever brought forward more replete with variety, and yet more in union with the true principles of grand composition. Of Mr. De Wint's transparent, juicy, and harmonious colouring, this, as well as all his other beautiful works in the present exhibition, is a perfect example.

No. 16. *Meyningen, Canton of Berne.* W. Evans.—Distinguished by its picturesque forms, by its colouring and effect, and by the skill of its execution.

No. 49. *The Captives.* G. Cattermole.—Those possessed of highly imaginative powers will not fail to find sufficient matter in Mr. Cattermole's works on which to exercise them. Character and chiaroscuro he supplies finely and abundantly; the spectator's fancy must do the rest.

No. 71. J. D. Harding.—The artist has depicted the classic ruins of departed greatness in the very spirit of the poet whose lines he has made the foundation of his picture.

No. 113. *Loch Maree, Ross-shire.* G. F. Robson.—We pass by several of Mr. Robson's well-painted scenes to this, which, in point of sublimity and repose, has, we think, never been surpassed, and on which he has expended all the powers of his wonderful execution.

No. 104. *Brigands.* D. Cox.—Salvator-like, both in character and in effect.

No. 127. *The Breakfast—Good News.* F. Taylor.—Deserving of a better situation. Mr. Taylor has treated a pleasing subject in a pleasing and clever manner.

No. 149. *The Arrival of the New Governess.* Miss L. Sharpe.—This is a work which will come home to the feelings of but too many who have been compelled thus to undergo the severe and scornful scrutiny of the rich and the proud. The characters are admirably contrasted and sustained, and the whole is beautifully painted.

No. 158. *Shipwreck Scene on the Coast of Yorkshire.* Copley Fielding.—Much as we are accustomed to admire the productions of this artist, we are inclined to think that he has never equalled, we are sure that he can never have excelled, either in vigour of effect or in dexterity of execution, this magnificent representation of the terrible conflict of the elements.

No. 236. *An English Farm-yard.* R. Hills.—We cannot refrain from bringing in contrast to

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the above, this picture of an English farm-yard, cheerful, and exciting ideas of perfect security, comprehending all that sustains and makes life, comfort and snugness. It is finished, and especially the cattle, with Mr. Hills' usual care.

(To be continued.)

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Fifth Notice.]

No. 447. *Meditation.* B. R. Faulkner.—A beautiful and pleasing variety from the pencil of this able artist, whose portraits in the gallery of the present year do him great credit.

No. 453. *River Scene, Morning.* J. Tennant.—The compositions of Cuyp or Potter seldom exhibit a more brilliant display of light and colour. It is a perfect blaze, without any adventitious aid derived from extreme contrast. When time has a little mellowed its freshness, our collectors of foreign art may go far ere they will find a finer example of its class.

No. 498. *A Scene in the Mountains.* J. A. O'Connor; No. 502. *Gobling Den.* Rev. J. Thomson.—Both highly romantic, but different in style: the former deep and intense in tone, although still clear and brilliant; the latter light, free, and broad, like some passages in the pictures of Salvator, or Wilson, or Sir George Beaumont.

The visitors to the gallery will find as much talent and variety in the Water-colour and Miniature Room, as in any other part of the Exhibition. Among the most striking in the imaginative class of works are No. 756, *The Countess of Leicester and Janet Foster*, Miss M. A. Sharpe, a beautiful example of contrast, both in costume and character; No. 572, *The Shrew*, Miss F. Corbeaux, a bold, but a successful venture, from a *female* pencil; No. 777, *Miss E. Tree, as Christina in the youthful Queen of Sweden*, J. W. Wright, divested of theatrical display, and exhibiting all the simplicity and generalisation of an historical figure; No. 660, *The Graces conducting the Loves to the Temple of Hymen*, J. Green, classically conceived, and highly finished; No. 605, *The Wrecked African*, R. Brandard, a bold, spirited drawing, and full of character.—Of the subjects in familiar life, No. 559, *Fruit Girl*, E. Parris, No. 606, *Cullercoat's Fish Girl going for Bait*, H. P. Parker, No. 591, *The Country Blacksmith*, T. Wageman, No. 614, *The Shrimp Girl*, J. Holmes, No. 733, *Water Carrier*, S. A. Hart, No. 768, *The Itinerant Potter*, J. P. Knight, No. 776, *Greenwich Pensioner*, J. Holland, and several others, deserve particular notice.—The landscape department of drawings is also replete with excellence. Among the foremost of these are No. 749, *Four Views in Germany, France, Portugal, and Holland*, and No. 616, *Study of Trees in Northwick Park*, D. Roberts. It was by making such close and beautiful studies as the latter, that the veteran Wilson at length arrived at his grand results. No. 519, *A Sketch in Windsor Forest*, R. B. Davis, No. 528, *St. Gothard, Switzerland*, W. de la Motte, No. 529, *Composition*, J. W. Allen, No. 534, *Waiting the Arrival of the Boats*, J. M. Ince, No. 535, *After a Storm*, J. Ward, No. 590, *Magpye Lane, Oxford*, A. G. Vickers, No. 600, *Dolgelly*, J. M. Ince, No. 708, *Cottages, East Cliff, Hastings*, H. Melville, No. 762, *Landscape*, J. W. Allen, No. 778, *At Honfleur, Normandy*, C. R. Stanley, No. 734, *View of Amsterdam*, J. B. Crome, &c. &c. &c. are all beautiful.—In portraiture, the drawings of Mr. D. M'Clise are distinguished for their character, taste, and composition. We were particularly struck with No. 683, *Portrait of a Child*, and No. 718, *Portraits*; the latter of which is a perfect gem. Nos. 646, 647, 648, *Portraits*, Miss Daniell, are no less remarkable for their light and beautiful execution.—In fruit, flowers, and still-life, there is also much to attract. It would be difficult to surpass No. 560, *Birds' Nests*, No. 616, *Plums*, Miss Byrne. No. 551, *Fish*, G. S. Shepperd, and others by the same artist, are admirable for their truth, and for their facile but efficient execution.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza. Designed and engraved by James G. S. Lucas. Lacey.

"When two men ride on the same horse, one must be behind." Mr. Lucas is evidently possessed of considerable imagination and talents; and we strongly advise him to dismount from Mr. Martin's crupper, and to bestride the saddle of a nag of his own.

Henry Fuseli. Engraved by F. C. Lewis, from a Drawing by G. S. Newton, A.R.A. Colnaghi and Co.

It does not strike us as very good taste, in depicting a man of genius, to select a period of life, and a situation, which impart to the portrait a character almost ludicrous. As well might the tremulous autograph affixed to the sketch under our notice be considered a just representation of the energetic Fuseli's handwriting in his days of physical, as the sketch itself can be considered a just representation of his features in his days and moments of mental vigour. It is cleverly executed, nevertheless.

Mrs. Wolff. Engraved by Samuel Cousins, from a Picture by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Colnaghi and Co.

Many years have elapsed since the exquisite work of which Mr. Cousins has here given us so masterly and admirable an imitation, was exhibited on the walls of Somerset House; but the impression which the elegance of the composition, the taste of the drawing, the loveliness and delicacy of the expression, the splendid arrangement of the drapery, the beauty of the colouring, and the breadth and vigour of the effect, made on our minds, remains as freshly as if we had seen it only yesterday. Painted *con amore*, from a most fascinating original, it was one of Sir Thomas's happiest efforts. The print is superb.

Ancient Building at Dieppe. R. P. Bonington del.; C. G. Lewis sculp. Colnaghi and Co.

Every scrap from Bonington's pencil has in it a charm and value.—A very pleasing portrait of this admirable and lamented artist has just been published by Carpenter and Son. It is engraved by J. P. Quilley, from a picture by Mrs. Carpenter.

Lieut.-Colonel Denham, F.R.S., late Lieut.-Governor of Sierra Leone. Engraved by John Bromley, from a Picture painted on his return from Bornou, in Central Africa, in 1825, by Thos. Phillips, Esq., R.A., in the possession of John Murray, Esq. Colnaghi and Co.

A faithful and expressive resemblance of the amiable, highly gifted, and enterprising original, whose career was unhappily terminated at the very moment when it promised to be speedily productive of the highest public benefit.

Cadland. Painted by J. Ferneley; engraved by E. Duncan and J. Webb. Ackermann, Jun.

An animated representation of the celebrated winner of the Derby, in 1826.

The Knights of the Tournament. Same Publisher.

The lovers of chivalry are here presented with a dozen brave knights, mounted on as many spirited steeds, glittering in every rich variety of armour, weapon, and trapping, and eager for the encounter which is to honour or degrade them in the eyes of their fair mistresses.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

The anniversary of this excellent Institution took place at Freemasons' Hall on Saturday; Lord Lyndhurst in the chair. His lordship frequently addressed the company, which was numerous, and comprised most of the eminent artists of the day, and pleaded the cause of the charity with great feeling and effect. His lordship alluded to his own connexion with the fine arts as a source of pride to him, for he esteemed the distinction won by talent to be far superior to any other honour. Sir M. Shee and Mr. Phillips spoke on several occasions, and a large subscription was made.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The last meeting for the season of the above Society took place on Thursday week at the London Coffee House. We are gratified at seeing that the activity of the measures in establishing this novel feature in the city of London has been crowned with such success, and that the citizens have requited the exertions of its projector, by coming forward to support the undertaking. Until now, the idea has unfortunately too much prevailed among men of business, that art has and can have little relation to commerce; forgetting the almost entire dependence of manufactures upon fashion, fashion upon taste, and taste upon the successful cultivation of the fine arts. The meeting this evening was more fully attended than even upon the former occasions, and the various works of art were numerous and well selected. We rejoiced to see that the artists, especially the rising ones, have attended to our observations on the *conversazione*, and evinced more confidence and alacrity than hitherto in producing their works: their own interests, and the vitality of the Society, depend entirely upon their continued attention to this important point.

MR. VERNON'S PICTURES.

The sale of Mr. Vernon's pictures, which were lately brought to the hammer at Christie's, has been the subject of much talk among the lovers of art, from the enormous pecuniary sacrifice stated to have been sustained by that gentleman in consequence of the low prices obtained for what might be deemed capital works. Now, unfortunately, many people have the idea that wealth, with profusion for its attendant, is the only requisite to form a sterling collection of pictures; and that refined taste, combined with mature judgment, is of little use, or acquired by intuition; and when they find themselves the just victims of their own error, they attempt to divert ridicule by proclaiming themselves martyrs to fraud and deception. In the present instance, as regards the Virgin and Child, by Raphael, it is really surprising how any body in their senses, with a knowledge of the facts of this picture having been in the Orleans Gallery, and obtained thence for 500*l.*

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by Mr. Hibbert, and then at the sale of his collection, a short time since, bringing but 280 guineas, should immediately after take it from the last purchaser, a foreign dealer, at the advanced price of 1000 guineas: at Mr. Vernon's sale it was knocked down at 290 guineas. Again, the Farewell Picture, by Both, which brought, at the dispersion of the late Mr. Josi's collection, something above 300*l.*, was acquired shortly afterwards by Mr. Vernon, at the price of 600*l.*: it has now produced him 297 guineas. These are not single instances of want of judgment, but we could select, did our limits allow it, many others from the same source. Our object in this animadversion is to prevent any discouragement being given to such as are duly led by fortune, disposition, and knowledge, to admire and patronise art for art's sake, and who do not hang furniture-pictures, but thoughts, upon their walls. The large prices given in many cases for worthless rubbish, by uninformed youth and older vanity, has been exceedingly injurious to the due progress of art in this country: it has been one of the inducements to the large importation of indifferent pictures, and has tempted the *chevalier d'industrie* to the trade of picture-dealing, which has become one of general discredit, although many honest and well-informed men are, to our knowledge, among its members.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

APATHY.

No words of mine confess a wo,
And tearless is mine eye;
Nor sad my brow, nor blanch'd my cheek,
Nor scapes one startling sigh;
Not oft I wander forth alone
In melancholy mood,
Nor seek distraction in the crowd,
From dread of solitude.

A barren void is in my breast,
Alas! I cannot feel;
No tumults of the heart in me,
Or joy or grief reveal;
No fev'rish thoughts accelerate
The current in my veins,
Nor banished sleep, nor troubled dream,
Give sign of mental pains.

Not thus, when late I met the blow,
And fresh was my despair;
Then keenly felt—of human woes
The heaviest to bear,—
The maddening contrast, with'ring pang,
Which naught of hope allays—
In present misery's gloomy hour,
The thought of happier days."

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Both the vocal and the instrumental pieces of the fifth concert, on Monday last, were well selected; and as they were also well performed, the concert proved to be one of the best of the year. Beethoven's scena, "Per pietà, non dirmi addio," is not the worse for savouring in style and melody of Mozart; and Mr. Braham was not the less applauded for singing it without those flourishes which cannot adorn such music. The beautiful quintet of Beethoven in E flat, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, was in good hands; and though Mr. Mori shone conspicuously in it, Messrs. Watts, Moralt, Griesbach, and Lindley, sustained their parts extremely well. The scena, "Deh calma," from Hummel's "Matilda von Guise," remarkably well sung by Mdme. Stockhausen, is a fine composition, and gained much in interest by M. Hummel himself presiding at the piano-forte. He was heartily welcomed both by the audience and the band. Marschner's overture, "Der Templer und die Jüdin," did not please either the professor or the amateur, being destitute of a striking subject. Beethoven's seventh symphony, in A, with which the second act commenced, would not perhaps be so great a favourite if it were not for the inimitable andante and the sprightly scherzo. Signor Santini earned the compliment of being encored in Mozart's "Qui sdegno," from "Il Flauto Magico." The compositions for the French horn are not very numerous; but Signor Puzzi might still have found something better than Costa's fantasia for that instrument. After the delightful treat of Mozart's "Fuggi crudel," by Mdme. Stockhausen and Mr. Braham, the concert concluded with Weber's excellent overture to "Oberon."

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday *Il Pirata*, which was unsuccessful last season, was again brought forward with a new cast, and introduced Signor Rubini and his wife to the British public. The signor has become a stout gentleman to what he was a few years ago, when his slim figure and sweet tenor were seen and heard in Italy. His voice bears a considerable resemblance to Donzelli's, but has neither the same volume nor compass; at least so far as we could judge from this part, which is by no means a favourable one for the performer. Under all circumstances, however, the *début* was justly applauded, and the signor welcomed as a valuable accession to the company. The lady also took her share in the triumph of carrying through *Il Pirata*, and displayed a voice of great extent.

DRURY LANE.

Alfred the Great; or, the Patriot King, was produced at this theatre on Thursday evening. Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the well-known author of *William Tell* and *Virginius*, has again reaped the satisfaction of entire success. The present drama is replete with allusions to regal patriotism, which were seized upon with avidity, and welcomed as so many opportunities for the display of popular love and gratitude towards our beloved Monarch. The impersonation of the King by Macready, his utterance, action, and chivalrous bearing, did the author the fullest justice; and the grace and dignity with which Miss Philipps sustained the character of *Ina*, cannot fail to rank her yet higher as a public favourite of the foremost order. The drama is to be repeated every evening, till theatrical proclamations are issued to the contrary.

We have hastily glanced over the play, which has just been published, but, at our eleventh hour, we must postpone criticism till next week.

The performers at both theatres-royal were thunderstruck on Monday evening last, by the unexpected announcement that it was the intention of the lessees and proprietors to play only on alternate nights for the remainder of the season. Meetings were immediately called by both companies; and on Tuesday morning the performers and band of Drury Lane signified to the management their positive intention of leaving the theatre *en masse*, and playing for their own benefit at the Haymarket. Mr. Lee, in this emergency, took upon himself the responsibility, in the absence of his partner, Capt. Polhill, to rescind the obnoxious order; a decision which was received with cheers by the company. An inquiry was then set on foot to discover from whom the proposal had emanated, but no positive information could be gained upon that point; and, contented with having effected their principal object, the performers separated. A similar scene, in the meanwhile, was acted at Covent Garden; and Mr. Bartley, on the part of the proprietors, yielded to the remonstrances of his brother comedians. The two theatres were therefore opened on Wednesday night; and the new comedy of the *Exquisites*, which had been postponed, re-announced for Friday at Covent Garden.

That both houses had been playing a losing game for some time past, was sufficiently obvious to the initiated, from the extravagant declarations of "triumphant success," "increasing attraction," &c. &c. &c. in the playbills; and it is certainly not to be wondered at, that the lessees should prefer closing their doors to the certainty of losing upwards of £100 nightly by keeping them open. It is, however, rather too much to propose that the speculators, who, if they realised £20,000 by their season, would content themselves by simply paying the performers their salaries, should, when circumstances prove adverse, coolly decline fulfilling the contracts they have voluntarily and warily entered into,—particularly when it may be a question how far their own mismanagement has contributed to place them in this unfortunate predicament.

VARIETIES.

Death of Capt. Foster.—It is with much regret we learn, by letters which we received on Thursday, the untimely fate of Captain Foster, of his Majesty's ship Chanticleer, who had been employed for the last three years on a scientific expedition in various parts of the globe, and was about to return to this country. Captain Foster had left his ship, for the purpose of making a series of rocket observations on the Isthmus of Panama; and on his return down a small and shallow river in a canoe, he is said to have fallen overboard and to have been drowned. But strong suspicions exist for believing that this young, gifted, and meritorious officer was most treacherously murdered.

Berlin.—There is now publishing at Berlin a periodical review, entitled "Kritischer Wegweiser." The object of it is to improve geography, mathematical, physical, and hydrographical. The first part of the review contains notices of maps, with remarks on their wants and defects. In the second part, we find geographical and hydrographical observations, with many useful results that have been obtained in various departments of science.

Geological Structure of the Country round Algiers.—The additions made to science by the occupation of Algiers have already been considerable, and are scattered about in the numerous periodicals of France. Among others, the *Journal de Géologie* contains a memoir by M. Roget on the geological structure of the country round this city, in which he traces a striking resemblance to that of the coast of France on the opposite side of the Mediterranean. The formations are, 1st, a talcose schist, passing into mica slate. On this schist the town of Algiers is built. 2d, Brown

* ——Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.—*La Divina Commedia.*

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mica slate, irregularly stratified, with quartz and tourmaline passing into gneiss. 3d, Coarse calcareous sandstone passing into conglomerate. 4th, Diluvium. M. Roget thinks that from this situation of the gneiss the beautiful theory of M. Cordier is verified, that in the primary formations those deposits are the most recent which occupy the lowest level; which means, that as the lowest formations, according to the theory alluded to, are the result of the consolidation of fluid masses from loss of heat, while the upper beds are the result of the attrition and subsequent deposition, partly mechanical, partly chemical, or entirely mechanical, of the first crust of oxidation; that in the primitive or crystalline rocks those must be the most recent which have been latest formed, and which consequently occupy the lowest level; in the sedimentary rocks the formation being from inwards outwards, in the crystalline from outwards inwards. But in both cases we hitherto have only judged of the relative age of the different rocks by their superposition, or their succession as terms of a series; for though modern geology has derived the most important assistance in determining this simple problem from the variety in organic remains in one part of the series; yet this is as much applicable to the identification of similar formations in different countries as to the succession of different formations. It will be observed, then, that by a singular error in ratiocination, M. Roget has been led into an important one in geognosy; for if we only know that granite, gneiss, mica slate, talcose slate, &c. are terms in a series, like the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, because we find them so superposed with regard to one another, if we find *d* before *b*, ought we to say that the series retrogrades, or, as is always the case in geognosy, ought we not to say that the terms *b* and *c* or *b* have been repeated after *d*? If, in other words, we know talcose slate to be newest, only because we find it above gneiss and mica slate, how can we assert that it is also recent when it occupies the lowest level? we cannot deprive it of its real situation in the series, because we were only acquainted with that situation by comparative evidence; but if we find gneiss above, that gneiss must have been of a more modern formation than the talcose slate. We make these remarks, because they are not only of importance with regard to M. Roget's or even M. Cordier's views, but to the fundamental principles of geology; for if we inverted the order of reasoning, and with the celebrated professor considered the lowest of the primitive formations as the most recent, we should have talcose slate, mica slate, gneiss, and granite, as *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, according to most observations hitherto made on the structure of the globe, then there can be no objections in position to granite, as occupying the lowest level, being the newest of the crystalline rocks; but if, as in the present case, talcose slate is found beneath gneiss, the oldest primitive rocks, or those which should be oldest according to M. Cordier's reasoning, are newest according to his own views, and occupy the lowest level. M. Roget's supposition, that talcose slate, usually among the highest of the crystalline rocks, being found beneath mica slate and gneiss, verifies M. Cordier's views, is then quite erroneous, and brings into contact two doctrines which are not compatible with one another.

The Play of the Stranger.—To Kotzebue, its author, the total profit produced never exceeded two hundred German dollars; whilst Madame Moté, its literal translator, soon amassed a property of sixty thousand livres; and which odd circumstance is thus accounted for:—through out France, every night's theatrical receipts are divided into three parts, of which the author or translator receives a seventh of one-third; and this sum is paid him as long as he lives, and to his heirs ten years after his death.—*Reynolds' Dramatic Annual.*

Mineral Forest.—A subterranean forest has been discovered in the coal formation near Glasgow. 'The trees are numerous, they occur many feet below the surface, and are vertically imbedded in the sandstone. The trunks of the trees are abruptly cut off by the superincumbent shale. The bark is converted into coal, but the woody structure, for a considerable space downwards, is of a shaly nature. A naturalist, struck with the extraordinary appearance presented by this deposit, actually asserts that these trees are *in situ!*

Potatoes.—A French publication denies to Sir John Sinclair the merit of having discovered the means of producing a fine colour from the flower of the potato; and asserts that the Frenchmen of science have long stated the practicability of applying the water and the flower of the potato to the purposes of dyeing. It says that M. Fouques has shewn by experiments that linen and cotton, plunged into potato-water, acquire a grey colour; and that in 1817 a chemist of Copenhagen pointed out, in a scientific journal, a simple method of obtaining a fine yellow colour from the flowers of the *solanum tuberosum.* He dyed with it linen, cotton, and even woollen cloth, which took a very solid green colour on immersion in a blue dye.

Tanning.—An apothecary in the neighbourhood of Narbonne has published a treatise, extolling the husks of grapes which have been deprived of their alcohol by distillation, as an excellent substitute for bark in tanning leather. After having prepared the skins in the usual way, he places them in the pits, and covers them with the grape-husks. From five-and-thirty to five-and-forty days are sufficient to complete the tanning. This method, according to the author of it, offers the following advantages:—The operation is much more rapid; it is much more economical; the leather has an agreeable odour instead of that of tan; and it is twice as durable as leather tanned by bark.

Novel Application of Steam.—Steam has lately been applied with great success in some of the French forts, in the destruction of vermin on board of merchant vessels. After having carefully closed the hatches and every aperture, the steam is suddenly introduced, and in twenty-four hours every living thing which may have been brought in with the cargoes is destroyed.

Rouen.—The spirit shewn by our continental neighbours in the encouragement of useful knowledge, is well worthy of imitation in this country. The Royal Academy of Sciences, Belles Lettres, and Arts, at Rouen, has just offered prizes of considerable value for the best treatises on the following subjects:—On the best organisation of the school established in consequence of the will of the late Major-general Martin, for instruction in the useful arts, especially those connected with the Lyonnaise manufactures; on some portion of the statistics of the department of the Rhone, or the city of Lyons in particular; on the principles upon which, in the present state of civilisation in France, the gradation of offences and punishments ought to be established, &c. &c.

"The 'ancient Irish' invariably denominate the more recent settlers, 'Cromelians.' A whimsical illustration of this fact occurred within my own knowledge. The following conversation took place, a few months ago, in the streets of Cork, between an English housekeeper and an Irish market-woman:—'Good morrow, ma'am. I hope ye want a basket this fine morning, ma'am?' 'I believe I shall.' 'Why, then, long life to you, ma'am, I hope you'll take *me.* I b'lieve you're English, ma'am?' 'Yes.' 'I thought so, ma'am; *I'm* English, too.' 'Indeed! when did you come over to Ireland?' 'Oh, ma'am, I came over wid Oliver Cromwell, ma'am.'"—*Sketches of Irish Character.*

Artificial Spermaceti.—When the method of making artificial spermaceti had become newly known, Dr. Schmeisser of Hamburgh formed a quantity from some half-decayed human muscles, by means of nitric acid; and, making it into candles, sent some of them to Blumenbach, with a notice that they were prepared from the legs of a man who in his life-time had done no good. Upon which this veteran naturalist observed, "Mortui lucent, qui in vitâ obscuri fuerunt."

Existence of Copper in Vegetables and Blood.—M. Sargeau has confirmed the discovery of Meissner, that copper exists in vegetables. He has obtained small quantities from coffee, wheat, madder, blood, &c. M. Sargeau has found that one milligramme of copper may be detected by the cyano-ferruret of potassium in one kilogramme of water.

Maximum Height of the Supermedial Formations in England.

	Feet.
Red Marl—Ashley Heath	803
Newer Magnesian Limestone—Brandon Mount	875
Lias maximum of elevation	500
Lower Division of Oolites—Eastern Moorlands of Yorkshire	1022
Great Oolite—Cleeve Hill (Gloucestershire)	1134
Middle Division of Oolites—Whiteham Hill (Berkshire)	576
Purbeck, Portland, and Kimmeridge Beds—Shotover Hill	500
Isle of Portland	300
Green-sand—Leith Hill (Surrey)	993
Chalk Marl—Roman Camp of Sinodunum (Dorchester)	500
Chalk—Inkpen Beacon (Wiltshire)	1011
London Clay—High Beech (Essex)	759
Lower fresh-water formation—Headon Hill (Isle of Wight)	90
Upper fresh-water formation—Headon Hill (upper part)	400
Upper marine formation (Bagshot Heath)	463

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XVIII. April* 30.]

A New History and Description of the Town of Woburn, a Biography of the Russell Family, &c.; by J. D. Parry, M.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XVIII. (History of England, by Sir J. Mackintosh, Vol. 2), fcp. 6*s.* bds.; Cabinet Library, Vol. IV. (Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831, in 2 vols., Vol. 2), fcp. 5*s.* bds.—The Sunday Library, by T. F. Dibdin, D. D., Vol. III. fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Audubon's American Ornithological Biography, imp. 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Byron's Works, Vols. V. and VI., 18mo. 9*s.* bds.—The Twelve Nights, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Darnell's Life of Isaac Basire, D.D., 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Keightley's Mythology of Greece and Italy, (Twelve Plates by Brooke) 18*s.* cloth.—Rev. E. Hull on the Institution and Abuse of Ecclesiastical Property, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Blunt's Abraham, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Snow's Prayers, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. III. (Ancient and Modern Egypt), 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Mackenzie's Life of Thomas Muir, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Pearce's Memoirs, by his Son, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XII. (Beattie), 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Bogle Corbet, or the Emigrants, by the Author of Lawrie Todd, &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XVII. (Horace, Vol. 1), 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hughes's Divines, No. XII. (Barrow, Vol. 7), 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Epitome of Literature, No. II. (Paley's Evidences, and Locke on the Understanding), 18mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Plain Sermons, preached in a Village Church, by a Country Clergyman, second edition, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our account of two interesting papers, read at the last meeting of the College of Physicians, we are compelled, for want of space, to postpone till next week.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

LITERARY FUND.—The Anniversary Festival of this Institution will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, May 11th, 1831, on which occasion the LORD CHANCELLOR will preside.

Stewards.

Right Hon. Lord Henley	Captain Basil Hall, R.N.
Right Hon. Lord Mahon	Samuel Carter Hall, Esq.
Sir W. M. Chatterton, Bart.	Benjamin Hopkinson, Esq.
Sir James Mackintosh, M.P.	John Murray, Esq.
H. Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P.	J. R. Planché, Esq.
J. T. B. Beaumont, Esq.	Leitch Ritchie, Esq.
William Behnes, Esq.	William Sotheby, Esq.
Rev. J. H. Caunter, B.D.	Robert Spottiswoode, Esq.
Dr. Conolly	Frederick Waller, Esq.
T. G. B. Estcourt, Esq. M.P.	John Wilson, Esq.

Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; of Mr. Snow, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

Dinner at Six precisely.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, under the Patronage of the King, established in the year 1810, Incorporated by Royal Charter, August 2, 1827. The Friends of the Arts and Subscribers to this Institution are respectfully informed that the Twenty-Second Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 7th of May.

His Grace the DUKE of WELLINGTON in the Chair.

Stewards.

The Earl of Rosslyn.	The Earl Jermyn.
The Lord Monson.	The Lord Wharncliffe.
The Hon. R. H. Clive.	Francis Graves, Esq.
Sir William Herries, K.G.H.	Thomas Griffiths, Esq.
John S. Alpenny, Esq.	Thomas Hood, Esq.
M. Hicks H. Beach, Esq.	Henry Leggatt, Esq.
M. Blackmore, Esq.	John P. Lewis, Esq.
Thomas S. Cafe, Esq.	Edwin Landseer, Esq.
George Cattermole, Esq.	George Morant, Esq.
William Chaplin, Esq.	John Murray, jun. Esq.
John Cochrane, Esq.	Benjamin M. Oliver, Esq.
Dominic Colnaghi, Esq.	John V. Shelley, Esq.
Rest Fenner, Esq.	Charles H. Weigall, Esq.
Edward Finden, Esq.	

Tickets, 17s. to be had of any of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; or of the Secretary, 119, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. Dinner will be on table at half-past Five for Six precisely.

JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

CASTLEBAR PARK SCHOOL, Ealing, Middlesex, conducted by the Rev. J. C. HELM, M.A. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stirling.

At this School, Pupils are prepared for the Universities, or qualified, at an early age, for the fifth form at Eton, Rugby, Harrow, Winchester, or the corresponding form at the Charter House; and the System of Instruction pursued is that which is sanctioned by successful experience at these Institutions.

The Terms, which are moderate, and an Outline of the Plan of Tuition, may be had at Castlebar Park, where also the beauties and superior accommodations of this healthy situation may be seen by Parents and Guardians.

Mr. Helm is farther desirous of preparing Two or Three Young Gentlemen, completely, for either University.

William IV.

This day is published, by Colnaghi, Son, and Co. Pall Mall East,

A PORTRAIT of WILLIAM IV.; from the last Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by Lewis. Proofs 7s. 6d.; Prints 5s.

Prints, 1l. 1s.; Proofs, 1l. 11s. 6d.

THE FISH MARKET, from a Picture by the late R. P. Bonington. Engraved in Mezzotinto by J. P. Quilley.

"Every lover of art remembers this admirable picture of Bonington, in which the grouping and composition might vie with the best masters of the Flemish school. The engraver has made a faithful copy of it, and proves himself a rising artist."—*Literary Gazette.*

Published by James Carpenter and Son, Old Bond Street.

Of whom may be had,

A Series of Subjects from the Works of the late R. P. Bonington, Lithographed by J. D. Harding. Atlas 4to. price 2l. 10s.; Proofs, 3l. 3s.

SKETCHES in ITALY.—Just published, under the Patronage of his Majesty, the Third Number of "Sketches in Italy," by W. Linton.

"The Sketches are so many accurate copies of nature by a master-hand; and the brief letter-press descriptions illustrate them in a very agreeable manner."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

"This superb and interesting work, from its style and character, is justly deserving general encouragement and patronage. In the facile and efficient sketches of the artist we wander 'fancy free,' and may be said to enjoy with him the pleasures of his tour."—*Literary Gazette.*

"This novel and beautiful work supplies a deficiency which has long existed, from a total absence of any thing approaching to a digest of the great and imposing features of Italian landscape."—*Observer.*

Published by the Artist, 19, Blenheim Street, Great Marlborough Street; Moon, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall; Colnaghi, Son, and Co. Pall Mall East; and Rodwell, New Bond Street.

GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON.—The efficacy of the Mineral Waters of this Establishment, in Obstinate Disorders of the Digestion—in Diseases of the Liver and Urinary Organs—in Derangements of the Female Constitution—in Nervous Complaints, and many other Inveterate Diseases,—has been fully established under the observation of several eminent Physicians. Satisfactory Testimonials will be found in the Prospectus. The Pump Room is now Open for the Season. Hot Mineral Waters, Carlsbad, Ems; Cold ditto, Spa, Seymont, Marienbad, Eger, Pullna, Seltzer, &c. &c.

London Agents for the sale of the Cold Waters—Messrs. J. and G. Waugh, Chemists to the King, 177, Regent Street; Mr. R. A. Coward, Chemist, 63, Cheapside, where the Prospectus may be obtained, gratis.

MUSIC.

MRS. ANDERSON, "Pianiste to Her Majesty," has the honour to announce that her Morning Concert will take place in the Great Concert Room, King's Theatre, on Friday, May the 6th, to commence precisely at Half-past One o'Clock. Vocal Performers—Madame Stockhausen, Miss Masson, Miss Cramer, and Miss Inverarity, Signor Rubini, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Parry, Jun., and Signor De Begnis. In the course of the Concert Mrs. Anderson will perform Hummel's New Concerto in A flat, and a brilliant Fantasia by Herz; Mr. Nicholson a Solo on the Flute; and Mr. Mori a Concerto on the Violin. Leaders—Messrs. Weichsel and Spagnoletti. Conductor—Sir G. Smart.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Mrs. Anderson, 2, New Cavendish Street, and at the principal Music Shops. An early Application for Boxes is requested to be made to Mrs. A. only.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

A new edition, post 8vo. 5s. 6d.

THE VERACITY of the GOSPEL and ACTS. Argued from undesigned Coincidences to be found in them, when compared in their several Parts.

By the Rev. J. J. BLUNT,
Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Also, by the same Author,

The Veracity of the Five Books of Moses. In small 8vo. 5s. 6d.

"Mr. Blunt has already signalized himself by his work on the Acts of the Apostles, as an individual intimately conversant with the most minute particulars of holy writers, and a very successful disciple of Dr. Paley, in the management of that species of Christian evidence, which arises from the discovery of undesigned coincidence of revealed truth. This volume cannot fail to increase his reputation. It is both a pleasing and instructive work, and is creditable to the talents, learning, and piety of the respected author."—*Evangelical Magazine*, June 1830.

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No. 746. SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XVIII. History of England, Vol. II. By Sir J. Mackintosh. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

HISTORY, like all other branches of literature, may be divided into divers species, differing from each other, as amusement or utility, simple narrative or elaborate research, have preponderated in the mind, or been within the power of its numerous writers. First come the chroniclers of early antiquity—full of fables, which, like the allegories of the ancients, often contain important truths. Secondly, the chroniclers of their own time—vivid, picturesque, but under all momentary influences; often swayed by passion, and still oftener darkened by prejudice. Then comes another stage of history;—the nation has reached a high point of civilisation; and civilisation is a species of moral Nile, to trace whose sources is matter of strong attraction. Experience looks back to the past for its instruction; our present pride finds food in former dignity or national progress. Theories seek to support themselves on facts, and preceding days are found replete with amusement and information. Modern historians may also thus be divided into two classes: the antiquaries, who usually bring more of industry than mind to their task; men of indefatigable industry, to whom research is a passion; who compare and collect, find curious documents, bring private papers to bear upon public ones, and are, like the first voyagers to America—full of discoveries. To use a simile, they dig the mine for its ore, the quarry for its marble, whereof the future palace is to be built. The antiquaries furnish the materials of history; and one remark will shew their usefulness and importance. It is from the fact that the inference must be deduced; and if the fact be false, of what value is the inference?—Next comes the philosophical historian, to whom the past is a mighty moral lesson, to be applied to the benefit of the present; who is to draw from facts their instruction; and in the dangers or the triumphs, the errors or the benefits, of our forefathers, is to find so many beacon-lights of assistance and warning to their children. Such an historian is Sir James Mackintosh. We would place this work (if it continue as it has begun) in the hands of a young man entering public life, as the most valuable and enlightened of commentaries on our English constitution. Every page is marked by the reflection and knowledge thrown out by a mind as highly gifted as it is highly cultivated. We shall endeavour to collect such passages as may enable our readers to form some judgment of the thought bestowed on this work,—thought as accurate in its analysis, as it is clear in its expression.

Restored dynasties.

"A restoration, after an establishment of sixty years, is a revolution, and leads to an endless series of revolutions. The revived establishment is as untried by the existing generation as if it had not subsisted in past times; it is as little known from experience whether it will be suitable to their needs; combined, as it must be, with new and unknown agents, no man can foretell its future course from a remembrance of its former power in a simpler form, or in other combinations."

View of the rise in the commercial classes.

"That the rise of the pacific and industrious classes should coincide with the discoveries of a new continent and of eastern commerce, can only be thought accidental by shallow observers of human affairs. When we consider the previous discoveries, the coincidence of the voyages of Columbus with that of Gama, and with the conclusion of the treaty now under consideration, it appears evident that the growing wealth of the trading body was the parent of the passion for discovery, and the most important agent in the expeditions against the new world. The attractions of romantic adventure, the impulse of the fancy to explore unknown lands, doubtless added dignity to such enterprises, and some of the higher classes engaged in them with a portion of the warlike and proselytising spirit of crusaders. But the hope of new produce, and of exchanges more profitable, were the impelling motives of the discovery. The commercial classes were the first movers. The voyages first enriched them, and contributed in the course of three centuries to raise them to a power of which no man can now either limit the extent, or foretell the remote consequences. As America was discovered by the same spirit which began to render all communities in their structure more popular, it is not singular that she should herself most widen the basis of government, and become the most democratical of states. That vast continent was first settled for her rich commodities."

How just are the ensuing remarks on the progress of reason!

"All the inventions and discoveries of man are only various exertions of his mental powers; they depend solely upon the improvement of his reason. With the vigour of reason must keep pace the probability of adding new discoveries to our stock of truth, and of applying some of them to the enjoyment and ornament, as well as to the more serious and exalted uses of human life. By a parity of reasoning we perceive, that those who remove impediments on the road to truth, as certainly contribute to advance its general progress as if they were directly employing the same degree of sagacity in the pursuit of a particular discovery. The contrary may be affirmed of all those who oppose hinderances to free, fearless, calm, unprejudiced, and dispassionate inquiry: they lessen the stores of knowledge; they relax the vigour of every intellectual effort; they abate the chances of future discovery. Every impediment to the utmost liberty of inquiry or discussion, whether it consists in the fear of punishment, in bodily restraint, in dread of the mischievous effects of new truth, or in the submission of reason to beings of the like frailties with ourselves, always, in proportion to its magnitude, robs a man of some share of his rational and moral nature. Truth is not often dug up with ease: when it is a general object of aversion,—when it is represented as an immoral or even impious search,—the difficulties that impede our labours are increased; the most irresistible passions of our nature, and the most lasting interests of society, conspire against improvement of mind; and it is thought a crime to ascertain what is generally advantageous, though thereby only can be learned the arduous art of doing good with the least alloy of evil."

Again, on intolerance.

"The flagrant inconsistency of all Protestant intolerance is a poison in its veins which must destroy it. The clerical despotism was directly applicable only to works on theology; but, as religion is the standard of morality, and politics are only a portion of morality, all great subjects were interdicted; and the human mind, enfeebled and degraded by this interdict, was left with its cramped and palsied faculties to deal with inferior questions, on condition even then of keeping out of view every truth capable of being represented as dangerous to any dogma of the established system. The sufferings of the Wickliffites, the Vaudois, and the Bohemians, seemed indeed to have fully proved the impossibility of extinguishing opinion by any persecution in which a large body of men can long concur. But the two centuries which followed the preaching of Luther, taught us, by one of the most sanguinary and terrific lessons of human experience, that in the case of assaults on mental liberty, Providence has guarded that paramount privilege of intelligent beings, by confining the crimes of mankind, as it has seen fit for a season to allow that their virtues should be circumscribed. Extirpation is the only persecution which can be successful, or even not destructive of its own object. Extirpation is conceivable; but the extirpation of a numerous sect is not the work of a moment. The perseverance of great bodies in such a process, for a sufficient time, and with the necessary fierceness, is happily impracticable. Rulers are mortal: shades of difference in capacity, character, opinion, rise among their successors. Aristocracies themselves, the steadiest adherents to established maxims and revered principles of rule, are exposed to the contagion of the times. Julius aimed at Italian conquest; Leo thought only of art and pleasure; Adrian burned alike with zeal for reforming the clergy and for maintaining the faith. Higher causes are in action for the same purpose. If pity could be utterly rooted out, and conscience struck dumb; if mercy were banished, and fellow-feeling with our brethren were extinguished; if religion could be transformed into bigotry, and justice had relapsed into barbarous revenge,—even in that direful state, the infirmities, nay, the vices of men—indolence, vanity, weariness, inconstancy, distrust, suspicion, fear, anger, mutual hatred, and hostile contest—would do some part of the work of the exiled virtues, and dissolve the league of persecution, long before they could exterminate the conscientious."

Luther is finely sketched.

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"To follow Luther through the perils which he braved, and the sufferings which he endured, would lead us too far from our proper province; but, in justice to him, the civil historian should never omit the benefits which accrued to the moral interests of society, from the principle on which, to the end, he founded his doctrine — that all rites and ceremonies, all forms of worship, nay, all outward acts, however conformable to morality, are only of value in the judgment of God, and in the estimate of conscience, when they flow from a pure heart, and manifest right dispositions of mind. Wherever the outward acts are considered as in themselves meritorious, it is apparent that the performance of one outward act may be conceived to make amends for the disregard or omission of other duties. Some notion may be formed of the possibility that the justice of a superior may be satisfied for a theft or a fraud by a self-inflicted suffering, or by an outward act of unusual benefit to mankind. But it is evident that no such substitute can be conceived for a grateful and affectionate heart, for piety or benevolence, for a compassionate and conscientious frame of mind. Where these are wanting, outward acts can make no compensation for their absence; because the mental qualities themselves are the sole objects of moral approbation. When the whole moral value of outward acts is ascribed to the dispositions and intentions, which, in the case of our fellows, we can understand only from the language of their habitual conduct, it becomes impossible for any reasonable being to harbour so vain a conceit, as that he can compromise with his conscience for deficiency in one duty, by practising more of another. From the promulgation of this principle, therefore, may be dated the downfal of superstition, which is founded on commutations, compromises, exchanges, substitutes for a pure mind, fatal to morality; and upon the exaggerated estimate of practices, more or less useful, but never beneficial otherwise than as means."

We have not room for the admirable summing up of the causes whence arise the laws of property; but we must extract the commencement.

"Thus was completed the confiscation of a fifth or a fourth part of the landed property of England and Wales within the space of five years. It may be a fit moment therefore to pause here, in order calmly and shortly to review some of the weighty questions which were involved in this measure. There is no need of animadverting upon the means by which it was effected, though we must assent to the affirmation of a great man, 'that an end which has no means but such as are bad, is a bad end.' But the general question may be best considered, keeping out of view any of those attendant misdeeds which excite a very honest indignation, but which disturb the operation of the judgment. Property is legal possession. Whoever exercises a certain portion of power over any outward thing, in a manner which, by the laws of the country, entitles him to an exclusive enjoyment of it, is deemed a proprietor. But property, which is generally deemed to be the incentive to industry, the guardian of order, the preserver of internal quiet, the channel of friendly intercourse between men and nations, and, in a higher point of view, as affording leisure for the pursuit of knowledge, means for the exercise of generosity, occasions for the returns of gratitude; as being one of the ties which join succeeding generations, strengthening domestic discipline, and keeping up the affections of kindred; above all, because it is the principle to which all men adapt their plans of life, and on the faith of whose permanency every human action is performed; is an institution of so high and transcendent a nature, that every government which does not protect it, nay, that does not rigorously punish its infraction, must be guilty of a violation of the first duties of just rulers. The common feelings of human nature have applied to it the epithets of sacred and inviolable. Property varies in the extent of the powers which it confers, according to the various laws of different states. Its duration, its descent, its acquisition, its alienation, depend solely upon these laws. But all laws consider what is held or transmitted agreeably to their rules as alike possessing the character of inviolable sacredness. There may be, and there is, property for a term of years, for life, or for ever. It may be absolute as to the exercise of the proprietor's rights, or it may be conditional; or, in other words, held only as long as certain conditions are performed. There are specimens of all these sorts of property in the codes of most civilised nations. But in all these cases the essence of property is preserved, which consists in such a share or kind of power as the laws confer. The advantages may be extremely unequal. The inviolable right must (by the force of the terms) continue perfectly equal. The legal limits of the authority of the supreme legislature are not a reasonable object of inquiry, nor indeed an intelligible form of expression. But to conclude that, because the law may, in some sense, be said to create property, the law is to be deemed on that account as entitled rightfully to take it away, is a proposition founded on a gross confusion of two very distinguishable conceptions. It uses the word property in the premises for a system of rules, and in the conclusion for a portion of external nature, of which the dominion is acquired by the observance of these rules. It is only in the first of these senses that property can be truly called the creature of law. In the second sense it is acquired or transmitted not by law, but by the acts of a man when the acts are conformable to legal rules. It is impossible within our present limits to canvass the small or apparent objections which may occur to this scheme of reasoning. It is sufficient, perhaps, here to remark, that these are the generally acknowledged principles, and that deviations from them in practice are no more than partial irregularities, to which the disturbing forces of passion and interest expose human society."

We entirely subscribe to the following analysis of the causes which led to the downfal of the Jesuits. "They owed their decay to the use of the fatal expedients to which many of them, doubtless, trusted as the strongest props of their greatness. However shallow statesmen may be deluded by some short and superficial appearances to the contrary, it is a truth proclaimed by the whole course of human affairs, that public bodies and associations vested with legal rights cannot very long survive the decline and downfal of their moral character. General contempt and disgust are fatal to institutions which can flourish only by reverence. The corruption of those who profess to teach morality, or are appointed to enforce it, is an inconsistency which in the course of time shocks even the profligate. The Jesuits split on this rock. They had too carefully cultivated the dangerous science of casuistry, the inevitable growth of the practices of confession and absolution, which, by inuring the mind to the habitual contemplation of those extreme cases in which there is a conflict of duties, and where one virtue may or must be sacrificed for the sake of a greater, does more to lessen the authority of conscience than to guide its perplexities. Casuistry has generally vibrated between the extremes of impracticable severity and contemptible indulgence. The irresponsible guides of the conscience of kings were led to treat their penitents with a very compliant morality, by the belief that no other could be observed by such penitents, by making too large allowances for the allurements which palliate royal vices, by the real difficulty of discovering when more austerity might plunge a prince into deeper depravity, by the immense importance of rendering his measures and councils, if not his example, favourable to religion: to say nothing of the subtle snares with which selfishness and ambition, often without the consciousness of the individuals, surrounded their narrow and slippery path. These and the like circumstances betrayed some of their doctors into shocking principles, which were held out to the world as the maxims of the society itself by the wit and eloquence of Pascal, one of the greatest, and, except to the Jesuits, one of the most just of men. The order certainly did not adopt the odious extravagancies of some members. But the immoralities were not sufficiently disavowed. The selection of particular cases, as matter of charge against a large body, has often the unjust effect of exaggeration. Yet it must be owned that invidious selection, and even gross exaggeration, are the indications of a proneness in the accused body towards the vice which appears in its harshest and most hideous shape in some of their worst members; and that they are a sort of natural, though not nicely equal, punishment of the wrong disposition which has infected the whole mass."

We conclude with a curious instance, shewing how early undue influence was exercised at elections—a fact of peculiar interest just now.

"The secret history of the election for the parliament of 1455 affords some curious proofs of the solicitude of the lords to acquire an ascendant in an assembly which was waxing stronger. The Duke of York, and Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, had an interview at St. Edmund's Bury, to settle the election. The names of the candidates favoured by these lords were written on strips of paper, which were distributed among their yeomanry. The Duchess of Norfolk also desired the votes of her friends for John Howard and Sir Roger Chamberlain, to be knights of the shire, 'it being thought right necessary for divers causes that my lord have at this time in the parliament such persons as belong unto him, and be of his menial servants.' These practices are spoken of familiarly, as if they were the old and general custom, of which no man then living remembered the origin, or censured the observance."

The period treated in the present volume is one of the least interesting in our history: the wars of the Roses were chiefly important as they broke down the exorbitant power of the great barons. But the times which next come under Sir James Mackintosh's pen are full of the most intense and important interest. We look anxiously forward to the volume promised in November.

A Vision of Hell: a Poem. 12mo. pp. 165. Glasgow, 1831, J. Reid; Edinburgh, Constable; London, Hurst and Co.

WE remember, in a very curious, and now a very scarce book (our copy of which, by the by, was stolen from us, like too many other tomes), called Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, a worthy minister gave his hearers a vision of

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hell almost as droll as this epic. The good man was, it seems, very angry with his transgressing flock, yet so warmed with sympathy for them, that he could not bear the thought of their being utterly lost. He accordingly spoke in terms something like these—"Ye ken, Lord, what a perverse set o' ne'er-do-weels I ha' to do wi'; ye ken the pains I tak wi' them, and ye see with hoo little effeck. Oh, tak them, the sinners, gude Lord; tak them, and shake them weel o'er the lum (chimney) o' hell—but, gude Lord, dinna let ane o' them fa' in!"

Our present author gives us a good shake o'er the lum; and we do not think any one will fall through—except it be himself. The poem is inscribed, by permission, to Thomas Campbell, Esq.; and the conception is superb. Having lost his Leonora, the author turns sceptic, when, to his astonishment, the ghost of the lady appears, and invites him to a ramble

"Through realms *invisible*, where he should *see*
Vice, virtue recompensed;"

and thus have his impious doubts resolved, without earthly suffering. He agrees most poetically, saying

"'Lead, lady, on; my love is lost in fear—
Timid no more thou seemest, but thy looks
Are of another nature, and I feel
Humbled at recollections which arise.'
'Blush well thou may'st,' she answered;"

and then throwing him into a deep slumber, they commence their voyage. The first appearances which strike him are certainly new; for,

"Central above, the sky appeared wherein
The moon rode perpendicular; black shades,
Beasts of envenom'd sting and hideous form,
Swarm'd frequent; roosted on a leafless tree,
A monstrous owl waved slow its sable wings;"

&c. &c. &c.; but he is recalled from the unpleasant view of these monstrosities by his fair guide, who addresses him thus:

"'Dost thou see,' she said,
'The centre of the small circumference,'"

which is described to be a horrid hole, though only the beginning of his adventures, for worse remained behind. So fatal, indeed, were the ensuing dangers, that he is obliged to be secured against them by a metamorphosis.

"With her wand she touch'd my eyes,
My ears, and trunk;"

by which process, it seems, his senses were "made like what Adam's were ere fallen." Her next touch affords him a pair of "wings, of plumage fair, wide waving;" and their use is curiously painted:

"Another pit now open'd circular,
And looking down its sides, vapours were seen
To roll, the sky of the infernal world,
To which this roof of rock served canopy.
And here my guide address'd me shortly thus:
'Clasping thy wings, so they delay thee not,
With me plunge down—expand them when thou seest
Me spread mine wide. Now fall!'"

and down they go—to (we do not like to mention it) hell. But our author's hell is very different from Virgil's, or Dante's, or Milton's, or any preceding writer's—

"From east to west,
From north to south, like populous ants were seen,
Myriads to swarm in agitated life,

(life after death, of course),

Of those whose hope is lost, yet busy still,
For still the hope, worst portion of their curse,
That this their dreadful state may be repair'd,
Remains."

The idea of hope being the worst portion of a curse, is entirely new, if not entirely true. Some of the damned are drinking; but the author confesses,

"What wine they quaff'd I know not."

A party of these Bacchanals, however, speedily kicked up a spree; for

"They led on.
As at the Olympic, when the charioteers
Pass'd furious, the beholders op'd their ranks,
Then, closing, watch'd them long—so now the damn'd,
Flocking from right and left, gazed curious,
In vacant mood, upon the merry group.
As oft dejected men are seen to laugh
Without a cause, when they should weep; even so
The lost, moved by those strains, sharp, high, but now
Melodious to *their* ears, unstrung so long
By dissonance, in circles took their stand,
And soon the dance went gen'ral o'er the wild!"

Unstrung ears are unknown to earthly operas. But our poet does not dwell on the scene; for the guide bids the hero "*strike* anew his *slumbering wing*," and they fly from hell to Elysium, a sort of pleasant purgatory. In their way they take a peep at Sisyphus, Danaus and his forty-nine daughters, Cleopatra, Sappho, Thais, Lais, Phryne, Semiramis, and other distinguished infernals; and then visit a very noisome marsh, where the souls of sensualists, consigned to reptile forms, grovel in the mud and slime. Leonora proceeds with her charge, and though he is furnished with such superb wings, she bids him "accept her guiding hand," because "the steep asks cautious tread;" and takes him to see King Agrippa, on whom she bestows a hearty scolding; *ex. gr.*

"'Behold the persecuting Jew; his fate
How just!' Wearied and spent the sufferer seem'd.
And while in air gasp'd hideous, like a fish
Pluck'd from its natural element. I look'd
Upon the sinner now, now on my guide.
Her face, unwonted passion ruddying o'er,
Regain'd that virgin beauty which I saw
In youth, in hope. I marvell'd what so changed
The bright serene of her celestial brow.
Quitting me quick, till now she held my hand,
To the capacious cistern's brink she strode;
Forth to the fatal wheel she stretch'd her wand;
Unwillingly it creak'd to rest, and stood
Suspended: o'er the wave its victim hung,
And slowly raised his torpid eyes, to learn
Wherefore the pause. Then Leonora thus—
'Agrippa! implous vanity here reaps
Its fruits, well earn'd; yet not that only guilt;
The righteous blood of Zebedee's slain son,
And Peter's meditated death; the ills
Thy father and thy father's sire contrived,
Studious of blood and prey, here, without hope,
Thus them and thee have wrought accomplish'd wo.
Nor far from hence, lustful Drusilla wails!'
Hapless he heard, but answer'd not, like one
Abject in grief, that heeds not to reply;
And droop'd his eyes, rather composed to bear
What further wretchedness, than colloquy.
On this the black machine, released, began
Heavy to roll, sluggish at first and slow,
Soon quickening to its wonted speed. 'Again,'
Said Leonora, as she now rejoin'd,
''Twill never intermit its painful whirl.'
'But tell me, ere we go, lady,' I said,
'Why near the brink on either side, two groups
Of shades, all drench'd in mud, dejected stand,
As if forestall'd of some expected end?'
'Look close, and you will see that one on this,
Two on the farther side, are habited,
Though soil'd, in Roman purple. He more near
Is the twelfth Cæsar; the remoter twain
The fourth and fifth. These latter reign'd in Rome
When Herod lived; from them he held his crown.
Moved with compassion for their satellite,
But now they have essay'd the vain attempt
T' arrest the ponderous solitary wheel,
And in that grievous plight are new escaped.
Now let us to the plain ascend once more.'"

But this is enough of Tartarus and of Elysium: so good night! There are poetical thoughts and lines; but the language is so involved, the composition so crude, and the general conception so absurd, that we are compelled to wish we had never seen the book.

The Anatomy of Society. By J. A. St. John. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Bull.

There is some pleasant occupation for a leisure hour in these pages, but nothing of either energy or novelty. Mr. St. John is evidently a man who reads much, reflects much on what he has read, and then puts forth the materials he has broken up in his mind, in a shape somewhat different to that in which they entered: but he has no peculiar or first-rate talent. The following are, we think, some of the most favourable specimens.

"Happiness is self-satisfaction, however produced. * * * Seclusion is the paradise of proud minds divested of power. * * * Men perpetually individualise, if that will express our meaning, the universal feelings of our nature; they think those things peculiar to themselves which are common to the species; and a writer that describes with tolerable accuracy his own sensations, pleasurable or painful, will describe those of the whole race, and appear to have looked into every body's bosom. Upon how many authors has love bestowed immortality! * * *

"The *Utopia* has, perhaps, never been equalled, as a philosophical romance, except by the relations of Gulliver, which, having been moulded for very peculiar purposes, reject all comparison, and stand up in the world of literature a species by themselves. In them, the interest hinges upon an individual, whose adventures all along appear the main object, while the manners and customs of the strange nations he visits, though minutely described, seem to be brought before the eye incidentally, as they happen to bear a relation more or less remote to the hero of the narrative. Had Sir Thomas More adopted a similar method, the popularity of his *Utopia* would have been far greater, as the fable would have been more complete and beautiful. No series of adventures, confined within the bounds of possibility, and represented as happening to one individual, can ever be too extravagant to excite admiration, and obtain a mitigated kind of belief; for as no one knows what is falling out daily to some of our species, within the vast circle of society, all are ready to lend an ear to a revelation of individual experience, acquired in remote parts of the world, or in any part where they have not the means of observing for themselves. When the greater portion of the globe was unknown, fiction might be as bold to create imaginary countries and nations, as now to create imaginary individuals, provided it preserved some shew of probability; but since science has curtailed the realms of ignorance so thoroughly, invention must alter her track, and no longer dare to take any liberties with the map of the world. In Sir Thomas More's times, the recent discovery of America excited wonderful expectations: 'space may produce new worlds' was the word; and, in reality, as navigation pursued her researches, the terraqueous globe seemed to swell and enlarge its circumference like a bubble. The *Utopia* was, therefore, built upon the general feeling, and, geographically, did not in the least outrage probability."

Just remarks on Franklin.

"As a writer, Franklin's merits are very considerable. His thoughts are generally clear and weighty, his views practicable, his sentiments kindly and correct. But he rarely rises to great warmth or energy, is seldom imaginative, and never sublime. The current of his thoughts flows equably, like a gentle river, which, winding away from the mountains, is never hurried through chasms or dashed over foaming precipices. It is quiet, or gently stirring, like the cheerfulness of old age. His style, like his character, is remarkable for artful simplicity. Caution has left the marks of her footsteps upon every period. No warm wild gushes of nature, no impetuous passions, no fiery metaphors scarcely curbed on the very limit of resemblance, ever meet you there. There are writers among whose thoughts you move with as much awe as you would among the prodigious domes and pillars of some ancient

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forsaken city. But Franklin is none of these. His thoughts and language rather resemble the domestic style of architecture, in which, though there be no magnificent porticoes, colonnades, or friezes, there is every convenience that can contribute to the comfort or corporeal enjoyment of life. His meditations centre perpetually in the useful. They are bounded by the visible world. They turn on life, or the arts which render life agreeable. In fact, you never for a moment forget in Franklin's company, your artificial wants and feelings; he holds no communion with untutored nature; cares not for her solitudes and her wilds; or, if he casts an eye upon them, it is only to reconnoitre their weak points, in order to discover how man may best carry into their utmost recesses the invasion of the arts. Bear him into the depth of the 'howling wilderness,' his first thought would be, to pitch upon a convenient spot for the site of an insurance office, or of a stocking manufactory. He would prefer the sound of Don Quixote's fulling-mill to the roar of a desert cataract. His inquiries always tend to ascertain what can be made of Nature, caring little for the feelings which Nature, as she is, is calculated to inspire. His ideas, therefore, can scarcely be called sublime, perhaps, but they are sane and useful; more so, very possibly, than those which generate more lofty aspirations and more daring wishes."

Excitement.—"The habit of delighting in powerful excitement is quickly created, and the appetite increases in proportion as it is more abundantly fed. The world had been shocked by the murder of Nero, but it had also been pleased, perhaps in the same proportion, as the event tended to keep alive the persuasion that Heaven had not ceased to watch over the affairs of this world, or to punish the guilty. But when the powerful emotions caused by this catastrophe had died away, lassitude of mind succeeded, and a desire was secretly felt to be again moved in a similar manner. This tremendous disposition of mind, compounded of hope and terror, which always prevails among the multitude during revolutionary times, is invariably the parent and the avenger of crimes; first hungering for the excitement caused by their commission, then for that which is produced by their punishment. * * *

"It may, in general, be remarked, that as civilisation advances, pleasures grow more expensive."

We can scarcely agree with the following:

"There undoubtedly is great persuasive power in the countenance, independent of words. A picture or a statue, representing man or woman, regarded attentively, has a very strong influence upon the spectator's state of mind. When it is clothed with bland, sweet looks, the person contemplating it will involuntarily adjust his own features into the same kind of expression, and adopt the smile of the stone or canvass. In gazing steadfastly at the Venus and Adonis of Titian, we have often detected our own countenance relaxing into the softness and alluring fondness of the goddess, and, an instant after, into the gentle reproachfulness of the youthful hunter, delayed for a moment by her tenderness from his favourite sport."

According to this theory, one would go forth at once and buy a beautiful bust, that, by gazing on it, we might become beautiful too. One closing remark against the wide and unfulfilled promise of the title. Some dozen essays, principally with a literary reference, is strangely misnamed in being called the *Anatomy of Society.*

Alfred the Great; or, the Patriot King. By James Sheridan Knowles, author of "Virginius," &c. 8vo. pp. 85. London, 1831. Ridgway.

Our patriotic and historic associations are all, with much judgment, enlisted by our author on his side; and never was a poet's conception of moral and intellectual dignity more finely embodied than it has been by Macready. The part of Alfred is one that calls forth an actor's utmost power of declamation; and the dignity of Macready's eloquence could only be equalled by its energy. Plot there is none, the historical outline having been religiously followed; and the subordinate love-story is matter of necessity rather than of interest. Mr. Knowles's talent lies in fine energetic passages, of which the following are specimens.

"*Guthrum.* Is he thy friend, whose life
Thou count'st a thing so precious, thou would'st give
Thine own to purchase it?
Oscar. He is.
Guthrum. What rich
And heavy debt hast thou incurr'd to him,
To pay so large return as takes thy all?
Oscar. And think'st thou friendship barters kindnesses?
'Tis not because that such or such a time
He help'd my purse, or stood me thus or thus
In stead, that I go bound for him, or take
His quarrel up. With friends, all services
Are ever gifts that glad the donor most.
Who rates them otherwise, he only takes
The face of friend to mask a usurer.
I give my life for him, not for the service
He did me yesterday, or any day,
But for the love I bear him every day,
Nor ask if he returns.

* * * * *

Alfred. So much for poverty! Adversity's
The nurse for kings: but then the palace-gates
Are shut against her!—they would else have hearts
Of mercy oft'ner—gems not always dropp'd
In fortune's golden cup. What thought hath he
How hunger warpeth honesty, whose meal
Still waited on the hour? Can he perceive
How nakedness converts the kindly milk
Of nature into ice, to whom each change
Of season—yea, each shifting of the wind,
Presents his fitting suit? Knows he the storm
That makes the valiant quail, who hears it only
Through the safe wall—its voice alone can pierce;
And there talks comfort to him with the tongue,
That bids without the shelterless despair?
Perhaps he marks the mountain wave, and smiles
So high it rolls! while on its fellow hangs
The fainting seaman glaring down at death
In the deep trough below! I will extract
Riches from penury; from sufferings
Coin blessings; that if I assume again
The sceptre, I may be the more a king
By being more a man!

* * * * *

Alfred. Hold! This victory
I will perpetuate by such an act
As shall from future kings remove the power
To make their public functions pander to
Their private gust. Select twelve men, his peers,
And swearing them upon the book of God,
As they shall answer at his judgment-day,
To try their prisoner fairly. Let the charge
Be brought before them; and as they decide,
Be finally his innocence or guilt
Establish'd. Hence, hereby shall private right,
Which, guarded, fortifieth, more than arms,
The conservator of the public weal,
Be sacred even from the sceptre's touch!
Thus to a people faithful to their king,
A faithful king an institution gives
That makes the lowly cottage lofty as
The regal dome—holds justice paramount
Of all: before her throne the peasant and
The king himself on equal footing brings!
A gift which you'll preserve for ever whole!
From which, as from your blood, pollution keep!
Which, if you're asked to render back, by all
You owe yourselves, your country, and the throne,
You'll answer no! Which, when you'd name, you'll call
Trial by Jury!"

We doubt, however, whether Alfred be destined to that immortality on the stage which he enjoys in history. The want of interest is at present supplied by political excitement—too temporary a resource to be an author's reliance. Mr. Knowles has a noble vein of poetry, and a fine perception of the exalted and free: what he wants is a greater knowledge of feelings, and a more general command of our sympathies.

STATE PAPERS. HENRY VIII.
(Third Notice.)

As this important work is not likely to be commonly read, though no good library can be without it, we shall continue our extracts from those parts which possess the greatest novelty and consequence; thus contributing our share to the diffusion of its historical knowledge, not only in our own country, but throughout every quarter of the globe where the *Literary Gazette* circulates: and we are not aware of one civilised country in the world where it does not find its way in considerable numbers.*

We set out by supplying an omission. In our last we should have stated, that the words in *italics* in the Charges against the Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Surrey, which we extracted, are in Henry VIIIth's own hand—a fact which certainly doubles their interest. Returning to an earlier date, we may remark, that all the papers relative to Wolsey's splendid embassy to France (June 1527) are particularly deserving of attention. On his journey from Calais, he tells, among other honours conferred upon him, "The French king hath signified unto me, how his pleasour is, I shuld, as I thought good at my owne arbitre, in all suche placis as it shall fortune me to passe by in this journay, to relase, pardon, and put at libertie, all suche transgressours as be detayned in prison, of what soo ever qualitie ther offence bee; soo as ther is here pretermitted nothing, that may be any argument or token of my wellcommyng hether; neyther on the said Frenche kinges behaulf, ne his subgettes, who hathe hetherto shewed themself very glad and joyeulz therof, for the good expectation and hope they have of theffect of the same."

Yet, notwithstanding, he says, "thair humanite and enterteynment is so good, the state of the countrey considered, that the same can not be amended: howe be it, in the townes and places wher I have arrived, I fynde grete derthe, skarcite of vitaile, moche disolacion, mysery, and povertie in the commen people, and verry yl logeing for me, and suche folkes as attende upon me, far discrepant and inferior to the lodging of England; notwithstanding they make the best shifte and provision that they may, with as good will and herty maner, as can be wyshed or divised."

His reception and entertainment by the French is a good picture of the courts of those times; and we select the letter as a specimen of the whole.

"Sir,—After my most humble and lowely recommendacions, this shalbe to advertise your highnes, that on Saterdaye last passed, I removed from Abiville to a toun called Pykeney, wher, in a castell belonging to Mons. de Vidams, accompanyed with the Cardinal of Loreyn, and som parte of his and myn trayne, leving the residue at Flisco, I was loged that night. On Sonday, after dyner, about oon of the cloke, I, likewise accompanyed with the said cardinal, the Counte Brian, and suche other gentlemen as met and encountered with

* It is not merely a fair puff of this Journal, but a literary curiosity, to say, that it is published on the banks of the Mississippi as regularly as on those of the Thames, and at the same price—for we have an American edition; and that frequent correspondence on learned and scientific subjects shews us that it is much read in Russia, Turkey, Greece, Persia, and even more distant parts, where English literature could be least expected to penetrate, and where nothing but its collected information, its avoidance of politics, its independent character, its convenient form, and its easy transport, could recommend or enable it to travel.—*Ed. L. G.*

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me at my first entre into this realme, I deperted from Pykeney, taking my jorney towards Amyas, wher, the day bifore, at 5 of the cloke in the afternone, the Frenche king, with my lady his moder, the Quene of Navarre, and many other nobles and grete personages, arrived. And passing thiderwarde, approching and drawing nigh to the said toun, within 2 myles of the same, met and encountred with me the bailif therof, with the burgenses and aldermen of the same, who, by the mouthe of thair secretary, had an ornate oracion unto me, comprising not oonly thankes and congratulacions of myn commyng and arrivaile into thise parties, but also by the same recognised, howe as well they as al other the subjectes of the realme of Fraunce, were most astringed, obliged, and bounde to your highnes, for that it pleased your majesty (thair soverain lord being in captivite) to take peax, at the humble pursuite and mediacion of thexcellent princesse madam regent with the realme of Fraunce; wherby they were not oonly delyvered of your graces grete, puissante, and formidable power, whiche to resist they were insufficient and unable, but also, therby, thair king was restoured to his said realme and liberte; wherfore they reconned and accompted them selfes, all thair successours, and posterite, to be perpetually astringed and bounde to beire unto your grace thair herty service, honoring the same no les thanne thair oun soverain lord and prince. And forasmoche as they knewe that myn intervencion and mediacion toward your highnes did not a litle conferre therunto, they, for the same, gave unto me thair most herty thankes, with demonstracion that my commyng into those parties was to thair singler rejoyse and comforte; with ferme hope and confidence, that like as by your gracious meanes and auctorite, and myn intervencion (it liked them so to say), the said peax was concluded and thair master delivered, so they trusted the Frenche kinges children shulde be restoured, and universall peax thrughoute all Christendome ensue, with many other good eloquent wordes, tending to that purpose and effecte. Wherunto after myn answer made, we merched forwarde; and, within a little distance, eftsones mete with me the bailif, minstres, and justices of the saide cite, who, with a semblable oracion, of like purporte and contynue, saluted and welcomed me; wherunto after convenient answer made, we proceeded further, and within a myle and a halfe of the cite, the Frenche king, riding upon a grey jenet, apparelled in a cote of blak velvet, cut in diverse places for shewing of the lynyng therof, whiche was white satyn, accompanyed with the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Burbon, the Duke of Vandome, the Counte Saintpole, Mons. de Gize, Mons. Vaudamount, the grete mastre, the Seneshall of Normandy, with diverse archbishops, bishops, and other noble men, avaunced him self towardes me, to whose person (assone as I had the sight therof), deviding my company on bothe handes, in most reverent maner, sole and alone, I did accelerate my repaire and accesse; and his grace doing the semblable for his parte, being discovered, with his bonnet in his hande, encountred, and with most herty, kinde, loving countenaunce and maner, embraced me, presenting unto me the king of Navarre, with the Cardinall of Burbon, the Duke of Vandome, and the forsaide noble personages, by whom also I was likewise welcommed; in the tyme of doing wherof, the Frenche king saluted my lord of London, my lord chamberlain, master comptroller, the chaunceler of the duchy, and such other your servauntes and gentlemen as accompanyed me. After whiche salutacions fynished and made, on bothe sydes, the said Frenche king retourned with loving and joyewes countenaunce, most hertely demaunding of your highnesses good welfare and prosperite, wherof to here was most to his consolacion and comforte, for your highnes was the prince whom he most loved, honored, and estemed, and was most indebted unto, forasmoche as by your only meanes his realme was preserved from all parell and daungiers, and he hym self, deteyned in captivite, was also restoured to his said realme and libertie; for the whiche your noblenes and gratitude, he, duerine his lif, shal not only be to your highnes as most humble servaunt, but as a slave; accumylating as many good and well set wordes to that purpose, as coude be devised, in suche a constant, assured, and loving maner, that the same appered not to be fayned, but to procede of an entier mynde, affection, and hert. Wherunto, after I had gyven suche answer as apperteyned, with making of your graces most cordiall recommendacions, declaracion, and rehersall of the herty good mynde and will, that your highnes beireth unto hym, I shewed that hering of his and my ladies, his moders, diseases, was verey hevy, and sory that he and she had taken so grete payne, in making so grete jorneys and travaile to mete with me; for the aleviacion wherof I was not only desirous, yf I might have been suffred so to have don, but also I had in commaundement from your grace to have repaired unto Parys. To the whiche he sayde and answered, the innumerable benefites of your highnes considered, and that I was sent from the same as your lieutenaunt, being alwaies propice and redy to entercorre, as a loving mynister, for thestablishing, contynuance, norishing, and encreace of god amyte bitwene your highnes and hym, your realmes and subjectes, hit had ben his duete to have met me in the confynes of his realme. And so, passing to gedre by the waye, placing me (albeit I refused the same) on his lift hande, he was glad to fynde and take occasion to talke and speke of your highnes vertuous noble personage, excellent qualities, and pastyme; remembring oftentymes, and alwaies repeting, the grete humanite, kindnes, and gratitude, that he hathe founde in the same. And to thintent, as me semed, I shulde thinke that he gretely estemed all suche thinges as were sent from your highnes unto hym, he caused the Counte Saint Pole, Mons. de Gize, and Mons. de Vadamount, to ryde next affore hym, upon three of the horsses, that your highnes had sent unto hym; wherof the one, being a beye, he sayd was the best, the lightest, and most mete for the warre, of any that ever he sawe, or coulde be founde in Christendom, and most resembled, as he had apparelled hym, to the horsses of Turkey, farr surmounting any that might be founde or recovered in the same. And thus entring and passing thorugh oute the cite, whiche was mervelously replenished with people, crying 'Vive le roy!' he forgate not, farre above my dessertes, to recognise howe moche he, his moder, and realme, were bounden unto me, and howe hertely I was welcome unto them. And bicause he did knowe (so it pleased hym to say) that your highnes used me in al your affaires, as your chiefe and principall counsaillour, so he from hensforthe wolde do the same; praying me, therfore, to be contented with no les affeccion to embrace his affaires, than I dailly do, and have done, your graces oun; assuring me, that whatsoever I shulde thinke to be don therin, he wold folowe, and put the same in execucion accordingly; taking and reputing me, from this tyme forwarde, as a common chaunceler and minister; trusting therby, that all his causes, whiche hitherto, for lak of good handling, have not had the best and most fortunate successe, shulde revive, and be of a better sorte, than they have ben heretofore. Declaring, furthermore, howe that Mons. Moret had distrussed, taken, and brent 2 grete carrikes of Jeane, laden with ordenaunce, municions, and vitall for defence therof; and that themperours chaunceler, nowe arrived ther (for the apprehencion of whose person ther be practises set forthe not unlikely to take effecte), skaped narowly the handes of the said Mouret. And so still riding thorugh the stretes, in the principall places wherof were diverse pagentes wel divised, expressing the grete desire that they have to peax, the reparacion of Christes churche and see apostolique to the pristyne dignite, with perfite hope and trust that the same shall succeede by your graces high polycy, wisedome, auctorite, and mediacion, intermyxting me, in the abett of a cardinall, as your graces minster and servaunt, for thaccomplishement and attayning therof. And albeit I often demaunded what his graces intent was, seing we were past his palaice, wherin he was lodged, to go and procede any further thorugh the cite, conjecting therby that his intent was to accompany me to my lodging, whiche to do I refused, with as many humble persuasions and exhortacions as I could divise; yet it was not in my power to disuade hym, but in any wise he wolde accompany me to the same, without suffring me to retorne with hym to his palaice. And so, after demaunde whider I wolde see my lady that night (wherof I shewed my self to be veray glad and desyrous), I departed from hym, and, by the cardinall of Loreyn, was brought and accompanyed into my lodging, whiche I founde richely and pomposely apparelled with the Frenche kinges oun stuff; as the utter chamber, with riche clothe of tyssue and sylver, paned, embroderd with freres knottes, wherin was a grete and large clothe of astate of the same stuff and sorte. The seconde chamber was apparelled with crymyson velvet, embroderd, and replenished with large letters of gold, of F and A, crowned, with an other veray large clothe of astate, of fyne aras. And the thrid chamber, being my bedd chamber, was apparelled with riche clothe of tyssue, raised, and a grete sparver and counterpointe to the same. And the 4th, being as a closet, was hanged with clothe of bawdikyn, wherunto was annexed a litle gallary, hanged with crymyson velvet. And after a litle pawse, and shifting of my self, ther was sent unto my lodging the cardinall of Burbon, the duke of Vandome, with many other prelates and noble men, to conduce me to my ladies presence, who was lodged in the bishops palaies; in the hall wherof, being large and spacious, richely hanged and apparelled with aras, was placed and set in right good order, on bothe sydes, the Frenche kinges garde, my lady his moder, the Quene of Navarre, Madam Reynet, the Duches of Vandom, the King of Naverres suster, with a greate nomber of other ladies and gentlewomen, stonding in the myddes; to whose presence I sumwhat approching, and drawing nigh, my said lady also avauncing her self forwardes, in most loving and pleasant maner, encountred, welcomed, and embraced me, and likewise saluted my lord of London, my lord chamberlain, master comptroller, the chaunceler of the duchy, and most parte of suche gentlemen as came with me, and most specially therle of Derbye, whom it liked her grace to kisse, and right lovingly to welcome. In the tyme of doing wherof I, for my parte, semblably saluted the

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Quene of Navarre, Madame Reynet, the Duches of Vandome, the King of Navarres suster, and a grete parte of thother ladies; whiche done on bothe sydes, my lady retorned, and taking me by the arme, ledd and conveyed me into her inner chamber, wher, under a riche clothe of astate, were sett twoo cheyres garnished, oon of blake velvet, and thother with clothe of tissue; wher, after delyvery and reding of your graces letters, whiche semed to be veray pleasant unto her, and making of your highnes most cordiall recommendacions, she demanded right hertely of your graces welfare and prosperite. Wherunto after I had made answer, her pleasour was, that we shuld sitt down, to entre into further communication; in the begynnyng and commencing wherof, she, with well sett and cowched wordes, declared and accumylated the grete benefites and gratuities, whiche your highnes, in her perplexite, hevenes, and adversite had exhibite and shewed to her, and the king, her sonne, whose deliverance and restytucion to liberte, she only referred and ascribed unto your highnes; for the whiche bothe she, her said sonne, and all those whiche were, or shuld hereafter, descende of hym and his, were bounden to do service unto your highnes, and dailly to pray for the contynuaunce and prosperous astate of the same. And after a right pleasant and elequent discourse made to this purpose, she diverted her communicacion to the rehersall of suche travaile, as I have taken for the conducing and setting forthe of good amite and peax bitwene your highnes and her son, whiche she trusted, by my repaire into thise parties, shulde not only be corroborate, but also, by som good aliance, made perpetuall. In the advauncement and setting forward whereof, she wolde, with all her power, auctorite, and industrye, with no les desire and affeccion, concurre with me, than she had hitherto done in making of the peax temporel, and all other treaties concluded bitwene your highnes and her said sonne; offring and declaring, furthermore, that if in the communicacion or debating therof, either with her sonne, or his counsail, ther shulde insurge any doubte or difficulte, whiche might be to the impechement or hindrance of the said peax and aliance, she wolde so interpone her auctorite, and helping hande, that all thinges shulde be brought to honorable ende and effecte. For the whiche her offres after I had geven convenient thankes, shewing that your highnes had chefely sent me hidre for that purpose, without descending to any other particler pointe of my charge, forasmoche as it was 8 of the cloke, and my lady had not supped, I toke my leve, and retorned home to my lodging, accompanyed with the forsaid Cardinal of Burbon, and Duke of Vandome. Thus is the summary rude discripcion and rehersall of suche thinges, as was don at this our first meting and entervien. On Monday, in the mornyng, ther came unto my lodging themperours ambassadour, here resident; who, after mutuell salutacions, sayde, that forasmoche as he was informed, that your highnes, for the delyvery of the Frenche kinges children, and conducing of the peax bitwene him and themperour, had not only, by your oratours, proponed certain offres and condicions to his majesty, but also sent me hider for the avauncement and spedy setting forward therof, he could no les do, but to repaire unto me, and to desire and pray me, for the zele and good will that I have alwaies borne to the peax, and in consideracion of the grete trust and confidence that his master hathe in your highnes, at whose request and contemplacion he had departed from oon of the weightiest and most importane article of the treaty of Madril, and was commen and descended to certain reasonable demaundes, whiche were delyvered in writing to your graces and the Frenche kinges orateurs, that I wolde induce and persuade the same Frenche king to condescende and agree therunto, considering they were but reasonable and honorable. To whom I made answer, that it was not unknown, but manifest and open, aswel to themperour, as to al other Cristen princes, what grete zeale and ardent desire your grace hathe, and alwaies hathe had, like a most noble, vertuous, and catholique prince, to the procuring and setting forthe of peax bitwene Christen princes, and what studye, labours, expences, and travaile, aswel by sending of oratours, as letters, your grace hathe susteyned in and aboutes the same. And to thintent the said peax might spedely be conduced, and take effect, as the thing most necessary, the grete calamite, ruyn, and myserable state of Cristendome considered, and for putting over of further delaies and tracte of tyme, your highnes had sent me hider to the Frenche king, to induce and persuade hym, at your graces contemplacion and instance, for the attayning of his children, and the said peax, to condescende to all reasonable and honorable condicions; and likewise by my letters, on your graces behalfe, to exhorte and move themperour, for his parte, to do the semblable, whereby universal peax following, som notable provision and expedicion, by commen consent of all princes, might be had and made for the redubbing of the said calamities, repressing of heresies, and withstanding the malice of the Turke. And bicause themperour, in diverse his commynicacions and conferences with your ambassadours, hathe affermed and sayde to them, that he is not mynded to stik upon his hole demaundes, but, at your contemplacion, instance, and arbitre, to mitigate som good part therof, it woll nowe pleas and like his majesty, sithins that I am sent hither by your highnes commaundment, chiefely and principally for the avauncement of the said peax, to shewe and declare, by his dedes, in what pointes he wold, for your graces sake, so relent; wherof I, being advertised, I doubt it not, but the Frenche king, for the reverent love and affeccion that he hathe and beireth toward your highnes, woll and shall agree to asmoche of his desires, as with honour, equite, reason, and lawe shall stonde and accorde: being nevertheles in utter dispaire, that if his majesty, having no regarde to your graces mediacion and intercession, wold persist in his hole demaund, it shall not lye in your graces power, to bring and induce the Frenche king therunto; the same being so excessive, and farr discrepant from al conscience and reason, tending by the exsample therof to the prejudice of al other Cristen princes, whiche be subject to like chances of captivite, as the Frenche king hathe been. And thus the said emperours ambassadour, promysing that he wolde certifie his master of all this our commynicacion, departed from me. At after none, aboutes 3 of the cloke, the Counte Saintpole, sent unto me from the Frenche king, brought me worde that, if I were so content, his grace wolde that I shulde eftsones comme to his presence, for declaracion of my further charge, whiche, with grete expectacion, he was desirous to here: upon whose advertisement I repaired, with the said counte, to the Frenche kinges lodging, wher in the hall on bothe sides were placed his garde, bothe of Scottes and Swices, being in nomber (as I coulde, passing by the waye, esteme) 300. And at my entring into the grete chamber, ther mete with me the king of Navarre, who conduced me to the Frenche kinges bedd chamber, wher he lay upon a cowtche, covered with a white shete, without any clothe of astate, or sparver, over the same, made for the easement and staying of his legg, whiche, by the travaile of the day bifore, was moche altered, and in suche wise swelled, that, without grete pain, he coulde not goo, ner stonde upon the same. On the right syde wherof, was placed my lady the Frenche kinges moder, the Quene of Navarre, and a litle distance byneth them, the Lady Reynet, the King of Navarres suster, and other ladies and gentlewomen to a grete nomber; and, on thother side, the Cardynalles of Burbon and Loreyn, the Duke of Vandom, the Counte Saint Pole, the grete master, with many other prelates, nobles, and gentlemen. And incontinently, as I was commen to the Frenche kinges presence, he excusing the maner of his lying ther, and being sory that he coulde not use hym self other wise unto me, and I again repeting howe glad I wolde have ben to have taken more payn upon me, wherby I might have alleviated his grace of the greate labor and travaile that the same hathe susteyned, by the whiche I perceyved that his disease was not a litle augmented and encreaced, he sayde he knew well my good wyll and mynde in that behalfe; nevertheles, for declaracion of his duetie towardes your grace, he wold not have omytted any thing of that he hathe done, though the same shuld have put hym in gretter daunger; whiche his pain, that he nowe susteyneth, proceding of a light hurt in his legg, is not, by Goddes grace, to be moche regarded or feared. And herewith he (taking with hym my lady and me) withdrewe hym self into a litle secrete chamber, excluding all other; wherin was a litle cowtche for his grace to lye upon, for staying of his said legge, and by the same, twoo cheyres sett, thone for my lady, and thother for me. And albeit stonding I wold have delyvered your graces letters, and, the same redd, proceeded to the further declaracion of my charge, yet his grace, tyll I and my lady were sett, wolde in no wise permyt and suffre me so to do. Wherfore, conformyng my self to his pleasour, I made delyvery of your said letters, with declaracion and repeticion of your graces most herty recommendacions; in thextending wherof, I did not omytt to shewe, what herty entiere love and affeccion your highnes bare unto hym, for the parilite of your mutuel indumentes, bothe of grace and nature, with the like symylitude in your pastymes, maners, behavours, and appetites; the rehersall wherof, as I might perceyve by his countenaunce, was to his comforte, and nothing to hym displeasant, ne tedyous. And so, further proceding in declaracion of my charge, I shewed that I was sent unto his grace, for the accomplishement, determynacion, and finall perfiting of suche thinges, as hath ben left to be determyned and concluded at your mutuel meting and entervien, according to the treate; orelles at the sendirg of suche a personage as his grace, as shulde represent your oun spyrite and person. And albeit I was ferre unmete, unable, and not worthy to have so high a charge committed unto me, yet it hathe pleased your highnes, more of your goodness than of my desertes or sufficiency, to auctorise me, as your lieutenaunt, for the doing and final concluding of the premisses, in as available maner as your highnes were here present; offring my self to be reddy, at al tymes, to common and devise with hym uppon the same; wherwith he being contented, than an ther, to here what I wold say further, in that behalf, I shewed unto hys grace, that my principall charge consisted in three poyntes; that is to say, the determynacion of the alter-

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natyve for the mariage of my lady princes; thother was for the procuring of peax, bitwene his grace and themperour, for the spedy attayning and delyveraunce of his childern; and the third was to devise with his grace, by what meanes and waies the popes holynes might be delyvered oute of captivite and thraldom, and the churche of Crist, with the see apostolique, restoured to thair prystyne dignite."

Recollections of Seven Years' Residence at the Mauritius, or Isle of France. By a Lady. 12mo. pp. 208. London, 1831. Cawthorn.

THERE is scant *matériel* in this volume to justify the publication; but it is pleasantly written, and must be an agreeable memorial to the author's friends. We select the following passages.

Toilette at a pic-nic:—

"A party, consisting of English and French, had arrived at the spot appointed for dining, and had taken their seats on the grass, when a great bustle was observed amongst the French ladies: two blacks, with small boxes, had approached, and displayed a variety of articles for the toilet: it was soon evident that these ladies intended to dress for dinner; and the grass was covered speedily with combs of various sizes, vials of perfume and oil for the hair, necklaces and bracelets, and all the et-cetera of feminine decoration; the fair owners of these articles retired into a grove to change their dresses, and soon came forth *en grande parure;* whilst the English were in their plain morning gowns. * * *

"It is a singular fancy of the French Creoles to build their houses in detached pieces, instead of being joined in one—so that a great deal of ground is covered by the buildings belonging to one residence: this is a most inconvenient arrangement, as it is by no means agreeable to go through the sun or the rain in passing from one's bed-room to the drawing-room, and from thence to the dining apartment;—in an island, moreover, peculiarly liable to violent hurricanes, and when strength and compactness of building seem absolutely required, such a mode of scattering a house into several divisions, appears injudicious and unsafe: these separate pieces are called pavilions, and have frequently a veranda attached to each. The principal streets are the Rue de Rampart and the Rue Marengo, so called in commemoration of Buonaparte's victory over the Austrians. The fragrant flowers of the Bois Blanc at one season of the year perfume the streets delightfully; and the tree itself is a very pretty one, with its light green foliage and profusion of white blossoms."

The next is a history for the novelist.

"Charlotte Christina Sophia de Wolfenbuttel, wife of the Czarovitz Alexis, son of Peter I., was unfortunately an object of aversion to her husband, although beautiful and amiable; in a fit of passion he gave her one day a blow, which caused her to be prematurely confined with a dead child. The Countess of Konnismarck, who attended on the princess, being aware that if she recovered she would only be exposed to further acts of violence, determined to declare that she had died. The czarovitz, to whom this was agreeable news, ordered her immediate interment; couriers were despatched to inform the czar of the event, and all the courts of Europe went into mourning. The princess escaped to America with an aged domestic, who passed for her father, and a female attendant. Whilst she was living in privacy at Lousiana, an officer of the name of D'Auband, who had seen her in Russia, recollected her, and made her an offer of his services. Soon after, they heard that the czarovitz was dead; and D'Auband then engaged to conduct the princess back to Russia: but she found herself happier in a private station, and declared her intention of remaining in retirement. The old domestic dying about this time, she was without any protector, and D'Auband, who had been long attached to her, offered her his hand;—she accepted it. Thus she who had been destined to wear the imperial diadem, became the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. The princess had no reason to regret her second marriage;—happy in the affection of a man she had wedded from choice, she lived in uninterrupted peace and comfort ten years, without a wish to mingle again in the splendid scenes where she had known only misery;—but D'Auband fell into ill health; and his wife, anxious above all things for his recovery, proposed that they should go to France to procure the best medical advice, and to try the effect of a change of climate. They accordingly embarked for his native land; and soon after, he was restored to health. He then solicited an employment in the Isle of France, where he was appointed major. The princess, however, previous to their quitting France, had been recognised by the Marshal de Saxe, who, after having called on her and heard the story of her adventures, informed his king of the discovery he had made. His majesty desired his minister of marines to write to the governor of the Mauritius, directing that every mark of distinction should be showered on Mons. and Madame D'Auband, and that they should always be treated with the highest consideration. These orders, we are told, were punctually obeyed: the princess lived in tranquil happiness in that island until 1747, when her beloved husband died; she then returned to Paris, where she lived to a great age."

Upon the whole, the descriptions are literally correct; and, with what might be questioned on one point of fact, the book is a true book.

The Metropolitan, No. I. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

THIS is the first Number of a new monthly magazine. As matter of literary information, it has always been our custom to welcome into the field such periodicals as have started in our time; but we have also always abstained from criticising them, on the ground that we do not hold it to be correct to discuss the merits or demerits of contemporaries in the same line of publication with ourselves. Such productions can best speak for themselves; and it is neither by the interchange of fulsome flatteries (generally by writers who are employed both by the work *puffed* and the work *puffing*), or by the abuse which springs from low competition, that the judicious public will be led to form its opinion. It is an ill bird, says the proverb, which befouls its own nest; and we cannot help regretting, therefore, that so many of our fellows should fancy their own dirty jealousies and petty squabbles to possess an interest with readers; and occupy their pages with their own personal follies, instead of general intelligence. The world, they may believe us, beyond their own noisy circle, cares nothing for their disputes or them.

We throw out these hints, however, without particular reference either to the Metropolitan or any other magazine; though they are suggested by this novelty's having been set up in declared opposition to the New Monthly Magazine, and under the direction of parties who were, till very recently, connected with the latter. With their dissensions or agreements the *Literary Gazette* meddles not.

The Sunday Library. By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, D.D. Vol. III. pp. 332. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

ANOTHER volume of this salutary production claims our warmest welcome. The editor has not failed to dedicate the same judicious taste to the present volume, which he so ably and amply displayed in the selections comprised in its popular precursors. Dr. Dibdin states it to be his intention to carry the *Sunday Library* to the extent of six volumes: this will form a compact and valuable body of divinity. We cannot but presume, however, that from the success which has crowned his first efforts, he will be induced to enter upon a second series.

Epitome of English Literature. Edited by A. J. Valpy, M.A. Vol. II. pp. 284. London, 1831. A. J. Valpy.

THIS concentrated form, in which the vigorous thoughts of our English philosophers are embodied, cannot fail of recommending them to the healthy intellect. In proportion as their propositions are divested of ornament, and stript of all encumbrance, the more is their strength bared to the eye, and they stand forth in all their native force and unscreened might. We look upon the *Epitome of English Literature* as one of the most valuable series of periodical libraries which now flood our country. We have only to hint to the rising mind of the day, that if they get aboard such craft as the present, they need not fear to be borne along with the tide. The second volume completes Paley, and commences with the philosophy of Locke.

Family Classical Library. No. XVII. Horace. Colburn and Bentley.

Stirling's Horace. By Dr. Nuttall. 4 vols. Ward.

THE merits of Dr. Francis's version of Horace have long since been canvassed, admitted, and admired; for these we have no comment: our office, and it is one we can cordially fulfil, is but to announce the appearance of an old friend under a new face. We have, in the present instance, to commend and recommend the form which Horace has taken in the trig and trim evergreen garb of the *Family Classical Library.* The old Epicurean was rather too stout to be squeezed into a single volume, and intends cutting a very snug figure in a couple.

We believe it was Johnson, who, upon having an edition of Horace presented to him, interleaved, with the original on one side and the translation on the other, sagely remarked, that he approved the ingenuity of the author, who had supplied so ready a method of separating the good from the bad. Against any similar attempt Dr. Nuttall has prudently and effectually provided; for, by going a step beyond interleaving, and adopting interlining, he has rendered such a separation in his case totally hopeless. Some shrewd criticism on the works, and some clever papers on the metres of Horace, precede the text.

La Montagne de Saint-Lie; ou, la Ferme Champenoise. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris, 1830, Pigoreau; Rheims, Ledoyen et Brissart-Carolet.

THE fair author of these slight volumes deprecates criticism with the "*Je n'ai que seize ans*"—(I am but sixteen.) The character assumed by an author in his preface is often somewhat apocryphal; but in this case we are inclined to believe we have before us the pro-

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duction of a very young writer: as usual, the imagination is the chief faculty developed; but imagination is good *matériel* for hereafter. The story is very extravagant; the beauty, virtue, love, &c., carried to the extreme. These are common faults at a beginning; but there is an ingenuity of invention, and a grace about the earlier scenes, that lead us to think the juvenile talent from which they emanated is worth cultivating.

The Daughter of the Air. A Mythic Tragedy, after the idea of P. Calderon; translated from the German, by Dr. E. Raupach. 12mo. pp. 104. London, 1831. W. Marsh.

THIS singular and original work well deserved an English dress. Translations from a foreign literature are like earth brought from afar, renewing and invigorating the soil with which they mingle. The present pages are the work of an industrious and ingenious writer rather than a poet: still, the choice deserves praise; and it is something to attract attention to a language like the German, which so well repays its cultivator.

Lord Byron, with Remarks on his Genius and Character. By E. Bagnall, B.A. 8vo. pp. 59. Oxford, 1831. D. A. Talboys.

THERE is much good feeling and considerable talent displayed in parts of this little work: as a whole it is a failure; it throws no new light on either Lord Byron or his works. Indeed, throughout, the writer seems to be wielding weapons too heavy for his grasp, and, moreover, mistakes a flourish for a blow.

The Albanians, a Dramatic Sketch; and Miscellaneous Poems. By G. J. Bennett. 8vo. pp. 229. London, 1831. W. Kidd.

" Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

IF difficulties deterred, it is a pity that these lines are not uppermost in the memory of most poets. We have many pleasant recollections of Mr. Bennett to which we would sooner refer than to the present volume.

The Fakeer of Jungheera, and other Poems. By Henry Louis Vivian Derozio. 8vo. pp. 213. Calcutta, 1828. S. Smith.

The Shair, and other Poems. By Kasiprasad Ghosh. Calcutta, 1830. Scott and Co.

BOTH these works are literary curiosities, as the productions of native East Indians. They are curious, however, only as regards their writers; for both oriental histories and oriental imagery, Sir W. Jones, Southey, and Moore, have already made familiar to English readers. Indeed it is from their works that our present aspirants have drawn their inspiration; and we are chiefly reminded with how much more grace and power the gorgeous fictions of the East have been before employed. An original simile is every day getting scarcer: what do our readers say to the following one, belonging to Kasiprasad Ghosh?

" Young beauteous maids are lightly dancing,
Their eyes like little carps are glancing."

Both these volumes ought to be inscribed to Moore—if gratitude were not a debt which, of all others, poets are most reluctant to acknowledge.

The Twelve Nights. pp. 404. London, 1831. Whittaker.

THIS is a very amusing volume, containing a variety of tales, chiefly translations, where our author shews much taste in selecting, and much spirit in executing. Most of them having before been published, we refrain from extract, and content ourselves with pointing attention to " The Eve of Walpurgis," " Joniotto," and " The Handkerchief."

Society; or, the Spring in Town. 3 vols. London, 1831. Saunders and Otley.

THIS novel does not belong to a class that calls for very strict criticism; it has one merit, that of not indulging in the offensive personality of many of its compeers; and, as for the rest, it is full of parties, and adventures, and love-making, which, we dare say, will be all very pleasant to many of our readers.

The Vale of Obscurity, the Lavant, and other Poems. By Charles Crocker. 8vo. pp. 120. Chichester, 1831, printed for the Author; London, Longman and Co.

USHERED in by a respectable list of subscribers, we trust this slight volume will repay its author's toil. The preface is very interesting, as giving an account of the writer's life—one who to the toil of a lower rank has united the mental cultivation of a higher. We select the following little poem as a specimen.

*" Verses addressed to * * * *, whom I accompanied to the Grave of a Friend.*

Of old, the patient pilgrim sought
His saint's remote and hallow'd shrine,
And with devotion's fervour fraught,
His kindling spirit grew divine,
While there his orisons he said,
And meekly bow'd to earth his head.

How sweet his solace, when again
Returning to his peaceful cell,
If he some relic chanced to gain,
On which his secret soul might dwell,
When earth-born thoughts should not intrude
To break his hallow'd solitude!

Nor with less ardent zeal and love,
My friend, didst thou thy way pursue,
The joy that springs from grief to prove,
And all thy past regrets renew,
While musing near the spot, where blend
With earth the ashes of thy friend.

What though to him who slept below
Thy faith forbade thy lips to pray?
What though no relics thou canst shew?
Yet, never pilgrim bore away
A heart surcharged from holy shrine
With feelings more refined than thine.

While lingering there Remembrance woke,
And joys, long dead, again appeared;
Of joys to come, Hope, smiling, spoke;
Her accents listening Fancy heard:—
' Yes, on eternity's calm shore
Ye soon shall meet—to part no more!' "

We recommend these pages to the notice of all who would extend kindly encouragement to a clever and amiable man.

The Novelist's Library. Vol. I. Edited by T. Roscoe, Esq. With Illustrations from original Designs. *Robinson Crusoe* (De Foe). 12mo. pp. 391. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill; J. Andrews.

IT is just a hundred years since the author of *Robinson Crusoe* died (April 24, 1731): what a pity 'tis, that, after the lapse of a century, a writer who has earned immortality, cannot take a peep from his grave, just to see how his works are going on! If he could, we think Daniel would like this neat edition, with its sketch of his life, portrait, slight illustrations, pretty binding, and gold-lettered back. " When De Foe (says his biographer) first offered *Robinson Crusoe* to the booksellers, he could with difficulty find a purchaser for the work; in which difficulty he merely experienced the same want of penetration on the part of these only true Mecænases, as Johnson styles them, speaking of them as a body, which Milton had done before him with respect to his *Paradise Lost;* and as many of our best authors have done after him with respect to works which have afterwards made the fortunes of the very men by whom they were rejected in the first instance. So it was with *Robinson Crusoe.* Taylor, the fortunate purchaser, who probably calculated with some distrust as to a few pounds more or less when treating for the copyright, made a thousand pounds by his bargain. The work acted on the public like a charm; it made its way through all ranks, it won all hearts; and in four months it passed through as many editions." How many thousands of copies have been sold since, of this delight of the young and old! An edition like the present is well calculated to sell a great many more. The designs, it is true, might be better; but we observe with pleasure that George Cruikshanks is to illustrate the whole series, of which this is the commencement; for, from what he has already done in this way, we may fairly anticipate a treat of character and humour. He begins, we understand, with *Humphrey Clinker,* in the volume after the next, which concludes De Foe. Altogether we are much pleased with this publication, though it adds another to the *lengthy* train of monthly productions, and consequently another to the system which is making literature so much a matter of journey-work in these days.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

WE have noticed the curious experiments made by Mr. Trevelyan, on the production of sound, when heated pieces of metal were laid upon cold masses of lead: vide *Literary Gazette,* No. 738.* At the last evening meeting of the Institution, these experiments were demonstrated by Mr. Faraday, who, at the same time, gave what he considered to be a correct account of their cause. As we have already described the effects, we need not here refer to them further than to observe that they consist of vibrations, or oscillations, of the heated mass of metal; when slow, they are large and visible; when quick, they are small and isochronous, and produce sound, higher or lower, according to their number. The mixture of other sounds due to the ringing of the metal, the subdivision of the whole vibrating system, with the true sound produced by the blows of the *rocker,* were referred to and illustrated; and a method shewn of easily distinguishing the latter from the others. It consisted in pressing perpendicularly with a small stick or pointed metal rod on the back of the rocker, exactly over the groove, so as to make the vibrations quicker, but not to disturb their regularity; the true sound of the beats of the rocker immediately rises in pitch, and may be sometimes made to pass through an octave or more at pleasure, falling again as the pressure is removed. As the sound was evidently due to the rapid blows of the rocker, the only difficulty was to discover the true cause of the sustaining power, by which the rocker was continued in motion so long as any considerable difference of temperature existed between it and the block of lead beneath: this Mr. Faraday referred to the ultimate expansion and contraction, as Professor Leslie and Mr. Trevelyan have done. He then gave a minute account of the manner in which such expansion and contraction could produce the effect. When the heated rocker is resting upon a horizontal ridge of lead, it touches at two points, which are heated and expanded, and form, as it were, two hills; when one side of the rocker is raised, the point relieved is instantly cooled by the neighbouring lead, the

* See also our notice to correspondents in No. 744.

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expansion ceases, and the hill falls. When the rocker, therefore, is left free, the raised side descends through a greater space than that through which it was lifted, and also to a lower level than the other side; in consequence of which a momentum is given to it, which carries its centre of gravity beyond the point to which it would pass if there had been no alteration in the heights of the sustaining points. It is this additional force which acts as maintaining power; it comes into play twice in each vibration, *i. e.* once on each side; the force is gained by the whole rocker being lifted bodily by the point on which it is for the time supported, and comes into play by the side of the rocker which is descending having a greater space to fall through than that which it passed over during its previous rise by the mere force of its momentum. A curious consequence of this action is, that the force which really lifts the rocker is on one side of the centre of gravity, whilst the rising side of the rocker itself is on the other.

This, however, is not the only maintaining cause or mechanical force generated by the alternate expansion and contraction of the lead. If the vertical direction of the forces be put out of consideration for a time, and the two points of support be examined, it will be found that whilst the rocker is quiescent, both (with their neighbouring parts) being heated, will expand and compress the lateral portions of the lead until the tension of the latter is equal to their own. When one side of the rocker is raised, the point it rested upon instantly cools, and therefore contracts; but as the neighbouring parts retain their tension, they move toward the contracting parts, the other point of support moving with the rest. When the rocker returns in its oscillation, it reheats and re-expands the first point of support; whilst the second, now out of contact, is cooled and contracted, and the first point moves toward the second. A necessary consequence of this mutual relation of the points is, that the one under process of heating is always moving towards the other, and consequently to a perpendicular from the centre of gravity: but as it at the same time is the supporting point to the rocker, that supporting point is, by irresistible impulse, carried in a direction under and towards the line passing from the centre of gravity towards the earth, at the same instant that the centre of gravity of the rocker is, by the momentum of the latter, moving in the opposite direction. Hence a very simple maintaining power; sufficient, whenever the rocker continues to vibrate, to compensate for the loss of force in each half of the vibration, which would occur if the rocker and lead were of the same temperature. Mr. Faraday illustrated the sustaining force of the lateral motion of the points of support by placing a rocker on a piece of lead, and the latter on a board. A pair of sugar-tongs were held tightly by the bend against the edge of the board, so that the line from the tongs towards the rocker was perpendicular to the axis of the latter. On making the limbs of the sugar-tongs vibrate in the manner of a tuning-fork, they communicated longitudinal vibrations of equal duration and number to the board, and through it to the lead and points supporting the rocker; which latter itself immediately acquired vibratory motion isochronous with the vibrations of the tongs, and by successive blows upon the lead, produced sound. Upon removing the rocker, and repeating the other parts of the experiment, no sound was produced.

Experiments with other metals were then made. A piece of curved silver plate being heated and placed on an iron triblet, rocked and sang in the manner of the others: this is an effect which working silversmiths have long known. The superiority of lead, as the cold metal, was referred to its great expansive force by heat, combined with its deficient conducting power, which is not a fifth of that of copper, silver, or gold; so that the heat accumulates more at the point of contact.

On Monday the anniversary meeting took place, when officers for the ensuing season were elected.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Sir Henry Halford, Bart. in the chair. Amongst the visitors, who were very numerous, we noticed the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Hereford, Dr. Maltby, Dr. D'Oyley, &c. &c. A paper by Dr. Francis Hawkins was first read, on the history and treatment of epilepsy; a subject which the author considered might be interesting not only to physicians, but also to men of learning, on account of the many curious superstitions connected with this complaint by the ancients, as well as on account of the light which its symptoms afford to the study of disorders of the brain, and of the wonderful laws of nervous sympathy. For a description of the disorder a passage was cited from Lucretius, which is not only possessed of high poetical merit, but contains as striking and accurate a portrait of epilepsy as can possibly be drawn. An account was then given of the opinions of the ancients upon the subject, as they may be gathered not only from the writings of Hippocrates and Aretæus, but also from passages in the works of Plautus, Theophrastus, and Pliny. It was observed as remarkable, that the Ælian law, which required amongst the Romans the dismissal of the *comitia*, in obedience to the augurs, on the occurrence of the disorder, hence called *morbus comitialis*, was first disregarded by Julius Cæsar, who was himself subject to epilepsy. The disorder was formerly attributed to the agency of evil spirits, according to the opinion entertained of some connexion existing between divine inspiration and frantic gestures; — a notion which the practice of impostors, in all ages, has tended to maintain; whilst on the other hand, the popular belief has facilitated the acts of imposition. Respecting the demoniacal possessions mentioned in the New Testament, the author contended at some length,—in opposition to the opinion of Mead, who maintained that they were instances only of epilepsy or madness,—that these cases were not all of the same nature, that some were instances of natural disease, but that others must be attributed to miraculous origin, — that the terms δαιμονιζομαι, δαιμονιον εχειν, might, indeed, be sometimes used in a popular sense, according to the belief common among the Jews; but that in reference to other cases, however much they might resemble cases of epilepsy, the sacred text is too precise to admit of such an interpretation. In order to explain the physical condition of the brain and nervous system, on which the symptoms of epilepsy depend, Dr. Hawkins entered into some observations on the nature and peculiarities of the circulation within the head; and he thought that two opposite errors occasionally prevailed concerning the pathology of epilepsy; both leading to erroneous practice, the disorder being attributed by some persons to nervous irritation, to the exclusion of all consideration of the state of the vessels of the brain; by others being attributed always to inflammation, or congestion: the latter notion often leading to excessive and injurious depletion; the former to the neglect of that moderate depletion, which experience has proved to be useful and necessary. A strong affinity was shewn to exist between various forms of nervous disorder, and some curious instances were related of the effects of sympathy in consequence — irritation of the nerves, or of passions of the mind, especially fear. In the cure of epilepsy, even in cases not dependent on primary disease of the brain, Dr. Hawkins still recommended that some measure should be adopted for the relief of the head itself, especially if the case should have been of long continuance; because the tendency of disturbance of any part of the nervous system is to produce disorder of the brain or its membranes. With the view, however, to prevent such disturbance, and to lessen the susceptibility of the nervous system, Dr. Hawkins stated, that there were two remedies which he had found more efficacious than any preparation of steel, or other species of mineral tonic; one being the oxide of zinc; the other, which he considered a still superior remedy, being the sulphate of copper, the excellence of which is further sanctioned by the high authority of the president of the college.

The registrar next read a paper of Dr. Macmichael's upon land scurvy. It contained, together with many medical observations, various curious particulars, which were derived from the voyages of some of our most celebrated navigators. The disease called scurvy, which used to be so terrible a scourge at sea, has now, as every body knows, been almost banished from our navy, by the improvements of modern times. Still, however, it does occasionally appear, even in the best-disciplined vessels, and where every precaution as to diet is taken to prevent its occurrence. The circumstances under which this happens, combined with the observations which Dr. Macmichael's practical experience has afforded him in the metropolis, throw a novel light upon the origin of this formidable disease, and would seem to prove, that, in enumerating its causes, we ought to regard certain *states of the atmosphere* to be quite as efficacious in its production, as impoverished diet, or the long-continued use of salt provisions, to which it has hitherto been solely attributed. It seems that in the summer of last year an uncommon number of cases of land scurvy (called, in the new-fangled phraseology of the present day, *purpura*) was admitted into the Middlesex Hospital. In endeavouring to account for this extraordinary phenomenon (for land scurvy is a rare disease), the Doctor thought, that the very unusual state of humidity of the atmosphere last summer might possibly not a little contribute to render those persons liable to this disease, whose constitutions were already broken down by low diet, or habits of intemperance; and this supposition of his he found to be completely verified and corroborated by the experience of several eminent navigators, who have given to the world the relations of their expeditions. Dr. Macmichael, in his paper, cited an extract from the English translation of La Perouse's voyage; by which it appeared, that, on his last unfortunate expedition, he, in a letter written by him from Botany Bay, congratulated himself upon his crew having entirely escaped the attacks of scurvy, and attributed this piece of good fortune to the measures he had adopted, by fumigations and braziers of burning coals, to counteract the effects of the pernicious *humidity* occasioned by fogs. When La Perouse commanded during the American war the French naval expedition in Hudson's

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Bay, his attention had been attracted to this circumstance; and he remarks, in his account of that affair, "J'avais fait la triste experience dans ma campagne de la baie d'Hudson, que l'humidité froide était peut-être le principe le plus actif du scorbut." The experience of Captain Parry, in his voyage of discovery to the North Pole, goes quite to the same point; and, still more recently, the observations of Capt. Philip King, whose return from his survey of the southern extremity of South America we recently noticed in the *Lit. Gaz.*, strongly confirm this idea. These various testimonies, together with his own remarks and those of Dr. Heberden, were ingeniously brought by the author to illustrate his view of the subject. In the more medical part of the paper we agree with the Doctor, in thinking that he succeeded in proving that Sydenham not only described the disease as well, but treated it also in the same manner as modern physicians. Dr. Macmichael concluded his paper, by regretting that the works of Sydenham (a mine from which the most valuable hints may be taken) were not at present more consulted; and stated, as we think with great truth, that the scurvy will be found, upon investigation, to be not a solitary instance of new names given to old diseases, and methods of cure vaunted as novel improvements in practice, which are nothing but the unacknowledged revival of old modes of treatment, that have fallen into comparative oblivion. We consider this paper to be a valuable addition to our stock of information, and to have afforded a favourable specimen of the manner in which a step may be made in the philosophy of medicine.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. Lambert, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The supplement to the descriptive catalogue of New Holland birds in the collection of the Society, and published in the fifteenth volume of the Transactions, compiled by Mr. Vigors and Dr. Horsfield, was read: the paper was illustrated by specimens of the birds; amongst them was a new species of sea eagle, and several of the *psittacidæ* tribe. A catalogue of the rarer plants growing in the neighbourhood of Tring, Hertfordshire, by Richard Chambers, Esq., was likewise read: the paper was accompanied by a drawing of the true *orchis militaris*, one of the rarest of the English *orchideæ*. Several fellows were elected; and the chairman announced that the anniversary meeting would take place on the 24th instant.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At the anniversary meeting held on Monday, Mr. Knight, the President, in the chair, the auditor's report was read. It appeared that the Society's debt, which amounted on the 1st of May, 1830, to £16,437, had been reduced, by a system of economy, to £13,895 at the 1st of April last. The admission of *ladies* as *fellows* of the Society had been agreed upon. At the usual meeting on Tuesday, a communication on the means of prolonging the duration of valuable varieties of fruit, by the President, was read. Amongst a fine collection of flowers exhibited, there was a very beautiful specimen of the *calceolaria corymbosa*; it was nearly three feet high, and had been reared by manure water: some apples of 1829 were also on the table. A numerous assemblage of ladies attended; and there is little doubt that these meetings, during the summer months, will be exceedingly popular. The affairs of the Society, to quote from the gardener's calendar, are in a very promising condition.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

Mr. Britton's fifth lecture was given at this Institution on Monday evening, and embraced some accounts, with numerous illustrations, of Christian Architecture of the Middle Ages. In tracing this original, picturesque, and greatly diversified class of buildings through Italy, from the time of Constantine the Great, the first Roman Emperor who embraced Christianity, into the provinces of France, Spain, Germany, Normandy, and England, the lecturer condensed a mass of information within the compass of a short lecture: but it was evident that he was oppressed with the multiplicity of subjects, and was therefore necessitated rather to hint at than describe many of them. With a series of about sixty drawings he pointed out the characteristic features of the round churches and baptisteries of Rome, Jerusalem, Constantinople, Pisa, England—the lofty and highly enriched towers of Germany—the spires of that country, Normandy, and England; with various fine crosses, chapter-houses, &c. Some beautiful models were also exhibited. After animadverting on the many inappropriate and inconsistent names that have been given by different authors, from the time of Sir Henry Wotton to the present, intended to designate the ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages, the lecturer enforced his opinion that the term *Christian Architecture* was the most appropriate, historical, and unexceptionable. The concluding drawing was a large elevation of the famed eastern window of York Cathedral, which was executed in three years by John Thornton, glazier, of Coventry, and for which he was paid fifty-five pounds! whereas a window of similar size, and with inferior materials, would cost at least five thousand pounds at the present day.

Dr. Crotch gave his seventh lecture on Music at the same Institution on Tuesday, and dwelt principally on the sacred Oratorio of the Messiah, by Handel.

At the Soirée on Wednesday night, a large company assembled in the commodious library room, and afterwards attended an interesting lecture, by Dr. Clarke, on Volcanoes.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION.

Mr. T. Phillips recommenced his lectures on Vocal Music and Singing at this establishment, on Monday evening, to a large and applauding audience.

IMPROVED PARCHMENT.

Among the valuable improvements of the present time, and a forcible example of the application of useful knowledge to a useful purpose, we are this week called upon to notice a new mode of preparing parchment, so that it can be written on without employing pounce, and adapted for books, deeds, petitions, &c. &c., in a manner far preferable to any thing of the kind hitherto manufactured. It seems that in 1823 a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed, "to inquire into the present method of engrossing bills, and whether any alterations in the mode and kind of writing can be made, with advantage to the public service." This committee reported on the perishable nature of the public records, which it ascribed to the quality of the inks, and other causes. Mr. Terry (of the firm of Walkden, Derby, and Terry, ink manufacturers, who supplied the government offices) had his attention thus called to the important subject; and if we may judge by the result, he not only prosecuted his inquiries with great ability and skill, but has succeeded in producing an article of immense present and future consequence. By a chemical process he has, as is testified on the high authorities of Messrs. Hatchett, Brande, and Faraday, prepared a parchment of the most facile and durable kind—like common paper, as far as ease in writing upon it is concerned; and in durability, with the power of freshly retaining what has been written, likely to surpass the most carefully preserved documents of past ages. Mr. Terry having freely explained his process to the eminent chemists we have named, they report to the lords commissioners of the treasury as follows:—

"1. That the texture of Mr. Terry's parchment is much superior to that which is at present in general use.

"2. That being deprived of grease, the facility of writing upon it (even on both sides) is much increased, and the great inconvenience caused by grease in common parchment is obviated.

"3. That the surface being perfect, so as not, like common parchment, to require pounce to be applied, is a very great improvement, as the pounce used for parchment and vellum, being composed of pumice-stone, chalk, or whitening, and white lead, has a great tendency (by the two latter especially) to act upon the ink so as in the course of time to be likely to diminish the legibility of the writing, approaching in some cases to obliteration.

"4. That Mr. Terry's parchment not only receives with facility, but more permanently retains the ink than common parchment; for we have practically ascertained, by comparative experiments, that although writing upon common parchment could most commonly be destroyed by violent friction after being moistened with water, such was not the case with the parchment prepared by Mr. Terry, the durability of which (namely, the parchment) we also conceive is probably increased by his process; and,

"5. From the nature of that process we think that the durability of the ink (if of good quality) is likely to be insured."

We have ourselves examined specimens of the parchment sent to us, and we consider it to be our public duty to state, that we entirely coincide with the foregoing opinions. The improvement need only to be known to recommend it to general use; and general use can be no bad thing just now, when Reform petitions and addresses are so prevalent throughout the country! We can assure their subscribers, that they may sign as many of these sheets as they please, with entire satisfaction to themselves, and on a medium which is well adapted to send down their names to late posterity. But, in truth, long after these ebullitions shall have become matter of history, we are persuaded that this parchment will be duly appreciated as a very scientific and admirable improvement. Of the party immediately interested in it we know nothing; and we are induced to speak of it as we do, simply because we deem it to be of much public utility, and are always happy to help ingenious and clever men forward to their due reward.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair. Three papers were read; the first of which was entitled, "On the effects of hot water on the batrachia," by Dr. M. Hall; the second was an account of a new method of propelling vessels, by Mr. W. Hale; communicated by Richard Penn, Esq.; and the third, "Additional thoughts on the use of the ganglions in furnishing electricity for the production of animal secretions," by Sir Everard Home, Bart. F.R.S. Dr. Hall presented his work, entitled, "Researches principally relative to the morbid and curative Effects of Loss of Blood." Several other works were presented to the Society.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. Hallam in the chair. Mr. Hardwick exhibited a Roman altar, found about 15 feet below the surface, in digging for the foundations

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of the new Goldsmiths' Hall, in Foster Lane. It is a curious and elegant specimen, having on the front a very graceful figure, with a bow in the left hand, and the dexter drawing an arrow from the sheath over the right shoulder, with a greyhound at the side. It was doubted whether this figure represented Diana or Apollo,—we think the latter, notwithstanding that the attendant greyhound was by some considered as indicating Diana. On the back is a carving, much mutilated both by age and the tools of the excavators, but it appears to be a lyre. The ornaments on the side are branches of laurel. Mr. Ellis communicated a report (addressed to Lord Burleigh, and found among his papers) of fees and salaries to the chief baron, and other officers of the Court of Exchequer, noting the amounts in the reigns of Henry VIII. Mary, and Elizabeth. The secretary read a portion of the Rev. J. Skinner's letters relative to the site of Camelodunum. The chairman announced that the council had appointed a committee to superintend the publication of the Anglo-Saxon remains lately adopted by the Society.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.*

April 6. Lord Bexley in the chair. — The paper read was entitled "illustrations of the constitution of our ancient parliaments before the time of Edward I.;" by the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke. The author's object in this memoir is to controvert the following opinions, advanced by Selden and other writers after him: —that, from the Conquest to the latter end of King John's reign, all who held lands of the king had a right to be summoned to parliament; and this right being then confined to the royal tenants, all peers of parliament sat by tenure and writ of summons, and that the subsequent division of the royal tenants into greater and less barons, eventually produced the lower house of parliament. In the only paragraph of Magna Charta relative to our parliaments, the author discovers five distinct recognitions upon this subject, each of which, taken singly, shews that Selden was led by a previous hypothesis to form erroneous conclusions from a misconstruction of the whole passage. The first of these recognitions, viz. that of a common council of the whole realm, or full parliament, he confirms by references to a record of Ina, King of Wessex, and to the Saxon Chronicle: the second, viz. that burgesses were included in a full parliament, for the purpose of granting aids, by a passage from the annals of Wigorn: the third, viz. of the tenants *in capite* for the assessment of scutages by writs of summons, issued by John, Henry II., and Edward II., for a general assemblage or parliament, and military muster, to be held simultaneously at the same place: the fourth, viz. of the summonses being addressed to the *barones majores* singly, from Eadmer: the fifth recognition of Magna Charta regards summonses being addressed generally, through the sheriffs and bailiffs, to all other tenants *in capite*. From the premises thus laid down by the writer, he concludes — 1. That no peer *claimed a right* to be summoned to parliament, except it was held for the assessment of scutages. 2. That the lords attended the court *from custom* at the festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and that then parliamentary business was transacted. 3. That they were summoned upon emergencies. 4. That the inferior tenants *in capite* had a right to be summoned *en masse*, whenever a scutage was to be levied; and that when so summoned, they elected delegates from their own body to represent them in parliament — whence our knights of the shire. 5. That citizens and burgesses had a right to return members from their own body, when aids were to be granted. 6. That a convocation of the clergy accompanied such parliaments of king, lords, and commons. From these deductions it follows, that whatever modifications may have subsequently ensued, the ancient constitution of parliament was, in substantials, much the same as it now is—with this exception, that parliamentary business was transacted at the royal festival meetings, without apparently any convention of the commons' house, although that was indispensable when taxes were to be imposed, or a full parliament was requisite, on account of the importance of the business.

Several presents of books were laid upon the table.

April 20. The President in the chair. — The paper read was the official report of Yousouf Agah Effendi, ambassador extraordinary from the Sublime Porte, on delivering the imperial credentials at the court of St. James's, in January 1795; translated into English by M. Joseph von Hammer, of Vienna, honorary member of the Society. In this document the ambassador gives his government a very minute and characteristic account of the ceremonies attending his reception by the sovereign of England, the presents of which he was the bearer, the speeches delivered upon the occasion, &c. The report was accompanied by a letter (likewise read) from the translator, containing a notice of the series of Turkish imperial historiographers. This curious piece of oriental diplomacy, though not of great historical interest, has, at least, a local one for London, and a recent one, as the circumstances it details took place only thirty-six years ago: the translation was also further interesting as the work of a learned foreigner.

Among the presents of books announced, was a collection of pamphlets, &c. from the Rev. H. J. Todd, to whom the Society's library is largely indebted.

* We have to refer back a little to bring up the arrear of our reports of this excellent institution.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Numerous as are the attractions of the Exhibition at Somerset House, we are persuaded that, at the present moment, none will be more powerful than the Portraits of our venerated Sovereign and his amiable Consort, by that veteran artist Sir William Beechey, the vigour of whose pencil seems unimpaired by time. Whether with respect to fidelity of resemblance, to unaffected simplicity in design, or to clearness and brilliance of colouring, they will be contemplated with the highest interest and satisfaction.

No. 168. *The Angel releasing Peter from Prison.* W. Hilton, R.A.—We are rejoiced to see Mr. Hilton coming out so splendidly this year. This is one of his finest works. The composition is learned and excellent, the variety of character admirable, and the effect, particularly with reference to the sleeping guards, strikingly forcible. It is a picture which does the highest honour to the English school.

No. 79. *The Maid of Judith waiting outside the Tent of Holofernes, till her Mistress had consummated the Deed that delivered her Country from its Invaders.* W. Etty, R.A.—Another noble production. Nothing can exceed the intensity of interest expressed in the countenance of the principal figure; and the general tone of colour, as well as the management of the light, is absolutely sublime.

No. 55. *The Progress of Civilisation; the ancient Britons instructed by the Romans in the Mechanical Arts.* H. P. Briggs, A.—Full of grandeur and contrast. The character of the Druid, in particular, is very finely marked. There are two youthful heads, seen in reflected light, which are perfectly enchanting. Some portions of the colouring, however, are rather crude; and a little more union in the general effect, so as to combine the various parts into a harmonious whole, would be advantageous.

No. 64. *Sir Calepine rescuing Serena.* W. Hilton, R.A.—Charming! The beauty and spirit of this performance have never been surpassed. The colouring is exquisite: we scarcely recollect any thing in the flesh of Titian's females more completely mellow and harmonious than that of the almost lifeless form of the intended victim. Nor was energetic action ever more happily depicted than in her gallant deliverer.

No. 113. *The Dinner at Mr. Page's house, supposed to take place in the first act of the "Merry Wives of Windsor."* C. R. Leslie, R.A.—There is an exhaustless fund of entertainment in this delightful picture; and a variety of character exhibited in Falstaff and his satellites, as well as in the other guests of Page, attired in all the quaint costume of former times, which must rivet the attention of every spectator. Were we to say in which of the *dramatis personæ* we think Mr. Leslie has been the most successful, we should name Slender, the inanity of whose countenance is irresistibly ludicrous, without the slightest caricature. But they are all admirable. The colouring and the effect recall in our minds mingled remembrances of Tintoret and P. Da Hooge. A hypercritic would perhaps observe that the shadows are rather black, and that there is a little want of keeping.

No. 178. *Vision of Medea.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Colour! colour! colour! Still there is something so enchanting in the prismatic effect which Mr. Turner has produced, that we soon lose sight of the extravagance, in contemplating the magical result of his combinations. We are bound to add, that if he could have imparted beauty of form and feature to his figures, with a little repose for the eye, this work would in other respects have been as admirable as it is extraordinary.

No. 152. *Lear, attended by Cordelia and the Physician.* G. S. Newton, A.—Nothing can be more touchingly tender than the inquiring look of Cordelia, nothing more affecting than the stricken Lear; the fire of his glance quenched in weakness, and the image of approaching death visible in every feature. Rich and harmonious colouring we always expect from Mr. Newton; and his excellence in that respect is here strikingly manifested.

No. 1. *Margaret at Church, tormented by the Evil One;* No. 33. *Faust preparing to waltz with the young Witch at the Festival of the Wizards and Witches in the Hartz Mountain.* R. Westall, R.A.—A great deal of talent, both in composition and in character, is displayed in these performances; but we think it would have been shewn more advantageously on a much smaller scale.

No. 307. *View of Trent, in the Tyrol.* A. W. Callcott, R.A.—Mr. Callcott, we are happy to say, has his full number of works (eight) in the present exhibition; and there is not one among them on which the eye does not rest with tranquil delight. Of this constellation of beauty, however, the most bril-

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liant star, in our opinion, is his "View of Trent." The silvery hue which pervades it is fascinating; and without any apparent effort, or strong contrast, its truth is such, that the spectator fancies he can actually walk into the scene.

No. 112. *Portrait of John Woolmore, Esq., Deputy Master of the Trinity House.* Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.—An admirable whole length; firmly and finely painted.

No. 172. *Portrait of Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir George Murray, G.C.B.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—The same may be said of this, which is one of Mr. Pickersgill's most successful works.

No. 106. *Portrait of Lady Janet Walrond.* T. Phillips, R.A.—An elegant portrait. The drapery is perhaps redundant; but it is exquisitely toned, and managed with Mr. Phillips's usual skill.

[To be continued.]

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second Notice.]

No. 177. *Odds and Ends.* J. F. Lewis.—If the artist does not "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones," he can still find "good in every thing," as this pleasing composition sufficiently proves.

No. 181. *Jenny Deans imploring Queen Caroline to save her Sister's Life.* Miss L. Sharpe.—The fair artist has been eminently successful both in the choice and in the execution of her subject, especially in the dignified character of the duke, and in the humble yet graceful posture of the supplicant. The queen, however, has, we think, scarcely enough of the proud bearing with which the graphic writer of the "Heart of Mid Lothian" has invested her.

No. 201. *Interior of a Cathedral (Composition).* F. Mackenzie.—No better place could have been contrived for the display of so magical an effect of light.

No. 253. *Study of an Old Man.* W. Hunt.—The rugged rather than the polished is the favourite subject of this very able artist's pencil; and character rather than sentiment distinguishes his works; with the exception of No. 86, *Prayer*, which is full of intense pathos. If we might be allowed a passing hint, we would say that Mr. Hunt's flesh is somewhat too red in its hues; and that he is too much enamoured of a new green, which the colourmen have lately invented, to be quite natural in some of his fruit subjects.

No. 254. *Anghiera Castle, Lago Maggiore.* H. Gastineau.—A fine combination of grandeur, beauty, and repose.

No. 265. *Fruit and Flowers.* Miss Byrne.—Great skill and delicacy of execution, superadded to great ease and grace of arrangement. The labour of thought in the latter is judiciously concealed by seeming accident.

No. 264. *Rubens' House, Antwerp.* S. Prout.—The style of the building is in perfect accordance with the style of the compositions of the extraordinary man to whom it belonged,—grand, rather than elegant. The tone of colouring, as well as in No. 28, *Part of the Zwinger Palace, Dresden*, is more chastened than in the generality of Mr. Prout's works; in contemplating which we have often wondered how even an artist's eye could detect such variety of tint in bare walls.

No. 266. *Pont de la Belle Croix, Nantes.* F. Nash.—Forms such as this view presents would be interesting in any circumstances; but under the magical effect of light with which Mr. Nash has invested them they become enchanting. Yet there is no sacrifice, no exaggeration. What is in shadow is still to a certain extent luminous. The building opposed to the sun's place in the picture is as clear, though not so bright, as the water under the bridge.

No. 267. *The Admonition, from Lines by the Ettrick Shepherd.* F. Tayler.—We do not happen to remember the lines, but the character of the picture sufficiently marks their import; while the execution does credit to the hand of the artist.

No. 270. *Asses.* R. Hills.—We have seen many admirable representations of these most picturesque, most persecuted, and most patient animals, but none more true to nature than the group under our notice. The composition is excellent, and is in perfect accordance with the simplicity of the subject.

No. 279. *Rebecca at her Evening Devotions in the Preceptory of Templestowe.* Miss L. Sharpe.—Rich in colouring, and powerful in chiaroscuro.

No. 288. *A Scene from Twelfth Night, a Sketch.* T. M. Wright.—One of Mr. Wright's best compositions; and we have no doubt that on a larger scale it would have appeared to greater advantage.

No. 308. *The Impenitent.* G. Cattermole.—The expression in the hero of this performance is admirable; if villanous features can in any case be a fit subject for admiration.

[To be continued.]

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Concluding Notice.]

Among the miniatures, the beautiful productions of Mrs. J. Robinson are, as usual, prominent. There are also many attractive works in the same class of art by Miss Simpson, Mr. H. Collen, Miss Derby, Mr. J. Hargraves, Mr. W. and Mr. C. R. Bone, &c. To these may be added some clever copies, by Mr. C. R. Bone, Mr. F. Read, and Miss L. Adams; and two spirited little compositions in silver, by Mr. B. Betts and Mr. J. Cramphom.

Of the engravings, there are but few which have not already been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. We were much pleased with No. 820, *Proof, nearly finished, of Alpine Mastiffs extricating an overwhelmed Traveller from the Snow, after Edward Landseer, R.A.* John Landseer, A.R.A.

The Sculpture department exhibits great merit, in busts, groups, and basso-relievos. In the first, Mr. S. Joseph has distinguished himself. His productions comprehend a variety of characters, eminent either in station or in talents, and executed in a style in which individual resemblance is admirably united with the highest qualities of sculpture. Ten of these busts, including one of his late Majesty, executed by his command, are in marble.

No. 891. *Mother and Child.* E. H. Baily, R.A.—This interesting group combines all that is beautiful in nature with all that is excellent in art. No artist owes less to foreign aid, or more to his own genius, than Mr. Baily.

No. 911. *Bacchus and Satyr.* P. M'Dowell.—A beautiful and well-proportioned figure, admirably contrasted by the fallen Satyr. Subjects like this are seen to great advantage in gardens or plantations; and we should wonder that they are not frequently so placed, did we not recollect the disposition of our semi-barbarous countrymen and countrywomen, of all classes, to finger and mutilate every thing within their reach.

Among the other principal attractions of the Sculpture Room, are No. 885, *Musidora, a Statue in Marble*, C. Rossi, R.A.; No. 895, *The Deserted Mother*, J. Heffernan; No. 897, *Hope*, T. Denman;* No. 912, *Foliage*, G. Reeve; No. 915, *Foliage*, R. W. Sievier, some *Small Models from Characters in the Waverley Novels*, E. Cotterill; &c. &c. &c.

BURNS'S JOLLY BEGGARS.

An exhibition has just been opened, in the Quadrant, Regent Street, of eight figures, the size of life, sculptured in stone by Mr. Greenshields, a self-taught Scottish artist, in illustration of Burns's well-known Jolly Beggars. They shew a very accurate conception of character, and singular skill in embodying that conception in a tangible form. The central group, consisting of the "sturdy caird" and the "pigmy scraper," is full of energy and action. The remaining figures, however, suffer from the injudicious choice of subject. The miserable squalidness, and moral depravity, which, lightly touched upon by the poet, do not affect the mind with any unpleasant feeling, become disgusting when actually and permanently presented to the eye in all their loathsome reality. The more close the resemblance to the truth, the more disagreeable is the contemplation of it. It is mortifying to see powers such as Mr. Greenshields evidently possesses thus misapplied. We do not advise him to attempt the dignified or the exalted. On the contrary, we recommend to him to adhere to the study and representation of familiar and even humble life. But familiar and humble life will furnish him with a thousand admirable characters and scenes, the most faithful imitation of which will be unaccompanied by the slightest offence to good taste. The exhibition is, nevertheless, well deserving of a visit.

PRICES OF PICTURES.

The following has been sent to us in corroboration of what was stated in last Saturday's *Literary Gazette*, that money *judiciously* laid out in pictures is a safe investment: these are the prices of Mr. Cholmondeley's pictures, at the sale at Mr. Squibb's, on the day on which our remarks appeared.

Lot 20. Family piece of three figures, by Titian; sold for 200*l.*; purchased at Mr. Stanley's room for 104*l.*

Lot 28. Interior of a Stable, by Philip Wouvermans; sold for 241*l.* 10*s.*; purchased at Sir G. Page Turner's sale for 114 guineas.

Lot 44. Landscape, with cross trees, by F. Mola; sold for 102 guineas; purchased for 40 guineas.

Of the following, there was only one, the Tribute Money, which did not sell for more than their original prices:—The Hobbima, 505 guineas; the Tribute Money, by Rubens, 252 guineas; the St. Agnes of Sir J. Reynolds, 126 guineas; the Gainsborough, 106 guineas; and the Vandevelde, 118 guineas; and indeed the same may be said of nearly all the pictures of importance in the sale.

MUSIC.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

The fifth of these pleasing and popular concerts was well attended on Monday last. The instrumental department acquitted themselves with their wonted efficiency: the symphony from Beethoven was given in a style of de-

* Mr. Denman has just completed a statue of Robert Burns, in marble, the size of life, from a half-size model of the late Mr. Flaxman.

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lightful precision. The beauties of such pieces are, however, mysteries, and when prolonged, roll somewhat heavily upon the drum of the less artificial ear. A Mrs. Kate Williams, from Italy, made her maiden-curtsy in this country. Whether from the becoming diffidence of a *débutante*, we know not, but her voice was unequal, and its power occasionally approached to harshness, and was either painfully forcible, or, in the other extreme, feeble and ineffective. Weber's overture (Jubilee) was warmly encored; nor do we mean to detract from its merits, when we say this was obviously, if not solely, from its containing "God save the King." Made. Stockhausen sang some Swiss airs (the Harvest Home) with the most grateful melody and richness of tone. She well deserved the encore of the evening.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

HAVING, in our review of books, noticed the play of *Alfred*, we have here only to speak of its continued and great scenic popularity. The theatre is nightly filled to witness the representation, and every point which conveys a loyal or patriotic allusion is hailed with shouts of applause. Macready's *Alfred* is indeed a delightful treat; and Miss Phillips in *Ina* is not less deserving of the most favourable notice. Though circumstances somewhat retarded the true appreciation of this accomplished actress for a while (as they also prevailed for too long a time against the masterly art of Macready), the public has now learnt to do justice to both; and on every new occasion to receive its recompense in stimulated efforts and consequent excellence. Mr. Cooper has the only other prominent part, that of *Guthrum*, and he performs it very ably.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE comedy of *the Exquisites*, by Don Telesforo de Trueba, was produced here on Saturday, and repeated on Monday and Thursday, with increased effect and success. Before we say a word upon the play itself, we cannot help noticing the state of the house on the first night* of the performance, when it was comparatively empty, except for free admissions and orders: we do not believe there was 100*l.* in money. Now it is curious to observe the critics of the press almost unanimously exclaiming against translations and adaptations, lamenting the decline of the drama, and calling out for original compositions,—when we thus see that an original comedy, and under extraordinary auspices too, written by a foreigner, and strongly cast, had not attractions for even a tolerable audience. We must infer from this that there are other causes than those alleged, which contribute to the low estate of our dramatic literature; and that as one swallow does not make a summer, so will not original writing suffice to sun and warm the gloomy regions of theatrical property. If the town really objected to the means more commonly employed to amuse it, why does it not patronise original writing when it is offered? On the contrary, in this instance, as well as on the appearance of Mr. Peake's *Chancery Suit*, the house was miserably thin.

The Exquisites is a lively and vivid picture of English manners among the fashionable and butterfly classes of society. In many parts it resembles caricature; but no caricature can go beyond the realities which are hourly exhibited by persons of the description alluded to. The dandy lord, the dandy gambler, the dandy officer, the dandy servant, are all, if not true to the goddess Nature, true to the ape-god Folly; and Mr. Trueba has sketched them with an entertaining pencil. The rustic squire initiated into the school of *exquisitism* is, of course, more a creature of imagination; but it is cleverly conceived, and pre-eminently ridiculous. The respectable merchant, who, moving to the west end, permits his wife to make herself conspicuous in the race of heartless dissipation, and the wife herself, and daughter, are well-drawn characters; and well contrasted by the more citizen-like manners and habits of a rational man, satisfied with and reflecting credit upon his station. These are the principal objects of the author's delineation; and, as his comedy is rather a display of life than an attempt to excite interest by striking events and situation, we have the less to regret that its plot is extremely simple. The country squire, taught a lesson of prudence, by being plundered in London; the mercantile *parvenus*, mortified and laughed at by those superior beings who condescend to feed upon their luxuries, and intrigue with their womenkind; the escape from dishonour of a heroine, who is in good time discovered to be the sister of one of her pursuers, and her marriage to a deserving French gentleman,—thus aiming to remove weak and indiscriminate national prejudices against foreigners,—are the ingredients wrought up into the pleasant shape of a very amusing play. One of its most obvious merits is the dramatic skill with which the scenes are arranged; and another, the dramatic neatness and spirit of the dialogue. In the latter respect there is nothing forced; the conversations run easily on; and the playful or satirical hits which enliven them are such as might either raise a laugh in the drawing-room, or extort a bravo on the stage. The following transcript from the playbill will shew how efficiently Mr. Trueba's conceptions were "bodied forth:"

Lord Castleton, Mr. C. Kemble; *Count Valmore*, Mr. G. Bennett; *Lord Belcourt* (Peer Exquisite), Mr. Parry; *The Hon. Frank Cecil* (Military Exquisite), Mr. Abbott; *Melton* (Sporting Exquisite), Mr. Wrench; *Gosling* (Country Exquisite), Mr. Keeley; *Sir Benjamin Bonus*, Mr. Bartley; *Mr. Stockland*, Mr. Egerton; *Timothy Oldstyle*, Mr. Blanchard; *Strut* (Valet Exquisite), Mr. Power. *Mrs. Stockland*, Mrs. Gibbs; *Lilian Evondale*, Miss E. Tree; *Harriet*, Miss Nelson; *Kitty*, Mrs. Keeley.

It is almost, if not altogether, invidious to particularise any of the performers, each having done as much as the part assigned to him or her allowed. Keeley was very droll; Abbott perfection to the last "bore;" Parry a capital supper-hunter; Wrench a superior Jeremy Diddler; and Power the prince of valet impertinences. In the board of trade, Bartley and Egerton were most responsible men; and for nobles, in these reforming times, C. Kemble a fair oligarch, and Bennett a worthy count. Blanchard, in *Timothy*, was what Blanchard always is, pithy and characteristic. Miss E. Tree excellent, and especially in her principal scene with C. Kemble; Mrs. Gibbs quite at home; and Mrs. Keeley the best of *soubrettes*. We have much pleasure in printing the prologue, which may be esteemed a literary curiosity, as that species of composition is no longer *exquisitely* in fashion; and it is the first attempt of L. E. L.*

"Hard is his fate, who on a foreign strand
Has but the memory of his native land;
His childhood and his manhood far apart,—
Two separate lives that from each other start;
Who on the ruins of his earlier time
Must raise new ties of friendship, home, and clime.
Such is his fate,—he who would fain to night
Win in another land a household right.
Our author claims more sympathy than fame,
And asks a home, where poets ask a name.
'Tis the first time that ever stranger sought
To utter English speech or English thought;
And 'tis a bold attempt for foreign hand
To sketch these fashions of our English land;
Still our old saw encourages his aim,—
'Tis the bye-stander who best knows the game.
Yet, while you judge of this his first essay,
Remember his own land is far away;
And now that, merchant-like, he spreads his store,
He courts your justice, but your mercy more.
Now by the fears that must have been your own,
Now by the hopes which each of you have known,
Think, while the fear or hope most keen appears,
What are the author's hopes, the author's fears:
Think of the lonely hours that must have been
Devote to body forth the crowded scene;
The gay reply, given with anxious care,—
The mirth in which the maker had no share:
Think of the scheming nights, the busy days,
And judge how dear the hope that asks your praise.
Ladies, our author 's from that Spanish shore
Where beauty and romance reign'd queens of yore;
And he were no true Spaniard not to ask
Your favour more than all. 'Tis a light task
To smile success, and yet that smile secures
The praise it sweetens; may he hope for yours?
Then let his cause in your fair hands remain,—
You cannot let the stranger plead in vain."

On Tuesday, Miss F. Kemble performed *Lady Teazle*, for the first time, and acquitted herself well. It was for Bartley's benefit; and, what with his own deserts and the amazing attraction of Braham, who sang several songs, &c., and was enthusiastically encored in them all, we rejoice to see that it was a bumper.

FRENCH PLAYS.

MADAME ALBERT has terminated her engagement, much to our regret. She is an admirable comic actress; and those who have only seen her in such morbid melodramas as *Valentine, ou la Chute des Feuilles*, *Isaure*, &c. can have no conception of the spirit, the grace, and finish of her performances in true comedy or bustling farce. Madame Albert selected *Madame du Barri*, and *Le Procès du Fandango*, for her closing efforts; the evening being also appropriated to the benefit of Mons. Pellissié. Her personation of the piquante mistress of Louis XV. has excited as much admiration here as in Paris. Her triumphs over Richelieu, in the last scene, is the perfection of the art, and the finale was drowned in the enthusiastic applause of the spectators. In *Le Procès* she danced a fandango with Mons. Le Febvre, of the King's Theatre, in a style that might have broken the heart of Brocard, and even tantalised Taglioni. No wonder it set the court, the counsel, the clerks, and the clients in motion! We danced home ourselves with our brains in a whirl, and dreamed all night of Andalusians, cork-trees, sequidillas, and starlight. At the end of *Madame du Barri*, a wreath was flung from the upper boxes, and presented by M. Laporte to the lady, who received this very French, but well-merited compliment with equal modesty and elegance. We were pleased to see so full a house. Brunet remains; and Leontine Fay comes to console us for the departure of Madame Albert.

VARIETIES.

Horticulture.—It is stated, that in spite of all former failures and drenchings, the managers of the Horticultural Society are determined to try the chance of another fine day from our fickle climate, at Chiswick, in the course of June. We never thought much of this annual injury to the grounds, ducking of the ladies, and squabbling about the provi-

* On Monday the house was much better attended, and the piece went off with great *éclat*.

* Since the first night, the first six lines have been omitted: the prologue begins with the fifth couplet, which is followed by the fourth. We must say, we do not reckon this an improvement.

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sions; but as it appears the institution is getting into a prosperous course, we may presume that there are good reasons for resorting to this, among other measures, in the hope of benefiting the funds.

The *Literary Fund*, as we stated last week, is fixed for Wednesday, when the Lord Chancellor will certainly preside. Of this announcement the beneficial effects have already been felt, not only in the demand for tickets, but in the promised attendance of many noble persons and gentlemen of eminence in literature; a number of the greatest poets and authors of the age will rally round the chair, and several foreigners of distinction are also expected. The friends of the Institution, consequently, look forward with satisfaction to a brilliant and productive day.

Cloth Pictures.—In a preceding *Gazette* we mentioned the very singular exhibition, in Soho Square, of pictures copied from excellent originals, and worked by a lady in shreds of various-coloured cloth. We have again visited this very novel spectacle, and been again much gratified, as well as astonished, by the extraordinary character of these productions. It is almost impossible to believe (nor could we, without proof positive) that they are composed of such *matériel*. Flowers, game, animals, landscapes of the first order, portraits, &c. are represented with all the truth of nature, and all the effect of art. Indeed, they cannot be distinguished from richly coloured and admirable paintings. They are well worth the attention of the public. If his Majesty were to sit for his portrait to this artist, he would be literally the monarch described by Hamlet—"a king of shreds and patches."

Anniversaries.—We observe that the Artists' Benevolent Fund anniversary takes place to-day: the Duke of Wellington is announced for the chair; but the recent death of the duchess will probably prevent his grace from doing that which is so much to be desired by the friends and supporters of the charity. The list of stewards, however, contains some noble and distinguished names; and we have no doubt but the cause of benevolence will be safe in their charge.

The Fine Arts.—On returning thanks for the toast of his Majesty's Ministers at the Royal Academy fête, last Saturday, the Lord Chancellor alluded to some plan for diffusing an acquaintance with the fine arts more generally among the lower orders of the people. We know not what it is; but of this we are sure, that no better means can be taken to humanise their hearts and increase their gratifications.

No. I. of Illustrations for Scrap-books, from the *Olio*, has just reached us. The eight woodcuts are extremely clever; and when disposed of in this manner, separately in a neat little monthly tome, their effect is very good.

No. I. of a New Sporting Magazine has also been received. At present, we can only say that we admire the likeness of Mr. Warde, as an equestrian, in the frontispiece, and the beautiful vignette of Dead Deer from E. Landseer in the vignette.

The Political Press.—Besides the great number of pamphlets, to the publication of which the present momentous crisis has led, the party of the late ministers are disseminating, with prodigious activity, a series of penny tracts, (but also in thousands of instances delivered gratuitously), written by clever men, and well calculated to advance their views. Among the authors, Sir C. Wetherall, Mr. Croker, Mr. Theodore Hook, and others, are mentioned; and we have no fewer than eight of these productions now lying before us—in which argument, ridicule, threats, &c. &c. are all employed against the measure of Reform brought forward by Lord John Russell.

Edward L. Bulwer.—We rejoice to see the author of Pelham, Devereux, &c. &c. among the members returned to parliament. From such eminent qualifications as he possesses, much may be expected in the senate, which is about to be occupied with affairs of such vital importance. He sits for St. Ives; and as our literary friends are curious to be well informed about their favourite authors, we may add that Henry, the member for Coventry, is an elder brother, and the writer of a volume on Greece.

Ciliary or Vascular Motions in Molluscous Animals.—Mr. Cheek has observed the ciliary motions, or currents, taking place along surfaces which are beset with innumerable vibratile cilia in constant motion in the sand worm (*Arenicola piscatorum*) in connexion with those internal organs supposed by Sir E. Home to be livers. The same motions have, we are pleased to see, been observed in the terminal extremities of the cœca of the sea mouse (*Halithea aculeata*), though very faint in degree.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIX. May 7.*]

Paris and London, a Satirical Novel, by the Author of the Castilian, the Exquisites, &c., is immediately forthcoming.—In the press, M. Bernays' Familiar German Exercises.—The Route of Hannibal from the Rhone to the Alps, by Henry Lawes Long, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wright's Slavery at the Cape of Good Hope, 8vo. 4*s.* bds.—Murray on the Diamond, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Fitz-Raymond; or, the Rambler on the Rhine, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Sir H. Moncrieff's Sermons, Vol. III. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Standard Novels, No. III. (the Spy), 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, No. I. (De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, Vol. I.) 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Family Library, Dramatic Series, Vol. IV. (Æschylus) 18mo. 5*s.* bds.—Life of the Rev. E. Erskine, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Best's Sermons on the Amusements of the Stage, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Lochley's New Picture of London, 18mo. plain, 4*s.*; coloured, 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Tate's Foreign Exchanges, 8vo. 8*s.* cloth.—Tyso's Inquiry after Prophetic Truth, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, with Three Portraits, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.* bds.—Hurwitz's Hebrew Etymology and Syntax, 8vo. 12*s.* cloth; Grammar, 8vo. 17*s.* cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

April.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 21	From 35. to 58.	29·53 to 29·45
Friday 22	—— 39. — 63.	29·44 — 29·43
Saturday .. 23	—— 40. — 58.	29·48 — 29·67
Sunday.... 24	—— 40. — 56.	29·75 — 29·83
Monday .. 25	—— 40. — 63.	29·99 — 29·94
Tuesday .. 26	—— 38. — 64.	29·79 — 29·70
Wednesday 27	—— 41. — 61.	29·62 — 29·54

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

Except the 21st, 24th, and 27th, generally clear; a thunder storm, accompanied with hail, on the 23d, about noon.

Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.

April.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 28	From 41. to 57.	29.34 to 29.31
Friday 29	—— 34. — 60.	29.23 — 29.26
Saturday .. 30	—— 41. — 63.	29.20 Stationary
May.		
Sunday.... 1	—— 36. — 61.	29.32 — 29.45
Monday .. 2	—— 31. — 59.	29.46 — 29.54
Tuesday .. 3	—— 37. — 61.	29.56 — 29.60
Wednesday 4	—— 39. — 56.	29.56 — 29.52

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Alternately clear and cloudy, with frequent heavy showers of rain.

Rain fallen, .9 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is almost a total stagnation just now in the publishing world: nothing stirring but politics and monthly volumes.

J. R. received.

Erratum.—In our last Number, p. 283, col. i., the second and third lines from the top have accidentally changed places.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

LITERARY FUND.—The Anniversary Festival of this Institution will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, May 11th, 1831, on which occasion the LORD CHANCELLOR will preside.

Stewards.

Right Hon. Lord Henley	Captain Basil Hall, R.N.
Right Hon. Lord Mahon	Samuel Carter Hall, Esq.
Sir W. M. Chatterton, Bart.	Benjamin Hopkinson, Esq.
Sir James Mackintosh, M.P.	John Murray, Esq.
H. Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P.	J. R. Planché, Esq.
J. T. B. Beaumont, Esq.	Leitch Ritchie, Esq.
William Behnes, Esq.	William Sotheby, Esq.
Rev. J. H. Caunter, B.D.	Robert Spottiswoode, Esq.
Dr. Conolly	Frederick Waller, Esq.
T. G. B. Estcourt, Esq. M.P.	John Wilson, Esq.

Tickets, 20*s.* each, to be had of the Stewards; of Mr. Snow, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

Dinner at Six precisely.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, under the Patronage of the King, established in the year 1810, incorporated by Royal Charter, August 2, 1827. The Friends of the Arts and Subscribers to this Institution are respectfully informed that the Twenty-Second Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemasons' Hall, this day.

His Grace the DUKE of WELLINGTON in the Chair.

Stewards.

The Earl of Rosslyn.	The Earl Jermyn.
The Lord Monson.	The Lord Wharncliffe.
The Hon. R. H. Clive.	Francis Graves, Esq.
Sir William Herries, K.G.H.	Thomas Griffiths, Esq.
John S. Alpenny, Esq.	Thomas Hood, Esq.
M. Hicks H. Beach, Esq.	Henry Leggatt, Esq.
M. Blackmore, Esq.	John F. Lewis, Esq.
Thomas S. Cafe, Esq.	Edwin Landseer, Esq.
George Cattermole, Esq.	George Morant, Esq.
William Chaplin, Esq.	John Murray, jun. Esq.
John Cochrane, Esq.	Benjamin M. Oliver, Esq.
Dominic Colnaghi, Esq.	John V. Shelley, Esq.
Rest Fenner, Esq.	Charles H. Weigall, Esq.
Edward Finden, Esq.	

Tickets, 17*s.* to be had of any of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; of the Secretary, 118, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. Dinner will be on table at half-past Five for Six precisely.

JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is now open at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, every day, from Nine till Dusk.

Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 6*d.*

CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

BRITISH ARTISTS' GALLERY, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

The Eighth Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Living British Artists, is now Open, from Nine till Six.

Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*

J. WILSON, Secretary.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, Patron, the KING.

The Exhibition of New Inventions and Improvements in Arts and Manufactures, Gallery of the Royal Mews, Charing Cross, is now open daily.

Admittance, 1*s.*

T. S. TULL, Sec.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the BIBLE.—Mr. MARTIN begs to announce that the First Part of the above Work is now published.

Price, unlettered Proofs, Four Guineas; lettered ditto, Two Guineas; Prints, One Guinea.

20, *Allsop Terrace, New Road, May 6th*, 1831.

Just published,

BUSTS in BRONZE of HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM the FOURTH, and the LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM, at 1*l.* 1*s.* each.

These Busts are of dimensions and of character to form an appropriate ornament of great interest, for every chimney-piece in the Kingdom. The acknowledged excellence of the likenesses, and the intrinsic beauty of the Busts, as works of art, give them a place in every cabinet. The absolutely indestructible nature of the material, with the graceful appearance, and the powerful embodying effect of an actual model in bronze, leaves the most elaborate print far behind, as a memorial of important and valued personages.

Sold by the Author, Samuel Parker, 18, Argyll Place, and 36, Cornhill; Jennings and Co. Cheapside; and by all Booksellers.

This day is published,

A PRINT, from a Picture by Wm. Collins, R.A., of Children Feeding Rabbits. Engraved on Copper by J. Linnell.

Published by Francis Collins, 52, Great Marlborough Street; to be had of Messrs. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.; Moon, Boys, and Graves; Molteno and Graves; and all other Printsellers.

Prints, 12*s.*; Proofs, 1*l.* 4*s.*

The Fisherman's Departure will be published in November.

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MUSIC.

NEW NATIONAL SONG, "For Glorious Freedom," sung by Mr. Braham, with enthusiastic applause, at the Public and Private Concerts. Inscribed (by permission) to the Marchioness of Tavistock. The Words by T. H. Stirling, Esq. The Music by Charles Walther. Price 2s.
Mori and Lavenu, 28, New Bond Street; and to be had of the principal Music-sellers in Town and Country.

MUSIC in AZOR and ZEMIRA.—Harmonicon Edition, price 2s.
The whole of the Music suitable for Private Performance, in Spohr's Opera of Azor and Zemira, including the Author's Pieces introduced from the Faust and Jessonda, arranged and adapted for the Piano-forte, is this day published, in a Supplementary Number of the popular Musical Journal, the Harmonicon.
Published by Longman and Co. London; and sold by all Booksellers and Music-sellers.
*** Orders should be given, specially, for the Harmonicon Edition, price 2s.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

A new edition, post 8vo. 5s. 6d.

THE VERACITY of the GOSPEL and ACTS. Argued from undesigned Coincidences to be found in them, when compared in their several Parts.
By the Rev. J. J. BLUNT,
Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Also, by the same Author,

The Veracity of the Five Books of Moses.

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London: Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence. By D. E. Williams, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE two huge volumes are curious specimens of the art of book-making. First, Mr. Campbell closes his doors on the world, and sends lithographed letters to his friends, not to break in upon a solitude devoted to that important work, the *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*. After a time, the poet devolves his mantle on other shoulders, and a Mr. Williams is to enact our modern Elisha. Two large octavos then come forth, with about materials enough to have made a small one. Mr. Williams has as happy a knack as ever Dido had with her ox's hide, of making a little go a great way; and certainly takes as many words to express an idea as could well be pressed into such meagre service: still the hide, though cut into as small thongs as possible, is not sufficient to cover some thousand and eighty pages; it has, therefore, to be eked out by any thongs of sheep or asses' skins that came to hand. Sir Thomas Lawrence has the not uncommon destiny of occupying the smallest space in his own house: the first volume is three parts filled with digressions; page after page is occupied by quotations from periodical criticisms long since forgotten, and not worth renewing, save as matter of general reference: then there is a trial about one of Bartolozzi's engravings — an account of Fonthill, already familiar to every newspaper reader; long lists of various sales, useful enough in their way, and which might have made a few pages of appendix; a list of the persons who attended Mr. Opie's funeral; an account of the Charlemont family, to be found in every peerage, — also of the Angerstein, — in short, two-thirds of the first volume are occupied with matter quite extraneous to that in hand. The third portion, which is given to Lawrence himself, is particularly ill written, verbose, unconnected, and crowded with trifling details; and all the anecdotes as old as the general round of the newspapers could make them. The work is dedicated to Sir Robert Peel, in a style of coarse eulogium worthy of the days of Dryden, when a patron, for ten pounds, had every virtue under heaven. It is not till we arrive at the second volume that we find aught of either novelty or interest: here, however, is "metal more attractive," for it comprises a selection from Sir Thomas's correspondence, and his letters contain all that warmth of feeling, that originality, which are the never-failing characteristics of a first-rate mind. The following remark, which ushers them in, strikes us as peculiarly absurd:—

"Mr. Lawrence, with his incessant occupation, might be well excused for a want of punctuality in his private correspondence; nor can a similar want in a man of Mr. Pitt's business be so severely treated as to be termed a vicious indolence."

"Vicious indolence," forsooth! and what has Mr. Pitt's example to do with it? The author seems to think it quite a hardship and injustice that Lord Londonderry has not placed in his hands what letters he may possess of our great painter's, who was known to have corresponded with him. Now, we really must say, private letters are not public property; and this dragging to light of every careless expression, every feeling confided, makes the friends of most distinguished characters, now-a-days, little better than resurrection-men. The system of publication of letters, as soon as the hand that wrote them is cold in the grave, is enough to destroy all the confidence of private friendship. We have seen, however, few letters better able to bear the light than those now before us. Will not our readers join in the praise we give such passages as the following? Pleasure ought to make us grateful.

"You must forgive me, my dear friend, that, in the worrying moments of my short stay at Calais, I omitted to write to you as I promised and intended. My journey from thence to Paris was sufficiently rapid, and, as Lord Stewart fully expected me, I found on my arrival a most hearty welcome, and have experienced the kindest conduct from him ever since. Had I delayed my journey a day longer, I should have lost the view of some of the finest works of this gallery, the noblest assemblage of the efforts of human genius that was ever presented to the world. It very much surpassed my expectations, and particularly in its most celebrated pictures. The Transfiguration is still the very first. A few days will see the whole taken away; and much as we ought to reprobate the injustice by which the greater part of them was obtained, it is impossible to witness their departure without regret, — at least I know not how to check this feeling. No one can see France and Paris without bowing to the greatness and extent of this man's conceptions. I use a phrase that is forced upon me. I speak of him as present, and every where he is; and it is as impossible that he can ever be separated from the past greatness of his country, as for human efforts to blot out the sun. Her present state of just humiliation is extreme, and it does move one's compassion for poor Louis, who is utterly innocent of the crimes that have produced it, that, with the feelings of a Frenchman, and with all his goodness, he is doomed to present himself to his countrymen, on a throne 'so shorn of its beams,' and possibly for years, 'in dim eclipse.' That so much greatness of intellect, so vast a reach of thought (for the plans of improvement projected by Buonaparte are still superior to those effected,) should have been mixed with such insensibility to virtue, is, in my mind, one of the most painful mysteries of Divine wisdom that can be contemplated. Clemency, benevolence, magnanimity, are virtues that seem, of necessity, to belong to the being who could have projected works of so much usefulness, beauty, and magnificence; and he had none of these! He only was not, in its accurate and worst sense, — cruel — wholly indifferent to human suffering, but not delighting in inflicting it as such."—*Letter from Paris, May* 1814, *to Miss Crofts.*

"I wish for habitual kindness — yes, because I feel it — and money concerns have no change in my feelings. This is sensibility. — (To the 'comfort working effects of money,' it is.) — But reflect how little I have been accustomed to consider them for myself. I have neither been extravagant nor profligate in the use of it; neither gaming, horses, curricle, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness, have swept it from me. I am, in every thing, but the effects of *utter carelessness* about money, the same being I was at Bath. The same delight in pure and simple pleasures — the same disdain of low enjoyments — the same relish for whatever is grand, however above me — the same admiration of what is beautiful in character — the same enthusiasm for what is exquisite in the productions, or generous in the passions, of the mind. I have met with duplicity, which I never practised, (for this is far removed from inconstancy of purpose,) and it has not changed my confidence in human nature, or my firm belief, that the good of it infinitely overbalances the bad. In moments of irritation I may have held other language; but it has been the errata of my heart; and this is the perfect book which I could offer, were my being now to end." This beautiful painting of himself is in a letter to Miss Lee, when pressed upon by, and despondent in consequence of, pecuniary embarrassments.

"If it be proof of a just claim to the character of a great painter, that he is master of his art, that proof is denied to me, for I am perpetually mastered by it; and am as much the slave of the picture I am painting, as if it had living personal existence, and chained me to it. How often in the progress of a picture, have I said, 'Well, I'll do no more'—and after laying down my palate and pencils, and washing my hands, whilst wiping them dry I have seen the 'little more,' that has made me instantly take them up again. It is pleasant, that, though all is difficulty, (though governed by whatever general principles,) each picture has its *own laws*, and in that copy of nature, partakes of its infinite variety. Still, there is no vague uncertainty about it; the truth exists, and it is our business to find it out. A really fine critic should, on looking at a picture, be able to assign a cause and motive for every form and hue that compose it, since nothing in it is matter of accident, but with the ignorant and presumptuous. There is a sort of calculated foreseen accident, that is often happy. I select a brush, a pencil of loose form, whose touch may be irregular, and is therefore chosen by me, for the particular quality of the object; but this is intention, not chance, or chance selected by it. I have a peculiar pleasure and pride in the pictures I send to remote countries,

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which are unacquainted with the higher works and principles of art. They might with security be deceived, and slighted by me. The judgment, the difficulty, (if I may say it,) the science of the picture, will be lost upon them; but after they have, perhaps, for years liked and admired it as a resemblance, and been satisfied that it is a fair specimen of my talent, some great artist or true connoisseur may come among them, and then they will learn, that in every part, it is one of my most finished productions; that even for the monarch of my own country, I could not have laboured with more skill and vigilance, than I have done for strangers, whom I shall never see, and from whom neither praise might be expected, *nor censure feared.*"—*Letter to Mrs. Wolff, after painting the portrait of Mirza Abul Hassan Khan.*

"His (Lord Byron's) vivid (and though dark) grand energy of thought awakens the imagination, and makes us bend to the genius, before we scrutinise the man; but when he forces us to do the latter, the former becomes an object of apprehension and disgust; and, accordingly, Lavater's system never asserted its truth more forcibly than in Lord Byron's countenance, in which you see all the character: its keen and rapid genius, its pale intelligence, its profligacy and its bitterness — its original symmetry distorted by the passions, his laugh of mingled merriment and scorn— the forehead clear and open, the brow boldly prominent, the eyes bright and *dissimilar*, the nose finely cut, and the nostril *acutely* formed— the mouth well formed, but wide, and contemptuous even in its smile, falling singularly at the corners, and its vindictive and disdainful expression heightened by the massive firmness of the chin, which springs at once from the centre of the full under-lip—the hair dark and curling, but irregular in its growth: all this presents to you the poet and the man, and the general effect is aided by a thin spare form, and, as you may have heard, by a deformity of limb."—*To Mrs. Wolff.*

"I am now returned from Claremont, my visit to which was agreeable to me in every respect; both in what regarded myself, my reception, and the complete success of my professional labours, and in the satisfaction of seeing the perfect harmony in which this young couple now live, and of observing the good qualities which promise to make it lasting. The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden, or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her: her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good king, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does every thing kindly. She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education. It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think, that, in his behaviour to her, he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slily humorous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure. Their mode of life is very regular: they breakfast together alone about eleven: at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time: about three, she would leave the painting-room to take her airing round the grounds in a low phaëton with her ponies, the prince always walking by her side: at five, she would come in and sit to me till seven; at six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past: soon after which, we went to dinner, the prince and princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the prince and princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Col. Addenbrooke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them. After coffee, the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know *my superiority* at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players; I therefore did not obey command, and from ignorance of the *delicacy* of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit there next week, which indeed must be a very short one. The prince and princess retire at eleven o'clock."—*Letter written while painting the Princess Charlotte.*

"Rome I must leave, comparatively unseen; Rome, which only Lord Byron has feeling and capacity to describe. 'The Niobe of nations' it is indeed—the eternal city to the sons of time; for with that it must exist, linked as it is to every feeling, sentiment, impression, and power, of the human heart and mind. Paris and the Louvre, Rome and the Vatican!—the dissoluteness, the puppet-show decorations, and dissonance (Rome's purer share in it excepted), of a common fair, to the public devotion of a people, in gratitude displaying its magnificence in its highest temple. Bonaparte forces himself upon you in the Vatican, and you involuntarily exclaim, 'How could he see this?' —and then you remember that he never saw it; and that one addition, therefore, of crime and disgrace, is spared him in the having seen it, and still retained his hard and low ambition. You have seen his countenance; but could you have seen it at the moment that Rome and the Vatican met his eye, how dark would have been its expression, as that daring and arrogant spirit had retired within itself, baffled and defeated; for unless he could have fixed his seat of empire here, his toils had been nothing: and in the hands of this old man had still existed an empire over the soul, that even to himself had shamed his tyranny. I have already been often at St. Peter's and the Vatican, and for many hours each time. The latter I determined to see alone. Hereafter we shall have many a talk on the comparative merits of the two great men. Yesterday, I dined at half-past one, that I might remain till night in the Sestine Chapel and the Vatican, or rather in the chambers of Raphaele, for, as you know, the former is part of the immense building. It often happens that first impressions are the truest—we change, and change, and then return to them again. I try to bring my mind in all the humility of truth, when estimating to myself the powers of Michael Angelo and Raphaele, and again and again the former 'bears down upon it,' to borrow a strong expression, 'with the compacted force of lightning.' The diffusion of truth and elegance, and often grandeur, cannot support itself against the compression of the sublime. There is something in that lofty abstraction — in those deities of intellect that people the Sestine Chapel, that converts the noblest personages of Raphaele's drama into the audience of Michael Angelo, before whom you know that, equally with yourself, they would stand silent and awe-struck. Raphaele never produced figures equal to the Adam and Eve of Michael Angelo. The latter is miserably given in Gavin Hamilton's print—all its fine proportions lost. Though it is Milton's Eve, it is more the mother of mankind; and yet nothing is coarse or masculine, but all is elegant, as lines of the finest flower. You seem to forsake humanity in surrendering Raphaele; but God gave the command to increase and multiply before the fall, and Michael Angelo's is the race that would then have been. But you must read Mr. Fuseli, his only critic. In both the Sestine Chapel and the rooms of Raphaele, all, in too many parts in them, is ruin and decay; at least it appears so to me, who was not sufficiently prepared for the ravages of neglect and time. I am exceedingly grieved to hear this account of the dangerous state of Mr. Owen's health, and beg you to present my kind compliments and remembrance to him. To write to him would, I fear, be thought obtrusive, and caused by his declining health. I say rather that he is in my remembrance, as one of those few of congenial minds with whom I could hold glad intercourse on these scenes around me, and whom I hope speedily to meet in his recovered strength. We must have many and many a struggle together yet. I am sure he would paint an admirable picture of the Duchess of ——. Ask him if she is not one of the most singular specimens of the cold and amiable that he has known." * *

"I become more and more charmed with Rome (rather a lady's phrase) as the period approaches when I must leave it. But there is a charm — a spell of bewitching influence about it, that no other place of residence could have, were but our friends participating in our enjoyment. Its past greatness, the magnificent edifices of its more recent power, its treasures in art, and the climate, the sweet pure hues of atmosphere that seem to wrap every thing in their own harmony, have influence on the feelings that makes even the Colosseum, with all its sublimity of ruin, an object of admiration, unmixed at the moment with one chilling or depressing thought; so sweetly are its hues, its strongest light or deepest shadow, still in unison with the heaven that gazes on it. (Don't think me too fanciful, Miss Emily— the thought is not mine, but Young's:

'While o'er his head the stars in silence glide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest.')

Have you ever seen Rome from the top of the Villa Pamphili, in the evening sun of a fine day? You see grouped together, in small compass, three objects of great interest and beauty — Monte Mario, St. Peter's, and, in farthest distance, Soracte rears itself between them. Then, on the other side, you have all that the Alban hills command, with Tivoli, and its mountainous scenery, uniting the fine and various lines of horizon till they are stopped by the masses of the Vatican. I have this evening driven there alone (having determined to be to myself this whole day), and felt the exceeding beauty of the scene, with that undefined

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loneliness of delight which amounts almost to pain, formed, as it is, of many causes—thoughts of the past, of youth, and friends, and absence, —which I think, when alone, the close of evening in the country always brings before us. I passed my morning for some hours in the Sestine chapel and the Vatican; and having the finest light, I sent up and procured an order to admit me to go round the top of the chapel in the narrow gallery, which possibly you may remember, over the cornice. I thus saw the noble work with closer inspection, and therefore more advantage. With all your love of Raphaele, my dear ladies, you must and shall believe in the superiority of that greater being, of whom in grateful, virtuous sincerity your painter himself said, 'I bless God that I live in the time of Michael Angelo.' Admired and popular as he was, it was fine, yet only just, in him to say so; and from frequent comparison of their noble works, I am the more convinced of the entire veracity of Sir Joshua Reynolds's decision in favour of Michael Angelo. I am not used, I hope, to be presumptuous in my opinions about art; but, in my own mind, I think I know that Sir Joshua Reynolds could not have had another opinion on the subject. There are many able and judicious opponents to it, but I believe they would cease to be so on examination of the work itself, instead of viewing it in sterile and false copies, or exaggerated imitation. Amongst the imitators of Michael Angelo I never include Mr. Fuseli, who, in all qualities of fine composition, is entirely original. Michael Angelo's line is often (I should say usually) severely pure. Michael Angelo is often, and in the highest degree, elegant in his forms and proportions — his Eve reaching at the apple is an example of it, and, in dignified beauty, has never been equalled by Raphaele; whilst the awful and appropriate simplicity of his tone, and that breadth of light and shadow, so very finely described by Mr. Fuseli (I mean in his whole account of this noble work — a masterpiece of elevated criticism), produce altogether an impression on the reason, as well as the imagination, against which all the variety, and beauty, and sometimes grandeur, of Raphaele, contend in vain. It is Hector against Achilles: you love him, but see that he must yield."—*Written during his visit to the Continent, in* 1819.

How true is the following remark!—

"Your knowledge of mankind, of human nature, will tell you how much of prosperity is to be veiled, if we would have any but our heart's friends sympathise in it: since it is a severer test than adversity, in which something of secret pride and self-love is generally an accompaniment to service. But heartily to rejoice with a friend in that state in which he needs not our assistance, and to whom fortune may seem for the moment too partial in her kindness, is friendship beyond the reach of doubt."

Again:—"I write for your own private eye, and that of my dear sister only; since no mistake can be greater than that of expecting to produce participation of pleasure, by the communication of prosperous and flattering details. It is not always pleasant to the self-love of the hearers; and in genuine feeling, there are ten friends to our adverse, to one in our good fortune."

We have now only to express our regret that so interesting a task should have fallen into such incompetent hands. Mr. Williams has no sort of literary talent; his ideas are vague and trite; his style inelegant, diffuse, and yet ambitious. Simple and common phraseology is one of a writer's first merits. Now we doubt whether such epithets as follow will not send half his readers to the dictionary:—"Anhelation," "asperous," "crassid." A collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence's letters, with a brief and well-written sketch of his life prefixed, would have made a most delightful volume. We still recommend such a work to the attention of the publishers. As for what is called Sir Thomas's private life, nothing can be more unauthentic or confused: we do not imagine Mr. Williams even knew (or most slightly) the man whose biography he has attempted. We are personally acquainted with several important parts of his history which the author either has not investigated so as to arrive at the truth, or has wilfully glossed over and misrepresented. Upon these, and an unmannerly as well as unjustifiable statement relative to Mrs. Wolff (vol. ii. p. 47), we shall probably have to offer a few remarks hereafter.

The work, to employ the usual phrase, is handsomely got up, and illustrated with three fine portraits of Lawrence, at different periods of his life.

Sketches of Spain and Morocco. By Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, Bart. M.A. F.R.S., &c., author of "Travels to the North Cape of Europe," "a Winter in Lapland," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

Sir Arthur Brooke has, in these pages, gone over a good deal of ground where little of novelty could be expected; he has also traversed parts of Africa, respecting the present state of which little is known. His work is pleasingly and unaffectedly, though not elegantly written; and it is precisely one of those entertaining books of travel which are well calculated to suit the general reader, without presenting any strong claims to perpetuity beyond the usual limits of the genus of "Sketches."

Let us, for the present at least, pass over the voyage to Lisbon, Lisbon itself, its tertulias and operas—the journey to Seville—Seville, bull-fights, and description of Andalusian costumes—Cadiz—even the making of Sherry—Gibraltar—Tangier—Moorish and Jewish festivals—drop at once into Tetuan, and introduce our readers to its ruler.

"Muley Abderahman Ben Hisham, the present sultan—or, as he is styled by Europeans, emperor of Morocco, although his title in Moorish is soltan—had not as yet visited his sea-ports and extended dominions on the coast, since his accession to the throne of Morocco in 1822, having since that period been fully occupied in consolidating his power in the interior parts of his empire, and crushing his rebellious subjects. The succession to the crown not being fixed in Morocco, the demise of the reigning sultan generally entails upon this unfortunate country a constant scene of bloodshed and contention; and although Muley Abderahman had been enabled to seat himself in comparative quiet upon the throne, yet the rebellions of his subjects, particularly of the Atlas tribes, have fully engaged his attention since that period. His character is bigoted, indolent, and luxurious; possessing few good qualities, and yet not remarkable, as is generally the case, for any very extreme tyranny and cruelty; on which account he is considered, and very naturally so in this country, as a good monarch. Plunder and extortion are so common in Morocco, that they become virtues in comparison with the usual atrocities committed; and of these privileges the present sultan, according to reports, has availed himself pretty largely, in order to replenish his coffers, and give him the means of consolidating his power. On what a precarious foundation the authority of a despot rests, and how slight are the ties between a tyrant and his slaves, will be seen from the continual state of unquiet in which this country always is, and the constant necessity there exists for the sultan to be moving about to keep his rebellious people quiet. When he leaves Morocco for Fez or Mequinez, the southern provinces are sure to rise in rebellion; and whenever he quits the latter capitals, his departure is generally followed by a revolt in the northern parts of his dominions."

This gentleman's usual mode of replenishing his treasury is exemplified by the following instance, "in the case of Amaar, the bashaw of El Garb, whose command extended almost from Mequinez to Tetuan, an extent of district equal to a small kingdom. Some of the mountain tribes having complained against him to the sultan, were informed by the latter that he should be removed provided they would pay 100,000 dollars. This they agreed to do; upon which the bashaw sent word to the sultan, begging that he would on no account agree with them — for that he would give 300,000 to remain; which was consented to. In the mean time, however, the tribes having rebelled, defeated the troops sent against them; upon which the sultan not only stripped the poor bashaw of every thing he possessed, but imprisoned him, and ordered a certain number of strokes of the bastinado to be inflicted upon him night and morning."

"The sway, nevertheless, (continues the author) of the last two or three sultans of Morocco has been mildness itself, in comparison with the horrible enormities and most atrocious acts of cruelty that characterised the reign of Muley Ishmael and his successors; when human beings were slaughtered in sport, and the monarch delighted in being his own executioner, carrying always a gun or a lance for that purpose. In these reigns, the miserable subjects were tortured in the most unheard-of manner; and sawing in two, putting out the eyes, crucifying, burying alive, or being burnt, were usual punishments for the most trifling, or no offence at all. In those golden days—and for aught I know it may still be practised—it was a frequent custom for an individual to buy another of the sultan, if he fancied he was rich, and that he could make any thing by this humane speculation. The way in which it was managed was thus:—The person wishing to make the purchase went before the bashaw or governor of the district, and bargained with him for such or such a person; and when at last they had agreed between themselves as to the price, each party trying to cheat the other in enhancing the probability of gain or loss by the transaction, the money was paid, and a receipt given, which entitled the buyer to the body of the individual bought, whoever he might be, and who was accordingly delivered into his hands. The latter part I cannot better explain than by inserting part of a letter on this horrible system, written by an English merchant who resided at Tetuan in the reign of Muley Ishmael, and which I find inserted in a curious account of a journey to Mequinez in 1721, written during Commodore Stewart's embassy to that city. 'Yesterday Mr. Noble and I were passing by the prison, where we saw a man hanged by the heels, with irons upon his legs, pincers upon his nose, his flesh cut with scissors, and two men perpetually drubbing him and demanding money. When

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the fellow was not able to speak, they renewed their blows; and this was a bought man, that they gave 500 ducats for, and expected by these tortures to force out of him 500 ducats more. His tortures were so severe, that Noble, when he saw him, cried out, 'O Lord, the blessed fruits of arbitrary government!' Because you had not seen such a thing, I judged this description might not be unacceptable.' Of Muley Ishmael it is related in the same account, that being on an expedition, and coming to a river which his army could not pass, he ordered all his prisoners to be killed, and interwoven with rushes, to form a bridge. It may easily be imagined, during these times, when Christian slavery was in full force, in what way the unfortunate wretches were treated who fell into his clutches, when so little regard was paid to the lives of his own subjects. No person appeared before him without trembling and uncertainty of going out of his presence alive. When he had killed a favourite through caprice or passion, he would sometimes forget what he had done, and make inquiry for the murdered person: and on being told he was dead, he would ask who killed him; to which his attendants would reply, trembling, that they did not know, but supposed it was God's doing. When he chanced, in his haste, to kill any one in mistake for another, as was frequently the case, he would civilly beg his pardon, saying he did not intend to have killed the poor man: and whenever he beat a person soundly, and put him in chains, he was considered in the high road to preferment, as he would generally call on him a few days afterwards, and finding him in prison, would affect to be surprised, and calling him 'his dear friend,' would inquire how he came in that unfortunate plight; and sending him a suit of his own clothes, would place him in some high and lucrative post, which having entered upon in a pennyless state, it could be calculated with the greater certainty how much he would be worth at the expiration of a certain time, when he was sure of being again stripped of every thing by his royal patron. During his reign he raised his kingdom to an unprecedented pitch of military renown; and his name struck such terror that he reigned in peace and quietness. It is true that his son, Muley Mahomet, rebelled against his authority, but he was quickly subdued, and his hand and foot being cut off, he died from loss of blood; and Muley Zidan, another of his sons, being then appointed heir to the throne, was soon afterwards strangled by his wives on account of his cruelty. The aged tyrant, Muley Ishmael — for he was past ninety when he died — maintained 2,000 women besides the limited number of lawful wives that his religion allowed. It may well be imagined that his happiness did not increase in proportion to the number of his ribs, and that so large a family did not contribute to increase his domestic comfort: on the contrary, what with their intrigues, jealousies, quarrelling, and endless complaints of each other, they teased and enraged the old man so much, that he would sometimes order his black eunuchs to weed his establishment, as he would term it, and who would accordingly sometimes take off thirty in a day of the most troublesome, by a very expeditious and easy contrivance called geefing. This consisted in twisting a small cord round the neck of the offenders; and in this way going from one to another, the rest were kept by these means quiet for a time. It may be supposed that his issue from so many wives during so long a life was pretty numerous, having 700 sons able to mount on horseback: of the number of his daughters history does not inform us, for the Moors never reckon women, but it doubtless equalled at the least that of the former. It is to Muley Ishmael that the darkness of complexion of many of the present race of Moors owes its origin; for this politic prince, well knowing how little his own subjects could be relied upon, brought from Guinea considerable numbers of its black population, which he formed into a regular permanent force, exclusively attached to his person, their descendants having ever since constituted the regular body-guard of the sultans of Morocco. The old tyrant's care of their breed is quaintly described, as follows, by the author of 'Stewart's Embassy:'—'He is so fond of their breed, that he takes care to mix them himself, by ordering great numbers of people before him, whom he marries without any more ceremony than pointing to the man and woman, and saying, 'Hadi, yi houd hadi,' *i. e.* 'That, take that;' upon which the loving pair march off as firmly noosed as if they had been married by a pope. He always yokes his best-complexioned subjects to a black helpmate, and the fair lady must take up with a negro. Thus he takes care to lay the foundation of his tawny nurseries, into which they are admitted very young; and being nursed in blood from their infancy, become the executioners and ministers of his wrath, whose terrible commands they put in execution with as much zeal and fury as if they had received them immediately from Heaven; and when quite young are so ready to murder and destroy, that the alkaids themselves, his officers, tremble at the very sight of them. Their manner is, as soon as the word comes out of his mouth, to seize on the wretch ordered for execution, like so many lions, and by the fury of their looks make a scene very much resembling the picture of so many devils tormenting the damned.' Muley Ishmael died, strange to say, a natural death, and was succeeded by his son, Muley Hamet, with the drunken atrocities of which monster I will not disgust the reader, but close here the account of the barbarian crew."

No wonder that we should afterwards be told —"Tetuan is by no means an agreeable place for a Christian to remain in: at Tangier, from the residence of the European consuls, the Moors have somewhat relaxed from their general insolent bigotry and brutish conduct, and are more polished in their behaviour. It is, however, different at Tetuan, from no Christian having resided there since the year 1770, when the European consuls who had previously lived there were obliged, by an order of the sultan Sidi Mahomed, to leave the town; in consequence, it is said — for there are different versions of the story — of a Moorish woman having been shot by one of them; which so enraged the sultan, that the whole body of Christians was expelled, and he made a vow at the same time that no Christian should ever after reside within its walls."

Since Sir Arthur Brooke left, however, "in consequence of the urgent remonstrance of the English government, a vice-consul was allowed to establish himself there, after great opposition on the part of the inhabitants; and Mr. Price now resides there quite alone, the only Christian who has been allowed to stay for more than half a century."

Of one class of the Jews in the Atlas chain the account is interesting, and we regret we cannot find room for it.

On his way from Tangier to Larache, Sir A. Brooke describes a very ancient pillar, called L'Uted, which, with the stones surrounding it, bears a striking resemblance to our Celtic remains at Stonehenge, Abury, and elsewhere in Britain. He says:

"That the remains at L'Uted are of the highest antiquity, there can be no doubt; indeed, the very traditions themselves which are current upon the spot, and were eagerly related to me, are strongly in favour of it, singular as they may be in their nature. One of them is, that Pharaoh, king of Egypt, made use of the principal stone or pillar as a peg, and picketed his horse with it on alighting at L'Uted; and another, that at the period of the general deluge, 'when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and after that the waters began to abate from the surface of the earth,' Noah sent forth a dove from the ark, which first alighted on the pillar of L'Uted."

"It was not (he continues) a little amusing to hear the observations of the Arabs, who crowded into the tent, respecting the object of my coming; which they had no doubt was to discover the treasure concealed within the mound, but which they said it was quite useless for a Christian to search after, since so many talibs and learned men of their own people had failed in their attempts to find it. My simple guest told me the stone grew, and that there certainly was a door near it, but which no one had yet been able to find: he added, what perhaps was not without foundation, that the mound was hollow, and that a stick which had been thrust in in one particular part had penetrated several feet without touching the bottom." The pillar is 16 feet high.

Before leaving Morocco, our countryman offers some remarks on the people, from which we select the following: —

"In person, the Moor is tall and straight, of a commanding figure, and possessing great muscularity of form, with dark eyes, white teeth, a beard like jet, and handsome features, full of a grave expression. His general cast of countenance is Roman; and his lofty dignity of manner is such, that when you see him enveloped in the folds of his snow-white hayk, which falls gracefully over his left shoulder, you might almost imagine a senator of ancient Rome stood before you. How different in other respects are the two characters!"

"If the character of the Moor be examined, it will be found to consist of a compound of every thing that is worthless and contemptible, and the few good qualities he possesses are quite lost in the dark shade thrown around them. Utterly destitute of faith, his vows and promises are made at the same time with such a resemblance of sincerity as rarely to fail of deceiving his victim: truth is an utter stranger to his lips, and falsehood so familiar with him, that dependence can rarely be placed on any thing that he says. Like the catholics, who are accused of upholding the doctrine that no faith should be observed towards heretics, the Moor glories in keeping none with Christians: these tenets are to be attributed to the influence which the bigoted character of his religion has upon him from his earliest years. In his disposition he is cruel, merciless, overbearing, and tyrannical; and benevolence and humanity are strangers to his breast. Proud, arrogant, and haughty, as his general demeanour is, particularly to his inferiors, he is fawning and cringing to those above him, and the veriest slave imaginable, when in contact with those whose power he has reason to be afraid of. Suspicious, perhaps as much from the general uncertainty

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of life and property in Morocco, as from his own natural disposition, there is no tie of faith or friendship which is not capable of being dissolved when any thing is likely to be obtained; to accomplish which, he will descend to the lowest flattery, and the most servile acts of cunning wheedling. Liberality and generosity are unknown to him, or if he display these qualities, it is done from a certainty that he shall be well repaid for the exercise of them. It would have filled many of these pages had I related the numerous and almost incredible acts of meanness, even in the most paltry matters, which characterise all classes, but more particularly the higher, without even excepting the sultan himself. * * *

"If the Moor possess few of the virtues of civilised nations, and despicable and worthless as his general character unquestionably is, still he is at least free from many vices which luxury and refinement entail as curses upon the former; and it must be confessed, that the horrible enormities and outrages, the singular pitch of refinement to which vice is carried, and the monstrous shapes it appears in, in our own country, the details of which are so studiously daily blazed abroad, to the destruction of morals, the increase of crime, and the utter subversion of female delicacy and purity, are as rare in Morocco as in other parts where civilisation has made equally slow advances. If the Moor be sensual in his enjoyments, at least propriety and decency are never outraged in the gross manner they are in Christian countries; and he is so scrupulous on this point, that it is considered a rule of decorum that he should never speak of his wives, or other females of his household establishment; and you might almost doubt the existence of the sex, from its being so little seen or heard of. This arises from a sense of delicacy, which one is surprised to meet with in this country. The sex are here on a very different footing from what they are among Christian nations: with the latter their possession of a soul is not a matter of doubt, and their mental and personal qualities excite equal respect and admiration; while the Mahometan woman is regarded simply as an object of sensual pleasure, a mere animal, created for his own enjoyment alone, the bare mention of whom he considers, and not without reason, would be a breach of delicacy."

We shall probably return to Spain, as we owe some arrear to the clever work on that country by the American, Lieut. Slidell; and it may suit us to blend some of his and of Sir A. Brooke's observations together.

The Pledge; or, Castilian Honour. A Tragic Drama, in Five Acts. By James Kenney, Esq., author of many Plays, &c. London, 1831. C. Chapple.

HAVING said what we thought of this translation of *Hernani* on its performance at Drury Lane, our only concern with its publication is to notice the extraordinary statement of the preface.

"The difficulties (says Mr. Kenney) I have had in producing this play on the stage, have been so much a subject of public animadversion, that here to pass them over in silence, would seem, improperly, to disown them:—I say improperly, for reasons which I shall afterwards explain; first briefly stating my case. After the warmest reception of the play, on due perusal by the gentleman officially appointed by the manager as the umpire of its merits, and a consequent promise to perform it immediately; after having been, in the month of October, read in the green room, and the parts distributed, the representation was delayed during a period of six months, in the course of which time I was amused with promises repeatedly broken; discourteously avoided by the manager when I sought to remonstrate; and when, by dint of perseverance, I succeeded in doing so, my wrongs were constantly laid to the charge of others, whom I cannot publicly implicate on such doubtful testimony. At all events, the manager alone is responsible to me, to protect and see justice done to a production which he has deliberately accepted, which he might thereby prevent, and in fact did prevent, my taking to another theatre; whence an offer, as he knew, had come to me, to purchase my play outright, provided I had considered myself free to entertain it. The manager, who tells me he is, in such a case, guided and influenced by opinions at variance with his *own*, or with those he has thought proper to adopt as better than his own, especially when there is good reason to question the impartiality of those opinions, offers me a poor excuse for his injustice in such a declaration of his helplessness and misgovernment. I repeatedly, and most ingenuously, both by letter and otherwise, offered to withdraw my play, in case the first impression of the manager (from whatever cause) had undergone such a change as to induce this continued postponement, or to affect its getting up in a fair and handsome manner, without which his evil anticipations would be in imminent danger of fulfilling themselves. He replied, he had no wish to part with it, and that he would take care it should receive every justice. Yet this, it appears, he could say only from fear of making a mistake, which he might discover in its success at a rival theatre; for, of his liberality and attention to the preparation of the play, when it *was* got up, the following instances are curious and worth recording. Any reader who may happen to proceed to my fifth act, either through the four first, or by a shorter cut, will there find the description of a scene, some of the exuberant magnificence of which may certainly, without much injury to the action, be retrenched. But he will observe that it is a night scene—that night is its essential feature—that it indicates moonlight—that it is the dispersing of a masquerade—that the dialogue at almost every line alludes to its being night, to the rising moon, to a serenade, happy dreams, falling dews, &c.; what then will be his surprise—and, if he be a dramatist, his horror—to hear that only at four o'clock on the day previous to our first representation, I discovered, by accident, that the scene which was to stand for this, was a common-place villa, producing an effect of noonday sunshine. Every body else having left the theatre, I remonstrated with the carpenter, who told me that it was to no purpose; that the scenes which had been originally prepared for me had been painted over and used up for other purposes, according to orders; that they had also been ordered to do nothing new for me; that they had made the best shift they could; and that their old stock could positively supply nothing nearer to my intentions. By means, however, of the exertions of Mr. Wallack and Mr. Wilmot the prompter, this extraordinary negligence was repaired, and a satisfactory scene substituted. In the fifth act will also be found allusions, numerous, emphatic, and important, to a black domino:—of that act, this black domino is the theme and argument. Black it must be, 'black as Erebus.' At three o'clock on the day of representation, Mr. Macready requested my presence in the wardrobe for my opinion as to some parts of his dress. I attended him, and, the points in question being settled, my eye fell upon an isolated domino. It was blue; it does not, therefore, thought I, concern me. An after-thought, however, occurred, on recollection of the sun-shine scene. It was as well to inquire. I did so. It was for Mr. Macready in the fifth act. 'For Mr. Macready!' said I; 'there is some mistake in your orders: that is to be a black domino.' 'It is no mistake,' said Mr. Palmer, the keeper of the wardrobe; 'but there is no such thing in the stock.' 'What then?' I rejoined—'as it is absolutely indispensable—and, were it not so, as it is too late to alter my dialogue, could you not hire one?' 'We have strict orders,' added Mr. Palmer, 'to go to no expense for this play.' 'Then,' said I, 'I will spare your half-crown, and send in one from the first masquerade warehouse.' Mr. Palmer concluded by saying, that rather than I should be so troubled, he would take that responsibility upon himself: he did so, and at the hazard, it appears, of the manager's displeasure, the black domino was at length provided. The reader will judge of the derision which these two extraordinary anomalies, had I not accidentally discovered and prevented them, must have brought upon my fifth act—and make his own conclusion. The risk Mr. Palmer took upon himself in the case of the domino, is not the only favour I owe to that gentleman, he having supplied from his own private property the armour worn by my stanch friend Cooper, as the king, who in vain tried to obtain for his majesty, in the earlier scenes, even a decent dishabille. The term of my perplexities, however, had now arrived, and a critical trial of my patience it proved. Excited prejudice staring me in front, and impatient zeal for a worthier poet trampling hard upon me in the rear, with the laurel prepared for him, and the condemned night-cap for me, I was at length jostled into the presence of my judges, whose verdict soon added another to the many proofs I had received of their unfailing justice and generosity. This verdict was confirmed universally by the press; and even such journals as had been betrayed, I know not how, into sneers at my importunity and presumption in *forcing* it upon the theatre, made me, in their reports, more than amends for their error; of which this statement will, I trust, altogether convince them. I am also bound to thank all the actors for their loyal and brilliant exertions on the day of trial, which banished from my mind every feeling but that of charity for the past, and better hopes for the future. If the present statement seems a deviation from this state of feeling, it is that my wrongs have not terminated here: still I have not made it in anger—my feelings at this moment are wholly free from intemperance. These appeals are far from being to my taste, as my reader I think will admit, when I tell him that my opera of 'Masaniello' has been recently printed with an introduction, in which I have suppressed the extraordinary fact (although I now think proper also to publish it), of my never having received, after more than a hundred representations, one shilling of remuneration for it from the theatre: that on the failure of Mr. Price, the committee refused to admit my claim, or to make me the most moderate compensation on behalf of the theatre, though they had been many weeks in possession of the treasury; though during the whole of that season they continued to act the opera for the advantage, and indeed as a principal support of the theatre, and afterwards

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handed it over to the present lessees, as the lawful property of the theatre; and all this they did, like Prince Prettyman, 'because they dare.'—It was law, 'crowner's quest law,' theatrical law, or, as they thought, law of some sort. The equity of the case was another matter: that I was to seek in a court, whither the loss of three hundred pounds was not likely to drive a poor man out of his senses. It was their *duty* to take every advantage for the good of the theatre, forgetting that they had obtained for Mr. Price, in spite of this paramount duty, the restitution of eighteen hundred pounds of his rent. For what?—Surely not because Mr. Price's claim, under the circumstances, was a fairer one than mine. I repeat it, I state these facts at present as well as those which precede, not in anger, but deliberately I state them, in an honest spirit of self-defence, and in the common cause of my brother dramatists. I state them, because I have found in this theatre an obtuse, an intractable, and an unblushing insensibility to the claims of authors in every way, which is only aggravated by forbearance. I state them, because we have become so signally and so peculiarly the victims of the changed condition of the London theatres, that, at a time when the spirit of reform and justice is abroad, it may seem good to the enlightened and influential portion of the patrons of the drama, that some effort should be made in our behalf, either in the way of legislative protection, or relieving the regular drama from a monopoly so open to abuse. It is for these reasons, that I begin to feel that grievances of this nature, increasing as they are, should no longer be indolently lost sight of, or dissipated as mine have hitherto been, by a good night's sleep, or a walk in the Regent's Park."

What comment can be made on this statement? Can it be true, that a man of Mr. Kenney's talents has ever been reduced to the dreadful situation glanced at in its conclusion; while yet his "Masaniello" was enriching the theatre, and his "Castilian Honour" was a prosperous drama? Why, the matter is not simply a disgrace to any theatrical proprietors and managers, it is a disgrace to our age and country. But so it is in too vast a majority of cases. Literary labourers are but the aphides to the ants of business, who pinch, and stroke, and draw their life-blood from them, to sustain their wants, and enhance their well-hoarded stores. The winter comes, and finds the former on their bare and withered leaf—the latter in their snug retreat, well provided, well protected, and reckless of what may be the sufferings of the world without. These are the so-miscalled Mecænases of literature—as the fishmonger who skins the eels is the Mecænas of fish—the butcher who cuts the lamb's throat and fells the bullock, the Mecænas of cattle! Nor, speaking in a commercial sense, do we see that this is to be complained of. The bookseller and publisher, like other persons in trade, has to look to his own interests; and the only thing that contrasts him unfavourably to the mind with any other tradesman, is, that he happens to have to do generally with cultivated men and finer feelings, and that the article he deals in is of so high a nature, that one is taught to expect some of either influence should be imparted to him. This is the fair view of the point. It is absurd to ask persons who embark in traffic for profit, to act the liberal patrons and generous Mecænases—it is still a greater folly, though sanctioned by a famous name, to apply such a title as the latter to ordinary men of business, because their business lies in selling books.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. IV.—Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831, *Vol. II.* London, 1831. Longman and Co. WITH an appropriate and well-executed vignette of the flight of Constantine from Warsaw, by H. Corbould, engraved by E. Finden, this volume will be very generally recommended by the ability of its author. He has given a view of the Belgic revolution, of our own domestic politics and the great changes that have taken place, and of the movements in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Poland, which is not only marked by impartiality and clearness, but distinguished for intelligence and comprehensiveness. Such a production, however, does not require from us any minute analysis; indeed, such a process would but ill illustrate its character; and we think we shall perform our critical duty more satisfactorily towards both the writer and the public, by quoting a few of the passages which can be readily detached, as specimens of the talent displayed in the whole volume. The following quotation from Count Hogendorp is worthy of selection, for the intrinsic value of its information on the question at issue between Holland and Belgium:—

"'The Belgians, (says the Count) who pretend to all kinds of liberty, condemned trade to slavery. They never ceased to spur on the government to introduce a prohibitory system, by which they have brought about the ruin of Holland. The Dutch see every day their prosperity decline; and can calculate the day when, under the present system, their ruin will be complete. Holland has risen to the highest prosperity, without assistance from nature and in spite of nature, by her institutions in favour of free trade. Belgium, enriched with all the favours of nature, thinks that she can only thrive by restrictions.'" Thus, remarks our English author, "the united government, in order to protect the agriculture, the mines, and the manufactures of Belgium, was obliged to adopt a policy ruinous and revolting to the provinces of the north. But this was not all that the trading Dutchman had to endure from a connexion with Belgium. He found new competitors in his commerce, shipping, and colonies, as well as impolitic restrictions on his business, and galling limitations of his markets. He met his Belgic rival, set up with his capital, every where, at home and abroad, in places where he formerly enjoyed an exclusive traffic. He saw Antwerp, with a prosperity which was almost a creation of the union, rising on the decline of Amsterdam, and foreign merchants leaving Holland to settle on the banks of the Scheldt. If the material interests of Holland were thus, in the opinion of the trading portion of the community, sacrificed to a calamitous union with Belgium, the feelings, pride, and patriotism of the Dutch were no less wounded by the irritating and insulting treatment of their national character, language, and institutions, by their southern rivals. Always restless, turbulent, and dissatisfied, vain of his country, bigoted in his religion, and violent in his opinions, the Belgian was a most hateful political associate of the phlegmatic, sober, and loyal Dutchman."

An episode, in which the "Holy Alliance" is canvassed, strikes us as being both historically just and politically profound.

"This celebrated league was the natural result of the position in which the allied sovereigns were placed, and the peculiar feelings with which they were animated, at the termination of the war of 1814 and 1815. They had all seen the most striking vicissitudes of fortune; they had all been conquered in their turn; they had all experienced the insolence of the victor; they had all seen their states more or less dismembered; they had all trembled on tottering thrones, and lowered their crowned heads under the *furcæ caudinæ* of military despotism. The tide of conquest had now changed, and floated them on its waves to the capital of their conqueror. A universal shout of deliverance and hope was raised from one end of Europe to the other. The great disturber, who was conceived to be the embodied spirit of Jacobinism,—the explosive matter of revolution,—had been banished to a rock in the midst of the sea; his magic wand was broken, and his assistants dispersed. The people every where expressed confidence in their restored rulers, and anticipated an era of prosperity and freedom. Without much previous piety, the sovereigns who rode out this storm, and profited by the infatuation of their great enemy, might easily ascribe their success to a supernatural interference in their favour. In seeing their hopes more than fulfilled, and their desires more than gratified, it was natural for them to wish to perpetuate so agreeable a state of things, in which the feelings of their people appeared to sympathise with their own; and to give it permanence by some solemn act, which should at once testify their gratitude for past blessings, and their resolution, by the observance of Christian philanthropy, to deserve future support,—in short, some system of social religion, from which projects of conquest or ambition should be proscribed—some pious engagement, in which the maintenance of peace, and the administration of international justice, should be stipulated for, as necessary to the family of nations as well as to individual states—some deed, in fine, in which sovereigns should declare themselves responsible agents, and nations moral existences. Out of these vague dreams of satisfied ambition, and mystic notions of political obligation, sprung the holy alliance; their majesties of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, exclaiming like the disciples in sacred history, 'It is good for us to be here, in this scene of Christian triumph; let us make ourselves permanent tabernacles on the foundation of legitimacy and moral order.' The superstitious character of the Emperor Alexander, who thought that he was converted by the burning of Moscow and the preaching of a German mystic, gave its form to the proceeding; which, probably, had nothing in its first conception either hypocritical, ambitious, or selfish. The people had not, at its publication, shewn signs of discontent, or begun to doubt the fulfilment of those promises which had been made them in the hour of need. The league, therefore, might not originally contemplate the institution of a European police, or the necessity of the great powers watching the internal condition of every state. Had Buonaparte not returned from Elba, it might have been soon forgotten amid the quarrels which the division of the spoils of Poland and other countries was about to engender among the pious plunderers: but this event gave a new warning of the dangers of disunion and a new incitement to the extension of the conservative alliance. Hence have sprung the various congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle, Laybach, Troppau, and Verona, in which the original members of the alliance met in person with their ministers, to settle the destiny of the world on their own prin-

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ciples of legitimacy and order. These principles were, first, that no state should be allowed to change its institutions, or to new-model its form of government, unless the impulse of reform was given by the ruling power itself; or, in the language of the declaration of Troppau, 'proceeded from those whom God had intrusted with authority:' and, secondly, that the holy alliance, either by a joint expedition or by a separate armament, was called upon to interfere to put down changes springing from any other source, the result of military revolt or popular insurrection. On these principles Austria was employed as the instrument for overthrowing the constitution of Naples and suppressing the revolution of Piedmont, in 1821; and France received a commission for invading Spain and abolishing the government of the Cortes, in 1823. On the same principles, had the danger of a general conflagration been less menacing from attempted interference, the government, which was established behind the barricades of Paris last autumn, would have been outlawed, and the authority of Nassau would have been restored in Belgium. Already the immense military force of Russia had begun to move westward; and tribes of Cossacs, Calmucs, and Tartars, were preparing for an expedition to the Rhine, when the Polish insurrection was thrown across their line of march. On these principles, the ordinances of Charles X. would have been substituted for the new charter of France, and Louis Philip must have ceded his place to Henry V. As the object of this happily extinct alliance was to overpower insurrectionary movements by arms, without any reference to the danger of vicinage or the vindication of their own rights, so all the means of police and prevention were thought allowable in the previous stages of the threatened disorder. Thus we have seen political reports made to the Emperor Alexander on the state of Germany, and Russian agents paid to watch over the universities and secret societies of the south of Europe. Thus we know that the periodical press of Geneva has been controlled by orders from St. Petersburgh; and that a professor of law at Lausanne was sent away from that town, because he was too democratic for an absolute monarch in explaining the principles of the republic in which he resided. If this system had not been opposed by the spirit of the age, or annihilated by a great convulsion, the picture which Gibbon so powerfully draws of the stagnation of political improvement, and the impossibility of escape for political innovators or offenders, which rendered the universal authority of the Roman empire a frightful calamity, would have been realised in Europe by the coalition of despots, which for the last fifteen years have threatened it with their interference. The grand design of Henry IV. of France, which was only a grand romance in politics, may have served in some measure as a model to this alliance."

We now proceed to extract some observations nearer home, and which equally bear the stamp of the writer's mind.

"The meeting of parliament in England is always an object of some interest; but the meeting of a new parliament, in a new reign, in a new and extraordinary state of Europe, with new projects to be proposed, and new characters to exhibit, could not fail to excite extraordinary interest and curiosity. Public opinion, it is true, in this country, is not guided by the legislature (to which it is as often opposed as consenting); but the assemblage, from all parts of the nation, of a body of men who make the course of political events their study, who come to the house invested with that local consequence which their wealth or rank gives them in their own districts, who are conceived to be good advisers in public affairs, because they have a great stake in the public prosperity, and who, whatever be their wisdom or inexperience, possess at least the faculty of embodying their joint opinions in authoritative acts, is generally sufficient to give a decided direction to the minds of the upper and ruling classes of society. Whatever meets with the general concurrence of such an assembly, or receives the sanction of its majority, is considered as adjudicated by a tribunal, against which there is no effectual appeal. Their speeches save the indolent the trouble of examination, the diffident the perplexity of doubt, and the selfish the dangerous error of taking the wrong side; while their opinions hold up to all a flag or banner round which political parties may rally, or against which the weakest, by withdrawing their forces from a desultory warfare, may direct their combined attack. The opinions or sentiments of an individual, which would scarcely be listened to with patience in private company, which would attract no attention in a club or tavern, become of consequence when supported or echoed by a multitude, whose votes can give them validity. In the very concentration of opinion, independently of its justice, there is a power which almost changes its nature into conviction; as the rays of a wintry sun, which when scattered are scarcely felt, may be made, by passing through a burning-glass, to consume a diamond. It does not matter so much what figure goes before; if there is any figure at all, the number of ciphers afterwards tell. * * *

"The state of political parties at the opening of the new parliament, it is difficult to describe or to classify. The settlement of the Catholic question by the ministry, with the assistance of the Whigs, and against the views and remonstrances of a great portion of the Tories, who had usually supported them, had broken to pieces the former cast of parties, and no definite arrangement of the scattered fragments had yet been formed. The latter could not be immediately brought back to the government and rallied round it, as on any slight or temporary estrangement. The pride of some had been too deeply wounded by the desertion of their leaders — by the betrayal of their confidence — and the preservation of the secret of the intended change, till the minister brought the enemy into the camp. The habitual associations of others had been too rudely torn asunder by striking the flag of intolerance, which had so long waved over their heads in parliamentary majorities and party festivities. And, perhaps, the better feelings and more solemn convictions of a large body of them had been alarmed at dangerous concessions — which they ascribed to fear; or at an apparent surrender of principles — which they attributed to interested apostasy. It was therefore known that this party would still maintain that hostility to the ministers which had been produced by their former differences. Some of them had approached nearer the popular cause, and others had actually declared themselves reformers, in consequence of their treatment by the administration, and the adoption of measures by parliament which they deemed so pernicious. In finding an additional argument for reform in the conduct of the house of commons on this occasion, they agreed with a great body of the public; for it cannot be denied, that if the measure had been less unequivocally good, or had been less illustrated by repeated discussion, the bold stratagems and profound secrecy, so inconsistent with the open course of a representative government, which had been employed, and the rapid change of a minority into a majority at the dictation of a minister, would have rendered it one of the most dangerous and discreditable projects ever carried through the legislature, and consequently have furnished the strongest arguments for a change in the representation. On the other hand, the party who had supported the government in passing the Catholic bill had subsequently been treated with too much coldness and suspicion by the ministers to remain their firm allies. The Whigs had allowed them to go on by sufferance; they had expected a call to aid them, but had been disappointed; they hoped during the life-time of the late king for some attempt at amalgamation, but without much confidence that it would succeed, owing to the prejudices which his majesty was known to entertain against their leaders. The new reign, under which these prejudices did not exist, presented another opportunity of effecting a coalition of parties; but still no *desire* of sharing office with their rivals was manifested by the noble duke at the head of the administration and his colleagues. Seeing, then, that his grace meant to remain in power, and to rule alone under the new sovereign as under the last, without any change of system or any mixture of party, they began to declare loudly their dissatisfaction. Indications of more active hostility were displayed in the pamphlets and other publications of the Whigs, from the hustings during the elections, at public meetings, at festive celebrations, and on all occasions where politics or party discussions could be introduced. * * * *

"The debate (on the king's speech) which ensued in both houses was extremely interesting and animated, displaying on the part of the opposition an earnest application of important principles at a most momentous crisis,—an uncompromising hostility to the administration of the Duke of Wellington,—and no very equivocal hopes of being able to overturn it. Mr. Brougham in particular, whose recent return for Yorkshire was both the triumph of his overwhelming popularity, and a great accession to his parliamentary consideration, assaulted the policy of the speech, and the composition of the cabinet, with the tiger-spring of his excited energy. He had thrown down the gauntlet to the ministers on the hustings at York; he had preached a Whig crusade against them at public meetings and political dinners during the recess; he had displayed his desperate hostility in vigorous manifestos through that portion of the press which he could command; and he now appeared in the House of Commons to lead on the war, with the great seal in his view, and followed by a trusty band of reformers, resolved to storm official power, or to conquer constitutional changes. * * * *

"The formation of the ministry, expeditious as it was, was said to have been embarrassed and delayed by the conduct of the chief opposition leader in the House of Commons, who had overturned the previous cabinet. Desirous of place, but equally desirous of the reputation of despising it; devoured with the flames of ambition, but covering his ambition with the veil of self-denial; resolved to have the highest prize in his profession or none, and yet allowing it to be supposed that he would decline it if offered; formidable to his friends by his reputed indiscretion, and more formidable to his

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enemies by the activity of his talents; almost equally dangerous to be obliged or to be neglected; indulging in the wanton caprice of a power which he knew was now necessary to any ministerial arrangement, and yet shrinking from a declaration of his own claims to preferment, he rendered doubtful for some days the success of Lord Grey's ministerial negotiations. His friends admitted his importance to the extent of doing nothing without his concurrence, because his opposition might be dangerous to the stability of their structure; but they could not at first consent to place him on its highest pinnacle, because he would present too broad a mark for their enemies to fire at. In pretending to weigh the representation of Yorkshire against the great seal, he only resolved to retain the former because he was not pressed to take the latter; and employed the menace of a reform in the House of Commons, to stimulate the premier to call him out of it. His irresistible energy in exposing the last ministry, in parliament, at public meetings, and through the press, had, combined with events, been one of the chief causes of their overthrow; and it was concluded that no other ministry could withstand his opposition. The alleged defects of his character, as regarded judgment, steadiness, or profound knowledge of his profession, were properly appreciated by every body: but the energy and capacity of his mind were traced in such a wide range of action; — he had done so much in diffusing education, encouraging science, pressing legal reform, and defending the rights and liberties of his fellow-citizens; — his name was so often seen in connexion with literature, politics, forensic and parliamentary eloquence; — he was so universally feared for the withering power of his sarcasm, and the overwhelming force of his declamation; — and by all these means he had acquired so great a popularity, that no set of ministers, coming in on popular principles, could dispense with his aid, or encounter his hostility. As soon as he was offered and had accepted the seals, the cabinet was formed. In three hours after Lord Grey and his colleagues had had their nominations formally sanctioned by his majesty, his lordship made a speech in the House of Peers, in which he declared that the principles of his *government* should be economy and retrenchment at home; non-intervention with the internal affairs of other states; and a reform in the Commons' House of Parliament. The announcement of principles so opposite to those hitherto acted upon, produced the happiest effect on the temper of the nation. Satisfaction and confidence every where succeeded to suspicion, discontent, and alarm. All parties seem disposed to give the new cabinet credit for their good intentions, and waited with impatience—but without distrust—for the development of their plans. They easily obtained the necessary time to mature them; and after a short session, in which little business of importance was transacted except the passing of the regency bill, on account of the necessary absence of some of the ministers, for the interval between the time of their accession to office and their re-election, parliament adjourned from the 23d of December to the 3d of January."

We could easily multiply examples; but these will surely be sufficient to shew that the subjects are fairly and ably treated, and the work well deserving of popularity.

Standard Novels; No. III. The Spy. By J. F. Cooper, author of "the Pilot." London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS tale, certainly one of the very best of Cooper's works, has a new preface by its author, in which he states that none of the various suppositions which have referred the character of Harvey Birch to different individuals, are correct. We give his own account.

"Mr. —— had occasion to employ an agent whose services differed but little from those of a common spy. This man, as will easily be understood, belonged to a condition in life which rendered him the least reluctant to appear in so equivocal a character. He was poor, ignorant, so far as the usual instruction was concerned, but cool, shrewd, and fearless by nature. It was his office to learn in what part of the country the agents of the crown were making their secret efforts to embody men—to repair to the place, enlist, appear zealous in the cause he affected to serve, and otherwise to get possession of as many of the secrets of the enemy as possible. These he of course communicated to his employers, who took all the means in their power to counteract the plans of the English, and frequently with great success. It will readily be conceived that a service like this was attended with great personal hazard. In addition to the danger of discovery, there was the daily risk of falling into the hands of the Americans themselves, who invariably visited sins of this nature more severely on the natives of the country than on the Europeans who fell into their hands. In fact, the agent of Mr. —— was several times arrested by the local authorities, and in one instance he was actually condemned by his exasperated countrymen to the gallows. Speedy and private orders to his gaoler alone saved him from an ignominious death. He was permitted to escape; and this seeming, and indeed actual, peril was of great aid in supporting his assumed character among the English. By the Americans, in his little sphere, he was denounced as a bold and inveterate Tory. In this manner he continued to serve his country in secret during the early years of the struggle, hourly environed by danger, and the constant subject of unmerited opprobrium. In the year —— Mr. —— was named to a high and honourable employment at a European court. Before vacating his seat in congress, he reported to that body an outline of the circumstances related, suppressing the name of his agent, from policy, and demanding an appropriation in behalf of a man who had been of so much use at so great personal risk. A suitable sum was voted, and its delivery was confided to the chairman of the secret committee. Mr. —— took the necessary means to summon his agent to a personal interview. They met in a wood at midnight. Here Mr. —— complimented his companion on his fidelity and adroitness, explained the necessity of their communications being closed, and finally tendered the money. The other drew back, and declined receiving it. 'The country has need of all its means,' he said; 'and as for myself, I can work, or gain a livelihood in various ways.' Persuasion was useless, for patriotism was uppermost in the heart of this remarkable individual; and Mr. —— departed, bearing with him the gold he had brought, and a deep respect for the man who had so long hazarded his life, unrequited, for the cause they served in common. The writer is under an impression that, at a later day, the agent of Mr. —— consented to receive a remuneration for what he had done; but it was not until his country was entirely in a condition to bestow it." Mr. Cooper is himself ignorant of the Spy's real name.

The frontispiece, and, better still, the very original and clever vignette, do credit to the rising, we should say from the academic prizes he has carried off, the eminent, talents of Mr. M'Clise. The printing is careless.

Family Library. Dramatic Series, IV. Æschylus. Murray.

MUCH information relative to Athenian theatricals is contained in the introductory pages of this volume. The rise and progress of the Greek drama, the nature of the performances and theatre, are judiciously gathered, principally from the "Theatre of the Greeks," and thrown into the popular form which so interesting a subject alone required to secure its general perusal. The lofty old tragedian is made to put his best buskin forward, in so much of Potter's version as is calculated to convey a correct notion of his style, and carry along the fable of the play uninterrupted. The powerful designs of Flaxman adorn the work, and give a strong idea of the stately bearing of the characters, and bring the dramatic groups vividly before the eye. The English reader may here gain a fair notion of the Greek drama, at the trifling trouble of reading a duodecimo, and be delighted at the same time with these exquisitely imagined designs.

The London Catalogue of Books, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers; containing the Books published in London, and those altered in Size or Price, from 1810 to Feb. 1831. 8vo. pp. 336. R. Bent.

A REPERTORY most diligently and accurately compiled; and consequently of great value to the traders in and buyers of books. It is not only a guide for the present day, but the foundation for a standard in times to come. It is also a literary curiosity, as preserving the names of a thousand publications, of which the moiety may already be classed among scarce works, and for which any future search will be utterly fruitless. Here they live in catalogue life,—in 1931 only let some collector of trash look for them!!

A BIT OF A CLEARANCE.

To write separate notices of every little work sent to us is impossible; and publications of teachers, &c. &c. are especially so numerous, that they are rather the advertisements of rival schools than literary candidates for review. But as we wish our pages to form as complete a record as may be of every class of literature, we shall run over (to be continued occasionally) a parcel of the slighter volumes which lie upon our table, and do not seem to demand more than a just character.

Archbishop Secker's Lectures on the Catechism; arranged in Questions and Answers, for the Use of Schools and Families. 2d edition. 12mo. pp. 246. Longman and Co.

THIS publication enhances the value of Secker's Lectures—always prized by those engaged in the education of youth. The long sentences of the original are judiciously subdivided; and the questions prefixed to the divisions are judicious, and well calculated to impress the mind. Previous to confirmation, no book can be more useful to the catechumen about to appear before the bishop.

The Welsh Interpreter, &c. By Thomas Roberts, Llwynrhudol. Pp. 147. London, S. Leigh.

FOR a work from Llwynrh—et cetera, this is a very intelligible and *pronounceable* Interpreter. In truth, it is a nice little vocabulary of

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the Welsh tongue; and for all tourists who may (and who would not?) prefer a trip through Wales, in the first instance, at any rate, to a continental excursion, it will be found an excellent instructor. With it in hand, even a Cockney might be able to direct a driver, say the civil thing to a milk or chambermaid, and (we are not sure) hold colloquy with the goats, who represent Pan and the satyrs in this picturesque and classic portion of Britain. To a person thus instructed, *Dim Saesneg* (I don't understand English), will be no bar; he may call for *Cig moch ac wyall* (eggs and bacon), and have 'em; in short, he may travel in beautiful and interesting Wales, and make himself understood where his English would be Hebrew to the Celtic race around him. A middle column, with the pronunciation, must be very useful; though, for our lives, we would as soon try the original aggregates of consonants as their vowelled translations.

Leigh's Guide to Wales and Monmouthshire. 32mo. pp. 356. London, S. Leigh.

Like all Mr. Leigh's publications, neat and excellent of its kind. We know no pleasure we could more envy than a tour through Wales: and to any one who is disposed to enjoy that delightful treat, we recommend this volume.

Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, &c. By D. M. Moir, Surgeon. 12mo. pp. 278. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

QUÆRE, whether the title should not be "the History of Ancient Medicine?" for such this is, from the fictions of mythology to the close of the Arabian school, about the middle of the 13th century. It is a fair digest of the subject: a work fifty times more useful, and another fifty times more entertaining, might be written on the same topic—the latter, however, descending far lower in the tide of time. Who cares, now o' days, for the fooleries of old (we beg pardon, of ancient) doctors? We have enew in our own day to amuse us. Yet it is a lesson to trace in these venerable gentry, not merely the germs, but the actual practice, of the most renowned modern discoveries and improvements! For this alone we would warmly recommend Mr. Moir's book.

French Poetry for Children. By L. T. Ventouillac. 18mo. pp. 96. London, S. Law.

A VERY pretty selection of French poetry for children; by a gentleman whose higher works on education and French literature have deserved and obtained our praise.

The Story of Genevra, from Ariosto. London. Pp. 65.

THE episode well enough rendered in indifferent Spenserian.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

AT the last evening assembly, Mr. Lindley, the professor of botany in the London University, delivered some observations on the "Pitcher plant," which he illustrated by several splendid drawings of the plant itself. After noticing the opinions of Linnæus and Sir James Edward Smith, both of which distinguished men appeared to be unacquainted with the properties and real uses of this curious botanical production, Mr. Lindley confessed that the researches of later botanists left these important points as much undiscovered as ever. The supposition that the pitcher plant was intended as a receptacle for water in times of great drought,—an opinion, by the by, entertained by botanists of great experience,—Mr. Lindley seemed to think could not be well founded, inasmuch as the plant chiefly luxuriated in the marshes of the Indian archipelago, of China, and parts of the East Indies. The liquid contained in the pitcher plant, when opened, was acid, and became more and more so as the process of evaporation proceeded: the basis was composed of minute crystals of the oxide of soda.—On the library-table were specimens of the tools employed by Mr. Marsh in perforating glass: their practical use was also illustrated. They consist of pieces of three-edged handsaw files: these, being of cast steel for the most part, retain an exceedingly fine point when ground. All that is required in the perforation, is to impinge the pointed steel repeatedly against the glass, over the spot intended to be perforated, using the utmost caution in the process. In the first instance the perforation never exceeds the diameter of a pin's head, but may gradually be increased at pleasure, upon every description of glass.

The Institution has elected Mr. Ritchie professor of experimental and natural philosophy: since the death of Dr. Thomas Young, no gentleman has been appointed to this situation, if we except Professor Millington to mechanics. That in Mr. Ritchie will be found an able and persevering successor to Dr. Young, the council of the Institution, we believe, are fully convinced. Mr. Brande has been re-appointed to chemistry.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

R. I. MURCHISON, Esq. president, in the chair.—The reading of a paper, entitled "Notes on the secondary formations of Germany as compared with those of England," by the president, was commenced. Donations were received.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY:—ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

LORD STANLEY in the chair.—The details of the management and progress of this popular Institution during the past season have been noticed so fully in our monthly reports, that a brief *précis* of the annual report of the council, which was read at this meeting, is all that is necessary on the present occasion. The most important and gratifying event connected with the general interests of the Society during the past year, was the intimation, on the part of his Majesty, of his pleasure to become the patron of the Society. The report noticed the resignation of the Marquess of Lansdowne, who had been president of the Society for the last five years, and the resolution of the council to propose him at the next general meeting as an honorary member. It also spoke of the advantages likely to accrue to the Society and to science in general, from the appointment of a committee of science and correspondence. Passing over a few details respecting the settlement of the by-laws, it noticed the appointment of Mr. Decimus Burton as architect of the establishment, at a fixed salary of 150*l.* a-year. The donations to the menagerie since the last anniversary were stated as too numerous to be detailed in the report: particular mention, however, was made of his Majesty's splendid present; likewise of three black alpacas by her Majesty; of a beautiful Persian lynx, by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex; and some others. The donations to the museum were also numerous, and of much importance. The utility of the Society's farm, as a relief to the animals which had suffered from the unhealthiness of the gardens, had been evinced by the restoration to health of several which were removed to Kingston in a sickly state. At this establishment a large collection of species and varieties of gallinaceous birds was formed; the breeding of these had commenced, and might be expected to afford information on points of utility, of curiosity, and of science: and results confidently expected as to the comparative quality of various birds for the table. Experiments were also in course to ascertain what kinds are best suited to the office of nurses in rearing more tender birds; while the inuring of foreign species to our poultry-yards was also on trial. Finally, it appeared that, though the Society's receipts in 1827 amounted to only 4,079*l.*, in 1830 they were 15,806*l.*, and that the balance in favour of the Society upon the actual receipts and payments in the past year was 767*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* The number of visitors to the gardens last year was 224,745; to the museum 14,323. The total increase of *fellows*, including *ladies*, (hail-fellows well met?) within the last year, was 232: the present number is 1,814. After a few unimportant remarks, the report was unanimously adopted. Lord Stanley was elected president, and a council for the ensuing season was appointed. We ought to have stated that the meeting was held in the theatre of the Royal Institution.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

HIS R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled on "Nodal lines of sonorous bodies," by Michael Faraday, Esq. Captain Manby was elected a fellow. M. Leopold von Buch presented his work, illustrative of remarkable petrifactions. Sir James South has invited such of the fellows of the Society as are interested in the subject to view the dome of his Observatory for his splendid equatorial, any day between twelve and five. Some amendments and alterations in the Society's rules are contemplated to be made: the last meeting of the council, which was summoned on this subject, was very fully attended, and sat four hours, during the whole of which period H. R. H. presided. Two important motions stand for discussion; the one, that the number of black balls to exclude on the ballot of candidates for election be diminished; the other, that it is the opinion of the committee that it will be expedient to obtain a new charter, which shall limit the Society to a definite number of fellows.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

HUDSON GURNEY, Esq. in the chair. A. Fountain, Esq. exhibited a female bust, in brass, from the collection of his ancestor, Sir Andrew Fountain: it was unaccompanied by any description, but appeared to be of the time of Edward VI. or Mary, and was well executed. Mr. Ellis, by permission of the Bishop of Llandaff, laid before the Society three letters, addressed to Sir Wm. Morice, accompanied by some observations illustrative of the history and politics of the commonwealth and the reign of Charles II. Cromwell, it appears, on some occasion, addressed the house, begging not to be understood as *dictating* the measures he wished to bring forward, but rather as *advising*, as their humble servant, and strenuous well-wisher to the state; but subsequently, in the council, he assumed a very different tone,

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and dictated a resolution, in pursuance of which, officers were the next day placed at the doors of the house, and all members who would not sign a declaration consonant with his views were not permitted to enter; and one of the letters produced contained some curious arguments (a little jesuitical) to prove that, under the circumstances, there could be no sin in signing the declaration required, and afterwards, in the house, opposing the proposed measure. Another of the letters from the Duke of Courland was principally curious from his offering Sir Wm. Morice a bribe of 6000 florins for his good offices with King Charles II.

The chairman announced a resolution of the council, that the names of all members more than two years in arrear of their annual subscription would be suspended in the meeting-room, at the resumed meetings in November, after the recess.

KING'S COLLEGE.

THE second annual general court of the governors, &c., was held on the 29th ult.; the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair. A report was read, which stated that his majesty had graciously declared himself the patron of the institution. Such progress had been made in the buildings of the College, during the last year, as to satisfy every expectation of the council; and, unless some unforeseen impediment should occur, the college would be opened, in both departments, in the month of October next. The want of funds had prevented the completion of the front towards the river, which must be done by the summer of 1834, for the accomplishment of which a renewed effort was required by the friends of the institution. The office of principal, upon whom, in a great measure, would devolve the religious instruction of the students, had not been filled up; but the following appointments, most, if not all of them already mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, had been made.

In the School.—Head Master, Rev. J. R. Major, A.M.; Second Master, Rev. Joseph Edwards, B.A.

Classical Literature, J. Austin, Esq.; Mathematics, Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Rev. H. Moseley, A.M.; Natural History, James Rennie, Esq. A.M.; Political Economy, W. N. Senior, Esq.; Jurisprudence, John J. Park, Esq.; Principles and Practice of Commerce, Joseph Lowe, Esq.; Geology, Charles Lyell, Esq.; Botany, G. J. Bennett, Esq.; Chemistry, J. F. Daniell, Esq. F.R.S.; Surgery, J. H. Greene, Esq. F.R.S.; Anatomy, Herbert Mayo, Esq. F.R.S.; Theory of Physic, B. Hawkins, Esq. M.D.; Practice of Physic, F. Hawkins, Esq. M.D.; Midwifery, R. Ferguson, Esq. M.D.

The following scale of payments for students has been fixed: in the college—students admitted for general education, to comprise religion and morals, classical literature, mathematics, logic, history, and English literature, when nominated by proprietors, 21*l.* per annum; when not so nominated, 26*l.* 5*s.* per annum. The fees for lectures not comprised in this course, not yet determined. In the school—the course of education will include religion, morals, Greek, Latin, and French, arithmetic and elementary mathematics, history, geography, English composition, &c.; and the terms, for a pupil nominated by a proprietor, 15*l.* 15*s.* per annum; for a pupil not so nominated, 18*l.* 18*s.*

In providing collections, apparatus, and books, for the use of the lecture-rooms, the council were proceeding with every regard to economy consistent with what was necessary to illustrate the lectures; and the total sum contributed by donation had amounted to 54,965*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, of which 52,647*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* had been received. The whole number of shares of 100*l.* taken had been 753; and the whole instalments paid on 559 shares. Fifty-one shareholders had expressed their intention of not paying any further instalments; and the representatives of five deceased had also refused. The council regretted that so many persons should have declined fulfilling those engagements, on the strength of which they had entered into contracts to a large amount for the erection of the college; but still hoped they would reconsider the determination. The general court unanimously adopted the report.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE Literary Fund had, as we hoped, a brilliant anniversary on Wednesday; the Lord Chancellor in the chair, and around him, as well as in various parts of the hall, a number of distinguished individuals, among whom were the Duke of Somerset (the president of the Fund), the Earl of Portmore, the Earl of Selkirk, Lord Mahon, the Right Hon. R. Grant, H. Bulwer the member for Coventry, the Attorney General, Sir M. A. Shee, Sir W. Beechey, Sir J. Wyatville, Sir John Swinburne, Sir John Malcolm, Sir W. Clayton, Chandos Leigh, Esq., Henry Ellis, Esq. Of poets, Sotheby, J. Montgomery, Milman, Croly, Allan Cunningham, &c.; other popular writers and artists; and most of the principal publishers and booksellers of the metropolis.

On the removal of the cloth, "the King" was drank with enthusiastic applause, and, in this meeting at least, with disinterested and unmercenary loyalty; for, we regret to say, his Majesty has been obliged to abridge the royal allowance made during the quarter of a century by his munificent predecessor.

After the other usual loyal toasts, the Lord Chancellor, in proposing "prosperity to the Literary Fund," addressed the company in an admirable speech, in which he delineated the independence of the true literary character, so essential to its existence, and yet so often injurious to its worldly interests. He spoke of publishers and booksellers, with all courtesy and esteem, not as the patrons of literature (which they had been called by Dr. Johnson), but as the ministers of its only patron, the public; and professing himself to be a zealous, though humble follower of literary pursuits, warmly recommended this benevolent Fund to the support it so pre-eminently deserved. This address was frequently interrupted, and its close hailed, by tumultuous plaudits.

Mr. Croly, one of the registrars, as the organ of the Society on this occasion, also advocated the cause of the charity in an eloquent appeal.

Other toasts, suited to the festival, were most effectively introduced by the chairman, and called up the Duke of Somerset, Mr. Sotheby, Sir M. Shee, Mr. Grant, the Attorney General, Lord Selkirk, Lord Mahon, Mr. Milman, Sir John Malcolm, Dr. A. T. Thomson, and others, whose several appropriate addresses were loudly applauded.

The health of Sir B. Hobhouse (one of the best friends of the Institution, and long chairman of the committee) was not forgotten; but there was no one present to acknowledge the tribute.

About eleven o'clock the Lord Chancellor retired, and Lord Portmore took the chair, to prolong the enjoyments of the evening for another pleasant hour. The subscription* was good—the musical department, under Hawes and Broadhurst, delightfully managed — the dinner and wines a credit to Mr. Cuff. We have never seen a public entertainment more entirely gratifying and satisfactory in every respect.

* It ought to be observed, that the same delicacy which marks the proceedings of this Society in administering relief to the distressed, is copied at their public anniversary. There are no solicitations for subscriptions—the whole is left to the feelings of the meeting: and several weeks sometimes elapse before the full amount can be ascertained, as the secretary is daily receiving donations which could not be given in the room. Yet, between 300*l.* and 400*l.* was, we believe, subscribed on this occasion, including 25*l.* from Lord Brougham; 75*l.*, the price of a MS. by Mr. James, the author of *Richelieu*, &c., presented to the charity through Mr. Jerdan, and purchased by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley at that price; and 45*l.*, for a legacy of 50*l.* of Mr. Bulmer, the printer, a subscriber to the Fund from its origin, and a supporter who very rarely missed an anniversary till his death. Good examples, these!—*Ed. L. G.*

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, Bart. in the chair.—There were presented to the Society a collection of valuable Siamese and other MSS., procured by Mr. Fullarton, governor of Penang; a drawing and description of the tomb of Alyattes, the father of Crœsus, near Sardis, by Dr. Hall; an engraving of the delivery of the ratified treaty of 1790 to Madhu Rao Peshwa, by the English ambassador, presented by Mr. Huttmann. Sir Alex. Johnston, Mr. Baber, and other members of the Society, also made some valuable donations connected with oriental literature and art. The paper read was entitled, "A sketch of the constitution of the Kandyan kingdom," communicated by Sir Alex. Johnston. The portion read comprised an account of the power and authority of the king, and also of the *adikars*, or noblemen of the highest rank, and the extent of their jurisdiction: to which succeeded a description of the elephant department, including an account of the method of catching and taming wild elephants. It was announced, that the anniversary meeting of the Society would be held on the 7th of June. The Abbé Dubois, formerly missionary in the Mysore, was introduced and admitted a foreign member.

MONTGOMERY'S LECTURES.

THE poetical genius of the author of the *Pelican Island*, the *World before the Flood*, &c., is too universally admitted for any critic now to do more than throw the mite of his praise towards the monument already erected by public gratitude. A life devoted to the study of one art, surely entitles a poet to have opinions thereon; and Mr. Montgomery's lectures are equally valuable for the feeling they evince, and the judgment they display. That on Tuesday last (the third of a series of six, delivering at the Royal Institution) abounded in nice discrimination and beautiful expression. We were particularly struck with one very fine and novel image—the lecturer was speaking of the difference between merely acquired knowledge and that inherent gift so well called inspiration. "The poet," he said, "goeth forth, even as Isaac, to meditate in the field at eventide—'and Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel; and she took a veil and covered herself.' Even thus," said Mr. Montgomery, "does beauty come upon the solitude of the poet—hidden at first as with a veil; but assured that she shall be both sought and won." The sacred writings furnished him with another admirable illustration. "Poetry lies not so much in the object itself as in its associations. One weapon, hallowed by some ennobling memory, stirs the heart more than all the artillery in the Tower. The sword, while by the side of Goliath, was but an instrument of bloodshed; but religion lent its blessing to the blade when, in the

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hands of David, it had smitten off the head of the giant, and executed the righteous judgment of God." The passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, both as told in the simple historical narrative, and enlarged upon in the choral hymn of triumph, had its splendid and energetic beauty pointed out, in a manner that shewed how well it was understood by the commentator. We most cordially recommend these lectures to our readers: if in hearing them, their taste is not heightened and refined, their attention more awakened to the beautiful, and poetry to them a thing of livelier interest, and yet of more daily occurrence—the fault will be with themselves, not with Mr. Montgomery.*

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second Notice.]

No. 162. *Caligula's Palace and Bridge.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; No. 169. *Salisbury Cathedral, from the Meadows.* J. Constable, R.A. — Fire and water. If Mr. Turner and Mr. Constable were professors of geology, instead of painting, the first would certainly be a Plutonist, the second a Neptunist. Exaggerated, however, as both these works are,—the one all heat, the other all humidity,—who will deny that they both exhibit, each in its way, some of the highest qualities of art? None but the envious or ignorant.

No. 7. *Subject from the Merchant of Venice.* G. S. Newton, A. — Rather defective in drawing, especially the countenance of Portia; but, nevertheless, an exceedingly clever and pleasing picture.

No. 18. *Hunt the Slipper.* A. E. Chalon, R.A.—The amusement (so happily described in the *Vicar of Wakefield*) is scarcely consistent with the character and costume of the party engaged in it. It looks as if the gay story-tellers of Boccaccio, having arrived at the end of their narratives, had suddenly burst into a game of romps. The colouring is brilliant, but there is a sad want of keeping in this picture.

No. 38. *A First-rate going down the Channel; the Land's End and Longship's Lighthouse in the distance.* W. Daniell, R.A.—The quotation from the *Corsair* is the best comment on this fine work.

> "She walks the waters like a thing of life,
> And seems to dare the elements to strife:
> Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
> To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"

No. 63. *A Storm.* C. Stanfield.—We are happy to say, that in the announcement in our last Number but one, of the intended opening of the Exhibition, we were in error in stating that Mr. Stanfield had been prevented by illness from sending any of his works. We find that he has three, besides the beautifully executed performance, the title of which is at the head of the present notice.

No. 78. *An Italian Family—Costume of Cavi, near Palestrina.* C. L. Eastlake, R.A. — Simple in design, and clear and transparent in colouring.

No. 84. *Scene near Hastings.* Rev. T. J. Judkin, H.—Who would not wish to be transported for a time from the din and clamour of "the busy haunts of men," to enjoy the luxury of strolling in such a scene as this?

No. 85. *King James the Second, the Countess of Dorchester, and Kitty Chervil—vide Walter Colyton.* S. Drummond, A. — Full of expression and spirit.

No. 86. *Interior of a Highlander's House.* E. Landseer, R.A. elect. — The picturesque character and masterly execution of the old man and his dogs are excellent; but the magic of the performance is the effect of the cool quiet light in the furthest part of the interior.

No. 92. *Circe.* H. Howard, R.A. — Mr. Howard could hardly have chosen a subject better suited to his classic pencil. Beauty of form, and varied and appropriate scenery, have combined to produce one of his most pleasing compositions.

No. 98. *A Sailing Match.* W. Mulready, R.A. — Mr. Mulready has depicted the only kind of sailing-match which to us, land-lubbers, has ever been interesting; and in so doing he has recalled to our minds some of the earliest delights of infancy. The contrast between the eager children who, reckless of danger, are leaning to their utmost stretch over the brook, and the boy of higher rank, who is not even permitted to pass along a wooden bridge without the aid of his vigilant attendant, is a fine touch of nature.

No. 99. *Pan and the Nymphs.* H. P. Bone. — A truly Arcadian scene; admirably composed, spiritedly executed, and brilliantly coloured.

No. 134. *Esther witnessing the honour conferred on Mordecai.* G. Jones, R.A. — It is reasonable to imagine that such a scene actually occurred. At any rate, the supposition has afforded this able artist an opportunity of shewing his powers in historical composition, as well as in the qualities of chiaroscuro and colouring.

No. 146. *Poachers Deer-stalking.* E. Landseer, R.A. elect. — It must have required a close and frequent observation of the manners and habits of these marauders, to characterise them so forcibly. The caution of the whole party, the ingenious device of concealing the face of the foremost (by means of a branch) from the quick eye of the deer, the eagerness of the dog, who it is evident will burst from all restraint the moment he hears a shot fired, are all finely represented.

No. 138. *The Morning Bath.* W. Collins, R.A. — One of Mr. Collins's best fruits of this year's growth. The subject is a coast scene. A female in the foreground has just lifted a dripping urchin from a watery — plunge, not grave,—for the spectator may almost hear the cries of the suffering wight. The attitude of another half-dressed child, on the beach, is admirably expressive of chilliness.

No. 144. *Nymph angling.* W. Etty, R.A. —Oh! sly, satirical Mr. Etty! Mark the moral that lurks under this apparently simple title. It is contained in the basket by the side of the fair damsel. They are *gold* and *silver* fish which she is hooking! Never was there a more deliciously painted picture.

No. 147. *Little Red Riding-Hood.* E. Landseer, R.A. elect.—Probably, like "Cottage Industry" in the British Gallery, a portrait in masquerade. We shudder at the idea of consigning so beautiful a little innocent to the jaws of the devouring wolf. The picture, in all its simplicity, is one we should most like to make our own from the Exhibition.

No. 155. *Medicine.* T. S. Good.—If a libel on "the human face divine" were punishable by law, Mr. Good ought to be indicted to-morrow morning. Such distortions of the countenance may shew the artist's skill, but they bear no evidence of his taste.

[To be continued.]

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Concluding Notice.]

No. 319. *A Windmill.* P. de Wint.—From the time of Rembrandt (the son of a miller) to the present day, windmills have been favourite studies of painters. The subject has been done ample justice to by this able artist, who, whether the composition partake of the sublime, as in No. 41. *Nant y Bellan, Wynnstay, Denbighshire*, or of the simple, as in No. 421, *A Fishing House, with Cattle*, acquits himself with equal credit.

No. 327. ——. Miss L. Sharpe.— ! ! !

No. 336. *Vintagers returning Home — Scene at Genzano.* P. Williams.—A beautiful drawing, both in character and in finish.

No. 354. *Fox and Duck.* J. F. Lewis.—An exquisite performance. It would afford a capital subject for a fable, the moral of which should be, "not to go out of one's own element." No. 300. *The Sleeping Hound, &c.*, by the same artist, is also admirable; and in No. 381. *Exterior of a Venetian Curiosity-Shop*, likewise by Mr. Lewis, a gorgeous accumulation of splendid materials is displayed with great skill and judgment.

No. 382. *Abon Hassen in the Palace of the Khalif of Bagdad—a Sketch.* J. Stephanoff.—Few artists have exhibited in subjects of this kind a richer vein of invention than Mr. Stephanoff. In this performance he appears to have given full scope to his powers; and the absence of finish is scarcely felt.

Among many other highly attractive works in this exhibition which our space will not permit us to particularise, are No. 29, *A Scene in the Highlands*, S. Austin; No. 275, *Dressing a Fly, at Stonebyers Falls, on the Clyde*, W. Nesfield; No. 407, *View in Haddon Hall, Derbyshire*, and No. 413, ——, G. Cattermole; No. 417, *Morning Ablution*, A. Chisholme; &c. There is abundance of fruit and flowers, evidently of the richest flavour, and the most delicious fragrance, from the well-known stores of Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Fielding, and the Misses Byrne and Scott.

It is but just to add, that in our notice we have merely selected a few ears from a very ample and healthy sheaf of corn.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in the Burman Empire. Drawn on the spot by Captain J. Kershaw, 13th Light Infantry. Engraved by William Daniell, R.A. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Of the various picturesque works connected with India which have lately come under our notice, this is undoubtedly the most splendid and interesting. It has been got up at great expense; and the ten plates of which it consists furnish an excellent illustration of the beauty of the natural scenery, and of the magnificent and gorgeous character of the sacred edifices erected by superstition, in that part of the Burman empire which was traversed by the British invading army in their advance from Rangoon towards the capital. Captain Kershaw has been fortunate in having had his drawings transferred to copper by an artist so skilful in the management of aquatinta, and so thoroughly familiar with oriental subjects, as Mr. Daniell. The publication is accompanied by a brief description of the different views.

A New Series of Original Illustrations to all Editions of the Waverley Novels. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

This Part contains twelve Illustrations of Ivanhoe, the Monastery, the Abbot, and Ke-

* We have to regret that we accidentally missed the first two of these lectures: Mr. M. is also, we observe, repeating his last year's course of four lectures at the London Institution.—*Ed. L. G.*

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nilworth. The principal gems are Newton's "Abbot Boniface," engraved by E. Finden; Wilkie's "Henry Warden and the Sub-Prior," engraved by Fox; Chalon's "Mary Stuart," engraved by Heath; and Leslie's "Earl and Countess of Leicester," engraved by Goodyear.

Panoramic View round the Regent's Park. From Drawings taken on the spot by R. Morris, author of "Essays on Landscape Gardening." Ackermann.

A FAITHFUL and pleasing representation of the diversified objects which meet the eye during a walk, ride, or drive, in that most agreeable of modern creations. It is a publication exceedingly well suited to the drawing-room table; especially in the country.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. No. XII. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE plates of "Windsor Castle" and "Eaton [Eton] College" are splendid specimens of Mr. Turner's genius.

The Family Cabinet Atlas; constructed upon an original plan, and engraved on steel by Mr. Thomas Starling. Bull.

As far as we have had the means of examining this beautiful little publication, it appears to us that the object which the proprietors had in view, namely, "to supply with distinctness and accuracy the greatest quantity of geographical information in the smallest possible compass," has been completely accomplished.

His Majesty's most gracious Speech. Tilt.

THE Speech delivered by his Majesty on proroguing parliament, April 22, 1831, printed in gold, with rich and appropriate embellishments.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XIII. Tilt.

ANOTHER number of this beautiful publication. Nothing can be more charming than the "Links of Eyemouth," by Copley Fielding, from a sketch by J. Skene; and "Warwick from the Kenilworth Road," by J. Constable, R.A.; both engraved by E. Finden.

SCULPTURE.

WE have been highly gratified by a view of an exhibition of sculpture about to be opened to the public in Bond Street. The several groups of which it consists are the production of Mr. Peter Hollins, an artist who has risen to eminence at Birmingham, and now (with perfect safety) advances his claim to the approbation of London. A colossal group of the Murder of the Innocents (consisting of three figures, the murderer, the mother, and the child,) is a strong effort in composition; but we cannot say the subject is agreeable to us. The outstretched arm of the mother is, in our opinion, too straight; all the rest is true to nature in distress and horror. Conrad and Medora is very beautiful; but here again (for we are nothing if not critical) we absolutely command Mr. Hollins to take the ear-drops from Medora's ears:* they greatly injure the simplicity and expression of the head. The third group, of Aurora waking Zephyrus, is a most lovely design, and exquisitely executed. Alone, it is enough to make the fame of a sculptor. There are several very fine busts: one of Macready, as Virginius, is full of spirit, and a striking likeness.

* Since writing this, we happened to offer the same suggestion, *viva voce*, and the artist condescended to adopt it; manifestly, as we think, to the improvement of the fair Medora.

MR. LOUGH THE SCULPTOR.

WE hear that this most promising artist is engaged on a new work. It represents Mazeppa bound to the wild horse. We have not yet seen it; but are told that both the animal and human figures are finely and powerfully developed.

LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

MESSRS. HARDING and LEPARD have again opened their Gallery of Illustrious Portraits to view, by cards of admission, sent to the patrons and friends of the fine arts. We believe some fifty thousand persons visited this exhibition last year—a proof of the interest attached to the subject, and, we rejoice to say, of the popularity of the splendid work on which these gentlemen have been so long and so creditably engaged. The additions since made are of a nature, we think, to render the view yet more attractive. Already we have five distinct editions of the same publication in progress at the same time: if Messrs. H. and L. go on improving in this way, we are like enough to see ten. Among the new and admirably executed portraits, whence the engravings are to be made, we observe the celebrated Bolingbroke, the architectural Lord Burlington, Godolphin, Bute, Walpole, and other political gladiators of a former age. And there is also a fleet of admirals — Howe, Duncan, Jarvis, Nelson, Hood, Bridport, &c. &c., after noble pictures in the possession of their descendants or friends:—while Lord Heathfield, Abercrombie, and other distinguished warriors, from similar sources, illustrate the other service. The whole is a treat of no common order.

The First Sign in Egypt: from the Seventh Chapter of Exodus.

AMONG the pictorial efforts of our rising artists, our attention has been invited to an elaborate painting on the above sacred subject, by Mr. Scrymgeour, which, unfortunately enough for him, reached London from Scotland too late to prefer its claim for admission into the R. A. exhibition. Mr. Scrymgeour's name will be recognised by our readers as that of the painter of the portrait of General David Stuart, the much-esteemed Laird of Garth: he has now attempted a far bolder flight, and produced a work of very considerable talent in the highest walk of art. It represents Pharaoh on his throne, witnessing the discomfiture of the Egyptian priests, when "Aaron's serpent swallowed up the rest;" and is composed and coloured with great ability. As it is to be engraved, we cheerfully give it this notice, to compensate in some measure for the artist's disappointment at Somerset House. At the same time, we must guard him against anachronisms in his architecture: these may readily be altered, as they are not of importance to the picture.

Mr. Scrymgeour has also, we may say invented, a new kind of portrait painting, with a specimen of which we were much pleased. It is on copper, in oils, and about the size of a shilling; yet an excellent likeness, and possessing truth and force. As the materials are of a lasting quality, we can imagine nothing better suited to those dear recollections which are made to live on clasps, brooches, bracelets, and other female ornaments.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

THE anniversary last Saturday was numerously attended: Lord Wharncliff in the chair, supported by the Duke of Somerset, Sir M. A. Shee, Mr. Phillips, and other Academicians and gentlemen on his right; and by the Earl of Jermyn, Sir John Swinburne, Mr. Wilkie, and other friends of the Fund, on the left. On drinking the health of the King, the chairman stated, that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to continue the royal annual donation of 100 guineas to this association; from which a very favourable augury of its future welfare might be drawn. The toast was hailed with enthusiasm, and the applause long continued. It is indeed by patronising Institutions which have for their object to promote the literature, arts, and sciences of the country, by providing for the relief of their less fortunate cultivators in the hour of distress, that kings most truly entitle themselves to the love of their subjects and the gratitude of posterity. Were we privy counsellors, this is a truism which we would very humbly, yet very sedulously, endeavour to impress on the mind of royalty. Political glories may, and are likely to fade away; but the fame founded on this basis is imperishable.*

On proposing the standing toast, "Prosperity to the Artists' Benevolent Fund," Lord Wharncliff addressed some very feeling and judicious observations to the company. He alluded to the delight he experienced in turning from the turmoils of public affairs to the contemplation of master-pieces of art; to the calm and consolatory enjoyment of these, when worn and wearied by the excitement of politics, to which in his station of life he could not be a stranger. He took occasion to advise the chief ornaments of our native arts who heard him, and from many of whose productions he had reaped a similar delight, to continue in their noble course, and strive not to imitate but to emulate their mighty predecessors: to the younger portion of his auditory he recommended industry and perseverance, and, above all, MODESTY, as the only sure way to become distinguished in their profession. [This recommendation, though trite to some of these aspirants, is worthy of their earnest attention. Overweening self-conceit, the want of modesty, is the besetting sin and bane of too many of our young artists. To hear them talk of their superiors and their pictures, is often offensive as it is presumptuous, and ignorant as it is contemptible. Geniuses in their teens; pert, uninformed, (for it is almost a general evil, that they do not read to acquire knowledge, and are in this respect far below continental artists), and noisy, they might well take heed of what the chairman told them, instead of disturbing, as an ill-behaved specimen of the class did, almost every part of the proceedings of the evening, by a clattering of glasses, and other annoyances, which neither gentle hint nor frequent call to order could induce them to discontinue. Students guilty of bad manners, they may believe us, are not the most likely to become eminent painters.]

Sir M. A. Shee, on his health and prosperity to the Royal Academy being drank, acknowledged the compliment with peculiar grace and happiness of diction. Among other points, he poetically and pathetically dwelt upon the claims of those to sympathy, whose fancy was so prone to beguile them into the apparently delicious region where so many flowers abounded, but where the fruits were so few.

Broadhurst, Taylor, Bellamy, and their compeers, sang some excellent glees and songs:

* How remarkable it was, in the parliament of a nation boasting of its enlightened character, that on the discussion of the civil list, not a syllable was uttered respecting the best of its destinations, as the means of enabling the sovereign to be bountiful and munificent to the children of genius!

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the subscription was considerable: and after Lord Wharncliff vacated the chair, it was taken by Mr. B. B. Cabell, a warm and liberal friend to the Fund, who kept up the social festivity till the whole closed in the most satisfactory manner.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEAF AS A POST.

'Tis in vain that Braham sings,
All in vain doth Oury play;
Vain are all the witty things
Witty people love to say;
Every pun on me is lost—
I'm as deaf as any post.

Vain to me is beauty's sigh;
How can *I* a lover prove?
Tell me, ladies, how can I
"Listen to the voice of love?"
Love is in a *trumpet* lost—
I'm as deaf as any post.

'Tis in vain that Irving preaches,
Though I am the pulpit near;
Vain to me all brilliant speeches—
Quite as vain the cries of "*hear*;"
Eloquence on me is lost—
I'm as deaf as any post.

Dire explosions, fraught with wonder,
Other ears are wont to flee;
Lion's roar and cannon's thunder
Are a distant hum to me;
Every sound on me is lost—
I'm as deaf as any post. F. G.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The programme of the sixth Philharmonic concert on Monday exhibited a selection superior to any of the preceding. Two such symphonies as Mozart's in E flat and Beethoven's in C minor, are worth two concerts of the ordinary kind, and never ought the annual series to be concluded without them. They were both sufficiently well executed not to disappoint the great expectations of the audience. The two principal vocalists, Lablache and Rubini, had both selected airs from an immortal composer's immortal work; the former "Madamina," and the latter "Il mio tesoro," from Mozart's Don Giovanni. If Signor Rubini were less lavish of ornamental additions, particularly shakes, even the most fastidious critic would find it difficult to pick out a fault in his style. In a composition of such length as the quintetto of Mozart, the repetition of each strain of the different movements had better be avoided, now that a composition is more easily understood; otherwise, nothing but praise can be given to Messrs. Spagnoletti, Griesbach, Moralt, Daniels, and Lindley, who played it. Miss Riviere, from the Academy of Music, made a very successful *début* in Cimarosa's scena, "Deh! parlate." Her style and voice are good, though the latter is somewhat weak in the lower notes. Mr. Böhm, from the King of Bavaria's chapel, played a fantasia of his own on the flute, with a perfect command over the instrument. His tone is uniform and full, but not equal to Nicholson's. After the terzetto, "Quel sembiante," from L'Inganno fortunato, by Miss Riviere, Lablache, and Rubini, this excellent concert concluded with Weber's overture to Der Freischütz. There are many better overtures than Spohr's to Jessonda, which concluded the first act; but Spohr is, with the directors, the order of the day.

* In this notice we have spoken freely of a matter which (on this occasion) the impetuosity of youth and the influence of wine might largely excuse; but it is well meant, and we trust will not be altogether lost on our juvenile artists. Let Lord Wharncliff's word, "*modesty*," be their motto and remembrancer, and they will find their advantage in it at public meetings, at exhibitions, in private society, and in the pursuits of their studies. For ourselves, or rather for the *Literary Gazette*, we have to say, that the encouragement of the Fine Arts and the interests of their professors have always been a marked and cherished object. Our criticisms have ever been favourable: we have pointed out beauties, in the ordinary language of praise, where it would have been no difficult thing to be very smart on blemishes—for it is wonderfully easy to find fault: and throughout the whole of our now somewhat lengthened and not uninfluential course, we have endeavoured to raise our native school on its just merits, and never for an instant suffered any paltry triumph of wit or malice to interfere between us and that great consideration.

MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.

We have seldom witnessed on a similar occasion so distinguished an assemblage of rank and fashion as graced this lady's concert on Friday week. The musical attractions were of a high order. A new concerto in A flat, the masterly composition of Hummel, was brilliantly executed on the piano by Mrs. Anderson. Mori added fresh claims to being considered as yet the god of the bow in this country. Nicholson lent the wonders of his magic flute; while among the vocalists, Madame Stockhausen's charming *morceaux* of Swiss natural melody, Rubini's exquisitely finished Italian singing, and De Begnis' admirable buffa extravagances, left the audience nothing to desire. Mr. Parry, jun. was alarmed at the importance of "Napoleon's midnight review," or his powers are unequal to do it justice. What a thing it would be for Braham! The greatest possible praise is due to the orchestra, led by Spagnoletti, for their execution of this really fine piece of music. Mr. Ball's translation is unworthy of the original; and we recollect having seen a very superior version in print.

MR. C. POTTER'S CONCERT,

On Tuesday at the King's Theatre, was fully attended; and the performances, besides the display of other high musical talents, both vocal and instrumental, afforded that gentleman a favourable opportunity for exhibiting his great skill and effect upon the piano-forte.

SINGULAR MUSICAL PERFORMANCE.

We have rarely witnessed a more curious exhibition of musical ingenuity than the variety of sounds produced by an uncommon performer named Werner. With only the assistance of a zitter, or German guitar, he contrives to produce the effect of a whole band of music, and mingles together the bassoon, flute, trumpet, &c. The fulness and volume of sound given to the trumpet, contrasted with the softness of the flute, played in thirds, is truly extraordinary. The next part of the performance shewed a wonderful faculty of imitation: a whole farmyard are supposed to be roused by the music; and the barking of dogs, the noise of cats, cocks, hens, &c. were blended in a *mélange* which truly might have been mistaken for real life. Mr. Werner has been blind from his birth: his performances have attracted much attention on the continent; and we hope his ingenious exhibition will meet due patronage from English friends.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday, Madame Pasta made her first appearance, after an absence of three years, in the character of *Medea*, in Meyer's beautiful opera of that name. She was greeted with the very flattering applause of the most numerous and fashionable audience which has graced the theatre this season. She sustained the character with her usual excellence, possessing the same volume, flexibility, and sweetness of voice, for which she was always so eminently distinguished. Her tragic acting was also, as usual, particularly fine: in the scene with the children she delineated the feelings of despair and of motherly affection with a force and truth, which we have not witnessed in any female performer since Mrs. Siddons retired from the stage. Signor Rubini, who, we believe, has been lately singing with Mad. Pasta at Milan, performed the character of *Egeus*. The duets between them were given with great effect, and were much and deservedly applauded. Lablache, as *Cruontes*, sang well. Curioni was *Gasone*, and Miss Fanny Ayton *Creusa*; so that the whole opera was admirably supported. Faliani was extremely interesting as *Irene*.

VARIETIES.

Fossil Belemnite.—It has hitherto been a matter of much speculation among geologists, whether the curious fossil, so abundant in some limestones, and known by the name of *belemnite*, ever contained an animal, or if it was the spine of a sea-urchin, or not at all of animal origin. It appears that a French naturalist has satisfactorily solved this question, having found in the department of Tarn all the parts of the molluscous animal in company with the fossil.

Public Edifices.—It is well said by Sir Martin Archer Shee, in a note to his *Rhymes on Art*, that "there is an economy that impoverishes, and an expense that enriches." This principle seems to be acted upon by the French government at the present moment. With a view of employing the labourers in Paris, the minister of commerce and public works has authorised the immediate application of the sums annexed to the following buildings:

Chambre des Députés	215,000 francs.
Eglise de la Madeleine	230,000
Arc de l'Etoile	375,000
Bibliothèque du Roi	198,000
Ecole des Beaux Arts	75,000

Education of the People.—In no fewer than a hundred and nine cities and towns in France, institutions have already been, or are about to be, established, at the public expense, for the instruction, by able professors, of a portion of the industrious classes of the people, in the geometrical and mechanical knowledge applicable to the useful arts. The number of pupils is estimated at between four and five thousand. Such efforts are worthy of a great nation.

Newspaper Reports.—The beautiful imaginings of newspaper intelligence, that sort of intelligence which the wise world takes so good-naturedly for gospel, and descants and reasons upon so judiciously, is finely exemplified in *Le Globe*, Paris journal, of the 28th April. Its account of the troubles reported to have broken out in London after the royal dissolution of Parliament, is news indeed, viz. that "the house of M. Peel and the hotel of the Duc de Wellington had been destroyed; and (clenching it by particulars!) the fine statue of Napoleon, by Canova, which the Duke of Wellington had placed in the *peristyle* of his abode, had been promenaded through the streets of London"!!!

The Camelopard.—We are sorry to see it stated, in the *Morning Chronicle*, that the camelopard, of which we gave an account in a

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late Number, died on its passage off the Cape of Good Hope.

Production and Consumption.—A recent No. of *Le Globe* contains the following comparison of the inhabitants, productions, and consumption of France and Great Britain, including Ireland.

Subjects of Comparison.	*France.*	*Great Britain.*
Inhabitants	32,000,000	23,000,000
Acres (*hectares*) in cultivation	47,000,000	20,000,000
Gross produce of agriculture, in francs	4,678,708,000	5,420,428,000
Net produce of ditto	1,344,703,000	2,681,150,000
Produce exported	149,050,000	75,725,000
Produce consumed	4,529,658,000	5,344,700,000
Individual landowners	19,000,000	3,892,000
Family ditto	3,804,000	1,778,000
An acre produces, on the average, in francs	117	270
A labourer produces, on the average	246	609
Manufacturing individuals	6,332,000	11,396,858
Produce of manufactures	1,896,000,800	3,568,000,000
Every individual, therefore, produces on the average	286	613
Manufactured produce exported	260,000,000	810,000,000
Ditto consumed	1,560,102,000	2,757,500,000
An inhabitant consumes, on the average, in manufactured produce	48	125
In agricultural produce	141	242

Translators and Translations.—We observe, from the German catalogues, that Mr. Planché's *Descent of the Danube* has been translated into the language of that country. It is curious enough, that this author, who is so often charged by our contemporaries with writing nothing original, and being merely a translator from foreign tongues, should thus have had a prose volume added to the stores of German literature; his excellent drama of *Oberon*, so often mistaken for a translation, having previously received a similar honour.

Professors and Masters of the French Language.—We have seen a very able and judicious circular, addressed to the professors and masters of the French language in this country, urging them to form a society for various purposes; the principal of which are—the strength and respectability resulting from union; the exclusion of incompetent persons from the occupation of teaching; the sanction, by a diploma, of those who are properly qualified; and the gradual formation of a fund for the assistance of masters who have become aged and infirm, without having had it in their power to make an adequate provision for their own support. These are all excellent objects; and it will give us great pleasure to witness their accomplishment.

Organic Remains of Mont St. Pierre.—M. Van Hees announces, that the chalky land of Mont St. Pierre, near Maestricht, so famous for its bones of sea tortoises, mosasaures, &c. contains not only remains of seals and cetaceous animals, but also bones of terrestrial mammiferæ. Some were discovered in July 1829, at a depth of 80 feet. The author and M. Von Breda, professor at Ghent, caused the excavations to be carried on, and collected teeth of ruminantia (horse, sheep, goats), pachydermata (pig), and carnivora (dogs). Mr. Van Hees supposes that this ossiferous deposit is more recent than the chalk, but more ancient than the diluvium which covers the summit of the mountain. To explain the occurrence of bones in a cretaceous rock, identical with the principal mass of the mountain, he thinks that we may have recourse to the supposition that there has been a cleft, afterwards filled with a chalky detritus, which has become hardened. As M. Morren has just found in the upper marine deposit of Brussels many bones, and as Dr. Fitton places the rock of Maestricht between the chalk and this last deposit, this hypothesis, without proof, is entirely useless, and there only remains to ascertain whether we must consider it as an upper chalk formation, or a tertiary limestone, and of what weight the presence of fossils such as the belemnites may have in such considerations. The details which we are anxiously expecting regarding the tertiary formations of the Alps, that occur between the chalk and limestone, will also probably throw light on this question.

Observations on the Influence of Cold on new-born Children.—Dr. Trevisan has been making researches in Italy, principally at Castle Franco, analogous to those of Messrs. Villermé and Milne Edwards in France. The conclusions at which he arrives are:—In Italy, of one hundred infants born in December, January, and February, sixty-six die in the first month, fifteen more in the course of the year, and nineteen survive; of one hundred born in spring, forty-eight survive the first year; of one hundred born in summer, eighty-three survive the first year; of one hundred born in autumn, fifty-eight survive the same period. He attributes this mortality of infants solely to the practice of exposing them to the cold air a few days after their birth, for the purpose of having them baptised at the church. Dr. Trevisan, as well as MM. Milne Edwards and Villermé, calls the attention of the ecclesiastical authority to measures suited to put a stop to such disasters, without violating the precepts or practices of religion.

The Polish Language.—The Polish language is so difficult of pronunciation that some of the words are impracticable even to natives. Several of our newspapers have pretended to give the true pronunciation of the name of the celebrated General Skrzynecki for example, but erroneously; for it is spoken as if spelt Skshenecki: the two first letters, like *sk* in skate, gliding softly into the *she*.

Volcanoes in Central Asia.—The discovery of volcanoes, hitherto considered to be always in proximity to the ocean, in the central plains of Asia, is among the most interesting features of the late journey of De Humboldt. This celebrated traveller is about to present an account of these to the Academy of Paris, and we shall notice the results at a future opportunity.

Medical Botany.—The Medico-Botanical Society of London has offered a gold and a silver medal for the best essays on the questions, "What is the vegetable substance which could be employed with success in the cure of hydrophobia?" and "On the medicinal qualities and uses of any indigenous plant, which is not yet sufficiently known, or on new uses and applications of any other indigenous plants."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XX. May* 14.]

Killarney Legends, arranged as a Guide to the Lakes; edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.; with six illustrative engravings from drawings by Alfred Nicholson, Esq.—The Life and Times of England's Patriot King, William the Fourth; Part I., with two engravings.—A new weekly theological publication, to be called the Anti-Infidel, is announced.—The second volume of the Life of Thomas Ken, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells; including the period of fanatical Puritanism, from 1640 to the death of Cromwell; by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, is nearly ready.—Ivan Vejeghen, or Life in Russia, a novel; by Thaddeus Bulgarin: a translation.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Panorama of Constantinople and its Environs, royal 4to., plain, 1*l.* cloth; coloured, 1*l.* 14*s.* cloth.—Journal of Voyages and Travels by Tyerman and Rennet, compiled by J. Montgomery, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.* cloth.—Rev. J. Slade's Sermons, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Familiar Introduction to the Christian Religion, in a Series of Letters by a Senior, 12mo. 7*s.* bd.—The Young Christian's Sunday Evening, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—The Atonement and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper considered, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Memoir of Jane Judson, by the Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, 18mo. 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Roxobel, by Mrs. Sherwood, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 7*s.* cloth.—Lee's Analysis of Seckers Lectures, post 8vo. 4*s.* bds.—D'Emden's Genders of French Nouns, square 12mo. 9*d.* sewed.—Map of the Basin of the Tay, from a Survey by James Knox, 1*l.* 1*s.* in case; Topography of the Basin of the Tay (being a companion to the Map), 12mo. 9*s.* bds.—Haverhill; or, Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe, by James Aitken Jones, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Reader on the Canon of Scripture, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Moore's Ancient History of Medicine, fcp. 6*s.* bds.—Bickersteth's Chief Concerns of Man, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—"The Horse," from the Library of Useful Knowledge, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Family Cabinet Atlas, complete, 12mo., plain, 1*l.* 10*s.* cloth; coloured, 2*l.* 2*s.* cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

May.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday 5	From 31. to 53.	29·52 to 29·48
Friday 6	—— 30. — 50.	29·04 — 29·79
Saturday 7	—— *30. — 53.	29·92 — 29·99
Sunday 8	—— 34. — 53.	30·06 — 30·22
Monday 9	—— 27. — 58.	30·24 — 30·19
Tuesday 10	—— 30. — 55.	30·15 — 30·11
Wednesday 11	—— 28. — 60.	30·11 — 30·13

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the 5th, generally clear; frequent showers during the 5th.

Rain fallen, .2 of an inch.

Aurora Borealis.—On the evening of Sunday the 8th, a generally diffused light illumined our hemisphere; only one coruscation appeared, which darted up about due north, to a distance of 20° from the horizon, and moved thence about 30° westward of the north, when it suddenly disappeared.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

* Certainly not in the whole range of our Meteorological Journal, which was commenced in the year 1774, and perhaps never before, has the face of nature been so suddenly and so seriously changed as on the night of the 6th or morning of the 7th inst. During the past, and the first six days of the present, month, every tree, plant, and shrub, reminded us of reviving nature and parturient spring; or, as the poet beautifully expresses it:

"Bathed in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,
Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds;
The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath,
The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath,
And, freed from southern blast and northern shower,
Spreads, without fear, each bud, and leaf, and flower."

Yet, how different was the appearance of vegetation on the 7th of May, 1831! Every tree and shrub has, more or less, felt the extreme severity of the weather. The leaf of the vine, the walnut, and the oak, is shrivelled and black; the appearance is, indeed, precisely as if burnt, and upon being pressed crumbles to dust. The gooseberries, currants, and cherries, appear as if boiled; and being shaken, the fruit falls from the tree. The extent of the damage done to other fruits of the earth, time alone can shew.

Subjoined is the minimum of the thermometer during the month of May, for the last forty years:—

Year.	Min.	Year.	Min.
1790	46	1811	40
1791	31	1812	32
1792	43	1813	39
1793	44	1814	33
1794	44	1815	40
1795	36	1816	32
1796	33	1817	28
1797	36	1818	35
1798	38	1819	28
1799	39	1820	36
1800	40	1821	29
1801	..	1822	34
1809	30	1823	32
1803	32	1824	28
1804	37	1825	34
1805	31	1826	30
1806	40	1827	31
1807	36	1828	33
1808	35	1829	34
1809	37	1830	30
1810	34		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We know nothing, of our own knowledge, of Captain Norton's rifle-shell, and can consequently insert no eulogium upon it: the *Literary Gazette* is not the "given point" where an explosion in its praise is sure to take place. Besides, the invention, whatever it is, has been long and repeatedly brought before the public.

To Z. Z.—we think Macfarlane's Travels are those alluded to.

☞ Owing to the pressure of more temporary matter, we have to postpone the Bishop of Salisbury's Address at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society of Literature—Continuation of Review of State Papers—A biographical sketch of Mr. Hamper, the antiquary, deceased—and several Reports of scientific Societies, &c. &c.

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MUSIC.

Popular Journal of Music.

Published 1st of May, price 3*s.* the Fifth Number for 1831, of

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Contents.—*Musical Literature.*

Memoirs of Italian Soprani—English School of Music—On Ecclesiastical Choirs—On the Italian Theatre—Autobiography of an Amateur Singer—Metropolitan Concerts—Diary of a Dilettante—Review of New Music—Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts—Foreign Musical Report—The Drama; Italian Opera—Zemira ed Azor, at Covent Garden, &c. &c.

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No. 748. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Correspondence of Isaac Basire, D.D., Archdeacon of Northumberland and Prebendary of Durham, in the Reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.; with a Memoir of his Life. By W. N. Darnell, B.D., Rector of Stanhope. London, 1831. Murray.

THE *Literary Gazette* has invariably hailed the publication of authentic correspondence, as by far the most genuine means of illustrating the manners and feelings of any distant period. Letters not intended for the world had no inducement to misrepresent facts of a general character; and, in our opinion, these, where the writers were of rank sufficiently elevated to have access to the best information, are the true correctives of history. In the case before us there is, indeed, little of this kind of intelligence; yet the life of Dr. Basire offers in itself a curious picture of the English church at an era of its deepest humiliation, and of the monarchy in its hour of eclipse—necessarily including glimpses of the state of the country during that memorable time.

The selection of papers and letters has been made from the valuable library of the Dean and Chapter of Durham; and the Memoir is written with the *esprit* of a divine, who appears worthy of the rich rectory of Stanhope, so much spoken of within the last few months, and hardly less deserving of note from having been a living enjoyed by Dr. Basire. Of this learned man his biographer says:—

"He is a good specimen of the class of men which that church (of England) was enabled to produce, after she had escaped from the corruptions of Popery, and before her spirit was broken by the encroachments of sectarianism. Pious, learned, active, and judicious, he lost no opportunities of turning his talent to account. Resigned to all the dispensations of Providence, his misfortunes never seem to have depressed the energies of his mind; but he was, as one of his friends said of him,

'Adversis rerum immersabilis undis.'

In the quaint language of Walker, in his book on the Sufferings of the Clergy, he was 'sequestered, pursevanted, plundered, and forced to fly; having been thrice shut up in the sieges of Carlisle and Oxford, and in a confinement in Stockton Castle.' * * * It is a striking feature in his life, that in the most remote parts of Europe, whither he had retired as an exile and a fugitive, his friendship was sought, and his advice followed, by learned and good men; and, in some instances, by persons of the most exalted rank. The life of Dr. Basire may be divided into three portions; the first, from his birth to his expatriation, upon the surrender of the city of Oxford to the parliament; the second includes fifteen years of exile; the remaining part consists of about the same period of time, from the restoration, and his own return to England, to his decease."

Basire was born at Rouen in 1607, the son of a Protestant of the lowest order of French noblesse. He studied at Rotterdam and Leyden; and having come to England, was, in 1629, admitted into holy orders by Morton, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, to whom he was immediately after appointed chaplain. He was naturalised, and no doubt accompanied his patron on his translation to Durham in 1632. At this early age the few letters remaining shew that he was highly esteemed for piety and learning by his friends, among whom we find Vossius and other persons of repute. In 1635 Basire married Miss Fanny Corbett, "of a good family in Shropshire," to whom his love-letters (if they may be so called) are of the most religious and edifying description. They might have served as models for those of Dr. Doddridge—only they are as cold in the way of mortality as the doctor's are warm. He earnestly invokes her to pray; and says (*ex. gr.*)

"Goe on, sweet soule, and depend still upon God; and he shall sooner or later promote thee, if not by mee, (for alasse, what am I that I should promise ought? my breath is in my nostrills,) yet by some other meanes. * *

"I beseech God to cause his face to shine upon thee, to sanctify us one for another, to prosper our intentions, to pardon us all the vanitys incident about it, to give us grace to goe on in his most holy feare, that if it be his holy will and for his glory, it may, in his good time, succeed, to our mutuall comfort, and the edification of both our familyes, meane while to indue us both with much patience and true mortification."

Again:

"Cause your letters to be superscribed by our common frend; not so much for concealment as for safety; least the sight of a woman's hand should tempt some curious knave to defloure them ere they come to my hands. Let your love be pure without passion, for this will weare away with age and time; when love, true, cordiall, and Christian love, will out last, will out live, even death it selfe. Remember your tye, for so I do mine: no creature can undoe it, iff you can obtaine his consent in whose power you are. Touching competency of fortune, the lesse our expectation is, the greater our joy will be iff it succeed. I will be carefull to serve God, and to use the meanes that may worcke my preferment. To conclude, love, thou art sure of an honest, a faithfull, and a well-meaning man, who desires neither thee nor any thing in the world, but for the glory of his Maker. Farewell!"

These are sufficient specimens of a pious courtship two hundred years ago. Well, Basire married and throve,—had children and church preferments, till, in December 1641, he was appointed chaplain to the king. Previous to this epoch, however, we must make a few brief extracts from the correspondence. The following occurs in a letter from Nathaniel Ward, vicar of Staindrop, to Basire.

"Pray tell me (he says) in your next, whether it is allowable to take an oath in a sense different from that in which it is imposed. If it be not allowable, I would far rather submit to torture than be bound with that terrible chain. . . . For heaven's sake, and by the sacred bonds of friendship, I implore you to state your opinion to me distinctly upon this point, as soon as possible. Tell me, moreover, what you intend to do in the matter. I cannot help quoting the exclamation of Polycarp, which you used to be afraid to commit to paper—

'Deus bone, in quæ nos reservasti tempora!'"

This, from a high churchman and royalist, seems to prove that Hudibras's sophistry upon oath-taking was no caricature:

"He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
How, therefore, can a man be said
To break an oath he never made?"*

Yet these were good and worthy men.

"There was," says the author, Mr. Darnell, "something eminently social, as well as practical, in the religion of this period; or, at least, in the religion of the men with whom this Memoir will make us acquainted. Friends strengthened each other in spirit, and drew their own union closer by urging their mutual wants to the throne of grace. It had not yet become a matter of form only for Christians to request each others' prayers—the intermediate step towards that oblivion of the duty of intercession, which seems to prevail so generally."

When the troubles arrived at a crisis, Basire took refuge in France, leaving his wife and family in indigence behind him, for church property had become the prey of the revolution. In June, 1747, he writes to his spouse:—"Here I am (not in Rouen, but as neere it as Yarum is to Little Eaglescliffe): my chamber lyes me in 7 or 8 shillings a moneth: yea I have a whole little summer-house to myeselfe alone: only once or twice a day a little boy waits on mee for necessarys: my little house is within a garden, the most pleasant place that ever I lived in, if I had but your owne sweet selfe in it with mee. B. J."

"Rouen, this 4th of June, 1647."

After fencing with poverty and distress a considerable while, Basire got several pupils, sons of eminent men, with whom he travelled to Sicily, Malta, and Italy. It is curious enough, that among these boys we discover the ancestors of the present prime minister, Earl Grey, and of Lord Durham, his relative and associate. The fortunes of the house of Lambton do not appear to have been very flourish-

* The objects of investigations in these days may also be inferred from the following passage in the letter of another clergyman. "Give me leave to request one favour more at your hands, and that is, to let me know, by 2 lines, whether in your travells you ever met with Lot's wife's pillar, whether you tasted of it and found it saltish, and what shape it bears at this day. Josephus reports that he saw it, but describes it not. The occasion of my query is this:—Dr. Tonstall, p. 32 of his small piece ag. Scarb. Sp., fancies that shee was turned into marine salt, which cannot bee: it would have speedily melted with the moysture of the air, and so could not minister an occasion of remembrance to future ages, to take heed of the like disobedience and curiosity. I rather judge it to be a pillar of minerall salt, which dissolves not with moysture, such as Pliny tells of (lib. 31, Nat. Hist. c. 7), which may serve for building as well as stone. I am ready to send up my Answere to the presse, only shall wait your resolve to my query."

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ing in those days; for the worthy tutor writes to his wife: — "I have desired my Lady Lambton to pay you at one or two payments yeerely 20*l.*, which I shall lay out here for her son, whilest he is abroad with mee." (Paris, March 1648.)—"As for Mr. Lambton, I never had yet a farthing's stipend from him, and betwixt you and mee, a bill of 50*l.*, which should have come in August last, is yet uncome; so that ever since October last I have supplied him with all necessarys, so far am I from being a gainer by him (but keepe this to your selfe). However I write now to my lady to pay you ten pounds more (towards the bearing of your charges for Peter), and I shall not faile to make it good to her son. If you be forced to borrow of some good body somewhat above it, I shall doe my endeavour to discharge it, assoone as I hear from you." (Rome, March 1649.)—"Betwixt you and mee, my Lady Lambton is very slow in her supplys to her son, for whom I have laid out of borrowed money, and a little of mine owne above 50*l.* unrepayd. If she would have him home, she should send a sufficient bill both to clear him, and to beare the charges of his returne; I have some moneths agoe ordered her to repay you ten pounds of what I have laid out for her son; I bad him write to the same purpose." (Padua, June 1649.)

Of Lord Grey's progenitor the notice in the same letter is curious:—"I heare Mr. Edward Gray of Howick is, God be thanked, turned Protestant. You may remember when I was last at Newcastle, what I writ to him, and now I heare there is a Scottish man in my cure at Howick. It may be the same whom I gave commission to supply the place. If so, you may perhaps, by Mr. Gray's meanes, procure some part in allowance out of it. I purpose to moove him about it this next weeke."

Dr. Basire's pupils having left him by degrees, he travelled for three or four years. Messina, Zante, Smyrna, Aleppo, Antioch, and Jerusalem, saw him; and the last-named places particularly, as well as various parts of Syria, in the character of a Protestant missionary, teaching and enforcing the gospel wherever he went. At last, he was invited to Transylvania by Prince Racoczi,* the last independent prince of that province, with whom he remained, as the teacher of his son, till his overthrow and the fall of his house, before the infidels in 1660. Previous to this event, the letters between him and Mrs. Basire in England are, though not very frequent, not a little interesting. The lady's orthography has amused us, from its resemblance to the style of several ladies of our acquaintance, who to this day, in spite of the march of intellect, continue to write and spell precisely like the worthy Mistresse Basire, temp. Charles I. and II. If these belong to any school, therefore, we should have a right to class them with the old school. We shall extract a few sentences from Mrs. B.'s correspondence.

"Our dotter Mary is at hom with me; she is (I praise God) a relegos child, and serve-saable to me. Mr. Hums hath tout her to rit. My lady had a gret love and care of her. I found her all her close, and paid Mr. Broune for teching her on the verginalls. I shall have a care of all the rest, as much as in me lais. I ret to my frend Busby,† according to your desire, about Isacke, but neuer had ansar from him. I very much desire, if it ples God to settel you at Rome, that he may com to you. I do thinke he will be a gret comfort to you, and loves rising earlly to go to coul. When I tel him I haue had a letter from you, he axes if you haue send for him. Thy are all very well, praised be God, and present thire duty to you, and John is lerning fast to red a chapte in the Bibel agens Easter, that he may haue breches, and then he would faine see his father, as I should be if it ples God to send vs a good oppertunity. I shall rit to Monsieur Roussell. I have not hard of Peter a long time. I haue send you a bill of all the monny I haue reseue from you this five yeers and almost a half, to a farthing; and I haue set doune what I haue paid out and laid out, in my hous and on my self and oure chedren. * * *

"My Dearest,—I prais God for your wellfare, but I found it somthing heuie for me to beare your being so far from me, and being a hole year but tow dais afore I hard from you, wich is your letter 22 of July I haue, and your in May to me and your frends, with your tokens, are mescaried as all mine to you are. Now I rit to you tow for won, and send them according to your tow dyrexons. I sent you a not of the barell of oyle, and of all the parshalls of coreans you sent me from Zant; but the oyle and the last corans ware not of the best, wich made them thy gaue not so much as you thought. I haue all my unkel's letters to show what they all cam to, and haue them all rit doune; and all the monnis I hau had from you, and the twenty pounds you sent me twelue moneths agoe, when you went for Gerusilem. * * *

"I shall not faill to pray for your nobel frend Mr. Daniell Penington, but yet enuie him that he should enjoy that happines I want. But so that you are wall and content I hall holy submet to God, tel he see it for me to injoy what I want. I thanke you very kindly for all your gret and constan loue to me, thoue so far of and so long as all mos seuen years. I do ashoure you mine is the sam to you. For Isaac, I haue ret to my frend Busbe, but haue had no anser. I heaue let him know by Mr. Carter that you haue ret to him but hit mis caried, and I ret to her to send me his ansar, and I shall let you know, and the tim I haue them all with me, I shall, God willing, bring them vp as well as I can. Our doter Mary is very seruesabel to me when I ham not wall. I haue ben very sore trobeled with the stone in the kidney, and a weknes in the bake. For the ston I have got som qewre, but for my bake I thinke it will be hard to get it qewored. I prais God I ham very wall, and I cro fat. Your delite heare is very wall. Oure 4 cheldren heare present thire dutty to you. John very much desires to see his father, for he sais he is gon so far as he thinke he knas not the way bak, or els he wants a hors. I pray God send vs all a happy meeting."

This *cro-ing fat* with two such complaints is no fudge; for the good lady repeats in another letter, long after:

"The paine of my back and the stone do very much in crec, and yet I kip fat. I want whit wain to take my pouthers in, heare is non to be got tht is god. I do hartily prais God for your prospring in your *cauling*, and thy that torn many to ritousnes thy shall shine as stars. Wee do extremly want you and your brethren here, for there are very many that is fallen from the faith."

Having given so much to the wife's letters, we cannot (nor is it requisite) allow space for the husband's letters from Transylvania. A schedule of the goods he left there is, however, rather a characteristic document, and we insert it.

"1. A painted chest full of cloathing. 2. A lesser painted chest, containing four silver cups parcel-gilt, together with six silver spoons. 3. One other chest of wood, full of manuscripts and mathematical instruments. 4. A large leathern Turkish basket (commonly called a sapet) full of books. 5. A vessel containing furniture belonging to the bed. The bed is of down, and of a large size; the pillow long, and also of down; curtains and tester of green silk; a silk counterpane; an embroidered counterpane stuffed with cotton (the value of the bed alone 150 crowns or imperials); a few pairs of sheets. 6. New towels, napkins, &c. 7. A rich Turkish carpet, quite new. 8. A green and a parti-coloured carpet. 9. Six embroidered bands. 10. Several boxes of orichalch. 11. Black silk stockings. 12. A red nightcap. 13. A small medicine chest of wood, containing drugs. 14. Manuscripts. The chief are as follows:—Theological lectures on Wollebius—Hebrew lectures on Psalm xxxiv. and Proverbs i.—All the lectures on metaphysics read by me at Alba Julia—Two separate treatises on the beautiful and on order—Problem: Whether a husband may beat his wife. *Negatur** — Several academical orations — Funeral orations to the pious memory of the celebrated M. Kereturi, court-preacher, and of M. Professor Bisterfeld, my predecessor—Various itineraries, particularly one relating to the East, in different languages, bound in green (an Arabic MS. bound in quarto)—A disputation in MS. held in the university of Alba, between Dr. Isaac Basire and N. Krsykowsky, a Polish doctor and Jesuit, anno 1656—A MS. vol. in 8vo. containing a collection of various Hungarian synods — A new doctor's silk gown, à l'Anglaise, with rich silk trimming; which gown, with the cassock and apron, cost me 120 imperials or crowns. And many other such like things, which in my confusion do not occur to me. Other articles, which I cannot immediately recollect, may easily be known, either by the form of the garment, by the marking, or by some other indication."

Charles II. was not forgetful of Basire's loyalty and sufferings in the cause of his father. In 1661, on his return to England, "he was re-appointed to his stall at Durham, his rectory at Egglescliff, and the archdeaconry of Northumberland; and Cosins, then become Bishop of Durham, prevailed upon the intruder at Stanhope, 'Andrew Lamant, a Scottish man,' to resign the rectory, and to take Longnewton in exchange."

Evelyn, by the by, in his Diary, mentions his preaching in Westminster Abbey, 10th July, 1661, and calls him "that great traveller, or rather French apostle, who had been planting the church of England in divers parts of the Levant and Asia. He shewed that the church of England was for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under heaven; that England was the very land of Goshen." And, Oct. 29, 1662, the same author says, "I went to court this evening, and had much discourse with Dr. Basiers, one of his majesty's chaplains, who shewed me the syngraphs and original subscriptions of divers eastern patriarchs and Asian churches to our confession."

In spite of his example, his son Peter apostatised to the church of Rome, much to the mortification of his father. After this, the volume is a good deal occupied with local clerical matters and law-suits, of no interest to the public now. We shall, therefore, bring our review to a close, with a short extract or two of antiquarian curiosity. The expenses of Basire's sons Peter and Charles, as students at Cologne in 1666, are thus rendered to the doctor.

"In our dyet	6	13	11½
In tuition	1	0	0
For my bed and sheetes, which I hyre a quarter	0	11	0
For mending and turning my (only) suite, for bookes, Toba. and private expenses, wherein may be mentioned (yet which I would omitt, but that you delight in punctuality), some shillings given at the receipt of the Sacrament, dayes of fasting, and publick collections. I say in all, in these private expenses	2	4	6
Totall of our quarter	10	9	5½

* We should like to see a modern *essay* on this point of domestic policy.—*Ed.*

* "Nothing (says Basire in a letter to this prince) reflects more honour upon the family of Racoczi than this, that your illustrious grandfather, Sigismund, of glorious memory, with a few other pious Hungarian chiefs, printed at their own expense, at Vitol, in the year 1590, the first edition of the Bible entire, in the Hungarian language."

† The famous Dr. Busby; and a stanch friend of Dr. Basire.

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"We might table out for 4*l.* a qre., but Mr. Peck thought to have lessened expenses by keeping house: what to do, he resolves not till he see Mr. Grove. . . . . The want of a bed and 2 paire of sheetes, puts me to the charge of 11sh. a qre. Besides this quarterly expenses, all the members of colledges are put to charges in detriments, though absent. The Lord remove from us the occasion of our abode here! expecting which, I remaine, reverend sir, your dutifull son, PETER BASIRE.

"Colne, 8ber, 13, —66.

"Be pleased to present my h. service to the Reverend Mr. Wrench. May you not be offended that I name Tobacchow here, for lesse I take than I did by halfe, each day, stinting myselfe, but I pay a dearer rate for it. I beseech you, vouchsafe (if safe) to send me my trunke, for I want a trunke, and would buy none."

At last, at the ripe age of three score and ten, Dr. Basire departed this life, October 12, 1676, having lost his wife in the July preceding. His tomb still remains in the Abbey Yard of Durham, near the north door; and his arms are emblazoned on the east window of Stanhope church. His own family failed in the second generation, for he had but one grandchild, who died in infancy. The Basires, eminent engravers, though from Normandy, were not related to him. We conclude with his testimony in favour of the church of which he was a worthy member, as it is solemnly given in his last will, and upon the eve of his death.

"And I doe further protest, that haueing taken a serious survey of most Christian churches, both easterne and westerne, I haue not found a paralell of the church of England, both for soundnes of apostolicall doctrine and catholicque decipline."

Haverhill; or, Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe. By James Athearn Jones. 3 vols. London, 1831. T. and W. Boone.

MR. JONES is rather a man of information than one with talent for fictitious narrative. He has evidently literary tastes, and has acquired a great mass of varied knowledge, which he has put forth in the shape of a novel, without once considering his own fitness for the task. The story is unconnected and improbable to the last degree, but many of the scenes are sketched with much truth and spirit. We like the first volume much; its pictures of American lower life seem to vouch for their own truth. It strikes us that our author would write a better work of travels than a novel.

American trees.—"It is a curious fact, and one not to be accounted for on natural principles, nor with propriety to be attributed to the 'prevalence of winds strongly impregnated with salt,' that the first settlers—the pilgrims, as they are called, of the northern states of America, found both hill and dale, to the very brink of the ocean, clothed with a stately growth of trees, many species of which are not now to be found within thirty miles of the spots where then they constituted the bulk of the forest. The naked hills and continuous arable levels which now present themselves at every point of the coast, and where the larch, the ash, and many other species of trees, cannot now be made to grow, were then covered with dense and luxuriant forests, of which the above-named trees formed a principal part. In the low grounds, upon the southern shore of New England, they frequently dig up the stumps of red cedar and other trees, which will no more grow in that particular spot now than the manchineel or palm. If we were permitted to give to inanimate objects the feelings and passions of human beings, we might imagine these venerable tenants of the soil to determine on death rather than witness the occupation of their home by strangers."

American dwelling of one of the first settlers.—"This miserably poor and crazy cabin was, in height, but a single story of seven feet. Originally it consisted of two apartments on the ground floor,—a front room and a kitchen. To this building various additions had been made, from time to time, as the occurrence of some fortunate circumstance supplied my father with the means to make them. About the time of my brother James's birth, a French brig ran on the rocks below his cabin, and his share of the booty (my readers are, probably, aware that it is accounted no sin to plunder a wrecked vessel—a 'godsend') enabled him to add a porch. Soon after, a dead whale, with a harpoon, marked 'Hezekiah Coffin, Nantucket,' sticking in it, came on shore, and my father was the lucky finder; the blubber enabled him to add a large dormitory, in the form of a projection, called, in America, a 'salt-box;' the architectural designation is, I believe, a 'lean-to.' This latter apartment, rough as unplaned deal could well be, unplastered, and lighted only by two windows of twenty-four by sixteen inches, was occupied by my sisters, as their sleeping-room. The garret, or attic, was appropriated to various and discordant uses. It served as a store-room for the implements of our business—the seines, nets, hooks, &c., as well as the usual lumber of our family, and it was, also, the bedchamber of myself and my brothers. Our winter's provision of dried fish was piled up in one corner, and in another stood the barrel of pork, which occasionally furnished a garnish to our dinner of bass, or perch, or other 'pan-fish,' as they call those kinds which are deemed most palatable when cooked by frying them. My father and mother slept in the 'room,' as the principal or front apartment in a New England dwelling-house is, by way of excellence, called, and a low bedstead, made to shove under, and be hidden by the larger—I believe they call it a trundle-bed—was my little brother's place of repose for the night. The ordering of the interior of the cabin in other respects was of a piece with its exterior apparelling, and that was of the roughest kind. A rude wainscoting of unplaned deal board lined the whole of the interior of the house proper. When I inform my readers that the chimney, when a north-wind blew, did not 'carry smoke' well, the colour of this wainscot may be imagined. Into this rough and smoke-dried ceiling, at various points, nails, hooks, and wooden pins, were driven, upon which were suspended fish-lines, coils of rope, guns, powder-horns, the great-coats and jackets of the male members of the family, hats, boots, and other articles too numerous to mention. Shelves were fixed over the fire-place, and upon these were ostentatiously displayed my dear mother's wealth of crockery and glass. The remnant of a dozen gaudy cups and saucers, which had been presented to her by the master of a stranded vessel some years before—a milk-white punch-bowl and toddy jug, which had belonged to my maternal godfather, Captain Banks, and, it was whispered, had thrice occasioned the stranding, and, eventually, the complete 'swamping,' of the Loving Couple—a pair of old-fashioned trellis-work fruit-baskets—a splendid China coffee-pot, without nose or handle, but used by my sisters to keep their necklaces and ear-rings in—together with the remains of at least twenty dilapidated sets of pottery and glass, wasted by the operation of time and 'buttered fingers,' till, in the language of the trade, these were but 'show patterns' left,—adorned, in the opinion of my mother and her gossips, those precious shelves. There was another shelf in the middle of the room, formed by fastening the ends of a board to the cross-beams which supported the ceiling. This shelf was the repository of the cheese, ham, and various other important matters connected with household economy."

October.—"Then, for the pleasures of October: list to the troop of disorderly urchins on the alert for the walnut and chestnut forest, or bending beneath their rich prize, a basket of half-ripe grapes, the while shouting most obstreperously. See the happy shooter, cap in hand, his dog at his heels, creeping upon the unsuspecting wild duck, or, happier still, returning with two or three brace, sometimes a dozen, which he has 'killed flying' (the great boast of an American duck-shooter), unutterably proud of the feat, and happier than a courtier to whom majesty has nodded. October is, in America, emphatically the 'sportsman's month,' and thence its approach is hailed with a lively joy by all who love duck-shooting,—in other words, nine in ten of those who dwell on the margin of the Atlantic ocean. For the space of four or five hundred leagues, the coast is dotted with small lakes or ponds, of greater or less extent; and these, in October and during the whole of autumn, till the rigours of winter shut them up, are the resorts of immense flocks of wild-fowl. They are pursued with a singleness of purpose, which leads to so much poverty and wretchedness, that the best argument ever brought forward to prove the expediency and benefit of the English game-laws, is the evil consequences of an unrestrained exercise, in America, of the liberty they abridged in England."

A Huskings.—"Another amusement of the lower classes is found in what are called 'huskings.' The occasion is this: when the *maize*, or Indian corn, becomes ripe and fit to be gathered, notice is given that, 'on such or such a night, Mr. Johnson or Mr. Smith will have a husking.' Mr. J. or Mr. S. go to work and gather in their corn, which is deposited on a clean piece of sward, unhusked, *i. e.* unstripped of its leaves, in rows of greater or lesser length, nicely rowed up. Upon the stated night, at about seven or eight o'clock, crowds of young men and boys begin to assemble from far and near, coming sometimes fifteen miles to take part in the frolic. They labour in stripping the husks from the ears of corn till the whole is finished, which may be eleven or twelve o'clock at night. As the labour is not of a nature to compel them to be silent, and as rum is circulated profusely, you may be sure that a noisier crowd is seldom seen out of the halls of Momus. Songs, generally profane and indelicate, shouts, Indian war-whoops, sounds in imitation of the barking of dogs and crowing of cocks, interspersed with the rough 'yo heave ho's' of the sea—every thing that can make discord except 'drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder,' is to be heard by a listener upon one of those occasions. If there is a poor negro present, he is sure to have the 'devil and all played upon his black carcass.' Poor old Cæsar! How have I seen thee pelted with 'rotten ears,' which came from so many different places at once, that it was utterly impossible to charge the offence upon any particular person, or to say, as Na-

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than said to David, 'Thou art the man.' I can almost fancy now, when forty years have passed, that I hear the sound, 'Now for the nigger!' 'Hit the white of his eye, Bill!' 'Aim for his teeth, John Grey!' 'Fire high, Bluster!' and the poor creature's complaining outcries. 'Dere! side a head, massa Lynn!' 'O dear, hit de nigger on he's tummuck!' 'B'lieve dey killa me!' &c. &c. But Cæsar was always paid, and overpaid, before the company separated. He was feasted till he could feast no longer. His own language was, 'Swear I nebber eat so much afore.' Money, too, was showered in profusion upon him. Every one who fancied he had hit him gave him a penny: and, as all were anxious to be thought to excel in this kind of shuttlecock, Cæsar usually went home the largest proprietor of copper in the parish. When the corn was all husked, dancing, drinking, and feasting, (the bait which had been held out to collect the company together) began, and continued, without intermission, till daylight. I should have mentioned, that many of the rustic beaux brought their girls upon pillions behind them, so that there was the admixture and proportion of the sexes requisite to a well-ordered dance. A custom which usually created a little commotion deserves to be mentioned: whoever, in husking, found ears of *red* corn, or who could get others to give them to him, was entitled to claim from the girls a kiss for each and every one he held. The penalty was always demanded, and, as ladies are the last to abrogate good old customs, it was always paid, unwillingly they said, but, nevertheless, they paid it."

Curious Action at Law.—"One case which attracted considerable attention, and created a deal of talk was this:—A sailor, by name Jack Saunders,—I like to be particular, the doing so stamps an air of credibility upon your narrative, for it passes the capability of human impudence to invent such a thing as a name;—Jack hired a horse to go from our village to Pinfold, across Wapping's Creek. Saunders had been drinking a little too much; and, while crossing the creek, which had been swollen by recent rains, the horse, which was a very restive one, threw him, and he was drowned. The horse was arrested, and tried for murder, but was acquitted, from want of testimony that he did the act from malice prepense! It was maintained,—out of doors, however,—I never heard what the judge's opinion was, that an indictment for homicide could have been sustained."

American Shopkeeper.—"In giving the early history of Timothy Dexter, I shall describe nine in ten of the lesser shopkeepers in America. He was a friendless boy, and made his way to the high dignity of a shopkeeper solely by prudence, economy, and dexterity in traffic, aided, perhaps, a little, by cunning and overreaching. Born of parents, the lowest of the low, vulgar, ignorant, and depraved, he had, at a very early age, shaken off the clogs imposed by his parentage and poverty, and stood forth conspicuous for a talent which bade fair to give him riches. In the language of the country, he was known to be a 'right smart lad,' 'a keen chap,' 'a raal shaver,' all expressions declaring the popular opinion of his thrift and sagacity. His commercial career may be dated from his ninth birth-day. The nature, quantity, and value of the transaction which developed his trading tact, is characteristic, and deserves to be recorded. His first speculation was in bones!—beef-bones; the quantity, half a Winchester bushel. A year before this memorable era in the fortunes of Mr. Dexter, a button-mould maker, travelling through the village in quest of the raw material of his trade, employed the boy Timothy to collect it, promising to give him half-a-crown per Winchester bushel, for all he should collect. The boy instantly set about the task, and unweariedly employed himself, until he had, as he supposed, acquired the property in half-a-crown. But he was doomed to have his hopes prostrated; his employer disappeared, leaving the bones in the hands of their unremunerated collector. It was not in the nature of the prudent boy to throw aught away, and it was quite as foreign to it to give any thing away, which might, by any the remotest possibility, become valuable, and he deposited the bones in one of the dark nooks of his father's garret, where they remained undisturbed for many months. It so happened, in some moment of boyish intercourse, that an act of more than usual kindness in an associate melted his heart, and, to shew his sense of the favour, he gave him his bones! Repentance, sincere and fervent, soon followed. The occurrence of which I am about to speak was minuted down by him as a warning against the indulgence of grateful feelings in after-years, and was the cause, it was said, why it was the last generous action he was ever known to perform. The button-maker returned, and renewed his offer. His prodigality, and the loss he had sustained by his thoughtless gratitude, cut him to the heart. After deliberating a few minutes, he went to the dones, and demanded back the bones. They were returned, and Tim hastened with them to the button-maker, and received his half-crown. This was the capital with which my brother-in-law commenced business, and this was the occurrence which gave him, in after life, the nickname, or epithet, of 'Tim Bones.' I should mention that he had another, 'Sorril,' given him by the boys, on account of his red hair. It was that by which he was always known, until the affair of the button-maker occurred. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether he knew he had any other; for when he was asked by his catechist, 'what was his name?' he answered, 'Sorril;' and upon being asked who gave it him? he answered, 'the boys in the parish.' * * * He laid out the two shillings and sixpence received for bones in the 'tongues and sounds' of cod-fish, collected here and there fresh, and, therefore, cheap. These, when cured, he 'swapped' for a keg of rum, which, with the aid of a cool and sweet rivulet, near at hand, he turned into a fine penny. He went on plodding and speculating, at once the admiration and the laughing-stock of the village."

We omit the very elderly joke of the warming pans, and proceed with Mr. Dexter's career.

"He went on accumulating stock and increasing in means, till soon his shop exhibited something better than a beggarly account of empty boxes. Withal, he began to use the conventual and trades-cant language of his craft; learned better than to call thirteen pence 'one and one pence,' as it was said he did when he first opened his shop; and talked, with a glib tongue, of 'losing bargains,' 'remarkably cheap,' 'bought at a sacrifice,' 'sold at a loss,' and other matters, which, if fibbing be punished in another world, will go very near to fill the naughty place with haberdashers, grocers, mercers, milliners, and all that sort of thing. He was very punctual in his payments, and, I believe, as nearly honest as a trader can be. That is, his weights and measures were within ten per cent of the legal standard; he sold his sugar with a trifling alloy of sand, and put very little water into his liquors, unless he bought them much stronger than they ought to be, for the good of the public and the interests of morality, when his visits to the rivulet were more frequent. Upon the whole, he was called, and I think with reason, an honest trader. A more industrious man than he never lived. Every morning, an hour before the lark was abroad, he opened the doors of his shop, and swept it out, took down the shutters of his window, dusted the goods, washed the counter, rinsed the drinking-cups, and was prepared to accommodate the boatmen and early stirrers with the rum, biscuits, and other things required to their fitting out for the day's labour. Those were times when early rising, and incessant watchfulness, unceasing industry, and frugality in expense, brought a man to wealth. His principal capital, then, was industry and punctuality; his bank was the good report of men; and his endorsers economy and good management."

We shall conclude, as a story ought to finish, with an offer of marriage.

"As soon as silence could be restored, my father demanded of my sister what answer should be made Mr. Dexter. The business was soon settled by her modest acknowledgment that she didn't know, but she *guessed* that, if they thought it for the best, she would venture to—to marry him. 'But do you like him?' asked my father. 'Why s-o-m-e,' said Jenny; 'and I guess I shall like him more the more I know of him.'"

There is a very beautiful Indian story in the second volume. Mr. Jones is, we believe, the author of that wild and, in parts, highly poetical work, the *Tales of an Indian Camp*, in which are some most imaginative legends.

Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE we proceed to our promised continuation of this review, it behoves us to offer some remarks upon the extraordinary attacks to which we have been exposed in consequence of our preceding notice. With this matter we should not think it worth while to trouble our readers, were it simply individual or personal; but as it will tend to throw light on the system of puffing and abuse, so actively employed to promote the sale of indifferent books, and weaken the force of honest criticism, we will venture to tell a plain story about this *Life* of Lawrence, and the remarks connected with it which have appeared in several journals.*

With regard to the character we gave the work, we leave it to the public to decide whether it is the true one or not. We see no cause to retract an iota of our judgment, though we have some reason to wish we had been less severe upon the faults of the author. Yet certainly, upon the face of his book, he alone was to be held accountable for its blemishes and faults; for its manufactory of trivial details

* The *Age* and the *Courier, par nobile fratrum*, have been the principal instruments through which the review of the *Literary Gazette* has been assailed in this instance: the former in one of those many paragraphs which are obviously sent in and paid for as advertisements, though not marked as such; and the latter in a form which has yet more cunningly the appearance of a spontaneous literary notice. The former discovers that we are coarse: the latter, that our Journal is much indebted to the extracts which we make from new publications. We believe it would puzzle the writer in the *Age* to point out three examples of coarseness which had escaped our vigilance in fourteen volumes of the *Gazette;* and as for our exemplifying new books by quotations, we really do not know how we could well manage without. But when did the *Courier*, which has always so liberally praised our plan and exertions, find out this sad defect? It should ever be remembered, that the *Literary Gazette* admits nothing for payment, except its regular advertisements: and that newspapers of every other kind make as regular a traffic of paragraphs as of advertisements.

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and words to fill up nearly a whole volume; and for the errors and mistatements as to facts that we detected on almost all the leading points of which it treated.

But, then, neither we nor the public could be aware of the mode in which such jobs are performed, and of the many excuses which may be set up for the actual doers of them. We consider it a great pity that a clever person, like Mr. Williams, should have lent his name to countenance one of these jobs; and we hope what has been said will be a lesson to him, and to all other literary men of reputation and ability, not to suffer themselves to be betrayed into a participation in such concerns. Leave them to the tricks of the trade, and the poor hacks who are employed (in reluctant beggary) on the journey-work of modern book-making.

We will believe what is stated to us, that the materials obtained for the Life of Lawrence were originally so scanty, that without the aid of most ingenious dilution it was impossible to contemplate the production of even one tolerably priced volume. And therefore Mr. Williams was called upon to spin out his narrative, so as to render it justly objectionable to our censure.

We also believe, that when farther and more eligible matter was obtained, it came in such a questionable shape, that no editor could be answerable for its accuracy. For example, Sir T. Lawrence's letters might not be the originals, but copies furnished by Mr. Keightley, his attorney, friend, and executor. Without impeaching Mr. Keightley in the slightest degree—for we are assured he is a very respectable individual—we have no hesitation in saying that we put no such faith in the correctness of documents so filtered, as we would in the *litera scripta* of Lawrence himself.* The omission, or alteration, or even accidental mis-transcription of a few words, would make all the difference in the world.

But this is not enough to vitiate the "Life and Correspondence"?!! We also believe, that the very letters, after they were printed, —and we here particularly refer to those which related to, or passed between, Sir Thomas and Mrs. Wolff,—were submitted to a highly respected lady, whom we have the pleasure to know well and esteem much, and who, out of regard to the memory of the parties, very kindly struck her pen through every passage which could suggest an idea of their affectionate intimacy being aught beyond platonic. This is a subject upon which we regret being obliged to speak; but, impugned as we are by paid-for paragraphs, as malicious as they are false, we are compelled so far to abate the feelings which must actuate every gentleman in such affairs, and ask Mrs. Dr. Hughes if this be true or not?

We care not to inquire into the nature of the attachment between the fine-minded Lawrence and the beautiful and accomplished lady alluded to. Let hypocrites and bigots resort to lies and fabrications, in order to represent it as it may suit them: we cannot even respect their motives; and hapless would it be for humanity if that which they attempt to conceal should be deemed so deep a damnation as to claim no sympathy on earth, no tear of pity from recording angels to blot it out for ever.

We have now given the public a little insight into the fashion of concocting books of this kind. Our knowledge was acquired after our last *Gazette* appeared; but does it not shew that our appreciation was just, though formed simply upon the work itself? Does it not shew that we were only not severe enough, because we were unacquainted with these disgraceful circumstances? Nor do we mean to insist that such conduct is unparalleled: on the contrary, there is hardly a recent work of biography which is not liable to the same charge of being stultified by suppressions and misrepresentations.

But we do insist upon one thing,—that we have merely discharged our public duty, without respect to persons,—we who are sedulously accused of being subservient, forsooth! to particular publishers, and are every now and then, by a turn of the wheel, reviled for unjust severity towards their publications. So it is to hold on a steady and impartial course—a course certainly not very intelligible to the corrupt, nor very palatable to the envious, nor very agreeable to the interested; but, nevertheless, a very gratifying, and, thanks to the public approbation of it, not a very unprofitable course to the Editor and a principal proprietor of this Journal.*

A few farther selections from the work which has forced us to this episode may now relieve the reader. From a continental letter we copy Lawrence's account of Metternich.

"His daughter, though never in England, speaks English remarkably well, and is to him, in intellect and nature, and in their mutual affection, what Portia was to Cicero. I do not compare a modern statesman to that father of Roman eloquence, (sanctified by all honours of history and time,) except in height of political importance, and in the certain existence of this sweet, domestic feeling. That you may know part of the link that binds me to him, besides his kindness, and the circumstances of fortune, see him with me at Tivoli, before the lower tremendous cascade, which is out of view of the town, though, if you look up, you just catch the Sibyl's temple. We were standing alone and silent before it, just so far distant as not to be stunned by the noise—'And here,' he said, 'it flows on —always majestic, always great; not caring whether it has audience or not; with no feelings of rivalry for power! Here is no envy, no exertion for an effect. Content with its own grandeur, no vanity, no *amour propre* are here.' If you were to tell this to our diplomacy or politicians, of the dexterous, ambitious, politic Metternich—of him who endured that audience of a day with Bonaparte at Dresden, and is reproached by Lord Grey with having so entirely deceived him—of Prince Metternich in society—the gay, the quizzing Metternich—they would never believe, or would sagely ridicule the tale: but it is this Metternich that I love, who, when dressed for the ambassador's party, his equipage and attendants waiting, at half-past ten at night, on my sole call, at my suggestion, could change his dress, take me to his daughter's room, where she was at her little supper, at her husband's bedside, who was ill with slight fever, persuade his 'Marie' to put on her bonnet and cloak, and come with us to see the Colosseum by the moonlight that was then shining in purest lustre, where we staid till, on our stopping at the French ambassador's, he found it was twelve o'clock. He had then to make a slight change of dress; but I had none with me, and declined entering, and was therefore getting out of the carriage to return in my own, which had followed me with Edward. Prince Metternich, however, would not permit it, but desired me to remain with his daughter, and conduct her home, which I then did. One short anecdote of her, and I conclude this too long letter. On my one day expressing surprise at her preferring the Netherlands to any country she had seen, she said, 'It is so cultivated—the peasantry are so happy. I know it has not rocks and waterfalls, but God made the country for man; and where he is not happy, ah! it is in vain that you tell me of rocks and waterfalls.' This was said in a steady, even tone of voice, without raising her eyes from her work, as an inward and unheard sentiment."

The accounts of the Princess Charlotte are so interesting, that we need offer no excuse for adding them here.

"She once said, 'I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger's over.' I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said in answer to some inquiries, 'She's doing very well: she'll not die of fear: she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter.' She had a surprisingly quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of: whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations. I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the businesses of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns. How often I see her now entering the room, (constantly on his arm,) with slow but firm step, always erect,—and the small but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see, were beautifully cut; her clear blue eyes, so open, so like the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to *lie*. I was stunned by her death: it was an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba! Waterloo! St. Helena! Princess Charlotte dead!—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half enough for her: yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her, without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, as though she now saw me, heard me: and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past and meditated kindness. Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple; 'My love;' and his always, 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner they were generally sitting at the piano-forte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind. I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birth-

* It is a fact, we are assured, that one letter, purporting to have been written by Lawrence, was absolutely rejected as a forgery, which would implicate such contradictions as must injure him.—*Ed. L. G.*

* We are ashamed to occupy attention with our own affairs, and usually pass over in silent contempt the innumerable attacks of which we are the object. How perfectly independent we are, the present ebullition of abuse will demonstrate; but next week, month, and year, as the week, month, and year before, we shall be just as much as ever described as under the control of any bookseller it may please the slanderous to suppose. To all such interested falsehoods we would answer at once, that were we guided by no more honourable principles, our property in the *Literary Gazette* is far above the influence of any (or of every) house in London.

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day, the 16th of the next month. The etching was given me in a grateful moment, a sad one, too, (for he was in tears,) by Colnaghi. He was her printseller, and she had made a large collection—all Sir Joshua's, Vandyke's, &c. He used to attend her when Miss Knight was with her, and saw her execute the thing, the first impression of which she gave to him. I eagerly caught at his saying, 'I was more worthy of it,' and more than half asked him for it. * * * *

"The prince was looking exceedingly pale; but he received me with calm firmness, and that low subdued voice, that you know to be the *effort* at composure. He spoke at once about the picture and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone!—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from this country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her! It was my happiness, my duty to know her character, but it was my delight.' During a short pause I spoke of the impression it had made on me. 'Yes, she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick—she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting, but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true. You saw her; you saw something of us—you saw us for some *days*—you saw our *year!* Oh! what happiness—and it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other—except when I went out to shoot, we were together always, and we *could* be together—we did not tire.' I tried to check this current of recollection, that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old king. 'Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young, (as if it had really lived in childhood). For one so young it was surprisingly like—the nose, it was higher than children's are—the mouth, so like hers; so cut, (trying to describe its mouth on his own). My grief did not think of it, but if I could have had a drawing of it! She was always thinking of others, not of herself—no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—she was in that situation where selfishness must act if it exists—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not—any grief could not make her so! She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and I could not support her mistake. I left the room, for a short time: in my absence they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, 'Call in Prince Leopold—there is none can comfort him but me!' My Charlotte! my dear Charlotte!' And now, looking at the picture, he said, 'Those beautiful hands, that at the last, when she was talking to others were always looking out for mine!' I need not tell you my part in this interview; he appeared to rely on my sharing his thoughts. Towards the close of our interview, I asked him, 'If the princess at the *last* felt her danger?' He said, 'No; my Charlotte thought herself very ill, but not in danger. And she was so well but an hour and a half after the delivery!—And she said I should not leave her again—and I should sleep in that room—and she should have in the sofa-bed—and she should have it where she liked—she herself would have it fixed. She was strong, and had so much courage, yet once she seemed to fear. You remember she was affected when you told her that you could not paint my picture just at that time; but she was much more affected when we were alone—and I told her I should sit when we went to Marlborough House after her confinement. 'Then,' she said, 'if you are to sit when you go to town, and after my confinement—then I may never see that picture.' My Charlotte felt she never should.'"

The delightful letters of Lawrence are, as we have stated, quite sufficient to buoy up the publication on the tide of popularity. With regard to the other parts:—labourers poorly remunerated cannot be expected to produce aught but crude and hurried works: and it may be farther observed, that whoever once embarks in a publisher's job (a most harassing and ill-requited occupation), is too often obliged to comply with any terms, and shape the business any way, or lose the opportunity altogether. How injurious this book-making and literary jobbing is to the general cause of literature, must be obvious to every reader, even to those to whom it is mere matter of distant complaint.

Family Library, XXII. Lives of Scottish Worthies. Vol. I. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. J. Murray.

We are indebted to the pen of one of the ablest historians of the age for this well-conceived and well-executed volume. To say that it is worthy of being placed side by side with the best of its own series, or of any other of this class of publication, is only to do it bare justice; and it requires no more. The Worthies are Alexander III., Michael Scott, Sir William Wallace, and Robert Bruce—glorious names, and connected with epochs of the most stirring and interesting description.

The condition of Scotland during the reign of Alexander, including the famous invasion of Haco, king of Norway, affords Mr. Tytler a fine opportunity for displaying his ample historical research. The narrative is delightful; and the Norse Chronicle and Chronicle of Melros are made quite familiar to us in a most agreeable garb. Many points of curious and important antiquity are also popularly illustrated. The following suggestion touching the discovery of America will, however, probably stagger most of its readers.

"In Scotland, Thorstein, the daughter of Oleif and Audur, in conjunction with Sigurd, earl of Orkney, got possession of Caithness; and this heroine, having established her grandchildren in the Orkneys and Ferroes, was one of the many leaders of colonies from the Sudureyar, or South Isles, to Iceland, where it is remarkable that the new inhabitants had dedicated the first church built in that island to St. Columba; and from this remote island, there is strong reason to believe, that the first discovery of America was made by Biorn, son of Heriolf, about the year 1000, almost five hundred years before the voyage of the more celebrated Columbus."*

We select an old legend from Fordun, and the remarks of Mr. Tytler, as a fair specimen of the work.

"'It happened upon a time,' says he, 'that Ralph, abbot of Kinloss, was on a journey, along with some brother abbots of the Cistertian order, who were summoned to attend a general chapter. Their cook travelled along with them; and one day observing the abbots to be much tired and worn out, having zeal, but not according to knowledge,' (I use the expressions of the historian,) 'he mixed a quantity of flesh with the fish-stews which he was preparing for his superiors, and by the cunning of his art, so cooked it up, that it became exquisitely savoury, but yet seemed only to be fish fried in butter. The abbots ate largely, but asked no questions for conscience sake; and then, as was their wont after meals, retired to bed. Deep sleep fell upon all except the Abbot of Kinloss, who, as he lay awake, gazing on a high window in his dormitory, saw, to his horror, a black Ethiop, of a grim and terrible aspect, enter through the casement into the chamber, comporting himself as if he felt an excellent odour. This horrid guest then walked slowly up to each bed, and drawing the curtains, gazed in with a smile of triumph upon the sleeping brethren. At last, coming to the cook's bed, he could not conceal his joy, but embracing the sleeping and unconscious delinquent, kissed him with much affection. He next looked fiercely at the abbot, who sat upright in his bed, staring with dismay on such proceedings, and then dissolving into a cloud of smoke, he vanished from his eyes. In the morning, the pious Ralph sent for the traitor of the kitchen, and recounted to him the horrid vision of the night; upon which the cook fell down at the feet of his superior, confessed the fraud he had practised upon the fish-stew, and promised, for the future, to conduct his culinary mystery with more attention to the spiritual than to the carnal wants of his brethren.' How graphically ludicrous is this story, if it did not bring along with it a melancholy reflection upon that thick and hopeless moral twilight which must have overcast the mind of a people, when the clergy did not hesitate to recount, and the multitude to believe, such absurd fables! Fatal as was such a condition of mind to the cause of religion and good morals, it formed, on the other hand, the very soil in which the spirit of romantic fiction, and the belief of supernatural agencies, both of mortals and of spirits, were calculated to flourish and produce their seductive fruits. The mythology of the Norsemen, a people whose imagination and high poetical temperament seem to have been as wild and excursive as their lives, was, as we have seen already, for many centuries prevalent in the Western Islands; and whether we look to this element, to the superstitious and religious creed of the original Celtic population, or to the tribes of new deities and foreign-bred ghosts and demons who flocked in along with the Saxon and Norman adventurers, it is evident, that a belief in magic and astrology—a conviction that the caves, and woods, and rivers, were peopled by powerful and invisible spirits—and a persuasion that it was given to some favoured or fated mortals to foresee events, and even to control and direct the supernatural agents whom they compelled to be their ministers—exerted deep and general influence amongst a people in whom the blood of these various races was indubitably mingled. Of all this there are many proofs to be found in the pages of our ancient chronicles. We find it, for example, the general belief of the country, that immediately previous to the battle of Largs, Saint Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, appeared to a brave knight, Sir John Wemyss, as he lay sick in bed; in one hand the beautiful inhabitant of heaven led a knight refulgent in arms, having his helmet surmounted with a golden coronet, whilst there

* Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, vol. i. p. 279.

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followed her three glorious-looking warriors in shining steel, and of courageous aspect. 'This,' said she, addressing the recumbent baron, 'is my revered lord and husband, and these are my sons, once kings of this realm, with whom I hasten to the field at Largs, where we shall triumph over our invaders.' On another occasion, during the reign of this monarch, an antique and beautiful cross was dug up near the town of Peebles, and hard by was found an urn, with the bones and ashes of a human body, which the learned antiquaries of the thirteenth century pronounced to belong to some Scottish martyr, who had died under the Maximinian persecution in Britain. To this place the populace instantly flocked in great multitudes, to present their offerings; and the miracles which were wrought by this ancient relic were so extraordinary and so frequent, that the king, by the advice of the Bishop of Glasgow, thought proper to erect a church upon the spot. But perhaps the most striking corroboration of the love of romantic fiction, and the prevalence of superstitious belief, under the reign of this monarch, is to be found in the story of that extraordinary personage, Thomas of Hercildoun, commonly known by the name of Thomas the Rhymer. It was then matter of undoubting popular belief, that this reputed prophet had been carried away by the Queen of Fairyland; that he had remained with his enamoured and beautiful spouse for many years, and at last returned, in a mysterious manner, upon earth, and to his native country of Scotland, where he exhibited his supernatural powers, by predicting the sudden death of the king, and delighted his countrymen by the composition of the romantic poem of Sir Tristrem, which still remains to us, a rude, but interesting, specimen of the poetical literature of the age."

As the histories of Wallace and Bruce are more familiar to the public, we shall conclude our illustration with a few passages relating to Michael Scott.

"Few names," says the author, "in Scottish annals are surrounded with so deep an air of mystery and romance as that of the Wizard Michael Scott; and it may perhaps be regarded as rather an ungrateful task to strip this distinguished magician of his robes of 'gramarie,' and to restore him to those sober regions which belong to authentic history, and are peopled with more common-rate philosophers. But after the severer hand of biography has removed from the canvass much of the richer colours in which the credulity of the vulgar, and the imagination of the last and greatest of the minstrels, have invested him, it is some consolation to find, that there will be left the picture of no ordinary man. Michael Scott, or, as he is sometimes denominated, Michael Mathematicus, was born in Scotland some time previous to the year 1214, about the commencement of the reign of Alexander II. According to the tradition of the neighbourhood, which is confirmed by an ancient printed copy of his work on Physiognomy, the place of his birth was Balwerie, the ancient seat of his family, in the county of Fife. From his earliest youth he is said to have devoted himself to the cultivation of the sciences. In his native country, however, he could receive nothing but the bare rudiments of education, as Scotland did not possess at this period any public seminaries for the education of youth. The casual lessons of some learned monk, and perhaps an introduction to the limited library of his convent, composed all the advantages which the future astronomer and physician could enjoy at home; and for higher and more regular instruction, it was necessary to seek the universities of the sister country, and the schools of France and Italy." He accordingly studied at Oxford, Paris (where it seems probable he was a fellow-student with Roger Bacon), and Padua; "and such appears to have been the impression there created by his talents, that his essays on the science of judicial astrology were no longer, as in France, confined within the walls of a university. His fame became noised abroad, and he began to publish to the world those predictions of future events which were remembered in later times with awe and reverence in Italy. Villani, a historian who wrote long after the reputed prophet was gathered to his fathers, records a prediction of Michael Scott's, which he declares had been rigidly fulfilled; and Dante has given him, in his character of a magician, a conspicuous place in his Inferno."

Michael next visited Spain, "then partly in the possession of the Arabians, and which, under these Mahometan conquerors, was unquestionably the most enlightened portion of Europe."

"After a residence of many years in Germany, Michael passed over into England, on his return to his native country, preceded, as we may easily conceive, by those rumours of his power as a magician, which were eagerly listened to by the superstitious credulity of a dark and ignorant age. The English throne was then filled by Edward I., who was employed at this time in those able schemes for the subjugation of Scotland, which he attempted to carry into execution at an immense expense of blood and treasure, and in violation of the rights of nations, and of his own honour. It was one part of his policy, if we may believe an English antiquary, to endeavour to lower the character of the Scottish people, by compelling all the most learned scholars of this nation to reside at the universities of England. 'This year,' says Antony Wood, 'the king compelled all such Scotchmen as were of singular knowledge in learning or literature, to be resident in Oxford, doubting lest the Scotch nobility, increasing in politic prudence by their instructions, should seek to throw off the yoke of bondage.' The celebrated John Duns Scotus was one of those scholars who suffered under this persecution, being led chained and a captive into England, along with eleven other ecclesiastical prisoners. Michael Scott fortunately arrived a considerable time before this rigorous edict was carried into effect, and his destiny was more tolerable. Edward, who had always a strong disposition to believe in alchymy and the occult sciences, received him with kindness, retained him for some time at his court, and afterwards permitted him to pass into his native country."

Michael was one of the ambassadors to Eric, king of Norway, to negotiate for the bringing over of Margaret, the Maiden of Norway; and "this is the last occasion in which we can trace the name of Michael Scott. He appears to have died soon after his return, after having attained an extreme age, fortunate in this, that he did not live to witness the complicated miseries of his native country. In the brief but interesting accounts of this singular man, which we meet with in the ancient chronicles of Italy, it is mentioned that he was the inventor of a new species of casque or steel bassnet, denominated a cervilerium, which he commonly wore under the furred or velvet cap, used by the learned of those times. The origin of this invention is curious. In those dark periods, when the belief of magic was universal, not only amongst the lower ranks, but with the learned and educated classes of the community, it was reported that the Wizard, having cast his own horoscope, had discovered that his death was to be occasioned by a stone falling upon his bare skull. With that anxiety which clings to life, he endeavoured to defeat the demon whom he served; and by repeated incantations constructed this magic casque, which he vainly deemed invulnerable. But his fate, according to the tradition of Italy, was not to be avoided. In passing a cathedral, when the bell was ringing for vespers, Michael entered to pay his devotions; and forgetful of his cervilerium, which was fixed inside his cap, uncovered as he reverentially knelt upon the stone floor. The moment of his fate was arrived. The rope of the belfry had loosened one of the carved corbels which ornamented the interior of the roof beneath which the magician knelt; before he could remove, the sharp and heavy mass descended on his forehead; and whilst it confirmed the infallibility of his prescience, in an instant deprived him of life. Michael, however, according to the account of Benvenuto da Imola, had strength enough to lift up the stone and ascertain its weight, after which he declared it was of the exact size he expected; and that nothing was left him but to die, which he did accordingly, after very properly making his will. It is needless to remark that this fable is confuted by the return of Michael to his native country; but it appears to have been the origin of a tradition still current amongst the peasantry of Scotland, and which ascribes a miraculous power to the bonnet of the Wizard. It is curious to find the tale of the invulnerable cervilerium of the Italians, travelling on the breath of credulity and superstition into the 'far north countrie' of which the magician was a native, and only changed by tradition from the blue steel worked and welded by magic art, into the blue bonnet which was waited on by Scottish demons, who were heard wailing in mid air when it was waved by its dreaded master. * * *

"In our endeavours to estimate the talents of a sage of the thirteenth century, we must beware of looking at his attainments through the medium of our own times. He must be compared with men of his own age; his powers must be determined by the state of science in the countries where he lived, and wrote, and became celebrated. Appealing to such a criterion, the Scottish wizard is entitled to no ordinary rank amongst those who were then esteemed the philosophers and scholars of Europe. He was certainly the first who gave Aristotle in a Latin translation to the learned world of the West. He was eminent as a mathematician and an astronomer—learned in the languages of modern Europe—deeply skilled in Arabic, and in the sciences of the east; he had risen to high celebrity as a physician—and his knowledge of courts and kings had recommended him to be employed in a diplomatic capacity by his own government. Nor has he been cheated of his fame. If we look to older authors, he lives in the pages of Roger Bacon, of Picus Mirandula, of Cornelius Agrippa. If we ask for his historical immortality, he is commemorated by Lesly and Buchanan,—if for his poetic honours, has not Dante snatched him from oblivion, and the last of the minstrels embalmed him in the imperishable substance of his first and most romantic poem?—nay, if he seeks for more popular and wider honour, even here he may not complain, whilst his miracles and incantations are yet recorded beside the

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cottage fire by many a grey-headed crone, and his fearful name still banishes the roses from the cheeks of the little audience that surround her. Fortunate, too, he was in this circumstance, that, after his various travel and long residence abroad, he returned to enjoy in his native country the reputation which he had acquired; that he lived to a great age, and died full of years and of honour, before he had witnessed the dark and complicated calamities which were so soon to overwhelm the kingdom. His books, we are informed by Dempster, after his death, were carefully concealed from the public view; and he adds, that the common people of Scotland, even in his time, believed that these forbidden volumes, containing the spells of the magician, were protected by the invisible demons who had once been the servants of their illustrious and potent master."

Three engraved seals, a barrow, and two beautiful landscapes, adorn this excellent volume; which we most heartily recommend to the public.

Atherton; a Tale of the Last Century. By the Author of "Rank and Talent." 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Simpkin and Marshall.

THESE volumes open spiritedly, and evince considerable talent: still, as a novel, we doubt whether *Atherton* is calculated for general popularity. There is no dramatic effect, and the narrative is too lengthened and too improbable. The author is more successful in sketching than in sustaining his characters; they are lively portraits, but not put into action. Witness the ensuing sketch of a loyal and respectable shopkeeper some fifty years ago.

"Mr. Bryant himself was a neat, quiet, orderly sort of a man, regular as clock-work, and steady as time, the very pink of punctuality, and the essence of exactness. He had been in business nearly forty years, in the same shop, conducted precisely in the same style as in the days of his predecessors; he lacked not store of clothes or change of wigs; but his clothes, and wigs, and three-cornered hats, were so like each other, that they seemed, as it were, part of himself. His wig was brown—so were his coat and waistcoat, which were nearly of equal length. He wore short black breeches with paste buckles, speckled worsted hose, and very large shoes, with very large silver buckles. He was most intensely and entirely a citizen. He loved the city with an undivided attachment. He loved the sound of its bells, and the noise of its carts and coaches; he loved the colour of its mud and the canopy of its smoke; he loved its November fogs, and enjoyed the music of its street musicians and its itinerant merchants; he loved all its institutions, civil and religious; he thought there was wisdom in them, if there was wisdom in nothing else; he loved the church and he loved the steeple, and the parson who did the duty, and the parson who did not do the duty; and he loved the clerk, and the sexton, and the parish beadle, with his broad gold-laced hat, and cane of striking authority; and he loved the watchmen and their drowsy drawl of, 'past umph a' clock;' he loved the charity schools, and admired beyond all the sculpture of Phidias, or the marble miracles of the Parthenon, the two full-length statues, about three feet each in length and two feet six inches each in breadth, representing a charity boy and a charity girl, standing over the door of the parish school; he loved the city companies, their halls, their balls, though he never danced at them; their dinners—for he never missed them; and, above all other companies, he loved the stationers', and its handsome barge, and its glorious monopoly of almanacs; he loved the Lord Mayor and the Mansion House,—it was not quite so black then as it is now,—and he loved the great lumbering state coach and the little gingerbread sheriffs' coaches, and loved the aldermen, and deputies, and common-councilmen, and liverymen. Out of London he knew nothing: he believed that the Thames ran into the sea, because he had read at school that all rivers run into the sea; but what the sea was, he did not know, and did not care; he believed that there were regions beyond Highgate, and that the earth was habitable farther westward than Hyde Park corner; but he had never explored those remote districts. What was Hammersmith to him, or he to Hammersmith? He knew of nothing, thought of nothing, and could conceive of nothing, more honourable, more dignified, or more desirable, than a good business properly attended to. He was proud of the close and personal attention that he paid to his shop—somewhat censoriously proud; he might be called a mercantile prude, or shopkeeping pedant; and when a near neighbour who had a country house at Kentish Town, to which he went down every Saturday, and from which he returned every Monday or Tuesday, came, by a variety of unavoidable or unavoided misfortunes, to make his appearance in the Gazette, with a 'Whereas' prefixed to his name, Mr. Bryant rather uncandidly chuckled, and said—'I don't wonder at it. I thought it would end in that. That comes from leaving things to boys.'"

We again repeat, that we think our writer is clever and acute; but he wants that golden secret of fictitious narrative—interest.

Tales of a Physician: Second Series. By W. H. Harrison. pp. 261. London, 1831. Jennings and Chaplin.

WRITTEN with much amiable feeling and cultivated taste, these tales will be an agreeable present to our young friends. "The Old Maid" is our favourite; the incident on which the *dénouement* turns is a very novel one, and the character itself is sweetly sketched. The volume is certainly superior to its predecessor; though we cannot readily detach from its narrative any fair specimen fit to represent the whole.

Enthusiasm, and other Poems. By Susanna Strictland (now Mrs. Moodie). pp. 214. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WITHOUT any thing very original or striking, this little volume contains much graceful writing, and breathes throughout a strain of pious thoughtfulness and kindly feeling.

Aldine Poets, Vol. XII.; the Poetical Works of the late James Beattie. London, 1831. Pickering.

THIS volume does as much credit to its publisher for external elegance as its predecessors. Beattie's Minstrel, it is true, is his only poetical work worthy of a standard place in our literature; but, perhaps, in a series like this, it might be excused, that, in order to complete all, more than half the volume should be filled with absolute trash. How bad must those poems have been which even the author deemed unworthy of publication! yet here are included what he himself rejected. Neither can we say much in favour of the somewhat *lengthy* life affixed.

Mémoires de Bourrienne, Ministre d'Etat sur [sous?] Napoléon, &c. &c. 5 tom. Paris et Londres. Chez Colburn et Bentley. 1831.

AFTER all the editions we have had of Bourrienne's celebrated Memoirs, the present seems to have been needed, and takes the foremost rank. In the first place, it is remarkably cheap; in the second place, it is ornamented with no fewer than seventeen fine plates, which are not to be found elsewhere; and, in the third place, it is enriched with valuable notes from contemporary authorities, and some of them eye-witnesses of the facts they assert or describe. Possessed of these great advantages, we can unreservedly recommend this publication.

The Deliverance of Switzerland; a dramatic Poem. By H. C. Deakin. 2d edition.

Portraits of the Dead. By H. C. Deakin. 2d edition. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE words "second edition" to each of these works save criticism; so we shall only wish the fortunate author continued success.

Journal of Voyages and Travels by the Rev. D. Tyerman and George Bennett, Esq., deputed from the London Missionary Society to visit the various Stations in the South Sea Islands, China, India, &c. &c., between 1821 *and* 1829. Compiled from the original documents by James Montgomery. 2 vols. 8vo. Westley and Davis.

OF this delightful work we can only give note of warning. The materials are most interesting, and Mr. Montgomery has made a use of them quite worthy of his high reputation. The arrangement is excellent, and the style so good, that we could hardly believe it to have been built upon hasty notes and crude journals. These volumes are sure of a great circulation.

A Critical Exposure of the Ignorance and Malpractice of certain Medical Practitioners, &c. &c. By John St. John Long, Esq. 8vo. pp. 405. London, C. Chapple.

As ministers are reforming and mending the constitution politic, so is Mr. Long reforming and mending the constitutions of his patients; for we hear that Harley Street is now more crowded than ever. We have not had time to examine this volume attentively; but it seems to be a striking production, attacking the faculty, asserting the author's own cures with numerous attestations adduced, expounding his opinions on the medical art, and explaining his practice. A warm ally, too, has started up for him from the very bosom of the College of Physicians: a strong letter written by Dr. Ramadge supports him, and arraigns his opponents. There will certainly be a battle of gallipots.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. BROCKEDON on the passage of the Alps by Hannibal. This is a subject of so comprehensive a nature, and which involves so many disputes, classical and geographical, that Mr. B., rapid as was his delivery, found it a task of some difficulty, within the usual time allotted to these evening meetings, to press into his narrative a sufficiency of incident which should please as well as inform his auditors. He began by stating, that he would avoid, as much as possible, the disputes to which we have alluded, and confine himself simply to consider the practicability of the routes conjectured by different

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authors. He observed, that from his actual knowledge of nearly forty passes of the great chain, by which he had traversed it about sixty times, and which included not only those by which various authors had conceived that Hannibal passed, but all by which it was possible he could have passed,—his conviction was, that the passage of the Carthaginians was made over the Little St. Bernard. The texts of Polybius and Livy were irreconcilable on many points; the passage advocated by the latter, viz. the Mont Genèvre, is so obviously at variance with the geographical character of the route, that it cannot for a moment be entertained by any one who really knows the country through which that writer would lead the Carthaginians. Again, Polybius, probably from his having written in Greek, has not preserved to us the names of places, so as to enable us to follow the route of Hannibal; but then he has so described the march, the places where particular events occurred, and the times and distances which intervened, that we can trace him with almost moral certainty. Mr. Brockedon read copious extracts from this author, from which it appeared, that the chief facts to be established were, distances,—a plain from the river to the Alps,—a place for the attack of the Allobroges,—their city near the scene of action, —a defile for the second attack,—a roche blanche, —a summit of sufficient extent for an encampment,—a view of the plains of Italy,—precipices on the descent,—a spot agreeing with the scene where the road had been destroyed,—and the distance thence to the foot of the Alps. The lecturer then brought the different theorists to these tests, and by the aid of his charts, very clearly pointed out their inconsistencies; and proceeded at some length, and with great spirit, to notice the overcharged and incorrect narrations of Letronne, Fortia d'Urban, Folard, Whittaker, and others. Whittaker's story he characterised as a most extraordinary rigmarole. In one part he states the given distance between two certain points to be sixteen miles: to this Mr. Brockedon jocosely observed, that he himself walked the distance in an hour and a quarter! Upon the whole, it was a subject of regret that so much important and interesting matter should have been crowded so much, and in some parts only glanced at, in order that Mr. B. might keep his observations within the hour allowed.

On the library-table were many specimens of Burmese musical instruments.

On Thursday R. Willis, Esq. delivered his second lecture on the nature and physical properties of sound and vibrating substances. This lecture was chiefly directed to the explanation of those pulsations or undulations which are produced in the dissemination of sound through the atmosphere and through liquids; and the lecturer illustrated his theory by some very beautiful experiments, with an apparatus fitted with a transparent screen placed over a shallow trough of water, having a plate glass bottom, and a light set beneath, and thus throwing the shadows on the screen of the undulations produced upon the surface of the water by striking it with a flat substance. The variety of configurations, when the surface of the water was successively confined by barriers, in the several figures of the parabola, ellipse, a circle, or within straight lines, produced a very beautiful effect. When two sets of these wavy lines meet, the lecturer terms them lines of interference; and the well-known convergence of sound which, produced at one end of an ellipse, converges to a similar point of the opposite end, producing the effect called echo, was beautifully illustrated by the wavy shadows of the rippling water on the screen. As a proof that sound travels to a far greater distance in water than in air, the lecturer stated that M. Cogniad de la Tour made experiments during a perfect calm and at night, in the sea, near Marseilles, when sound was distinguishable to the extraordinary distance of nine miles. Some very ingenious experiments were also made by transmitting air through apertures in plates during rotation, proving that the greater the velocity, the higher the pitch or tone produced. The lecturer concluded by explaining the acoustic principles on which the celebrated machine called the "invisible girl" (shewn some years back) was constructed—that of a ball in the centre, with four radiating trumpet-mouth pipes to convey the sound to the auditor.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Fr. Baily, Esq. in the chair. There were read, a letter from Mr. Dawes on the triple star at ζ Cancri; also the remainder of Mr. Baily's paper on La Caille's catalogue of three hundred and ninety-eight principal stars; likewise a paper by Mr. Herschel, on the micrometrical measures of three hundred and sixty-four double stars at Slough, with a seven feet equatorial. Several fellows were elected.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. Lubbock, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—There were read, a communication, by Davies Gilbert, Esq., "on suspension bridges;" "researches on physical astronomy," by the chairman; "on the standard yard constructed for the Royal Society," by Captain H. Kater; and "on the blood," by Mr. Thackrah; communicated by Sir Astley Cooper.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

H. Gurney, Esq. in the chair. J. A. Repton, Esq. communicated a very curious and interesting paper on the history of *hats*, accompanied by eight sheets of drawings of hats and caps, in an infinity of shapes and fashions, from the time of Richard II. up to 1784. He observed, the name hat was derived from a Saxon word meaning a covering for the head, in which general sense it had been used by early authors, and applied to helmets of steel. Hats and caps were anciently made of felt, woollen, silk, straw, and various other materials, and were as diversified in their colours. In the time of Elizabeth the common people generally wore woollen caps; and some acts were passed in her reign to encourage the manufacture of them. The broad brims were introduced by the cardinals to their scarlet hats, and followed by the clergy. The inconvenience of the broad brim all round caused the turning of one side up; then two sides were turned up; and at last turning up three sides introduced the cocked hat. The high-crowned hat was first worn in the time of Elizabeth, and declined in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Repton then noticed the ornaments of hats, such as feathers, brooches, and bands. Henry VIII. is described on his entry into Calais as wearing feathers from India, four feet long; and men wore feathers in their hats as late as the reign of Queen Anne. Yew is mentioned as placed in the hat to denote mourning for a deceased relative or friend.* The paper contained numerous curious and amusing quotations on the subject from a great variety of authors. On account of the Whitsun week, the meetings of the Society were adjourned to the 2d of June.

* In the West of England, in dressing the houses with holly and other evergreens at Christmas, we have observed the picture of a deceased relative adorned with the yew alone.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

[We have much pleasure in being enabled this week to give, entire, the address of the venerable and very learned President of this Society at its anniversary meeting. It not only affords a clear exposition of the Institution, but touches on other points of much interest to literature.]

The twelve months which have passed since our last anniversary meeting have been distinguished by events of great interest to the Society—subjects both of congratulation and condolence. The attention which the council have long directed towards the acquisition of a house for the Society, has at length been crowned with success; and the building which has been erected through their persevering efforts, from the subscriptions entered into for that purpose, has been completed in a manner, both as to its situation and execution, which promises to be conducive to the enlargement and usefulness of the Society.

With this prosperous event it is my painful office to contrast the loss which the Society has sustained by the death of its most munificent founder and patron; and I should ill discharge the personal debt which I owe to his majesty's memory, if I did not endeavour, however imperfectly, to give some account of the origin of this royal institution, as well as his majesty's other great services to literature. The government of this country had long been subject to the reproach of neglecting the general interests of learning; and never had a prince succeeded to the throne since the days of Elizabeth so initiated in the best principles of classical and general knowledge, and so endowed with congenial taste and talent, as his late majesty; and therefore so well prepared to do away the national reproach. This impression gave rise to the suggestion of a plan for the advancement of learning by royal patronage, in a circle of private friends,—a suggestion, therefore, apparently very far removed from the probability of reaching the royal ear. But the plan thus casually suggested was communicated, by one of the persons present, to a confidential servant of the king, and by him to his majesty himself. An audience at Carlton House was almost the immediate consequence. The attention with which the king examined the principle of the proposed institution, and the readiness with which he finally adopted its provisions for the advancement of learning and the reward of literary merit—the warmth with which he entered into the general interests of literature—the condescension with which he communicated many interesting particulars of his earliest studies, and the affection with which he spoke of two of his preceptors—will never be forgotten by him who was honoured with the communication. The results of this interview, and of the king's determination, are long since before the public—first, as confirmed by the royal sign manual, and afterwards as incorporated by charter.

His majesty's adoption of an institution for the honour and advancement of learning, was the result of his own attachment to literature, in which, however, his characteristic benevolence had a prominent share. For in the disposal of his annual bounty to it, his wish was that its allotments might fall where it was merited, and at the same time where it was wanted. How beneficially this bounty was awarded, will long and gratefully be remem-

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bered by those who were most benefited by it; and the more beneficially it was enjoyed, if discontinued, the more severely may the want of it be felt—felt, as the poet says of time that is past—

"We take no note of time but from its loss."

The king's attention to the interests of literature was not a capricious or casual feeling, excited by temporary incidents, but the bias of a mind cultivated with principles of taste and learning, derived from lessons of classical antiquity, and directed by two of the most learned preceptors that ever regulated the youthful studies of a future sovereign. Very eminent proofs of his classical knowledge, especially of the greatest poet of antiquity, are known to be in the recollection of those who were nearest his person, and in the most confidential intercourse with him.

His majesty's earliest patronage of literature was shewn before the close of the last century (in 1796), by his donation of two gold medals for the best English compositions in verse and prose, and two silver medals, for elocution, to the scholars of Winchester College—a benefaction most kindly renewed by his present majesty. The Literary Fund was also an early object of the king's generous concern for the relief of indigent literary merit. To this Fund his majesty contributed five thousand pounds, in fifty half-yearly payments of one hundred pounds. To this useful institution, also, his present majesty is a most bountiful contributor. The king's benefaction of a thousand pounds toward the building of St. David's College, for the education of young men intended for holy orders, natives of the principality, and unequal to the expenses of an university education—was a most effectual as well as beneficent service to the cause of religion and learning, which contributed largely, both by its magnitude and its influence, to the final success of the undertaking—a service afterwards greatly augmented by his majesty's subsequent endowment of the college with three operative benefices, and three sinecure rectories; the sinecures being appropriated to the maintenance of catechists during the year immediately preceding their ordination, and to the increase of the college library.

His majesty's attention to the literature of his country was excited in 1823, by a discovery which was made that year in the State Paper Office, of a Latin work, *De Doctrinâ Christianâ ex sacris duntaxat litteris petita*, under the name of Milton. The interest felt in this discovery was universal; and his majesty, with his accustomed liberality, ordered it to be printed and published. It was accordingly published, in a manner worthy of the great name to which it was ascribed, and of the talents employed in editing, translating, and illustrating it. The publication of such a work, and the ascription of it to our great Christian poet, could not be a subject of indifference to the Royal Society of Literature: it was therefore not forgotten in the discourses which were addressed to the Society at two successive anniversaries. To the reasons which, on those occasions, I alleged for doubting the authenticity of the work, I confidently adhere, on account of its utter inconsistency with the religious principles maintained by Milton through life in his published works, from his Ode on the Nativity, in his 21st year, to his Treatise on True Religion, in his 65th; and its discordance with his opinion of popery, and with his style and habits of composition—inconsistencies aggravated by the discrepancy between the writer's public version of the New Testament, and the public version of this country—a work impracticable to Milton, from his blindness, his domestic difficulties, his want of adequate literary assistance for the prosecution of a work encumbered with most numerous and minute references; and, above all, from the multitude of literary labours in which he was engaged, of a totally different character from the Latin treatise, during the last twenty years of his life—the period to which the Latin treatise is assigned.

In 1823 his majesty communicated to Lord Liverpool his magnificent design of advancing the literature of his country, by giving to the British nation that very valuable and extensive library which had been formed during a long series of years by his revered and excellent father. Parliament gratefully accepted the proposal, and provided for this princely benefaction, a Repository worthy at once of the national character and of the munificent sovereign who bestowed it.

One of the earliest and most interesting proofs of his majesty's taste and love of ancient learning, and at the same time most congenial with the first of the chartered objects of this Society, was the literary mission to the court of Naples, for the development of the Herculanean MSS., towards which so little had been done during the course of nearly fifty years which had passed since the discovery of the library—a mission which did honour to the country from which it emanated, and will ever illustrate the memory of the prince who projected and supported it. From the development of the first MS., in 1752, to 1800, not more than seventeen MSS. had been unrolled, and only one published; so difficult, tedious, and expensive was the process. Under these various difficulties, the work was suspended, when the Prince of Wales proposed to the Neapolitan government to defray the expense of unrolling, deciphering, and transcribing the MSS. In the course of four years, two hundred copies were unrolled, transcribed, and facsimiled by Neapolitan artists, under the inspection of an English superintendent; when the work was again suspended at the re-occupation of Naples by the French. Eighty-four of the fac-similes were transmitted to England in 1808, and in 1810 were consigned by the Prince Regent to the University of Oxford. Of these fac-similes seven treatises have been published at the University Press, from lithographic engravings, in a manner worthy both of the munificent benefactor and of the University. Of these published treatises, five are by Philodemus, on moral subjects as well as on rhetoric and poetry. Of the others, one is by Demetrius, on poetry; and the other, by an anonymous writer, on anger. His majesty had the satisfaction of seeing the object of his literary mission thus far executed, by the publication of these splendid volumes from the Clarendon press in 1824-25, the merits of which publication cannot be better expressed than in the language of a foreign critique:—"Qua in re cum ipsius Academiæ Oxoniensis munificentiam admiramur, quæ (ut solet a sordida parsimonia remotissima esse) in his etiam voluminibus exprimendis splendidissimo cultu rei dignitati consuluit, tum artificis laudamus diligentiam plane admirabilem, qua factum est, ut plenissime de his vetustis reliquiis judicare possimus."*

The injuries which these treatises have suffered in unrolling them have unavoidably been very great, by the laceration and distraction of words and sentences; yet with all their difficulties they present enough that is legible and intelligible to interest a learned reader by the citation of such names as Alcæus, Sappho, Sophron, Epicharmas, Empedocles, Chrysippus, Metrodorus, and the like, and by fragments of poets whose works are now lost; and by the light which their peculiarities of diction and manuscription throw on many points of philology and palæography. The impatient expectation so long and earnestly expressed by many learned men for the production of these curious relics of antiquity, thus splendidly delivered to the public, could not fail to be gratified by the continuation of a work so honourable to the Clarendon press and to the memory of George the Fourth.

The discovery of a library that had been buried for two thousand years, is too rare an occurrence to encourage the search for such hidden treasures with much hope of success, even in a land of volcanoes. But Greek writings of much greater antiquity than any contained in the library of the Pisos, have been discovered in the works of comparatively modern writers, and in MSS. comparatively modern. Of these, one of the most remarkable is a copy of the Lacedæmonian decrees against Timotheus for corrupting and effeminating the ancient music by his additional strings to the lyre. This decree, written in the ancient Spartan dialect, was passed about four hundred years before the Christian era, but is not found in any Greek writer, nor is extant in any Latin writer before the sixth century. The Hymn to Ceres is also a remarkable instance of a work of very remote antiquity, authenticated by unquestionable evidence of the second century, and yet now found only in a single MS., and *that* not older than the fourteenth century, preserved in the Imperial Library at Moscow.

The preservation of a Greek decree, by a Latin writer of the sixth century—one thousand years posterior to the decree—and the discovery of the Hymn to Ceres, in a MS. of the fourteenth century, the only MS. copy of it known to be extant—bear a near resemblance to the history of a celebrated passage of Scripture, which is preserved in the Latin version, and in the writings of the Latin fathers of the first six centuries, but is found in no Greek MS. now extant older than the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth centuries. The *editio princeps* of the New Testament contains the passage; and all principes editiones being printed from MSS. are entitled to all the credit and weight of MS. authority. The conductors of that edition affirm, in their preface, that in preparing their text they had the use of Vatican MSS. But the passage not having been found in any of the Vatican MSS. which had been collated since the publication of the Complutensian edition, *its* existence in *any* Vatican MS. has been for many years constantly denied—the supposition of the existence of such a MS. treated with ridicule and contempt—and the Complutensian editors, consequently, charged with fabrication, forgery, and falsehood. This reproach has at length been done away, by the recent discovery of the Codex Ottobonianus, 298, in that library, which contains the passage; and it is an important consequence of this discovery, that it authenticates *ad literam* the text of the *princeps editio*.

It has been often asked by the opponents of the passage, What is become of the Complutensian MSS.? If no MS. had ever been found to identify their text, the loss of the MSS. ought not to have brought into question the credit of

* Bibliotheca Critica Nova, Lugdun. Bat. 1825, vol. i. p. 268.

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a princeps editio, or the fidelity of its editors. A contemporary and correspondent of Dr. Bentley says in a letter to him, that "no man who knows the character of the early editors can doubt the credit of the MSS. they printed from," and that "the early editions of the New Testament ought to have more weight than, perhaps, all the MSS. now extant put together."*

MSS. known to have been extant in the sixteenth century have long been lost. The MS. to which Stunica so often appealed, is unknown; the MS. from which Erasmus printed the text of his third edition, has never been discovered (the Dublin MS. differing too much in its readings to be the same); two of Stephens's MSS. have never been found; the MS. from which Rhenanus published the princeps editio of Velleius cannot be found; and no other MS. of that history is known to be extant in any library. The only remaining copy (as far as is known) of Cicero's treatise *De Gloria*, is said to have perished in a fire at Canterbury, since the origin of printing—a loss which exemplifies the importance of the first chartered object of our Society, and brings home to our minds the debt of honour and gratitude we owe to the memory of a sovereign, whose zeal, taste, and munificence, were exerted in promoting the preservation of the remains of ancient learning.

To the principal subject of this day's condolence, I have to add the loss which the Society has sustained by the death of one of the Royal Associates, the Rev. Edward Davies, chancellor of the collegiate church of Brecon, and rector of Bishopstone; an occasional contributor of interesting papers to the Society—namely, Considerations on the Book of Job, Remarks on the Chronicle of Brut Tyssilio, and a translation of Gorsha Cynvelyn; author of a treatise entitled Immanuel, of a Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, and a valuable volume of Sermons on church union; but more generally known to the public by his Celtic Researches, and his Mythology of the Druids, a curious and interesting work, in which he has given an account of the written monuments of the early Britons, and, by the aid of the ancient British language, has traced through the remains of the ancient Druidical poetry, from the sixth to the twelfth century (for till that time he has shewn that the fictions of their bards continued to bear the stamp of Druidism)—the progress, revolution, and suppression of that superstition which once pervaded the greater part of the north and west of Europe.

* Monk's Life of Bentley, p. 539, note.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Third Notice.]

No. 148. *Portrait of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., Governor of the Royal Exchange Assurance.* Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.—An admirable resemblance. The accessories are judiciously managed; and the whole is skilfully and carefully painted.

No. 156. *A Boy breaking the frozen Turnips for the Cattle.* R. Westall, R.A.—When Mr. Westall passes from the imaginative to the real, as in the present instance, he succeeds so well, that we wish he would do so more frequently.

No. 171. *Portrait of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., author of Pelham, Devereux, Paul Clifford, &c.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—It is always gratifying to the public to become acquainted with the features of those by whose genius or talents they have been improved or delighted; and portraits of such individuals assume somewhat of the dignity of history. There is no recent writer who has obtained a greater or a juster celebrity than Mr. Bulwer; and to the visitors to Somerset House who have not the pleasure of being personally known to that gentleman, this fine performance will shew that his intelligent countenance is a true index of his highly cultivated mind.

No. 187. *The Cherak Pooja, a Hindoo Ceremony at Calcutta.* J. Atkinson.—It is only when we witness scenes like this, that we are rendered fully sensible of the blessing of living in a country in which fanaticism and superstition no longer expose their victims either to compulsory or to self-inflicted torture.

No. 190. *The Forts of Merani and Jellali, at Muscat, in the Persian Gulf.* W. Daniell, R.A.—As a celebrated civil engineer (Mr. Brindley) once said that the use of rivers was to supply canals with water, so there may be military engineers who are of opinion that such curious irregularities of nature as this highly picturesque view exhibits, were intended merely as positions for batteries. Mr. Daniell's pencil seems to be indefatigable; and to whatever it touches it imparts interest and value.

No. 197. *The Corn-field.* W. F. Witherington, A.—Represented in the full maturity of harvest, and with all the warmth and splendour of a summer sky, Mr. Witherington's "Cornfield" is a most cheerful and delightful scene. He has also given great interest and expression to the figures by which it is animated.

No. 204. *The Water-mill.* C. R. Stanley.—There is but one complaint to make with reference to this picture, and that applies not to the painter, but to the situation in which it is placed. It is one of the most choice and picturesque subjects imaginable, and in tone and execution may vie with the celebrated "Watermill" of the no less celebrated Waterloo.

No. 211. *Prospero and Miranda.* H. P. Bone.—An excellent composition; the character of the father impressive and commanding, that of the daughter patient and attentive.

No. 218. *A Portrait.* J. Partridge.—Mr. Partridge has here shewn how, by investing it with some of the best qualities of art, a simple portrait may be rendered as interesting as a work of fancy.

No. 226. *Lady Macbeth in the Chamber of Duncan.* R. T. Bone.—Treated in a manner which powerfully affects the imagination; while the technical skill displayed in the deep and rich chiaroscuro, and in the masterly handling and impasting of the colour, must be felt by all who are capable of appreciating it.

No. 233. *Landscape, with Birch Trees and Figures.* F. R. Lee.—In the truth and nature of this admirable example of Mr. Lee's talents, we see no symptom of any change in his style. He does not seem to think, like some of his contemporaries, that he has "exhausted worlds," and that he must set to work and "imagine new"!

No. 238. *A Scene from Tristram Shandy.* C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Exquisite! The picture has but one fault, at least in our eye, namely, that the figures are rather too large for the space they occupy. As for the expression, we question if any thing in painting ever surpassed it. Could Sterne have beheld such an illustration of the scene he has so slily and humorously described, he would have hurled his wig up into the air with delight. Uncle Toby is a portrait of Bannister: and such an eye as the widow's!

No. 241. *An Alligator attacking a Bullock; Scene in Ceylon.* W. Daniell, R.A.—At once a proof of the versatility of Mr. Daniell's talents, and of the terrific power of this emperor of reptiles. We were never before so fully impressed with the desperate character of the pledge which Peter Pindar puts into the mouth of Sir Joseph Banks:

"By G—, I'll eat an alligator!"

No. 248. *Portrait of Howqua, senior Hong Merchant at Canton, China.* G. Chinnery.—Tell it not in Macao, publish it not in Pekin, that the portrait of so important and well-known a personage has come so far to be thrust into an obscure corner of the exhibition! Even its merits as a work of art entitled it to a place among the best of its size and class.

No. 258. *A Domestic Affliction.* W. E. West.—Of such subjects it is the misfortune, that the more ably they are executed, the more painful is the contemplation of them.

No. 274. *Destruction of the Argyll Rooms, on the night of the 5th of February*, 1830. J. J. Chalon, A.—The fury of the "devouring element," as the newspapers call it, was never more awfully and faithfully depicted.

No. 288. *Admiral Van Tromp's Barge at the entrance of the Texel;* 1645. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Mr. Turner at home.

No. 298. *Watteau Study by Fresnoy's rules.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Mr. Turner not at home.

No. 313. *English Nobility receiving the Communion of the Catholic Church in a private Chapel, in the early part of the Sixteenth Century.* S. A. Hart.—This, if we mistake not, is the third splendid and imposing religious spectacles which we have seen from Mr. Hart's pencil; and although, therefore, the gloss of novelty is a little gone off, we, nevertheless, think it the finest of the three. The remark, however, principally applies to the composition; for in all this skilful artist's works, the character and the expression of the figures are of the highest order; and there are a breadth of effect, and a richness of colouring, produced by the clear transparency of his deep shadows, and the brilliant solidity of his powerful lights, equal to what can be found in some of Rembrandt's most esteemed productions.

No. 321. *The Bride.* E. T. Parris.—Grace and refinement are the characteristics of this beautiful work. The total absence of affectation in the principal figure gives an additional charm to one of the loveliest forms that the pencil ever created. The drapery, the jewels, the background, and all the other subordinate parts of the picture, are executed with a masterly hand.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Fanny Kemble. C. F. Tayler pinxt.; T. Woolnoth sculpt. Harding.

A PLEASING little portrait, in Miss Kemble's natural character—that of a gentlewoman.

A Panorama of Constantinople and its Environs, from Scutari. Drawn from sketches by J. Pitman, Esq. and engraved by Mr. Clark. Leigh.

LIKE Mr. Leigh's other publications of a similar nature, this panorama gives a very extensive and distinct notion of the place which it is intended to represent. It is accompanied by a satisfactory and amusing explanatory pamphlet.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition at the Museum at Paris opened on the same day as the Exhibition at Somerset House. It contains above three thousand pictures. A Parisian journal says of

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it: "Like its predecessors, it is, what the age has made it, a great market, in which all the riches of technical execution in painting are exposed; but from which the sentiment, and in some sort the thinking of the art, are fled. Pagan and Christian subjects, sacred and profane images, are huddled together without distinction; and exhibit beautiful and elegant forms, which, however, do not touch the soul."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A DREAM.*

As o'er that statue's lips methought
With chisel in my hand I wrought,
Sweetening each expressive line,
Till the whole became divine—
Like to her, who, far away,
Dwelleth in exhaustless day—
Still, the sentiment, the soul,
I heightened, and informed the whole,
Till, O my God! it moved, and grew
A thing of life! Her image too—
No! not her image, but her soul,
Her very essence, there had stole,
And in the marble dwelt like light!—
It was too much—my ravished sight
Could bear no more; to hide my face
Upon her breast, in wild embrace,
My arms I threw—they clasp the air!
And yet her form seems dwelling there!—
Another effort! 'Twas in vain;
A sudden madness seized my brain—
I grasped the death-tube—fired—her head
Drooped on her neck—I marked the lead
Had pierced her brow; then forth a flame
Of quick consuming power there came,
And burned intensely, till its flashes
Were quenched, that form reduced to ashes!
—All that remained was a handful of dust;
The fitful winds, as they came with a gust,
Swept that too, and strewed it on high,
Where I raised my face; but oh! the sky
Shut back my gaze, and heaven looked down
With a dark'ning brow—a with'ring frown!

L. M.

EPILOGUE TO ALFRED.

To have been spoken by Mr. Harley, in the character of a Beliman.

Written by R. Bernal, Esq. M.P.

Enters ringing his Bell.

O yes! O yes! O yes! Lost, stolen, or strayed,
An epilogue, bran new, and lately made,
With humour, wit, and novelty replete,
And free from all old jests and stale conceit;
Whoe'er this prize to Drury Lane shall bring,
Shall be rewarded—so, God save the King.

[Puts down his bell.

A play without an epilogue. Alas!
That such a dire mishap should come to pass;
Why, 'twill be deemed revolt against the cause
Of Thespian politics and Thespian laws;
A wild Reform, impell'd by cruel fate,
A revolution in the drama's state.
Our author will be wither'd by the frown
Of each dramatic Tory through the town.
Moreover, now, what effort can succeed
Without the puffing of a friend in need?
When e'en the prudish Muses will coquet
With Rowland's Kalydor and Warren's jet.
But I forgot—the swelling blast of Fame
Precedes, not lags behind, each favour'd name;
And, like some whisker'd Bobadil's cigar,
Expels the puff that meets you from afar.
We've had our Prologue—surely that's enough
For all the purposes of lawful puff.
Ladies and gents, I hope you have been amus'd,
And that our author cannot be accus'd
Of mixing with his five-act serious story
Of merry England's ancient wars and glory,
A larger portion of narcotic juice
Than is allowed for tragic author's use.
Whate'er their talents, toil, or anxious haste,
'Tis hard to suit each critic's varying taste.
For one, I little think of Saxon thanes,
Of pirate sea-kings, and of cut-throat Danes,
Who sack'd and burn'd, by turns, this town of Lud,
Then full of glory, and as full of mud:
Let others boast the charms of ancient days,
'Tis very well in parliaments and plays.
Oh, days of innocence! when monks alone,
Caged in their cloister'd tenements of stone,
Assum'd the privilege to read and write,
Whilst happy laymen only learn'd to fight;
When one might chance to go to bed
Without an ear or nose, perhaps or head;
Oh, lib'ral times! when kings were doom'd to bake
For their own breakfast their own oatmeal cake:
Ye mighty race of Picts, Goths, Danes, and Huns,
Who knew not muffins, rolls, or Sally-luns!
Whom salted sea-cows, porpoises, and seals,
And muddy ale, supplied with sav'ry meals;
Whose boors, neglecting worldly pomp and riches,
Despis'd the idle luxury of breeches;
Thanks to our stars! we moderns gain some boons—
If ye had clowns, we have our *pantaloons*.
We belmen, now, are haply men of letters,
Who scrawl and spout as well as half our betters.
Now roasted sirloins, smoking on the board,
Delight the priest, the warrior, and the lord:
We now may freely sup, and soundly sleep,
And on our shoulders our own craniums keep.
If Alfred were a skilful politician,
A learned, bold, and daring state physician,
Who purg'd this realm of humours rank and loose,
And check'd the current of each mad abuse,
May Heav'n be prais'd! do we not proudly own
A patriot monarch now on Britain's throne?
Whose wise and gen'rous policy imparts
A sense of love and duty to all hearts,
Whose unpretending life and sway command
Affection and obedience through the land.
Long may the crown o'er William's honoured head
A mild, yet steady, wholesome splendour shed!
But, stop! I must not trespass on your time,
Or spin out longer this too tedious rhyme:
At Christmas only can I dare rehearse
My loyal carols in my dogg'rel verse;

[Prompter's bell rings.

And, hark! I hear the prompter's rival bell—

[Actor, taking up his bell, bowing to the audience, proceeds.

Sweet *belles* and beaux, kind patrons, fare ye well!

* Shakespeare says the poet, lunatic, and lover, are of imagination all compact. We publish the following effusion by Mr. Macdonald, the celebrated artist, to shew that the sculptor may be joined to the bard. It is a transcript of an actual dream.—*Ed. L. G.*

MUSIC.

PAGANINI.

THE near approach of the appearance of this extraordinary performer before the London public, may render the following extracts from a description of him in *Le Globe* interesting to our readers:—

"Paganini and his violin enter. A universal clapping welcomes his appearance on the stage. He advances several paces with embarrassment, and bows; and the applause recommences. He proceeds with a gait still more and more awkward, and is again applauded. He bows repeatedly, and endeavours to throw into his countenance a smile of acknowledgment, which is soon, however, replaced by an icy coldness of expression.

"He stops, and in a position in which he seems, if possible, still more constrained than during his walk and his salutations, he seizes his violin, places it between his chin and his breast, and casts on it a proud look, at once piercing and sweet. He stands thus for several seconds, leaving the public time to observe and examine his strange originality; to gaze with curiosity at his lank body, his long arms and fingers, his chestnut-coloured hair flowing over his shoulders, the illness and suffering imprinted on his whole person, his sunken mouth, his long hawk-nose, his pale and hollow cheeks, his large, fine, and open forehead, which Dr. Gall would love to contemplate, and under that forehead eyes, hidden as if in shade, but every instant darting forth lightning.

"Suddenly, his looks descend from his violin to the orchestra. He gives the signal, and, abruptly raising his right hand in the air, lets his bow fall upon his violin. You expect that all the strings are about to be broken. Nothing of the sort. You are surprised by the lightest, the most delicate, the finest of sounds. For several instants he continues to play with your anticipations, and to provoke you. All the caprices which occur to him are employed to rouse you from the indifference which he supposes you to feel. He runs, he leaps from tones to tones, from octaves to octaves, passes with incredible swiftness and precision the widest distances; ascends and descends natural and chromatic gamuts; produces every where harmonic chords; draws forth the most extraordinary sounds of which the violin is capable; makes it speak, sing, complain; now there is a murmuring of waves, now a breeze of wind, now a chirping of birds;—in short, an incoherent *charivari*.

"This great artist has, however, other resources than such fantasies for the captivation of the public. To this musical phantasmagoria presently succeeds a broad, grand, and harmonious simplicity. Pure, sweet, brilliant, tuneful chords flow from his bow; sounds which seem to proceed from the heart, and which plunge you into a state of delicious feeling. Then comes a vague sighing of melancholy and self-abandonment. While you are sympathising with the touching and melodious performer, a sudden access of violent grief, a sort of shuddering and rage, appears to seize him; and cries which penetrate the depths of the soul alarm and freeze you, and make you tremble for the unfortunate being whom you see and hear!"

Such is a Parisian picture of this extraordinary performer, respecting whom we observe a great discord has been produced in the newspapers, which is likely at least to postpone the period of his appearing before an English audience. We will not enter into the dispute, whether the doubling of the Opera prices was extravagant or justifiable (prices having been doubled in every place where he has played); but in justice to Mr. Laporte, we wish to bear testimony to his constant and liberal efforts to please the public in the very difficult situation he occupies. If the intended charge on this occasion was too high, nobody needed to pay it unless they liked,—the offence would have brought its own punishment. And really we do not know a trader who happens to import a rare or superior article of commerce, and who, out of pure generosity, chooses to sell it at the cost of a less valuable or attractive commodity. Altogether, however, as the King's Theatre prices are considerable, we think it would have been wiser in M. Paganini to content himself with them.

LECTURE ON MUSIC.

ON Monday Mr. Phillips delivered another of his interesting lectures on our national or old English melody, and very properly selected for illustration the finest collection extant of national melodies—the Beggar's Opera. The low dialogue of this celebrated opera of Gay, being intended as a strong satire on the prevailing manners of the age, is scarcely tolerated by "ears polite" at the present day; but the beauty of the melodies, and their ingenious adaptation to the subject, affords a very high proof of musical science in Dr. Pepusch, the compiler. Mr. Phillips shewed that several misconceptions exist in the common mode of executing the music of this opera; and, with the assistance of two or three female pupils, gave great satisfaction and instruction to a numerous and select audience.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ONSLOW'S opera, *Le Colporteur*, has been produced here in an English dress, by Mr. B.

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Livius, already known to the dramatic world as the arranger of the Covent Garden version of *Der Freyschutz*, and (in conjunction with Cooke) of Auber's *Masaniello*. Mr. Onslow is a sound musician, and, though an amateur, has made himself a high reputation amongst professors throughout Europe; but neither his *Colporteur*, nor his *Alcalde de la Vega*, produced any effect in Paris. Their success was merely what the French call *d'estime*; and as the vehicles of his music had little to recommend them in a dramatic point of view, we should scarcely have thought either would have repaid the trouble of importation, particularly the *Colporteur*, the most feeble and commonplace of the two. The plot of the *Emissary*, as the English version is named, is the old story of a rightful heir being discovered by a mark on his arm, &c. &c. The adapters have, however, done their best with so threadbare a subject, and improved the third act considerably. Mr. Livius has also caused several musical additions to be made to the opera, and, to the credit of his judgment be it said, those additions are the most effective things in the piece. We may particularly instance a German melody, sung by Phillips, in the first act; a chorus of conspirators, selected by Mr. Livius, from Boieldieu; an air in the third act, of Mr. L.'s own composition; a chorus by Mr. Grattan Cooke; and a duo by Horn, admirably sung by that gentleman and Phillips. Of the original music of the opera, the most pleasing portion is found in the second act, where the peasants assemble to dance and inspect the pack of the supposed pedlar. The opera went off with considerable applause, and certainly without the slightest symptom of dissent, as far as the last scene, when an unfortunate hitch in the stage business, and a rather cold conclusion of a violent conflagration, raised a storm which prevented an audible announcement of its repetition. It has, however, been repeated since. Of the vocal strength at this theatre, in so far as the ladies are concerned, it is impossible to say much. With a musical manager, too, it is certainly far below the right standard. All we can notice, therefore, on the present occasion, is, that Miss Pearson was very finely dressed, and Miss Bruce, though in an equal part, but poorly indebted to the wardrobe. The latter, however, acquitted herself quite as well as a songstress, as if she had been equipped in a better fashion. We look with hope to the progress of this débutante. The scenery, by Mr. Stanfield, is most beautiful.

On Monday *Timour the Tartar*, with a whole troop of horses, was produced here. The large theatres, we are told, are going to the dogs,—it is a pity; but, somehow, neither spectacles nor the regular drama serve to cover their enormous expenses, in these times of political excitement.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE long-talked-of spectacle of *Napoleon* was produced here on Monday, and, as a spectacle, is entitled to all praise. The scenery and dresses are at the same time picturesque and correct, and the painters and tailors thereof are entitled to our warmest admiration. For the plot, or rather programme of this interminable drama, we must refer our readers to the bills and the books in circulation. *Our columns* would not contain a description of half the evolutions performed by *those* of Buonaparte. The nine volumes of Sir Walter Scott's *History of Napoleon* is the best *pendant* to Mr. Lacy's seven-act spectacle, which, in length, as well as splendour, beats any pair of spectacles we have *seen through* for years past. We did see this through, for it was not so late by an hour as we anticipated; but well got up as it is, and great as was its reception, we suspect, if it is ever to pay its expenses by becoming really attractive, the sooner it is cut down to three acts and played as an afterpiece, the better. To that complexion, we feel convinced, it must come at last, and the improvement will be great in proportion to the pruning. The life of the emperor is as "tedious as a king." His death is painful without being dramatic. The grand *tableaux* are the only points of interest; and every line, every word, not absolutely necessary to their appearance, should be dismissed without mercy. There is another fault in *Napoleon*, one common to all productions of this sort, but which we think might be avoided: it is, the endeavour to represent the march of an army with the numbers of a sergeant's guard. The best attempt we ever saw was made at Astley's, in the *Battle of Waterloo*; but even then it was but a respectable failure. In *Napoleon*, the illusion is imperfect when we are called on to imagine the grand army passing the Mont St. Bernard, or the advance of the old guard at the Bridge of Montereau; but it is complete when the troops are stationary, as in the review at Schönbrun, the line extending diagonally the whole length of the stage; or when the brave remnant of that attached guard are bivouacking in the court-yard of Fontainebleau. Our favourite portions of this extraordinary entertainment are consequently the 1st, 3d, and 5th parts; and we certainly think, that with the dream of Victoria, (a most exquisite piece of painting),—the scene in the Geranium Valley at St. Helena,—and, perhaps, the apotheosis, by way of finish, there would be enough of the business. The death-bed scene is indubitably *de trop*, and the glimpse of it in the vision renders it still more unnecessary. We should apologise to Mr. Warde for having neglected so long to speak of his performance of the hero. From his first step upon the stage to the "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," it was perfection! There were some cries of "no, no!" when the spectacle was given out for repetition, but the *contents* had it hollow, and sang "God save the King" after it, by way of a finish.

VARIETIES.

Audubon, the American Ornithologist. — This enthusiastic naturalist is gone again to the woods. He left Edinburgh last month, and, after visiting Paris, intends proceeding to New Orleans in August. It is his purpose to spend eighteen months or two years in exploring the western side of the valley of the Mississippi, up towards the Rocky Mountains. Should he survive, he intends returning to Edinburgh, and spending the rest of his days in arranging his collection, and publishing a continuation of his *Ornithological Biography*.

The Chanticleer has returned to Falmouth from the scientific expedition on which she was employed; and from the accounts she brings, there seems to be less reason to doubt that the death of Captain Foster was accidental: our first information, however, was received from head quarters.

Literary Fund.—In noticing the subscriptions to this Fund, we ought, as it is justly due to their liberality, to have stated that Messrs. Colburn and Bentley expressly gave 75*l.* for Mr. James' MS. in consequence of that gentleman's having devoted the price (whatever it might be) to this charity. It so happened that the work itself was not in the line of their usual publications.

Chateaubriand. — This prolific and popular writer has just sold off all his effects in Paris, with the intention of quitting France, and going to reside at Turin.

Pantechnicon.—We have long been wondering at the erection of two prodigious buildings near the Sloane Street corner of Belgrave Square, and guessing in vain for what purposes they could be intended. At last, the other day, we got a glimpse of their intent and meaning by seeing the Greek compound *Pantechnicon* inscribed in capital letters upon their fronts. These, then, are to be repositories for all the arts and for manufactures, in shops, a bazaar, and a gallery. They are certainly on a very extensive scale, and thus deserve our notice as a novelty among the improvements of the times.

Elephant.—A noble male elephant, in perfect health and condition, has reached the Zoological Gardens, after a nine months' voyage from Madras, *via* China. He is appointed to have a paddock and a pond for his especial occupation.

Singular Death.—Accounts have been received of the death of Mr. James Haze, of Bristol. This gentleman was travelling in Egypt; and in attempting to ascend one of the pyramids without a guide, fell, and was killed.

Fossil Oxen of Russia.—Professor Fischer, of Moscow, has described two new species of fossil oxen, from Siberia. The *bos latifrons*, with a large forehead, horns straight at the base, palate much dilated; and the *bos canaliculatus*, having horns very close together, at their base, and separated by a straight deep channel.

Melotypy.—Under this title, M. Duguet, of Paris, has published an account of a new method of printing all kinds of music with movable characters.

Calculation.—The newspapers state, that of a party of English county members, amounting to about fifty, who were in last parliament, called themselves "the country gentlemen," and acted together, there will be in the next parliament, at *the very utmost, not more than six or seven* members; viz. Lord Chandos (1), Lord Mandeville (2), Lord G. Somerset (3), Lord Ingestrie (4), two of the Lowthers (6), and the Wynns; — by which it appears that the Wynns are only one.

Echo. — We are often amused by the epigrams and *bon-mots* of the *Sunday Times* newspaper. The annexed, in last Number, is very good: — "*Paganini.* — Our friend Sir Charles, who, by the by, never wears *creaking shoes*, consequently has no *music* in his *sole*, perpetrated the following, on learning the moderate charge to witness the performance of this modern Orpheus at the Opera House: —

What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?
Echo — Pack o' ninnies!"

Sir George Radcliffe.—This gentleman "was born in Yorkshire, in the year 1587. Seven of his relations lost their lives in the war of the rebellion. He went to Ireland with the Earl of Strafford, upon his appointment to the lord-lieutenancy, and was involved in all his troubles. He is said to have been a man of extraordinary sagacity and knowledge of business, and so good an orator, that his longest speeches were accounted his best. When Sir Thomas Chaloner had discovered the existence of alum near Gainsborough, it was through Radcliffe's contrivance that foreign workmen were brought over from Rochelle in hogsheads, to excavate the ground,

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and prepare the mineral. This alum mine was a source of considerable revenue to the crown. Hampden considered Sir George as 'one of the most dangerous men that adhered to the king.' He was impeached by the parliament, and condemned unheard. It was probably at this time that he retired into France. He died in 165—, 'leaving,' says David Lloyd, 'these remarques behind him'—that, 'with Tamerlane, he never bestowed a place upon a man that was over ambitious of it; that he feared more the committing than the discovering of an irregularity; that he gave away to charitable uses a tenth of what he got; and that he loved a grave better than a gaudy religion.'"—*Life and Correspondence of Dr. Basire.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXI. May 21.*]

The Naval and Military Battles of England during the last Two Reigns, by D. E. Williams.—Sir E. Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribean Sea; with a detail of many extraordinary Events in his Life, from 1733 to 1749; edited by Miss Jane Porter.—The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Thomas Moore, Esq.—Journal of a Residence at the Courts of Germany; written during a personal attendance upon their present Majesties, in 1822, 1825, and 1826; by Dr. W. Beattie.—Select Works of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Johnson; by R. Southey.—A Guide to the Fruit and Kitchen Garden, by George Lindley; and edited by John Lindley.—A Manual of the Land and Fresh-water Shells of Great Britain; by W. Turton.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hamilton's History of Medicine, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Grove's Missionary Journal, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Sabin's Judgment of the Quick, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Stratton's English and Jewish Tithe Systems compared, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—A Caution to Bankers, Merchants, &c. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Spiller's Exercises on French Pronunciation, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* shp.—Scott's Art of Preventing the Loss of Teeth, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bell's System of Geography, Part IX., 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Homonymes Français, by Albert and Smith, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Wynpersse on the Divinity of our Lord, with Introduction and Notes, by W. L. Alexander, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cambridge Problems, 1821 to 1830, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Watson's Life of the Rev. J. Wesley, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Irving's Lectures on the Revelation, 4 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Sir H. Halford's Essays and Orations at the College of Physicians, crown 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bishop Jebb's Pastoral Instruction, fcp. 7*s.* bds.—Legh's Music of the Eye; or, Essays on Architecture, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.—Wright's Supplement to Wood's Algebra, Parts I. and III., 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Cambridge Classical Examinations, Second Series, 8vo. 9*s.* cloth.—Bernays' Familiar German Exercises, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Rose's Orlando Furioso, Vol. VIII., crown 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

May.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 12	From 32. to 64.	30·09 to 30·00
Friday 13	—— 32. — 64.	29·92 — 29·94
Saturday .. 14	—— 26. — 55.	30·00 Stationary
Sunday.... 15	—— 26. — 61.	30·00 — 29·97
Monday .. 16	—— 34. — 68.	30·02 — 30·09
Tuesday .. 17	—— 34. — 69.	30·11 — 30·12
Wednesday 18	—— 41. — 69.	30·05 — 29·86

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

Except on the afternoon of the 13th, clear. The continued cold nights have not yet allowed vegetation to recover its severe check.

A few drops of rain fell on the afternoon of the 13th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

We must acknowledge to C. D. our omission in not mentioning that the justly admired lines quoted in the last Meteorological Report, were from the pen of W. Sotheby, Esq., and will be found in the second book of his beautiful translation of Virgil's Georgics, v. 413—418.

C. H. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Again the influx of new and more temporary matter induces us to defer our sequel Reviews of the State Papers and Travels in Spain.

We are sorry we cannot insert E. H.'s lines; but we are startled by the bold figure which speaks of "the mortal light of animated stillness!"

We cannot enter into Mr. Peter Jeffery's complaint: if he has been wronged respecting the approaches to London Bridge, surely a literary journal is not the place to discuss the quarrel.

Erratum.—In the list of the Professors at the King's College in our last, instead of G. J. Bennett, Professor of Botany, it should have been Gilbert T. Burnett.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

GALLERY of the BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.
The present Exhibition will close on Wednesday next, the 25th instant, and will be re-opened early in June, with a Selection of the Works of the Old Masters.
Admission, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS' Gallery, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.
The Eighth Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Living British Artists, is now Open, from Ten till Seven.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*
J. WILSON, Secretary.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.
Patron, the KING.
The Exhibition of New Inventions and Improvements in Arts and Manufactures, Gallery of the Royal Mews, Charing Cross, is now open daily.
Admittance, 1*s.*

EXHIBITION of SCULPTURE.
Mr. Peter Hollins's Colossal Group of the "Murder of the Innocents," Groups of "Conrad and Medora," "Aurora and Zephyrus," with other Sculpture, is now exhibiting, at No. 17, Old Bond Street, on Monday, the 16th instant, and following Days.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Season Ticket, 5*s.*

MICROCOSM, 24, Regent Street, Four Doors from Piccadilly.—The Solar Microscope is now open daily, from Eleven till Five, when the Sun shines.
Admittance, 1*s.*
By this Microscope a Drop of Water, containing innumerable living Beings, occupies a Circle Nine Feet in Diameter. The Microcosm is open from Ten till Dusk, and consists of a grand Display of Microscopic Objects, Insects, and Animalcule in Water, &c.; the new Optical Deception discovered by Mr. Faraday, F.R.S. and a living Picture of Regent Street.
The whole of the Apparatus constructed by P. Carpenter, Optician.

Splendid Work for the Drawing-Room Table.
Price 1*l.* plain, or 1*l.* 14*s.* beautifully coloured, folded in a neat Case,
A PANORAMA of CONSTANTINOPLE and its ENVIRONS, from Scutari, drawn from Sketches by J. PITMAN, Esq. and engraved by Mr. CLARK. The Panorama is accompanied by a Descriptive Pamphlet, containing an Account of the Public Buildings, and Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants.
Published by Samuel Leigh, 18, Strand.

Interesting Novelty just published.
AN AERONAUTICAL VIEW of LONDON and its ENVIRONS, arranged in a novel and interesting Style, exhibiting every Feature of the British Metropolis, disposed in the Form of a Rotunda, and viewed through the medium of Magnifying Glasses, produces an Appearance of Nature hitherto unattainable in other than large and extended Panoramic Views.
Price of the Print in Rotunda, with Magnifying Glasses and Portfolio, 1*l.* 5*s.* The Print with Key, 15*s.*

MECHANICAL PERSPECTIVE.—The Patent Perspective Tracing Instrument is now on Sale, at Cary's, 181, Strand; Holmpfiel and Co.'s, 64, Charing Cross; and Jones, 168, Charing Cross. This Instrument (one form of which packs in a Pocket Case), will be found to act with as much facility and fidelity in Landscape, Architectural, and Figure Sketching from Nature, as the common Pantograph copies Pictures; and it is also conveniently applicable to the latter purpose, particularly where large Pictures are required to be sketched on reduced scales. A larger form, capable of producing Sketches measuring two feet by two feet six inches, may be seen at the National Repository, Charing Cross: as also, a Machine for producing a Perspective View from a Ground Plan and Elevation.

Just published,
BUSTS in BRONZE of HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM the FOURTH, and the LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM, at 1*l.* 1*s.* each.
These Busts are of dimensions and of character to form an appropriate ornament of great interest, for every chimney-piece in the Kingdom. The acknowledged excellence of the likenesses, and the intrinsic beauty of the Busts, as works of art, give them a place in every cabinet. The absolutely indestructible nature of the material, with the graceful appearance, and the powerful embodying effect of an actual model in bronze, leaves the most elaborate print far behind, as a memorial of important and valued personages.
Sold by the Author and Publisher, Samuel Parker, 12, Argyll Place, and 26, Cornhill; Jennings and Co. Cheapside; and by all Booksellers.

THE "COURIER," in speaking of the Patent Perryan Pens, says,—"It is remarkable in how very short a period the use of the Perryan Pens has become little less than universal. We infer this from the large proportion of post-office letters, the paper-stamp of which expresses that the paper is made for the Perryan Pens; a large number of which letters, moreover, are written by persons of the highest class, as ladies of title, dukes, marquesses, earls, bishops, and members of parliament." The Perryan Pens and Perfectionated Letter Paper are sold, wholesale and retail, by James Perry, (the Patentee), 37, Red Lion Square, London; and, by only observing that each of these articles is in a sealed packet, having on it the Patentee's Signature, it may be had genuine, of all Booksellers, Stationers, Silversmiths, Jewellers, Toy and Hardware-Men, Writing-case Manufacturers, Perfumers, Druggists, &c. throughout the whole of the British Empire, and in every Place abroad. Each Packet of Pens contains Nine, price 2*s.* 6*d.* Each Packet of Perfectionated Letter-Paper (tinted blue) contains a quire, price 1*s.* 4*d.*

THOSE ADVOCATES of REFORM who are desirous of possessing a lasting and elegant Memorial of best Friends of their Country, are informed that the beautifully engraved Print, entitled the "Champions of Constitutional Reform," containing tastefully embellished and striking Likenesses of the King, Earl Grey, Lords Brougham, Althorpe (now first engraved), and John Russell, from Miniatures by Hayter and Wivell, is now ready for delivery. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* or India Proofs, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Published by Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the BIBLE.—Mr. MARTIN begs to announce that the First Part of the above Work is now published.
Price, unlettered Proofs, Four Guineas; lettered ditto, Two Guineas; Prints, One Guinea.
30, *Allsop Terrace, New Road, May* 6, 1831.

TO GENTLEMEN connected with the PUBLIC PRESS.—The Proprietor of a highly respectable Provincial Newspaper, conducted upon moderate Tory Principles, is desirous of engaging as Editor a Gentleman of Political Knowledge and Literary Attainments. References as to capability, or Specimens, will be required.
Address (post-paid) to A. B., at Mr. Barker's, Country Newspaper Office, 66, Fleet Street.

MUSIC.

THEY HAVE GIVEN THEE to ANOTHER. New Ballad, by G. LINLEY, Esq. 2*s.*
The Flag that braved a Thousand Years. A National Song, sung by H. Phillips, composed by S. Nelson, price 2*s.*
Gaily we dance. Cavatina, by J. A. Barnett. 2*s.*
My Fondest, my Fairest, (Tyrolienne), by G. Linley, Esq. 2*s.*
The Page Troubadour. Sung by Miss Taylor, composed by Barnett. 2*s.*
The Tyrolean Hunter's Song, written and composed by T. Ollive. 2*s.*
Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent Street.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 24th of May will be published, in 3 vols. post 8vo.
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"We hail with the liveliest gratification the appearance of the Metropolitan—a monthly journal of literature, which boasts as its editor the distinguished author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' To this task Mr. Campbell is aided by many celebrated writers of the day; and we can honestly assert, that its pages are in every respect worthy of such an editor, and that it has every claim to the highest and the most liberal patronage."—*Cheltenham Journal*, May 14.

"The Metropolitan—a monthly publication, edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq. the distinguished poet and political writer, whose literary talents have justly entitled him to a high rank amongst the most popular living authors. This very promising work, under the able management of its highly gifted editor, will, no doubt, meet with a favourable reception from the public. It may be fairly presumed (judging from the specimen before us) that the literary department will possess great excellence, and ensure for the Metropolitan a circulation not inferior to that of any periodical of the present day."—*Cumberland Pacquet*, May 17.

"The present is the first Number of a periodical published under the management of Mr. Campbell, the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' &c. Such a name at the head of a magazine must alone insure to its readers all the gratification that can result from the exercise of correct taste and sound judgment in the critical department, and in the selection of original pieces contributed by the most popular authors of the day—combined with the purity of style and the classical research which have ever distinguished the pen of the Bard of Hope. Mr. Campbell has recently resigned the editorship of the New Monthly (which he had conducted with signal success for so many years), and commences the present undertaking, to use his own words, 'free from every shackle,' and with a determination that perfect freedom and strict impartiality shall be the guiding principles of the Metropolitan.' The Number before us bears ample testimony to the sincerity of the editor's professions, being marked by talent of the first order, and breathing a spirit of independence and impartiality that are truly creditable to the head and heart of its conductor."—*Derbyshire Courier*, May 14.

"The Metropolitan—we do not hesitate to name this as one of the most valuable periodicals of the day."—*Exeter Alfred*, May 17.

"A new monthly periodical, called the Metropolitan, and edited by the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' has just reached us. A slight glance at its contents has convinced us of the excellence of its plan. Literature, science, the fine arts, politics, and trade—each find a place in its pages; and the articles we dipped into at once yielded information and amusement."—*Lichfield Mercury*, May 13.

"We have received the first Number of this periodical, edited by the talented author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' The literary labours of this gentleman have been so long before the public, that it would be idle for us to attempt to describe how well he is qualified to conduct a work where fancy and genius are so necessary for its success. The present Number of this work amply demonstrates that Mr. Campbell's abilities in this line of literature have not suffered any decay."—*Dublin Morning Post*, May 12.

"We have seen enough to justify our recommending the Metropolitan to our readers as a work of great promise, distinguished by enlarged views, and elegant and gentlemanly style, and a perfect exemption from the coarseness and indelicacy which occasionally disfigure the popular periodicals, and render them not always exactly fitted for the perusal of females, or even of the better educated and more refined of male readers."—*Dublin Morning Register*, May 11.

"That the Metropolitan is destined to an extensive circle of readers, is evident, from the master-hands engaged on it; for it would argue a nation to be insensible to the works of its finest order of minds, not to be attracted by the style and piquancy of a work like this."—*Lincoln Herald*, May 13.

"We have received the first Number of this new periodical, and we need only say, that the perusal of its contents has realised the expectations we entertained of a work conducted by the classic knowledge and refined taste of the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' The article 'Poland' contains the best account we have seen of the brutal and ferocious tyranny with which the heroic countrymen of a Sobieski, a Kosciusko, and a Poniatowski, have been wrung into insurrection, or, more properly speaking, resistance to the Russian autocrat."—*Dublin Comet*, May 8.

"If Mr. Campbell continues the Metropolitan in the spirit of the first Number, it will be inferior to none, but superior to many, of its contemporaries. There is a style of gentlemanly feeling about it, which is quite delightful; and no inconsiderable share of information, as well as amusement, may be gleaned from its pages. Our readers will recollect the anticipations we formed of this magazine when we announced it last month; and we assure them they are more than realised."—*Durham Advertiser*, May 13.

"The Metropolitan has just issued from the press, and we are anxious to give our readers a faithful opinion of its merit. Among the many publications of the kind, this, we feel justified in asserting, appears eminently entitled to patronage. The work is judiciously arranged, and introduces every important subject of history, both foreign and domestic, with an extensive variety of literature, that renders it a valuable informant to all classes, and a pleasing instructor to youth."—*Hampshire Advertiser*, May 14.

"The Metropolitan—a new monthly magazine, edited by the poet Campbell. If the succeeding Numbers be equal to this, we may easily predict that it will become a very great favourite in the reading world. There are several excellent papers, and much beautiful poetry in the present Number. Two of the best of the former are 'Remarks on the Geography of the Ancients,' by Mr. Campbell, and 'Poland.' We heartily wish success to this new undertaking."—*Leeds Mercury*, May 14.

"This new periodical bids fair to take an eminent position in magazine literature. The contributors to it rank high in the republic of letters; and the contents of the first Number are worthy of their distinguished reputation. It is honourable to the country to see one of its most delightful poets—a man, too, possessing extraordinary genius and erudition—at the head of a monthly magazine, inasmuch as the fact affords a proof, if any were needed, of the advanced and refined state of literature in this kingdom."—*Manchester Chronicle* (Wheeler's), May 14.

"If its future Numbers possess as many claims to our approbation as the first, we may safely predict that the Metropolitan will become one of the most popular periodicals of the day. We cannot afford space for even a brief notice of the various articles of merit which this Number contains; but we are particularly pleased with Mr. Campbell's 'Remarks on the Geography of the Ancients,' and with a paper entitled 'the Lord Chancellor's Levee.'"—*Manchester Courier*, May 14.

"The Metropolitan is a new candidate for periodical honours, and bids fair to gain the applause which it seeks to deserve. The editor is the celebrated poet, Mr. Thomas Campbell; and we fancy, that under his superintendence this miscellany will present no ordinary claims to the notice of the literary world."—*Nottingham Journal*, May 14.

"The Metropolitan, a new monthly journal, edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq. bids fair to equal, if not to excel, in variety and talent, the most distinguished of its competitors. Its politics, which of course are liberal, do not engross, as in some publications professedly devoted to literature and the arts, the whole of its pages, but are confined to one or two articles, written with spirit and ability."—*Staffordshire Advertiser*, May 14.

"The first Number of this new periodical is now before us, and we must say that we have seldom had reason to judge better of a work. The politics are of the liberal school—the miscellaneous pieces are interesting, and not too long—the literary criticisms appear to be written in a spirit of candour and impartiality—and the scientific notices contain a fund of useful information. On the whole, we look upon the Metropolitan as one of the most successful attempts ever made to produce a magazine adapted for general perusal."—*Staffordshire Mercury*, May 14.

"This work is likely to supersede most of that class of magazines now in existence. Its editor, Thomas Campbell, Esq., has displayed more talent and more tact in the contents of it than rarely fall to the share of periodicals."—*Stockport Advertiser*, May 13.

The Metropolitan for June will contain a new Poem, by James Montgomery, of Sheffield, author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, &c., entitled Falkland's Dream: the subject is the character, feelings, patriotism, loyalty, valour, and death of Lord Falkland, who fell at Newbury—The continuation of the article "Poland," derived from authority—A new Poem by the Editor—and a great variety of valuable Papers from the most popular Authors of the day.

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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels. 2 vols. 8vo. Westley and Davis.

In our last we briefly announced this publication, so ably edited by Mr. James Montgomery, and stated how interesting a contribution it was to the stores of knowledge which have been produced by missionary labours. We have now, therefore, little else to do than to make such extracts as will corroborate our very favourable opinion, and at once entertain and instruct our readers.

A preface vindicates the South Sea islands, where Christianity has been introduced, from the evil report of them which has been published by the Russian voyager Von Kotzebue; and, through the whole of these two volumes, the natives are represented as having been reclaimed from the most monstrous vices and crimes, by the diffusion of the Protestant religion. This will appear from many of our selections, and that from the prevalence of horrid idolatry and human depravity, civilisation and piety have overspread the islands. But we must first proceed on our way thither; and it will be found that our missionaries' crossing the line is described in a very different manner from the customary frolics of Neptune, Amphitrite, and their amphibious attendants.

"June 23. This day we passed the equator; when certain preposterous ceremonies, as usual, were observed on board, during which we did not escape a little sprinkling of salt water.

"June 24. (Lord's day.) Mr. Tyerman preached this morning upon deck, from Isaiah, xxxiv. 17: 'His hand hath divided it to them by line.' His object being to improve the event of yesterday, he made the following observations: 1. There is a *line* of *being*, which we all crossed when we were born; *then* we were endowed with a rational and intelligent nature; and *then* we entered upon our state of probation. 2. There is a *line* of *regeneration*, dividing the moral world into two hemispheres, in one of which dwell the righteous, and in the other the wicked. This line must be crossed by all, before they can become Christians indeed, and enjoy the privileges of the gospel. 3. There is a *line* of *death*, which we must each cross when we have finished our probationary course, and go before the tribunal of God to render an account of the deeds done in the body; but *when*, *where*, and *how* we shall cross *this* line, we know not. 4. There is a *line* which divides *between heaven and hell*: this none shall ever cross who have once taken up their abode in either of those regions. In application it was remarked, that if we would not lament having crossed the *line of being*, nor fear crossing the *line of death*, we should be concerned to cross the *line of regeneration*; that when we fail on earth, we may be received into everlasting habitations, on the right side of the *line* that divides between *heaven and hell*."

There is sometimes an amusing misapplication of the scriptural and pious language employed by writers of this class, which, while we respect their characters, raises a smile at their expense. Thus, a little farther on, we are told: "During the storm, a fiery meteor, apparently the size of a man's head, shot through the atmosphere, and fell into the sea near our ship. The light which it diffused was so sudden and intense that night became as noon-day. Had it struck our vessel, we might have all perished on the spot, and *no record of our end been discovered till the day of judgment*. We are in the hands of God; and on Him, whom all the elements obey, is our sole dependence."

What *record* of a shipwreck would be discovered at the day of judgment, it is not for us to guess; but our worthy friends are much addicted to the finding of special providences. Take, for instance, an account of another storm.

"The mate said that this first great flash heated his face, and he felt as if stunned for a moment or two, the sulphurous flame appearing to run down his jacket-sleeve. The second peal was accompanied by a crimson blaze, which was instantaneously followed by the tempest of hail, pouring like shot upon himself and his terrified comrades, who (to use his own expression) crowded about him like a flock of sheep, and could scarcely be prevailed to quit his side on the necessary duties of the ship. He observed, that the main-stay-sail had happily been taken in before the squall, or it must inevitably have been carried away, and perhaps involved the destruction of the vessel, with all on board. This he thought a very providential act, for he had only done it under an impression which urged him, as if he had heard a voice saying, 'Take it in—take it in;—take in the main-top-sail!'"

"Sailors (we are informed elsewhere) are proverbially superstitious. This escape (one previously related, but not worth quoting) of their comrade occasioned much conversation among the crew, and sundry stories were told, which, though awful enough at sea, may appear puerile on land. Two of these (for the sake of exemplifying the only fears that seamen feel, and the groundlessness of them,) we shall record. Our chief mate said, that on board of a ship where he had served, the mate on duty ordered some of the youths to reef the main-top-sail. When the first got up, he heard a strange voice saying, 'It blows hard.' The lad waited for no more; he was down in a trice, and telling his adventure. A second immediately ascended, laughing at the folly of his companion, but returned even more quickly, declaring that he was quite sure that a voice, not of this world, had cried in his ear, 'It blows hard.' Another went, and another, but each came back with the same tale. At length the mate, having sent up the whole watch, ran up the shrouds himself, and, when he reached the haunted spot, heard the dreadful words distinctly uttered in his ears, 'It blows hard.' 'Ay, ay, old one; but, blow it ever so hard, we must ease the earings for all that,' replied the mate undauntedly; and looking round, he spied a fine parrot perched on one of the clues, the thoughtless author of all the false alarms, which had probably escaped from some other vessel, but had not previously been discovered to have taken refuge on this. Another of our officers mentioned, that, on one of his voyages, he remembered a boy having been sent up to clear a rope which had got foul above the mizen-top. Presently, however, he came back, trembling, and almost tumbling to the bottom, declaring that he had seen 'Old Davy' aft the cross-trees; moreover, that the Evil One had a huge head and face, with prick-ears, and eyes as bright as fire. Two or three others were sent up in succession; to all of whom the apparition glared forth, and was identified by each to be 'Old Davy, sure enough.' The mate, in a rage, at length mounted himself; when resolutely, as in the former case, searching for the bugbear, he soon ascertained the innocent cause of so much terror to be a large horned owl, so lodged as to be out of sight to those who ascended on the other side of the vessel, but which, when any one approached the cross-trees, popped up his portentous visage to see what was coming. The mate brought him down in triumph, and 'Old Davy,' the owl, became a very peaceable ship-mate among the crew, who were no longer scared by his horns and eyes; for sailors turn their backs on nothing when they know what it is. Had the birds, in these two instances, departed as secretly as they came, of course they would have been deemed supernatural visitants to the respective ships by all who had heard the one or seen the other."

So much for supernatural alarms, to which we will here add a curious story of natural causes.

"According to our captain, who has had much experience in the favourite fishery of these seas, the whales are considerably under the influence of the moon, as to the course which they take, and their appearance above water; the full and change of that luminary being the periods at which they may be sought with most probability of success. Indeed, lunar influence seems to occasion phenomena of a very curious nature. It is confidently affirmed that it is not unusual for men on board a ship, while lying in the moonlight, with their faces exposed to the beams, to have their muscles spasmodically distorted, and their mouths drawn awry—affections from which some have never recovered; others have been so injured in their sight as to lose it for several months. Fish, when taken from the sea-water, and hung up in the light of the moon during a night, have acquired such deleterious qualities, that when eaten the next day the infected food has produced violent sickness and excruciating pains. We have conversed with people who have been themselves disordered after having partaken of such fish. It is hazardous to touch on this subject; we repeat what we have heard from those who ought to be believed, and who would not affirm that of which they themselves were not persuaded. The statements are left to be

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confirmed or disproved by others who have better opportunity than we had of ascertaining their foundation in fact."*

Safely arrived at Tahiti, we have very interesting details respecting that and adjacent isles; among the rest, our countrymen visited Huahine, to the leeward, and here it is related as a proof of the benefits introduced by Christianity—

"A man called upon us to offer a small present. In conversation with him we were struck with the humility, kindness, and devotional spirit, which he manifested. On inquiry, afterwards, it appeared that this very person had been one of the most savage and remorseless of his species so long as he remained an idolater and a warrior. On one occasion, having been sent by Pomare to destroy an enemy, he went, surprised his victim, ripped him up alive, and actually left the wretched man on the spot after his bowels had been torn out, the assassin not having mercy enough to put him out of torture by another stroke. After their ferocious conflicts were over, the conquerors were wont to pile the slain in heaps, with their heads towards the mountains and their feet towards the sea. Next morning they would visit the carcasses to wreak the impotence of an unappeaseable vengeance upon them, by mangling and polluting them in the most shocking ways that brute cruelty or demoniac frenzy could devise. One would turn up the face of a slaughtered enemy, and, grinning with fiend-like malice at it, would exclaim, 'Aha! you killed my father at such a place; now I will punish you!' Another would say to a putrefying corpse, 'You robbed me of my wife; and now I will have my revenge.' Then they would mutilate the limbs and trample them in the dust, cut off the head, pound it to pulp, dry it in the sun, and, when converted to powder, scatter it on the wind; sometimes even, we have been assured, they would prepare the body itself in such manner that it became parched up like leather, and then they would wear it over their own shoulders, in the manner of one of their tibutas, thrusting their head through a hole made for the purpose, the arms and legs dangling down, before and behind, till the loathsome envelope dropped, piecemeal, from their backs. Their outrages upon the women and children, both living and dead, of their vanquished foes, when they sacked their dwellings, cannot be described."

They circumnavigated this island, and saw many places of great curiosity; for example, on the north-east coast, they say,—

"We landed about two miles from our last quarters to visit a ravine which has been opened, by some unrecorded convulsion, to a great depth through a solid rock of chert and breccia. This singular fissure is a quarter of a mile in length, from twelve to fifteen feet wide, near the entrance, but narrowing to eight or nine towards the upper end. A strange tradition existed concerning this place: in a remote age a lizard was born of a human mother, and immediately translated into a god when it saw the light. Here was its retreat and its temple; and here divine honours have been paid to the four-footed reptiles of that species ever since. * * *

"Our friend Auna, this evening, gave us some further particulars of the absurd notions held by the Areois concerning a future state. The land of graves around us naturally led to conversation on subjects which lie beyond the grave. Some of these dissolute reprobates believed that when a father or a son died, and went to heaven — the heaven formerly described by Auna, as a great plain, amidst a circle of the gods—the survivor, at his decease, was met by the former just on this side of the celestial barrier, who there seized the new comer, and having baked him whole in an earth-oven, as hogs are baked below, put his body, thus dressed, into a basket made of cocoa-nut leaves, and then presented him as a dainty offering to the god whom he had worshipped when alive. By this cannibal divinity he was now eaten up; after which, through some inexplicable process, the dead and devoured man emanated from the body of the god, and became immortal. If a father buried his son, or a son his father, in an unconsecrated place, it was said that the deceased would appear to the survivor the next day, and say, 'You have buried me in common earth, and so long as I lie there I cannot go to heaven'—of course always meaning the sensual heaven of the Areois — 'you must bury me with ceremonies, and in holy ground.' The corpse was then taken up; the arms bound to the shoulders, and the knees up to the body: it was then interred in a hole dug to fit its dimensions, in a sitting posture, but so shallow that the earth barely covered the head. This was the most honourable form of sepulture, and principally confined to high personages. But it was more usual to keep the corpses of their friends above ground, on frames, or in the recesses of maraes, allowing them to putrefy and contaminate the air all round the depositories of such nuisances. When a person was dying, his relatives standing about him would say, '*Take care of your head.*' We have not been able to learn the particular meaning of this figure of speech."

These Areois, "when they alighted, like a swarm of locusts, in a rich district, were not, like locusts, contented with what they could devour themselves, but swept away from the miserable inhabitants whatever they could obtain, for the support of those of their order who were wallowing at their ease on dunghills of sloth, while these were labouring abroad in their vocation. That vocation was principally the exhibition of licentious dances, and occasionally dramatic scenes, rudely constructed, or the recital of romantic and diverting tales concerning their ancestors and the gods. Many of these were very long, and regularly composed, so as to be repeated verbatim, or with such illustrations only as the wit or fancy of the narrator might have the skill to introduce. Their captain, on public occasions, was placed cross-legged on a stool seven feet high, with a fan in his hand, in the midst of the circle of laughing or admiring auditors, whom he delighted with his drollery, or transported with his grimaces, being, in fact, the merry-andrew of the corps, who, like a wise fool, well knew how to turn his folly to the best account."

"One of the monstrous practices of these islanders, before they embraced the gospel, was to bury their friends alive, when, from their infirmities, they became burthensome to the young and the vigorous. They would dig a hole in the sand on the sea-beach, then, under pretence of taking their aged or sick relative to bathe, they would bear him on a litter to the spot, and tumble him into the grave which had been prepared, instantly heaping stones and earth upon him, and trampling the whole down with their feet, till whether they left him dead or alive was of little moment, as it was impossible for him to rise again. In other cases the unnatural kindred would rush into the invalid's house at once, from opposite ends, and make their spears meet in his body. Then they would coolly share the spoil of his little property, and depart without any other reflection except that they had rid themselves of a nuisance, and, perhaps, gained a paltry article of dress or furniture as the price of blood."

"Marriages among the higher orders were often contracted in the following manner. A person who had a beautiful daughter brought her, while yet a child, to a chief, saying, with the utmost frankness, 'Here is a wife for you!' If the great man liked the girl's appearance, he took her off her father's hands, and placed her with some trusty dependant, to be trained and fattened, like a calf for the slaughter, till she had attained a suitable age. When her master chose to take her for his wife, the betrothed and their friends met at the marae. The girl appeared there with a cord about her neck, supported by one of her nearest kin, and accompanied by a man holding some leaves of sweet-smelling fern in each of his hands, which he pressed on either side of his head, above the ears. When the procession reached the altar these leaves were cast upon the ground. The priest, having muttered his prayers, took up one of the sprigs of fern, and, while each of the dead ancestors of the bride (so far back as they were remembered) was named, he doubled down or tore off one of the side leaflets. Then, while the names of her living relatives were mentioned in due order, one of the remaining leaflets was successively pointed out as the number of each. When that which represented the nearest in blood of those who were at hand occurred, that kinsman stepped forth, loosed the rope from the bride's neck, and delivered her to her husband. The friends on both sides then presented the couple with hogs, bundles of cloth, wooden dishes, canoes, &c. &c., according to their rank and ability. In less time than the honey-moon requires to fill and empty her horn, the chief probably grew weary of his spouse, and said to her, *Atira* (it is enough), *haere e jo* (go away). The woman was then abandoned, and what often became of her may be easily guessed. In this manner the great people took and put away as many wives as they pleased, or could get."

Here, for the present at least, we must slacken sail, again vouching most cordially for the pleasure we have derived in perusing these volumes.

* "In the Baptist Missionary Accounts, No. XV., we find the following passage:—'He who has slept in the moonlight is heavy when he awakes, and as if deprived of his senses, and, as it were, oppressed by the weight of the dampness which is spread over his whole body.' This is stated by the writer in proof of the fact which he asserts, that 'the moonbeams have a pernicious influence in the east,' if not generally in tropical climates."

The Orlando Furioso. Translated into English Verse, from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto; with Notes. By William Stewart Rose. Vol. VIII. London, 1831. Murray.

MR. ROSE has now completed a labour which has certainly, to him, been one of love. He has so long identified himself with his author, that we think he must sometimes have been puzzled to decide whether he was Ariosto or himself. We know not whether to congratulate or to pity him. He may perhaps say—

"My pleasant task is done.
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
And thou art gone, and so is my delight."

We can well imagine him divided between rejoicing and regret. But if we condole with the author whose "pleasant task" is done, we congratulate the literature to which his talents and his industry have made so important an

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addition. The *Orlando Furioso* will now take its place among the standard works of our language. We have not space to enter into the analytic and lengthened criticism which a work like this deserves: we can do scant justice to the fine taste which has modified, and the accuracy which has rendered the original, at once wisely and well—the indefatigable research of the notes, and the vein of poetical feeling which runs through the whole. But we can give our warm praise, and recommend public attention to this work of taste, time, and industry. We extract the exceedingly rational soliloquy of Rinaldo, who refuses to taste the enchanted cup by which he can ascertain his wife's fidelity.

"When finding what we seek
Displeases, this 'tis folly to explore.
My wife's a woman; every woman's weak.
Then let me hold the faith I held before.
Faith still has brought, and yet contentment brings.
From proof itself what better profit springs?

From this small good, much evil I foresee:
For tempting God moves sometimes his disdain.
I know not if it wise or foolish be,
But to know more than needs, I am not fain.
Now put away the enchanted cup from me;
I neither will, nor would, the goblet drain;
Which is with Heaven's command as much at strife,
As Adam's deed who robbed the tree of life.

For as our sire who tasted of that tree,
And God's own word, by eating, disobeyed,
Fell into sorrow from felicity,
And was by misery evermore o'erlaid;
The husband so, that all would know and see,
Whatever by his wife is done and said,
Passes from happiness to grief and pain,
Nor ever can uplift his head again."

The following stanzas are in a graver strain:

"In poor abode, 'mid paltry walls and bare,
Amid discomforts and calamities,
Often in friendship hearts united are,
Better than under roof of lordly guise,
Or in some royal court, beset with snare,
'Mid envious wealth, and ease, and luxuries;
Where charity is spent on every side,
Nor friendship, unless counterfeit, is spied.

Hence it ensues, that peace and pact between
Princes and peers are of such short-lived wear.
To-day king, pope, and emperor, leagued are seen,
And on the morrow deadly foemen are.
Because such is not as their outward mien
The heart, the spirit, that those sovereigns bear.
Since, wholly careless as to right or wrong,
But to their profit look the faithless throng."

For the very absurdity we quote Harrington's version of a wife proposing mutual forgiveness to her husband.

"I pardon thee, and thou shalt me forgive;
And quite each other all old debts and driblets,
And set the hare's head against the goose giblets."

We quote the latter part of an admirable note on the surrender of Calais and the six burghers.

"I see nothing in the story which should reasonably startle belief. We are too apt to believe in the regular and consistent influence of the *beautiful ideal* of chivalry upon the spirit of those who professed it, and, instead of recurring to more authentic sources of information, take this purely from the old romances or (what is much more questionable) from their echoes—from the

'Primaleons, Pantagruels, knights of the sun,
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister.'

In the age of chivalry, which is in question, the debased condition of the middling and lower orders of society procured them little or very uncertain sympathy from their superiors. I suspect that Edward looked upon the heroism of the citizens of Calais very much as a generous Turk may be supposed to have looked upon any similar act of virtue displayed by a band of Candiots or Romeliots during the late Greek insurrection; and if the feelings of the chivalric Edward III. were such as I conceive, were they not very similar to those which, in a much more civilised age, actuated the liberal and generous William III. when he expressed himself contemptuously upon the death of a civilian volunteer who had fallen fighting for his country? Edward, who honoured valour in knights, punished it in burghers as a quality presumptuous and misplaced: and is not this, in truth, the spirit wherein William III., who would have honoured such a death in a military man, contemplated the death of the civilian? for why should he have sought to take all dignity from his catastrophe, but because he thought that to aspire to 'fight nations' battles and be crowned with honour' was impertinent in one that was not bred a soldier? He considered military courage in a citizen as a fine lady would consider personal delicacy in a scavenger; and this is the key to the supposed inconsistency of Edward, and Ariosto may be said to have painted Leo from the life. From thus questioning the consistency of the chivalric virtues, of the practical effects of which, I think, Ariosto had a very accurate notion, I am far from meaning to draw a general inference unfavourable to the code of chivalry; for if its professors did not always act up to its ideal of perfection, the reproach which is made to them may be extended to the professors of every code that is, was, or ever will be. Chivalry was assuredly the day-star of the dark ages on which it dawned; and its last glimmers yet gild the vulgarities of the happier but homelier eras which have succeeded them."

We now close this voluminous work with the most cordial praise.

Social Life in England and France, from the French Revolution in 1789, *to that of July* 1830. By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. 8vo. pp. 214. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

SOME three years ago we gave warm praise to the predecessor of this volume, which was "A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles II. to the French Revolution." The publication now before us brings down that view to the present time. We think the author quite as clever as we did, but doubt whether we so entirely coincide with her views. In our opinion she regards the existing state of things in France too much *couleur de rose*, and seems to forget that there never yet was a period of human history without its bright and its dark side. For want of this consideration, her picture is painted all lights and no shadows. Again, we utterly disagree with her estimate of Joanna Baillie and Lord Byron: we doubt whether posterity will confirm her verdict of the first, and there is much of commonplace cant in her estimate of the latter. But these are slight differences; and we pass gladly on to do full justice to the elegance and acuteness of observation, the fine moral taste, and the original and accurate views of society, contained in this volume. Quotation will be our best justice.

"Foreign travel, however incapable of supplying the wants of a neglected education, must surely be considered as particularly necessary to the developement of mind in the inhabitants of an island: it is the more so, perhaps, to those of Great Britain, from a certain reserve and uncommunicativeness of character, partly proceeding from peculiarities of organisation beyond our ken, and partly from a high appreciation of the political advantages to which they are born. So strongly are these impressed on every mind called into activity by cultivation, that it has been justly remarked, few Englishmen can bear an uninterrupted existence of many years in their own country, without acquiring a certain rust of prejudices essentially detrimental to general superiority of character. Little good could be effected by sending our young men, when they left their schools and colleges, to a country occupied, or a metropolis defended, by a British army; where they lived as they did at home, but in worse and more idle society, encouraging each other in false ideas which they had no means to correct, and in bad habits which they had no opportunity to improve. Many of the most distinguished young men of that day bore the marks of an irreparable deficiency in their education. Those of lively parts, of highly cultivated minds, of much ambition, and a strong desire of distinction, had a certain lounging careless ease about their manners, which proved that they satisfied their own ideas of what those manners should be, when in fact they had no manners at all;—a professed indulgence in every gratification,—a study of little personal comforts which more varied habits of life would have made them find unnecessary, and a more general acquaintance with the world ungraceful,—a total absence of that appearance of interest in the pleasures and conveniences of others, which can alone interest others in theirs,—a neglect of all general courtesy to women, of all those little friendly acts of protection, so becoming in the one sex, and so captivating to the other—attentions which the most manly and superior characters will always be found the first to bestow. Had our young men seen more of the world, however trifling or however perverse it might have appeared to them, they would have been ashamed of what might be called the *homeliness* of their manners; their ideas of an accomplished gentleman would have been more just, and their attempts at the character more successful. The sneers which they were apt to bestow liberally on the little peculiarities and mistakes of others, would then not have been due to themselves from the more enlarged minds and better manners which theirs offended. Nor were these manners confined to the young men of high rank or heirs to great estates, whom we may suppose to have been confirmed in their ignorance and neglect of others by the attentions of the women who wished to marry them, or by the flattery of the men who hoped to live on them. Even those whose success in life depended on pleasing, and whose birth and situation, in any other country, would have taught them the necessity of it—those whose talents and whose wit were to be their only passport to the society they sought, professed the same supereminent love of indulgence, and the same necessity of personal comforts and gratifications. Their conversation and social powers partook of all the evils attending the contracted sphere of their ideas and observation. A ludicrous image of some familiar object, or the ridicule of some little national peculiarity, was all they attempted. Luckily their talents and their taste, such as they were, suited for the most part those of their audience; which, as Champfort has justly observed, forms the success of half the books and of half the characters in the world. Their own ignorance happily secured them from being aware of the light in which they were considered by those whose character and manners had not suffered under the same disadvantages as their own."

"The imposition of the income tax was odious to the nation, although to the unassisted eye of reason it appears the fairest mode of taxation that can be adopted, when the sacrifice of

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the tenth part of the income of a nation becomes unfortunately necessary to save the rest; it laid open the affairs of every one, in a manner peculiarly obnoxious to English habits. The whole system of our commercial prosperity being grounded on credit, much aversion exists to exposing the individual foundation on which it rests. This has given to all Englishmen habits of reserve on the subject of their financial means—habits often leading to very false estimations of character; the rich always being thought much richer than they are, and consequently often stigmatised with want of liberality; and the possessors of smaller fortunes, by the same miscalculation, arraigned for extravagance, of which they are, in fact, not guilty. The operation of the income tax discovered many curious sources of unexpected wealth, and laid open many still more curious traits of national character in the acquirement and in the use of it. Persons trafficking in stalls, or small shops, actuated by that strict sense of honesty which had probably been the foundation of their success, gave in incomes of 4000*l.* and 5000*l.* a-year; and paid, with scrupulous exactness of calculation to government, yearly sums four times greater than any they had ever expended on themselves. The same inquisitorial process injured many brilliant commercial reputations, and stopped many in a dangerously rapid pursuit of fortune. In general, the whole body of retail dealers, who, contrary to the ideas and habits of other countries, had been accustomed to see every additional tax, and the weight of all public burdens, fall on their customers, and not on themselves, endured, with less patience than any other order of people, the privation of indulgencies to which they had accustomed themselves. They, therefore, so increased the price of every article of their commerce, as at once to secure to themselves the same indulgencies and the same profits; thus eluding all contribution to the public necessities, at the expense of the consumers. The immense influx of paper money, from the year 1797, having raised the nominal price of every thing, and the spirit of our government being adverse to all interference with internal policy, allowed this manœuvre of the retail dealers to pass unnoticed. It is to these times that must be referred the great demoralisation, on the score of fair dealing with their employers, which has taken place in this whole order of people. The large fortunes acquired in the public funds, the improvident expenditure necessarily entailed by war, and the carelessness of those who profited by it, allowed of a sort of reciprocity in the imposition of exorbitant charges, which has been since established into a regular system, instead of having ceased with the disastrous times which gave it birth. The equality of political rights seemed to bestow an equality of rights to every indulgence of expense; a degree of fortune, something like opulence in any other country, being absolutely necessary to a social existence in England. This rivalry in luxury was by no means favourable to the interests of society. As nobody chose to give a worse dinner than their neighbour, many a social meal was prevented among those endowed with every power to enliven them; and many a dull dinner, with all its expensive accompaniments, devoured at the table of a still duller host, by those who would have fled from the infliction of the same society if offered with a mutton chop."

"The same necessary retrenchments in the scale of expense became evident in the diminished number of costly entertainments, of public breakfasts, of balls accompanied by suppers, which none but the rich could give, and none but the great had hitherto thought of giving. Riches, however, accumulating in the commercial and manufacturing orders of the state, the great were soon imitated and rivalled by those whose wealth was more independent of the situation of the country, and which, in many instances, was augmented by it; the whole commerce of Europe, by the distraction of the times, having been forced into our hands. These persons now came forward in society. To the young and dissipated they offered entertainments they could no longer afford themselves, for no other remuneration than the honour of receiving them in their houses, and being in return admitted into their society. They succeeded in obtaining the first part of the reward with a facility not honourable to those who were so little willing to grant them the second. Hence arose fêtes and entertainments, where the masters of the house were strangers to three fourths of the company, who were all invited by some fashionable friend, willing thus to give a ball to her *own* acquaintance at the expense of her complaisant *protégée*. Strange mistakes sometimes took place at these meetings, from the ignorance of the guests of the person of their host, and demands for refreshments made in a tone of authority to him who paid for them, mistaken and addressed as the individual hired to administer them."

Almack's.—"A few years afterwards, a public meeting for dancing was established, which, although originating in necessary economy, by the good taste and by the popularity of its institutors and directresses, soon rose to distinction and celebrity. An admission to it became a sort of necessary license to practise in the best company, while its expense was not the tenth part of any former fêtes prepared for the same society, and the price of admission too low to exclude the most attenuated finances. All those who thought that by their own former entertainments they had purchased the freedom of the company to which they were ambitious to belong, now found themselves cruelly thrown out; for in a country where no bar exists between any order of society, exclusions, like blockades, will inevitably take place, whenever the power of any portion of individuals is sufficient to enforce the one, or to establish the other. Thus, parties in our society, like parties in our political state, will always exist, and will serve, in both instances, to keep the ruling powers in order, and to animate the exertions and cultivate the talents of those who have hopes of one day succeeding to their distinction."

"It has been said, and truly, that architecture witnesses to the political and social state of a country more than any other contemporary evidence. The buildings of all the principal towns in Italy might be cited as furnishing proofs of this assertion. The enormous structures of ancient Rome, which still puzzle all modern conceptions of magnificence either to occupy or to people, prove a population of slaves, working at the will of despotic power for their daily subsistence. The hardly less vast remains of the papal grandeur of Rome, equally prove unwieldy and unwholesome wealth collected among a few, and devoting to sordid poverty the many. The severe prison-like palaces of Florence, with their high and small windows, and their square tower, at once for defence and for the power of breathing a freer air than in the dull chambers below, betray the want of security, and the turbulent manners of a republic, whose chiefs could never agree among themselves, nor ever succeed in subduing the spirit of an industrious people, blessed with a favoured soil and climate. The more modern architecture of France will equally tell its own story. The immense and magnificent houses which existed in every quarter of Paris, date from times when partial taxes, partial immunities, and the uncontrolled will and favour of weak sovereigns, had raised up a nobility too powerful for the crown, and no less oppressive to the people. When the strong arm of arbitrary power at last succeeded in reducing these nobles to political insignificance, their ambition was confined to court favour, and their means of distinction to a luxury and magnificence which, being securely guarded by exclusive privileges, neither industry nor merit could ever possibly attain, or even hope to rival. Hence we see a whole quarter of the metropolis, in which the habitations of the *tiers état* occupy as small a share, and are kept as much out of sight, as their rights, their convenience, and their comforts, were in the government of their country—whole streets of high walls surrounding large enclosures, which defended their inhabitants from the necessity of ever coming in contact with their inferiors, and too surely gave token of the line of demarcation existing in society between a nobility assuming rights sustained only by possession, and a people deprived of rights which no possession can forfeit. Already, before the end of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, many of these enormous mansions, however well suited for great fêtes and entertainments, had been found very inconvenient for the domestic purposes of their owners; selfish indulgence found its account in smaller habitations, which could only hold those who were to minister to its gratifications; hence sprung up a number of pavillons, ornamented with porticos and pediments, and columns without; but within, untenable for the occupation of a family—sufficiently demonstrative of the careless prodigality and selfish luxury of the day."

Society is the biography of history; and it is a singular fact, that the work before us is the first English attempt to delineate the manners, habits, and opinions, of private and actual life. At present this performance is delightful—a few years hence, it will be invaluable.

STATE PAPERS. HENRY VIII.

[Fourth notice.]

THE account of the rebellion in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire (1536), hitherto very imperfectly known, is the next curious point which has attracted our special attention. "The papers relative to this insurrection (adds the editor), which have been preserved, particularly among Cromwell's correspondence in the Chapter House, and the miscellaneous papers in the same place, are very numerous; insomuch that it is by no means easy to make a satisfactory selection from them. The following pages contain those documents only which give the best general view of the causes and objects of the insurrection, and of the aspect and mode in which it was viewed and treated by the king and his ministers; without entering into the details of the measures taken on the one side or on the other."

The king's proclamation is a singular document.

"*King Henry VIII. to the Rebels in Lincolnshire. Answer to the Petitions of the Traitours and Rebelles in Lincolnshire.*—First, we begyn and make answer to the 4th and 6th

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articles, because upon them dependeth moche of the rest. Conserning chosing of counsaillours, I never have redde, harde, nor knowen that prynces, counsailours, and prelates, shoulde be apoynted by rude and ignorant common people; nor that they were persons mete, or of habilite, to disserne and chose mete and sufficient counsaillours for a prince. How presumptuous then are ye, the rude commons of one shire, and that one of the most brute and beestelie of the hole realme, and of leest experience, to fynde faulte with your prynce, for thelecting of his counsaillours and prelates; and to take uppon you, contrary to Goddes law, and mannes law, to rule your prynce, whom ye are bounde by all lawes to obey and serve, with both your lyves, landes, and goodes, and for no worldly cause to withstande: the contrary wherof you, like traytours and rebelles, have attempted, and not like trew subjectes, as ye name yourselffes! As to the suppression of religious houses and monasteries, we woll that ye, and all our subjectes, should well knowe, that this is graunted us by all the nobles, spirituall and temporall, of this our realme, and by all the commons of the same, by act of parliament; and not set fourth by any counsaillour or counsaillours, uppon their mere will and fantasie, as ye full falselye wold persuade our realme to beleve. And where ye alledge, that the servyce of God is moche therby dymynished, the trewth therof is contrary; for there be non houses suppressed where God was well served, but where most vice, mischief, and abhomynation of lyving was used; and that doth well appere by their own confessions, subscribed with their owne handes, in the tyme of our visitations. And yet were suffered a great many of them, more then we by thacte neded, to stande; wherin, if they amend not their lyving, we feare we have more to answer for, then for the suppression of all the rest. And as for their hospitalite, for the relief of poure people, we wonder ye be not asshamed to afferme, that they have ben a grete relief to our people, when a great many, or the most parte, hathe not past 4 or 5 religious persons in them, and dyvers but one, which spent the substaunce of the goodes of their house, in nurysshing of vyce, and abhomynable lyving. Nowe, what unkyndenes and unnaturalite may we impute to you and all our subjectes, that be of that mynde, that had lever suche an unthriftie sorte of vicious persons should enjoye such possessions, profytes, and emolumentes as growe of the saide houses, to the mayntenaunce of their unthriftie lif; then we, your naturall prynce, sovereigne lorde, and kyng, which doth and hathe spent more in your defences, of his own, the 6 tymes they be wourth! As touching thacte of uses, we mervaile what madnes is in your brayn, or uppon what grounde ye wold take auctoryte uppon you, to cause us to breke those laws and statutes, which, by all the nobles, knightes, and gentilmen of this realme, whom the same chiefely toucheth, hath ben graunted and assented to; seeing in no maner of thing it toucheth you, the basse comens of our realme! Also the groundes of those uses were false, and never admytted by any law, but usurped uppon the prynce, contrary to all equyte and justice, as it hathe ben openly both disputed and declared, by all the well lerned men of England in Westminster Hall; wherby ye may well perceyve how madde and unreasonable your demaundes be, both in that and the rest, and how unmete it is for us, and dishonourable, to graunte or assente unto, and lesse mete and decent for you, in suche rebellyous sorte, to demaunde the same of your prynce. As touching the 15th, whiche ye demande of us to be released, thinke ye that we be so faynt herted, that, perforce, ye of one shire (were ye a gret many moo) could compell us with your insurrections, and suche rebellyous demeanour, to remytte the same? or thinke ye that any man will or may take you to be trew subjectes, that first maketh a show of a loving graunte, and then, perforce, wold compell your sovereign lord and king to release the same; the tyme of payment whereof is not yet com? ye, and seeng the same will not countervaile the 10th penye of the charges, whiche we do, and daylie must susteyn, for your tuycyon and saufegarde? Make ye sure, by your occasions of this your ingratitudes, unnaturalnes, and unkyndenes to us, now admynistered, ye gyve us cause, which hathe alwayes ben asmoche dedycate to your welthes, as ever was kyng, not so moche to set our studie for the setting forward of the same, seeng how unkyndely and untrewly ye deale nowe with us, without any cause or occasion. And doubt ye not, though ye have no grace nor naturalment in you, to consider your dueties of allegiaunce to your kyng and sovereigne; the rest of our realme, we doubt not, hathe: and we and they shall so loke on this cause, that we trust shalbe to your confusion, if, according to our former letters, ye submitte not your selffes. As touching the first fruytes, we late you wete, it is a thing graunted us by acte of parliament also, for the supportation of parte of the grete and excessyve charges, which we supporte and bere, for the mayntenaunce of your welthes, and others our subjectes. And we have knowen, also, that ye, our comons, have moche complayned, in tymes passed, that the most of the goodes, landes, and possessions of the realme were in the spirituall mennes handes; and yet now, bering us in hande that ye be as loving subjectes to us as may be, ye can not fynde in your hertes, that your prynce and sovereign lorde should have any parte thereof. And yet it is nothing prejudiciall unto you, our comens; but do rebell and unlawfully ryse ayenst your prynce, contrary to your duetie of allegiaunce and Goddes commaundement. Wherfore, sirs, remember your folyes and traytorous demeanours, and shame not your natif countrey of Englonde, nor offende no more, so grevouslye, your undoubted kyng and natural prynce, which alwaies hathe shewed him self most lovyng unto you; and remember your duetie of allegiaunce, and that ye are bounde to obey us, your kyng, both by Goddes commandement and law of nature. Wherfore we charge you, eftesones, upon the forsaide bondes and paynes, that ye withdraw your selffes to your owne houses, every man; and no more to assemble, contrary to our lawes, and your allegiaunces; and to cause the provokers of you to this myschief, to be delyvered to our lieutenauntes handes or oures, and you your selffes to submytte you to such condigne ponisshement as we and our nobles shall thinke you wourthie. For doubt ye not elles, that we and our nobles can nor woll suffer this injurye at your hande, unrevenged, if ye gyve not place to us of soveraignetie, and shewe your selffes as bounden and obedyent subjectes, and no more to entermeddle your selffes, from hensfourth, with the weightie affaires of the realme; the dyrection whereof only apperteyneth to us, your king, and such noble men and counsaillours as he list to elect and chuse to have the ordering of the same. And thus we pray unto Almightie God to gyve you grace to do your dueties, and to use your selffes towardes us like trew and faithfull subjectes, so as we may have cause to order you thereafter; and rather obbedyentlye to consent amongst you to delyver into thandes of our lieutenaunt 100 persons, to be ordered according to their demerytes, at our will and pleasure, then by your obstynacy and wilfulness to put your selfes, lyves, wyves, children, landes, goodes, and cattalles, besydes the indignacyon of God, in the utter adventure of totall destruction, and utter ruyn by force and violence of the sworde."

We add Robert Aske's address:—

"Lordes, knyghtes, maisters, kynnesmen, and frendes. We perceyve that you be infurmyd that thys assemble or pylgrymage, that we, by the favour and mercy of Almighty God, do entend to procede in hys cause: the kynge, our soveragne lord, hathe had many imposicyons of us: we dowte not but ye do ryzte well knowe that, to oure power, we have ben all weys redy in paymentes and servyces to hys hyghnes as eny of hys subgettes; and, therfore, to asserteyne you of the cause of thys oure assemble and pylgrymage is thys. For as muche that shuche symple and evyll dysposyd persones, beynge of the kynges cownsell, hathe nott onely ensensyd hys grace with many and sundry newe invencyons, whyche be contrary to the faythe of God, and honour to the kynges mayeste, and the comyn welthe of thys realme, and thereby entendythe to destroye the churche of Englond, and the mynysters of the same, as ye do well knowe, aswell as we; but also the seyd counsell hathe spoylyd and robbid, and farthyr entendynge utterly to spoyle and robbe, the hole body of thys realme; and that as well you as us, yffe God of hys infynyte mercye had not causyd shuche, as hath taken, or hereafter shall tacke, thys pylgrymage uppon theym, to procede in the same, and whethyr all thys aforeseyde be trew or not, we put it to youre concynes; and yff you thynche it be trewe, and do fyght agaynst us that entendythe the comyn welthe of thys realme, and no thynge elles, we truste, be the grace of God, ye shall have smale spede; for thys pylgrymage we have taken, hyt is for the preservacyon of Crystes churche, of thys realme of England, the kynge oure soverayne lord, the nobylyte and comyns of the same; and to the entent to macke petycion to the kynges highnes for the reformacyon of that whyche is amysse, within thys his realme, and for the punnyshement of the herytykes and subvertes of the lawes; and we, nother for money, malys, dysplesure to noo persons, but shuche as be not worthy to remayne nyghe abowte the kynge oure soverayne lorde's persone. And furthur, you knowe, yff you shall obteyne, as we truste in God you shall nott, ye put bothe us, and you, and youre heires, and oures, in bondage for ever; and further, ye are sure of entensyon of Crystes curse, and we clere and out of the same. And yff we overcum you, then you shalbe in oure wylles. Wherfore, for a conclusyon, yff you wyll not cum with us, for reformacyon of the premyssis, we certyfy you, by thys oure wrytynge, that we wyll, that we wyll fyght and dye agaynst bothe you, and all those that shalbe abowte towardes to stope us in the seyd pylgremage; and God shalbe juge whych shall have hys grace and mercy theryn, and then you shalbe jugyd, hereafter, to be shedderes of Crystyn blode, and destroers of your evyne crystyn. Frome Robert Aske, chefe capytane off the conventyall assemble or pylgremage, for the same barony and comynalty of the same. Per me, Robertum Asken, in the name of all the baronage and commynalty of the same.

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"*The Artycles.*

"Furste, for the suppression of relygyouse howses.

"The 2 for the acte of uses.

"The 3 for the furste frutes.

"The 4 for the payment of money of the temporalte.

"The 5 ys for the base counsell abowte the kynge.

"6 ys for the new byshopes."

The herald's report is also very characteristic:—

"The maner, facion, and ordorynge of me, Lancaster harralde at armys, to our soverayng lord the kyng, sent from Scroby, the 21 day of October, by the ryght honorable lord therle of Shrewsbury, lord steward of the kynges most honorable howsold, and leveteynand general from the Trent northward, and the ryght honourable Herles of Rutlande, and Hundyngton, of the kynges most honrable counsell, to Pomfrett, with a proclamacion to be redde amonkest the traytorus and rebellyus persons assembled at Poumfret contrary to the kynges lawys. And when I dyd aproche nere the towne of Pomfrett, I overtoke serten companys of the sayd rebbellyus, beynge comon peple of the husbandre, wiche saluted me jentely, and gave great honor to the kynges cott of armys, whych I ware. And I demandyd of them, why the wher in hernes, and assembled of suche sort; and they answaryd me, that yt was for the comon welthe; and sayd, yf they dyd nott so, the commontte and the cherche shold be dystroyde. And I demandyd of them, how. And they sayd, thatt no man shold bery, nor crysten, nor wedd, nor have theyr beste unmarked, bott that the kynge wold have a serten some of money for every suche thyng, and the beaste un markyd to his howne husse, whiche had never bene sene. And I answaryd them, and told them, how good and gracious lord the kyng had bene to them; and how longe he hadde kept them in great welthe, tranquelyte, and pease; and also that his grace, nor none of his counsell, never intendyd, nor thowght, no suche thynges and artecles, as they found them grevyd with. And with suche perswacions as I found and sayd to them, rydyng into the towne, I had gatte grant of 3 or 400 of the comonte to goo gladly home to theyr howses, and to axe the kynges mersy; and sayd, they wher whery of that lyffe they wher in. And resortyt, first, to the markett crosse, wher I shold have made the proclamacion. And Roberd Haske, capetayn of the hoste, beynge in the castell, herd tell that I was comen, and sentt for me to come to hym; and so I dyd; and as I entoryd in to the first ward, theyr I found many in hernes, of verry crewell fellowes, and a porter, with a whyt staffe in his hand, and at the 2 other ward gattes, ever of them, a porter, with his staffe, accompanyd with hernys men; and so I was browght into the hall, whiche I found full of peple. And I was comandyd to tary to suche tyme as the sayd traytorus captenes pleasor was known; and in that space, I stowd up at the hygh table in the hall, and theyr showed to the peple the cawse of my comyng, and the affecte of the proclamacion; and in doynge the same, the sayd Haske sentt for me in to his chamber; and theyr kepynge his porte and countenance, as though he hade bene a greatt prynce, with great regor, and lyke a tyrant; who was accompanyd with tharchebeshop of Yourke, the Lord Darcy, Sir Robert Counstable, Mr. Magnus, Ser Crystofer Danby, and dyvers other. And, as my dewte was, I saluted the Archebyshop of Yorke and my Lord Darcy, showynge to them the cawse I came thether for. And then the sayd Robert Aske, with a crewell and a inestemable prowde countenance, streched hym self, and toke the herynge of my tale, whiche I oponyd to hym at large, in as moche honor to our soverayngе lord the kyng as my reason wold serve me; wiche the sayd capetayne Aske gave no reverance to, and superstyciusly demandyd the seyght of my proclamacion. And then I toke yt owt of my purse, and delyvered yt to hym; and then he redd yt oponly, with out reverence to anny person; and sayd, yt shold nott ned to calle no counsell for the answar of the same, for he wold, of his howne whyt, geve me thanswar, wiche was thys—he, standynge in the heghest place of the chamber, takeyng the hygh astatte apone hym, sayd: 'Herrald, as a messynger you ar wellcome to me and all my company intendynge as I doo. And as for this proclamacion, sent frome the lordes, from whens you com, shall nott be redde at the market crosse, nor in no place amongest my peple, wiche be all onder my gydyng; nor for feare of losse of landes, lyffe, and goodes, not for the power wiche ys agenste us, dothe not enter in to owr herttes with feare, bott ar all of on accorde, with the poynttes of our artecles, clerly intendynge to se a reyformacion, or ells to dye yn thoys cawses.' And then I demandyd of hym, what his artecles was. And he sayd, on was, that he and his company wold goo to London of pylgramage to the kynges hyghnes, and theyr to have all vyle blode of his counsell pott from hym, and all noble blode sett up agayne; and also the faythe of Cryste, and hys lawes, to be kepte, and full restytecion of Crystes cherche, of all wronges done unto yt, and also the comonte to be ewsyd as they shold be; and bad me truste to this, for it shold be done, or he wolde dye for yt. And then I requeryd hym, that he wold geve me this in wrytynge, for my capacite wold nott serve to bere yt away; and he sayd, 'With a good wyll;' and callyd for hys othe, wiche he gave to his peple, and sayd thartecles was comprehendyd within the sayd othe, and delyvered yt in wrytynge to me, and cawsyd me to rede yt my selfe; and he sayd, to that he wold setto his hand, and dye in the quarell, and his peple with hym. And then I prayd hym to putt his hand to the sayd byll; and so he dyd, with a prowd voyce sayd: 'This ys myn acte, who so ever say to the contrary.' And also he sayd, he ment no herme to the kynges persone, botto se reyformacion. And I fell downe of my kne be fore hym, showyng hym how I was a messynger, and chargyd by the kynges counsell to rede the proclamacion wich I browght for my dyscharge; and he clerly answard me, that of my lyffe I shold nott; for he wold have nothynge putt in his peples heydes that shold sownd contrary to his intente; and sayd at all tymes I shold have his save condythe to come and goo, in message, wherynge the kynges cotte of armes, or elles nott; and also sayd, yff my Lord of Shrewsbery, or anny other of the lordes of the kynges army, wold come and speke with hym, they shold have of hym theyr save condytes, to come saffe and goo saffe; and also sayd—'Herrald, recomend me to the lordes fro whens you come, and say to them, yt wher mett that they wher with me, for yt ys for all theyr welthes that I doo.' And then he comanded the Lord Darcy to gyve me 2 crownes of 5*s.* to ryward, whether I wold or no; and then toke me by the arme, and brought me furthe of the castell, and theyre made a proclamacion that I shold goo save and come save, wherynge the kynges cote, in payne of deathe; and so toke his leve of me, and retornyd into the castell, in hyghe honnor of the peple, as a traytour may. And I myssyd my horse, and I callyd to hym a geyne, for to have my horse, and then he made a proclamacion that who so held my horse, and browght hym nott a gayne, ymedeattly, bad kyll hym, with out mersy. And then bothe my horse was delyvered to me, and then he comandyd that 20 or 40 men shold brynge me owt of the towne, wher I shold se the least of his peple, nor that I shold nott speke with them. For sewrly I thynke, yf I myght a redde the proclamacion, and good wordes unto the peple, that all the plowgh comounte wold agone home to theire howses ymedyattly, for they say they be whery of that lyffe they leyd, and yf they say to the contrary to the capetaynes wyll, he shall dye ymediattly. And this all to be trew, I, the sayd Lancaster, hathe wrytton this with my hande, and trew reyport, as myn othe ys. LANCASTER HERRALD."

[To be continued.]

Essays and Orations, read and delivered at the Royal College of Physicians; to which is added, an Account of the opening of the Tomb of King Charles I. By Sir Henry Halford, Bart. M.D. G.C.H. 8vo. pp. 192. London, 1831. Murray.

THIS volume contains the observations of a physician who, for a longer period than perhaps any other practitioner, has maintained in this great metropolis the proud eminence upon which early success had placed him. Of the multiplied opportunities afforded him by such extensive practice, he has availed himself to draw, respecting some obscure but important diseases, conclusions, the justness and accuracy of which make us regret that the book in which they are recorded is not of larger dimensions. The language of the Essays, which were most of them read to the crowded and brilliant audiences that have frequented for the last three or four years the evening meetings held at the College of Physicians, is, as far as possible, free from technical expressions, and easily intelligible to the unprofessional reader. To every liberal mind there is a sort of charm in writings of this kind, which either contain a description of the wonderful structure of our corporeal frames, or relate the leading symptoms and methods of treating the chief diseases "which flesh is heir to." Thus, every scholar and well-read gentleman will be found to possess in his library some treatise upon physiology, and some compendium of the practice of physic; to these he refers occasionally for the explanation of medical topics that may engage his attention—not that he expects to become thereby so much of an anatomist as to be able to perform an operation, or enter so deeply into the mystery of physic as to undertake the treatment of a disease; but it is pleasant to go along with the doctor in his discourse. Indeed, there is something in the possession of this vague and indefinite knowledge, which perhaps is even more flattering to the pride of the human intellect than that which is derived from a farther advancement in the pursuit of science, which, while it enlarges our views, makes us more intimately acquainted with the difficulties that still remain to be overcome. Be this as it may, Sir Henry Halford has touched with the hand of a master some of the most obscure and difficult points of his own difficult profession, and illustrated by the torch of literature some of the intricate paths of medicine. Subjects of so much importance as a man's own health, when treated in a popular manner, cannot but prove

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acceptable to all: by this means we get a glimpse into the arcana of that branch of science in which we are all most interested. It is matter of daily observation, that a man is better pleased with himself, if, in detailing his sensations to his medical attendant, he is enabled to express himself with tolerable accuracy as to the precise organ which he conceives to be disordered; and a patient feels relieved from a great weight of anxiety and distress as soon as his physician has told him the exact name of the disease under which he labours. The malady being defined and named, assumes, somehow or other, a less formidable aspect, and appears to be more tractable, and likely to yield to a proper course of remedies. Every one who has thought upon the subject will acknowledge the truth of these remarks, and will admit at once, that a work like that which we are now considering, is calculated to instruct not only professional men, but to gratify the curiosity and improve the mind of all who in this age of inquiry seek information from every source and of every description.

In speaking of these Essays, the author observes, in his preface, that "papers so addressed to an audience have something of a rhetorical character about them, and approach the nature of the Latin Orations which follow. The first of these was given many years ago in commemoration of the benefactors and eminent physicians of the college; the second on occasion of opening the new building, in 1825. The last paper is a reprint of an account of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles I.; and the drawing which accompanies it is a faithful representation of the countenance of the king at that time, (1813)."

But as full reports of these essays have been given, after their delivery at the College of Physicians, in our columns, we have nothing now to do but recommend them in their collected form.

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1. *A View of the General Tenour of the New Testament regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ; including a Collection of the various Passages in the Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, which relate to that Subject.* By Joanna Baillie. 8vo. pp. 146. London, 1831. Longman and Co.
2. *The Trial of the Unitarians, for a Libel on the Christian Religion.* 12mo. pp. 313. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

We have placed these works side by side, that, while we ourselves refrain, as is ever our wont, from polemical discussion, we may not be open to the charge of withholding materials for carrying on controversy upon equal terms. Those acquainted with the previous works of Joanna Baillie will learn with surprise that in the present production she has ranged herself on the side of Unitarianism!

This remarkable profession of doctrine will be the more striking to the public as coming from the pen not only of a female, but of one so highly celebrated in polite literature. The inquiry, such as it is, seems to be impartial as far as the lights of the author's human understanding enabled her to judge; and her opinions are temperately expressed. About 100 pages are quotations from the New Testament (exclusive of Revelations) of all the passages which Mrs. Baillie could find bearing upon the High Church or Trinitarian, the Arian, and the Socinian creeds; and about forty contain her reasoning on the subject. The result of which is, that Joanna Baillie declares herself to be a convinced and entire Unitarian.

There is not much, it must be allowed, in the forty pages thus written, which bears the stamp of strong argument; the writer, indeed, valuing herself on the want of learning to perplex her mind, and rather relying on the application of common sense to the best understanding of these texts of Scripture. The "View," therefore, can hardly be deemed a discussion, or such discussion by a lady as can hardly fail of corroborating the prejudice in favour of Mr. H. Bayly's verses:

> "Some belles are elves,
> That invoking the Muse,
> Or talking of vast intellectual views;
> The crow-quill's tip
> In the ink they dip,
> And prate with the lore of a learned lip."

The second work, the title of which we have prefixed to this notice, may be consulted as an able antidote on the other side, in the cause of Christianity, as maintained by the Church of England.

The Elements of Analytical Geometry. 12mo. pp. 312.

The Elements of the Differential Calculus, &c. Pp. 252.

An Elementary Essay on the Computation of Logarithms. By J. R. Young. Pp. 69. London, Souter.

We have to notice these excellent productions as clear guides to the higher branches of science. They do infinite credit to Mr. Young, and no works of the same class can be more fit to be put in the hands of students.

Agrippa Posthumus, a Tragedy; with other Poems, by the late Matthew Weavers, Esq., Master of Friern Watch School, &c. 12mo. pp. 142. London. Effingham Wilson.

This little volume is a tribute of fraternal affection, being edited by W. Weavers, a brother of the poet, who died at the early age of twenty-nine. From these specimens we gather that he was deeply imbued with classic attainments, and was a man of cultivated mind and fine feelings. Being "extensively known and beloved," as the editor states, it is probable that his remains, thus preserved, will have a wider circulation than is now o' days the lot of works of the same class.

Historical Gleanings on the Memorable Field of Naseby. By Henry Lockinge, M.A., late Curate of Naseby. 12mo. pp. 130. London. Longman and Co.

A preface of some anxiety for so small a volume, ushers this publication into the reader's notice—for the author, *inter alia*, deprecates its being affected by "the general depression of the times." We really hope, that "the prevalent distress," and the more urgent claims of body for sustenance, over mind for information, will not prevent its sale, for it is really a very pleasing performance. The battle of Naseby sealed the fate of Charles and the kingdom, and the field is undoubtedly a place of much historical interest. We read, therefore, with gratification, all the little details connected with it, its antiquities, its natural aspects, and even its localities. But the chief point in Mr. Lockinge's performance is to prove that Cromwell was neither interred at Westminster nor thrown into the Thames; on the contrary, that his body was secretly carried to Naseby, and buried there. The speculation is curious, and curiously supported.*

* We have elsewhere noticed a work by Sir H. Halford, the last paper in which is a republication of that eminent physician's account of the appearance of the corpse of King Charles, when recently examined at Windsor. Having previously analysed this report in the *L. G.*, we have not thought it necessary again to refer to it, and we only notice it here for the purpose of observing, that while Mr. Lockinge represents the king's hair to have become "venerably grey" in his captivity, Sir H. H. states that it was, after more than a century and a half's sepulture, of a beautiful brown. The drawing of the head as found in the tomb, of which an engraving illustrates Sir H. Halford's volume, has also been published separately, as a print, by Mr. Murray. It is a most affecting memorial, and its resemblance to the Vandyke portraits quite wonderful.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XXV. Edinburgh, R. Cadell; London, Whittaker.

The second volume of the Pirate requires no observation, except that the frontispiece and vignette, the one by Stanfield, and the other by Cooper, (engraved by J. Mitchell and Freebairn); the former a scene with seven figures, the latter Minna on horseback at the dangerous precipice, are both entirely worthy to ornament this popular publication.

Grinfield's Sketches of the Danish Mission on the Coast of Coromandel. pp. 152. Rivingtons.

A slight thing; but, as far as it goes, a record honourable to the exertions of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The labours of Zienbalg, Schultz, Swarts, and a few other less celebrated missionaries, are briefly detailed, though they cover a space of more than a hundred years.

Plan for supplying London, and other large Cities, with pure filtered Water. By L. Wellman Wright, Engineer. pp. 8.

What a name is *Wellman* for such a plan!—we would adopt it at once. But the public may require farther proof of its nature and utility. We therefore beg to draw attention to this very important subject. The design is to form filters under the bed of the Thames, through which a quantity of pure water, equal to the consumption of the metropolis, will be furnished to the companies now in being. As we cannot give the drawing to illustrate this, we shall only add, that the project has undergone much consideration, and met with much approbation: it is, we understand, about to be immediately submitted to Parliament.

The Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, of Dante Alighieri. Translated by the Rev. H. F. Carey. Third edition. With Life of Dante, Notes, and Index. 3 vols. London, 1831. Taylor.

We have much pleasure in warmly recommending this very neat edition of a work which richly merits a place in every library. Mr. Carey's translation of this noble poem has long been held a model of its kind. To the fine taste and feeling of the poet he added the zeal and research of the antiquary; and the animation with which the text is rendered is only to be equalled by the industry with which the notes have been collected. These are opposite qualities, but both distinguish the translator of Italy's Milton. We can give Dante no higher praise. Our columns, devoted to the passing crowds of daily literature, have little space for the detailed and thoughtful criticism which a vast work like this inspires; but we must select one or two of the noble similes. How fine are the following lines!

> "And truth
> Was manifested, as a star in heaven—
> ——— A falcon issuing from the hood,
> That rears his head, and claps him with his wings,
> His beauty and his eagerness betraying."

We conclude with a true and energetic passage:

> "So that men thus at variance with the truth
> Dream, though their eyes be open; reckless some
> Of error—others well aware they err,
> To whom more guilt and shame are justly due.

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Each the known track of sage philosophy
Deserts, and has a byway of his own:
So much the restless eagerness to shine
And love of singularity prevail."

Truly, even at this present, Dante may be read to much advantage.

Arthur of Brittany. By the Author of "The Templars." 3 vols. London, 1831. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

An historical novel, of which the ill-fated Duke of Brittany is the hero. However, the *dénouement* is quite unexpected, and a mystery is profoundly concealed during the two first volumes. This work rather belongs to the old school of romance writing than the new; but as a great body of readers look most to the entertainment of the story, we beg leave to inform them, the narrative of *Arthur of Brittany* is very ingeniously managed; though any quotation we could give from it would be so imperfect as to injure rather than illustrate it.

The Sailor's Bride: a Tale of Home. By the Author of "The Months of the Year." pp. 114. London, 1831. C. Tilt.

An unpretending and pretty little volume.

Lectures, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistle to the Romans. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 746. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell. 1831.

It was remarked upon the voluminous expositions of a biblical critic, that the only matter which he had succeeded in satisfactorily exposing, was his own entire ignorance of the subject he had presumed to discuss. This, however, is a charge of which Dr. Ritchie need entertain no apprehension. His comments on the important Epistle which he has chosen for the subject of his Lectures are a source from which the student may derive much sound information; while, from its unpedantic style, his work wears no forbidding aspect, to deter the general reader from seeking a ready explanation of the many "things difficult and hard to be understood" with which the Epistle to the Romans abounds. Though of the "kirk," Dr. Ritchie has not warped his subject to favour particular opinions, but has put forth his learning without offence to any, for the benefit of all.

Minstrel Melodies, No. I.; Songs of Social Hours, &c. By H. B. 12mo. pp. 32. Deptford, Delahoy.

H. B. does not stand for Haynes Bayly, but for the author of "Field Flowers," "the Garland," &c.; and, as we do not see why so pleasing a lyrist should seek an incognito, we will dissolve the secret, and, like the Speaker in the House of Commons when provoked, we will name him—Henry Brandreth! Here are twenty-eight songs, sold at ballad price, for fourpence:—why, we know many bards who would have made the pence price as many shillings at least, had they favoured the world with such productions. Yet we do not mean to say that some of these effusions are above par—they are merely ingenious *pièces de circonstance*. But we do like the *naïveté* of the following:—

"Away with the hypocrite-frown of the prude,
'The greater the sinner, the greater the saint;'
When the colours of art upon nature's intrude,
We but the false traits of humanity paint.
We may banish the mirror that dares to express
The failings we scorn of ourselves to disclose;
But the cheek's traitor-blush is still free to confess
We all love a pretty girl 'under the rose.'

The soldier, who battles his rights to maintain,
Or find on the red field of glory a grave—
The sailor, whose vessel rides proud o'er the main,
The champion of freedom, the lord of the wave—
When back to the land of their birth they return,
On beauty's fond bosom sink down to repose:—
The shorter love's taper, the brighter 'twill burn—
And all love a pretty girl 'under the rose.'

Some love on the canvass each tale to rehearse;
Some bid the cold marble leap forth into life;
One listens, entranced, to the magic of verse,
One speeds where the wild harp with music is rife;
But all own of beauty the spell and the power—
All turn where the gates of her temple unclose;
For, though but the nymph of some eglantine bower,
We all love a pretty girl 'under the rose.'"

The next is more poetical.

"She hath quitted her chamber, her foot's in the hall
Where lately she sparkled the star of the ball;
Yet lingers she not, for her own leafy bower
Hath charms spell'd by passion at eve's placid hour.

The first rose of spring-tide is wreathed 'mid her hair—
'Tis gemmed by a dewdrop, the last that is there;
A sigh and a smile, and she hurries away—
The bride of to-morrow forgets not to-day.

Ah! no—though to-morrow her destiny seal
Of sorrow or joy, recollections will steal,
At times, o'er her bosom, of friendships by-gone
Or parting, like autumn's red leaves, one by one.

For sweet though the feelings that hallow her mind,
They are not the feelings by friendship enshrined,
Which, like the calm music of waves on the shore,
Still cling to the soul, though they soothe it no more."

Mr. Brandreth is too prolific to be equal; but many of his songs are very pretty.

Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty; including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the Decease of Elizabeth to the Abdication of James II. By Robert Vaughan, author of "the Life and Opinions of Wycliffe." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Holdsworth and Ball.

Though obviously addressed to exalt the character of the Puritans, from the time of Elizabeth to the present day, this publication is entitled to our praise, both for its research and spirit of impartiality. It contains a steady view of the subject consistently with the declared opinions of the author. The style is plain, but neither very forcible nor elegant; and occasional repetitions add prolixity to a narrative in itself certainly more solid than inviting.

Odds and Ends, in Verse and Prose. By W. H. Merle, Esq. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Pp. 147. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

The pieces in this little volume are so truly odds and ends, that we should hardly have thought them worth collecting for publication. But writers hold other opinions; so here are the trifles, with some clever bits by George Cruikshank to re-enforce them.

The History of Medicine, Surgery, and Anatomy, from the Creation of the World to the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century. By W. Hamilton, M.B. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

"From the creation of the world:" it is like German literature, and begins early enough, though not so early as Welsh genealogy. Well, what was the state of medicine, surgery, and anatomy, at the period with which our author commences? With regard to anatomy, the first great case was assuredly the removal of Adam's rib, and its re-formation. Nothing similar has occurred since; and therefore we must agree with the writer, that we are "destitute of the slightest authentic records of the state of medicine before the flood."* Since that event, however, when the world itself was afflicted with dropsy, and a very dangerous accumulation of water upon the chest, his history of the healing art, though far from a work of good taste, is yet a production of valuable inquiry, and possessing a mass of very curious information. Had Mr. Hamilton been less ambitious in his style, we would have awarded him much higher praise; but the defects in this kind cannot supersede the matter of his theme and its interest. It is in truth a book of great entertainment and instruction.

* The nonsensical hypothesis of Schulze, the professor at Altdorf, (fortified by Le Clerc's greater folly,) is unworthy of attention, except to laugh at Father Adam's being of necessity the apothecary and accoucheur on the birth of Cain, Abel, and the rest.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—On reading in some of your recent Numbers the singular instances recorded of changes in the colour of the plumage of birds, it occurred to me that I could bring forward another case, which exemplifies a fact, perhaps little known, connected with the natural history of a certain class of the feathered tribe.

I have in my possession a large parrot which I brought with me from the interior of Brazil. It is of the macaw species, called by the inhabitants of the country where it is found *arara*, from its habitually emitting, in its native woods, a sound resembling that word, and described, I believe, by Linnæus, under the denomination of *Psittacus arara*. Its colours are of the most brilliant hue; the whole upper part of the body, which, with its tail, measures upwards of three feet, being deep blue, and the under part and the legs being covered with a light orange down. The only exception to the latter tint occurs under the neck, at the root of the lower beak, where there is a tuft of dark green feathers. Such was the exact description of the bird when I first had it, above five years ago; and such it remained for two years after that time, when being about to return to Europe, I was informed by an inhabitant of Brazil, who was somewhat of a naturalist, and who requested me to verify or disprove the fact by my own observation, "that the beautiful azure of the arara becomes green from age, and that change of climate hastens the alteration." I doubted the correctness of my informant's statement, and hoped it would prove erroneous, until I perceived, shortly after the arrival of the bird in England, some small green feathers mixing with the blue on its head. Every succeeding year has since added to the number and extent of these interlopers, and at this moment not only one half of the head is green, but specks and patches of that colour, like the advanced posts of future occupation, are to be seen on the neck and the adjacent parts of the back; so that some persons who may see this bird a hundred years hence, if it live, (and you are aware that parrots and macaws attain a great age), will not know, perhaps, that it ever was blue.

Having given you an external description of this bird, I will trespass a few minutes to describe its *intellectual* qualifications, which being, I believe, of unusual occurrence in animals of this kind, may not prove uninteresting to some of your readers.

The formation of the heads of birds is pronounced by naturalists to be typical of stupidity; and the parrot tribe has, if I err not, the smallest space allotted to contain the brain, compared with the size of the body, of any created being. Never was, however, conclusion more incorrectly drawn, or rather inference more completely refuted, than in the case of this macaw. The proofs it daily gives of sagacity go beyond mere instinct, and some of them

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would appear so incredible, that I must be content with noticing a few only. Alive to every thing that is passing in the house, this bird knows every one of its inmates, and evinces for each individually the degree of affection due to the care and attention it receives from each. For its mistress, in particular, it has the most unbounded attachment, and it will watch over her in sickness or slumber, and defend all approach to her with the fierceness and courage of a dog. I rank next in its affections, and between us and the rest of mankind there is in this respect an immeasurable distance. No dog can welcome and fondle a master more than this bird does on our return home; and the absence of some months has not in the least obliterated its recollection of me. This bird, like most parrots, has great power of mimicking sound; and a person placed in the next room when it is giving vent to its occasional babbling moods, might suppose that he hears an unknown language spoken with great fluency, and proper emphasis of delivery. In addition to this, strange as it may appear, the bird has a few sentences in the Portuguese language, to which it attaches their proper sense, and which it never uses but to convey that sense; such as *dai ca o pé*—to be taken; *está bom*—to intimate that the food it tastes is nice; accompanying the latter words with a significant toss of the head, which, by the way, also expresses surprise, or its delight at music, in which it will occasionally join, attempting to imitate the strain played or sung. It has a mode of pointing out and obtaining what it wants as clearly as words could; and no human face can more forcibly portray the feelings of fear, anger, or joy, than this bird's does, as a red or scarlet tint diffuses over the white skin which covers its mandibles, and the eye assumes a corresponding expression.

I should carry this paper to too great a length were I to relate one half of the singularities of this remarkable bird; and I shall therefore conclude with a few words as to the treatment of this species of birds, from which the Zoological Society may perchance derive some hints.

Parrots are of a very hot temperament, and therefore, when deprived of water as drink, or to bathe in, or when any heating food is given to them, they will, in their anxiety to be relieved from the excess of warmth which incommodes them, pluck out the feathers within their reach. To this, and not to his depraved appetite, I attribute Charley's eagerness to strip himself of his natural clothing, as described by your correspondent S. C. Hall. Indeed, I have seen instances of the feathers falling off of themselves, from the bird's having improper food administered; and the appearance and health of the animal completely restored by a return to proper aliment, such as farinaceous substances, Indian corn or wheat occasionally boiled, and by care being taken to give them no meat or greasy and fat food, and, above all, to keep within their reach gravel or earth, of which they use the harder parts to clean and sharpen their beaks after they have eaten, and swallow some of the minor particles to aid digestion. It is no less important that they should enjoy light and air for some part of the day at all times of the year, and that they should be allowed to bathe, or occasionally exposed to a shower of rain, at which they will shew their delight by spreading their wings, and turning in all directions, to get wetted. The bird I have, though a native of a very hot climate, bears the cold weather of our English winter remarkably well, often standing out in a frosty day exposed to wind, cold, and snow, and very frequently bathing both in winter and summer in cold water.*

Generally speaking, parrots live to a great age, and die suddenly, dropping dead as by paralytic stroke; but they are often subject to dysentery, which carries off many. When thus attacked, the cure is cold camomile tea, made strong, and of which they will then drink with great avidity, though they will not touch it when in health. They are also more or less affected by the loss of feathers at the periods of moulting, and it will then be advisable to give them once a day a *capsicum* or two, which they are very fond of. Nature seems to have destined the large and powerful beak of the macaw to be used as an instrument to detach from the hard branches of trees the fruits on which they feed, and to break open the strong and almost impenetrable husk which in many cases encloses the eatable substance. They therefore possess, by instinct in their beak, a restless desire to gnaw, which it is well to gratify, if they are to be kept in perfect health, by placing pieces of hard wood within their reach. G. V. D.

* In very cold weather, or if the water is very cold, it may, however, be advisable to take the extreme chill off the bathing water by the admixture of a little warm.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The River Niger!

[For the *first* time during our career of fourteen years, we felt called upon by the nature of the intelligence to publish a *Second Edition* of our last Number, of which the annexed is a reprint. We had to regret that we received the letter so late as to prevent its issuing from the press before Saturday evening, by which means but few copies could be despatched into the country. Having had the good fortune to obtain and promulgate intelligence of so considerable interest, exclusively, we cannot but complain, a thing we rarely do, of the unhandsome, we might, perhaps, if we were not of angelic tempers, say dishonest, appropriation of it by the editors of several country newspapers, without the slightest acknowledgment of the source to which they were indebted for it.—In London, and among the leading men of science, the news has made a great sensation:—we purpose in our next pointing out some of its geographical results. But to none was it more grateful than to the wife of Lander, who had heard nothing of her husband after his leaving Badagra. He has now been absent above seventeen months.]

Literary Gazette Office,
May 21, Saturday Afternoon, 3 o'Clock.

We have the gratification to state, that the great question respecting the course of the Niger, which has puzzled geography and literature for many centuries, has at last been determined by British courage and perseverance. We have just received the annexed letter from our esteemed and intelligent friend, Mr. Fisher, surgeon of the Atholl, well known to the world for his own interesting voyages and travels; and we lose no time in communicating the important information to the public, through the pages of the *Literary Gazette*.

His Majesty's Ship Atholl, at Sea, Bight of Biafra, Feb. 2, 1831.

Dear Sir,—I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines, by a vessel that we have just now met on her way to England. My object in writing in this hasty manner is to acquaint you that the grand geographical problem respecting the termination of the Niger is at length solved.

The Landers, after having reached Youri, embarked in a canoe on the Niger, or, as it is called there, the Quarra, and came down the stream until they reached the sea, in the Bight of Biafra. The branch by which they came to the coast is called the Nun, or Brasse River, being the first river to the eastward of Cape Formosa. On their way down the river, they were attacked by the Hibboos, (a fierce nation that inhabit its banks), and made prisoners, or rather captives; but the King of Brasse happening to be in that country buying slaves, got them released, by giving the price of six slaves for each of them. In the scuffle that ensued at the time they were taken, one of them lost his journal.

Whilst at Youri they got the Prayer-book that belonged to Mr. Anderson, the brother-in-law and fellow-traveller of the celebrated Mungo Park. They were upwards of a month at Fernando Po, whence they embarked, about ten days ago, in an English merchant-vessel bound to Rio Janeiro, on their way to England. From their taking that circuitous route, I am in hopes that this will reach you before they arrive, by which you will probably have it in your power to give the first news of this important discovery.

I do not recollect of any thing else to acquaint you with that is worthy of notice; and even if I did, I have no time to mention it, as the boat by which I send this (to the vessel) is just this moment ordered away.

I must therefore bid you adieu for the present; and believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely, Alexander Fisher.

Royal Institution.

Mr. C. J. Robertson on some considerable improvements in the art of painting in water colours,—the result of experiments, having for their object the discovery of a method which should combine the force and mellowness of painting in oil, with a permanency and durability in which oil painting is defective. Till within comparatively a few years, water colours were considered as incapable of producing any thing worthy of the name of art; but the industry and talent of some of our native artists have so advanced it, that the annual exhibition of Painters in Water Colours is become the most attractive, perhaps, of any: the brilliancy and purity of colour in their beautiful imitations of nature have been felt and appreciated by all who have any pretension to taste. Still, this art has not been deemed capable of producing great or extended works, and has been thought, by its very nature, to be limited to works of a small size. Indeed, the name of paintings has been commonly denied them, being almost universally distinguished by that of drawings; notwithstanding that the greatest works of the most distinguished painters in Italy have been painted in water colours or fresco. Mr. Robertson produced, however, at the lecture of Friday evening, some pictures that excited surprise. Amongst the specimens produced were a beautiful small copy of the fine Titian of Bacchus and Ariadne, in the National Gallery; a most forcible large copy of a Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick; and an original composition, from Apuleius's story of Cupid and Psyche. Mr. Robertson described his process and his reasons for it, which are as follow:—The paper is attached to a strong white linen, with a mixture of glue and paste, and lined at the back with tin-foil, to prevent any injury from moisture through the back of the picture. After carefully drawing in the outline with blacklead, all the shadows, and what are called the half tints, are painted in with a gray tint, which is well washed with water, till firmly fixed in the paper, and, till the water comes away quite clean; which is done to prevent its mingling with the subsequent tints, and disturbing their purity. Next, what are technically called the carnation tints,

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or rosy tints of the flesh, are treated in the same manner; and, lastly, a yellow tint of ochre, all separate and unmixed. The colours being thus used singly are more pure than when mixed, as well as less subject to change. When he has worked his picture to a certain point, he varnishes it over with a solution of isinglass in spirit of wine, which gives force and depth to the colours. Upon this surface he paints again, and again varnishes it with the isinglass; by which it not only obtains a marvellous force and brilliancy, capable of producing any effects that may be desired, but is rendered safe from change or dirt. The use of oil, which injures the colours, not only by its becoming opaque and black by time, but also by its chemical action on many colours, is thus avoided; and the picture may be cleaned by spirit of wine with the greatest safety, which will dissolve every kind of dirt to which a picture may be liable, without injury to the most delicate tints on its surface; which being protected by a solution of isinglass in spirit of wine, which can only be made by continuing it at a boiling heat for a long time, is not in the slightest degree affected by cold alcohol. This coating of the isinglass also protects the colours from any injury by vapours or gases, from which pictures suffer so greatly; and its tenacity preserves it from all possibility of cracking. Thus it appears, from Mr. Robertson's reasonings, and was proved from specimens that had been painted many years, that he has attained the great desideratum of permanency;—we can bear testimony to the effect produced. The interest Mr. Robertson's lecture excited was proved by the great attention of one of the largest audiences we have seen in their theatre,—not even a whisper was heard. The novelty of his situation embarrassed the lecturer for the first two or three minutes; but he soon recovered his self-possession, and delivered it in a very clear, intelligible, and concise manner. He was much applauded, both in the course and at the conclusion of his lecture, and was thanked generally for the candour of his communications. The President of the Royal Academy, Sir M. A. Shee, Mr. Howard the secretary, and several of the academicians, expressed to the artist personally their warm admiration of his specimens; and he was surrounded all the remainder of the evening by a press of artists and connoisseurs, who wished to obtain information.

We are sorry to find that his improvements have precluded him from most of the exhibitions. Owing to their peculiar laws, his paintings do not come within any of the classes which they admit.

On the library-table were placed specimens of Davy's protectors, taken from the bottom of the Magicienne, which has been lying in harbour for some years past. Curious cellular bullets; fine punches, used for the punching of iron; and other objects connected with art and literature.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

At the anniversary meeting, A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair, a satisfactory report from the auditors of accounts was read. Mr. Bicheno, according to annual custom, noticed the loss by death which the Society had sustained during the past year. His late Majesty, as patron of the Society, was first named. Among others, his Grace the late Duke of Atholl was distinguished in a particular manner, as the individual who introduced larch timber to this country. It was observed, that the two first trees of this species ever planted by his grace are still growing at Dunkeld: they have been transferred from the greenhouse to the open air, and were described as magnificent specimens; although some of their offspring, growing in the neighbourhood of Blair, in Scotland, are much more so, having attained the height of one hundred and twenty feet. A communication from Mr. Curtis, F.L.S. was noticed: specimens of the *pupa tridius* and the *clausilia rugosa*, collected near the celebrated fountain of Petrarch, at Vaucluse, accompanied the paper. Although these specimens had been kept hermetically closed for nine months, on the application of a little moisture they immediately exhibited signs of life: and further, the writer in a postscript says, that Messrs. Loddiges have some of them inhabiting their native plants after they had been in an apparently dead state for seventeen months. The fact is more remarkable, since they are species destitute of *opercula*. Lord Stanley was re-elected president; and in the evening the fellows dined together.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The annual distribution of prises awarded by this praiseworthy institution took place in Exeter Hall, Strand, on Wednesday. The assembly was crowded; and as by far the greater portion of the company was composed of beautiful and elegantly-dressed women, the view from the platform was exceedingly pleasing. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in consequence of a sprained ancle, was unable to preside, as he had on similar occasions: Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P., however, very ably supplied his Royal Highness's place. After having addressed the audience at some length upon the merits of the Society, Mr. Hume delivered the prizes to the successful competitors or their proxies, accompanying them with appropriate remarks.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

R. J. Murchison, Esq. president, in the chair. The reading of the paper begun at the meeting of the 11th instant, entitled, "Notices on the secondary and tertiary formations of Germany, as compared with those of England," by the president, was concluded. On the table was exhibited a nearly perfect species of Plesiosaurus, the property of Lord Cole. Several fellows were elected.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

G. B. Greenough, Esq., in the chair.—Captain King's communication, respecting the geography of the southern extremity of America, was concluded, and some extracts from recent letters from Mexico read.

The object of Captain King's paper was, first, to exhibit the extent of our exact knowledge of the shores of South America previous to his late survey of them; secondly, to give a general view of his own labours and success; and lastly, to notice the chief parts in the physical geography of those regions. In 1790, Malaspina had examined the eastern coast, from the Rio Plata to the Strait of Magellan, and also the north-east side of Tierra del Fuego, with considerable minuteness and fidelity. The strait itself had been often surveyed, as surveys used to be made until within the last few years,—that is to say, its principal points had been determined by Sir John Narborough and succeeding navigators, until a reasonably exact knowledge was had of them; but the intervals were by no means minutely filled in: and, as it proved, the west coast, as far as the Gulf of Chiloe, had been examined by Sarmiento in 1579, with extraordinary exactness and fidelity; but no confidence was placed in his descriptions till thus verified; and the southern shores of Tierra del Fuego, and the innumerable other islands which fringe the land in this direction, were most imperfectly known. Captain King's object, therefore, was to verify what was known, and fill up intervals; and his arduous task can only be properly appreciated by an inspection of his chart, and by considering that he was thus employed for four years consecutively,—during the whole time contending with every difficulty which a climate of incessant storms and rain can interpose,—notwithstanding which he has minutely examined, perhaps the most intricate and complicated coast in the world, from the latitude of 47° south on both sides. His attention, however, as we have already intimated, was not exclusively given to the mere outline of coast. His contributions to its physical geography are also very great. Considering the Strait of Magellan as furnishing a transverse section of the continent, he notices three different formations in it. In the west it is primitive (granite and greenstone), rugged, mountainous—the hills are irregularly heaped together, the sounds intricate and tortuous, the shores deeply serrated, and in the channels are innumerable rocks and islands, extremely dangerous in navigation. About the centre the basis is clay-slate; the mountains are high, averaging from 3000 to 6000 feet: they lie in parallel ranges, between which are several considerable rivers, and, opposite to this portion of the coast, there are no islands. The eastern land is low, a prolongation of the pampas of Buenos Ayres, the soil a mixture of decomposed slate and clay; and here the islands again appear, their soil clayey, but mixed with masses of granite, hornblende rock, and clay-slate, protruding through the surface, which bears a poor grass; and is entirely destitute of trees: and the vegetation of these three formations is equally distinct—to the west ligneous but stunted, the shrubs seldom exceeding ten inches diameter—about the centre more vigorous, nourished, as Capt. King thinks, by the alluvial deposits brought down by the rivers; and to the east exclusively coarse harsh grass, not, however, without nourishing properties, as is testified by the herds of guanacos found feeding on it. The line of perpetual snow appears to be about 3500 or 4000 feet; and although the thermometer frequently descends below freezing point even close to the sea, the cold is not felt to be severe. Parrots and humming-birds are seen in great numbers, even while snow is falling; and *fuchsias*, *veronicas*, and other tender shrubs, grow wild in the central region with great vigour. Captain King attributes these curious facts to the high temperature of the sea, which in the winter season he has observed 30° above that of the air, with a cloud of steam rising from its surface.

The letters from Mexico, we understood, were written by Lieutenant Glennie, R.N., an active and intelligent young officer, now in the service of the United Mexican Mining Company. The extracts read chiefly related to the pyramids of Teotihuatlan; and the measurements given were nearly the same with Humboldt's, allowing for the difference between the English and Paris foot. Mr. Glennie considers the plan on which they were constructed not to have been completed; one large pyramid being wanting to make a regular figure. After the meeting, some conversation ensued among the members, in which the remarkable similarity between these pyramids

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and those of Egypt was commented on, more especially as evidenced in their form, their having been originally covered with a white cement bearing inscriptions, and their having been constructed in groups. No entrance has, however, yet been found to any of the Mexican pyramids; nor is there any other appearance of their being burying places. On the contrary, the tradition is, that they once were surmounted by statues; although of this there is no evidence. They are indisputably anterior in date to the Mexican race found by Cortez; and were probably neglected ruins, as now, even in his day.

On Monday, W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair, a letter from Mr. Jerdan to Lord Goderich, the president, was read, enclosing the original of one he had received from Mr. Fisher, surgeon of H. M. S. Atholl, giving the first account of the successful navigation of the Niger to the sea; and laying it before the Society; for which thanks were directed to be returned.

Afterwards, an abstract was communicated, by the secretary, of the contents of certain papers obtained from the India House; being extracts from the correspondence of the late Mr. Moorcroft, when on a mission to Central Asia, in the course of which he unfortunately died (at Anghok, in Balkh); and thus no account of his proceedings had yet been published. His first route was, in 1820, from Belaspore, on the Sutlej, to Leh, the capital of Ladakh, where he was detained two years, endeavouring to obtain permission to advance by way of Yarhand to Bokhara; but constantly thwarted by the jealousy of the Chinese authorities, fostered, as he believed, by the intrigues of the native (chiefly Cashmerian) merchants, who were afraid of losing their monopoly of trade in this direction. This portion of his time, however, he improved by diligent inquiries into the geography and political condition of Ladakh, Khoten, Chinese Tartary, and the other frontier provinces of that empire in Central Asia; and much of the information which he thus acquired—though its strict correctness is necessarily doubtful—is at once probable and curious. From Leh, in 1822, he proceeded to Cashmeer, by the usual road between the two provinces, which he represents as the great channel by which the latter obtains its supply of shawl wool from Thibet; and his purpose was now to penetrate to Bokhara by Caubul. But here, again, he met with such obstacles as to detain him till 1824; and it is still uncertain whether he ever reached Bokhara, or was still on his road to it when he died, in March 1825; his posthumous papers not having been yet recovered, and the latest direct despatch received from him only bearing the date of October 1823. The papers procured by the Society, then, consist of copious details, chiefly from actual observation, regarding Leh and Ladakh—hearsay information respecting the neighbouring Chinese and Thibetian provinces—and several long essays on the shawl and other manufactures of Cashmeer. It was intimated that selections from them would progressively appear in the Society's Transactions, as opportunity offers; and its most cordial thanks were directed to be returned to William Astell, Esq., M.P., late chairman of the Hon. the Court of East India Directors, and W. Stanley Clarke, Esq., a director, for the liberality with which they had been communicated.—Adjourned.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.*

21d 17h 38m—the Sun attains his greatest northern declination (23° 27′ 42″·1). At this time is the mid-day of the north and the midnight of the south pole; and during several rotations of the Earth on its axis, the whole of the arctic regions enjoys the presence of the Sun, and the antarctic experiences the deepest gloom of the long and dreary night of winter. On the verge of the arctic circle, the Sun, at midnight, conceals for a short space of time one half of its disc, and then re-ascends to pour forth a flood of splendour over every point of the horizon; and on the confines of the antarctic circle, the southern half of its orb at noon just emerges above the horizon, and leaves those regions to be illuminated by the bright scintillations of the stars in Argo Navis, Lupus, Centaur, Crux, Columba, and their splendid companions which circle the southern pole, occasionally diversified with the coruscations of the aurora australis.

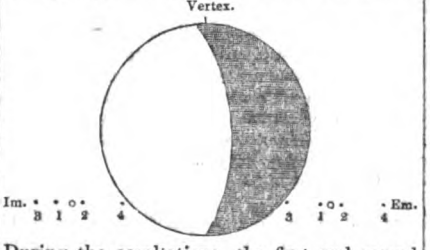
Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Aquarius	3	3	20
● New Moon in Taurus	9	18	51
☽ First Quarter in Virgo	16	15	59
○ Full Moon in Sagittarius	24	19	0

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Capricornus	Occultation.		
Mercury in Taurus	8	13	45
Mars in Gemini	12	5	20
Venus in Cancer	12	16	30
Saturn in Leo	14	12	0
Uranus in Capricornus	23	4	0
Jupiter in Capricornus	23	18	54

Occultation of Jupiter and his Satellites.—1d—this will be the most interesting phenomenon occurring in the present year, excepting the occultation of Saturn in the following November. The order of the eclipses of the planet and satellites will be as follows: the bright limb of the Moon will come in contact first with the fourth satellite, then with the second; the immersion of the planet will then occur, at 13h 8m 40s; the moon will afterwards proceed to the first satellite, and, finally, the third will be obscured. At emersion, the fourth will be first visible, then the second; the planet will next re-appear, at 14h 13m 51s, afterwards the first, and, finally, the third satellite will emerge from behind the moon's dark limb. The following diagram will illustrate this occultation.



During the occultations, the first and second satellites will have approached a little nearer to their primary, and the third and fourth have receded a little farther off.

Some singular phenomena have sometimes been noticed at the occultation of the system of Jupiter. It was remarked, 7th April, 1792, that some of the satellites became indistinct at the limb of the moon, while the others did not suffer any change of colour. It was observed at the last occultation of this planet, visible to the British Isles, 7th April, 1824 (see *Lit. Gaz.* 1824, No. 375), that the satellites, on coming into contact with the Moon's limb, did not disappear instantly, but formed an indentation in the limb, as if embedded in it, but at the same time separated from it by a fine line of light: this indentation continued visible till about half their diameters were immersed, when it disappeared. On the approach of Jupiter, no difference in his light or shape was perceptible: after the contact had taken place, he appeared to exhibit no deficiency of disc, but, on the contrary, presented a complete figure, as if placed between the Moon and the Earth; this appearance continued for a few seconds; when nearly altogether immersed, his retiring limb was considerably elongated, as if forming a segment of a much larger sphere.

8d—Mercury stationary. 20d—greatest elongation (22° 37′) as a morning star.

19d—Venus in conjunction with 388 Mayer: difference of latitude 2′. This beautiful planet may now be traced from its rising to its setting.

Mars in conjunction with the following stars in Cancer: 15d—with μ: difference of latitude 3′. 23d—with 359, 360, 361, 362: differences of latitude 1′, 6′, 5′, and 2′, respectively.

The Asteroids.

	D.	H.	M.		°	′
Vesta	1	4	38	N.D.	19	20
	9	4	52	.....	19	54
	17	5	7	.....	20	24
	25	5	22	.....	20	48
Juno	1	4	37	.....	13	31
	9	4	56	.....	14	1
	17	5	15	.....	14	22
	25	5	34	.....	14	34
Pallas	1	20	7	.....	18	35
	9	20	4	.....	19	14
	17	20	0	.....	19	41
	25	19	56	.....	19	55
Ceres	1	21	34	S.D.	23	5
	9	21	37	.....	23	33
	17	21	38	.....	24	9
	25	21	37	.....	24	52

11d—Jupiter stationary, near μ Capricorni.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, immersion	2	14	8	45
	18	12	24	49
	25	14	18	47
Second Satellite	6	14	23	10

17d 4h—Saturn in conjunction with Regulus.
25d—with 34 Leonis: difference of latitude 30′.
1d—Uranus may be observed very near ι Capricorni.

Deptford. J. T. B.

* In our Celestial Phenomena for May, line 2, *for* "Moon" *read* "noon."

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fourth Notice.]

No. 256. *Portrait of Mrs. Hasler Capron and Child.* B. R. Faulkner.—No. 276. *Portrait of a Young Lady.* J. B. Lane.—Interesting and clever pictures.

No. 286. *A Terrier at a Rabbit's Hole.* T. Woodward.—Nothing can exceed the spirited excitement under which the animal is represented.

No. 305. *The young Minstrel; a Portrait.* J. Linnell.—There is frequently a firmness, approaching to hardness, in Mr. Linnell's style, not exactly adapted to the delicacy of portrait. In the present instance, however, it is impossible to conceive any thing more soft and beautiful than the pencilling, as well as the expression.

No. 308. *Portrait of Lieut.-Colonel O'Donnell.* J. Hollins.—One of the most elevated specimens of modern portraiture that we remember to have seen. It reminds us strongly of the Spanish school; and especially of Velasquez. The character is simple and dignified; the colouring grave and unobtrusive; the chiaroscura admirable; and the costume and arrangement give it the air of an historical

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portrait. The likeness too is admirable; and our readers may recollect that this fine countenance is that of the individual to whom we and they were indebted for the interesting letter last year, giving a description of the Turco-Russian war.

No. 342. *The little Masquerader.* Emma Jones.—Although somewhat liney in the drawing and patchy in the colour, this head has a stamp of truth upon it which is very fascinating.

No. 349. *Portrait of Mr. Gouldsmith.* Miss H. Gouldsmith.—We have frequently had occasion to praise this lady's landscapes. The transition to portrait is great; but as far as we are able to judge from the high situation in which the picture is placed, she promises as fairly in this class of art.

No. 354. *News from Abroad.* W. Thomas.—There is great simplicity in the design, and good expression in the characters, of this little drama. The colouring and effect are also well managed.

No. 355. *The Stolen Interview.* A. G. Vickers.—A good subject for a romantic tale. There is great fatness in Mr. Vickers' vehicle; but he would do well not to use it so freely in his dark masses, as it counteracts the retiring quality which they ought to possess.

No. 356. *Landscape; Twilight.* R. Westall, R.A.—Although Gray is not quoted in the catalogue, Mr. Westall has most beautifully depicted the effect so finely described in a single line of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard:"

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight."

No. 364. *Skirmish of Cavaliers and Roundheads.* W. Baily and W. Barraud.—Battles of this description have been so often fought upon canvass, that the most brilliant affair of the kind—and that under our notice is far from wanting either spirit in the design or vigour in the execution—has ceased to excite much interest.

No. 369. *Portrait of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.* Mrs. Pearson.—Portraits sometimes give a glimpse of what has been passing in the minds of the originals during their sittings. The worthy chief magistrate must have been occupied with pleasant thoughts, if we may judge by the expression which the fair artist has introduced into his countenance.

No. 374. *The Water Log.* W. Willes.—A melancholy contemplation in itself; but rendered still more so, when the mind reverts to the probable adventures and hardships of the forlorn human beings, who, far from any friendly shore, have been compelled to abandon their gallant vessel to the fate which sooner or later must overwhelm her, and may overwhelm themselves. Mr. Willes has shewn much poetical feeling in this interesting work.

No. 378. *Mrs. Saunter and her Niece—vide the Spectator, No.* 344. T. Clater.—It is evident that the artist has chosen his subject, not, like the essayist, to reprehend the practice of snuff-taking, but for the purpose of displaying his skill in representing, in the most finished manner, the rich and varied draperies that were in fashion in the early part of the last century. In this object, as well, indeed, as in his general composition and colouring, he has been eminently successful.

No. 390. *The Biter bit.* R. W. Buss.—There is much humour and appropriate expression in this performance; but the amorous old beau must have been as "sand-blind, high-gravel-blind," as Launcelot Gobbo's father, not to discover the complexion of his sable Dulcinea, until she threw aside her thin veil.

No. 405. *Market Gardeners at Battersea.* J. Stark.—Whether the subject be taken from the banks of the Thames, or from the banks of the Waveney, we are sure to find a faithful transcript of nature, under her most picturesque and pleasing forms, in the works of Mr. Stark.

No. 407. *A Sea-Port of the Mediterranean; Sun-rising.* P. H. Rogers.—All natural, and many artificial objects, are the same now as they were in the days of Claude; which, similar scenery being selected, may account for the resemblance this clever performance bears to some of the sea-ports of that great artist.

No. 411. *The Shipwrecked Mariner.* W. Etty, R.A.—It requires no common talents to give interest to a subject so often repeated; but Mr. Etty's are no common talents; and he has completely succeeded in that respect, as well as in exciting additional admiration of his versatility and skill. The effect is grand and powerful.

No. 412. *Solomon's Sacrifice at the Dedication of the Temple.* J. H. Nixon.—Similar in subject to some of Mr. Martin's sublime productions, but different from them in style. When time has somewhat mellowed and subdued its tones, this will be a very fine work. Its brilliant, yet mysterious light, and the splendour with which the whole composition is invested, announce an artist of no ordinary rank.

No. 417. *A Sunny Morning.* A. W. Calcott, R.A.—Who that gazes on this exquisitely beautiful picture, but must feel the same soothing and cheerful influence which the contemplation of such a scene in nature itself is calculated to create? This is the real triumph of art.

No. 431. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* W. Dyce.—If we may be allowed to pun on the name of this young artist, we should say that his throws have been most fortunate; and that he has turned up taste, colouring, and execution, sufficient to warrant the expectation that he will attain to high excellence in his profession. We have seldom seen a more promising work.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Fancy Ball Dress, No. V. L. Mansion and W. Spooner.

A POLISH lady—and all the world knows how picturesque and becoming the national dress of Poland is. The costumes, generally, are such "horrors" (we use a feminine phrase) that a collection of these prints, which unite the foreign and the graceful, will be invaluable on all occasions of a fancy ball. They are selected with excellent taste.

Feeding the Rabbits. Painted by W. Collins; engraved by J. Linnell.

ONE of Mr. Collins' natural rustic subjects,—two fine children feeding a hutch of rabbits,—and painted with all his usual fidelity and taste. The living things are truth itself—the landscape and accessories no less perfect. It is a delightful subject.

The Costumes of the French Pyrenees. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from original Sketches, by J. Johnson, Esq. Part III. Carpenter and Son.

As curious and picturesque as the preceding parts. It is painful to find, by the following extract from one of the descriptions (adverting to Bigorre and Bearn), that in these remote districts the same love of calumny prevails, which is the curse of more densely populated, and, as they are pleased to consider themselves, more refined countries:—"Proverbs are said to be the index to national character, and the following, in the *patois* of the respective countries, may be offered as a test of local opinion:

Bearnés	*Bigordan*
Faus et courtès.	*Pir que can.*

A man of Bearn is false and courteous. A man of Bigorre is worse than a dog."

Twelve Designs, chiefly intended for transferring upon White Wood, by means of Ackermann's Caustic Varnish. No. II.

VERY suitable to the purpose,—we must honestly add, rather a childish one.

Ireland Illustrated. From original Drawings by G. Petrie, R.H.A. and W. H. Bartlett, Esqrs.; with Descriptions by G. N. Wright, M.A. No. XX. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS Number completes the volume of Illustrations of Ireland; and a very clever and interesting volume it is. One of the views in the last number is "Blarney Castle;" a visit to which we heard Mr. Phillips very pleasantly describe, in one of his recent lectures on music, at the Russell Institution. At this castle, it seems, it still preserved the celebrated stone, the kissing of which imparts to every man the power of uttering to the fair sex that "soft nonsense," which in Ireland is thence called "blarney." Mr. Phillips observed that he had kissed the stone!

The Right Honourable Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, Countess Gower. Engraved by Dean, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. No. LXXVIII. of the Series of the Female Nobility in La Belle Assemblée.

A CHARMING specimen of the taste of the late President.

The Champions of Constitutional Reform. Tilt.

BUT so-so resemblances.

Visits of William the Fourth, when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth. By Henry Moses. No. III.

PICTURESQUE and spirited. "The Challenger, commanded by Captain Fitzclarence, sailing from Portsmouth, with despatches for Lisbon, Oct. 31, 1827," is strikingly beautiful.

Views in the Mauritius, or Isle of France. Drawn on stone by William Rider, of Leamington; from the Originals, by T. Bradshaw, Esq. late of his Majesty's Civil Service in the Mauritius. With an Account of the Island, and Description of each View. No. I. Carpenter and Son.

ALTHOUGH we are unable to speak highly of these views as works of art, yet they are sufficiently well executed to give a very competent notion of a country, evidently abounding in landscape-beauty, of which, we believe, no delineation has heretofore been made public.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS.

WE mentioned some time ago that a new Society of Painters in Water-colours was in contemplation. We now understand that a number of able artists have actually united to form the Society; and that it is intended to open the first exhibition next spring. Her Majesty has graciously condescended to take the Society under her immediate patronage; and H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, and other individuals of rank and character, have likewise promised it their protection and encouragement. When the comparatively small list of

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members to which the present Society of Painters in Water-colours is rigidly restricted, and the great increase during the last twenty years of skilful professors of this pleasing department of the fine arts, are considered, there seems no reason to doubt of the prosperity of the new Society; which announces its determination to proceed upon principles of perfect fairness and liberality. We wish it all possible success.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE!

THERE is a singular Hottentot at Graham's Town, who goes about giving advice to his fellow-citizens, but too often, as the *Cape Advertiser* says, without being regarded:—"Go," exclaims Piet, "go to church. I don't care what church you go to—the great church, or the white church, or the yellow church. I give you perfect liberty, for I am free myself, and white by the ordinance, without the aid of pipe-clay. And mind what is said to you—don't steal; that is not fit for gentlemen. You lose by it. You stole the governor's wagon-chain, and he has got four oxen for it. Jew Smets and Mr. Ward are the hind oxen. The two sergeants are the leaders. Mind what I speak. One wife is enough. If you have two or three wives, one says, 'bring in the cups for breakfast;' another, 'no, bring the platters first;' another, 'where is the butter-dish, you lazy Hottentot?' I give good advice. Don't go to the canteens, my brothers; brandy is not good for burghers. All the pipe-clay in the world won't make you white if you get drunk. Rice-water is better. If you go to the magistrate's great house, where he receives company, he will give it to you. It will not make you drunk, nor break windows, nor fall down in the street. Mind your business. Work if you have any thing to do; if not, go to service. Don't sit idle. Don't walk about doing nothing. There is another thing. When you get farms in the country, stop there. If you run away, your sheep will do the same. Then you will say, 'Oh! that cursed Hottentot! he has swallowed three thousand sheep and bullocks, and the horns have not stuck in his throat. Open your mouth, villain. All down, by Jacob! I cannot see their tails.' That is not the way. Go home and teach your children A, B, C. I will take care of Graham's Town myself. Many people walk about in great haste, looking sharp as if they had lost something. But they never go any where, nor find any thing, except faults. Of these their pockets are full, because they have nothing else to fill them with. They say the ministers don't speak loud enough, and that is the reason that they can't repent. They say that they must look after the magistrates and great people all the day, otherwise they might find time to put their own affairs into order. The public servants must have the whole population gathered round their offices, to serve as a cheek, so that servants in private establishments may do as they please. No matter. It is all one to Piet Abram."

MUSIC.

EISTEDDVOD AND CAMBRIAN CONCERT.

THE Eisteddvod and Cambrian Concert took place at Freemasons' Hall on Wednesday, and, like all similar displays which touch the chord of national feeling, went off with the greatest spirit. The spacious hall was crowded with all the beauty and honour of the ancient principality. The music consisted chiefly of Welsh melodies, and was a very appropriate and tasteful selection, reflecting much credit on Mr. Parry, sen. the director. The vocal performers, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett, (and most delightfully they sang), Miss Cramer, Miss Lyon, Messrs. Horncastle, and Parry jun., poured forth the "songs of nature with delightful effect:" the latter gentleman obtained by acclamation the honours of an encore for the sweet and natural manner of his singing the pretty ballad of the Maid of Llangollen. Between the first and second parts of the concert, the medals proposed by the Society for compositions in the Welsh language were awarded, and the successful candidates decorated by lady hands. Penellion-singing followed; and if not altogether calculated to convey to polite ears the idea of that "magic song," which Gray says "made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head," is yet full of interest from old associations, and, though rude, not deficient in simple melody. The design of the Society is well put forth by the secretary in an address prefixed to the particulars of the concert; and we most cordially wish success to their endeavours in preserving the venerable British language—as a valuable, a pure, and important relic, so generally neglected, yet so frequently worthy of the attention of the etymologist, the historian, and the antiquary.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

PASTA, the queen of tragic song, on Tuesday evening once more appeared before us in Tancredi. She is thinner than when she was last here, but looks younger and handsomer than ever. Her appearance, notwithstanding her beautiful costume, is rather too feminine to represent the part with perfect *vraisemblance*; but her action and deportment are full of the chivalrous spirit of the young Christian knight of Voltaire's fine tragedy—for, in seeing Pasta, we are glad to refer her characters to a nobler origin than the makers of Italian *libretti*. Nothing could be more noble and touching than her first scene, where the banished Tancred, after his appeal to his ungrateful country, gives a loose to hope and joy at the idea of again seeing his Amenaïde. Pasta's accents, at the words "*Mi rivedrai,—ti rivedrò!*" thrilled through every heart. In the progress of the piece, the varying emotions of jealousy, alternately smothered in gloom, bursting out in indignation, or yielding to doubt, were inimitably depicted; so excellently indeed, that it was with a feeling of real disappointment we witnessed the want of tenderness—indeed *nonchalance*—exhibited by the lovers at the moment of reconciliation. We were at a loss to account for this on the part of Pasta, for she is as great a mistress of the tender as of the sublime and terrible. Perhaps it was the want of a more interesting Amenaïde; for Madame Lalande neither looks nor acts the part as it ought to be looked and acted. Her person wants youth, and her manner, though possessed of spirit and force, is deficient in simplicity. She sang admirably, however;—so admirably, indeed, that she compelled the audience to do her the justice which they sometimes withhold from her. Some defects in the quality and power of her voice often mar the effect of her talents; but it was not so on this occasion, and her efforts, accordingly, were eminently successful, particularly in the charming duet, "*Ah se' mali miei*,"—and an admirable quartetto, which was encored. Pasta's voice is covered with its usual *veil*; but this, which with others is a defect, becomes in her a beauty, particularly in the expression of dark and gloomy feelings. Rubini, in *Argivio*, sung most brilliantly—*too* brilliantly, we are inclined to think. But his manner is full of grace and energy, and his execution so facile and finished, even when luxuriating in ornaments, that we can hardly quarrel with him for their exuberance. Santini's bass voice is admirable, and his singing in the concerted pieces highly effective. It is a pity his figure and gait are so awkward; but for these defects, he would be an excellent performer. The choruses (which in this opera are beautiful,) were very badly sung. We would advise M. Laporte to send his conductor of the choruses to Covent Garden to take a few lessons in the art of drilling.

The house was crowded, and had a splendid appearance. The prolonged applauses at the end of the piece induced Madame Pasta to present herself and make her bow of acknowledgment, which she did with the grace that accompanies all her actions.

THE larger theatres have done nothing new since our last, except the giving of a concert on Whitsun-eve at Covent Garden, which was very miscellaneous, and very ably sustained by native talent, at the head of which was Braham, Sinclair, Phillips, T. Cooke, Misses Inverarity and Hughes, Lindley, Nicholson, &c.

The explosion which was anticipated at Drury Lane has taken place, and the connexion of Messrs. Polhill and Lee been dissolved—the latter retiring.

Kean is performing in Milton (late Grub) Street, where there is a small theatre, with eclat; and as Reeve, in the full swing of his comic humour, is playing at the same place, it must be a treat to the Orientalists, acquainted with the topography of those remote parts. The minor houses are all bustling with new holyday pieces; and whether they deal in the terrible, the spectacular, or the droll, are all, we hear, doing well.

VARIETIES.

The Printers' Pension Society.—At the anniversary of this most deserving charity, on Wednesday next, Lord John Russell and Washington Irving, Esq. are expected to support the Lord Mayor in the chair; and we rejoice to see among the stewards, on behalf of an Institution, which, though principally benevolent, can hardly be dissociated from the cause of literature and the press, such names as those of Lord Durham, Lord Sandon, Lord Howick, the Hon. E. G. Stanley, Mr. Spottiswoode, &c.

Paganini.—The newspapers announce that this celebrated performer has consented to exhibit the powers of his *bow*, at the usual Opera prices.

Ourang-Outangs.—Two very extraordinary animals of this species have just reached London: they are about to make their *bows*, we understand, at the Egyptian Hall.

Gelatine.—From the bones of the meat consumed in the Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, there is obtained every day nine hundred rations of gelatinous solution, as rich in animal matter as the best soup of the kitchen.

March of Education.—In a trial lately reported in the newspapers, a witness swore positively that he had declined to take an individual into his service, because he had been assured by his former master, "in plain language," that he had committed a *bonâ fide robbery* upon him!

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China.—The following is a literal translation of two official bulletins which were last year published at Pekin:—"First bulletin. Sien, minister, president of the college of war, and superior chief of the nine gates, (that is, of the city of Pekin,) reports, that in the night of the fifteenth day of the seventh moon (20th of August), the water of the lake Kkhoun-Nin-Fou was absorbed by the soil; and that the canal which proceeds from that lake, and surrounds the walls of the city, is entirely dry." To render this event more intelligible, it may be well to state, that twelve miles to the west of Pekin is a country palace, placed on the hill Tal-Chéou-Chân; to the south-west of which was dug the lake Kkhoun-Nin-Fou, above fifteen miles in circumference. "Second bulletin. The Academy of Astronomy reports that in the night of the fifteenth day of the seventh moon (20th of August) two stars were observed, and white vapours fell, near the sign of the zodiac Tsyvéi-Tchouan. They were seen at the hour at which the night-guard was relieved for the fourth time (about midnight), *and announce troubles in the west.*"

Primitive Steam-Engine.—In 1629, a compilation was published, entitled *Le Machine del Sig. G. Branca: Roma.* It contains a description of all the machines known to the author. Among them is an æolipile,—a hollow metallic ball, having but one small opening,—filled with water, and placed on a brasier, in such a manner, that the current of steam, issuing by a pipe, strikes the wings or spokes of a little horizontal wheel, and makes it revolve. It was remarked, in the year 1605, by Flurence Rivault, in his *Elémens d'Artillerie*, that æolipiles burst with a loud report when the steam was prevented from escaping. He adds, "the effect of the rarefaction of air will startle the boldest man." Some of the French scientific journals of the present day are endeavouring to shew that the name of Salomon de Caus ought to be substituted for that of the Marquess of Worcester, as giving the first suggestion of the steam-engine.

Polish Tongue.—We are afraid we have misled our contemporaries with regard to the termination of the great Polish general's name, while setting them right in the pronunciation of the first syllable: it is spelt and pronounced *netski*, not *neckl*.

Portuguese and Latin Languages.—The following verses are both Latin and Portuguese:

Canto tuas palmas, famosos canto trumphos,
Ursula divinos martyr concede favores,
Subjectas sacra nympha feros animosa tiranos
Tu Phœnix vivendo ardes, ardendo triumphos
Illustres generosa choros das Ursula, bellas
Das rosa bella rosas, fortes das sancta columnas
Æternas vivas annos o regia planta
Devotos cantando hymnos, vos invoco sanctas
Tuas puras nymphas emo, adoro, canto, celebro
Per vos felices annos, o candida turba
Per vos innumeros de Christo spero favores.

I do not know any other living language between which and the Latin so strong an affinity could be traced and exemplified. G. D.

Motto.—The old barons of Couci had a motto which perhaps carried the proud humility of the haughty and independent knight to its height:

"Je ne suis roi, ni prince aussi;
Je suis le Seigneur de Couci."

They ought to have written below,

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Anatomy of the Eye in the Lizard Tribe.—The eye of the gecko has been found by Müller to be provided with the same lachrymal capsule which Jules Cloquet has described in serpents. They are the only Saurian animals which present this peculiarity.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXII. May 28.]

Major Ricketts is preparing for publication, a Narrative of the Ashantee War, including the particulars of the Capture and Massacre of Sir Charles M'Carthey, &c. &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Beal's Observations on Distortions of the Spine, 8vo. 5*s.* sewed.—Ten Etchings illustrative of the Devil's Walk, by Thomas Landseer, imp. 4to. hf.-bd. roan, Prints 15*s.*; colomb. 4to. Proofs 21*s.*; Whately's Lectures on Political Economy, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Vaughan's Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Ritchie's Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Atherton; a Tale of the Last Century, by the Author of Rank and Talent, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Pestalozzi and his Plan of Education, by Dr. Biber, 8vo. 14*s.* cloth.—Selections from Wordsworth, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Maitland on the Romans, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—De Luc's Letters on Geology, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Rose's Sermons preached at Cambridge in 1830-31, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. 18, (Horace, Vol. II.), 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hughes's Divines, No. 13, (Jeremy Taylor, Vol. I.), 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Epitome of Literature, No. 3, (Locke on the Understanding), 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Price's Practice in the Exchequer of Pleas, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Standard Novels, Vol. IV. (Thaddeus of Warsaw), 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—National Library, Vol. 10, (Thomson's History of Chemistry, Vol. II.), 12mo. 6*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

May.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 19	From 47. to 64.	29·61 to 29·66
Friday 20	—— 49. — 69.	29·75 — 29·78
Saturday.. 21	—— 46. — 63.	29·79 — 29·88
Sunday.... 22	—— 47. — 70.	29·90 — 29·93
Monday .. 23	—— 49. — 74.	29·90 — 29·62
Tuesday .. 24	—— 48. — 77.	29·80 — 29·78
Wednesday 25	—— 50. — 74.	29·62 — 29·78

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Alternately clear and cloudy. Rain fell in the afternoon of the 19th; also in the evening of the 23d, accompanied by heavy thunder and a few flashes of lightning.

Rain fallen, ·25 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. April 1831.

Thermometer—Highest.....	64·50°
Lowest	28·
Mean	46·36666
Barometer—Highest.....	29·20
Lowest	28·93
Mean	29·45252

Number of days of rain, 11.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 1·27625.

Winds.—2 East—2 West—7 North—2 South—4 North-east—6 South-east—3 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—Although the range of the thermometer was not so great as last year, yet the mean was higher, and much above the average. The barometer has not attained so great a height, as respects the maximum, since 1824; but the mean was lower than any one for the same month in the last eight years, excepting 1829—the quantity of rain considerably less than in the last three years—the fine weather in the middle of the month began and ended with thunder-storms, which occurred on the 12th and 23d. More rain has fallen between the 1st of January and the end of April than in any one year in the same period for eight years. The evaporation 0·31875 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have had communications respecting our review of the Life of Lawrence from so many quarters—they are so conflicting and irreconcilable with each other—and some of them are so late in the week, as to make it impossible for us to institute requisite inquiry: we are, therefore, induced to defer any farther notice of the subject till our next.

To P.—Captain Morris's songs have never, we believe, been collected: we have heard that their copy-right was intended as a legacy. We have no idea of "the Thorn's" being written by Burns.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—In your notice of the publication of my tragic drama of *the Pledge*, you speak of a "dreadful situation" to which, from a passage of the preface, the circumstances related therein are supposed to have reduced me. The expression a little startled me; and however I may have suffered from the circumstances in question, and much as I feel obliged to so earnest an advocate as I have found in the *Literary Gazette*, yet, as the passage you no doubt allude to would seem to imply on my part absurd weakness or exaggeration, you will excuse my troubling you to state that it is exposed to that construction from an unaccountable error, or rather alteration, of the press, after it had past my revisal. The passage, I apprehend, is the following: "The equity of the case was another matter; *that* I was to seek in a court, whither the loss of three hundred pounds was not likely to drive a *poor* man, *out of his senses.*" A note of errata annexed to the later copies directs that for "*out of* his senses" be read "*in* his senses." Yours, &c. JAMES KENNEY.

Erratum.—Page 322, col. 1, note at bottom, *for* "bard," *read* "band."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

TO ARTISTS.—Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Hants Picture Gallery, Southampton.

H. Buchan, Proprietor, informs Artists, that, in consequence of the British Gallery not closing till the 28th of May, Pictures will be received at the above Gallery till the 20th of June, instead of the 20th of May, as per Circular addressed to Artists.

All Works of Art sent by Messrs. Smith and Co.'s Waggon, from Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane, or the Spread Eagle, Piccadilly, will go free of expense.

If any reference is required, apply to Messrs. Rowny and Forster, 51, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS to be Engraved in LODGE'S PORTRAITS and MEMOIRS of the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES of BRITISH HISTORY—Open Daily, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East, London.

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Persons residing in the Country, and intending to visit the Metropolis, may obtain Tickets of Admission, free of any expense, from the principal Booksellers throughout the Kingdom.

"In the overwhelming masses of trash which are weekly, if not hourly, pouring in upon the republic of literature, it is pleasing to alight upon such productions as this, which cheer and guide us, like friendly watchfires, across a country of darkness and peril."—Dibdin's *Library Companion*, 2d edition, p. 516, in review of "Lodge's Portraits."

TO BOOKSELLERS and OTHERS.—To be disposed of, the Good-will of a highly respectable Bookseller's Business, of a number of Years standing. The Person applying must be of undoubted respectability, and possessed of about Two Thousand Pounds.

Letters only, post-paid, addressed to Messrs. Stevens and Son, 36, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, will be attended to.

New Publications.

By R. Ackermann, 96, Strand.

A PANORAMIC VIEW round the REGENT'S PARK; a faithful Representation of the elegant Buildings and interesting Objects of that delightful Spot. Length, 18½ feet. Highly coloured, in a folio, price 30*s.*; in a circular Tonbridge Case, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Six coloured Views on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, with a Plate of the Coaches, Machines, &c. from Drawings made on the Spot. By Mr. T. T. Bury. 15*s.*

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New Borders for Transferring various Designs, 2*s.* per Sheet.

N.B. Large Collections of Subjects for transferring constantly imported from France. White Wood Articles of every description.

The Dairy Maid. Engraved in Mezzotint by W. Say, Engraver to His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, after a Picture by James Ward, R.A. in the possession of George Morant, Esq. Size, 12½ inches by 10½. Price of Prints, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Proofs, 15*s.*

The Tight Shoe, from the original Picture in the Collection of John Marshall, Esq. of Hallstead, Cumberland. Painted by Henry Richter; engraved in Mezzotint by H. Richter and T. F. Quilley. Size, 18½ inches by 13½. Prints, 12*s.*; Proofs, 21*s.*; Proofs before letters, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

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Miss M. Tree, as Viola. Painted and engraved by J. Mills. Size, 8½ inches by 6½. Price, plain, 5*s.*; beautifully coloured, 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Broken Vow, highly coloured. Size, 6½ inches by 4½. Price 3*s.*

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness, &c.; to which are added, the First, Second, and Final Appeal to the Christian Public, in Reply to the Observations of Dr. Marshman, of Serampore. By Rammohun Roy. Printed at Calcutta. Reprinted in London, and forming Vol. VIII. of Unitarian Tracts.

THIS volume is quite out of print.

Its remarkable author is now in London, engaged on high political, moral, and useful objects, which are likely to have much influence on the future condition of our vast Indian empire. He is himself, consequently, a person of great public interest, and in communication with many of the leading characters of the age.

The visit of a Brahmin, of a superior caste, to England, is itself a rare, almost a unique occurrence; and when we find that he is also a profound scholar—that he is a convert to Protestantism—that he has written and published an account of his proselytism, stated and maintained his opinions, and is directing his views with great activity and force to their diffusion over the Hindu and Mahometan world;—it must, we think, be acknowledged, that, without breaking through our rule of taking no part in religious controversy, we are rendering an acceptable service to readers, to the country at large, to literature, and to true religion, in bringing forward an historical notice of this distinguished individual and his works.

In order to do so more strikingly, we have caused his portrait, and a fac-simile of his handwriting, to be copied for this paper. Having had the pleasure of being introduced to, and conversing with him, we can also vouch for his general acquaintance with the best class of English learning, and the facility with which he expresses himself in our language. His countenance is dark; the eye, as in most Asiatics, very fine; his notions of many subjects, to a European understanding in particular, singularly new and interesting.

Rammohun Roy, like Joanna Baillie,* is a Unitarian, but differing on one essential point from the doctrines of that sect.† He "was born about the year 1780, at Bordouan, in the province of Bengal. The first elements of his education he received under his paternal roof, where he also acquired a knowledge of the Persian language. He was afterwards sent to Patna to learn Arabic; and here, through the medium of Arabic translations of Aristotle and Euclid, he studied logic and the mathematics. When he had completed these studies he went to Calcutta, to learn Sanscrit, the sacred language of the Hindoo Scriptures; the knowledge of which was indispensable [not entirely—*Ed. L. G.*] to his caste and profession as a Brahmin. About the year 1804 or 1805 he became possessed, by the death of his father and of an elder and younger brother, of the whole of the family property, which is understood to have been very considerable. He now quitted Bordouan, and fixed his residence at Mourshedabad, where his ancestors had chiefly lived. Shortly after his settlement at this place he commenced his literary career, by the publication of a work in the Persian language, with a preface in Arabic, which he intituled, 'Against the Idolatry of all Religions.' The freedom with which he animadverted on their respective systems gave great umbrage both to the Mahommedans and the Hindoos, and created him so many enemies, that he found it necessary to remove to Calcutta, where he again took up his residence in the year 1814. Two years previously to this period, he had begun to study the English language; but he did not then apply to it with much ardour or success. Being some years subsequently appointed dewan, or chief native officer in the collection of the revenues, and the duties of his office affording him frequent opportunities of mixing with English society, and of reading English documents, he applied to it with increased attention, and very soon qualified himself to speak and write it with considerable facility, correctness, and elegance. He afterwards studied the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages: of his proficiency in the two last of these he has given very decisive evidence in the tracts which are here published. From his first work, 'Against the Idolatry of all Nations,' it is evident that he had been led at an early period of life to regard with disapprobation the monstrous and debasing system of idolatry which was embraced by his countrymen. A careful study of the sacred writings of the Hindoos had also convinced him that the prevailing notions respecting the multiplicity of deities, and the superstitious devotion to the licentious and inhuman customs connected with them, were grounded upon an utter ignorance or gross perversion of their religion. These original records appeared to him to inculcate a system of pure theism, which maintained the existence of one sole God, infinite in his perfections, and eternal in his duration; and that it required from its professors a mental rather than a corporeal worship, accompanied by strict and exemplary virtue. Having embraced these views of the Hindoo theology and morals, he became anxious to reform the creed and practice of his countrymen, and determined to devote his talents and his fortune to this important and honourable undertaking."

Thus says the preface; and it goes on to mention his publications touching the *Veds*, which comprise the body of Hindoo theology; but the consideration of which does not come within the scope of this article. Deeply impressed with the conviction, that his countrymen were capable of better things than idolatry, accompanied by self-destruction and the immolation of their nearest relations, he produced, as he tells us, genuine translations of such parts of the Scriptures as inculcate not only the enlightened worship of one God, but the purest principles of morality, together with notices addressed against the arguments of Brahmins in defence of their system. These are extracted from the books of the New Testament, ascribed to the four Evangelists, and make the first publication above enumerated; the succeeding appeals being answers to the strictures which they first provoked from the pen of Dr. Marshman.

It appears that the doctrine of the Trinity is deemed by Rammohun Roy to be a species of polytheism, not "quite as objectionable" as the Unitarian writer of the preface, page xiii., states, "as the polytheism of the Hindoos"—but still, though much purified, not only objectionable, but calculated to prevent the adoption of what he considered to be a better Christian faith by the natives of Hindostan.

In his introduction to "the Precepts," Rammohun Roy gives the following reasons for confining himself chiefly to the moral precepts of the Evangelists.

"Voluminous works, written by learned men of particular sects, for the purpose of establishing the truth, consistency, rationality, and priority of their own peculiar doctrines, contain such a variety of arguments, that I cannot hope to be able to adduce here any new reasonings of sufficient novelty and force to attract the notice of my readers. Besides, in matters of religion particularly, men in general, through prejudice and partiality to the opinions which they once form, pay little or no attention to opposite sentiments (however reasonable they may be), and often turn a deaf ear to what is most consistent with the laws of nature, and conformable to the dictates of human reason and divine revelation. At the same time, to those who are not biassed by prejudice, and who are, by the grace of God, open to conviction, a simple enumeration and statement of the respective tenets of different sects may be a sufficient guide to direct their inquiries in ascertaining which of them is the most consistent with the sacred traditions, and most acceptable to common sense. For these reasons I decline entering into any discussion on those points, and confine my attention at present to the task of laying before my fellow-creatures the words of Christ, with a translation from the English into Sungskrit and the language of Bengal. I feel persuaded that by separating from the other matters contained in the New Testament the moral precepts found in that book, these will be more likely to produce the desirable effect of improving the hearts and minds of men of different persuasions and degrees of understanding. For historical and some other

* We confess to not being strictly acquainted with the varieties of sectarian differences, nor their nice limits;—the annexed note, no doubt, sets us right; and we know, from the MS., it is of very high authority. We, of course, insert it with pleasure.—*Ed. L. G.*

"A constant reader of the *Literary Gazette* requests the Editor to correct a mistatement in page 343 of the last Number. Joanna Baillie is not an Unitarian. She expressly disclaims their doctrines (in p. 129 of her Tract), as at variance with so many plain passages of Scripture, that it cannot be considered as standing on any solid foundation. She is an Arian of Dr. Clarke's school."

† The Unitarians in England hold "the proper humanity of Christ", as one of their fundamental tenets; Rammohun Roy, on the contrary, maintains his "pre-existence and super-angelic rank and dignity."

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passages are liable to the doubts and disputes of free-thinkers and anti-Christians, especially miraculous relations, which are much less wonderful than the fabricated tales handed down to the natives of Asia, and consequently would be apt at best to carry little weight with them. On the contrary, moral doctrines, tending evidently to the maintenance of the peace and harmony of mankind at large, are beyond the reach of metaphysical perversion, and intelligible alike to the learned and to the unlearned. This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate men's ideas to high and liberal notions of one God, who has equally subjected all living creatures, without distinction of cast, rank, or wealth, to change, disappointment, pain, and death, and has equally admitted all to be partakers of the bountiful mercies which he has lavished over nature, and is also so well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves, and to society, that I cannot but hope the best effects from its promulgation in the present form."

Nearly a hundred pages are devoted to the extracts so introduced; and this pamphlet, as we have observed, attracted the attention, and challenged the animadversions, of Dr. Marshman, in a periodical called the *Friend of India*. To these Rammohun replied; and we ought here to observe, that, not having Dr. M.'s remarks before us, but only such passages as are quoted by his adversary for the purpose of refutation, our notice must of necessity be *ex parte*; though it is but fair at the same time to acknowledge, that we never in any controversy met with more evident signs of a spirit imbued with a love of truth for the sake of truth, or altogether more liberal and candid, than in the learned orientalist in question. The Christian Dr. M. manfully upholds the Trinitarian faith, and contends that Rammohun Roy's system of morals would be most inefficient in teaching men either their duties to their fellow-creatures, or to their Creator: the Hindoo convert, on the other hand, is all for good works, and denies that faith in what is incomprehensible is necessary. "What," he argues, "are *those sayings*, the obedience to which is so absolutely commanded as indispensable and all-sufficient to those who desire to inherit eternal life? They are no other than the blessed and benign moral doctrines taught in the sermon on the mount (contained in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of Matthew), which include, therefore, every duty of man, and all that is necessary to salvation; and they expressly exclude mere profession or belief, from those circumstances which God graciously admits as giving a title to eternal happiness. Neither in this, nor in any other part of the New Testament, can we find a commandment similarly enjoining a knowledge of any of the mysteries or historical relations contained in those books. It is, besides, plainly stated, that but a very small portion of the works of Jesus have been handed down to us by the Evangelists. John says, at the conclusion of his gospel, ch. xxi. ver. 25, 'There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.' On the other hand, we cannot doubt that the whole spirit of his doctrines has been faithfully and fully recorded. The reason of this appears obvious:—miracles must have had a powerful effect on the minds of those who witnessed them, and who, without some such evidence, were disposed to question the authority of the teacher of those doctrines. John, ch. xv. ver. 23: 'The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me.' Ver. 37 and 38: 'If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works.' Had his doctrines of themselves made their due impression, the aid of miracles would not have been requisite, nor had recourse to. In this country, the bare report of such miracles could have given no support to the weight of the doctrines; for, as the compiler has stated in his introduction, miracles infinitely more wonderful are related of their gods and saints, on authorities that the Hindoos must deem superior to those of the apostles. We are taught by revelation, as well as education, to ascribe to the Deity the perfection of those attributes which are esteemed excellent amongst mankind. And according to those ideas it must surely appear more consistent with the justice of the Sovereign Ruler, that he should admit to mercy those of his subjects who, acknowledging his authority, have endeavoured to obey his laws, or shewn contrition when they have fallen short of their duty and love, than that he should select for favour those whose claims rest on having acquired particular ideas of his nature, and of the origin of his Son, and of what afflictions that Son may have suffered in behalf of his people. If the reviewer and editor will continue to resist both authority and common sense, I must be content to take leave of them with the following words (Luke, ch. xviii.): 'And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'"

It is a lamentable thing to think how far the conduct in life of both Trinitarians and Unitarians is from squaring with their professions; how strong a case they put into the mouths of the enemies of all religion, by the contrast between their actions and doctrines! Look around and see the miserable hardness of heart practised by the disciples of a gospel of love; look at the rascality and selfishness of those who make a display of their piety, and pretend to do as they would be done by. What fills our prisons with guilt and wretchedness? what dooms the mass of the lower orders to poverty, suffering, and starvation? in thousands of instances the relentless persecution of Christian creditors, the inhuman indulgences of pampered wealth, which yet scrupulously observes the Sabbath, and subscribes to the creed of charity! It is monstrous; but so common, that mankind have ceased to wonder at it. Is it surprising, then, that a Brahmin should be prone to reject those claimants to a superior faith, whose lives are only the more inconsistent the higher those claims are advanced?

"Besides (he adds, and it is a picture of missionary proceedings which well merits consideration), the compiler (*i.e.* Rammohun Roy), residing in the same spot where European missionary gentlemen and others for a period of upwards of twenty years have been, with a view to promote Christianity, distributing in vain amongst the natives numberless copies of the complete Bible, written in different languages, could not be altogether ignorant of the causes of their disappointment. He, however, never doubted their zeal for the promulgation of Christianity, nor the accuracy of their statement with regard to immense sums of money being annually expended in preparing vast numbers of copies of the Scriptures: but he has seen with regret, that they have completely counteracted their own benevolent efforts, by introducing all the dogmas and mysteries taught in Christian churches to people by no means prepared to receive them; and that they have been so incautious and inconsiderate in their attempts to enlighten the natives of India, as to address their instructions to them in the same way as if they were reasoning with persons brought up in a Christian country, with those dogmatical notions imbibed from their infancy. The consequence has been, that the natives in general, instead of benefiting by the perusal of the Bible, copies of which they always receive gratuitously, exchange them very often for blank paper, and generally use several of the dogmatical terms in their native language as a mark of slight in an irreverent manner; the mention of which is repugnant to my feelings. Sabat, an eminently learned, but grossly unprincipled Arab, whom our divines supposed that they had converted to Christianity, and whom they of course instructed in all the dogmas and doctrines, wrote a few years ago a treatise in Arabic against those very dogmas, and printed himself and published several hundred copies of this work. And another Moosulman, of the name of Ena'et Ahmud, a man of respectable family, who is still alive, speedily returned to Mohummudanism from Christianity, pleading that he had not been able to reconcile to his understanding certain dogmas which were imparted to him. It has been owing to their beginning with the introduction of mysterious dogmas, and of relations that at first sight appear incredible, that, notwithstanding every exertion on the part of our divines, I am not aware that we can find a single respectable Moosulman or Hindoo, who were not in want of the common comforts of life, once glorified with the truth of Christianity, constantly adhering to it. Of the few hundred natives who have been nominally converted to Christianity, and who have been generally of the most ignorant class, there is ground to suspect that the greater number have been allured to change their faith by other attractions than by a conviction of the truth and reasonableness of those dogmas; as we find nearly all of them are employed or fed by their spiritual teachers, and in case of neglect are apt to manifest a rebellious spirit;—a circumstance which is well known to the compiler from several local facts, as well as from the following occurrence:—About three years ago, the compiler, on his visit to an English gentleman, who is still residing in the vicinity of Calcutta, saw a great number of Christian converts with a petition, which they intended to present to the highest ecclesiastical authority, stating, that their teachers, through false promises of advancement, had induced them to give up their ancient religion. The compiler felt indignant at their presumption, and suggested to the gentleman, as a friend, the propriety of not countenancing a set of men, who, from their own declaration, seemed so unprincipled. The missionaries themselves are as well aware as the compiler, that those very dogmas are the points which the people always select as the most proper for attack, both in their oral and written controversies with Christian teachers; all of which, if required, the compiler is prepared to prove by the most unquestionable testimony. Under these circumstances, the compiler published such sayings of Christ as he thought intelligible to all, conveying conviction with them, and best calculated to lead mankind to universal love and harmony; not dwelling upon those matters, an observance of which is not absolutely or-

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dained, and the interpretations of which, instead of introducing peace and happiness, have generally given rise to disputes and controversies."

We must again explicitly guard ourselves against being supposed to espouse any side in the argument we are illustrating: *first*, we could not do so fairly, as we have only one of the reasoners before us; *secondly*, there are, no doubt, far more competent men to reply to him among the learned and pious of our church, than any answer to which his opinions have yet been exposed; and, *thirdly*, we are ourselves utterly incompetent to the task. Nor, we trust, shall we be called a partisan, because we have lent our widely diffused Journal to disseminate the knowledge of this controversy; the subject is of the deepest importance; and, as the author is revising his works for publication in London, they must immediately demand the anxious vindication of our church from some of its brightest ornaments.

That the omnipresent God, who is the only proper object of religious veneration, is one and undivided in person, is too ably maintained by Rammohun Roy to admit of any possibility but that his tenets will create a very great sensation in the Christian world; it is on this ground that we humbly pioneer the way, and lay before it his leading principles. We shall now, therefore, conclude with a few extracts, merely indicating what they are. The following throws (at least, to us) a new light upon the religion of Mahomet:—

Dr. M. had asked—"'Did Mohummud, arrogant as he was, ever make such a declaration as Jesus did—namely, that 'I am with you always, even to the end of the world?' I will not (replies his opponent) renew the subject, as it has been already discussed in examining the first position. I only intreat the attention of the editor to the following assertions of Mohummud, known to almost all Moossulmans who have the least knowledge of their own religion: ان الله عز وجل بعثني رحمة وهدي للعالمين "Truly the great and glorious God raised me as *mercy* and *guidance* to *worlds*.' كنت اول النبيين في الخلق واخرهم في البعث 'I *was the first* of all prophets in creation, and the last in appearance.' كنت نبيا وادم في انمأ والطين 'I was a prophet when Adam was in earth and water.' انا سيد المرسلين ولا فخر فيه 'I am the Lord of those that were sent by God. This is no boast to me.' انما ظلي علي روس امتي 'My shadow is on the head only of my followers.' من رأني فقد رأ الله 'He who has seen me has seen God.' من اطاعني فقد اطاع الله ومن عصاني فعصي الله 'He who has obeyed me, has obeyed God; and he who has sinned against me, has sinned against God.' It is, however, fortunate for Moossulmans, that, from want of intimate familiarity and intimate connexion between the primitive Mohummudans and their contemporary heathens, the doctrines of Monotheism taught by Mohummud, and entertained by his followers, have not been corrupted by polytheistical notions of Pagans, nor have heathen modes of worship or festivals been introduced among Moossulmans of Arabia and Turkey as a part of their religion. Besides, metaphorical expressions having been very common among oriental nations, Mohummuddans could not fail to understand them in their proper sense, although these expressions may throw great difficulty in the way of an European commentator even of profound learning."

The reasoning upon miracles is interesting, as expounding several Hindoo articles of belief.

"As this discussion (says the writer) applies to the evidence of miracles generally, it may be worth considering. Arguments adduced by the editor amount to this: 'If all social, political, mercantile, and judicial transactions be allowed to rest upon testimony; why should not the validity of Christian miracles be concluded from the testimony of the apostles and of others, and be relied upon by all the nations of the world?' The editor must be well aware that the enemies to revelation draw a line of distinction on the subject of proofs by testimony, between the current events of nature familiar to the senses of mankind, and within the scope of human exertions; and extraordinary facts beyond the limits of common experience, and ascribed to a direct interposition of Divine power suspending the usual course of nature. If all assertions were to be indiscriminately admitted as facts, merely because they are testified by numbers, how can we dispute the truth of those miracles which are said to have been performed by persons esteemed holy amongst natives of this country? The compiler has never placed the miracles related in the New Testament on a footing with the extravagant tales of his countrymen, but distinctly expressed his persuasion that they (Christian miracles) would be apt at best to carry little weight with those whose imaginations had been accustomed to dwell on narrations much more wonderful, and supported by testimony which they have been taught to regard with a reverence that they cannot be expected all at once to bestow on the apostles. The very same line of argument, indeed, pursued by the editor would equally avail the Hindoos. Have they not accounts and records handed down to them relating to the wonderful miracles stated to have been performed by their saints, such as Ugustyu, Vushistu, and Gotum; and their gods incarnate, such as Ram, Krishnu, and Nursingh; in presence of their contemporary friends and enemies, the wise and the ignorant, the select and the multitude? Could not the Hindoos quote in support of their narrated miracles, authorities from the histories of their most inveterate enemies the Jeins, who join the Hindoos entirely in acknowledging the truth and credibility of their miraculous accounts? The only difference which subsists between these two parties on this subject is, that the Hindoos consider the power of performing miracles given to their gods and saints by the supreme Deity, and the Jeins declare that they performed all those astonishing works by *Asooree Shukti*, or by demoniac power. Moossulmahs, on the other hand, can produce records written and testified by contemporaries of Mohummud, both friends and enemies, who are represented as eye-witnesses of the miracles ascribed to him; such as his dividing the moon into two parts, and walking in sunshine without casting a shadow. They can assert, too, that several of those witnesses suffered the greatest calamities, and some even death, in defence of that religion; some before the attempts of Mohummud at conquest, others after his commencing such attempts, and others after his death. On mature consideration of all those circumstances, the compiler hopes he may be allowed to remain still of opinion, that the miraculous relations found in the divine writings would be apt at best to carry little weight with them, when imparted to the Hindoos at large in the present state of their minds: but as no other religion can produce any thing that may stand in competition with the precepts of Jesus, much less that can be pretended to be superior to them, the compiler deemed it incumbent upon him to introduce these among his countrymen as a guide to peace and happiness."

On the mystical and sacred doctrine of the Trinity itself, we must, or our exposition would be most incomplete, quote what the author adduces.

"I have now noticed all the arguments founded on Scripture that I have heard of as advanced in support of the doctrine of the Trinity, except such as appeared to me so futile as to be unworthy of remark; and in the course of my examination have plainly stated the grounds on which I conceive them to be inadmissible. Perhaps my opinions may subject me to the severe censure of those who dissent from me, and some will be ready to discover particular motives for my presuming to differ from the great majority of Christian teachers of the present day in my view of Christianity, with the doctrines of which I have become but recently acquainted. Personal interest can hardly be alleged as likely to have actuated me, and therefore the love of distinction or notoriety may perhaps be resorted to, to account for conduct which they wish it to be believed honest conviction could never direct. In reply to such an accusation, I can only protest in the most solemn manner, that even in the belief that I have been successful in combating the doctrine of Trinitarians, I cannot assume to myself the smallest merit; for what credit can be gained in proving that one is not three, and that the same being cannot be at once man and God; or in opposing those who maintain that all who do not admit doctrines so incomprehensible must be therefore subjected by the All-merciful to eternal punishment? It is too true to be denied, that we are led by the force of the senses to believe many things that we cannot fully understand. But where the evidence of sense does not compel us, how can we believe what is not only beyond our comprehension, but contrary to it and to the common course of nature, and directly against revelation; which declares positively the unity of God, as well as his incomprehensibility; but no where ascribes to him any number of persons, or any portion of magnitude? Job, xxxvi. 26, 'Behold God is great, and we know him not.' Ch. xxxvii. 23, 'Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out.' Psalm cxlv. 3, 'His greatness is unsearchable.' Neither are my attempts owing to a strong hope of removing early impressions from the breasts of those whose education instilled certain ideas into their minds from the moment they became capable of receiving them; for notwithstanding great and long-continued exertions on my part to do away Hindoo polytheism, though palpably gross and absurd, my success has been very partial. This experience, therefore, it may be suggested, ought to have been sufficient to discourage me from any other attempt of the kind; but it is my reverence for Christianity, and for the Au-

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thor of this religion, that has induced me to endeavour to vindicate it from the charge of polytheism as far as my limited capacity and knowledge extend. It is indeed mortifying to my feelings to find a religion that from its sublime doctrines and pure morality should be respected above all other systems, reduced almost to a level with Hindoo theology, merely by human creeds and prejudices; and from this cause brought to a comparison with the paganism of ancient Greece; which, while it included a plurality of gods, yet maintained that Θεὸς εἷς ἐστι, or 'God is one,' and that their numerous divine *persons* were all comprehended in that one Deity."

In conclusion, he says:—

"Lastly, I tender my humble thanks for the editor's kind suggestion in inviting me to adopt the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; but I am sorry to find that I am unable to benefit by this advice. After I have long relinquished every idea of a plurality of gods, or of the persons of the Godhead, taught under different systems of modern Hindooism, I cannot conscientiously and consistently embrace one of a similar nature, though greatly refined by the religious reformations of modern times; since whatever arguments can be adduced against a plurality of gods, strike with equal force against the doctrine of a plurality of persons of the Godhead; and, on the other hand, whatever excuse may be pleaded in favour of a plurality of persons of the Deity, can be offered with equal propriety in defence of polytheism. I now conclude my Essay by offering up thanks to the Supreme Disposer of the events of this universe, for having unexpectedly delivered this country from the long-continued tyranny of its former rulers, and placed it under the government of the English;—a nation who not only are blessed with the enjoyment of civil and political liberty, but also interest themselves in promoting liberty and social happiness, as well as free inquiry into literary and religious subjects, among those nations to which their influence extends."

As we have offered no opinions, so neither do we add any comment. Considering this matter to be of vital importance to Christianity and to millions of our fellow-creatures, we have fulfilled our duty by bringing it barely, and on its own (general, not being able to enter upon its particular) grounds, before the public.

Satires, and the Beggar's Coin; a Poem. By J. R. Best, Esq. author of "Transalpine Memoirs," "Cuma," "Transrhenane Memoirs," &c. 12mo. pp. 174. London, 1831. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

Cuma. By the same. 8vo. pp. 261. London. Longman and Co.

THE *Beggar's Coin* is the very coinage of a busy brain—this book, a rambling medley of talent and want of method and judgment. Mr. Best is a man of impulses—an irregular genius. He writes English verses and French verses; poetry after the manner of Scott, heroic and pathetic, and humorous and satirical, and would-be humorous and satirical compositions. He is at all in the ring, and, having seen and observed a great deal, he is often amusing; though, as a whole, his efforts want the stamp of superior excellence which alone can bear such productions now-o'-days beyond the dull and sinking ordeal of public apathy.

Cuma is flanked by two maps, like a volume of travels. At the beginning, the Bay of Naples, as if the bard was at any rate determined to secure the bays; and at the end, a chart of Tartarea Regna, with Avernus, Lethe, &c. as if he did not care a jot whether he were d—d or not. Of the poems between we say nothing, for the book has been published two years, but reserve the small space we can spare to the later volume. Of the first poem we shall give only one stanza: it occurs in the description of a death-chamber in Switzerland, where a female traveller has lost her companion.

"The blast sighs round her, and the pale moon creeps
Athwart the glass; its beams all mildly fall
On the rude couch where all she cherished sleeps.
Shall she exclude those beams from her sad hall?
'No! let them play o'er him,' she says and weeps;
'For they appear to rest upon his pall
As their sweet silence pitied me.' She wept;
And, on his cold breast sinking, calmly slept."

This is enough to shew the style, and is a good specimen of the feeling of the poem, from which we also select a close translation of an ancient Venetian barcarol, which Moore has partially rendered among his National Melodies.

"Venetian Moonlight.

O, speed thee, Ninetta,
The night is so fair,
In our boat let us hasten
To quaff the cool air;
For oh! it is soothing
Along the bright sea
All silvered with moonbeams
To float silently.

How blissful the soft hour!
The moonbeams how bright!
Oh! smiling Laguna,
I'm mad with delight!
Come, come, my sweet Nina,
I' the boat let us glide,
And meet the cool breezes
That sigh o'er the tide!"

From "Modern Poetry, a Satire," we venture to quote a diatribe against "*sentiment.*"

"By heavens! it almost makes one faint to see
This bilious power enthroned a deity!
Turn where you will, peruse what page you please,
Converse, walk, dance, nay, eat your bread and cheese—
Whate'er you do, that hateful, sickly word,
That drawl of 'sentiment' is ever heard,
And ever by the jaundiced crowd adored.
Each lyric bard sheds sentimental tears;
Each youth a sentimental aspect wears;
Each poet sings of love and discontent,
And fancied griefs and sickly sentiment.
'Tis the one cant that drowns all other cant;
And every beauteous miss can now descant
Upon its precious qualities, and tell
All—all····But no, she *feels* it all too well!"

Mr. Best is equally indignant against female authors: he seems to think petticoats and poetry incompatible, and we will not contest so delicate a point. We rather take, for its novelty, a verse or two of a steam-boat melody—a parody on the Bay of Biscay O!

"See, see my noble steamer
Cut up the turnpike sea,
Though Althorpe would esteem her
Too lovely to run free.
But all mankind will own
The steam-boat reigns alone—
Ocean maid
Queen Adelaide—
Untaxed, untrammell'd, undismay'd!

Oh! who would rank above her,
That lazy-sailing ship?
The winds refuse to move her
While o'er the wave we trip.
On duteous billows borne,
The useless gale we scorn:
The sailor's craft
Rolls far abaft,
Nor pitying breeze will onward waft.
* * * *
And when mischances greet us,
As e'en mischances may,
The fishes never eat us
Like common sailors' clay.
If boilers burst, to heaven
The son of steam is driven.
To the sky
Up we fly
With caldron, fire, and smoke on high!"

Another song of the same kind, to a Venetian air.

"Oh! come with me when day-light sets,
Sweet! then come with me,
When smoothly go our steam-packets
O'er the twilight sea.
When steam extends its *radiant* spokes
Amid the glancing spray,
And high above the chimney smokes,
And steals the stars away.

Oh then's the hour for those that love,
Sweet! like thee and me,
When all's so calm below, above,
In heaven, and o'er the sea.
When fires beneath are piled with coals,
And clouds o'erhang the main,
And all with noses, eyes, and souls,
Should love the fragrance then."

Our author, indeed, is an adept at parodies; witness verse one on "I'd be a butterfly."

"I'd be a dormouse, wrapped up in cotton,
Whose every thread close around me should nest,
Sleeping for ever, the larder forgotten,
Dreaming of summer, and sunshine, and heat.
I'd never languish for cheese sound or rotten,
I'd never sigh to make use of my feet;
But I'd be a dormouse wrapped up in cotton,
Dreaming of summer, and sunshine, and heat."

But we have now done our best for Mr. Best, and conclude with only one other example of his talent.

"Thekla's Song.

"The oak-wood quivers, the clouds drive o'er,
The maiden wanders beside the green shore;
The billows dash on it with mighty sound,
And, singing aloud to the gloom around,
Her eyes mid their tears wildly roved.

Her heart is all shattered, the world is drear,
And life presents nought to hope or fear.
'Thou Holy One! call thy child from below,
I have known all the bliss the earth can bestow—
I have lived, and oh! I have loved.'

Tears speed on their current all fruitless and vain,
No mourning can waken the dead up again!
But ask what may solace and strengthen thy breast,
When the sweet love is gone that made thee so blest,
It will not be denied thee above.

Let tears speed on their current all fruitless and vain,
Though no mourning can waken the dead up again!
The sweetest of joys to the sorrowing breast,
When the dear love is gone that made it so blest,
Are the griefs and the plaints of love."

Journal of a Residence in Germany; written during a Professional Attendance on their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence (their Most Gracious Majesties), during their Visits to the Courts of that Country, in 1822, 1825, and 1826. By William Beattie, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

EVERY now and then a book seems to be published expressly to shew how much folly can be put into print. Grandiloquent in style, deficient in material, coarse in flattery, and utterly contemptible in their catchpenny spirit, Dr. Beattie's two volumes are about as wretched compilations as we remember to have met with in the course of our literary experience. But before we proceed to illustrate our assertions by specimens of the vapid inanity of the pages now before us, we must enter our protest against the execrable taste (even if it had been done with all possible grace and talent) of thus parading illustrious and royal names; and also ask, if the work, which relates occurrences as far back as 1826, were worth the publishing, why was it not given to the public before, instead of waiting for the present spring-tide of royal popularity? We have too high a respect for the illustrious personages whose names adorn the title-page before us, not to protest against their having any thing in common with pages whose pompous nothings can only be matched by their imbecile conceit. Now for the work itself; it opens like an epic poem. "The tide runs fresh—the wind is favourable. Two distinguished admirals command. The yacht is manned by able and experienced seamen—veterans who have unfurled their sails in every quarter of the globe, and to every wind of heaven." All this for a voyage to Flushing! They land, and then—"Here every day brings its pleasure or pastime." Query, the difference between the two? The

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banks of the Rhine are thus apostrophised:—"But all these are no more! The feudal lords are no more! The proud banners that crowned these castled heights are no more! The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne are no more! That illustrious army of heroines, after struggling long and courageously against the insinuations of sin and Satan—the strong current of earthly affections—have rested at last on their oars, and, like the barge on my left, passed smoothly down the stream of time into the haven of eternity." They arrived at Altenstein; and the following information is, to be sure, very important:—

"The urbanity of the court—the rational conversation of the officers—the interesting faces and unaffected manners of the ladies—the language, the voices, the uniforms—the civil and military decorations—several points of etiquette—the music—the mixed military and classic air which pervades the whole—all are new, and not more new than pleasing. * * During the eight days' journey to this country, his royal highness has not dined more than twice. He breakfasted in the morning at seven, upon tea and a simple slice of dry toast—Spartan fare, in abstinence at least, if not in substance. A slight luncheon, consisting of cold fowl, Westphalia ham, veal, or gibier—the latter a favourite viand—was prepared, and put into a small basket in the chariot. One or more of these, with bread, formed the staple banquet of the day, and were resorted to at pleasure. At night, on arriving at the inn, his royal highness took tea—and only green tea."

The style of the following is quite Homeric.

"The postilion continued his career, every moment accelerated by the increasing momentum. It was abundantly evident that Schwager could not obey. He did every thing in his power, but in vain, to check the velocity with which he was proceeding. He had by no means calculated the weight of the carriage. His leaders, as usual, had neither bit nor rein; so that he had no command over them; but, instead of driving, was dragged after them. The danger was at its height. The precipice upon which we were rushing suddenly appeared. The feeling it excited was like that of the boatman who feels himself hurried irresistibly towards the cataract of Rheinfelden. Though momentary, it left an impression of all that is sublime in fear. The leaders touched the parapet: the wheelers, by a momentary and desperate manœuvre, were thrown on their haunches, almost under the body of the carriage. They offered all the resistance which living muscle and wretched harness could oppose in such an emergency. The effort succeeded. The leaders bolted instinctively from the precipice. The carriage reeled for a moment—the wheelers sprang to their legs—the danger was over—but an instance of more imminent danger is of rare occurrence. To his lasting credit, the postilion never once lost his balance, nor his presence of mind, nor—his pipe. He excused himself very readily, by assuring us that there *was* no danger, not even at the turning."

We proceed to a few more of these *very* important details.

"Louisburg.—Friday night.—Left Künzelsau this morning at seven o'clock. Between Besigheim and Louisburg, at three leagues distance, the carriage was met by a special messenger from the queen, mounted on a fine charger; livery, bright orange with black facings. He drew himself up in front of the carriage; expressed his royal mistress's welcome; then, wheeling round, led the way to the palace, where we arrived at six o'clock.

"Saturday morning.—I am to be presented to the queen this forenoon. To be in the drawing-room at half past twelve. Her majesty dines at one. The court etiquette is to appear in boots; in other respects I am to observe the same ceremony as on a presentation at St. James's. The Comte de Goërlitz, Baron de Germmingen, and General de Buneau, the principal officers of the queen's household, have been in my apartments, and pointed out the *amenities* of the place."

Sentiment.

"During supper the windows were open, and several bats, invited by the light, entered freely and continued their evolutions during the repast; but as soon as her majesty rose from table, the winged intruders were warned to depart. All obeyed but one: he, as if assured that the royal mistress of the mansion wished every thing under her influence to live and enjoy life, obstinately resisted the voice of authority, and at last, I regret to say, paid the forfeit with his life. '*Pauvre malheureux!*' sighed a beautiful young lady; 'how readily would the royal hand have interposed even in thy behalf, had she suspected the smallest design against thy little summer existence! I heard the crush, as he placed his iron heel upon thy late happy and defenceless breast. I witnessed, and cannot forgive the act! Thy little roost under my window will be empty tomorrow! I shall have one fewer in the evening to welcome me in my forest walk! This brief life was thy immortality—the blow, therefore, doubly cruel!'

'Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns!'"

Conviction at court.

"The ball commenced. The band poured forth its liveliest airs, and set many light hearts and heels in motion. I was not long an attentive and quiet observer, till I found that the *waltz* had risen several degrees in my estimation. Like some others, *illiberal* as myself, I had contracted certain prejudices against this favourite dance, from the spurious imitations of it at home. I now felt that I had done injustice to the original;—opinions and prejudices hastily contracted are often as hastily laid aside;—in example whereof I now confess, that the waltz is the most intellectual of all dances, and most becoming a refined and sentimental people! I assert this with confidence, because my testimony is supported by that of the Baron von Gemmelhausen, with whom, on a subject of such universal interest, I feel truly proud to coincide. The accomplished waltzer has a light, airy motion,—an elasticity of toe,—an ease and elegance combined,—something difficult to express, but what every waltzer *feels* at the point of his fingers. These must ever accord to the *waltz* all its peculiar grace and sentiment, and all its title to pre-eminence. Much to the disgrace of those, whose exalted province it is to direct the steps of the rising generation, most of *our* dances are excessively formal,—made up of studied manœuvres. They inspire nothing,—lead to nothing; there is no feeling—no imagination in them. In short, they appear to have been originally invented and arranged by some grave mathematician in some of his gravest moments;—but the waltz!.... The ball was kept up with great spirit and determination. Every cheek was glowing—every eye sparkling with delight, and every heart—under the left hand of her partner. Every sylph-like figure,—each worthy of a special ode,—was kept in a perpetual airy whirl, touching the earth so lightly, that it was labour to the ear to catch the echo of her glimmering feet. In the mean time, choice refreshments continued in cheerful circulation. The air was impregnated from time to time with luxurious odours, such as accompanied Cleopatra in her voyage down the Cydnus. Conversation became more and more animated, and, if I may so express it, more personal. The garlands that hung pendent from the walls, ruffled their leaves as if stirred by the zephyrs of paradise. Every succeeding air seemed sweeter than the last. The lamps and lustres, the more they burned the brighter they burned, and seldom has their light been shed on a more delightful and delighted assembly. Illustrious rank and title presided. Beauty and worth composed the groups, and all mingled in the mazes of the dance."

We doubt whether it be possible to make human suffering more ludicrous than in the following story. Does our would-be facetious doctor remember Pope's line?

"Gentle dulness ever loves a joke."

"The fair petitioner was once happy; happy as a warm heart and ripening hopes could make her; and would have continued so: but love, in evil hour, and in the guise and gait of a French *tambour*, beat a charge upon her heart. She, poor soul, though greatly taken by surprise, made a long and desperate resistance, fully resolved that her little fortress, though all unmanned, should never succumb—at least to a French tambour. All this she said to herself, and repeated it again and again. But while she did so, the formidable *tambour* continued also to repeat his charge, rat-tat-too, all at her heart. How it happened she does not remember; but one morning, by some unaccountable oversight, she was thrown off her guard,—and what do you think the *tambour* did? He took advantage of that accident, and reiterated the siege with such precipitation, that at every roll of his drum-sticks her heart quaked, and the fears of womanhood overwhelmed her. It soon became evident that the fortress could not hold out much longer,—that was certain; yet did she neither lose her self-possession nor her ingenuity, as any other would have done. A very clever thought suggested itself—a sudden determination to make her escape! As for surrender,—did any body think for a moment that she would surrender? No; she would sooner throw herself from the window,—a desperate thought under desperate circumstances. But there was no alternative. With the bound of an antelope she leapt, and fell—into the arms of the *tambour!* Now, this was nothing less than a manœuvre of the arch-enemy of womankind. What could be done?—Nothing! Could she help it?—Certainly not! Things had come to the worst. She now felt herself a helpless damsel in the keeping of a dragon—a French *dragoon*, too, who, it is well known, is never forward in releasing his prisoner; less so, if English; and least of all, if an English damsel. Well, it could not be *very long* before there would certainly be a *peace* and a general exchange of prisoners, and *then* she would be quite sure of regaining her freedom. This was a very ingenious, comforting thought; so she determined to abide the results of an expected peace. She did so; but when that peace arrived, her peace, poor soul, was gone, *tambour* and all! Her whole surviving stock of this world's prosperity was the miniature of a *tambour*, *en grand appareil*, and another of hardly larger dimensions hanging in her arms—her little all, but *all* to her! As dear, she declared to me, as if the *one* had died with a marshal's baton in his hand, and the

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other had been appointed a little lord of the chamber to the little king of Rome! Every body was struck with her appearance, and deeply affected by her story. None had the heart to reproach her. She looked so piteously in her child's face, and then at the speaker, that one could not in conscience expect her to be sorry for what she had done. Enough of sorrows may be yet in store for her. It was not our province to censure, but to impart, where we could, a little sunshine, a little comfort, and a little encouragement. These were severally communicated. The illustrious travellers made her a liberal donation; the example was followed by others; and, in bestowing this welcome bounty, accompanied with a seasonable maxim, she dropped me a low curtsy, and, modestly shutting her eyes to prevent, no doubt, the escape of tears in the presence of strangers, promised me in pathetic terms *never to do so any more!* then, fondling her little *tambour*, whispered, 'Viens, mon petit, maintenant je saurai t'acheter un beau tambour! Ah, pauvre malheureux! que ton papa savait battre le tambour! Que je me rappelle de ses *baguettes!*' In less than half an hour they were in front of the Wiedenhof—the young *tambour* and his mamma—the former with an instrument of sound as large as life, and shaped like a half cask of Hocheimer, which ever and anon the little urchin tattooed with a taste and effect which made a powerful impression upon every ear. For my own part I was more affected by the circumstance than the music. I look upon *precocity* of talent in general as a melancholy omen—a thing to excite more apprehension than hope. In the vocabulary of human life, brightness too often implies brevity,—and here was a case in point."

This is at once too good and too bad. We have not space to quote the whole of the nonsense of a scene of Aix-la-Chapelle: we shall only give the introduction.

"*Aix-la-Chapelle*, Saturday.—The case was distressing, the scene such as the eye shrinks from with horror. I may safely assert, that there was not one dry cheek among the bystanders. * * *

"The silent agony of the moment was not relieved by a single expression; the very function of respiration seemed for the time suspended: the expression of a Niobe was nothing to this! As in the natural world the electric flash is often followed by the thunder and the shower, so it happened on the present occasion,—the first electric shock of grief and astonishment was succeeded by tears. These, however, did not flow in silence, but were interrupted by bitter invectives against some person or persons unknown. Despair is often productive of a courage which would astonish those who are well with themselves and the world, and know not what it is to have lost their all. It was far otherwise with the lady who there stood with clasped hands and streaming eyes, like one of those weeping Magdalenes whom it is more dangerous to encounter in sorrow than in smiles. Raphael knew this; but had he ever met with a scene like the present, it had been worth five thousand louis. She had courage such as despair only could inspire."

We beg leave to inform our readers, that all these fine phrases usher in an accident which has happened at the custom-house, where some ink has been spilt over a lady's dresses. Truly the ensuing intelligence is well worth printing!

"7th.—To-day I had the honour of dining at *half-past one* with the duchess dowager, at her villa in the garden. A small domestic circle. Dinner in good *English* taste, roast beef, fried potatoes, an excellent rice-pudding, &c. * *

"Friday, 8th.—I had the honour to dine with the duke and duchess at the palace, by special invitation. Dinner at *half-past two.*"

"Thursday, 14th.—An interesting forenoon's amusement to-day. The prince invited his royal highness to visit the culinary department, and the wine cellars under the ground floor of the château. * * *

"In a room near the kitchen, we were surprised to find a handsome *déjeûner à la fourchette.* It consisted of a variety of made dishes, comfits, pâtés, côtelettes, with several kinds of wines served during the repast; including a specimen of very old Madeira. * * *

"30th.—I am honoured with an invitation to dine with their serene highnesses at their villa. There is to be another ball at court one of these evenings: some of the splendid dresses intended to be worn on the occasion have been obligingly shewn me, and I have exclaimed again and again, *Magnificent!* * * *

"One of these days I am to visit the ruins of the Hennéberg, for which purpose his serene highness yesterday at dinner offered me the use of his *droshka.* 18th.—A splendid ball was last night given at court. * * *

"22d.—To-night, a splendid ball was given by the duchess dowager at her villa. His serene highness and his sister, the Duchess of Clarence, led off the dance. The prince appeared, as usual, to great advantage in his hussar uniform.

"*Nonnenwerder, 4th.*—The dessert was on the table,—not abundant, but choice and fresh gathered. The wine with which it was served bore the date of the comet vintage, and at once established its character and especial claims to the patronage of strangers. The landlord's daughters entered the apartment with bouquets of flowers, which they had just culled, and now presented to the ladies of the party. They were the latest of the spring; surviving, by some weeks, that fragrant family in whose sweet fellowship they had sprung up,—breathed their vernal sweets,—and which they were now speedily following to the earth. The minstrel Frauenlob was of our party, and observed that their fate was an enviable one! No one seemed to comprehend his meaning, yet no one asked him to explain. I observed, however, that, on receiving the flowers, the ladies had deposited them, in their dying moments, in a situation which was by no means unlikely to excite a feeling of jealousy in the minstrel's very susceptible mind; and to this I am inclined to refer the solution of his singular apostrophe. The hour was peculiarly favourable to sentiments of a pathetic cast. Thus delicately excited, they became infectious."

This leads to the recital of the old legend of Roland, particularly ill-told. A morning at Wirtemburgh.

"Between six and seven o'clock at latest, breakfast is served to each member of the household in his respective chamber, after the French fashion. It consists of coffee, warm milk, and fresh rolls, and is left on the toilet-table for the solitary repast of the inmate or guest. The social breakfast of England is unknown in this country, unless where occasionally introduced. The queen and her ladies all follow the national custom of breakfasting thus early and alone. From this hour till dinner is allotted as the season for business or study. The ladies enjoy the comfort of dishabille, knitting, and needle-work; the gentlemen that of their dressing-gown, a novel, and a sofa. Unless on extraordinary occasions, it is rare that either quit their apartment much before the hour of dinner. This, however, does not preclude friendly and familiar visits. The ladies are not afraid of being surprised in the disguise of a morning dress, or with their temples clustered with papillots. They do not comprehend how a visit under such circumstances should frighten them from their strict propriety, or make them blush to appear,—as the finest forms of ancient Greece appeared,—undistorted by modern corsets—the dictates of a barbarous fashion,—which, originally intended as a corrective for spinal obliquity, became a fruitful cause of it;—that is, till the recent and immortal Calisthenics were introduced! * * * *

"The party was now at tea; her majesty seated in an arm-chair upon a nicely-sanded floor; his royal highness at her right hand; a table in the centre with the tea equipage; a boiling kettle in the middle; and three of the ladies of honour seated round it: the gentlemen and myself standing near the window. * *

"Sunday, May 21st, 1826.—Their royal highnesses embarked on board the Sovereign yacht. Monday.—Landed at Calais; received by the mayor, and Mr. Marshall, the British consul; and shortly after set off and slept at St. Omer's, *à l'Ancienne Poste.* Tuesday.—Left St. Omer's, and slept at Lille. Wednesday.—Left Lille at seven o'clock; the day wet throughout; *Paries indicat uvida suspendisse vestimenta.* Slept at Brussels. Thursday.—Slept at the *Pavillon Anglais*, Liege. Friday.—Passed through Aix-la-Chapelle, and slept at the *Rhienberg*, Cologne."

A great deal of wretched poetry is scattered through these trifling pages: we give a sample.

"Saturday.—To-day an anecdote was told me in the following terms:—It relates to the capture of a forest beauty of great celebrity by a modern troubadour, thereby offering an additional and pleasing testimony to the power of music. The words are adapted to a lively Saxon air.

Unnumbered lays had sung her praise,
Her sparkling eye and rosy tint!
Each varied grace of form and face,
But never told the roguery in't!

All wooed the dame; for never came
A brighter form from beauty's mint!
Graf, ritter, squire, were all on fire,
But sighed at last, there's roguery in't!

'Now mark me well,' said Blumenzell,
'Full well I know to fire a flint!'
Ah, luckless spark, he miss'd his mark!
Then sternly swore, there's roguery in't!

A forest bard, unhelm'd, unstarr'd,
Of music softly tried the dint:
'I scorn,' said she, 'thy minstrelsy,
For well I know there's roguery in't!'

The chord he smote, a thrilling note
Dissolv'd her snow, she took the hint:
A murmur slips her rosy lips—
'That song,' she sighed, 'has roguery in't!'

The song was sung, the harp was hung
With garland wreaths of richest tint;
The priest is there, to bless the pair,
And whispers me, 'there's marriage in't.'"

We have now given ample proof to support the assertion with which we commenced, and we gladly leave this very ridiculous performance.

National Library, Vol. X. Thomson's History of Chemistry, Vol. II. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THE conclusion of Dr. T. Thomson's excellent and justly popular work. The last chapter, though short (about sixteen pages), is particularly valuable as a map of the present state of chemistry. Leaving out of view light, heat, and electricity, respecting the nature of which only conjectures can be formed, Dr. T. classes the fifty-three simple bodies with which we are

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now acquainted into five *supporters*, seventeen *acidifiable* and thirty-one *alkalifiable* bases. He then notices some of their most important combinations, and continues:

"The opinion at present universally adopted by chemists is, that the ultimate particles of bodies consist of *atoms* incapable of further division; and these atoms are of a size almost infinitely small. It can be demonstrated that the size of an atom of lead does not amount to so much as $\frac{1}{8884920000000}$ of a cubic inch."

He points out the process by which their weight and bulk are approximated; and says:

"We have no data to enable us to determine the shape of these atoms. The most generally received opinion is, that they are spheres or spheroids; though there are difficulties in the way of admitting such an opinion, in the present state of our knowledge, nearly insurmountable. The probability is, that all the supporters have the property of uniting with all the bases, in at least three proportions. But by far the greater number of these compounds still remain unknown. * * *

"Every base is capable of uniting with almost every acid, in all probability in at least three different proportions; so that the number of salts which they are capable of forming cannot be fewer than 21,000. Now scarcely 1000 of these are at present known, or have been investigated with tolerable precision. What a prodigious field of investigation remains to be traversed must be obvious to the most careless reader. In such a number of salts, how many remain unknown that might be applied to useful purposes, either in medicine, or as mordants, or dyes, &c. How much, in all probability, will be added to the resources of mankind by such investigations, need not be observed. The animal and vegetable kingdoms present a still more tempting field of investigation. Animal and vegetable substances may be arranged under three classes, acids, alkalies, and neutrals. The class of acids presents many substances of great utility, either in the arts, or for seasoning food. The alkalies contain almost all the powerful medicines that are drawn from the vegetable kingdom. The neutral bodies are important as articles of food, and are applied, too, to many other purposes of first-rate utility. All these bodies are composed (chiefly, at least) of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and azote; substances easily procured abundantly at a cheap rate. Should chemists, in consequence of the knowledge acquired by future investigations, ever arrive at the knowledge of the mode of forming these principles from their elements at a cheap rate, the prodigious change which such a discovery would make upon the state of society must be at once evident. Mankind would be, in some measure, independent of climate and situation; every thing could be produced at pleasure in every part of the earth; and the inhabitants of the warmer regions would no longer be the exclusive possessors of comforts and conveniences to which those in less favoured regions of the earth are strangers. Let the science advance for another century with the same rapidity that it has done during the last fifty years, and it will produce effects upon society of which the present race can form no adequate idea. Even already some of these effects are beginning to develope themselves: our streets are now illuminated with gas drawn from the bowels of the earth; and the failure of the Greenland fishery, during an unfortunate season like the last, no longer fills us with dismay. What a change has been produced in the country by the introduction of steam-boats! and what a still greater improvement is at present in progress, when steam-carriages and railroads are gradually taking the place of horses and common roads. Distances will soon be reduced to one-half of what they are at present; while the diminished force and increased rate of conveyance will contribute essentially to lower the rest of our manufactures, and enable us to enter into a successful competition with other nations."

The concluding pages treat of chemistry as applicable to physiology, and are both curious and interesting. Every reader will be gratified and informed by their perusal; and to persons of all descriptions we cordially recommend this work.

Jones's English Systems of Book-keeping. London, 1831. Large 4to.

It is rather an unpleasant thing for a critic to be obliged by truth to set out with a confession, that he knows little or nothing of the subject upon which he is called to favour the world with his opinion. But so it is between Us and "Jones's Systems of Book-keeping." The book-keeping with which we are most conversant, is that practised upon us by our friends, at the expense of our library, wholesale and retail. Whether this is accomplished by single or double entry, we cannot always ascertain; but we are sure that we never see any balance sheets, and therefore we must leave the accounts to stand between the parties and their consciences till they are audited at the great audit day.

Of his own plan, Mr. Jones says, that it is calculated to prevent the frauds which could so readily be accomplished under all preceding methods of *ledger-demain;* and he submits many formulas to demonstrate this assertion. He also proclaims its simplicity, not only in the various lines of commerce, but also on that great source of evil to the public in needless expense for inefficient government accounts, so as to bring the subject in a familiar manner home to every understanding, although hitherto of great intricacy, and throwing open a wide door for losses and frauds, by false entries and expensive litigation; to say nothing of the numerous insolvencies which take place through the uncertain information which books of accounts produce, and the vast expenditure beyond the profits really gained in trade.

Such are Mr. Jones's claims; and they are, no doubt, of much commercial interest: we therefore sought advice upon them, and the report made to us we repeat:—

"It is not clear that this system does afford the facility and certainty of detecting errors, which is stated by the author; in fact it is not itself without error.* Nevertheless, it contains some important suggestions, which may be applied to the improvement of every practical mode of keeping complex and extensive accounts."

To this, we presume fair, opinion we have only to add, that we have also on our table a much smaller performance on the same matter, namely, *Morrison's General System of Mercantile Book-keeping,*† which appears to us to be singularly simple and practically effective.

While on such topics we may also as well discharge our minds of *The Executor's Account Book*, by John H. Brady,‡ late of the Legacy Duty Office, and the author of several very useful publications; who has here placed a ready-made scheme before every person undertaking the duty of an executor, likely to save much trouble, and induce much desirable clearness and order.

In conclusion, *Walker's Interest and Discount Tables,** where those who lend, and those who borrow, are promptly instructed what are the legal charges there-for.

* *An Examination of Mr. Jones's System, by a Practical Book-keeper*, and published by Simpkin and Marshall, and E. Wilson, affirms that it is altogether erroneous; and to demonstrate this, gives a ledger, in which every entry is wrong posted, and yet, according to his plan, the whole appears to be perfectly correct!!!

† London, 1830, small 4to. pp. 84. Longman and Co.

‡ Small 4to. pp. 74. Sweet.

Constable's Miscellany, LXVIII. Wilson's American Ornithology, Vol. I.

A portrait of Mr. Wilson, and a vignette of the bald eagle, adorn this first vol. of a republication which excited much interest in its original form, (see *L. G.* Reviews,) and has since largely contributed to fill many of those pages which are altogether, or partially, compiled from the labours of others. The history of the habits, and the anecdotes of birds which it contains, are extremely engaging. Some of the reflections are, perhaps, a little strained. For example, the bald eagle is denounced as a ruffianly tyrant, because he watches the fish-hawks, (ospreys,) pounces upon them, and robs them of their prey. "Thus" (says the author, for we must have a moral strain upon every thing!) "thus we see throughout the whole empire of animal life, power is almost always in a state of hostility to justice; and of the Deity only can it truly be said, that *justice* is commensurate with power." Now this is mighty fine; but it seems to us that the bald eagle is quite as much justified in taking the fish from the osprey, not injuring the latter, as the osprey is in catching the fish and eating it!! The cant of sensibility is annoying. At a late lecture at the London Literary Institution, (the *Morning Herald* tells us on Tuesday,) Dr. J. Mitchell pointed abhorrence at the man who placed pots in his house for sparrows to build in, and observed, "it was disgusting to hear the fellow express his delight at the prospect of making pies of their young." For ourselves, we so love to watch the doings of birds and beasts, that we would ten times rather preserve than destroy even the most useless; but, in plain common sense, if young sparrow-pies are good, we can detect no more reason to denounce this pot-catcher than the owner of a dovecot. A pigeon attracts the human affections quite as much as a sparrow, and yet pigeon-pie is a very common dish. So are roasted larks, wheatears, &c. &c. &c. and no sentiment about them.

Familiar German Exercises, adapted to the "Compendious German Grammar." By A. Bernays. 12mo. pp. 240. London, Treuttel and Co.

This is an exceedingly neat and well-digested volume. The exercises are well adapted to the rules, and are at the same time practical, and, for the most part, amusing. The author has done wisely in not confining himself to sentences of his own making, and in taking his pieces generally from writers like Schiller, Wieland, Kotzebue, &c. By this means he has opened the widest possible range of phrases for the practice of the student, and afforded himself the opportunity of introducing numerous notes and remarks, which give an additional value to the book. A great deal of the learner's time is saved by the German being given for the English words and idioms; so that he need not hunt for them in the dictionary, at the hazard of choosing, in nine cases out of ten, wrong

* Second edition, Simpkin and Marshall.

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ones. There is also an appendix, containing, besides other useful matter, some ingenious rules on the gender and declension of German substantives, which remove almost all the difficulties attending this subject. In short, we may safely affirm, that this volume, together with the grammar to which it belongs, offers the most complete and most practical compendium of German etymology and syntax we are acquainted with. Paper and print, too, are superior to the general run of school-books.

A Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography; for the Use of Eton School. By Aaron Arrowsmith, Hydrographer to the King, &c. 8vo. pp. 996. Eton and London, 1831. E. Williams, and others.

A VERY complete and excellent compendium—all indeed which the word implies, and replete with the information which students and readers may desire to seek. It seems (where we have consulted it for the sake of forming our judgment) to have consulted the best authorities; and, on doubtful points, it has the merit of being neither opiniative nor dogmatic, simply supplying the best intelligence in a clear and concise manner. There are good maps, and the volume is handsomely got up.

Select Works of the British Poets from Chaucer to Jonson, with Biographical Sketches. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. pp. 1016.

Select Works of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Prefaces. By Dr. Aikin. pp. 807. London: Longman and Co.

THE whole body of English poetry is compressed in these beautiful and singularly cheap volumes. The edition edited by Dr. Southey comprises that early literature which, fresh, original, and vigorous, is the "world before the flood" of those mediocre and French-formed writers, who too long occupied the place assigned the "British Poets" on our shelves. To the lovers of poetry we cordially recommend these works — they are a whole library in two volumes; and, moreover, to those readers whose love lives a little in the eye, we must observe, that the clear print and neat appearance of this edition deserve high praise. The brief preceding notices are written with Dr. Southey's accustomed good taste and elegance.

A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue; with a Praxis. By Erasmus Rask, Professor of Literary History, and Librarian to the University of Copenhagen, &c. &c. A new edition, enlarged and improved by the Author. Translated from the Danish, by B. Thorpe, Honorary Member of the Icelandic Literary Society of Copenhagen. 8vo. Copenhagen, 1830.

THERE is a superficial and a philosophical view of every subject. A little mind is attracted by the superficial, but the energies of a powerful mind are employed upon realities. From the superficial manner in which grammar has sometimes been treated, it has not always received that attention which it deserves. It is a metaphysical and very important subject, embracing an extensive field for observation. Grammar comprehends the whole structure of language. At early periods, it engaged the close attention of Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and other men of the first talent and renown. In modern times, the greatest historians, philosophers, and poets, have not thought it beneath their notice.

We pass over the due attention which has been given to other tongues, and speak now only of those which are of Gothic origin. In Holland, we have a Bilderdijk and Siegenbeek, the glory of their age; in Germany, a Grimm; in France, a Raynouard; in England, a Crombie and Turner; in Denmark, a Rask:—these, with a long train of able coadjutors, have taken an enlarged and truly philosophical view of grammar. Some of them divide languages into classes, considering the body of each class to be the same, and differing only in the mode of placing and uniting the members. Thus, the Dutch, German, Danish, Norwegian, English, &c. are the same, but differ in those connecting words and auxiliaries which most frequently occur, such as the articles, pronouns, auxiliary verbs, and connecting words. If the difference in these words be ascertained, and the permutation of certain consonants be noticed, such as the change of the Dutch, German, and Danish *d* into the English *th*, we shall find a most striking similarity in the Gothic languages.

Attention to these principles has enabled Professor Rask to produce a work of the greatest importance to Anglo-Saxon students,—a grammar formed on the true idiom of the Saxon tongue, with a constant and judicious reference to the languages of cognate origin.

The preface contains a "Critical History of the Anglo-Saxon Language, and the other Gothic Tongues." The etymological part is very comprehensive; and the remarks on orthography, on the formation of words, and on Anglo-Saxon versification, deserve great praise. The work closes with extracts from the most approved Saxon writers, and a very useful and complete verbal index.

Mr. Thorpe has performed his part well, and has rendered a great service to Saxon literature, by clothing this grammar in a becoming English dress. A translation of Mr. Rask's Icelandic Grammar, by the same able hand, would be an invaluable acquisition.

Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth; chiefly for the use of Schools and young Persons. Pp. 365. London, 1831. Moxon.

THE editor of this little volume is among Mr. Wordsworth's unbounded admirers: we doubt whether this be the best qualification for one about to make a selection from his writings, and this doubt is made a certainty by the work before us. The privilege of choice has been exercised with very little taste: really, the idiot boy Peter Bell, and Harry Gill, are unworthy specimens of the genius of one who is among our language's noblest masters. Mr. Hine urges that these are favourites with the poet himself—perhaps so, on the principle which attaches the mother to her least-favoured offspring. In some of his productions we shall always consider that Mr. Wordsworth has sacrificed poetry to a poetical theory; that he has sometimes "narrowed his mind," and given up for a whim "what was meant for mankind." We regret this the more, as these peculiarities have afforded such easy points of attack to many who, though able to catch all the small ridicules which floated on the surface, were utterly incapable of sounding the mighty and glorious depths of a first-rate mind. We do not wonder, however, at the idolatry of even his blindest eulogists: what author is it who says, that no attachment is so strong as that which has had something to get over? and we all know, that we are more closely drawn to that which we have to defend. These are some of the secondary causes which may account for the enthusiasm Wordsworth inspires; but the great first cause is in his own noble genius, the fine humanising spirit, the high and holy philosophy which characterise his writings. Deeply, to use his own language, is his soul imbued

> "With life and nature; purifying thus
> The elements of feeling and of thought,
> And sanctifying by such discipline
> Both pain and fear; until we recognise
> A grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

Wordsworth was the first who made poetry a "wayfarer 'mid the paths of daily life," and this will be one of his most enduring merits. His choice of common subjects we commend: it is only when they verge on the ludicrous that we think he has debased poetry, by thus associating it with the absurd. To illustrate our meaning by examples, we never could discover the merits of Henry Gill, the idiot boy, &c. &c.; but we admire as much as we reverence the feeling and the mind put forth in the old Cumberland Beggar, Michael, &c. In the first of these he beautifully exclaims that

> "Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
> Long for some moments in a weary life
> When they can know and feel that they have been
> Themselves, the fathers, and the dealers out
> Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
> As needed kindness, for this single cause,
> That we have all of us one human heart."

Need we point out why this passage is so exquisite? because it touches on that general chord of sympathy which runs from the highest to the lowest of the human race. To return to the volume before us: though we still think a better judgment might have been exercised, there is yet quite enough to make it a very valuable and delightful present to the youthful reader.

Standard Novels, No. IV. Thaddeus of Warsaw. By Miss Jane Porter. Revised, corrected, and illustrated with a new Introduction, Notes, &c. Colburn and Bentley.

A PLEASANT introduction ushers in the first of Miss Porter's many and popular works. *Thaddeus of Warsaw* has gone through ten editions: what can a critic say after that? Miss Porter mentions, that when this and her succeeding work, *The Scottish Chiefs*, were translated and published in Germany, she was made Lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim, and received the gold cross of the order from Wirtemburgh. A vignette and frontispiece in character (the former the best) are prefixed to this volume.

Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo; Orlando Furioso di Ariosto: with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians; Memoirs and Notes. By Antonio Panizzi. Vol. V. London, 1831. Pickering.

THE *Orlando Innamorato* is completed in this volume; and we equally congratulate editor and publisher on the elegant and satisfactory work they have produced. It is a most beautiful and correct edition; and Mr. Panizzi deserves the highest praise for his unwearying industry and research. We cannot do better than quote his own final words.

"I shall conclude by requesting those who may find some difference between my text and that of any single edition of the Innamorato, to pause before they condemn my endeavours; because, what may seem an error, or an incorrect reading, may have been advisedly preferred, and be the most correct. I do not mean to assert that these volumes are immaculate. Those who know the difficulties of republishing a work of this kind in a foreign country, and from such editions, will readily make allowances; and those who do not know what these difficulties are, can never imagine them. It may be, that by collating other editions with

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this, an improved one may be hereafter produced; but it must be admitted that this is the first time that the *Orlando Innamorato* by Bojardo has been published in a legible form, and with many thousand errors of the press less than in any previous edition of this splendid and too shamefully neglected father of the *Orlando Furioso*."

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The Architecture of Birds. London; Knight.

THIS is quite a delightful volume—a volume for the young, the middle-aged, and the old, of both sexes. Natural history is naturally one of the most pleasing studies, if we seek instruction; one of the most curious, if we only aim at entertainment. In the volume before us a multitude of the peculiarities of birds, of their habits, of their modes of constructing their nests, &c. &c. are described; and the whole is enlivened by interesting anecdotes. The following, related of the woodpecker, is an example of what may be called *catching a Tartar*.

"Notwithstanding the care which this bird, in common with the rest of its genus, takes to place its young beyond the reach of enemies, within the hollows of trees, yet there is one deadly foe, against whose depredations neither the height of the tree, nor the depth of the cavity, is the least security. This is the black snake (*Coluber constrictor*), who frequently glides up the trunk of the tree, and, like a skulking savage, enters the woodpecker's peaceful apartment, devours the eggs or helpless young, in spite of the cries and flutterings of the parents; and, if the place be large enough, coils himself up in the spot they occupied, where he will sometimes remain for several days. The eager schoolboy, after hazarding his neck to reach the woodpecker's hole, at the triumphant moment when he thinks the nestlings his own, and strips his arm, launching it down into the cavity, and grasping what he conceives to be the callow young, starts with horror at the sight of a hideous snake, and almost drops from his giddy pinnacle, retreating down the tree with terror and precipitation. Several adventures of this kind have come to my knowledge, and one of them that was attended with serious consequences, where both boy and snake fell to the ground, and a broken thigh, and long confinement, cured the adventurer completely of his ambition for robbing woodpeckers' nests."

Many ornithological works have been laid under contribution for this small volume; and we have only to add, that it is adorned by a number of woodcuts.

Poetarum Latinorum, Hostii, Lævii, &c. Vitæ et Carminum Reliquiæ; editæ à M. Weichert. Leipsic, 1830.

COLLECTIONS of fragments, and isolated dissertations on authors of whom time has left us little more than the names, and the memory of whom is almost entirely effaced, are great services rendered to ancient literature. Such is Hostius. The origin of the Hostian family is to be traced to Hostius Hostilius, grandfather of the third king of Rome. The celebrated Cynthia, sung by Propertius, belonged to the same family. According to M. Weichert, she was the niece, not the daughter, of the poet. A contemporary of Lucilius, the satirist, this poet lived in the seventh century of the Roman era. He was sometimes called Hostilius. The subjects of his verses were historical: for instance, he sung the Istrian war. Of Lævius, so little is known, that a modern writer has even doubted if he ever existed. M. Weichert, however, proves that he lived prior to the reign of Augustus, and publishes several fragments of his. C. Licinius Calvus was the friend of Catullus, and the son of C. Licinius Macer, and was born in May 672. His father was an orator and a historian; and he himself left a speech against Vatinius, of which this volume contains some fragments. Caius Helvius Cinna was also the friend of Catullus; but it was not he whom the people killed by mistake, after the assassination of Cæsar. M. Weichert, passing to C. Valgius Rufus, thinks that this friend of Horace has been erroneously ranked among epic poets, on the strength of a panegyric on Messala, falsely attributed to Tibullus. Domitius Marsus, who lived in the time of Augustus, was perhaps of Marsian origin, and his family probably obtained the rights of citizenship at the time of the civil war. Ovid is the first who mentions him; Martial frequently quotes him: he composed epic poems and elegies. After these conjectural but ingenious biographies, comes a very curious dissertation on the detractors of Horace; and then another *de turgido Alpino*, the object of which is to shew that it was the poet Turius Bibuculus who is thus designated by Horace. He was then seventy years old, and seems to have written a poem upon Memnon, and another upon the Rhine; both in a very inflated style. M. Weichert afterwards speaks of Titius Septimius, quoted by Horace as a lyric and a tragic poet. It is evident, from the judgment pronounced upon him by Horace, that from that period began to grow the faults by which the style of Seneca was disfigured. The subject of the last dissertation is Jarbita, the rival of Timagenes. This Timagenes was a rhetorician of Alexandria. Jarbita is a fictitious name, substituted for Cordus or Codrus.—The book is full of exceedingly ingenious remarks; many ancient passages are explained in it; and the whole will be of great assistance to philologists, who are already so much indebted to M. Weichert.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

The Bridal Night, the First Poet, and other Poems. By Dugald Moore. 8vo. pp. 246. Glasgow, 1831. Blackie, Fullarton, and Co.

THE Abbé de Voisenon was one day listening to a friend who took a friend's privilege of reading a MS. to him. The author had evidently perused the best writers in the language, and profited by them. As the tragedy proceeded, the abbé kept bowing: almost every passage called forth a fresh bow. "What the devil," at last exclaimed the impatient poet, "do you mean by your bows?" "Nay," exclaimed the malicious listener, "one must be polite: you would not have me pass old acquaintances without bowing?" We make our bows to Lord Byron, Shelley, &c.; and leave to Mr. Dugald Moore the application of the story.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. BRITTON delivered an excellent lecture on ancient domestic architecture; but as we have already given reports of similar discourses at the London Institution, a general eulogy may here stand us in the stead of a detailed notice.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart. the president, in the chair. This meeting was not less numerously attended than the preceding ones. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the registrar, read a paper, in which Dr. Roupell, physician to the floating hospital moored off Greenwich, described, in a very clear and forcible manner, the symptoms of a peculiar fever which raged in that institution in the spring of this year. The disorder was characterised by a very severe affection of the head and nervous system, and was accompanied in many instances by the appearance of a rash. So excessive was the affection of the head, that even where consciousness was not destroyed, memory was often entirely lost. Many of the patients doubted their identity; and one who fancied he had died, when questioned as to his reason, asked, "if he lived, why he did not feel?" Although many fell victims to the severity of the disorder, yet considering the intensity of its symptoms, the mortality was hardly so great as might have been expected. Dissection always disclosed the effects of inflammation of the brain, still the disorder, so far from being cured, was often aggravated by bleeding; and more benefit was derived from a cautious use of stimulants and anodynes.

A paper was afterwards read by the president himself, which excited very considerable interest, for it detailed the results of his great experience in the treatment of gout. For the cure of this painful disorder, he declared his dependence to be placed upon colchicum. From a *proper* use of the vinous infusion of the root of this plant, he stated that he had never seen any but the best effects to arise; and when the mode of administering this medicine, and thereby cutting short the attack of gout, is followed up by the use also of the acetous extract of the same root, he does not think that the intervals between the attacks are shorter than they used to be formerly, when the complaint was left to patience and flannel. But granting, for argument's sake, that they are shorter, yet the weight of three or four attacks of the disorder, of three or four days' continuance each, is scarcely to be compared with the pressure of a six weeks' painful confinement in the spring, and one of equal duration at the latter end of the year. The president mentioned that he had been at pains to procure from Constantinople some of the hermodactyls which are sold there, and are thought to be the same root as was recommended for the cure of gout so long ago as the sixth century, by Alexander of Tralles. Some specimens of the hermodactyl, and others of the colchicum bulb, were placed on the table, and they appeared to be exactly similar. The president explained also the means which he was in the habit of recommending for the *prevention* of gout. But he attached still greater importance to the patient's management of himself with respect to temperance and early hours: and with the same view he cited the authority of Hippocrates, Celsus, and Pliny, in commendation of that virtue which has been called by the latter writer "sanctitas."

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

SINCE our first notice of the opening of this highly interesting institution, several works of great ingenuity have been added to the collection; though the exhibition is far from complete, owing to the candidates for public favour neglecting to forward such inventions as they have announced for this year's exhibition. There are various agricultural implements, as chaff-cutters, mills, pressing-rollers, &c., of considerable merit. We also observe some very beautiful specimens of muslin and silk fabrics, proving that our manufacturers are now capable of successfully competing with

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those of Indian or of French manufacture. In the Nottingham or lace manufacture, too, there are some exquisitely beautiful examples of art, eminently worthy of the notice of the fair visitors to this national gallery. Among the foreign curiosities is a sort of silk, said to be manufactured from the hair of the Cashmeer goat, but in reality from the shearings of French poodle dogs.

Among the various works of utility, we must not omit to mention a full-sized billiard-table, constructed of cast iron — a complete triumph of art in the department of iron manufacture. The most extraordinary feature in this table, as a work of art, is the great extent of surface, nine feet by six—fifty-four square feet of iron worked perfectly horizontal, for without perfection in this respect, it could not answer the purpose intended. However fine the large mirrors may be ground, it is well known that they are seldom, if ever, perfect planes when of a large size; this double slab of cast iron is, however, said to be perfect in this respect. The table has been planed by means of machinery erected for the purpose, and a series of parallel grooves being worked throughout the whole extent of the plates in the first instance, like the process of copperplate engraving, these grooves are afterwards worked in cross directions till the entire surface is perfectly plane.

THE COURSE OF THE NIGER.

THE discovery of the termination of the course of the Niger, upon which we promised last week to offer some geographical remarks, will be of the greatest importance to geography, to our political power, and to civilisation.

With regard to geography, perhaps the contradiction which was afforded by the various sources whence we derived our knowledge of the character of the interior of Africa, and of the course of, next to the Nile, the most renowned, and, as was considered from the same accounts, the greatest river of that country, have in late times given unlimited zest in the pursuit of further information, and has not in the least detracted from the pleasure with which we find that we are indebted to our countrymen for the solution of this all-absorbing problem. It appears, that among the ancients many facts connected with the geography of the interior of Africa were well known, which have still been an object of discussion among the moderns; and of these, we may enumerate the occurrence of a large lake or marsh (for it is either, at different seasons of the year), whose real existence, beyond the speculations of geographers, was very unsatisfactorily established, until the journey of Denham and Clapperton; and the fact of the occurrence of a great river in the west, emptying itself into the ocean, though many were of opinion that it lost itself in an inland marsh, or in the desert, while others supported the opinion of its identity with the Nile of the Egyptians. The researches of Ptolemy and the Arabian geographers on the Nile of the Negroes, and in later times the travels of Leo Africanus, who was a Moor of Grenada, demonstrated the absurdity of this opinion; and how extraordinary that, in the boasted perfection of human intellect, it should have been broached several centuries afterwards, and that the barometric levellings of Bruce should have been necessary to enforce conviction! It is not at all improbable that Hanno, the Carthaginian, as advanced by Macqueen, reached the Bight of Benin, or of Biafra; and certainly the geographical information obtained on these countries by Herodotus and Edrisi was more accurate than the speculations of many modern geographers.

Observation had demonstrated to the moderns that no large river emptied itself into the ocean on the north-west coast, though it required a more accurate acquaintance with the Senegal and the Gambia before it was fully ascertained that they were not the outlets of this great stream. The progress of navigation along the south-eastern shores of Africa also shewed that no large river emptied itself into the sea along that coast; while the settlements of the Portuguese on the coast to the south of Cape Lopez, led them, at an early period, to adopt the opinion afterwards supported by Mungo Park and Mr. Barrow, that one or more of the rivers in their vicinity were the outlets of the great river of the interior of Africa. Two celebrated geographers, D'Anville and Major Rennell, however, espoused the theory of the waters emptying themselves into the Wangara, or great marsh; which argument underwent various modifications in the hands of different geographers; and though the probability of its emptying itself into the Gulf of Guinea had been pointed out on the continent, and vigorously supported in this country, an expedition was fitted out to explore the Congo or Zaire, which, though unfortunate to the individuals concerned, was yet satisfactory in a geographical point of view, and demonstrated that the rivers south of Cape Lopez were not the outlets of the waters of the Niger, and gave origin to a speculation which partook of all the characters of a romance of the desert, beneath the sands of which its author buried the gigantic stream, loaded with the waters of the Wangara or Lake Tchad, to make it flow into the Mediterranean at the Syrtis of the ancients.

In the history of geography there are no examples of greater perseverance and courageous determination than in the efforts made to triumph over the difficulties presented in the solution of this important question. Since 1815, there has scarcely a year passed in which a new attempt has not been made; and of these, if we recede a little farther back, twenty-five were made by our countrymen, fourteen by Frenchmen, two by Americans, and one by a German; of which but a small number, since the days of Houghton, have not fallen victims to their heroic devotion.

Mungo Park first observed the direction of the stream which had become as much an object of discussion as its termination; and, strange to say, after the present discovery, it will, in some parts of its course, still remain so. The unfortunate traveller just alluded to, previous to his descent of the river, obtained some information from Moors and from negroes, on its course by Timbuctoo. The Jinnie of Park is synonymous with Jenné, Giné, Dhjenné, of other writers, as Jenné has again been confounded with Kano or Kanno. It may be a figurative term—for the Jinnie of Park was on an island, as was the Jenné of the Moorish reports, while the Jenné of some travellers is at a short distance from the river. This cannot be the case with regard to Timbuctoo, which is visited by caravans twice a year from Morocco; nor is the name met with any where, except the two first syllables in the town of Timbo, which cannot be mistaken for Timbuctoo.

Major Laing had discovered the source of the Niger to be in the mountains of Loma, in 9° 15′ west latitude, and had ascertained its course for a short distance from its source. We were also aware of the existence of one or two streams joining the great river, or branching from it near Timbuctoo. De Lisle had marked a river Gambarra, on his maps drawn up for Louis XV., and not without good authority. This is the river coming from Hodsa; and the Joliba of modern travellers is a river, we could prove, from the concurring testimony of a variety of sources, coming from the north-west, and joining its waters with, that is to say flowing into, the Niger, in the immediate neighbourhood of Timbuctoo; still at that point the Kowarra, or Quorra of the Moors, or Quolla of the negroes, who always change the *r* for *l*; a name which, according to Laing, it has at its sources—according to Clapperton, it preserves beyond Timbuctoo, and is probably still the name of the same stream at its embouchure in the Bight of Biafra. The Quarrama is another tributary stream which passes by Saccatoo, and falls into the Quorra above Yourl, and above the point where Mungo Park was wrecked; and the line of country between this river and the Shashum, comprising the hills of Doochee, of Naroo, and of Dull, is the line of water-shed to the rivers joining the Quorra on the one hand, and those emptying themselves into the Wangara on the other. The course given by Sultan Bello, and the information obtained by Major Denham, both pointed out a river coursing to the east, which is probably the branch followed by the Landers; for its termination in Lake Tchad had not even an air of probability; though it is not, on the other hand, at all improbable that other branches empty themselves into the Bight of Benin, by the rivers Formosa or Volta, according to information given to Captain Clapperton and Major Laing.

We had intended to embody some remarks upon the pretended journey of Caillié; but we find we have already occupied too much space in details necessary to make the geographical nature of the question well understood; and we shall content ourselves with remarking, that the discovery of the termination of the Quorra, or Niger, tends to throw a degree of improbability upon the narrative of that individual, which it will require much ingenuity to explain away. It is certain that the latitude given to Timbuctoo by the editor of those travels, and upon which sufficient ridicule has already been thrown in the Edinburgh Geographical Journal, may be considered as an error entirely of the editor's, who, by taking it upon himself, will relieve the burden of the mistake from the traveller, and thus lighten the weighty doubts which might in consequence bear upon the remainder of the details; for the situation of that city, as given by Jomard, is quite inconsistent with the situation it must be in, from the ascertained source, direction, and termination of the river. There can be no doubt but that a portion of the labours presented to the public as the travels of Caillié are founded upon valid documents, wheresoever obtained, and probably most of the errors are those of the editor. But though authorities can be found in support of the division of the Quorra into two branches; one of which, the Joliba, flows to the north-west, and the other in an almost opposite direction,—a fact which has no analogy in geography, and, what is better, no existence in nature; yet no authority can be found for placing Timbuctoo on a river flowing north from the Niger.

The details which will be given to us by the results of this successful expedition will, then, not only be of assistance in allying the existing condition of things with the knowledge of the ancients, but it will enable us to reduce to a few facts the many contradictory statements

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which have originated in the variety of the sources of information, and the individual and national rivalry which the interest of the question gave birth to among the geographers of the present day. It will also be of importance, as it was connected with a great question, as to the possibility of a large river traversing an extensive continent, or losing itself in a marsh or lake, or being buried in the extensive sands of the desert. By laying open the interior of Africa to us, it will increase our political strength and commercial advantages on those coasts;—it will enable us to put into practice an amelioration long contemplated by Mr. Barrow, in the choice of our settlements on those coasts;—it will place the greatest and most important vent of the barbarous and inhuman traffic of negroes in our possession; and it will enable us to diffuse the benefits of superior intelligence among an ignorant and suffering people.

PORTABLE INK CAKE.

We consider it due to the inventors of this new and useful composition to notice it among the discoveries in art of the present day, as we have no doubt, from the specimen of it, which we have seen and tried, that it will be found of very great service in every situation where fluid writing ink cannot be conveniently carried or preserved. It is similar in appearance to Indian ink, but has no opaque or earthy substance in its composition; and when diluted or rubbed down with water, possesses all the qualities of the best fluid writing inks. The condensation of these qualities seems to be the principle upon which it is made, and as its solid form prevents the powers of the substances used from being affected by the influence of climate, we should think that it supplies a great desideratum, not merely to travellers, but to all residents in warm countries, where fluid ink is so speedily rendered unserviceable by the climate. Its great recommendations are, its extremely neat and portable form, and the ease with which it is at once converted into ink, in small quantities, for instant use, by the addition of a few drops of water. We believe that the inventor of it (Mr. Morrison, secretary to the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth) was originally led to give his attention to the improvement of writing inks, from the opportunities he possessed of examining and comparing ancient manuscripts, and that this ink cake is the result of a series of experiments, in number almost unexampled in the history of the arts.

ROOFING:—ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.

Our attention has been attracted to a new kind of roof, (secured by patent to a Mr. Carter*), which has been employed in covering the portico of St. George's Hospital, lately erected. It consists of cast-iron plates, so constructed as to resemble the ancient Greek tile, and has a very fine architectural effect. The plates lap over each other; but we can convey no idea of the structure without the aid of the engraver; and can only state, that the contrivance appears to be very ingenious as well as useful. Some of the plates have perforations for glass, combined with contrivances to prevent the intrusion of wet, and to extend the proportion of sky-light. The specimen is well seen from Hyde Park, near the statue of Achilles; and we recommend it to notice as a novelty and improvement in art.

* A builder of Exeter, we believe.

OCCULTATION OF JUPITER AND HIS SATELLITES.

June 1 (Thursday morning)*.—This beautiful phenomenon occurred under as favourable circumstances as could be expected from the low altitude of the Moon and planet at the time of occultation. The following were the observations:—At $13^h\ 7^m\ 13^s$ (clock time) the rate of motion of Jupiter, as it closely approached the Moon's bright limb, appeared to be retarded, and for two or three seconds arrested; its disc then gradually disappeared, preserving a dark fringe or penumbra, which separated the planet from the illuminated edge of the Moon, as though the contact was not complete. This appearance continued till nearly the final immersion of the planet at $13^h\ 8^m\ 30^s$. Owing to the vapours of the horizon, the edge of the Moon was tremulous, and the disc of Jupiter not well defined: the same cause prevented any observation of the immersion of the satellites. All the emersions were satisfactorily observed. The fourth satellite emerged from behind the Moon's dark limb at $14^h\ 0^m\ 23^s$; the second at $14^h\ 11^m\ 49^s$; the western limb of Jupiter then re-appeared at $14^h\ 13^m\ 27^s$, and the whole disc was uneclipsed at $14^h\ 15^m\ 11^s$; the first satellite afterwards became visible at $14^h\ 17^m\ 56^s$; and, finally, the third at $14^h\ 23^m\ 21^s$: the belts of Jupiter were visible, and no anomalous appearance was observed at the emersions. The appearance of nature, after the occultation, was singularly tranquil and impressive: the brilliant planet Jupiter on the obscure margin of the pale waning moon, the sky entirely free from clouds, and the fixed stars fading away in the morning twilight; the atmosphere was remarkably serene, and, though so very early, the lark was already on the wing "towards heaven's gates," hailing with its lively melody the dawning day.

Deptford. J. T. B.

* See *Lit. Gaz.* Celestial Phenomena for this month.

RAMMOHUN ROY.

As the insertion of the engraving of this celebrated individual at the end of the article in which it is referred to, would have interfered with our Review, we have preferred placing it here.



LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., V.P., in the chair. A paper was read, entitled, "On the fossil bones found in caverns in the Mendip Hills in Somersetshire," by the Rev. David Williams. The communication was illustrated by a variety of very curious specimens of the bones, consisting of human remains of the Celtic aborigines, portions of the jaws of the hyæna, molar teeth of the elephant and rhinoceros. Contrasted with these were some exceedingly delicate specimens of molar teeth, incisors, jaws, &c. of the *rodentia* and *cheiroptera*. Mr. Williams inferred, from a variety of circumstances,

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that the tiger, elephant, hyæna, and bear (*ursus spelæus*)—remains of which were exhibited—had all lived and died in this country at some remote period. Dr. Brewster and Professor Jamieson presented their respective Journals. Several other scientific works were presented to the Society; and two fellows were elected.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOTT in the chair. Mr. Cope exhibited a drawing of a font, and other remains of antiquity, at Mellor, in Derbyshire. Mr. Kempe communicated some letters, part of a selection from the Loseley MSS. intended for publication, relative to Dr. Donne's clandestine marriage with Ann, daughter of Sir Geo. More, of Loseley, in 1600-1. It appears the lady's father was highly incensed at the marriage; and Donne being secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, lord keeper, who had married Sir Geo. More's sister, Sir George complained bitterly against him; and the lord keeper not only dismissed poor Donne from his situation, but also committed him to the Fleet: and Christopher Brooke, who appears to have been a barrister on the northern circuit, and gave the lady away, was committed to the Marshalsea,—as one of the letters was from Brooke to Sir Thomas Egerton, praying his release, and urging that he was a great loser by being prevented from attending the assizes at York. The other letters were from Donne to his father-in-law and the lord keeper, supplicating their mercy, and extremely well indited. One of Donne's letters, while in confinement, to his wife, was signed John Donne, Anne Donne, *undone;* and Mr. Kempe observed, that Donne's name was certainly pronounced *Dun;* for in his own letter he spells the participle past of the verb do, *donne;* and the sentence confirming his marriage spells the name uniformly Dunn. It appears from Mr. Kempe's commentary on the letters, that Donne was afterwards received into favour, and entered the church; that the king invited him to court, and made him dean of St. Paul's; that he lost his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached; and that a few days before his death, he consented to be stripped and dressed in his grave clothes, and stood on an urn carved in wood, to have his likeness taken for his monument, which was, after his death, executed accordingly; and among a few mutilated remains of the former cathedral of St. Paul's, his monument is still preserved in the crypt under the present structure.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fifth Notice.]

THE apartment distinguished by the name of "the Antique Academy" presents its usual *olla podrida* of art. Although there is nothing very *piquant* in the general character of the entertainment, we imagine there are few visitors who will not find something to their taste. The drawings, enamels, and miniatures, notwithstanding the overwhelming spread of canvas above and around, are by far the most attractive part of the show.

No. 458. *His late Majesty George the Fourth; enamel, after the original in the possession of Lord Stewart de Rothsay, by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.* H. Bone, R.A.—"O king, live for ever!" would be a wish of probable accomplishment applied to this effigy of royalty, rendered invulnerable to the shafts of time by the vitrifying process of enamel-painting. It is one of the most splendid specimens of enamel portrait we remember to have seen from the hand of the artist, practised and skilful as it is. Mr. Bone has two other fine works: No. 464, *His Majesty William the Fourth, after the original by A. Morton, Esq.;* and No. 455, *F. Chantrey, Esq. R.A., after the original by John Jackson, Esq. R.A.*

No. 448. *Elgin Marble, from a drawing by H. Corbould, engraved for the Trustees of the British Museum.* W. Bromley, A.E.—A beautifully executed portion of a work, the parts of which, however, appear to "come like angel visits, few and far between."

No. 454, *Enamel Portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, painted from the original picture by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.;* and No. 463, *Enamel of Venus disarming Cupid, painted from the original picture by W. Hilton, Esq. R.A.*, both by W. Essex, are very successful imitations of the admirable originals.

No. 471, *Portrait of a Lady;* No. 475, *Portraits of the Right Hon. the Ladies Georgiana and Louisa Russell;* and No. 478, *Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Wriothesley Russell.* A. E. Chalon, R.A.—This bevy of beauties exhibits the taste and skill of the artist in an eminent degree: not so No. 604, *Portrait of a Lady;* in which the ultra of fashion in the head-gear appears to us to be highly absurd. Is Mr. Chalon unacquainted with the privileges of his profession, which entitle him to conceal or correct such deformities?

> "What in a picture greatly would offend,
> The painter throws discreetly into shade."

Why does he not follow the example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was accustomed to attack his sitter's head with a pencil-stick, and to destroy in one instant the hideous edifice which the hair-dresser had been for hours constructing?

No. 484, *Harold's Body discovered after the Battle of Hastings, by Edith Swaneshalls and two Monks;* No. 493, *Mary Magdalen seeing the two Angels in the Sepulchre;* and No. 598, *A Greek Soldier, from the highest accessive* [accessible] *Rook, pointing out to a Woman the long-sought yet distant Sea, during the Retreat of the Ten Thousand.* G. Jones, R.A.—Drawings which prove how well suited Mr. Jones's talents are to the illustration of history. The last-mentioned, in particular, is strikingly original, and full of interest.

No. 578. *The Idolatrous destroyed while sacrificing—a Composition from the 25th chapter of the Book of Numbers.* G. Smith.—Artists more frequently shew their skill in execution than their judgment in the selection of a subject. We can scarcely imagine a worse choice in that respect than the present, which is calculated for the contemplation of the mind, not of the eye. The performance is, however, far from being deficient in merit as regards both colouring and effect.

No. 465, *Strasburgh;* No. 476, *Venice;* and No. 596, *A Fisherman of Honfleur.* C. Stanfield.—There is no great range in either of the views; that of "Venice," indeed, is next to nothing; being simply a study of a very confined, although a highly picturesque part of the city. The "Fisherman," like Mr. Stanfield's other drawings, is characterised by truth and simplicity, rather than by any gaudy shew of colour.

No. 472. *Composition of Flowers, from Studies after Nature.* G. Sintzenich.—Taste in arrangement, purity of tone, and exquisite delicacy of finish, are the distinguishing qualities of this charming little gem.

No. 474, *Greta-Hall, Keswick Lake, the Residence of R. Southey, Esq.;* No. 479, *Rydal Mount, the Residence of William Wordsworth, Esq.* W. Westall, A.—These drawings, with reference both to nature and to art, are beautiful in themselves; but their interest is greatly increased by their connexion with two such highly gifted and celebrated men.

No. 528. *Portrait of Mrs. Hardwick.* D. M'Clise.—A brilliant performance. We hope, however, that whenever the painter purchases an estate with the well-earned produce of his talents and industry, he will not be satisfied with so defective a title. Instead of the simple portrait of an individual, this is a composition of several eminently graceful figures. How is it, by-the-by, that Mr. M'Clise has been so unhandsomely treated this year? Of five exceedingly clever productions, all, especially No. 480, *Portrait of Viscount Castlereagh*, executed in that free and masterly style which, without the appearance of labour, gives every requisite of character and effect—not one has been placed in even a tolerable situation. The academicians cannot plead ignorance of this young artist's name and merits, for he has recently carried off two of their medals.

No. 503. *An Italian Scene.* T. M. Baynes.—Whether this is a local view or a composition we know not; but it is one of the most fascinating drawings in the Exhibition.

No. 537. *Portraits of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart. and his Hounds, with Portraits of Gentlemen of the Lincoln Hunt, &c.* J. Furneley.—The rules of composition can scarcely be expected or applied in subjects of this kind. It is enough if the figures spread themselves on the canvass as they may be supposed to do in the field; and this, we think, has been effected with great skill by Mr. Furneley. The whole presents a lively and animated scene.

No. 576. *Portrait of Mrs. Bray, authoress of Fits of Fits-Ford, the Talba, &c.* W. Patten.—There is in this portrait a sentiment which evidently belongs to the character of the individual—at once pleasing and unaffected; independent of which, it is praiseworthy as a work of art, being well composed, and carefully painted.

No. 574. *The Dropping Well at Knaresborough, Yorkshire.* G. Nicholson.—It is not often that a natural phenomenon is a subject of pictorial interest. Mr. Nicholson's drawing presents us with both.

No. 579, *Morning—Kentish Boatmen saving the Cargo of a Wreck;* No. 590, *View of the Second Cataract of the Nile, taken from the Western Bank.* H. Parke.—These drawings have a lightness and clearness in their execution which would recommend them, without reference to the interest of their subjects.

No. 591, *Portrait of D. Ewes Coke, Esq.;* No. 605, *Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.* G. Oakley.—Whole-length portraits, executed in a style highly creditable to Mr. Oakley's talents.

No. 608. *The Villager.* T. George.—A beautiful subject finely expressed.

No. 610. *Portraits of a Lady and Child.* C. R. Bone.—Elegant and simple; as is also No. 502, *Portrait of Miss Parry*, by the same rapidly rising artist.

No. 544. *The Cactus Speciosissima, &c.* V. Bartholomew.—Mr. Bartholomew has on former occasions greatly distinguished himself in this department of art, not only by his accurate botanical delineations, but by his skilful introduction of incidental accessories, giving a value to his compositions beyond that of the mere character of the flowers themselves. His present work is no way inferior to any of its

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predecessors. Among other able productions of a similar description will be found, No. 589, *Hollyhocks—the Adelaide, the Victoria, and other Varieties*, Mrs. Pope; No. 539, *Study of Geraniums from Nature*, Mrs. Withers; No. 553, *Flowers from Nature*, Magdalena van Fowinkel; No. 566, *A Garland of Flowers*, Madame de Comolera; No. 575, *Flowers from Nature*, C. L. Tyler, &c. &c. &c.

Among the miniatures, clustered as they are, without any margin to confine the vision, works will, nevertheless, be found, exhibiting as many of the essential qualities of art as performances of larger size and loftier pretensions. A few of the most prominent of these are—No. 658, F. Cruickshank; No. 667, A. Robertson; No. 672, S. J. Rochard; No. 674, W. J. Newton; No. 673, Mrs. J. Robertson; No. 679, W. C. Ross; No. 681, G. Patten; No. 689, C. R. Bone; No. 715, Mrs. Green; No. 722, W. J. Newton; No. 731, W. J. Newton; No. 740, Mrs. Robertson; No. 753, A. Parsey; No. 809, Miss Jones; No. 824, W. C. Ross; No. 825, A. E. Chalon, R.A.; No. 833, Mrs. J. Robertson; No. 841, F. Cruickshank; No. 842, A. E. Chalon, R.A.; No. 853, Mrs. Green; No. 872, A. Robertson; No. 878, W. C. Ross; No. 887, M. Haughton; No. 831, A. Robertson; No. 895, S. J. Rochard; Nos. 912 and 931, Miss Fanny Corbaux, &c. &c. &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery. With Memoirs by W. Jerdan, Esq. Part XXVI. Fisher, Son, and Co.

This Part is enriched with portraits of the King, Lord Exmouth, and Dr. Gray, bishop of Bristol. It has appeared too late for us to give any detailed notice; but we must quote an original and very characteristic anecdote of his Majesty, illustrative of his frankness and good humour.

"The Andromeda reached the harbour of Port Royal after dusk, and H. R. H., with her first lieutenant (the late admiral of the fleet and master of the robes, Sir Charles Pole, Bart.), proceeded in his barge to the shore. They immediately, in their uniforms, entered the public rooms; and the new comer, the captain of one of his majesty's ships, was good-humouredly greeted by the military, and played several games of billiards with the officers. After some inquiries, he requested his antagonist, the colonel-commandant, to have the goodness to parade his regiment at daylight, as *he* wished to *inspect it!* The astonishment of the request coming from a captain of the navy, was only equalled by the surprise when, on explanation, it was discovered from whom it originated!"

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

The revival of *Blue Beard* has followed that of *Timour the Tartar*. There is a spice of George Colman the younger in *Blue Beard*, which reconciles us to its occasional appearance at our theatres royal. But it is really time that the insufferable bombast and commonplace melo-dramatic incidents of *Timour* should be banished to the Surrey side of the water, to keep company with those of the *Blood-red Knight*, and the rest of the species. We are not of those who object to spectacle at the great theatres, but we object to see it lavished on such unworthy vehicles, while the best plays of our best writers are frequently performed with dresses and scenery that would disgrace a barn. The only novelty at this house has been a one-act piece, a translation from *Napoléon à l'Ecole de Brienne*, and called *The Little Corporal*. It was produced on Monday, for Mr. Wallack's benefit; and had not the occasion itself been sufficient to propitiate the audience, the excellent acting of little Miss Poole, who bids fair to rival our long-loved Clara Fisher, must have obtained their most favourable suffrages. Young Fenton, whose acting in *The Jenkinses* had previously deserved our commendation, managed to distinguish himself amongst his brother juveniles, and the piece was announced for repetition by the tiny *Napoléon* amidst general applause.

COVENT GARDEN.

The theatre was brilliantly attended on Tuesday night; but certainly the name of the gifted author was one "to conjure with." Young as Mrs. Norton is, she has already a high and varied reputation. Her touching and melancholy poetry contrasts well with her lively and keen wit; while her one or two prose stories give promise of very superior excellence indeed. A drama of her's might well attract both the discerning few and the curious many. The *Gipsy Father* was received, and given out for repetition with friendly applause. Still, we must say we do not think this piece likely to keep possession of the stage: the horrors are gratuitous and accumulated, while the whys and wherefores are very deficient. Is the hint taken from any German story? for the whole is of that German school of exaggeration, to which young writers are so much addicted. A brief analysis of the plot will shew these defects. Reduced to the extreme of poverty, with his wife and family starving at his side, *Walter Barwell* joins a band of gipsies, from one of whom he obtains half a loaf, which he immediately returns to divide among his children. While they are devouring the welcome food, an old man, the father of his wife, eats a piece of it. *Walter* starts up in a rage, reproaches the grandfather with robbing the poor infants of their meal, and prepares forthwith to thrust him out of the house. This the wife opposes; and finding she is overcome in the struggle to protect her father, snatches up a knife, and stabs her husband, who falls apparently dead on the stage. We must pause one moment on this out-Heroding Kotzebue himself. First, the extreme improbability of *Walter's* turning the old man out of his house; secondly, the equal improbability of the violent conduct. To continue the story:—the son, in a most melo-dramatic spirit of self-sacrifice, takes the crime upon himself, and is hurried before judge *Franklin*, between whose daughter and himself an attachment subsists. This leads to two very-well-worked-up scenes; the one where *Rose Franklin* offers to fly with her lover,—and where she endeavours to prevail on her father to permit his escape; she using arguments drawn from the feelings, while he answers them with reasons. The *dénouement* may be easily guessed. The father has not been really killed, and the curtain drops on embraces, joy, and reconciliation. We do not very clearly see why the play should be called the *Gipsy Father*, as the gipsies have nothing to do with it, beyond giving the unfortunate half loaf of bread. The sympathy of the Londoners for poaching is very amusing; and all the fine feelings of the cocknies were enlisted against the game laws, by *Walter Barwell's* declaration, that all his misery originated in having killed a hare. Poaching, smuggling, and forging, are crimes which immediately appeal to the feelings. Objectionable and faulty as the *Gipsy Father* is, there are parts both good in themselves, and good for their future promise. Mrs. Norton has genius, varied and original, and too good to be Germanised. The piece was exceedingly well supported. Warde both played and looked his character admirably. Miss Ellen Tree made a very sweet *Rose Franklin*; and Keeley was most laughable in the village apothecary, who preferred Epsom salts to Epsom races. We wish we could afford higher praise; but we cannot; and have only abstained from harsher censure because we would not add one to the *Sorrows of Rosalie*.

VARIETIES.

Printers' Pension Society.—The anniversary dinner on Wednesday was more numerously attended, and the subscription larger, than on any preceding occasion: a proof that this truly excellent charity, though yet in its infancy, is growing into the importance it so well deserves to attain. The Lord Mayor presided, and announced the gratifying fact, that the Duke of Sussex had consented to become the patron of the institution. That it already relieves, by small pensions, the distress of more than fifty aged and almost worn-out individuals, whose lives have been passed in active industry upon the press, is, indeed, a sufficient recommendation of it, not only to the many, but to nobles and princes.

The Literary Fund.—We are afraid we may have misled some of our friends, and the friends of this institution, by stating, that the Greenwich, *i. e.* White-Bait Meeting, was to take place on the 21st. Wednesday, the 22d, is, we observe from our notice to attend, the day appointed, and we are glad to add, that a numerous assemblage is anticipated.

Royal Society of Literature.—The newspapers have begun discussing the presumed withdrawal of the royal bounty from this Society: as they are but indifferently informed on the subject, they had better, perhaps, have left it to its own issue.

Paganini.—The *début* of this famed violinist was to take place, and we dare say did take place, long after our *Gazette* went to press: of course we can make no report of it this week. All we can say is, that the theatre yesterday bid fair to be crammed; and that at the private rehearsal on Thursday evening, every person connected with the establishment was carefully excluded, and the key carried to Signor Paganini. From one of our greatest musicians in the orchestra on this occasion, we learn that the performances were *indeed surprising!!*

The Malthusian System suspended.—Among the many curious returns to the population papers on Monday, there was one in Sloane Street probably unique. The return gave twenty-four females, ladies, servants, &c. in one house. A rather whimsical dialogue ensued between the maid and the astonished collector. "What!" cried the latter, looking over the paper, "twenty-four women all in one house, and no man among ye?" "Yes, sir," replied Sally, "it is too true; but mistress has set it down as if upon oath, and I am ready (a sigh!) to take my oath too, if you doubt it."

Decidedly the worst Pun ever made.—A bitter hater of puns, who had been persecuted during a whole afternoon by a pestiferous fellow who never ceased making them, at last declared, in wrath, that puns were worse than the plagues of Egypt. "For example," said his tormentor, "speaking of the plagues of Egypt, what do you think, the other day, when I rode to the *Fair? O!* they took *Toll o' me!*"

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Panorama of Bombay.—We have just had a glance at the new Panorama of Bombay, in Leicester Square, and have been much delighted with it. The subject is finely adapted for panoramic effects. The sea and shore blend excellently together. The noble pillar of the vegetable world, the palm-tree, is a striking object; and native and European groups give animation to the scene. The distant hills are wonderfully picturesque in form; and the islands which stud the water, the shipping, &c. &c. combine beautifully into a harmonious whole. To East Indians this view must be most attractive; but, indeed, it has powerful claims upon the admiration of every lover of art. We had almost forgotten to say, that the house whence Sterne's celebrated Mrs. Draper eloped, is one of the most prominent parts of the picture.

Monkeys at the Egyptian Hall.—Two monkeys, stated to be, the one from Borneo, and the other from the western coast of Africa, and nevertheless, according to the bills of the day, both *ourang outangs*, are now exhibiting in London. We went to see them without instruments to determine their facial angles—but are nevertheless strongly disposed to consider the male individual, of about two feet six inches in height, with long black hair, as the champanzé (*troglodytes niger* of St. Hilaire). Of the other we are not so sure; the small size of the ears seems to forbid her association with the pongos, or true ourang outangs.* Her large head, diminutive height, red hair, and thoughtful aspect, remind us of the red ourang, or *simia satyrus* of Linnæus, which is considered by some authors as the young of the pongo; but the animal at the Egyptian Hall is not so young, and has well-defined eyebrows. The animals are well worthy of the attention of naturalists, and are in a good condition. They are supposed to be about three years old—equivalent to about eight years in man.

* The male is very remarkable, from having large ears, and the *lobes* distinctly marked; which we never saw in any animal except the human.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXIII. June 4.*]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Southey's British Poets, from Chaucer to Jonson, 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* cloth.—Aikin's British Poets, from Jonson to Beattie, 8vo. 18*s.* cloth.—Merle's Odds and Ends, with Illustrations by G. Cruikshank, 8vo. 8*s.* cloth.—M'Culloch's System of Geology, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.* bds.—Syme on Diseased Joints, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 19 (Brewster's Treatise on Optics), fcp. 6*s.* bds.—A Father's Recollections of Three Pious Young Ladies, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Lockinge's Historical Gleanings of the Field of Naseby, 12mo. 7*s.* 6ds.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, No. II. (De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, Vol. 2), fcp. 5*s.* boards.—Aldine Poets, Vol. 13 (Pope, Vol. 1.), 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Bojardo's Orlando Innamorato, by Panizzi, Vol. 5., crown 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—The Steamboat Companion, 12mo. 1*s.* sewed.—Philip Augustus, by the Author of Darnley, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Arthur of Brittany, by the Author of the Templars, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Dangers and Duties of a Christian, by the Rev. Erskine Neale, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Kidd's Picturesque River Companion to Margate, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We have been satisfied by the evidence of our own eyes, that no alterations made in the Life of Lawrence by his friends were adopted: and with this we wish to dismiss a subject which has occupied more attention than it ought to have done.

We thank M. P. of Deal: the Eboli lines were fully explained in a subsequent *Gazette*.

To "Topada,"—we do not think the narrative alluded to can find a proper medium; at any rate we cannot speak of an unseen MS.

We do not comprehend what Ineold means.

Pin Money, by the Author, of *Manners of the Day*, seems characteristic; but was too late for this week.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS' Gallery, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.
The Eighth Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Living British Artists, is now Open, from Ten till Seven.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*
J. WILSON, Secretary.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, is now open, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, every day, from Nine till Dusk.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 6*d.*
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

TO ARTISTS.—Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Hants Picture Gallery, Southampton.
H. Buchan, Proprietor, informs Artists, that, in consequence of the British Gallery not closing till the 28th of May, Pictures will be received at the above Gallery till the 20th of June, instead of the 20th of May, as per Circular addressed to Artists.
All Works of Art sent by Messrs. Smith and Co.'s Waggon, from Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane, or the Spread Eagle, Piccadilly, will go free of expense.
If any reference is required, apply to Messrs. Rowny and Forster, 51, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS to be Engraved in LODGE'S PORTRAITS and MEMOIRS of the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES of BRITISH HISTORY—Open Daily, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East, London.
Admittance by Tickets only, which may be obtained on application, free of expense.
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Let mercy's vase be fed!—*Ps. lvi. v. 8.*

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11. "And there shall be no more Sea."
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14. Political Times—the Elections.
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No. 751. SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Voice of Humanity, published Quarterly. Nos. I., II., III., and IV. 8vo. pp. 186. London, J. Nisbet.

Missionary Voyages and Travels; compiled by J. Montgomery. (Third Notice.)

"A *private* meeting of the friends and supporters" of the publication above first named is, we observe from its No. IV., convened for next Wednesday, at Exeter Hall; why designated *private*, and held at a public place, we do not know. But the subject itself is of so much genuine interest, that we have felt strongly disposed to afford it all the elucidation in our power, without starting at trifling difficulties, or too minutely questioning minor details. In the earlier volumes of the *Literary Gazette* we were among the foremost to enforce the rights (if we may use the word) of those objects which the *Voice of Humanity* calls upon us to protect, and whose sufferings every good feeling commands us to alleviate. At a time, therefore, when more general discussion may be expected, it becomes us to devote such influence as we may possess to the furtherance of a cause of which to diffuse the knowledge is surely the best, the only recommendation which it needs to a civilised, not to say a Christian people.

But, professing ourselves to be sincere and earnest advocates in this cause, we must, *à priori*, state that we do not altogether approve of the line taken by the publication before us. We respect its motives, we would to the utmost advance its purposes; but we cannot approve of all the means and arguments which it employs. In our opinion, true humanity has no greater adversary in the world than affected sentiment,—the practice of the golden rule no more counteracting agency than that which is produced by a suspicion or dislike of cant. Injudicious friends are always more dangerous than avowed or secret enemies; and we could wish that many things in the periodical alluded to had been omitted. Still the design is worthy of the highest praise, and it shall be ours to promote it, according to our own sense, and in our own way, to the utmost in our power.

To begin with the beginning, the Prospectus and the sequent work, in order to extend rational humanity towards the animal creation, sedulously enforce the establishment of Abbatoirs and Cattle-Markets in, or rather near, the metropolis, instead of the dangerous and demoralising places now in use, and especially that common offence, Smithfield. On this point we think there can be but one opinion; and the wonder is, that the self-interest of a few individuals, or of a corporation, should have prevailed so long in obstructing a manifest national improvement.

"Next in importance (says the Prospectus) is the unrecorded and unexampled misery of the horse, in the knacker's yard, when his former usefulness has expired; devouring the manes and tails of his fellow-sufferers, from hunger, until the knacker, from a demand for the flesh, gives an order for the termination of all pain and suffering: but their dying from absolute starvation is regarded, in these places, with the utmost indifference, as the trouble of slaughtering them is then saved. A bill to amend the Knackers' Act will be found in the fourth number."

Here, in our judgment, the voice of humanity is so near the tone of the burlesque and ridiculous, that it is calculated to do more harm than good. The cruelties of the knackers' yards ought to be prevented, and any effective police would prevent them; but the picture drawn of horses eating each others' tails, &c. is too apt to raise a laugh, at least among the multitude, and the ludicrous idea is a fatal association to twice blessed mercy. But as if this were not enough, there is an etching of the knackers' yard, by George Cruikshank, which makes misery so irresistible a jest, that we are surprised the force of the thing did not occur to the worthy editor. On the contrary, he calls the artist the Hogarth of the age, and pronounces his engraving to be "an inimitable production of natal genius." He goes on to apologise for introducing pigs and poultry fattening on dead horses, in this yard, for the London market. We acknowledge that the evil is disgraceful and disgusting, but this sort of exposure of it is in bad taste.

Neither can we say that we entirely like the plate of the Abattoir at Montmartre, prefixed to the first Number of the publication; it is neatly executed; but why, in recommending these excellent erections, display outside men striking and hauling cattle, dogs and animals fighting, and sheep driven with uplifted staves? There must of necessity be compulsion and a measure of severity in all such business; but the aim of the philanthropist should be to mitigate both as much as possible, and keep the rest from offending public feeling.

The Parisian Abattoirs are, indeed, most worthy of imitation. "They are placed towards the suburbs of the town, for the sake of easy access to the two cattle-markets of Sceaux and Poissy, from which Paris is supplied at a distance of two and five miles; whence the butchers, or, more properly designated now, meat-venders, attend one day in the week at each of these markets, to purchase the cattle for which they have occasion. These are then immediately carefully conducted, under the inspection of persons appointed by the police, to the Abattoirs, crossing only a very small portion of the town. The cattle, calves, and sheep, are here distributed into the places appointed for them, stables, enclosures of various kinds, &c. All these are arranged in a large court or square, which, shut in by handsome iron gates, make a very ornamental appearance. Every attention is paid to the different animals, till they come in turn to be slaughtered; and that this operation may be performed in the *most prompt, dexterous*, and *humane manner*, every instrument and convenience that can be imagined for this purpose is provided; and likewise for cleansing and preparing the meat with the greatest nicety, that it may be exposed in the shops for sale in the purest and healthiest state possible."

These establishments, the editor tells us, were warmly advocated by a "*talented*" friend of his, since dead, but who (he adds, in the style which we consider to be mischievous from its exaggeration and bathos*) "if the spirits of the blessed are permitted to behold from their exalted station what is passing below, must bend with satisfaction over every effort that is now making to bring the subject before the public."

Several improvements are suggested for the metropolis,—one a very obvious one, viz. "The meat to be conveyed, for the purpose of convenience and coolness, early in the morning, or late in the evening."

Describing the mal-practices of London, it is observed—"When arrived at their final destinations, it is only the humane butcher who thinks it of any importance to give food or water to animals, though often frothing at the mouth from fatigue and thirst, who are in a few hours to have the *coup de grace* given them. So little accommodation can be obtained for slaughter-houses, in this densely crowded metropolis, that situations the most objectionable, both as regards the health of the neighbourhood and the preparation of the meat, are unavoidably chosen [this is a bull, by the by]; and even such places as underground cellars, where there cannot possibly be any ventilation, are used in hundreds of instances for sheep, &c. in the heart of the city. This, then, is the state, for the most part, of the sheep and cattle which are fattened for the London market. Their fevered blood, from fatigue and ill-usage, must be in a state little short of putrefaction, and their flesh must be as far removed as possible from that healthy state in which alone it ought to become the food of the meanest of the people; yet from such meat are the tables of the rich and the luxurious supplied. Contrasted with those of the *abattoir*, a word may be added with regard to the ulterior operations of our butchers. There being no interference with any slovenly habits they may have, the blood, the offal, and all the impure refuse of their trade, may remain unremoved as long as it may suit their lazy convenience; and no inquiry is ever made whether the immediate neighbourhood of their domiciles are as healthy as others, though they congregate in masses, as in Whitechapel and other places; or are suffered to exist singly, pell-mell, among the habitations of people of all classes, in some of the finest parts of the town. To give an idea of the handsome appearance which such buildings as the abattoirs would give to the town,

* And so it is (p. 42) to speak of animals penned up for slaughter, with "the big tears trickling from their eyes, while *anxiously* awaiting their own death." Such writing does not affect, it revolts us. The understanding must go along with the sympathy: how much more true and fine is it to read of the unconscious lamb which "licks the hand just raised to shed its blood!"

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and by way of hint to the architect, we have annexed an engraving of the abattoir of Montmartre. The slaughter-houses, which are considered the nuisance and disgrace of the English metropolis, are placed in the outskirts of Paris, and *under the inspection of the police.*"

The next paper is against an annual exhibition at Stamford, called the Bull-running, and a relic of the barbarous sports of our ancestors. Public notoriety will, we think, suffice to put an end to this savage custom; and the *Voice of Humanity* deserves credit for directing attention to it. In his notes, however, the editor has been guilty of an injustice to the clergy which ought to have been corrected, or rather the first error, as indicating an animus likely to estrange a powerful body from the cause, ought not to have been committed.

"Why do the clergy (he says page 16) allow this? Does it not appear as if they sanctioned the custom?" This innuendo is exceedingly unfair; and it is rendered the more glaring, when we read, only five pages farther on, "the truth is, that *parliament, alone*, can wipe off this foul stain, disgraceful as it is to the history of our country;" and yet more, when it is stated, at page 67, "The clergy of Stamford, however, and ministers of different denominations, regarded their sacred trust. At the church of St. Mary, on the 6th inst., a most eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Roberts, rector, most forcibly denouncing the ensuing scene, and depicting in glowing language (the effect of which might have been supposed irresistible) its attendant evils, offensive to God, and injurious to the interests of man." What then becomes of the stigma so injudiciously attempted to be cast on the clergy?

Publicity alone, as we have observed, will contribute much to correct the evils which it is the object of the *Voice of Humanity* and its supporters to eradicate: we therefore highly approve of such accounts as are given of the cruelties exercised at the East Kent fox-hunt, and at bear-baitings, pits, and other monstrous nuisances, in various parts of the capital. Wherever a sense of decency and a love of morality exist, these abominations must be quashed as soon as they are discovered: more vigilance, indeed, is to be desired in seeking them out, and not winking at such vitiating receptacles for all that is wicked and criminal. These haunts of the lowest and deepest guilt have been tolerated far too long; and the punishment of death can hardly be avoided while such schools of training for the gallows are permitted to exist. The wisdom of legislation must look to causes, if it be desired to preclude effects; and we fear this is only one revolting instance among many, where the latter are detected for punishment, and the former neglected for prevention.

At page 37 we find a silly letter signed Frances Maria Thompson,—such a letter as weakens a benevolent design: it is about the pitiable condition of dogs drawing trucks, &c. Now, why should not dogs be made useful, as well as horses, asses, or oxen, in this country? In other quarters of the earth, among the Esquimaux, for example, they do all the drudgery, as rein-deer, llama, camels, and other animals, do elsewhere. It is nonsense, merely because we are not accustomed to a thing, to run-a-muck against it, armed with a straw and in the weak panoply of morbid sensibility. Let us strive to correct real grievances, which are sufficiently numerous; not encumber our exertions with mawkish affectations.

On the subject of surgical experiments upon animals, we can neither condemn what the writer says, nor go the length to which he carries his censure. We fear that, under the pretence of science, there is much needless cruelty inflicted in this way;—cruelty, the still worse quality of which is, that it also hardens the hearts of the inflictors through all their future life; but it is nothing short of senseless abuse to speak of Dr. Majendie, on account of his experiments (p. 157), as "*the blood-thirsty, the fiendish* MAJENDIE!" What value can be set on the dictates of a person who can be so ignorant of the benefits which have resulted to mankind from Majendie's investigations, as thus to misrepresent his motives? Let us learn to allow to others as much virtue as we claim for ourselves; and then it would be but a question whether Dr. Majendie, with all his painful operations upon dogs and rabbits, had not as just a right to be considered a beneficent genius towards his species, as the friends and supporters of the *Voice of Humanity*. Illiberality is the bane of good and good intentions.

We shall not, because we do not think entering upon such minutiæ would answer the end, criticise the description of the methods employed to make white veal (p. 96); nor the hyperbole (p. 97), that "the man who started the first steam carriage was the greatest benefactor to the cause of humanity the world ever had;" nor other similar imperfections in this publication. If we remark upon them at all, it is only with the view to procure the consideration of the subscribers to so excellent an undertaking to this fact,—that if they hope to accomplish a great national object, they must take care not to offend prejudice, or provoke opposition, or excite ridicule, by admitting foolish clamours, unjustifiable attacks, cant or ludicrous caricatures of suffering, in style or engraving, to form part of their public appeal. The latter are the besetting drawbacks in these four Nos. The knackers' yard is, as we have noticed, more calculated to beget mirth than pity; and people read without commiseration the inflated narration of "heart-rending statements" respecting "the last agonised groans" of calves;* of heart-broken coach-horses; and "in taking life, that the feelings of the poor animals are not only *not consulted*, but *wantonly trifled with.*" Nor can we readily credit the truth of the following statement, since the mere conveniency of the most barbarous wretch in existence would induce him to save trouble by avoiding such gratuitous barbarity. But the writer asserts: "Another, and I fear not an uncommon cruelty with respect to sheep and lambs, is the beginning to flay them before life is extinct. *I have seen three legs of a sheep flayed before it was dead*, and not unfrequently heard an oath from the mouth of the operator at every movement of the suffering animal, because that movement interfered with the next cut of his knife!"†

With this we close our remarks on a periodical, to which, and to its purpose, there cannot be a warmer friend than we are. If we have found fault, it is with the hope of amending and strengthening its future operation; for ours, though a somewhat different, is also a strenuous and decided *voice of humanity*. We think the appeal so irresistible, that it need only be made to reason; and, therefore, we blame any attempt to enlist the passions.

We dare-say our readers are at a loss to discover why we have put the title of another and very dissimilar work at the head of this paper. We will briefly explain the why and wherefore. Among other important discussions connected with the laws of humanity, the most important is, the reckless readiness with which the punishment of death is inflicted in this country. Though we are all to the manner born, and our souls seared by custom; yet on the slightest moment's reflection, nature shudders at this abhorrent process. We cannot express the feelings with which we regard the whole machinery set in motion to perpetrate this atrocity; the solemn mockery of the scene of judgment, the awful guilt of the scene of death. To our sense, nothing can be more encouraging to crime than the lottery of penalty which attends its commission;—nothing more murderous than the execution of sentence upon one convict, while his fellow is permitted to escape;—nothing more perilously responsible before God than the office of a judge who makes these selections of victims for sacrifice.* We would not have the blood of one such sacrifice on our heads, for all the ermine and revenue of the bench.

With these sentiments we have read, as coupled with the *Voice of Humanity*, a republication of a powerful speech, delivered by Sir W. Meredith in 1777, against a bill in the Commons for creating a new capital felony,† which we earnestly recommend to the public attention: convinced that it will help to abridge the period during which our sanguinary and uncertain code, with between two and three hundred offences punishable by death!! may yet be suffered to stain our history.

Let us take a lesson from savages: the following is a Report of Parliamentary proceedings,—where? in the windward islands of the South Pacific Ocean, where the barbarous, tatooed, half-naked, and ferocious-looking chiefs met to revise their code of laws! Alas, for civilised England!

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* The context runs thus: "If our legislature, disregarding the *convenience* and *caprice* of butchers, were to enact, that before the termination of that day on which a calf was taken to the slaughter-house, it should be stunned by a blow upon the head, after which the throat to be cut—we should then have true reason to congratulate our country on the advancement of humanity."

† Apropos: one of the best suggestions in the book is that of a small truck or carriage for a sheep, which might either relieve the fatigued and perishing, or by carrying a leader, induce the flock to follow where required.

* We can never forget the shock we received at a county assize, which we happened to attend as a friend of the high sheriff, and had consequently an opportunity of witnessing the internal proceedings. One fine-looking peasant, of so good an aspect that we would have distinguished him in a crowd as the pattern of an English countryman, was found guilty, as well as several others, of a crime which, from its prevalence at that period, it was thought necessary to repress by severity. There were no more atrocious crimes in the calendar,—there were too many for this offence to execute them all,—and it was expedient to "make an example." The judge, a humane individual too, was led to inquiry, in order to ascertain who was the worst among the convicted. He asked the clerk of the court, who, knowing no more than himself, asked the gaoler. The gaoler was only aware of their conduct since they had been under his charge in prison; for they came from distant parts of the county; and he asked the various constables who had apprehended and brought them. The constable who had taken the unhappy individual alluded to, reported unfavourably of his character; and the report was carried up to the judgment-seat. The dreadful mark of black-letter, was underscored beneath his name in the general list delivered to the sheriff; and the poor wretch was hanged. We should mention that the conviction was for administering medicines, with an unlawful intent to an unhappy young woman; and that the principal evidence was a little girl about ten years old, who listened to a conversation on the other side of a door. The nature of an oath was explained to her, and she said she understood it; if she told a lie she would go to the fire!!!

What a lottery was here! Had there been murders, or even horse-stealing, in the calendar, the life of this victim would have been spared: as it was, and we are firmly persuaded he was the least guilty of the number, he was made the solitary sacrifice.

† Pp. 8, Harvey and Darton. One of a series of tracts by the Society for the Diffusion of Information on the subject of Capital Punishments, and a sound, unanswerable argument.

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On the question in reference to death or banishment for murder being proposed, " Hitoti, the principal chief of Papeete stood up, and, bowing to the president and the persons around him, said: ' No doubt this is a good law,'—the *proposed* punishment was exile for life to a desolate island,—' but a thought has been growing in my heart for several days, and when you have heard my little speech you will understand what it is. The laws of England, from which country we have received so much good of every kind—must not they be good? And do not the laws of England punish murderers by death? Now, my thought is, that as England does so, it would be well for us to do so. That is my thought.' Perfect silence followed;—and it may be observed here that, during the whole eight days' meetings of this parliament, in no instance were two speakers on their legs at the same time; there was not an angry word uttered by one against another; nor did any assume the possession of more knowledge than the rest. In fact, none controverted the opinion of a preceding speaker, or even remarked upon it, without some respectful commendations of what appeared praiseworthy in it, while, for reasons which he modestly but manfully assigned, he deemed another sentiment better. After looking round to see whether any body were already up before him, Utami, the principal chief of Buanaauia, rose and thus addressed the president: ' The chief of Papeete has said well, that we have received a great many good things from the kind Christian people of England. Indeed, what have we not received from Beretane? Did they not send us (*area*) the gospel?—But does not Hitoti's speech go too far? If we take the laws of England for our guide, then must we not punish with death those who break into a house?—those who write a wrong name?—those who steal a sheep? And will any man in Tahiti say that death should grow for these?—No, no; this goes too far; so I think we should stop. The law, as it is written, I think is good; perhaps I am wrong; but that is my thought.' After a moment or two of stillness, Upuparu, a noble, intelligent, and stately chief stood forth. It was a pleasure to look upon his animated countenance and frank demeanour, without the smallest affectation either of superiority or condescension. He paid several graceful compliments to the former speakers, while, according to his thought, in some things each was right, and each was wrong. ' My brother, Hitoti, who proposed that we should punish murder with death, because England does so, was wrong, as has been shewn by Utami. For they are not the laws of England which are to guide us, though they are good;—the Bible is our perfect guide. Now, *Mitti Trutu* (the Missionary Crook) was preaching to us on (naming the day) from the Scripture, ' He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;' and he told us that this was the reason of the law of England. My thought, therefore, is not with Utami, but with Hitoti (though not because the law of England, but because the Bible, orders it), that we ought to punish with death every one found guilty of murder.' There was a lively exchange of looks all through the assembly, as if each had deen deeply struck with the sentiments of the speaker, especially when he placed the ground of the punishment of death, not upon English precedent, but Scripture authority. Another chief followed, and ' rising, seemed a pillar of state,' one whose aspect, and presence, and costume of dress (richly native), made the spectators forget even him who had just sat down. His name was Tati; and on him all eyes were immediately and intensely fixed, while, with not less simplicity and deference to others than those who had preceded him, he spoke thus:—' Perhaps some of you may be surprised that I, who am the first chief here, and next to the royal family, should have held my peace so long. I wished to hear what my brethren would say, that I might gather what thoughts had grown in their breasts on this great question. I am glad that I waited, because some thoughts are now growing in my own breast which I did not bring with me. The chiefs, who have spoken before me, have spoken well. But is not the speech of Upuparu like that of his brother, Hitoti—in this way? If we cannot follow the laws of England, in all things, as Hitoti's thoughts would perhaps lead us, because they go too far,—must we not stop short of Upuparu, because his thought goes too far likewise? The Bible, he says, is our perfect guide. It is. But what does that Scripture mean, ' He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed?' Does not this go so far that we cannot follow it to the end, any more than we can follow the laws of England all the way? I am Tati; I am a judge; a man is convicted before me; he has shed blood; I order him to be put to death; I shed *his* blood; then who shall shed *mine?* Here, because I cannot go *so* far, I must stop. This cannot be the meaning of those words. But, perhaps, since many of the laws of the Old Testament were thrown down by the Lord Jesus Christ, and only some kept standing upright,—perhaps, I say, this is one of those which were thrown down. However, as I am ignorant, some one else will shew me, that, in the New Testament, our Saviour, or his apostles, have said the same thing concerning him that sheddeth man's blood as is said in the Old Testament. Shew me this in the New Testament, and then it must be our guide.' Much cordial approbation was evident at the conclusion of Tati's speech, and its evangelical appeal seemed to remove some difficulty and doubt respecting the true Scriptural authority applicable to the case. Next rose Pati, a chief and a judge of Eimeo, formerly a high-priest of Oro, and the first who, at the hazard of his life, had abjured idolatry. ' My breast,' he exclaimed, ' is full of thought, and surprise, and delight. When I look round at this *fare bure ra* (house of God) in which we are assembled, and consider who we are that take sweet counsel together here, it is to me all *mea huru e* (a thing of amazement), and *mea faa oaoa te aau* (a thing that makes glad my heart). Tati has settled the question; for is it not the gospel that is our guide?—and who can find directions for putting to death? I know many passages which forbid, but I know not one which commands, to kill. But then another thought is growing in my breast, and, if you will hearken to my little speech, you shall know what it is. Laws, to punish those that commit crime, are good for us. But tell me, why do Christians punish? Is it because we are angry, and have pleasure in causing pain? Is it because we love revenge, as we did when we were heathens? None of these: Christians do not love revenge; Christians must not be angry; they cannot have pleasure in causing pain. Christians do not, therefore, punish for these. Is it not that, by the suffering which is inflicted, we may prevent the criminal from repeating his crime, and frighten others from doing as he has done to deserve the like? Well, then, does not every body know that it would be a greater punishment to be banished for ever from Tahiti, to a desolate island, than just, in a moment, to be put to death? And could the banished man commit murder again there? And would not others be more frightened by such a sentence than by one to take away his life? So my thought is that Tati is right, and the law had best remain as it has been written.' One of the *taata rii*, or little men, a commoner, or representative of a district, now presented himself, and was listened to with as much attention as had been given to the lordly personages who preceded him. He said:—' As no one else stands up, I will make my little speech, because several pleasant thoughts have been growing in my breast, and I wish you to hear them. Perhaps every thing good and necessary has been said already by the chiefs; yet, as we are not met to adopt this law or that law, because one great man or another recommends it, but as we, the *taata rii*, just the same as the chiefs, are to throw all our thoughts together, that out of the whole heap the meeting may make those to stand upright which are best, whencesoever they come—this is my thought. All that Pati said was good; but he did not mention, that one reason for punishing (as a Missionary told us, when he was reading the law to us, in private) is, to make the offender good again if possible. Now, if we kill a murderer, how can we make him better? But if he be sent to a desolate island, where he is all solitary, and compelled to think for himself, it may please God to make the bad things in his heart to die, and good things to grow there. But, if we kill him, where will his soul go?' Others spoke to the same purport; and, in the result, it was unanimously determined that banishment, not death, should be inflicted on murderers. It followed, of course, that the extreme exercise of magisterial power, to take away life, was excluded from every other case."

Comment would weaken such a lesson: we leave it to, we trust, its irresistible influence on the public mind.

Philip Augustus; or, the Brothers in Arms. By the Author of " De L'Orme," " Darnley," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

Some years ago it was the fashion for authors to assume some disguise, and bring out their works like heroes in romances, ignorant of their real parent, till the honour they had acquired, or some chance circumstance, induced their incognito father to claim his child. A coffer was discovered in some old house, which contained a worm-eaten manuscript—or a chest floated on shore—or a portmanteau was forgotten at an inn—or a trunk left in lodgings—all holding the same contents—papers which the finder was induced to publish. Had Mr. James adopted this concealment, to declare that he had found an old chronicle in some antique château, he would have been readily believed—such knowledge of the time, and such verisimilitude, does the accuracy of manner, speech, and costume, give to *Philip Augustus*. We cannot but think it a very futile objection raised against this species of romance, that, forsooth, it interferes with the study of history's self. These cavillers seem entirely to forget, that if the subject had not been pleasantly brought forward, a large class would never have read at all; and, secondly, they have not sufficiently considered, that general knowledge is the really useful part of history: a mere itinerary of dates and facts is the most useless thing in the world. To illustrate by an example: it was of slight moment to the reader

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to know that Richard Cœur de Lion ascended the throne, went to Palestine, and, after a long absence, returned; and yet this is a summary of the information contained in the majority of historical abridgments. But a new stock of ideas was excited, a more accurate notion of the times entertained, when, in *Ivanhoe*, the miseries of feudal tyranny were brought forward in active operation on a land where the people were not in a state to resist, or the government to repress. A new interest was excited; and the history of our country has had more attention attracted to it by the works of Sir Walter Scott, than by any historical impetus ever given to the human mind. It is in this spirit we bestow our warm praises on Mr. James's volumes: his general picture of the age is true, correct, and verified by careful research; while the antiquary's labours are engrafted on an animated story, which has long been, and long will continue to be, the primary attraction to the plurality of readers. Mr. James has chosen a most interesting period; the great qualities of Philip Augustus were fitted to meet the momentous circumstances in which he was placed; his whole character was a singular mixture of policy and energy. Our author has two heroes; one, Thibalt d'Auvergne, connects the narrative with Agnes, the second wife of Philip; the other, De Coucy, with the unfortunate Arthur of Brittany. We observe the materials of these pages are drawn from those of M. Capefique, whose work is one of the most important additions to French history. Mr. James has deviated much from his authority, sometimes not to advantage—for the actual narrative is so very marked and touching. He represents Agnes as separated at last from her husband through the operation of jealousy, and finally dying of grief; while her beautiful rival, Ingerberge, is kept quite out of sight. This is not true—she died in childbed; and a very pathetic account is given in the old chroniclers, of her appearing, dressed in deep mourning, before the peers of France, where her tears and her situation excited the strongest interest—but in vain. We also think Philip's celebrated speech on the Pope's refusing to take off the interdict, very much weakened. On hearing this refusal, Agnes exclaimed—"My God! my God! where shall I, then, take my grief?" When Philip, in his rage, replied—"Well, then, I will turn my back on the church; Saladin was happy to have no pope." Mr. James makes this a mere threat used before one of his ministers. We must also observe, that the phrase *beau sire* is too evident a favourite of the writer's: its use is frequent even to affectation. We now proceed to give a specimen of the narrative. As Agnes acts a prominent part, we will quote that which introduces her.

"We must now change the scene, and, leaving wilds and mountains, come to a more busy though still a rural view. From the small, narrow windows of the ancient château of Compiègne might be seen, on the one side, the forest with its ocean of green and waving boughs; and on the other, a lively little town on the banks of the Oise, the windings of which river could be traced from the higher towers, far beyond its junction with the Aisne, into the distant country. Yet, notwithstanding that it was a town, Compiègne scarcely detracted from the rural aspect of the picture. It had, even in those days, its gardens and its fruit-trees, which gave it an air of verdure, and blended it, as it were, insensibly with the forest, that waved against its very walls. The green thatches, too, of its houses, in which slate or tile was unknown, covered with moss, and lichens, and flowering houseleek, offered not the cold, stiff uniformity of modern roofs; and the eye that looked down upon those constructions of art in its earliest and rudest form, found all the picturesque irregularity of nature. Gazing, then, from one of the narrow windows of a large, square chamber in the keep of the château, were two beings, who seemed to be enjoying, to the full, those bright hours of early affection, which are the summer days of existence, yielding flowers, and warmth, and sunshine, and splendour;—hours that are so seldom known—hours that so often pass away like dreams—hours which are such strangers in courts, that, when they do intrude with their warm rays into the cold precincts of a palace, history marks their coming as a phenomenon, too often followed by a storm. Alone, in the solitude of that large chamber, those two beings were as if in a world by themselves. The fair girl, seemingly scarce nineteen years of age, with her light hair floating upon her shoulders in large masses of shining curls, leaned her cheek upon her hand, and gazing with her full, soft blue eyes over the far extended landscape, appeared lost in thought; while her other hand, fondly clasped in that of her companion, shadowed out, as it were, how nearly linked he was to her seemingly abstracted thoughts. The other tenant of that chamber was a man of thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, tall, well-formed, handsome, of the same fair complexion as his companion, but tinged with the manly florid hue of robust health, exposure, and exercise. His nose was slightly aquiline, his chin rounded and rather prominent, and his blue eyes would have been fine and expressive, had they not been rather nearer together than the just proportion, and stained, as it were, on the very iris, by some hazel spots in the midst of the blue. The effect, however, of the whole was pleasing; and the very defect of the eyes, by its singularity, gave something fine and distinguished to the countenance; while their nearness, joined with the fire that shone out in their glance, seemed to speak that keen and quick sagacity which sees and determines at once, in the midst of thick dangers and perplexity. The expression, however, of those eyes was now calm and soft, while sometimes holding her hand in his, sometimes playing with a crown of wild roses he had put on his companion's head, he mingled one rich curl after another with the green leaves and the blushing flowers; and, leaning with his left arm against the embrasure of the window, high above her head, as she sat gazing out upon the landscape, he looked down upon the beautiful creature, through the mazes of whose hair his other hand was straying, with a smile strangely mingled of affection for her, and mockery of his own light employment. There was grace, and repose, and dignity, in his whole figure, and the simple green hunting tunic which he wore, without robe, or hood, or ornament whatever, served better to shew its easy majesty than would the robes of a king; and yet this was Philip Augustus. 'So pensive, sweet Agnes!' said he, after a moment's silence, thus waking from her reverie the lovely Agnes de Meranie, whom he had married shortly after the sycophant bishops of France had pronounced the nullity of his unconsummated marriage with Ingerberge, for whom he had conceived the most inexplicable aversion. 'So pensive,' he said; 'where did those sweet thoughts wander?' 'Far, far, my Philip!' replied the queen, leaning back her head upon his arm, and gazing up in his face with a look of that profound, unutterable affection which sometimes dwells in woman's heart for her first and only love;—'far from this castle, and this court—far from Philip's splendid chivalry, and his broad realms, and his fair cities; and yet with Philip still. I thought of my own father, and all his tenderness and love for me; and of my own sweet Istria! and I thought how hard was the fate of princes, that some duty always separated them from some of those they love, and—' 'And doubtless you wished to quit your Philip for those that you loved better,' interrupted the king, with a smile at the very charge which he well knew would soon be contradicted. 'O no! no!' replied Agnes; 'but as I looked out yonder, and thought it was the way to Istria, I wished that my Philip was but a simple knight, and I a humble demoiselle. Then should he mount his horse, and I would spring upon my palfrey; and we would ride gaily back to my native land, and see my father once again, and live happily with those we loved.' 'But tell me, Agnes,' said Philip, with a tone of melancholy that struck her, 'if you were told, that you might to-morrow quit me, and return to your father, and your own fair land, would you not go?' 'Would I quit you?' cried Agnes, starting up, and placing her two hands upon her husband's arm, while she gazed in his face with a look of surprise that had no small touch of fear in it—'would I quit you? Never! And if you drove me forth, I would come back and be your servant—your slave; or would watch in the corridors but to have a glance as you passed by—or else I would die,' she added, after a moment's pause, for she had spoken with all the rapid energy of alarmed affection. 'But tell me, tell me, Philip, what did you mean? For all your smiling, you spoke gravely. Nay, kisses are no answers.' 'I did but jest, my Agnes,' replied Philip, holding her to his heart with a fond pressure. 'Part with you! I would sooner part with life!' As he spoke, the door of the chamber suddenly opened, the hangings were pushed aside, and an attendant appeared. 'How now!' cried the king, unclasping his arms from the slight, beautiful form round which they were thrown. 'How now, villain! Must my privacy be broken at every moment? How dare you enter my chamber without my call?' And his flashing eye and reddened cheek spoke that quick impatient spirit which never possessed any man's breast more strongly than that of Philip Augustus. And yet, strange to say, the powers of his mind were such, that every page of his history affords a proof of his having made even his most impetuous passions subservient to his policy—not by conquering them, but by giving vent to them in such direction as suited best the exigency of the times, and the interest of his kingdom. 'Sire,' replied the attendant, with a profound reverence, 'the good knight Sir Stephen Guerin has just arrived from Paris, and prays an audience.' 'Admit him,' said Philip; and his features, which had expanded like an unstrung bow, while in the gentler moments of domestic happiness, and had flashed with the broad blaze of the lightning under the effect of sudden irritation, gradually contracted into a look of grave thought as his famous and excellent friend and minister Guerin approached. He was a tall, thin man, with strong marked features, and was dressed in the black robe and eight-limbed cross of the Order of Hospitallers, which habit he retained even long after his having been elected Bishop of Senlis. He pushed back his hood, and bowed low in sign of reverence as he

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approached the king; but Philip advanced to meet him, and welcomed him with the affectionate embrace of an equal. 'Ha! fair brother!' said the king. 'What gives us the good chance of seeing you, from our town of Paris? We left you full of weighty matters.' 'Matters of still greater weight, beau sire,' replied the Hospitaller, 'claiming your immediate attention, have made me bold to intrude upon your privacy. An epistle from the good Pope Celestin came yesterday, by a special messenger, charging your highness—' 'Hold!' cried Philip, raising his finger as a sign to keep silence. 'Come to my closet, brother; we will hear the good bishop's letter in private. Tarry, sweet Agnes! I have vowed thee three whole days, without the weight of royalty bearing down our hearts; and this shall not detain me long.' 'I would not, my lord, for worlds,' replied the queen, 'that men should say my Philip neglected his kingdom, or his people's happiness, for a woman's smile. I will wait here for your return, be your business long as it may, and think the time well spent. Rest you well, fair brother,' she added, as it were in reply, to a beaming smile that for a moment lighted up the harsh features of the Hospitaller; 'cut not short your tale for me.' The minister bowed low, and Philip, after having pressed his lips on the fair forehead of his wife, led the way through a long passage with windows on either side, to a small closet in one of the angular turrets of the castle. It was well contrived for the cabinet of a statesman, for, placed as it was, a sort of excrescence from one of the larger towers, it was cut off from all other buildings, so that no human ear could catch one word of any conversation which passed therein. The monarch entered; and, making a sign to his minister to close the door, he threw himself on a seat, and stretched forth his hand, as if for the pontiff's letter. 'Not a word before the queen!' said he, taking the vellum from the Hospitaller,—'not a word before the queen, of all the idle cavilling of the Roman church. I would not, for all the crowns of Charlemagne, that Agnes should dream of a flaw in my divorce from Ingerberge—though that flaw be no greater a matter than a moat in the sore eyes of the church of Rome. But let me see! What says Celestin?' 'He threatens you, royal sir,' replied the minister, 'with excommunication, and anathema, and interdict.' 'Pshaw!' cried Philip, with a contemptuous smile; 'he has not vigour enough to anathematise a flea! 'Tis a good mild priest; somewhat tenacious of his church's rights,—for, let me tell thee, Stephen, had I but craved my divorce from Rome, instead of from my bishops of France, I should have heard no word of anathema or interdict. It was a fault of policy, so far as my personal quiet is concerned; and there might be somewhat of hasty passion in it too; but yet, good knight, 'twas not without forethought. The grasping church of Rome is stretching out her thousand hands into all the kingdoms round about her, and snatching, one by one, the prerogatives of the throne. The time will come—I see it well—when the prelate's foot shall tread upon the prince's crown; but I will take no step to put mine beneath the sandal of St. Peter. No! though the everlasting buzzing of all the crimson flies in the conclave should deafen me outright. But let me read.' The Hospitaller bowed, and silently studied the countenance of the sovereign, while he perused the letter of the pontiff. Philip's features, however, underwent no change of expression. His brow knit slightly from the first; but no more than so far as to shew attention to what he was reading. His lip, too, maintained its contemptuous curl; but that neither increased nor diminished; and when he had done, he threw the packet lightly on a table, exclaiming—'Stingless! stingless! The good prelate will hurt no one!' 'Too true, sire,' replied the impassible Guerin; 'he will now hurt no one, for he is dead.' 'St. Denis to boot!' cried the king. 'Dead! why told you it not before? Dead! when did he die? Has the conclave met? have they gone to election? Whom have they adored? Who is the pope? Speak, Hospitaller! speak!' 'The holy conclave have elected the Cardinal Lothaire, sire,' replied the knight. 'Your highness has seen him here in France, as well as at Rome: a man of a great and capacious mind.' 'Too great! too great!' replied Philip thoughtfully. 'He is no Celestin. We shall soon hear more!'"

For that more we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves: they will well repay the perusal; for they are, indeed, very valuable additions to our stock of pleasure and literary enjoyment.*

Travels in Russia, Persia, Turkey, and Greece, in 1828-9. By Thomas Alcock, Esq. London, 1831.

THE difference between travelling and writing for publication, or rather for publishing; and of travelling for one's own gratification, and printing an account of what seemed most worthy of attention, for private circulation among friends, is strikingly exemplified in this volume, which belongs to the latter class. It is the production of Mr. Alcock, of Curzon Street, and of Kingswood Warren, Epsom, who was, we believe, a member of the parliament before last. The tour he performed was one such as few but Englishmen, and but few of them, with all their energy, spirit, and thirst for information, are in the habit of attempting; for in eighteen months, avoiding much of common routes, he traversed a very considerable portion of Southern Europe and Asia, as an indication of some of the leading points will shew, namely, Calais, Blenheim, Vienna, Cracow, Brody, Odessa, Sevastopol, Nikita, Alushta, Sudack, Kersch, Taman, Karass, Caucasus, Tiflis, Erivan, Ararat, Makoo, Tabreez, Tehraun, Kirmanshah, Sennah, Hoey, Wan, Arzroom, Tokat, Constantinople, Nice, Therapia, Tenedos, Egina, Napoli, Sparta, Corinth, Athens, Corfu, Milan, Paris, and Calais again! This includes a *giro* of about a thousand miles in Persia, from and back to Tabreez; and a journey *en courier* thence through Asia Minor to the capital of Turkey.

To an intelligent mind,* such travel, and at so interesting a period to the countries visited—for the Turkish war was at its crisis, and the Russian embassy had just been massacred at Tehraun—could not fail to be deeply instructive. Yet, as we have observed, not being in the act of book-making, Mr. Alcock has confined his remarks to a summary, incredible as it may seem, of 227 pages!! A tolerable manufacturer would not have got to Vienna in a hundred pages more, with Brussels, and Waterloo, and Spa, and Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne, and Coblentz, and Mayence, and Worms, and Heidelberg, and Baden-Baden, and Stuttgard, and Ulm, and Ratisbon, and Passau, and the Danube, and the Castle of Cœur de Lion, &c. &c. all on his way, with their proper episodes of revolutions, battles, waters, congresses, kings, antiquities, great tuns, baths, and legends. In very moderate hands indeed, we would have gladly compounded for four thick volumes, first edition quarto, and a second edition, octavo, to follow immediately.

As Mr. Alcock, however, has been content with a very rapid glance, we must merely employ the favour in hand by taking an equally rapid glance at it. At page 2 we find ourselves in Vienna: previous to which the author says—

"On leaving Ulm, when we approached the village of Hochstadt, our interrogations about Blenheim were answered with a vacant stare: but it was not a little gratifying to the ears of an Englishman, and quite sufficient to identify the memorable spot, to find that the name of Malbrook was still familiar to the ignorant peasants of the neighbourhood. The position of the French and Bavarians at Schellenburg, close to Donawert, is still very easily to be traced. The duke took it by assault a few days before the battle of Blenheim."

At Tiflis, our extract reads: "We visited here the remains of an ancient temple of the fire-worshippers, at present converted into the dwelling of an old Georgian woman; there was nothing in the ruin itself worthy of observation. The old lady was employed in making a bridal dress for her daughter, of more value, apparently, than her whole property; such is the oriental love of finery. In the interior of the country we happened to see

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* We take this opportunity of doing Mr. James a long-delayed justice. After the publication of his *History of Chivalry*, we received an epistle of remonstrance from him, touching our review of that work. Many slight circumstances, to which even reviewers are subject, caused the omission of the following note; and we are glad to take this opportunity of shewing the writer it was unintentional neglect on our part. The space required for three closely-written pages, and those not on subjects of general interest, must be our apology to Mr. James for answering, instead of inserting, his letter; particularly as his complaints may be condensed into four heads. First, that we called his a history of the crusades, not of chivalry. We repeat, we still consider it such. That he alludes in his preface to his publishers' desire of the materials being condensed into one volume, accounts for the fact—but rather confirms our assertion. The praise we gave his work, sufficiently shews we meant not to impeach his manifest research. Secondly, that his censure of Henry II. was only applied to his personal character. Mr. James certainly does not state that he intended to draw a line between the private and public life of this monarch. Thirdly, that we accuse him of leaning to a belief in the romantic legends of the time, which, to use his own words, is "perfectly damnatory to the fame of an historian." The instances in point are, the Princess Elenore and Fair Rosamond. In the first case, we did not say he made an assertion: we stated he had better have explicitly mentioned the falsehood of the tale, which is, as Sir James Mackintosh so well expresses it, "a beautiful invention in honour of female devotedness." It was first told of Robert, Duke of Normandy. Fair Rosamond is more debatable ground. Mr. James holds to the belief that she was poisoned by Queen Elenore:—we think the evidence inconclusive. Higedon, the monk, who seems to have originally put forth the story, is very apocryphal authority. Speede, in his Chronicles, alludes to it but as a popular legend; and Hume positively states his disbelief. The minstrels seem to have chosen, with peculiar partiality, the annals of the house of Plantagenet as the theme of their inventions. Stowe mentions a tradition, not generally known, that in those days, when the city was the court-end of the town, besides the Labyrinth at Woodstock, Rosamond had another for the London season on Paul's Wharf Hill, where, says he, "Henry II. kept, or was supposed to have kept, the jewel of his heart: she whom he there called Rosa Mundi, and here by the name of Diana." Hence it was called Diana Camera—rather a misnomer. We should not omit, that Mr. James mentions Capefigue as another authority for his side of the question; and, we must add, want of research is the last charge we ever intended to bring against one who had evidently bestowed much time and care, as well as great ability and talent, on his subject. But we must reserve to ourselves the expression of our own opinion, without which our censure is void, and our praise valueless. It is curious to observe, how some incidents seem the stray waifs of history, and adhere, as they float down the stream of time, first to one, and then to another. The anecdote just dramatised as of Henry IV. of France, was originally told of Agesilaus, king of Sparta, who pursued his game with his children before the Persian ambassador.

* That Mr. Alcock's is eminently so, we gather not only from the volume before us, but from a pamphlet on Reform, published by J. Ilbery, Titchfield Street.

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the merriment of a wedding, which consisted chiefly of dancing and drinking. The men were formed in a ring, leaping and hallooing with such vigour, that the exercise was excessive; and the bride and bridegroom, standing together, having on their heads crowns of gilded ornaments to distinguish them, as is generally the custom in marriages of the Greek church, looked like two egregious fools [an appearance not altogether uncommon even in England, though the parties wear no crowns]. Before the possession of Georgia by the Russians, the women wore their faces covered, according to the fashion and religion of their eastern neighbours: but as the result of all sudden conversions is generally a falling into the contrary extremes, they now volunteer a greater display of their charms than is becoming, and which, leaving nothing to the imagination, destroys the interest one would otherwise take in the contemplation of their handsome features. There are twenty-eight thousand inhabitants in Tiflis, and it is a very flourishing town, carrying on considerable trade with the East and Moscow. It is probable that its commerce will continue to increase, and that a new channel of communication will be opened by the Black Sea, through the province of Gouriel, having Poti as the port, from whence there is a good road, which will enable them to trade directly with the Mediterranean. We arrived at Tiflis a few days after the return of Count Paskevitch's army from a series of successes against the Turks; having first taken Kars after some resistance; Akhalkalaki, which capitulated; and then Akhalstic, where the general was employed five days in entrenching himself on one side of the town only, during which time there was an encounter, and five hundred Turks were killed: he then besieged it from the opposite side; the *ruse de guerre* succeeded, though not without difficulty, or before five or six thousand Turks (the Russian accounts say more) were killed. The siege occupied ten days altogether. In addition to the places already mentioned that fell into the hands of Russia in the campaign of 1828, may be added Poti, Anapa, Diadeen, Bayazeed, Topra-Kalla, and Ardahagn. On some occasions the Turks fought like madmen; so great indeed was their antipathy to the Russians, that even the women blackened their faces, and did their utmost against them. The desperation of the Turks led them to acts of pertinacious courage scarcely conceivable. An officer told me he had seen an old woman present a pistol at some Cossacks who had entered her house after the siege; the soldiers unwilling to kill so old and infirm a person, besought her to drop the weapon; she refused, and they were obliged to run her through with the bayonet. Others, carried by the fanaticism of their religion, threw themselves into the flames, rather than incur the ignominy of becoming slaves to Christians."

The following is a curious illustration of the military discipline of Russia:

"One of the regiments of guards generally stationed at Petersburgh, was in Georgia at this time, having been sent there in disgrace, for this is a customary mode of punishment in the Russian army. The officers of this corps are so superior in every respect to those of other regiments, that they can scarcely be supposed to belong to the same service. They are the *élite* of the army, and were of great service in doing the honours of the ball [a ball at Tiflis], and making it such as would have done credit to any regiment in any country. All of them speak French, and German is very generally understood: the Russians indeed are remarkably good linguists; their own language is so difficult, and such are the combinations of sounds, and the variety of accents, that those who speak Russ have a great facility in acquiring other languages. It is not an unfrequent custom also to transfer officers in disgrace from one regiment to another: thus no more disagreeable punishment can be imagined for an officer of the guards, than to be sent from Petersburgh or Moscow, to serve in a regiment on the coast of the Black or Caspian Sea. For greater offences they are sometimes reduced to the ranks, and are obliged to fall in with the men on parade, although they are mostly allowed certain privileges, such as a servant to clean their horse, if in the cavalry; and they may generally hope to be reinstated on good behaviour. Similar degradations take place in the navy; for I remember, whilst in the Mediterranean, hearing of an officer, who had been a *capitaine de frégate*, on some offence being reduced to the condition of a simple sailor, and being seen swabbing the decks of the vessel he had previously commanded."

Our countryman was much gratified by an excursion, under the protection of Paskevitch, through Kaketia, the finest province of the whole Caucasus, abounding in vines, extensive forests, and splendid scenery, to the little Lesghian republic of Balakan, where, though their hosts were most formidable and ferocious-looking gentry, Mr. A. says, "we passed a most amusing evening. The Russian soldiers were feasted and fêted, as well as ourselves, and played and sang alternately with the Caucasians, who performed their national dance, which more resembles a Scotch hornpipe than any thing I had ever seen."

We continue our selections: "The metropolitan church at Echmiatzen is represented to contain, among many relics, a piece of the ark; although Mount Ararat, whose top is eternally capped with snow, is so conical and difficult to approach, that it has as yet resisted every attempt to attain the summit. There is a ridiculous picture in the church, representing the ark on the top of the mountain, and a Saint Jacob attempting to ascend to it: he is attended by several labourers to clear away the snow; but after various fruitless attempts, (for whenever he slept he found he sank down to the same place), he was at length met by an angel, who handed him a piece of the ark. This interview is introduced into the painting. The Armenians receive this tale as a command that the top of the mountain shall never be ascended, as their holy Jacob was not permitted to succeed in his attempt. On the side of Ararat is a hermitage, supposed to be Noah's habitation on his descent, and the first in the world. This venerable mountain has a most imposing appearance; in addition to its peculiar form, it rises from a champaign country, and appears to much greater effect from there being no other eminences in the vicinity of it, on the side from which we viewed it. On leaving Erivan we had intended to visit the seven churches of Guerni, cut out of the solid rock; but on this occasion our first disaster befell us, and we failed in the object of our expedition. Having set out late, night overtook us before we could expect to arrive at the village, and as it snowed the whole day, our guide had every excuse for mistaking the road. We had observed him for some time looking from right to left, as if he was out of his latitude, and he at length acknowledged he had lost his way. For many long hours we endeavoured by loudly hallooing to make ourselves heard, but our vociferations were vain: we were creeping into a chimney, in despair of a better place of rest, when, about one o'clock in the morning, we thought we discerned the bark of a watch-dog; having advanced towards the sound, we found in a ruined church our baggage, for the men with the mules had fortunately found their way there also, and an immense flock of sheep; and we began now to understand the cause of our misfortune. The poor guide, whom we had abused for stupidity, had directed his course properly enough; but the village had been demolished when the Russians had passed through in their pursuit of the Persians in the late war, and nothing remained but the stone walls of this welcome church, which now formed an asylum for sheep, and which from the darkness of the night we should not have discovered but for the shepherd's dog. No hotel, however well provided and sumptuous, was ever so welcome as this old church, which afforded at least a shelter against a continued fall of snow. We soon made a fire, and an attack upon the provision-basket made amends for previous cold and hunger. We congratulated ourselves that we had gained experience, which might afterwards be of use to us, not to place too much reliance upon the existence of towns, and run the risk of being benighted in a similar manner. As the villages are universally built of earth, they disappear altogether from time to time, and so complete is the destruction, that it is no exaggeration to say that the mud walls once fallen, soon unite with the ground, and the plough goes over them, leaving not a vestige to be seen. There seems to be nothing to remind the traveller in Armenia of its ancient kingdom, and, like Poland, and several other states, now under the dominion of Russia, (the crowns of most of which are deposited among the regalia at Moscow), it is scarcely known to exist."

Reserving some further extracts for another *Gazette*, we must now finish with the very striking and important portraits of the three great monarchs, as drawn from personal observation by Mr. Alcock.

"The czar, at Odessa, full of energy and activity, was on the point of embarking for Varna, which was daily expected to fall. He is a superb man in person, of good countenance, and without the least ostentation; being dressed in the simplest manner, attended only by three or four courtiers. He seemed engrossed by one object alone—that of carrying on the war vigorously. He is deservedly loved by his subjects—for he is very desirous to improve their condition; and so much good is said of him by strangers, as well as by his own people, that he is greatly to be esteemed as an individual, and as a monarch to be respected and admired. There could not be a greater contrast to the czar than the shah of Persia. Squatting in his oriental apartment, dressed in large flowing robes of cachmere, with bouquets of roses casting their perfume in the air, and fountains of water playing before him; a black and brilliant beard, and remarkably agreeable countenance; all combined to render the appearance of his majesty peculiarly attractive. As we approached his presence, we passed by a long train of his courtiers, and bowed to him three different times, throwing off our slippers at the second bowing, and waiting for an invitation to proceed, which did not fail to come with all the grace and winning manner of the distinguished Persian. * * *

"The former Persian ambassador in England, now minister for foreign affairs, presented

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us; and we stood at the end of a moderately sized room, whilst the shah addressed us in a manner the most flattering to our country, and drew a comparison between the Russians and ourselves, not very complimentary to the former. He said, 'that England and Persia were one; that we had been intimately connected for thirty years, and had never had any disputes; but the first moment a Russian embassy came, a most melancholy event occurred.' It will be remembered, that the massacre of the embassy took place a few days before our arrival at the Persian capital. He then dismissed us, offering to appoint one of his servants to attend us on our journey, which we readily accepted. The effeminacy and childishness of this great monarch, compared with the energetic character and the mental and bodily exertions of the Emperor Nicholas, were extremely apparent. Let us now speak of the haughty monarch of Turkey—of him who has had the daring to attempt reforms that had previously caused two revolutions, and the death of two sultans, his predecessors. His pride is, indeed, not less than we could have supposed from what we had always read and heard. I had several opportunities of seeing his majesty, on horseback, and in his barge on the Bosphorus; but the best view I had of him was at the audience of our ambassador. Upon this occasion his eyes (very large and dark) darted from side to side with a quickness scarcely conceivable, whilst he endeavoured to penetrate the characters of those presented before him. His countenance is most singularly striking, full of resolution and fire; a broad, open face, with a dark beard, which being clipped, and made short and stubby, loses all its natural beauty and elegance, and appeared to me with peculiar disadvantage, having recently left a country whose only excellence perhaps consists in the beauty of this unusual but graceful appendage. The sultan of the Mahometan empire is so great a being in his own estimation, that he does not condescend to address the representative of the king of England but through his minister; or to receive him before he has been fed and clothed, and rendered fit to appear in his presence. It is, indeed, curious that the English, or any European nation, can reconcile themselves to such degrading indignities."

[To be continued.]

Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a Detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting events in his Life, from the year 1733 *to* 1749, *as written in his own Diary.* Edited by Miss Jane Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

A DIARY of remarkable adventures, preserved for a century in the family of the writer, and certainly never penned with a view to publication, is precisely one of the works which meets with our greatest regard. Since the spirit-stirring narratives of the bucaniers, we have met with nothing of this kind which has interested us more than this curious history; for the adventures have as much of the advantage of the marvellous, and never offend by details of cruelty and massacre. Sir Edward Seaward, it *seems*, was born about 1710 or 11, and died in 1774, at his seat, Hartland in Gloucestershire. Early impressed, as if his name had an influence on his destiny, with a fondness for a sea life, his wishes were first gratified by a voyage to Virginia, as supercargo of a vessel belonging to his uncle, a Bristol merchant. This voyage he performed in 1733, and on his return married Eliza Goldsmith. With her he again sailed for Jamaica; and from Jamaica in a trip to the Honduras was wrecked;—the crew took to the boat; but Seaward, his wife, and a little dog, were saved by the brig's being drifted ashore. Here they were in a very Robinson Crusoe-like condition, on an uninhabited island; and the chief difference between the employments and exploits of the hero of De Foe and them, as related in these volumes, consists in the former being solitary, and the latter a united pair. Amply supplied with tools, seeds, necessaries, and poultry, from the vessel, they become builders, horticulturists, agriculturists, fishers, &c. and the island soon smiled beneath their industry into a Paradise, of which they were the Adam and Eve. Their mutual affection, amiable feelings, humanity, and piety, are very naturally and touchingly drawn; and though the daily details are rather minute, we do not think that readers of any class (except perhaps the few who can only enjoy the feverish excitement of romance, or high-seasoned pungency in poetry,) will deem them tedious. We will endeavour to convey a notion of their character by a few extracts.

"Saturday, 2d. In the morning we found ourselves very stiff from the efforts of the preceding day; and had recourse to a copious ablution of sea-water upon the deck, immediately after getting up; which was succeeded, as on former occasions, by a perfect renovation. My wife had experienced so much utility in her change of costume, that with my permission she would henceforth dispense with the petticoats, and dress *à la Turque:* I was quite agreeable; the new dress was sufficiently modest, and more appropriate to her present situation; and in truth it was very becoming, being not a little graceful."

"Friday, 8th.—My dear wife kept closely at her needle-work, while I employed myself in cutting some small trees and brushwood. During my task, she got a little tired of being from me; and to my own glad greeting, too, suddenly joined me with her fishing-rod ready baited in her hand, and invited me to accompany her to the rock. 'The day wears,' said she, smiling, 'and I come to my duty.' 'Dearest,' cried I, 'no duty; only thy pastime; but I will now do it, for it is sometimes rather tugging work.' 'Oh, no, dear Edward; you allotted it to me, and I will not give up my office. So long as you replenish the conservatory, I will furnish you with its fish. 'Well, well, be it so,' said I; and, instantly resolving on a bit of merriment, determined to leave the matter entirely to herself; so, walking up with her to the rock over the cask, she dropped in the bait, which was greedily seized by some strong fish, and the action pulled the rod by a jerk from her hand; but she quickly picked it up, (for I did not), while I said, 'You shall have fair play, and the fish too.' Fidele would have helped her if he could; he seemed to understand what was going forward, for he jumped off the rock on to the top of the cask, and I really thought he was going to take the line in his mouth. The fish, however, kept its station; and the delicate arm of my dear wife was unable to drag him forth. I now offered to assist her. 'No, no; fair play, Edward,' she cried; 'no fish, no dinner.' She did indeed tug, and the fish tugged, and my poor love was almost tired out; at last, by one great effort, she raised him out of the hatch, on to the top of the cask, where Fidele stood; but the fish made a bound, and carried line and rod into the open water; while Fidele, struck with terror, leaped back upon the rock; but as since our arrival here we had accustomed him to go into the smooth sea, and bring out pieces of stick, he now, with a little encouragement from his mistress, who ran round with him to the sandy beach of the inlet, immediately took the water; and, laying hold of the rod, (the fish being almost spent by its preceding exertion), kept it fast in his mouth, and, after many fruitless efforts, managed to get footing with his cumbrous prize, and, to the great joy of my wife, placed the rod in her hand. She then drew up the fish with a triumph, which, she declared, was all their own. I gave the dear pair a cheer of applause, which Fidele returned with an extraordinary howl, that made us both laugh. Before we carried away her prize, as the rest of the fish in the conservatory had been some days without food, I threw some in to them, and then turned my steps homeward with my sweet helpmate. Together, we prepared the calipeavar for dinner, which duly appeared, with all the et-ceteras, limes and peppers. In honour of the contest, my wife set before me a bottle of our canary wine; and she placed a rich dessert also on the table, namely, an over-ripe pine and a fine shaddock. After so sumptuous a feast, I was not disposed to sink into the woodman again that day, but sat like a nabob, enjoying the fruit and beverage, drinking the health of my most excellent and courteous fisherman. My dear Eliza was quite happy in seeing me, for once since our landing, laying aside all care; and I believe, on this occasion, I became a little exhilarated. We talked over the battle of the fish, which reminded us of Waller's battle of the Bermudians with the whale; and I laughed heartily again and again,—an excess of mirth neither natural nor habitual to me. After our more than usually generous regale, we extended some of its indulgencies to our crowding retainers without. We fed the armadillo from our fruit, played with the young kids, and treated their mothers with the parings of our shaddock and pine-apple. The poultry, too, were not forgotten. At sunset we retired to our marine abode."

Besides the armadillo, which they caught and tamed, Fidele, the dog, used occasionally to catch an iguana, which made an excellent dish of fresh food; and on one occasion they had a famous battle with a herd of peccaries, of which they slew seven. But the chief incidents are the discovery of a great treasure in a cavern, where it had been left by some Spanish pirate; and the arrival of a canoe, with two negroes, their wives, and a young girl, who of course becomes attendant on Mrs. Seaward. The colony thus increased is threatened by a *guarda costa*, in pursuit of a trader from Virginia: the former is gallantly repulsed, and the latter finally removes the Seawards to Jamaica.

Their future voyages backwards and forwards; the increased prosperity of the island, or rather islands (for there were two, divided by a channel); their visits to England; interviews with ministers on the subject of these colonies; the knighting of Seaward; and the final surrender of his islands to Spain; are all related with much verisimilitude. So in the end, with its good moral inculcations, its style well beseeming the period to which it is assigned, and the general interest of the story; we can very cordially recommend this work—*si non e vero e ben trovato.*

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Pin Money; a Novel. By the Authoress of the "Manners of the Day." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

KEEN in observation, lively in detail, and with a peculiar and piquant style, Mrs. Charles Gore gives to the novel that charm which makes the fascination of the best French memoir-writers. Her novels are social biographies, only rather more amusing than real life. She does in narrative what Horace Walpole did in letters—embody the passing time with its follies and its vanities, whence is drawn the bitter satire of wit, and the bitter moral of truth. We do not believe in transmigration, therefore do not suppose his spirit actually animates the lady; but much of his spirit animates her pages. There is the same malice, the caustic remark, the quick eye for the false and for the ludicrous, and a taste for the luxurious—witness the fêtes, &c. so richly described, which might well have suited the epicurean cynic of Strawberry Hill. The heroine is one who illustrates in her own person the many difficulties, vexations, and dangers, that beset even one in possession of, as an old essayist in the Mirror would say, "all the blessings of life." Two underplots, mysteries both, are interwoven with her story; but we are too desirous of giving our readers as much pleasure as possible, to think of unravelling them. We shall make a few chance extracts, which will rather give an idea of the author's style than her story.

Falling in love in a large family.—There was a certain Lady Mapleberry, "with six unmarried daughters;—one of those large, lively, goodhumoured, singing, dancing, riding, chatting families, where a young man seeking a wife is apt to fall in love with the joint-stock merit and animation of the group; and to feel quite astonished on discovering, after his union with Harriet or Jane, how moderate a proportion he has received in his lawful sixth of the music, information, accomplishments, and good-humoured gossipry of the united tribe."

There is much feminine tact in the following remark:—

"We have been admonished by the royal philosopher of the Jews, that the sun should not go down upon our wrath: but had Solomon penetrated half the mysteries of the female breast, he would have additionally interdicted a sunset upon our *coolness!* Anger is of brief endurance, and soon raves itself to rest; but coolness is as long-lived as other cold-blooded animals:—it is as the toad which exists for a thousand years in the heart of a rock! Were I, like Dr. Gregory and other moral tacticians, to bequeath a legacy of counsel to my daughters, I would say—'Never sleep upon a misunderstanding with those you love;—if you feel less kindly towards them than usual, the chances run that you are in the wrong.'"

So is there in the next scene:—

"Among the incidents and passions influencing the variabilities of woman's humour, few are more potent, yet more indignantly disavowed, than the love of finery. From the moment a girl becomes conscious of the difference between sky-blue and rose-colour, it is astonishing what wonders can be wrought in the temper of her mind, and mood of her feelings, by the acquisition of a new dress, or the sight of some particular friend's Parisian bonnet; and there scarcely exists a woman wise or virtuous enough to be insensible to the change produced in her appearance by variation of attire. Goldsmith knew more of womankind than they know of themselves, when he made Dr. Primrose declare that a set of new ribands sufficed to metamorphose his philosophical daughter Sophia into a coquette! Lady Rawleigh, saddened by her husband's absence, and vexed by the *contretemps* of the morning, entered her dressing-room at night to prepare for Almack's with a mien of sober wisdom such as might have become Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, and formed an edifying frontispiece to her translation of Epictetus. But when, on opening the door, a bevy of female domestics took flight, like a covey of partridges, through the opposite entrance, to whom Mrs. Pasley had been displaying 'my lady's court-dress, and my lady's *sumsious* plume just mounted by Monsieur Nardin,'—and Frederica, through the door of the open *commode*, caught a glimpse of the splendours which were to enhance her public appearance on the morrow,—she crossed the room with a lighter step; and a regret arose in her bosom, that Sir Brooke's absence and her mother's indisposition would deprive her of the support of their presence, and themselves of the gratification of witnessing her triumph;—for triumph it must be,—or her second glance at the glistening satin and waving feathers had strangely deceived her. In defiance of her previous intention, she even complied with Pasley's request, that she would wear her set of turquoises at the ball, in order that her diamonds might be free from a particle of dust for the drawing-room. To own the truth, the 'three-piled hyperbole' of the lady's maid, that my lady was in too good looks to need the 'forrun haid of hornament,' was rather less figurative than many of Mrs. Pasley's suggestions; Frederica's cheek was flushed with the flurry of her spirits, and her eyes were irradiated with the unnatural brilliancy which a heightened complexion naturally imparts. Scarcely had she entered the ball-room at Willis's, when Mrs. Erskyne spitefully whispered in her ear, 'My dear Fred., you must have certainly rubbed your face against one of the red morocco library chairs, or Sir Brooke's yeomanry uniform, or your rouge is full three shades too deep!'—an observation which deepened the flush of Lady Rawleigh's blushing cheeks full three shades more; while Lady Rochester, no longer solicitous to decompose so exaggerated a complexion, shook her head, and complained aloud, 'that the true French pink had never been worn by a single Englishwoman since the days of the beautiful Lady Coventry;—that even Lord Calder's new Venus did not find herself at all times sufficiently fair to venture upon rouge of real delicacy.' Delicate or indelicate, the augmented brilliancy of Frederica's complexion was received with universal applause; and while she advanced side by side with Mrs. William Erskyne indiscreetly escorted by a single admirer, *she* found herself followed by half-a-dozen; by Sir Robert Morse buzzing his indiscriminate flatteries with the drone of a blue-bottle fly; Lord Putney occasionally breaking forth into some bitter sarcasm, intended to brand him with the reputation of romantic misanthropy; Colonel Rhyse unconsciously tendering to her acceptance some of those cut-and-dried sentences of ready-made admiration which he had bestowed upon the successive beauties of that ball-room (and Miss Rawdon among the number) for the last fifteen years; a young guardsman, galoppe-mad, tormenting her to augment the list of unhappy females whom his awkwardness had assisted to stretch upon the slippery boards; and Lord George Madrigal, the Bayly of the aristocracy, whose witticisms are unfortunately borrowed from the most approved authorities, and whose poetry—still more unfortunately—is unquestionably original, and borrowed only from himself: a young gentleman personifying, according to his own lisping *pwonunthiathon*,

The ecthpechtanthy and wothe of the fair thate!

It was the first time Lady Rawleigh had appeared in public without her husband; and she was astonished to find that in her independent position of matron, she was a thousand times more in want of the sanction of her own sex, than she had ever been as Frederica Rawdon. A ball-room is the natural element of extreme youth—the becoming sphere of an unmarried girl; but a young wife seems to need some excuse for her presence there unsupported by her husband's company. She is rejected from the sofas of the elderly chaperons, who regard her as an interloper, and suspend in her presence their mutual inquiries into the extent of young Lord Priory's rent-roll;—the young ladies shrink from her with the briefest possible replies to her observations and civilities, in order that they may resume their private flirtations and partner-hunts;—and unless, by joining in the dance, she chooses to avoid the perils of her isolation, it passes into a general opinion that *she is there to flirt, and to be flirted with.* Very soon after Lady Rawleigh's entrance she found herself deserted by Mrs. Erskyne, who went off to waltz, and to repose herself afterwards in one of the least ostensible corners of the tea-room; and unwilling to linger near the ropes with the homage of so extensive a group devoted to herself, she accepted the arm of Sir Robert Morse, her oldest and least attractive acquaintance among them, and retired to an upper sofa, on which her intimate friends and country neighbours, Lady Lawford and Lady Huntingfield, were seated in rigid chaperonship, with fan in hand and glassy eyes fixed upon their several daughters, like the immobile effigies of the queen and princesses arranged in chairs of state at Mrs. Salmon's wax-work! But, to her great embarrassment, they became, on her arrival, as mute as the puppets in question; and she found herself treated with a degree of polite reserve, plainly indicating that they regarded her as twenty years too young for the station she had chosen. How could Lady Lawford continue in her presence the narrative with which she had been recreating Lady Huntingfield, concerning the extremely unhandsome conduct pursued by Lord Putney towards her niece Araminta the preceding summer at Ryde; when it was so probable that his lordship's friend, Sir Brooke Rawleigh's pretty wife, might acquaint him with every word of complaint that proceeded from her lips? Or how could Lady Huntingfield inquire of Lady Lawford whether it was true that the estates of Lord Offaley (the father of Colonel Rhyse, who was dancing with her daughter Lady Margaret Fieldham) were likely to come round, when the affairs of Lord Launceston were so notoriously implicated in the same embarrassment; when *there* sat Lord Launceston's sister in judgment upon their curiosity?"

We conclude with a very beautiful image:—"Alas! how rarely amid the scenes of polished life are the surface and substance truly identified;—how seldom does the word on the lip, or the expression glancing in the eye, accord with the mighty feeling labouring within! A diamond melts in the crucible—but the exhalations emanating from its decomposition are not a degree more noble than those which arise from an ordinary conflagration;—the heart

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consumes away in secret corrosion—but flippant wit and hollow laughter grace its martyrdom."

We now leave these three pleasant and lively volumes with one question—Does the author of the *Tuileries* write by steam?

The Botanical Miscellany. Parts V. and VI. By William J. Hooker, LL.D., &c. 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

Illustrations of Indian Botany; being Supplement I. to the Botanical Miscellany. By Richard Wight, M.A. 4to. London, 1831. Murray.

Professor Hooker's resources, which equal those of any society in this country in the at once popular and interesting branch of natural history which regards plants and flowers, promises well for a periodical under his guidance. There have been rumours of insufficient patronage; but, after a slight delay, we hope that the appearance of two parts at once, and of a supplement, will not only prove these rumours to be unfounded, but shew that the work is going on with increased vigour and success. Men of science, in speaking of one another's labours, often address eulogies to their contemporaries which are not common among a more sensitive class of writers; and the reason is very appreciable, when we consider the difference between the efforts of the two classes, which in the latter case are devoted to the communication and perfection of the product of the mind—the treasures of reason and imagination; and in the former are enlisted in the service of nature, in the study of her phenomena, in classing her products, in expounding the wisdom with which she has created her chain of being, and with which she continues the destiny of the world in its circle of decay and regeneration. It will be sufficient, however, in favour of the *Botanical Miscellany*, to point out the fact, that the investigations of our naturalists in the North American expeditions, and the collections of several lengthened voyages, are ransacked for its pages; while the researches of several gentlemen long resident in South America, in Chili, in Peru, in Brazil, —of able and active collectors at the Cape, in our various colonial possessions, more especially the West Indies, and the results of an extensive European correspondence—are also digested and wove into a legible form for this periodical.

With regard to the botany of India, it has taken entirely a new face within a short time; partly from the interest excited in what relates to our eastern possessions, and partly from the liberality of the East India Company. Of the several herbariums lately added to Dr. Wallich's immense collections, it appears that that of Dr. Wight stands pre-eminent. It was compiled while he was director of the Botanic Garden at Madras. He has diligently explored the neighbourhood of Negapatam; he has sent collectors, at his own expense, to various distances, and employed draughtsmen; and the plants thus discovered and delineated are (as we judge from Part I.) to be made known to the world in a Supplement, in every respect worthy of the excellent periodical it accompanies—the *Botanical Miscellany*.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Complete in 1 vol., double columns, pp. 1256. London, 1831. T. Cadell.

This new edition of Gibbon is published by that numerous body of "the trade," in which a large proportion of old and valuable copyrights is vested. They announce their intention of republishing the other great historical works, &c. of this country in a similar form, and at a like low price—for Gibbon, heretofore 8 vols., and 3*l.* 4*s.*, is now in 1 vol. at 20*s.*, which is less than even the cost of Mr. Robinson's edition lately noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, the appearance of which probably led to this revolution. But whatever the cause, we are glad to see sterling authors like Gibbon, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, and others, produced entire, in this manner; and we approve of it the more, because we cannot help feeling a doubt, or rather a presentiment, that many of the monthly abridgments and selections are calculated to injure the writers so edited, to prevent the diffusion of full information, and greatly to hurt the interests of living authors, and, through them, the general cause of literature. The system of manufacturing from old materials is very much against original production.

The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated; being Descriptions and Figures in Illustration of the Natural History of the living Animals in the Society's Collection. The Drawings by W. Harvey; engraved by Branston and Wright, &c. 2 vols. C. Tilt.

This beautiful work we have frequently noticed as its parts appeared, and we need only say that it is altogether, in design and in execution, as interesting a publication as could well be imagined. The wood engravings are the perfection of art: the animals scientifically correct, yet spirited, and the tail-pieces admirable. The first volume is assigned to quadrupeds; the second to birds. The letter-press descriptions and notices are full of entertaining knowledge; and some of the specimens described are so rare and curious as to add greatly to the pleasure we derive in being made acquainted with their habits. In short, these volumes are an honour to the Zoological Society, and to all those who have been concerned in producing them in their handsome form.

Divines of the Church of England, No. XIII. Jeremy Taylor; Vol. I. Pp. 344. London, Valpy.

The works of Jeremy Taylor have been so lately and admirably revived in the 8vo. edition with Bishop Heber's biography, that we have nothing to say of this new publication, but that its moderate form is a great recommendation.

Epitome of English Literature, No. III. Philosophy; Locke. Pp. 427. Valpy.

Another neat and useful republication.

Family Classical Library, No. XVIII. Horace. Vol. II.; Phædrus. Valpy.

The conclusion of the Horace of Dr. Francis, with an appendix containing odes, satires, &c., by various authors, some of them living aspirants to and ornaments of our Parnassus; and eighty pages of Phædrus's Fables, as translated by Smart. These together form a delightful little volume. Several of the new Horatian translations are extremely well done, and impart much additional interest to the work.

Sacred Lyrics. By Alfred Bartholemew, Architect. Pp. 457. Rivingtons.

"An attempt to render the Psalms of David more applicable to parochial psalmody." We cannot tell what the versification might do for psalmody; but the sense of David's Psalms is much altered by the refinements of the author.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. II.; De Foe's Robinson Crusoe. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

Like Vol. I., neatly ornamented and prettily got up. The immortal and ever-pleasing adventures of Robinson Crusoe are here concluded; and brief accounts of Juan Fernandez and Alexander Selkirk judiciously added.

Henry Pestalozzi, and his Plan of Education; being an Account of his Life and Writings, with copious Extracts from his Works, and extensive Details illustrative of the Practical Parts of his Method. By E. Biber, Ph.D. 8vo. pp. 468. London, 1831. J. Souter.

The title-page so sufficiently explains the nature of this publication, that we need only say it is an interesting and complete exposition of the celebrated system of Pestalozzi; and that a portrait of this virtuous and philanthropic individual is prefixed to the volume.

A Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, in answer to his Criticism on a Journal of a Passage down the River Marañon, &c. By Lieut. H. Lister Maw, R.N. Pp. 15.

We know very well—"none so well as *we*"—how difficult a matter it is for reviewers to satisfy authors; and, on general principles, we ought to range ourselves on the side of *The Edinburgh* in this collision. But a certain little ingredient called truth will not let us. Lieut. Maw clearly as well as piquantly demonstrates that some of his statements have been misrepresented by the Review in question; and we have no doubt the editor will do him justice, by a note setting things in their right light, in his earliest succeeding publication. Lieut. Maw's journey was a very interesting one; and men who perform such laborious and dangerous services are entitled to liberal criticism, as well as to liberality in every other point of consideration: but we are particularly bound to notice this case, as we perceive, page 5, that the northern reviewer charged the author with not having even "*attempted to describe*" a certain scene, the description of which very scene the *Literary Gazette* declared to be "picturesque;"—a striking enough difference as to a fact!!!

The History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakespeare, and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Murray.

A publication of vast research and great ability, bringing to light a multitude of most interesting facts connected with the early drama of England,—we have only had time hastily to look over these volumes; but a very brief inspection has sufficed to shew us, that for curious and hitherto unexplored dramatic antiquities, for pictures of manners, for entertaining anecdotes, and for the revival of literature which ought never to have fallen into oblivion,—a production more deserving of universal popularity has not issued from the press for very many years. In our ensuing Nos. we shall do our best to exemplify the riches contained in these pages.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. Lambert, Esq. V.P., in the chair. A portion of a paper, on the organic matter found

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in sulphurous springs, by Dr. Daubeny, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford, was read. The learned professor agrees with M. De Gimbernat and others in referring this organic matter to the vegetable kingdom: it is nearly allied to the *conferva*—and its occurrence in hot sulphurous springs may be considered a remarkable circumstance in nature. On the table were specimens of the fruit of a new species of Sago palm, from the island of Rotuma, and of a new kind of tree of the order *proteaceæ*. Robert Brown, Edward Forster, Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esqrs., and Dr. Maton, were elected vice-presidents for the ensuing year.

RICHARD LANDER.

Our enterprising traveller and his brother reached Portsmouth on Wednesday afternoon in the William Harris; and on Thursday morning Richard arrived in London, leaving his brother in charge of their property, and to pass it through the Custom-house. The latter had been ill nearly throughout the whole of their perilous journey, and was not in town when we wrote this notice for the press yesterday afternoon.

Richard fully confirms the accuracy of the first account, which we had the satisfaction to communicate to the public in the *Literary Gazette*. No white man ever descended the Niger before, in the memory of the natives, or in any tradition among them. This, therefore, is the accomplishment of a great event,—the complete solution of a very interesting, and, as the results may prove, a very important problem.

Lord Goderich has received Lander with great affability and kindness; and under such auspices, we have no doubt his merit will be justly appreciated, and his exploit liberally rewarded.

Richard Lander himself looks well, though he is as brown as a Moor.

We learn with much pleasure that, though despoiled by the Hibboos, the journal of their progress has been preserved in a complete state; so that there will be no difficulty in having a narrative of this interesting journey sent immediately to press. It would be injudicious, under these circumstances, to weaken the public curiosity by any partial details; and the travellers are properly counselled not to relate their adventures in order to gratify private news-mongers. For ourselves, we should be very sorry to impair the interest in the individuals and in their achievement so highly felt by the public; and we shall only add, that the commercial and political prospects opened by this discovery are not only likely to be of considerable advantage to this country and to Africa, but that no time will be lost ere their consequences will be put to trial.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—Three papers were read: the first was entitled, "researches on physical astronomy," by J. W. Lubbock, Esq.; the second, "on the theory of elliptic transcendent," by James Ivory, Esq.; and the third, "an experimental investigation of the phenomena of endosmose and exosmose," by William Ritchie, Esq. After noticing the views entertained on this interesting subject by Porrett, Dutrochet, Poisson, and others, the author of this paper enters on an experimental investigation into their truth. He is of opinion that Porrett's and Dutrochet's arrangement is the best for exhibiting the facts of endosmose and exosmose. A funnel-shaped tube, an inch in diameter at the bottom, and terminating upwards in a bore one-eighth of an inch; the lower orifice covered with bladder, deprived of its fatty matter by ammonia, and the interior of the tube partly filled with alcohol, on being placed in water, the increase of fluid in the tube by the water passing into it, takes place; a result directly the reverse occurs when water is made the included liquid. The phenomenon shews the attraction of alcohol for water, and the facility with which membranes allow water to permeate them. Whalebone, from its attraction for water, and want of it for alcohol, has the same effect as membrane. The feathers of birds have so strong an attraction for moisture, that they can instinctively feel a presentiment of change of weather from this circumstance; quills, therefore, have been used as intermedia, and found to act as membrane, when sufficient time had been allowed for the pores to afford an easy passage for water. With a tube sixteen feet long, and similar in bore to a spirit thermometer, Dutrochet found that in twenty-four hours the fluid rose to the upper extremity of the tube, and flowed over. After a variety of minute details, Mr. Ritchie closed his paper with some clever remarks touching the analogy of these experiments to vegetable physiology. The white and delicate filaments of roots of plants are considered the membrane; the sap in the plant the attractive fluid; and the moisture of the earth the water. The force with which the sap rises will depend on its nature, the strength of the radical fibres, and the quantity of moisture in the ground. The vine raises its sap with greater force than any other plant experimented on by Hales. Several fellows were elected, and others admitted.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. Hamilton in the chair.—Mr. Britton exhibited three drawings, by the late Mr. Capon, of antiquities discovered on or near the site of the ancient palace at Westminster. One was a carved capital, found built into a wall in 1807: it had three sides, on one of which the carving was defaced; on the other sides were sentences explaining the subjects carved; one represented William Rufus, and the other Gislebertus, sub-abbot of Westminster. Another of the drawings was of part of an ancient painting of the decollation of St. John; the other represented part of a beautifully carved and painted ceiling, which was destroyed in 1808. W. Hoskins, Esq. exhibited a small sketch from a monument in the street of tombs at Pompeii: the subject was a ship,—the crew were represented as boys, who were taking in the sail, with an adult sitting at his ease at the helm; which Mr. H. considered an allegorical allusion to the conclusion of the voyage of life, when the steersman's occupation was gone. The secretary read a further portion of Mr. Grover's dissertation on ancient history. On the table was laid a bronze lamp, of very rude construction, in the form of a man on horseback, which, from the shape of his beard and the dress, appeared to be of the time of James I.; also, part of a chestnut beam, from the roof of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, which had been placed there in the reign of King John, and lately removed on account of its decayed state.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Lord Bexley, V.P. in the chair.—A notice of some Egyptian antiquities, by Sir William Ouseley, R.A., R.S.L., was read. This memoir chiefly consisted of descriptions of four drawings, which accompanied it:—No. 1, various hieroglyphic inscriptions, from a small mutilated statue. No. 2, characters copied from a papyrus. No. 3, fragments of a very curious manuscript, exhibiting hieroglyphic figures and characters, found in the coffin of a mummy near Thebes. No. 4, hieroglyphic devices on a piece of red cornelian. To the description of the above remains of Egyptian antiquity, the writer appended some remarks respecting the period when the art of embalming was discontinued in Egypt, and on the time of the disuse of the sacred Egyptian characters.

The Right Hon. Lord Carrington was admitted a member. Mr. Millingen presented his work on ancient coins of Greek cities and kings.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting.—The Hon. C. W. W. Wynn in the chair. Raja Rammohun Roy was introduced to the President, and formally admitted a foreign member of the Society, as was also Seyd Khan, agent to H. R. H. Abbas Mirza. The report of the council on the Society's proceedings during the last year, was read and adopted. It adverted to the loss of the Society's first patron soon after the last anniversary, and the acceptance of that office by his present majesty; likewise the election of H. R. H. Prince Leopold to the vacant office of vice-patron. The report then noticed the exertions making by the Auxiliary Society of Madras in furtherance of the views of this Society, particularly in the examination of the Mackenzie collection; and next enumerated the principal donors to the library and museum. It stated that Part I. of Vol. V. of the Transactions was laid upon the table; and concluded with expressions of regret that the continued indisposition of Mr. Colebrooke had prevented him from making any communication to this Number. The report of the auditors was delivered by Mr. Macklew; and, we are sorry to say, did not present such a favourable view of the state of the Society's finances as could be wished. It was received, and ordered to be printed. Sir A. Johnston delivered the report of the Committee of Correspondence, and addressed the meeting at considerable length in elucidation of the various topics therein alluded to. In the course of his address, Sir Alexander spoke of various distinguished individuals, in connexion with the Society, making great efforts for the promotion of the objects which it has in view; and, in particular, he paid a glowing compliment to the illustrious native of India (Rammohun Roy) then present, who by his writings and example has almost solely accomplished a great moral change in the minds of the people of India.*

Lords Amherst, Melville, and Bexley; Hon. M. Elphinstone, Col. Doyle, N. B. Edmonstone, Esq., Capt. Grindlay, and H. P. G. Tucker, Esq., were withdrawn from the council, and succeeded by the Duke of Somerset, Lord Kingsborough, Sir J. Malcolm, C. Elliot, J. Hodges, R. Jenkins, and A. Macklew, Esqrs., and Colonel T. P. Thompson, were elected in their place. The officers were all re-elected.

Among the members present were the Earl of Munster, Right Hon. R. Wilmot Horton, Sir W. Ouseley, Lieut.-General Macaulay, the Abbé Dubois, &c. &c.

* As this very able address was ordered to be printed, we abstain from attempting what must have been a very imperfect report of it.

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FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Concluding Notice.]

THERE are some things which the members conducting the business of the Royal Academy cannot do; and there are some things which, if they chose, they could do. They cannot hang every deserving picture in a good light or situation; but they could return it with civility, and not as if it were rejected with scorn. They cannot help the up-and-down toil of the visitors to their exhibition, the dungeon-like gloom of the model-room, or the chaotic assemblage in the antique; but they could prevent the architectural department from being mixed up with portraits in oil, and other incongruous works. In this last objection, however, we do not comprehend the casts from gems, the models in wax, and other materials, &c. Of these, there is a number of very clever specimens in the library. Some of the most striking are—No. 1077, *Medallic Portrait of his late Majesty George IV.*, A. J. Stothard; No. 1079, *Impression from the obverse and reverse of the Gold Prize Medal of the Royal Academy*, W. Wyon; No. 1081, *Medal of His Majesty, struck by command of the Queen*, W. Wyon,—a most exquisite performance; No. 1072, *Medallic Portrait of the Rev. T. J. Judkin, A.M.*, A. J. Stothard; No. 1040, *A Bacchanalian Head*; J. Parry, Sen.; No. 1042, *Portrait of Miss Emma Murray, as Spring*, T. Smith; No. 1076, *Model of the Daughters of the Earl of Radnor*, R. C. Lucas; No. 1083, *Model of the Daughters of the Earl of Carlisle*, R. C. Lucas; No. 1082, *Race-horses, an impression from an Intaglio*, J. T. Williams; No. 1126, *Bust of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, M.A.*, C. A. Rivers; No. 1122, *Venus and Adonis*, R. C. Lucas; &c. &c. &c.

SCULPTURE ROOM.

Both within and without the walls of the Academy, we do not remember a season in which the native talent of our sculptors has appeared to more advantage, or in which there has been a richer display of works of excellence in their high department of the arts.

No. 1190. *Bust of His Majesty.* F. Chantrey, R.A.—One of the most striking proofs of his peculiar genius that Mr. Chantrey has ever produced; and in which the purity of the marble (for it is an exquisite specimen) is in perfect accordance with the chaste and dignified character of the features and expression. Slightly generalised, the resemblance is, nevertheless, admirable; and in execution nothing can surpass this beautiful and highly finished work.

No. 1195. *A Nymph untying her Sandal.* J. Gibson.—We consider this performance not only as the finest in the present exhibition, but as the finest single figure which has appeared in Somerset House since one of a similar character by Nollekens;—if, indeed, in purity of design, and beautiful delicacy of expression, it does not go beyond that well-known *chef-d'œuvre.*

No. 1197. *Statue in marble of the late Mrs. T. Rawson, of Nield, Yorkshire.* R. Westmacott, R.A.—Devotion and adoration were never more ably and interestingly represented than in the unaffected grace and simplicity of this statue.

No. 1162. *Alto Relievo, Maternal Affection.* E. H. Baily, R.A.—The lines attached to the title in the catalogue of this admirable group are quite supererogatory. Distinguished throughout by taste and feeling, it could never have been mistaken for any other subject.

No. 1165. *Alto Relievo, the Outrage of the Centaurs at the Nuptials of Pirithous and Hippodamia.* W. Pitts.—Few artists have more skilfully or more powerfully executed classical and mythological subjects than Mr. Pitts. The able performance under our notice is replete with spirited action, variety of form, and diversity of character.

No. 1194. *Satan.* W. G. Nicholl.—Mr. Nicholl has shewn great energy in this attempt; but we question whether even the powers of a Michael Angelo would be adequate fully to embody the sublime description of the poet.

No. 1192. *The Husbandman.* C. Rossi, R.A.—Subjects in common life—such, for instance, as the cricketer, the boxer, &c.—have frequently been invested by Mr. Rossi with the dignified simplicity of the antique; and the same quality distinguishes the present performance. This veteran artist appears to have thoroughly understood the value of the advice which Polonius gives to Laertes—

"Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar."

The sentiment of the figure is finely in unison with the sentiment in the quotation from Thomson.

No. 1196. *A Group in marble of Cupid and Hymen.* G. Rennie.—A very able performance; although we feel a little annoyed by the inflated cheeks of Cupid. The action would hardly be allowable even in a zephyr.

Among other well-designed and well-executed figures and groups are—No. 1226, *Infant Moses, in marble*, S. Nixon; No. 1131, *Historical Group, Virginius and Virginia*, J. Deare; No. 1224, *The Madness of Athamas*, J. Gott; No. 1191, *A Nymph going into the Bath, a statue in marble*, R. J. Wyatt; No. 1159, *Vertumnus, a statue in marble*, J. G. Bubb, &c. &c. &c. Besides that of his Majesty, there are many busts of distinguished excellence; such as No. 1218, *Bust of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex*, F. Chantrey, R.A.; No. 1183, *Marble Bust of the Countess of Sheffield*, W. Behnes; No. 1185, *Bust in marble of Lady Thorold*, P. Rouw; No. 1199, *Bust in marble of Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P.*, S. Joseph; No. 1200, *Marble Bust of the Earl of Eldon*, W. Behnes; No. 1201, *Marble Bust of H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge*, W. Behnes; No. 1212, *Model of a Bust of J. Northcote, Esq., R.A.*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; No. 1213, *Model of a Bust of Lord Chancellor Brougham*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; &c. &c. &c.

We have thus, in our usual way, pointed out some of the principal performances in the present exhibition. In so doing, we have freely and gladly bestowed praise where praise has appeared to us to be due; and where we have been compelled to disapprove, we trust that our remarks have not been made in an unkind or unfriendly spirit. We are, indeed, too well aware of the great difficulties in the practice of the arts, and of the various obstacles which impede the progress of their professors, to be betrayed into a severity of criticism, as opposed to good taste as to good feeling; and which can be gratifying only to the thoughtless, the ignorant, or the malicious. Of some vulgar attempts which have recently been made to depreciate, not only artists, but the arts themselves, we shall merely observe, that they are disgraceful to the writers from whom they proceeded, and to the publications in which they appeared. Were any refutation of such calumnies necessary, a noble one might be found in the following extract from the eloquent speech of the present highly gifted Lord Chancellor, at the last anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy:—

"This is, indeed, not more a display of the triumph of the fine arts than of the deep interest which the most distinguished classes of the community take in their progress; and well they may! Of those pursuits, what has not been said, what panegyrics not pronounced, hundreds, almost thousands, of years ago, by the most eloquent of tongues! That they are the ornament of prosperous fortune and the solace of adverse, give a zest to our daily toil, and watch with us through the sleepless night, enliven the solitude of the country, and tranquillise the bustle and turmoil of the town—all this is true, but it is not the whole truth. All this they do, and much more. The fine arts are great improvers of mankind; they are living sources of refinement—the offspring, indeed, of civilisation; but, like her of Greece whose piety they have so often commemorated, nourishing the parent from whom their existence was derived—softening and humanising the characters of men—assuaging the fierceness of the wilder passions; substituting calm and harmless enjoyment for more perilous excitement—maintaining the innocent intercourse of nations, and affording one more pledge of Peace, their great patroness and protectress, as she is of all that is most precious and most excellent among men. It becomes us all, then, most diligently to foster them. It is the duty of the government, it is the interest of the country. No station is so exalted, no fortune so splendid, as not to derive lustre from bestowing such patronage—no lot so obscure as not to participate in the benefits they diffuse."

BRITISH GALLERY.

THE British Gallery, for years one of the chief and most efficient instruments in the advancement of our native school of painting, is again about to open with a collection of ancient masters, liberally contributed by their several proprietors. In about ten days we understand the exhibition will be opened; and in the mean time we have great pleasure in stating that some splendid pictures have been already received.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

BY the report of the directors to the annual meeting of the British Institution, we have the satisfaction to learn that it has received the high sanction and approbation of his majesty; who, in condescending to become its patron, has expressed his full sense of the benefit and utility of the establishment in promoting the cultivation of the fine arts throughout the United Kingdom. It farther appears, that the profits arising from the exhibition of Sir T. Lawrence's works, amounting to £3,000 have been presented to his family, according to the intention of his late majesty. "The governors of this Institution (adds the report) have taken so much interest in the success of the National Gallery, that it will be gratifying to them to learn that the Rev. William Holwell Carr, one of the directors and most zealous promoters of the objects of the Institution, has bequeathed his valuable collection of the paintings of ancient masters to the trustees of the British Museum, with a view to their being placed in the National Gallery for the benefit of the public. It is to be hoped that this splendid donation may induce his majesty's government to appropriate some public building for the reception and display of these valuable works; which the directors have no doubt would induce other liberal admirers of the art to make similar donations for the same public purposes. The present building

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in which they are placed will not contain the whole number of which the nation are now in possession; nor are these inestimable works free from danger, arising from the state of the building in which they are deposited. The pictures painted by modern artists which have been disposed of during the exhibition of the present year have exceeded those of last year both in number and value: there have been sold 110 pictures, to the amount of 5,318*l.* 9*s.*"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A New Illustrated Road-Book of the Route from London to Naples. Containing Twenty-four highly finished Views, from original Drawings by Prout, Stanfield, and Brockedon; engraved by William and Edward Finden. Part I. Route from London to Paris. Edited by W. Brockedon, Member of the Academies of Fine Arts in Florence and in Rome, Author of "The Passes of the Alps." Murray.

THIS is decidedly the best publication of the kind that we have met with; comprehending in a small compass a great deal of information of the utmost practical utility to the traveller. Whoever attends to the advice Mr. Brockedon has here given—advice, the result of considerable experience, and which extends to the arrangements for the journey, the mode of obtaining passports, the safest and most efficient method of carrying or receiving money, the best means of conveyance, the regulations with respect to private and to public carriages, the management of luggage, and many other important matters, will be exempted from numerous evils and inconveniences with which he may otherwise be beset. The description of the route is simple and perspicuous; and the illustrations are beautifully executed. The view of Dover especially, engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by Stanfield, is one of the most brilliant little prints that it is possible to conceive.

Views in the East. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. With historical and descriptive Illustrations. Parts IX. and X. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE plates in these two parts of Captain Elliot's interesting publication are, a graceful "Chinese Pagodah, between Canton and Whampoa;" "Hindoo Temple at Chandngoan;" the singularly curious and elegant "Grass-rope Bridge at Teree, Gurwall;" "Hurdwar, a place of Hindoo pilgrimage," where, in the year 1819 or 1820, seven hundred natives lost their lives in consequence of their superstitious impatience to plunge into the Ganges at a particular moment; "Jerdair, a hill-village, Gurwall;" and "the Water-palace, Mardoo." The last-mentioned place is one of the principal ruins of a city of the Malwa province, that was once very celebrated. "There is something," says Captain Elliot, "in the situation of this ancient city, and a stately grandeur about its venerable ruins, and an utter desolation spread over the whole surface of the place on which it stood, and a rankness about the vegetation and jungle that cover the site of this once immense and magnificent capital, and a total relinquishing of the land to the wild beasts of the earth—that renders Mardoo a place of uncommon interest to the European traveller. The stillness that prevails around the palace which is represented in this plate is solemn, and even melancholy, to the last degree; a deep gloom may be said, indeed, to have gathered over its gates, and it is hardly possible to conceive a mind that would not be awe-struck with the depth of the solitude that pervades the whole scene."

The History and Topography of the United States of North America. Edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts XIII. XIV. and XV.

THIS work is proceeding in a very satisfactory manner. Many of the views are exceedingly beautiful. Among the most so, in these three Parts, are "Monte Video, the residence of D. Wadsworth, Esq. near Hartford, Connecticut;" "Rapids and Bridge above the Falls of Niagara;" "the Falls of Cattskill, New York;" and "the Palisade Rocks on the Hudson River, West Bank, New York." The History is brought to the Declaration of Independence (fac-similes of the signatures to which are given); and we may say of it, *en passant*, that it appears, as far as it has gone, to be written in a philosophical spirit, highly honourable to the historian, who seems to be strongly impressed with the truth of his opinion, that "the noblest employ of the pen of history is to develop facts which illustrate the progress of the human mind."

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare. By Frank Howard. No. XXI.

NOTWITHSTANDING his labours as a painter, of which the present exhibition at Somerset House affords several highly pleasing specimens, especially No. 10, *Portraits of the Daughters and Grandaughters of Sharon Turner, Esq.*, and No. 205, *The Pride of the Village*; Mr. Frank Howard continues to produce his Outline Plates from Shakspeare with steady and laudable perseverance. The present No. illustrates two of the noblest dramas of our great bard, Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth. It is not surprising that they have furnished Mr. Howard with opportunities of which he has very successfully availed himself of shewing his skill and taste in composition and character. Of the twenty-three plates of which the No. consists, our principal favourites are, "Queen Margaret's curse," "the Queen of Edward the Fourth receiving the news of his death," "Buckingham led to execution," "Queen Katharine accusing Wolsey of exaction," "the Trial of Queen Katharine," "the Coronation of Anne Bullen," and "Cardinal Wolsey received in a dying state by the Abbot of Leicester."

History of the County Palatine of Lancaster, embellished with Views, Portraits, Maps, Armorial Bearings, &c. By Edward Baines, Esq. The Biographical Department by W. R. Whatton, Esq. F.S.A. Part IV. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"CLITHEROE Castle," "Croxteth Hall," and two views of "Liverpool," are the well-executed embellishments of the fourth part of this valuable topographical publication.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XIV. Tilt.

IT is difficult to imagine a more picturesque and diversified assemblage of scenery than the plan of this ingeniously conceived work enables its proprietors to display, a fact of which the plates in the present part—"Castle of Ashby," drawn by G. Cattermole, from a sketch by J. Skene; "Old Bridge of Tweed," drawn by W. Westall, A.R.A., from a sketch by J. Skene; "White Horse Inn," drawn by G. Cattermole, from a sketch by J. Skene; and "Whitehall," drawn by D. Roberts, from a sketch by Hollar; —afford very satisfactory proofs. They are all beautifully engraved by E. Finden.

Portrait of Allan Cunningham.

A LITHOGRAPHIC portrait of this valued individual and popular writer, of the life size, has just been produced by Mr. Wilkin. It is a good likeness of honest Allan, and a very favourable specimen of a series of portraits, under the patronage of the Duke of Sussex, intended to preserve the features of distinguished characters during the reign of William IV. The style is rather new among us, and the execution very creditable to the art.

STATUE OF MR. CANNING.

WE have a melancholy gratification in seeing the preparations for the immediate erection of this monument. The site is most appropriate—near the scene of his patriotic and splendid triumphs in the British House of Commons—near the ancient cathedral where his mortal remains are laid. Its exact place is in the enclosed and ornamented ground by St. Margaret's church, nearly close upon the railing, and with the figure looking across the centre of Palace Yard towards the Thames. There may it stand for ages, and inspire generations of senators yet unborn with an ambition to emulate the virtues, if they cannot rival the genius, of this lamented statesman—a man whose death was not mourned by his country alone, but by the world!

MR. BARING'S PICTURES.

THE noble collection of engravings, etchings, &c. made some forty years since, in Holland, by the elder Mr. Baring, has just been disposed of at auction, by Messrs. Christie and Manson. The Rembrandts were extraordinarily fine; and here, at least, as the subjoined extract from the catalogue will evidence, there can be no complaint of low prices.

Lot	*Rembrandt Portraits.*	£.	s.	d.
66	Renier Anslo	17	6	6
67	Abraham Frantz	26	15	6
68	Old Haaring	51	9	0
69	Young Haaring	11	0	6
73	Wtengobardus	12	12	0
74	The Gold-weigher with the white face	26	5	0
75	The same on India paper	16	16	0
76	Another impression	16	16	0
77	The Little Coppenol, on India paper, first state, exceedingly fine and rare,	91	7	0
78	The Large Coppenol	18	7	6

The Berchems, consisting chiefly of brilliant specimens and rare proofs, were warmly contested. We select an item or two from the number.

Lot	*Berchem's Works.*	£.	s.	d.
92	The drinking Cow, the first impression with the name	7	0	0
94	The watering Cow, three different impressions	17	6	6
95	The Three Cows reposing	8	5	0
97	The Bagpiper, first impression before the name	7	0	0
111	Two small Goats' Heads on one plate, an exceedingly beautiful print and of great rarity	28	7	0

BIOGRAPHY.

REV. H. A. DELAFITE.

WE feel that some apology is due to the friends of a valuable Institution, in the prosperity of which we have never ceased to take a lively interest, the Royal Society of Literature, for not having hitherto noticed in our pages the loss which it has lately sustained by the decease of one of its officers. We allude to the Rev. H. A. Delafite, foreign secretary to the Society, whose death was announced two or three weeks since.

In this excellent clergyman, and modest but accomplished scholar, the Society has been deprived of an ornament, and the world has lost an admirable man. Though little known

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generally as an author, Mr. Delafite has not left the public altogether without proofs of his scientific information and extensive reading. Having lived upon terms of strict intimacy with the late illustrious geologist, De Luc, during the latter years of that eminent man's life, he, in the year 1812, published, under the eye of the author, a translation of De Luc's *Elements of Geology*; and in other respects was instrumental in making the English public acquainted with the immortal labours of the father of that important science. But his most valuable service to the geologic student was the composition of a work which he had just completed at the time of his decease, being a new edition of De Luc's *Letters on the Physical History of the Earth*; to which he has prefixed an Introduction, containing a general view of the labours of that great geologist, and a vindication of his claims to original views respecting the fundamental points in the science. This, at least to the general reader, will be found the most entertaining, if not the most useful part of the volume. (The work, we observe, is published; and we hope to present our readers with an early notice of its contents.)

Such being the limited extent of the late foreign secretary's labours for the press, they alone who enjoyed his friendship are in a condition to appreciate his talents and acquirements; his various erudition; his enlightened opinions, at once orthodox and liberal; and his familiar acquaintance with the stores of ancient and modern learning and science. To them, however, these were the least endearing points in his character; since all who knew him are prepared to afford heartfelt testimony to his having possessed, in an eminent degree, the still more estimable qualities peculiar to the Christian and the gentleman. He was distinguished by the absence of all personal pretensions, united with the warmest zeal for the honour and interests of his friends; by an almost excessive charity in word and opinion; and by an activity and efficiency in works of private beneficence truly astonishing, when the mediocrity of his circumstances and his retired and studious habits are considered.

The family of Mr. Delafite was among those virtuous and exemplary citizens who were driven out of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, a man of great piety and learning, was chaplain to the Prince of Orange; while the virtues and accomplishments of his mother attracted the notice of the late Queen Charlotte, and, on the death of her husband, recommended her to the office of French governess to the princesses. This appointment, (which Mad. Delafite filled many years, with the high esteem of the illustrious family to whom she was attached), led to her son's receiving an English education at Trinity College, Oxford. Mr. Delafite was nearly thirty years lecturer of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; but, though not altogether forgotten by the exalted personages who enjoyed the benefit of his mother's eminent services, and who originally directed his choice of a profession, he never emerged, even to a benefice in the church in which he was a zealous labourer, from that humble station which he was satisfied to adorn with his intelligent conversation and his mild and benevolent virtues.

"DEATH'S shafts fly thick." We ought, before, to have mentioned the loss the world of art has sustained by the death of Mr. Jackson, R.A. Mrs. Siddons, also, the Tragic Muse, has departed from life, in, we believe, the 78th year of her age. Mr. Hamper, the excellent antiquary, died a few weeks ago. The venerable Northcote is so ill that there is hardly a hope of his ever leaving his chamber again.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

BEETHOVEN'S symphony in B flat, with which the eighth and last of these excellent annual performances, on Monday, commenced, is one of those wonderful productions of genius which delight us in proportion as we become acquainted with them. Of the author's first six symphonies it is least frequently brought forward, though not inferior to any. The andante has, indeed, long been considered the most original and pathetic Beethoven ever conceived. Not to perform such a magnificent work with all the effect of which it admits, is only to give a better chance to the succeeding pieces. We have heard it more to our mind on former occasions. Mozart's aria, "Non paventar," by Madame Stockhausen, written in the old bravura style, excited in the audience the strongest desire for a repetition, which was, however, not attended to. We know no singer who could execute that air more chastely, and, altogether, more beautifully than Madame Stockhausen. In Onslow's sextuor, a masterly original composition, Mrs. Anderson, assisted by Nicholson, Willman, Platt, Mackintosh, and Dragonetti, distinguished herself by the same brilliancy of execution and delicacy of expression which she has lately so often displayed on public occasions. In the first part of Rossini's terzetto, "Or che la sorte," MM. Rubini, Lablache, and E. Seguin, commenced in a regular steady pace: but in the latter part it was very much as if the one walked, the other trotted, and the third galloped. The confusion mainly originated with the orchestra. Spohr's overture, "Der Alchymist," would probably please more than it did, if we were acquainted with the opera for which it is written. Mr. Ries's symphony, No. VI., was, in a great measure, performed out of compliment to his visit to old England, after an absence of some years. The minuet and trio, not to be mistaken for being in the style of Handel, may be called the best movement. The two allegros would be better if the motivos were of a less common, dance-like character. The fine duetto from Sphor's Faust, "Segui, oh cara," gained Madame Stockhausen and Signor Lablache much applause; but their voices are too dissimilar, or, rather, too unequal in point of strength. Mr. Mori's playing in Haydn's delicious quartet was unanimously pronounced to be perfection; and whether he was inspired by the presence of so great a judge as Paganini, or to whatever other cause it was owing,—we never heard him surpass himself as he did on this occasion. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Weichsel and Mr. Bishop.

PAGANINI.

THE *début* of this extraordinary man was all that admiration and enthusiasm could anticipate. His performances are not merely wonderful—they are beyond measure delightful. It is not simply such command of an instrument as never was witnessed before—it is the production of music which may literally be said to ravish the sense. Paganini himself seems as if he were an exquisite incarnation of composition—harmony embodied in a human frame. No description can convey an idea of his powers; and every journal has been so filled with remarks, that were we competent to do justice to his genius, we should abstain from a task which must of necessity involve so much of repetition. Our recommendation to every one is—make a point of hearing him: it will be a gratification beyond belief, and to miss it, a very severe regret. Old Cramer, it is said, exclaimed, he was glad he was not a fiddler, implying that the impossibility of attaining such excellence would have broken his heart; and T. Cooke declares that Paganini is equal to any four he ever saw. Such are the flattering testimonies of his brethren. We may notice that his hand, and especially his thumb, which is of uncommon length, give him the unexampled facilities which he possesses over his violin.

SEDLATZEK'S CONCERT.

ON Wednesday this musical entertainment was crowded, and deserved it by its excellent selection, and the great talents engaged in it; including not only the fine instrumental performances on the flute by Sedlatzek himself, and Moscheles on the piano, but the vocal contributions of Pasta, Stockhausen, Rubini, Lablache, and other first-rate singers.

VARIETIES.

French Legion of Honour.—Thorwaldsen, Berzelius, and Humboldt, have been appointed members of the Legion of Honour.

Effect of the Fine Arts.—A letter from Rome states, that Madame Lætitia Buonaparte was lately extremely ill, and was given over. Her son Jerome read to her an article in a Parisian journal, announcing that the statue of Napoleon was about to be re-instated in the Place Vendôme. From that moment the mother of the emperor was convalescent!

Music Mad.—London is swarming with musicians, till it is humming all over like a bee-hive. Ries has come, in order to conduct a new oratorio of his at Dublin; Hummel is going to try his luck at Manchester; what the celebrated Field, from Petersburgh, is come for, we have not yet been able to learn: and there are fifty more (at least) all ready to rival Paganini, and delight John Bull.

Cholera Morbus.—The committee of health at Warsaw has published a description of the indications of cholera morbus, and of the proper treatment of persons attacked by it. The malady usually begins with vertigo, and with cramps in the limbs, so violent, that the individual falls to the ground, powerless and motionless. These symptoms are followed by excessive vomiting and dreadful pain. The patient, according to the experience here promulgated, ought to be entirely undressed, laid upon his back on a bed, and covered with a sheet. Hempseed, previously steeped in boiling water, should then be heaped upon him, outside the sheet, from the neck to the feet, as hot as he can bear it. When this cataplasm begins to cool, it should be renewed three or four times, until the patient breaks out into a profuse perspiration. To increase this perspiration he should drink a sudorific ptisan made of elder-flowers. If he complain of nausea, a spoonful of magnesia, or of olive oil, should be administered to him. When he has remained for a considerable time in this state, he should be wiped and dried, and his bed-linen changed; great care being taken that he does not become cold. He is then out of danger; and all that remains is to re-establish his strength.

Pouch in the Lion's Tongue.—In dissecting

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a lion, sent to the Edinburgh College Museum, Messrs. Cheek and Jones have discovered on the under surface of the tongue, near the tip, a structure, which may be considered as a rudiment of the worm in the dog. It is marked by three longitudinal dilatations, separated by contractions; and in the specimen dissected, was three-fourths of an inch long.

A Blue.—A true *blue* has appeared in France in the person of a girl, aged seventeen, near Angers. This young lady, though she has never yet written a book, is blue from the waist upwards (consequently she is not a *bas-bleu*); and, what is more extraordinary, when any thing is said or done which causes her to blush, instead of red, she blushes a deeper blue.

Ural Mountains.—The gold and platina obtained from the mines of these mountains in 1830, is estimated at—

	Poods.	Pounds.	Value.
Gold . . .	355	0½	17,750,000 rubles.
Platina .	105	1	1,909,600 ditto.

Gold is estimated at 50,000 rubles per pood (40 lbs., or 36 lbs. English); platina, at 11,520 rubles. M. Demidoff, counsellor of state, received from his mines of Nijne-Tahel, a unique specimen; viz. a piece of native platina weighing about 20 lbs.; the largest piece before known weighs 10½ lbs. The new platina coin has very speedily got into circulation in the interior of the empire; and the greater part of the platina found has been converted into coin.

Babylon.—Captain Mignan, who published an account of his visit to Babylon, has now paid a second visit to that city. Letters have been received from him from Bombay by a gentleman in London, whom he informs that he had brought for him, from Babylon, various curiosities, including a fine specimen of the *attlah* tree (we believe a kind of tamarisk). He mentions that he should send these things by a ship, which has since arrived, and also a MS. on Kurdistan, which, he says, is quite ready for publication, and will make a large and very interesting volume.

Antiquities.—Bronze medals have frequently been found on the two shores of the Bosphorus, inscribed with the name "Agrippia," and others inscribed with the name "Cæsarea." Antiquaries have hitherto ascribed the former to Agrippia, or Anthedon, a town of Judæa; the latter to Cæsarea of Bithynia, or to Tralles of Lydia, which, like so many other towns of Asia Minor, received the surname of Cæsarea. The Journal of Odessa, however, announces the discovery, in February 1830, near the town of Taman, of a Greek inscription, which, by mentioning "a monument consecrated to the memory of Adronicus, the son of Pappus, by the Archontes of Agrippia Cæsarea," shews that the names of Agrippia and Cæsarea belonged to the same place; probably an ancient town of the island of Taman; and very likely Phanagoria, which was situated in the neighbourhood of the modern town of Taman.

Our popular Queen.—Her Majesty, it seems, has visited several public places without state, going in a private carriage; and being thus enabled to see and enjoy what is to be seen. Among others, we are told the Zoological Society's Garden has been thus honoured—at least it is stated of one of the check-takers, an Irishman, that he mentioned the Queen's having been at the garden *incog.* on a particular day. "Why," said the person he was informing, "it is odd we never heard of it!" "Oh, not at all, at all," rejoined Pat; "for she didn't come like a queen; but *clane and dacent* like another lady!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXIV. June 11.*]

The fifth, and perhaps not the last, volume of Allan Cunningham's Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, is now ready for the press: it contains the following names:—George Jamesone, born 1586; Allan Ramsay, 1713; George Romney, 1734; Alexander Runciman, 1736; John Singleton Copley, 1737; John Hamilton Mortimer, 1741; Sir Henry Raeburn, 1756; John Hoppner, 1758; William Owen, 1769; Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1769; George Henry Harlow, 1787; Richard Parkes Bonington, 1801.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Seaward's Narrative, edited by Miss Jane Porter, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Beattie's Courts of Germany, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Index to Hall's Atlas, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cloth.—Drummond's Letters to a Young Naturalist, 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Burder's Oriental Customs abridged, fcp. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Kennedy on Ancient and Hindu Mythology, 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Montague's Ornithological Dictionary, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Arrian on Coursing, with Notes and Illustrations from the Antique, imperial 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Gems of Modern Sculpture, No. I., 8vo. prints, 4*s.* 6*d.*; 4to. India, 8*s.*; folio, before letters, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Cabinet for Youth, 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Collier's Annals of the Stage, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man, by Thomas Hope, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.* bds.—Brockedon's Route from London to Naples, Part I. London to Paris, demy 8vo. 6*s.* sewed; imperial 8vo. plain, 8*s.*; India, 12*s.*; imperial 4to. India, before letters, 16*s.*—Pickering's diamond edition of Homer, 2 vols. 48mo. 12*s.* bds.; large paper, 18*s.* bds.—Pin Money, by the authoress of "Manners of the Day," 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Lives of the Actors, by John Galt, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Cobbin's Instructive Reader, 12mo. 3*s.* sheep.—The British Preacher, Vol. I. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—The Greek Testament, with English Notes by Dr. Burton, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.—Cramp's Text-Book of Popery, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

May.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 26	From 43. to 71.	29·90 to 29·76
Friday 27	—— 41. — 68.	29·75 Stationary
Saturday .. 28	—— 46. — 68.	29·84 — 29·93
Sunday.... 29	—— 44. — 59.	29·94 — 29·86
Monday .. 30	—— 45. — 65.	29·84 — 29·86
Tuesday .. 31	—— 42. — 63.	29·92 — 29·85
June.		
Wednesday 1	—— 43. — 67.	29·86 — 29·80

Wind N.E. and S.E., the former prevailing.

Alternately clear and cloudy, except the 29th, when rain fell incessantly throughout the day.

Rain fallen, ·525 of an inch.

Thursday, June 2d.—The occultation of Jupiter and his satellites this morning was seen under very favourable circumstances, particularly the emersions, the atmosphere being very clear and calm. The bright limb of the lunar disc, together with the slight haze which is almost invariably found about our horizon, prevented any accurate observance of the immersion of even the fourth satellite (the other three were not discoverable): the western limb of the planet was for several seconds after contact distinctly visible, and might have led those unacquainted with the fact, to believe that the planet was, instead of being on the point of occultation, about to transit the lunar disc: the elongation of the eastern limb of the planet was not so distinctly visible as during the immersion of the 7th of April, 1824. The emersion of the fourth satellite took place at 2h 4′ 5″; of the second at 2h 19′ 22″; of Jupiter's western limb at 2h 14′ 0″; of his eastern limb at 2h 15′ 33″; of the first satellite at 2h 18′ 30″; and, lastly, the third satellite reappeared at 2h 24′ 53″.

June.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 2	From 37. to 73.	30·06 to 30·09
Friday 3	—— 38. — 73.	30·10 — 30·11
Saturday .. 4	—— 42. — 70.	30·10 — 30·12
Sunday.... 5	—— 42. — 73.	30·09 — 30·01
Monday .. 6	—— 45. — 59.	30·01 — 30·02
Tuesday .. 7	—— 43. — 63.	30·02 — 29·90
Wednesday 8	—— 40. — 68.	29·90 Stationary

Prevailing wind, N.W.

Except the 6th, generally clear; thunder and rain in the afternoon of the 5th.

Rain fallen, ·3 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There has been an unusual influx of new publications this week, through which we have gone as far as we could. But we have been obliged to postpone Mr. Bowles' concluding volume of the Life of Ken—Inglis' Travels in Spain—the Glances at Various Objects (a private volume), for which we have to thank the author—and several other interesting communications.

We do not know any thing of the anonymous notice sent to us about the Royal Society of Warsaw.

A Member of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association is not warranted either by our notes or the work of Rammohun Roy in his pretension to set us right.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE LITERARY FUND GREENWICH MEETING will be held at the Crown and Sceptre, on Wednesday, the 22d of June.—This Meeting is not restricted to Members of the Society; the company of any Nobleman or Gentleman who may feel an interest in the objects of the Institution will be welcome and agreeable.

Gentlemen who intend dining are requested to apprise Mr. Snow, at the Chambers of the Society, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on or before Tuesday the 21st.—Dinner at Four precisely.

The Rev. John Clowes.

Society for printing and publishing the Writings of the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg.

Committee Room, Featherstone Buildings, June 2, 1831.

THE Decease of the Rev. John Clowes, M.A. Rector of St. John's, Manchester, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, which took place at Warwick, on the 29th of May last, in the 89th year of his age, having been communicated to the Committee of the above Society, it was

Resolved,

That this Committee cannot hear of this dispensation of the Lord's all-merciful Providence, without recording their feelings upon the afflictive event. Yet why should an event be denominated afflictive, which, to the highly prepared subject of it, is only a deliverance from the prison-house of a material frame no longer suited to be the organ of the active and heavenly-minded spirit which tenanted it so long, and a removal to that heavenly world which will be felt by him as his native sphere; where these principles of love, intelligence, and use, which constituted his life here, will expand into all the fulness which even he can desire, and will be the source of eternal blessedness and joy? Yet the members of this Society, even beyond multitudes of others who will deeply feel the loss, cannot but experience in his removal a sense of bereavement; for peculiarly might they regard him as a father. This Society is established for printing and publishing the Writings of the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg, and their venerable friend was almost the first who laboured with effect to bring those Writings into notice, was the translator into English of the greater part of them, and was the unwearied promoter, through a period of fifty-eight years, of every effort for conveying the salutary principles which they develop into the understandings and the hearts of his fellow-creatures. When the members of this Society reflect on the intuitive perception with which, on these writings being brought by a peculiar providence under his observation, he at once appreciated the inestimable value of the divine truths which they contain; when they reflect that, in the reception of those truths, he then, in this country, stood almost alone; when they consider the zeal and self-devotedness with which he set himself to make them accessible to others, notwithstanding the opposition which was soon arrayed against him; when they think of the eminent usefulness he exercised in procuring the formation of a Society at Manchester having that object in view, which still perseveres in its valuable labours, and to which this Society has since associated itself in the same work; when they remember the engaging manner in which, in his Affectionate Address to the Clergy, he invited his brethren of the establishment to examine those writings,—the power of argument and force of evidence with which, in his Letters to a Member of Parliament, he refuted the calumnies against them of the Abbé Barruel; the commanding ability and convincing clearness with which he replied to the objections of Churchmen, Calvinists, and Unitarians, in his Answers to the Editors of the Christian Observer, to the Rev. W. Roby, and to the Rev. J. Grandy; when they add to this the amiable light in which he placed the principles of the true Christian life and doctrine in his other writings, whether they were his treatises on Mediums and on Opposites, his Two Heavenly Memorialists, his Letters on the Human Soul and on the Human Body, his many volumes of admirable sermons, his charming little works for children, or his various other excellent publications; when, turning from the abundant displays of superior intellect, they contemplate the still more admirable qualities of his heart, the truly Christian humility, piety, love, and beneficence, and the undeviating purity of character which marked his whole life; when they call to mind how he turned from the attractions of the academic and scientific distinction which attended his early career, to discharge the simple but important duties of a minister of the gospel; when they remember that, at a period somewhat later, on having received views of truth which were too generally unpopular, he never shrunk from the most open and public avowal of them, and relinquished for their sake the most flattering prospects of preferment, dignity, and wealth; and when they know that, though for a while the object of persecution, he actually lived down all opposition, and, by the exalted excellence of his character and conduct, secured the universal esteem, testified by a permanent memorial, of the populous parish of which he was rector for more than sixty years;* when the members of this Society reflect on these and numerous similar features in the life and conduct of their venerated friend, they cannot but feel how exalted was the character with whom they have been associated, (in which sentiment they know they shall be joined by some of the most respectable and elevated characters in the land); and they cannot but regard it as their duty to acknowledge, in the most public manner, the privilege they have enjoyed. Whilst then they are deeply sensible of their loss in the removal of such a friend and coadjutor, they feel truly grateful to the mercy of the Lord that spared him to them so long. They are conscious that they can only worthily shew their gratitude by striving, with increased zeal, to follow in the path in which he walked before them; and, especially, by continuing their efforts to promote the knowledge of those truths, of the effects of which, when received in the heart, he was so irreproachable and so bright an example.

* The permanent memorial above mentioned is an elegant piece of sculpture, by Flaxman, erected by subscription in the church. The inscription is as follows:—"To commemorate the fiftieth year of the ministry of the Rev. John Clowes, M.A. the first and the present rector of this church, and to testify their affectionate esteem and veneration for the piety, learning, and benevolence of their amiable pastor, the congregation of St. John's Church, in Manchester, erect this tablet, with feelings of devout gratitude to Almighty God who hath hitherto preserved, and with their united prayers that his good Providence will long continue to preserve amongst them, so eminent and engaging an example of Christian meekness, purity, and love. MDCCCXIX."

Among the most active promoters of this most honourable testimonial of esteem, were some who, at a former period, had conscientiously endeavoured to obtain the removal of Mr. Clowes from the rectorship. A complaint that was carried to Bishop Porteus, when he presided in the see of Chester, was, after investigation, dismissed by that liberal and pious prelate, with the observation, that he saw, in the sentiments complained of, no ground for his interference, and that he wished he had, in his diocese, many more such clergymen as Mr. Clowes.

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[In the midst of the great political affairs with which the civilised world is at this moment heaving, there is, nevertheless one object of paramount importance to the living race of man—we allude to the plague-like disease which is becoming so fearfully known in Europe by the name of the *Cholera Morbus*. In preceding *Literary Gazettes* we have noticed its progress while yet at a distance; the ravages it committed in Asia, and the extraordinary nature of its dreadful march from the southern towards the northern hemisphere. But the attention must be more strongly fixed upon, and the mind excited, when we find the giant malady, as it were, at our own door; when we daily hear of its destructive operation in parts with which we are in direct intercourse;* and when the unusual sight of quarantine is enforced by only common prudence and caution in the ports of Britain. At such a crisis, every particle of information which can be gathered and diffused on the subject is of national value, as well as of deep individual concernment; and we have the satisfaction of performing a public duty in laying the following paper before our readers.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Mittheilungen über die morgenländische Brechruhr—Communications concerning the Cholera Morbus. By Dr. R. A. Riecke. Vol. I. Stuttgart, 1831.

Ever since the year 1817, that pest, the cholera, has been sweeping like a whirlwind, without apparent direction or control, through India, Persia, China, Turkey, and Russia; and it has at length approached so near to the frontiers of the more civilised countries of Europe, as to excite very serious apprehensions of its invasion of our own shores. Whatever tends, therefore, to elucidate the history and nature of this wide-spreading and devastating disease, must at this moment be peculiarly interesting.

The volume before us is occupied with the history of the cholera morbus; and the author intends to treat in a second of the method of cure. He sets out with a comprehensive view of the phenomenon, of which he presents the following sketch:—

"Asia, the cradle of the human race and of its civilisation, is at the same time the birthplace of the contagious diseases which have at various periods ravaged the world. There originated *the black death*, which, in the middle of the fourteenth century, traversed Asia and Europe, like a destroying angel, and is said to have carried off thirteen millions of persons in China alone; there was generated the *influenza* of the last century, which spread from the eastern parts of Asia over the whole of that quarter of the globe and Europe, and even crossed the wide Atlantic to America; and there, too, first appeared the *cholera morbus*, which in the space of thirteen years has extended its ravages over the half of Asia and a considerable portion of Europe. In the whole, it is true defective, history of diseases, there is no example of so speedy a succession of two wide-spread epidemics as the latest times have exhibited. The influenza of 1782 and the cholera have occurred within half a century; and this striking phenomenon of our eventful times may justly be regarded as evidence in favour of a conjecture hazarded by a modern philosopher, that there exists an intimate connexion between the political vicissitudes of the human race and the extraordinary occurrences in the physical world so frequently coincident with them. Striking as is the resemblance between the two great disorders of modern times in one point, they are very dissimilar in other respects. The first assumed the form of a catarrhal fever; the second that of vomiting and diarrhœa—both diseases which are disposed to an epidemic extension. The catarrh is more a disease of northern countries; the influenza originated in north-eastern Asia; the birth-place of the cholera is southern Asia. As the catarrhal fever is generally a mild disease; but the cholera, on the other hand, requires speedy and potent aid from art to obviate a disastrous issue; so both retained their character on their appearance as epidemics. Though the influenza spread itself very generally in the places which it visited—as, for example, at Petersburgh, where 40,000 persons were attacked by it in one day, yet very few died of it. The cholera, on the contrary, has thus far carried off one third, if not half, of the persons whom it has seized; but the proportion of the latter to the population of countries in which it appeared, has been, upon the whole, smaller than in the influenza; and the diffusion of the influenza much more rapid than that of the cholera."

Dr. Riecke then follows, historically, the course of the disorder from its origin at Noddia on the Ganges, in May 1817, through all its labyrinthine ramifications to its reappearance in Russia last year. He pays, at the same time, particular attention to all the symptoms, distinguishing those which have invariably attended the disorder, and such as have varied with time, place, and circumstances. The following is a condensed view of the whole:—

"In many cases the disorder commences suddenly, with its characteristic symptoms; but in others it is preceded for a short time by various prognostics, such as a sense of fulness of the stomach, nausea, debility, shivering, vertigo, and frequently an inexpressible anxiety. The disease itself mostly breaks out in the night or morning: the stomach discharges its contents by vomiting; the matters contained in the bowels are speedily expelled; and a sudden feeling of exhaustion ensues. These first evacuations are soon succeeded by others in both ways; but the discharged matter is of a totally different nature, mostly resembling turbid water; it is often greenish and yellowish, and in the more advanced stages of the disease occasionally contains gall, which in general is a favourable sign. The alvine discharges resemble those thrown up from the stomach; many slimy flakes are observed in them, and their quantity is in most cases very considerable: the former are generally preceded by pains, which frequently become very acute, but in some cases do not occur at all. Tenesmus is often associated with these symptoms, but in general it is not severe. Greater inconvenience is sustained from a burning sensation and oppression in the region of the stomach, accompanied by such torturing thirst, that even medical men, well aware of the danger of cold drinks, have not been able to refrain from urgently soliciting the indulgence. The region of the stomach feels hot externally. At the same time excessive debility and exhaustion supervene, and frequently increase to fainting. Soon after the commencement of the copious evacuations, cramps ensue: they commonly begin in the extremities, and gradually pass from these to the muscles of the trunk. It is but rarely that these cramps are aggravated into general convulsions: in many cases they are absent altogether, but this is far from being a favourable sign. Convulsions of the muscles have frequently been observed even after death. The pulse is at first small, weak, and quick; but soon after the cramps take place it is not to be felt in any external parts. The skin loses its natural warmth, becomes as cold as marble, is mostly covered with a cold clammy perspiration, and assumes a livid hue; the lips and nails turn quite blue. In this state the skin is even proof against chemical agency, such as that of boiling water and the like, though the patient complains of heat in the superficial parts. The eyes sink in their orbits, the features of the face quickly collapse, and have a corpse-like appearance. Respiration, which is at first accelerated, becomes, with the increase of the disorder, difficult and slow: in one case only seven respirations occurred in a minute. The breath has little warmth. Blood taken during the disease exhibits scarcely any serum, and no crust, and rapidly congeals: as it runs out it is thick and black, even from the arteries. During the disease an extraordinary anxiety frequently supervenes: it proceeds, no doubt, in part from moral influences, but is always an unfavourable symptom. In India it was more frequent in Europeans than in the natives. The secretion of the saliva and urine is generally suspended, but not that of the gall, though gall is rarely discharged. On the dissection of bodies, the gall-bladder is commonly found full of a blackish gall. The functions of the brain seldom suffer any material derangement, though a kind of stupor frequently takes place; but the mental faculties are always somewhat impaired, and the senses weakened. The state of these functions, according to Cromwell, closely resembles that which succeeds intoxication. The disease is always attended with great apathy, and patients are very often quite indifferent as to the issue of their disorder. They mostly retain their consciousness to the last, and often feel themselves relieved

* Late accounts state that several of the French surgeons who had gone from Paris to Poland to study and alleviate this pestilence, have fallen victims to their zeal. It is reported, that an English captain died at Riga after only three hours' illness; and added, we trust untruly, that after the cholera broke out at this port, many vessels sailed before orders were received from Petersburgh to stop all communications.

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at the approach of death, as the debilitating evacuations and cramps cease, and the warmth returns to individual parts, though the features of the face retain their characteristic ghastly or corpse-like expressions. In other cases, however, the most distressing symptoms continue till death. The recovery of the patient is indicated by the return of warmth over the whole surface of the skin, the elevation of the pulse, the cessation of the cramps, vomiting, and flux, the appearance of gall in the evacuations, the renewal of the urinary and salivary secretions, and a disposition to sleep. The reappearance of the fæces is also a very favourable sign. In other respects, the course of the disorder presented many deviations. It often happened that persons attacked by the disease fell to the ground, and in a short time expired, without the characteristic symptoms of the complaint being clearly developed, as had been previously observed in other epidemic diseases, for instance, in the plague, by Sydenham. In such cases the course is extremely rapid; they occur chiefly in the commencement of the epidemic. The fatal catastrophe usually happens from ten to twenty-four hours after the first appearance of the symptoms of the malady: the transition to recovery is often as rapid, though many convalescents suffer a long time from complaints in the stomach and abdomen. In many instances the cholera brings on a nervous fever, which not rarely proves fatal. Relapses frequently occur, and are more dangerous than the first attacks, on account of the prostration of strength induced by the latter."

To this statement we shall only subjoin a few detached facts.

The cholera made its first appearance on the swampy and very unhealthy banks of a river; and it keeps in preference to low damp countries, avoiding the dry and elevated parts. According to Ranken, camels and goats were attacked with violent diarrhœa where the cholera prevailed. In the tropical countries, the cholera regularly increased and abated with the rainy season. The appearance of the cholera seems to have some connexion with that of earthquakes: both were most violent in India in 1820, in Arabia in 1822, and in Syria in 1823. In the island of Ceylon and in Astracan, it was particularly remarked that very few women, and no children, were attacked by the disease; whereas, in the government of Orenburg, the women were more especially affected by it.

The Bramins attributed the origin of the disorder to the anger of the goddess Ulabebi, and to a quarrel between her and the god Kali; and asserted that the resentment of the goddess could only be appeased by a pilgrimage to her temple at Kalinghaut, by liberal offerings there, and by bathing in the sacred waters of the neighbouring Ganges. Thousands followed this injunction, and, during the pilgrimage, fell victims to the very disease which they hoped to escape by means of it.

The Russian director of the customs at Kiachta applied to the dzargutschey, the chief civil officer on the Chinese frontier, to establish quarantine institutions against the cholera. The latter replied, that police precautions would be useless for his country, on account of its very numerous population; adding, with the greatest *sang froid*, that this disease would give their empire so much the more room, the more people it carried off. This notion he supported by the remark, that a sickness of this kind knew its victims, and left others untouched; that it selected such as live in filth and intemperance; and that, on the contrary, a person of undaunted mind, with cleanliness and moderation, was safe from its attack. On this subject he referred to the present emperor of China, declaring that Pekin owed its exemption from the disease solely to the firmness of his imperial majesty, who was pleased to say to those about him: "Do not suppose that the disorder is more powerful than yourselves; the pusillanimous alone die of it." From that moment they all took courage, and nothing was left for the disease but to quit the capital. "But that is nothing," he proceeded: "I will relate to you another case, which occurred in the year 1070. A disease broke out at Pekin of a peculiar character, for it affected the tails of those who quitted their houses and abode in the open air. In a short time it consumed half the tail, and the immediate death of the owner was the consequence. When this was reported to the then reigning emperor, Tschang-Lung, he declared emphatically that he would not hear any thing of such a disorder. This his supreme will expressed with firmness, and thereupon made public, had such an effect on the malady that it left Pekin forthwith." While the dzargutschey was detailing these circumstances, he fixed his eyes intently on the director, and perceiving in his looks a certain distrust of his statements, he added, with a smile: "You must believe, at any rate, that fear enervates the mind, and that the latter has a decisive influence upon the body. Whether you believe my story or not, we must listen without terror to the report of the disease at Kukuchoton, and then it will positively not visit us." This was in the summer of 1827: the disease actually proceeded no further in that direction.

The question, whether the cholera is infectious or not? is still involved in great obscurity. Upon the whole, the English physicians in the south are rather in favour of the opinion that it is not infectious; while the Russian, in the north, believe that it is. In support of both assertions there are facts, many of which are cited by the author. In Ceylon not a physician or attendant on the sick was affected; while in Persia a lying-in woman, who had not stirred a step out of the house, was attacked by cholera. The Bengal Board of Health, and that of Madras, unreservedly declare their conviction of the non-contagious nature of the disease, in their reports founded on the testimony of a hundred medical men. It is true that an earlier report of the Bombay Board leaves the point doubtful. The Russian physicians, on the other hand, adduce several striking instances of real infection; and the Russian medical commission formally declared last autumn, the malady to be "not only epidemic, but also contagious."*

The cholera is not a new phenomenon. It was long ago observed in India, and described before the middle of the seventeenth century by Bontius, in his work *De Medicina Indorum* (Leyden, 1642). The disease is named in Sanscrit *vandie*, and *ennerum vandie*; in Mahratta *morschi*; in Hindustanee *morghi* (death), out of which the Europeans made *mordeschie*, or *mort de chien*. In the Transactions of the Board of Health of Madras, so far back as 1787, there is a complete description of it as it prevailed in 1770 at Arcot, in 1783 in the valley of Ambore, and in 1771 at Ganjam. In 1775 it broke out in the Mauritius. It has since been frequently observed among the British troops in India, especially when encamped in certain districts, and more particularly in Travancore; but its ravages have rarely been extended over large tracts of country. According to Deguignes, it spread in the year 1031 as far as Syria; and according to an Arabian tradition, a similar malady penetrated about 500 years since from India to Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia. The last epidemic broke out, after considerable anomalies of weather, in the year 1817 in Bengal. The next article will shew how far its ravages have extended.

* Our own government has referred the subject to the College of Physicians, who have favoured it and the public with a most vague report, the gist of which seems to be a mere assertion,—that the disease is likely to be imported by persons, and not by goods! Other doctors have been scribbling in the newspapers; but so meagre, and disconnected, and contradictory, are their opinions, that they serve rather to perplex than to throw a light on this very serious and threatening phenomenon.—*Ed. L. G.*

Die Cholera Morbus; ihre Verbreitung, ihre Zufälle, die versuchten Heilmethoden, ihre Eigenthüm lickkeiten, und Die im Grossen dagegen auszuwendenden Mittel.—The Cholera Morbus; its Diffusion, its Accidents, the Curative Methods attempted, its Peculiarities, and the Means to be employed on a large Scale against it; with a Map of its Progress. By Frederick Schnurrer, M.D. Physician to the Duke of Nassau.

THE author first compares the cholera with other great phenomena of a similar kind—the yellow fever, and the plague properly so called. "One great difference between the yellow fever and the plague is, that the former disease confines itself to a margin of coast only a few miles in breadth; so that whoever can remove from this tract, need but travel a little distance in order to feel perfectly secure. The plague, on the contrary, though it now appears to have contracted itself within narrower limits, still continues to spread itself over a space, which, northward from the tropic of Cancer, and westward from the Caspian Sea and the Gulf of Persia, occupies 70° of longitude, and in some places 31½° of latitude, and in which the disease appears in the valleys and more elevated situations. The case is totally different with the cholera. With the exception of particular spots, the mortality occasioned by it is far from being so great as that caused by the plague or the yellow fever. Even those who compute the number swept away by it in India at two and a half millions out of a population of forty millions, pre-suppose that every part of the country was visited by the disorder, which was not the fact: but among the troops, who, as adults and persons of the male sex were chiefly attacked, experienced the greatest relative mortality, and whose loss can be stated with the greatest accuracy, the deaths varied in the first years from one in five to one in a hundred, and from 1818 to 1821 it no where exceeded the latter proportion. Neither will any one believe, where the disease has prevailed, that it is infectious. The space over which it has spread itself is prodigious—from the Spice Islands to Nishnei Novogorod, and from the Mauritius at the southernmost extremity of Africa to the steppes of the Kirgises. From the mysterious nature of the phenomenon, from the sudden appearance and rapid course of the disease, it is impossible to guess when and at what points it will break out; you imagine, wherever you go, that you discover it under your feet; and as, in its diffusion, it has so little resemblance to other infectious disorders—for instance, the small-pox, the plague, and the like—that preventives are totally out of the question."

In the first section the author gives the history of the breaking out and extension of the cholera,

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and this part of the subject is admirably illustrated by the map attached to the work. It began on the 19th of August, 1817, at Zilla Jessore, one hundred English miles to the north of Calcutta. It soon spread over the whole country bordering on the Ganges, ascending that river; and in the years 1818 and 1819, it penetrated to the southernmost extremities of both the Indian peninsulas, continuing its course in 1820 to the islands, and turning from Manilla, in a north-eastern direction, to China in 1821. Then taking a prodigious leap, it appeared in the Persian Gulf, ascended the Euphrates and Tigris, as it had previously done the Ganges, and ravaged Turkey in Asia and Persia till 1823. In the same year it attained the farthest points of its career both to the west and east, advancing to the coasts of the Mediterranean on the one side, and to the island of Amboyna on the other. Afterwards taking a northern direction, it appeared again in China in 1826, and last year still further north in Russia. In 1820, it reached its southernmost limit, the Isle of Bourbon; in 1823, at one and the same time its eastern and western, Amboyna and Antakia, on the Mediterranean; and in 1830 its northern, in the vicinity of Petersburg. Thus it appears that the space traversed by the cholera forms a cross, the northern end of which seems to have received its utmost extension not far from Petersburg, the eastern at Amboyna, and the southern at the Isle of Bourbon, while the western end is quite short, and ought to run out as far as Cadiz, in order to balance the eastern arm terminating at Amboyna.

The second section treats of the course of the disease, the description of which, coinciding with that given in the preceding article, we shall pass over. In the third are detailed the various methods of cure hitherto tried, whence it appears that the right, the infallible one, is not yet discovered; that those hitherto adopted are all contradictory to each other; and that none of them has produced a satisfactory result. On the other hand, the author's notion, that in all probability external remedies ought to be preferred to internal, is particularly interesting. "As it must be assumed that in the state of general collapse, internal remedies can scarcely operate, on account of the total absence of the capability of feeling their impressions, and, at any rate, there can be no question but of a chemical and mechanical action; it may be asked, whether there are not external remedies operating in that manner, by means of which, through a powerful impression on the solids, the circulation and the play of the secretions might be restored?"

The fourth section treats of the peculiarities of the cholera in its diffusion; and the author expressly declares this disease to be not infectious. In the last section he considers the means to be adopted on a large scale against it; and after shewing that it has always visited in preference those nations and classes which are naturally, or through poverty, disposed to filth, and confined to meagre fare, he comes to a conclusion, which, though sounding rather paradoxical, is not a little encouraging: "Wherever peace and the highest degree of liberty consistent with personal security prevail, together with their attendant blessings, industry and plenty, this scourge will probably assume a milder form: it is not the quarantine that it will respect, but the authority of the law and the fowl in the pot."

To these analyses we shall add the substance of a letter from Marin Darbal, a French physician at Moscow, read at a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, as tending to throw light on the question, whether the disease is contagious or not?

The cholera broke out at Moscow before any one ever thought of it. The belief in its contagious nature, and the panic consequent upon that notion, instantly became general. Before any precautions were deemed necessary, fifty thousand persons had fled from the city. It was not long before it was surrounded by a *cordon*, to prevent the disease from spreading into the country. This measure was rather too late — and then, how is it possible to enclose a city, the circumference of which is equal to that of Paris? Many of the fifty thousand fugitives had carried with them the seeds of the disorder from Moscow: they fell sick at the quarantines on the frontiers of the government, and there died; but they were not known to have infected any one. The number of the sick was not more considerable in the vicinity of the hospitals than elsewhere: people have slept in the same bed with diseased persons, and yet been exempted from the complaint; and very few of the attendants in the hospitals were attacked by it. It is now the general opinion in Moscow, that the cholera is not infectious, and even the common people are convinced of this from ocular demonstration. The contrary notion had gained currency, owing to the reports from distant provinces, but more particularly to the opinion of the Council of Health in 1824. Dr. Darbal has taken great pains to eradicate this error: his views have been completely confirmed by experience, and the government has actually abolished the quarantine, though the disease still continues (about twenty persons being attacked daily), and suspended the fumigations which have been found absolutely inefficacious throughout the whole empire. Minute investigation of the case of a patient has always led, not to an infection, but, on the contrary, to positive, immediate causes of disease. But, though the public in Moscow at present consider the malady as purely epidemic, the physicians do not hold it to be absolutely uninfectious, but are of opinion that it confines itself to the forming of what are termed focuses of infection, as is the case in certain fevers. The persons best acquainted with the subject agree in these points: 1. The germ of the cholera is developed in no other way than by some external cause, as taking cold, indigestion, intoxication, &c. 2. It is not so terrible as it has been represented: if properly treated on its first appearance, it is not difficult of cure. 3. The only remedy that has been found efficacious is heat in high degrees; all others are no better than nothing, and this is sufficiently proved by the fact, that though in twenty hospitals, different, nay, totally opposite, methods of cure were adopted, yet the mortality was nearly in the same proportion in all. Should the disease spread to western Europe, and there can scarcely be any doubt that it will, it may be predicted with tolerable certainty, from its regular progress hitherto, that it will not reach France before the year 1832.

Jacqueline of Holland, a Historical Tale. By Thomas Colley Grattan. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

BEAUTIFUL and unfortunate, yet bearing up against every reverse of fate with the spirit of a hero, Jacqueline of Holland is the very being in whom romance delights; and she has lost none of her interest in Mr. Grattan's hands. Besides being judicious in his choice of a heroine, he is equally so in his scene. Quite at home in Holland, he is able to give that air of truth to his descriptions only to be acquired by actual knowledge; and we doubt not the kabblejaws and the hoeks will become familiar terms to a great body of readers. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we quote the origin of the terms.

"During the contests for power, about the year 1350, between Marguerite of Bavaria, countess of Holland, and her son William, grand-uncle to Jacqueline, some of their respective partisans, the most powerful men in the country, held a repast, at which a frivolous argument took place on the question, whether the hoek (fishing-hook) might be said to take the kabblejaw (cod-fish), or *vice versâ*. A serious quarrel was the consequence of the dispute; the different parties affixed on each other the words which formed the matter of argument; distinctive badges were assumed; and the whole population, for full a century following, was divided into two desperate political sects."

As a more general selection, we take the first appearance of Jacqueline, and part of a scene which leads to the most important results.

"Standing near to him, and leaning on a bow of Spanish yew, a female of elegant form, and a face of melancholy beauty, listened, but with a pre-occupied air, to his discourse. Her features were more strongly marked than those of mere girls in early youth; yet they joined a bloom and freshness rarely found after the very spring-time of life, to a decided dignity that only belongs to womanhood; and her face displayed that harmonious brilliancy which can receive the imprint of suffering without being withered by it. She was dressed in the fashion of the wealthier females of Holland, in a robe of fine white kersey, over which was a light blue pourpoint of the same stuff, close fitting her bust and waist, but with loose flaps that reached the knees. Her hair, worn in great profusion, was fancifully garnished with side plates and rings of gold, studded with precious stones; and beneath her high cap of green velvet hung innumerable curls, of light brown, tinged with occasional streaks of a shade that was all but auburn. Her shoes of blue morocco were sharp pointed, and turned up almost to the instep; and a narrow belt of blue silk was fastened in front with a diamond aigrette, below which hung two points of gold filagree-work."

Two strangers, one a youth, the other a gigantic Frieslander, meet the countess and her party in the wood, where they are hunting, when the younger of the strangers warns her of danger.

"These gentlemen are little cognoscent of the forest, if they know not, that in this month of September, the straggling remnants of the Orox and Bonassus herds come down in this very track to the sea-side, raging and furious.' 'Holy martyrs! it is too true. This must be the very district called the wild-bull chase — Is it so?' exclaimed the prelate, perturbedly. 'It is,' said the young man; 'and hark! may St. Andrew be my hold, if I hear not the snorting of the monster even now! Oost, heard you that?' To this latter question in the dialect of Friesland the giant only answered by grasping the young man's waist, and forcibly lifting him behind a thick clump of twisted oak roots, which presented the appearance of a natural redoubt. He then loosened his knife in his belt, but without drawing it, and grasping his mace in both hands he stood prepared with that pale but stern anxiety which marks the face of the intrepid man, who knows his peril, but fears it not. At the same instant, the horses and

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dogs, every one, startled and trembled, in the instinct of brute alarm. The very deer that lay on the ground in the last gasp of death, made a struggling effort to rise, and expired with a shudder of fear. In the next moment a roar of terrible depth resounded through the forest, and the monster which sent it forth appeared close to the group, crashing through branch and briar, with an air of savage majesty at once appalling and sublime. His height and bulk were enormous, double that of an ordinary-sized bull; he was jet black, with the exception of a broad stripe of white running along his back, as was visible while he stooped his huge head to the earth, butting against it, and tearing it up furiously with his short thick horns; while his eyes gleamed like fire-balls under the tuft of hair, curling garland-like on his front; and he lashed his long tail and shook his mane, that hung full six feet from his neck and swept the ground. 'Fly, fly!' cried the young stranger, as he drew his sword, and stood in the shelter of the trees; but his warning was not wanting to most of the party, and came too late to the rest. The huntsmen, acquainted with the terrible voice of the orox, ran in every direction, or climbed the nearest trees, even before he appeared; the dogs dispersed, yelping from fright, with the exception of that belonging to the dyke-digger, which stood close to its master, with trembling joints, but bristling hair, displaying, nearly as he did, a mixture of terror, subdued by resolution. The horses, one and all, reared up, bounded, wheeled, and attempted to gallop off; several of them succeeded in the attempt. That which was mounted by Benina, received ample aid from its terrified rider, who gave a loose rein, and urged it to its utmost speed. Glocester's pony, and Fitz-walter's stout, sturdy, and hard-mouthed beasts, completely mastered their riders, and carried them in different directions into the thicket. The hardy Van Monfoort, who was on foot, at the first alarm abandoned his horse, stepped up beside Jacqueline, and aided her in holding in her restive palfrey, but not with sufficient steadiness to enable her to dismount. The bishop, at the first curvet of his agitated garron, was flung sprawling into a tuft of blackberries, and his face and hands soon streamed with the mingled juice of the crushed fruit and his own blood, which the thorns profusely shed as he rolled himself deeper and deeper in the covering of the briars. The first victim to the fury of the orox was an unlucky pricker, who, slipping from the branch which he grasped, in an effort to mount an oak, fell to the earth, and was in a moment lifted on the fierce animal's horns, and tossed bleeding and breathless to a distance of several yards; the prostrate ecclesiastic was the next object of attack. The monster bounded towards him with roars of increasing fury, mingled with which were the shouts of the observers, who thus hoped to distract his attention from the shrieking priest. As he sprang forward, a tree of full fifty years' growth met his career; he struck it with his broad front, and shivered it like a splintered lance; it fell right over the bishop's otherwise imperfect shelter, and by its shadowing branches saved him from destruction. Jacqueline was now on the ground, and while Van Monfoort held the curb of the almost frantic horse with both hands, as a final means of turning the wild bull's rage, she placed an arrow in her bow, and (with a courage, which on many as great a trial proved her one of the bravest of women) she scorned, or perhaps saw the hopelessness of flight, and discharged the weapon with a steady hand; it struck the animal close to one eye, and broke against the bone. Irritated by the obstacles which kept him from the bishop, and inflamed by the smart of the wound, his long beard was now white with foam, and he darted with a tiger-spring full against the spot where the countess and Van Monfoort stood. The horse, which the latter still held, now burst from his grasp, and in a desperate plunge for escape, fell on his knees over the branches of the broken tree. The orox almost instantly transfixed him to the earth, and then gored him in a shocking manner, as he lay groaning and snorting with agony and fright. At this moment the young stranger, who, during the brief space occupied by the appalling scene had been held in his giant companion's grasp, succeeded in breaking from it, and sprang to Jacqueline's side. Spurning all false delicacy or forced reserve, he caught her in one arm, and made an attempt to bear her away towards the clump whence Oost had followed him; while Van Monfoort, with more respect, but equal valour, covered their retreat, and stepped backwards after them, his huge two-handled sword pointed towards the pursuing orox. The young stranger, whose keen eye looked around at every step, saw now there was more danger in an attempted retreat than a desperate defence. He, therefore, turned again, and placed himself beside Van Monfoort, calling out to him to stand firm. The intrepid Ludwick stopped short, and answered by a cheering word. Oost stepped up a little, inclining in front of his companion, the dog flanking both. Jacqueline might have now fled with a fair chance of safety from behind this living rampart; but, from what occult sentiment or sympathy, we pretend not to decide, she stood still, encircled by the young stranger's arm, and seemed satisfied to share the peril which he had rushed into for her sake. As the orox plunged towards them, with horns and visage streaming in the gore of the torn horse, Van Monfoort and the stranger opposed their swords' points to his broad front, and in the same instant Oost dealt him a terrific blow on the head with his mace. He might as well have struck against a rock; the iron points pierced, and perhaps splintered the bone, but the monster never swerved. He, however, raised his neck and head for one instant to its utmost height, either from the effects of the stroke, or to gain a better aim for the fatal plunge which immediately followed directly at the stranger and Jacqueline, for they formed but one mark. Oost stepped another step forward, and threw himself before them; there was but one blow between him and death. Stooping almost to the earth, against which the heavy head of his mace rested, he raised the weapon up with a fierce jerk in both hands, to the elevation of his own head, as he sprung erect to his full height. The descending muzzle of the brute, as it came down with an equal speed and tenfold force, caught the uprising blow. It was the vulnerable part, the spot held by Mother Nature, as she plunged this monster and its kind in the exempting mould of its terrible strength. It reared up and tottered back; in an instant the swords of Van Monfoort and the young stranger were in its breast, and the more effective knife of the dyke-digger was deeply plunged into its throat; his dog at the same time sprang at its lip, and, with the sagacious tenacity of its breed, held down the animal to the earth, on which it sunk in a flood of gore. A shout of triumph burst from the victors, echoed by a scream from the bishop, who had just forced himself from his place of safety, and began to fly, why or where he knew not. But at this new sound, which he could not imagine aught but the monster's roar, he flung himself prostrate again, and would willingly, like the ostrich, have plunged his head into the earth. The busy group of combatants saw that the business was over. Jacqueline, too, knew that the danger was escaped. Compassion was her first feeling. 'Fly, fly, Van Monfoort, and succour the huntsman, if he yet live!' said she. Her next impulse was gratitude. She hastily untied the girdle from her waist, and turning to the young stranger, who left the completion of the butcher's work to his companion, she said, with brimming eyes and a trembling voice, 'Take this, wear it for the sake of her whom you have saved. Ask not who I am, but if the day ever comes when you discover it, remember that I shall value *this* as one of the brightest in a whole life of misfortune!' 'Beautiful and generous woman,' cried the stranger, 'I do not merit this; nor dare I accept a gift, lavished on one who may not venture to declare even his name.' 'Keep it, keep it — my heart vouches for your nobility—quick, put it up! they come!' The young man hastily tore open his vest and thrust into his bosom the girdle, much more precious from the manner of the donor, than from the intrinsic value of the embroidered silk and the diamond aigrette by which it was adorned. But Jacqueline, whose eyes followed the movement, felt a thrill of disappointment and regret, at discovering on the breast of the stranger's inner doublet, the broad red cross of St. Andrew — the badge of the followers of Burgundy! She would have given worlds to have recalled her gift. It was too late."

We have now to offer a few words of advice, rather than of discontent. Mr. Grattan's knowledge overburdens his imagination; he too often allows the story to flag, in his desire that none of the accumulated stores of his memory should be wasted: he describes too much. Indeed, we must say, many of our historic romancers are over-minute in their small details. It would be thought very absurd in a novelist of modern life, if he described the dress of every person who figured in his pages; and we do not see why "distance should lend such enchantment to the view," and that so much space should be given to costume, merely because it happens to be some two hundred years old. To shew the absurdity of the thing, let every individual in a novel of the present day be ushered in with a minute account of his or her garb. "The countess had a white crêpe hat, on whose white ostrich feathers Maradan had exhausted her skill. She had a white Swiss cambric pélerine, exquisitely worked, whose collerette had three small frills, the two outside ones small-plaited, the other done in French plaits: it was fastened round the throat with a blue gauze riband, figured. The gown was of figured gros de Varna, colour *bleu céleste*; the corsage was drapé, the sleeves with *bouffans à l'Amadis*, the skirt full, and the ceinture of figured satin," &c. &c.—for verily we have exhausted our stock of knowledge on the subject, and much more, had we not had a *tête-à-tête* with a pretty girl of our acquaintance. How would a modern novelist be assailed with reproaches for his frivolity! In this lies one of Sir Walter Scott's great merits: the style of dress, when introduced, usually illustrates the character, and

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never seems merely brought forward for the purpose of shewing the writer's extensive reading. We have another observation to make, which may equally apply to Mr. James, whose *Philip Augustus* we noticed last week: do not these writers perceive how much the tide of sympathy sets against chivalry? Our interest in it is exhausted; and, in the present day, we are rather inclined to undervalue the merits of the warriors of old, and demand of knights and knighthood *cui bono?* on the grounds of utility, than at all to enter into their feelings or their prejudices. Mr. Grattan was more judicious in the *Heiress of Bruges;* all his readers' present sympathies were in favour of a bold and free people struggling for their rights, against tyranny as oppressive as it was unjust. And therefore we must say, we do not consider the present work equal to its predecessor, though very much above the average run of historical romances.

Gems of Modern Sculpture. No. I. 4to. pp. 8. (Also 8vo. and folio.) Engravings, with Illustrative Lines by T. K. Hervey, Esq. London, 1831, Relfe; Cork, Edwards and Savage.

FOUR very sweet chalk engravings after drawings by clever draughtsmen, are the staple, as far as the fine arts go, of this first No. of a very promising monthly publication. The poetical illustrations are from the pen of Mr. Hervey; and whoever may follow his footsteps in the ensuing Nos., will have no slight effort to make in order to sustain a comparison with what he has so charmingly begun. The publication, except in form, bears a strong resemblance to Dagley's exquisite little volume of Gems from the Antique, illustrated by Croly: the subjects are Canova's Hebe, Cupid and Psyche, and Dancing Girl, and Westmacott's Psyche. We select the verses on the latter, as a fair specimen of the author's musical tenderness and beauty.

" They wove bright fables in the days of old!
When reason borrowed fancy's painted wings;
When truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold,
And told, in song, its high and mystic things!
And such the sweet and solemn tale of her,
The pilgrim-heart, to whom a dream was given
That led her through the world—Love's worshipper—
To seek, on earth, for him whose home was heaven!
As some lone angel, through night's scattered host,
Might seek a star which she had loved—and lost!
In the full city—by the haunted fount—
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars—
'Mid the pine temples, on the moonlit mount,
Where silence sits, to listen to the stars—
In the deep glade, where dwells the brooding dove—
The painted valley—and the scented air—
She heard far echoes of the voice of Love,
And found his footsteps' traces everywhere!
But never more they met!—since doubts and fears,
Those phantom-shapes that haunt and blight the earth,
Had come 'twixt her, a child of sin and tears,
And that bright spirit of immortal birth;—
Until her pining soul and weeping eyes
Had learnt to seek him only in the skies,—
Till wings unto the weary heart were given,
And she became Love's angel-bride—in heaven!"

This little poem is worthy of Mr. Hervey, whose nature and pathos we have so often had occasion to admire—whose best productions, indeed, always induce us to regret that he does not write more. With such wings, there is no fear of these lovely figures being wafted to the author's, or at any rate to the publisher's heaven—popularity.

Spain in 1830. By Henry D. Inglis, author of "Solitary Walks," &c. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

MODERN travellers in many instances contrive to see every thing not worth seeing, and to be most particular in informing us of what we care not to know. The numerous publications of late years on the subject of Spain induce us to this remark; for after reading them, we are almost as profoundly ignorant of the present state of the Peninsula as we were previously to undergoing the labour of their perusal. We have waded *ad nauseam* through the speculations of the meddling politician, the learned pedantry of the professor, and the cold-blooded narrative of the tactician; we have yawned over the finely wove and delicately impressed pages of the flippant traveller, who describes from his moving prison the *diligence;* and who, the slave of habit, grounds his estimate of a people on the basis of his personal gratification and convenience. We willingly admit that much talent and learning have occasionally been applied to the illustration of the early poetry, and the elucidation of the history of Spain; but as members of a commercial community, we have looked in vain for notices of her manufactures, and details of their processes; for the condition of her agriculture, and the products of her mines: as devoted to the arts and sciences, we have been anxious to be informed of their present state and application, and the nature of the encouragement for their advancement and protection; as lovers of constitutional liberty, we expected to have the result of shrewd and impartial observation on the sources of those springs of action in the people, and their ruler, which cause Spain to be an anomaly in this age of improvement and civilisation.

Another fault common to such travellers, is their enthusiasm for the past, to the total disregard of the present state of things: whole chapters are wasted on mutilated and unimportant vestiges of antiquity, on a cathedral, a mausoleum, or the precious labours of the painter and sculptor of the 15th century, until we really know more of the ancient times and manners of our neighbouring nations, than of their actual and existing situation; so that great events take us by surprise, and excite our special wonder, from being uninformed of the causes of which they are often but a simple and natural consequence. It is much more satisfactory to us to be enabled to make these animadversions generally, than to apply them to the author of a particular volume. When a fit of ill humour has come over us (and critical ill humour is not always causeless), and when about to draw an inky and inextricable labyrinth round some offensive literary insect, our purpose has been averted by the recurrence to our mind of the following golden passage from one of Locke's letters, which we quote for the benefit of all our professional brethren:—"I am always for the builders who bring some addition to our knowledge, or at least some new thing to our thoughts. The finders of faults, the confuters and pullers down, do but only erect a barren and useless triumph upon human ignorance, but advance us nothing in the acquisition of truth. Of all the mottos I ever met with, this, writ over a water-work at Cleve, best pleased me,—*Natura omnes fecit judices, paucos artifices.*"

Having now vented our critical ducts at the expense of modern travellers, we have great pleasure in announcing to our readers a very considerable improvement on the Spanish line of road. It was our expressed intention to have entered more at large into the merits of Lieut. Slidell and Sir A. de Brooke, in their respective works upon Spain; but we are now precluded, by another having stepped in and obtained the vantage ground, with much credit to himself, and we trust with no disadvantage to our readers.

Spain in 1830, by H. D. Inglis, is the unpretending title of two volumes, which we pronounce to be the best English work on Spain that has appeared since the Rev. Mr. Townshend's travels, published some forty years ago. Mr. Inglis enters the country from Bayonne, and follows the track of former travellers: we will not, however, by any present remarks, detain our readers from the passages we purpose quoting from his book, merely adding, that the unaffectedness of his narrative, so conspicuous throughout, is evidence of a clear eye and a sound head, and tends very much to stamp the valuable information it contains with the authenticity of truth. The capitals of countries are not in all cases the best schools for acquiring a knowledge of the peculiarities of national character; and, under this impression, we halt with our traveller at Bilbao, in Biscay, and let him speak of that city and its industrious population.

" As the road approaches Bilbao, the mountains that enclose the valley increase in height, make a curve, and run directly into the Bay of Biscay; and Bilbao is situated in their bosom: it is this that gives to Bilbao its peculiar character. Mountains generally diminish in height as they approach the sea; but here this rule is reversed, and Bilbao possesses the singularity of being a sea-port, and of yet being all but surrounded by lofty mountains. Owing to this, nothing can be more striking and novel than the view of the city where it is first seen from the bridge that crosses the small river about a mile before entering it. I was obliged to leave the carriage at the entrance to the town, and walk to the posada; for it is the rule that no wheeled carriages of any kind are allowed to drive through the streets of Bilbao. This regulation has arisen from a praiseworthy desire to preserve the purity of the water, which is conveyed in a stone tunnel under the streets; all goods are therefore carried through the town either in panniers, on mules, or in sledges, which are provided with a contrivance by which they constantly moisten their path with water. * * * I remained in Bilbao a fortnight, which I found amply sufficient to see all that merited attention, and to inform myself respecting some of the peculiarities of the province of Biscay. I have already spoken of the situation of Bilbao, as striking and beautiful, but the town itself is not remarkable for its beauty or cleanliness; the smells are most offensive; and lying as it does in so deep a basin among the mountains, which even shut it out from the sea, I can scarcely think Bilbao a healthy city. But by the side of the river there is a fine promenade all the way to the port, which lies about two miles from the city, and here the inhabitants may catch some of the sea-breeze which generally comes up with the tide; a part of this promenade is allotted to the fruit and vegetable market, which I strolled through the morning after my arrival: there was a most abundant display of every sort of which the season admitted, including an extraordinary quantity of *tomata;* this is known in the south of France by the name of *pomme d'amour*, and is an important ingredient in Spanish cookery. The bread market is held along with the fruit market, and I found the bread of Bilbao quite equal to that of the other parts of Spain. When I looked from my window in the hotel, I found that I was well situated for observing the inhabitants of all classes: opposite, stood the church of St. Nicholas; at one side was a public fountain, and on the other a brass basin (reminding me of Membrino's helmet) indicated a barber's shop. At

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all hours, therefore, I might see some going to mass, and others filling their pitchers at the fountain. The Biscayan deserves the character of strength that has been given to him; and the contrast between the Biscayan and the Andalusian peasant, who inhabit the two extremes of Spain, is remarkable: the latter, dark, tall, upright, slim, with something of elegance in his appearance, and the look of pride generally visible in his air and countenance, seeming to have some reference to his personal attractions; the Biscayan, broad, athletic, lounging, with something of peculiar roughness in his look and manner, and his expression of blunt independence, having no reference to himself individually, but arising from the knowledge that he is a Biscayan, and, as such, the hereditary possessor of peculiar and exclusive rights. Such seemed to me the Biscayan peasant, whether he filled his pitcher at the fountain, or entered St. Nicholas to mass. As for the women, I do not feel myself obliged to use the same reserve in speaking of them as of the women of Vittoria; because the inhabitants of Biscay being a distinct race, my opinion of them does not compromise the character and claims of Spanish women generally. I saw little beauty in Bilbao, and less elegance; and in the manner of the women I remarked the same bluntness as that which characterises the men. But along with Biscayan bluntness, there is much good-heartedness and honesty, and a great deal of intelligence; and even the pride of a Biscayan has given rise to much of the industry and enterprise which in the province of Biscay are so conspicuous in the cultivation of the soil, in the construction of useful works, and in the establishment of praiseworthy institutions. Many of the inhabitants of Biscay in the upper classes have made voyages into other countries, and have returned with diminished prejudices, and increased liberality of sentiment; and the consequence of this has been, that among the educated, and better classes of society, there is little narrowness in political sentiment, and little bigotry in religion. I heard several of the most respectable inhabitants of Bilbao express openly much dissatisfaction at the political debasement of Spain, and breathe ardent wishes for the diffusion of intellectual and religious light; but they added, what my own knowledge has since fully confirmed, that I should not find in any other part of Spain, the same enlightened views as I had found in Biscay. Among the lower orders in Bilbao, and in Biscay generally, there is still much bigotry both in politics and religion, but more especially in the latter: during the existence of the constitution, the prejudices of the lower ranks made it necessary to affix in large letters over the doors of all the churches, and attested by the existing authorities, these important words,—'The Roman Catholic is the only true religion.' In Biscay there are not many poor, nor many rich. Formerly Bilbao contained many wealthy citizens; but the export trade in wool was then flourishing. At that time the clearances were more than double their present number; but ever since the preference of Saxon wool has begun to be shewn in the foreign markets, the trade of Bilbao has declined, and now, not more than between thirty and forty British vessels visit Bilbao in the course of a year. Some few houses in Bilbao have still considerable returns from the fish trade, and one or two from the iron export trade; but this has also fallen off, since the demand for Swedish iron has increased. Biscayan iron would still command a preference in the foreign markets, from its superior qualities for finer purposes, if it could enter them at the same price as Swedish iron; but this is impossible, both on account of the expense of fuel for furnaces, and the want of inland navigation. Timber is not scarce in the province of Biscay; but there is an old Biscayan law which tends to keep up its price, enacting that for every tree cut down, six must be planted in its stead; this is often felt to be an inconvenience, and produces scarcity in the midst of plenty. I was informed that two or three houses in Bilbao realise from 2 to 3000*l.* a year; but I believe I may assert that no one spends 300*l.* It is difficult to spend money in Bilbao: in no part of Spain, least of all in Biscay, is it the custom to live extravagantly or luxuriously. The table of a Biscayan is remarkable for its simplicity and sameness: of whatever rank he may be, he takes his cup of chocolate and bread, followed by a glass of sugar and water, about eight o'clock; he dines about one, and six days out of seven, his dinner consists of broth, and a *puchero*, which is boiled beef, with a small bit of pork, surrounded either by cabbage, or Spanish peas (*garbanzos*), and varied occasionally with a sausage; a cup of chocolate again in the afternoon, and for supper boiled lettuce prepared with vinegar, oil, and pepper, finish the repasts of the day. The *ménage* at home, therefore, costs but a trifling sum; and neither does the Biscayan spend any thing upon entertaining his friends: not that he is unsocial; he is social according to the custom of his country. During the winter, a circle of six, eight, or ten families form themselves into a society, and agree to visit each other; each chooses a week, and during each week the circle assembles every evening at the same house; they take chocolate before going out, and sup when they return; the entertainment is entirely intellectual; music, cards, and dancing, fill up the evening. Upon one occasion only does the circle eat together: all the money lost and won at cards is made a purse, and is confided to one of the party; and during the summer it is converted into a dinner in the country, of which all the members of the circle partake. There are no public amusements in Bilbao, excepting occasional bull-fights. Two attempts to establish a theatre have failed; a handsome stone theatre, erected some years ago, was burnt down not long after it was erected; and there was strong reason to believe that the conflagration was wilful, and that the friars were at the bottom of it: another theatre, constructed of wood, was subsequently opened; but after a very short time it was pulled down by order of the public authorities; and this was also generally believed to have been owing to the interference of the friars. * * * Among the first days of my residence in Bilbao, I visited the new cemetery, the model of which is worthy of being adopted in other places. This *Campo Santo* has been enclosed in consequence of a quarrel between the Franciscan Convent and the Chapter of Bilbao, respecting the dues of burial, in a place to which both claimed right; and the corporation completed the new cemetery, at an expense of not less than 30,000*l.* The gateway is beautiful and chaste, with this appropriate inscription over it:

"Cada Paso, que vais dando
Por la senda de la vida
Mas y mas os va acercando
Mortales, á la partida,
Que en vano estais evitando."

The design of the *Campo Santo* is this: a square area of about six acres is surrounded by a covered arcade, supported by Doric columns; the back of the arcade is an immense wall of brickwork, in which there are four rows of spaces for coffins, the opening one yard square, and six feet and a half long; into this the coffin is deposited; the spaces which are not occupied are slightly closed up; and a ring in the centre shews that they are vacant. When a coffin is deposited, the opening is built up with brick and lime, and a stone, or marble slab, fitted into it, records the name of the buried. The cemetery is fitted to receive 3000 dead,—a great number for so small a space; and the area beyond the arcade is tastefully laid out as a garden and shrubbery. Besides the inscription I have noted down, there are several others that struck me as being beautiful and well chosen. The following particularly, over the inner-gate, is striking:—

"Deten sus pasos inciertos,
O caminente! repara,
En que esta puerta separa
A los vivos de los muertos."

Which may be freely translated:—'Stop, thoughtless wanderer! and reflect,—this gate separates the dead from the living.' In returning from the cemetery to the town, I made a long circuit, visiting in my way the *Iglesia de Bigona*, a church which takes its name from a miraculous image of our Lady of Bigoña, deposited in it, and looked upon with extraordinary veneration by the lower orders in Bilbao.

"Before the service began, the officiating priest shewed me the sacristy, and a head of John the Baptist in wood—a very clever performance, by a native artist; and I afterwards waited in the church long enough to see the curtain withdrawn, and the prostrations of three or four hundred devotees. There is a small foundation left to this church, for a curious purpose. The curate must go to the gate of the church at the commencement of every thunder-storm,—say a certain prayer,—and sprinkle the sky with holy water. It appears, however, that the virtue of the water, as well as the water itself, has been sometimes dissipated before reaching the clouds; for the church tower has been twice struck by lightning. In the course of my walk, I learned a curious fact, illustrating strongly the mixture of pride and generosity which is often found in the Spanish character. The corporation being desirous of conducting an aqueduct and a road to Bilbao from a mountain about a league distant, applied to the proprietor (a grandee of Spain) to purchase the land through which these were to be carried. He refused to sell it; but said, that if the corporation would petition him for a grant of the land, he would make them a present of it: they, however, wanted no favour, and would not condescend to this; but supposing that the proprietor would be prevailed upon to sell, they commenced, and at length nearly finished the work. The grandee, offended at this insolence, applied to the king for an order to demolish the work, and obtained it; but just in time to prevent this, the corporation petitioned the grandee, and the order was not only rescinded, but the grant of the land was completed. The water conveyed in this aqueduct forms a reservoir at the entrance of the town for a useful and rather a novel purpose: by opening a sluice, seven of the lowest streets in the town are inundated; this is done every week during the summer heats, and is doubtless very useful in carrying away impurities. I walked through one of the lowest of the streets an hour before, and an hour after the purification; and the difference in smell, freshness, and coolness, was most striking."

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We purpose continuing our remarks on this excellent publication.

Collier's Annals of the Stage. 3 vols. Murray.

[Second notice.]

In our last Number we briefly announced and characterised this work, with which, on farther acquaintance, we are not less disposed to be exceedingly well pleased. The mass of antiquarian research and lore which it contains, may not, it is true, come under the denomination of light reading; on the contrary, solid information is the best term to apply to those portions; and for more general amusement we must content to seek in the anecdotes and stories which increase in frequency as the narrative descends the stream of time. But our promise was to illustrate it from its own resources, and not to dissertate upon Mr. Collier's very interesting production; and, though we can do so only faintly, where the mass of matter is so great, we now proceed to acquit ourselves of the pledge:—

"It seemed to me (says the author, unfolding his plan), that the dramatic poetry of this country formed of itself a department so important and interesting, as to demand to be separately and systematically examined. For England to possess the greatest dramatic poets of the world, and to be without a history of her dramatic poetry, seemed an extraordinary solecism in letters. * * *

"When I commenced my researches, nearly twenty years ago, I was discouraged on all hands by those who imagined that Malone, Steevens, Reed, and Chalmers, had exhausted the subject, and that, in the harvest they had reaped, they had not left even gleanings behind them. Nevertheless, seeing how many deficiencies remained to be supplied, I persevered in the collection of materials. I obtained admission into the State Paper Department, the Privy Council Office, and into the Chapter-House, Westminster, and I soon discovered in those depositories many valuable original documents, throwing a fresh, clear, and strong light upon some of the most obscure parts of the history of our stage and drama. Among these were unopened patents to different companies of players, and original accounts of the royal revels from the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.; while the unexamined books of the domestic expenses of our kings and nobility, from the reign of Edward IV. downwards, provided me with a great variety of novel and interesting details. These sources of information had not been open to general search, and I was therefore not much surprised to find that a great deal had escaped discovery; but when I came to examine the manuscripts in that great national receptacle, the British Museum, to which every body could easily obtain access, I was astonished at the quantity of substantial materials which had remained there undetected. From the Burghley Papers scarcely a single fact had been procured, although nearly every volume contained matters of importance; and the Harleian, Cottonian, and Royal MSS. had been only cursorily and hastily inspected.* In these I met with letters from, and concerning, our most notorious poets, the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare; and in a diary, kept by an intelligent barrister, who lived while our great dramatist was in the zenith of his popularity, I found original and authentic notices and anecdotes of him, Spenser, Jonson, Marston, and other distinguished authors of the time. It occupied me some years to go through the voluminous collections in the Museum, but I never had occasion to regret the mispending of a single hour so employed."

Of our national drama itself, after all his investigation, Mr. Collier says:—

"It was, in truth, created by no one man, and in no one age; and whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, it will be seen that when he began to write for the theatre, our romantic drama was completely formed and firmly established."

Mr. Collier commences with the miracle plays, enacted so early as the beginning of the 12th century; and quotes very many curious documents relating to them, with which, however, we shall not attempt to interest our readers. These strange representations continued for ages; and "one of the earliest indications of the existence of any thing like a classical taste, in matters connected with the stage in England, is to be noticed under the date of 1520, when four French hostages had been left in this country, for the performance of the treaty relating to the surrender of Tournay. For their entertainment, the king 'prepared a disguising, and caused his great chamber at Greenwich to be staged,' for the purpose: according to Holinshed, among the performances on this occasion, 'there was a goodly comedy of Plautus played.' As it was for the amusement of foreigners, the representation was most probably in Latin, for we have no trace of an English version of any of the plays of Plautus of so early a date. * * * The interlude of *Jack Jugler* is our first extant dramatic production derived from Plautus; but, as far as we can judge from internal evidence, it seems not to have been performed until the reign of Edward VI. The *Andria* of Terence was printed under the title of 'Terens in Englysh,' as may be concluded prior to 1530, and probably with the types of John Rastall, but no printer's name nor date are appended."

We are induced to our next extract by the remarkable matter in the programme or analysis of an interlude by Sir D. Lyndsay, and played in Scotland. Change the date only, and one might think it was a drama got up for the Reform Days in which we live, though it is just upon three hundred years old, viz. A.D. 1540. After the entry of a king with his courtiers, &c.:

"Therafter came a man armed in harnes withe a sword drawen in his hande, a busshope, a burges man, and experience clade like a doctor, whoe sate thaym all down on the deis, under the king. After thayme come a poor man, whoe did goe upe and downe the scaffald, making a hevie complaynte that he was heryed through the courtiours taking his fence in one place, and alsoe his tacks in an other place, where throughe he had stayled his house, his wif and childeren beggyng thair brede, and soe of many thousand in Scotlande; which wolde make the kyngs grace lose of men if his grace stod neide, saying thair was no remedye to be gotten, for though he wolde suyte to the kings grace, he was naither acquaynted with controuller nor treasourer, and without thaym myght noe man gete noe goodnes of the king. And after he spered for the king, and whene he was shewed to the man that was king in the playe, he aunsuered and said he was noe king, for there is but one king, whiche made all, and governethe all, whoe is eternall, to whome he and all erthely kings ar but officers, of the which, the whiche thay must make recknyng, and soe furthe much more to that effecte. And thene he loked to the king, and saide he was not the king of Scotland, for there was an other king in Scotlande, that hanged John Armestrong with his fellowes, and Sym the larde and many other moe, which had pacified the countrey and stanched thifte; but he had lefte one thing undon, which perteyned aswell to his charge as thother. And whene he was asked what that was, he made a longe narracion of the oppression of the poor by the taking of the corse presaunte beists, and of the herying of poor men by concistorye lawe, and of many other abussions of the spiritualtie and churche, with many longe stories and auctorities. Thene the busshope roise, and rebuked hym, saying it offered not to hym to speake suche matiers, commaunding hym scilence, or ells to suffer dethe for it by thayr lawe. Therafter roise the man of armes, alledginge the contrarie, and commaunded the poor men to speake, saying thayr abusion had been over longe suffered without any lawe. Thene the poore man shewed the great abusion of busshopes, preletts, abbotts, reving menes wifes and doughters, and holding thaym; and of the maynteynyng of thair childer, and of thair over bying of lords and barrons eldeste sones to their doughters, wher thoroughe the nobilitie of the blode of the realme was degenerate. And of the greate superfluous rents that perteyned to the churche by reason of over muche temporall lands geven to thaym, whiche thaye proved that the kinge might take boothe by the canon lawe and civile lawe. And of the greate abomynable vices that reagne in clostures, and of the common bordells that was keped in clostures of nunnes. All this was provit by Experience; and alsoe was shewed thoffice of a busshope, and producit the New Testament with the auctorities to that effecte. And thene roise the man of armes, and the burges, and did saye that all was producit by the poor man, and Experience was reasonable, of veritie and of great effecte, and very expedient to be reaformede with the consent of the parliament. And the busshope said he wolde not consent therunto. The man of armes and burges saide thay were twoe and he bot one, wherfor thair voice shuld have mooste effecte. Theraftre the king in the playe ratefied, approved, and confermed all that was rehersed.'"

It would appear that this piece was distinctly countenanced by James V.; and it shews how deeply the reformation was then spreading its roots in Scotland.

We now pass, in conclusion for the present, to the Diary alluded to in a preceding column. "It is written in a small, fair, and tolerably legible hand. A 'song to the queene in a maske at court, 1602,' is the first entry in this diary; and it is inserted on the fly-leaf, in the following words:—

'Mighty princes of a fruitfull land,
In whose riche bosome stored bee
Wisdome and care, treasures that free
Us from all feare; thus with a bounteous hand
You serve the world wch yett you doe commaund.

Most gracious queene, we tender back
Our lives as tributes due,
Since all whereof we all partake
We freely take from you.

Blessed goddess of our hopes increase,
Att whose fayre right hand
Attend justice and grace,
Both which commend
True beauties face!
Thus doe you never cease
To make the death of war the rise of peace.
Victorious queene, soe shall you live
Till tyme it selfe must dye;
Since no tyme ever can deprive
You of such memory.'

* "To shew how little attention they had attracted, I need only mention, that among the Royal MSS. I found two of Ben Jonson's Masks, in his own hand-writing, no where noticed but in the catalogue, which is itself very imperfect."

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No name is appended to this song, and it would be idle to indulge in conjectures regarding its authorship: the mask in which it was inserted was probably exhibited at Christmas, for Queen Elizabeth died on the last day but one of 1602, as the year was then calculated, or on the 24th of March, 1603, as it is now reckoned. She continued to visit her nobility up to a very late period. * * *

The Diary proceeds:

" ' December 1602. — On Munday last the queen dyned at Sir Robert Cecils newe house in the Strand: shee was very royally entertained, and richely presented, and was marvelous well contented; but at hir departure she strayned her foote. His hall was well furnished with choise weapons, which her majestie tooke especiall notice of. Sundry devises at hir entrance—three women, a maid, a widow, and a wife, eache contending [for] their owne states, but the virgin preferred. An other—on [one] attired in habit of a Turke, desyrous to see hir, enterd; but as a stranger without hope of such grace, in regard of the retired manner of hir cort—complained—answere made and sone gracious, her majestie in admitting to presence, and sone able to discourse in anie language, which the Turke admired; and admitted, presents hir with a riche mantle,' &c. * * * The whole seems to have been a silly piece of masquerading to gratify the vanity of Elizabeth.' * * *

" ' Feb. 2, 1601[2].—At our feast we had a play, called *Twelve night, or what you will*, much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like & neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c.; and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad.' At this date we may conclude with tolerable safety that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* had been recently brought out at the Blackfriars Theatre, and that its excellence and success had induced the managers of the Reader's Feast to select it for performance, as part of the entertainments on that occasion. * * *

" ' November 21, 1602.—Jo. Marston, the last Christmas, when he daunct with Alderman Mores wives daughter, a Spaniard borne, fell into a stange commendation of hir witt and beauty. When he had done, she thought to pay him home, and told him she thought he was a poet. 'Tis true, said he: for poets feigne and lye; and so did I, when I commended your beauty, for you are exceeding foule.' No other dramatic poets, or circumstances connected with the drama, are mentioned in this very curious collection of scraps: some matters that relate to other poets, I have subjoined in a note."*

* " The following anecdote respecting Spenser has never before been told on such good authority, although it has been long known by tradition. It is disbelieved by Mr. Todd in his Spenser, I. 67, edit. 1805.

' May 4, 1602.—When her majestie had given order that Spenser should have a reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses—

' It pleased your grace, upon a tyme,
To graunt me reason for my ryme;
But from that tyme until this season,
I heard of neither ryme nor reason.'

The barrister's informant, in this instance, was a person of the name of Touse, to whom he often refers as his voucher.

An epitaph upon Spenser is thus given—

' *In Spenserum.*
Famous alive, & dead, here is the ods,
Then god of poets, nowe poet of the gods.'

The following does more credit to his adversary than to Sir W. Raleigh, but not much to either—

' Dec. 30, 1602.—Sir W. Rawly made this rime upon the name of a gallant, one Mr. Noel—

' Noe L.
The word of denlall & the letter of fifty
Makes the gent's name, that will never be thrifty.'

' And Noel's answere.

' Raw Ly.
The foe to the stomacke, & the word of disgrace
Shews the gent's name with the bold face.'

There are several very coarse anecdotes regarding Sir John Davies: the following may be quoted:

' April 10, 1603. Io Davis reporteth that he is sworne the king's man, that the K. shewed him great favours: *inepte*, he slaunders while he prayses.'

Alcock's Travels in Russia, Persia, &c.

We resume, but to conclude, our extracts from this volume, which is, as we stated, confined to private distribution. Our first illustrations are of Persia.

" If the reader happen to have seen the famous monastery of Megaspelia in the Morea, which is built under the side of a mountain, in somewhat a similar manner, he is in a condition to judge of Makoo, by imagining something ten times more curious and more appalling: nor is it competent for me otherwise to illustrate that which has no parallel, and which seems to defy all description. Makoo lies about midway between Erivan and Hoey: we had left the road to Tabreez to the east, and having passed along the foot of a line of mountain for some miles, we at length came to a narrow defile, which seemed as if intended to display to the best effect the wonderful *coup d'œil* that is presented on entering the valley at the base of the great cavern. This singular place is the residence of an independent chief, who is so jealous of Russia and all his neighbours, that no European, excepting the English officer through whose kindness we were introduced, had ever been received by him. We had the advantage of being invited to pass two days there, and at the same time that we had an opportunity of seeing one of the most curious towns perhaps in the world, by reason of its position, we were not a little glad to observe the mode of life of Persians, however much we might despise its sickening insipidity. For the want of a better amusement, for it was in the middle of winter, and the ground being covered with snow, there was no temptation to go out hawking, (a common sport in those countries), we fired from the top of the khan's palace at the icicles hanging from the projecting cliff, though somewhat to the detriment of the buildings on which they fell from their terrific height. The place is prepared for defence as much as people entirely ignorant of the art of war can render it. There are considerable galleries cut into the side of the mountain, which can only be approached by rope ladders, of which they speak with an air of mystery, insinuating that they consider them a sure defence against Paskevitch and his hardy Cossacks. Soon after we arrived, the prince sent a message that he would be happy to see us in his apartment. The servants, who always remain in waiting at the entrance, begged us to take off our boots; my companions were unwilling to comply with this request, and my inclination to conform to the customs of the country was overruled; the khan's eyes were very evidently directed to our feet as we entered, and he appeared displeased. He, however, soon began the usual compliments, saying, in the figurative language of Persia, that his house, his servants, all his property, were ours; and began to ask a variety of questions, in the course of which he discovered that one of our party was a physician: he immediately felt various ailments, for some of which our friend prescribed. Two of the brothers of the prince, jealous of each other, begged the doctor to feel their pulses, and believed that he could inform them which of them was most courageous, and would fight the best. Every individual in the establishment, even the servants, had complaints, and wished for medicine, which, however, they were afraid to take when prepared. The wives and children fancied themselves ill, and the harem was opened to our fortunate companion; he took the interpreter with him, who was desired to shut his eyes, but the husband gave the doctor permission to peep if he liked."

" After a long conversation with the prince, we visited the stud of horses, greatly renowned in these parts as being of a very superior breed. They are derived from two celebrated Arab horses deposited here by Jafer Kouli Khan, once governor of Hoey, who fled to Russia about twenty years ago; but this is the only district in the north of Persia where this race has not degenerated. Shortly afterwards we were informed dinner was ready, and we were again summoned to the state rooms. Lest the reader should fancy such a state room contains much handsome furniture, it may be well to explain, that a very pretty carpet, which is most studiously kept clean, serves as a substitute for the tables, the sofas, and the chairs of Europe. The prince, his brothers, and friends, sat on one side of the room, and our Frank party opposite to them. The dinner consisted of a pillaw, with partridge, some balls of forced meat wrapped in vine leaves, called giaprakia, and little bits of mutton roasted on a skewer of wood, called kibob, tolerably good, and several basins of sherbet, (an oriental name for lemonade), and the most delicately carved wooden spoons were used, as silver utensils coming under the class of innovations, are forbidden. The Persians use their right hand only to feed themselves with, and the dexterity with which they take rice between their thumb and forefinger, form it into a sort of little ball, and toss it into their mouth without touching any part of their beard, is most astonishing; one of my companions was inclined to try the same experiment, but scattered the rice all over his face, and down his neckcloth, and was forced to recur to the more civilised practice of employing a spoon. Nothing can be more painful, as well as disagreeable, than sitting cross-legged on the floor, and being obliged to bend over in order to eat one's dinner. Not less singular than the mode of eating were the arrangements for sleeping: the floor of the bed-room was laid for about thirty persons; consisting of ourselves, our Frank servants, and the other visitors of the Khan. Very little preparation is required by the Persian to lie down to rest; he throws off his large loose robe, the shoes are always left outside the room, his nightcap is the black lamb-skin, which on no occasion leaves the head, and he reposes without further ceremony, having first smoked his hookah. Among the visitors at the prince's was an unfortunate man who had held some appointment under the government, and had had his eyes put out as a punishment, for this is not uncommon among them. There is a story, almost too horrible to relate, that the town of Kermaun having rebelled, three pounds weight of eyes were ordered to be sent to the late king, Aga Mahomed Khan. We left Makoo particularly gratified by our visit, and by a civility and kindness on the part of the prince and his brothers, which we could hardly have expected. He is necessarily suspicious of all strangers, and but that we were introduced to him under very favourable auspices, it would have been more

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probable that we had been confined in a dungeon than received with hospitality and attention. * * * *

"According to the doctrine inculcated by Mahomet, the women in Persia are not only excluded from all society, but go about so little that a traveller might pass through the whole country and not see a female face; as the Persians are, perhaps, even more jealous than the Turks. The Armenian and other Christian women living amongst them, are obliged to conform to Mahometan law in this respect, and cover their faces, and wrap up their figures in a large sort of domino or *feradgee*, in the same manner as the native women, or they would be insulted. So naturalised are the Christians to this custom, that it was the cause of a great disappointment to us upon one occasion. An Italian doctor, who had been lately married to an Armenian, was polite enough to endeavour to induce his bride to uncover her face for our curiosity and amusement; but his best efforts to persuade her it would not be improper were in vain: the lady even smoked a *kaliaun* (the Persian hookah) whilst we were in company with her, but kept it under her veil; it was altogether a most ludicrous scene: in vain we told her that it was unfair she should have the opportunity of seeing us through the little holes of her dress, and that we could not be permitted the advantage of seeing her, even with her husband's consent. She felt it would be extremely indecent to shew her face; and we were obliged to satisfy ourselves with *the assurance of her husband, that she was not worth seeing*, and the great probability that she would accidentally have dropped aside her veil, if she had had any hopes of exciting our admiration. * * *

"The singular state of society among these people will be illustrated, perhaps, by another trifling anecdote; for we were not a little amused during a sumptuous entertainment given us by a rich Persian, near Hamudan, having in the course of conversation asked our host how many children he had, to perceive him turn round to his servant for the necessary information."

Of the state of English trade at Constantinople a very unfavourable account is given.

"I was sorry (says Mr. A.) to find that our principal export from England to the Turkish market (manufactured cotton) was of very inferior description to that of Switzerland and of France, and was only able to procure demand at all from the inferiority of its price: we are so completely surpassed by the Swiss in the beauty and texture of cotton prints, and by the French in the finest specimens of the manufacture, that English has become another word for inferior; and the avidity with which our goods were formerly sought after, is sunk to the ignominious supply of those whose tastes are rather governed by frugality than by superior beauty and excellence. In cloth, an article of great demand in Turkey, we have never had any pretension to vie with Germany; and so long as corn is sixty-five or seventy shillings in England, and from twenty to thirty shillings in Saxony, the reason of our inability to compete with them must be obvious. In hardware we are supplanted by the Prussians, and Belgium has had the principal supply of arms; some American merchants, too, are making large fortunes by the opium trade to China, whilst our less favoured countrymen are prevented sharing any of the profits, by the impolitic restrictions of our East India charter. * * *

"Having crossed the Sea of Marmara in a Greek boat, we landed within six hours' distance of Brussa, a very pretty place, famous for its silks, which bear its name; for its natural hot-water baths, perhaps the best in Turkey; and as the place of exile of many noble Greek families of the Fanar; and from having been once the residence of the sultans, it contains many of their tombs. The view from the top of the Olympus, at the foot of which Brussa lies, is most extensive; the Sea of Marmara, the Bosphorus, the Black Sea, Scutari, and Constantinople, were at once presented to our sight, and formed a grand and enchanting spectacle. When we were nearly at the summit, we were much amused by the ridiculous manner in which an immense black bear, on being frightened, ran down from the top of a mountain at a desperate rate; making a *traineau* of his hind legs, he slid down most commodiously, and although passing quite near, shewed no disposition to attack us. At another moment we had doubts as to the safety of one of our party, who had quitted us in order to satisfy his ambition to attain the very point of the mountain: we were sitting patiently awaiting his return, when he hallooed lustily to us, and we immediately perceived him running as if for his life, and another huge bear close to him, whom he had roused by approaching his den; the fear, however, was perfectly reciprocal, for the frightened animal took to his heels; and, indeed, we regarded it a fortunate circumstance—for we were entirely unprepared for any combat, and had no weapon with us of any description. The fascination of the evil eye is a superstition well known to exist among the Greeks: when we applied to see the silkworms, which are kept on an immense scale, we were told they would die if we were allowed to look on them. Such is the infatuation on this subject, that every crop in the field, every animal, the bread, the meat, all are provided with charms to avert the evil eye, lest they should attract envy, and perish."

We ought to have quoted some of the valuable information respecting Greece, but our limits forbid; and we now take our leave of a volume, which, from the pleasure it has afforded us, we cordially wish were in general circulation.

An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man. By Thomas Hope. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. J. Murray.

ALTOGETHER one of the most extraordinary productions of the age in which we live, this posthumous work of the author of Anastasius is destined to excite the deepest interest in the philosophical world. Limited this week to a few words concerning it, we hardly know how to give even a faint idea of its nature. It treats in a perfectly new and original manner of the metaphysical abstractions least examinable by human sense or reason: — of eternity, time, space, matter, force, movement, mind, soul, God. The views of the creation of the world; of the origin of man literally from the dust of the earth (or a congregation of entities); of evil being deduced from good arrived at a certain point, as death follows life; of the progress of the inorganic and organic world; of vitality; of society in all its advanced and civilised relations; and of the future:—these views, we repeat, and many others of the greatest importance, are presented in a way to merit the closest study and examination which intellect can bestow upon topics of so elevated a character. These, indeed, are pages to "give us pause;" and will, we cannot doubt, engage the pens of the ablest philosophers of the present and subsequent times. For ourselves, we shall only be competent to point out some of the more curious phenomena—some of the things calculated to inspire general reflection; and now we have but to add, that the whole scope of these volumes, offering an entirely New and very striking System of Philosophy, is such as to enforce the advantages of virtue and righteousness in our present state, and offer a bright hope of the blissful enjoyment of soul (no longer individualised) in the world to come.

We regret to say, that a very limited number of this work has been printed; and that not a copy is to be obtained by the public.

The Modern Hudibras. In two Cantos. 12mo. pp. 51. London, 1831. Murray.

A POLITICAL squib, for which we are, we believe, indebted to Mr. Bankes, chiefly applying to the reform question and its advocates and friends. We have seen more happy efforts at wit, but there are some fair anti-reform touches in these pages.

The following displays the author's unfavourable opinion of the "gentlemen of the press."

"The other party to that bargain,
On which the Israelite was arguing,
Was a lank youth with aspect pallid,
One of a trio lean and squalid,
With hands dyed half a shade less deep,
Yet more in grain, than chimney-sweep,
Whom *men* call 'gentlemen o' the press,'
And they proclaim themselves no less,
Though printers and the *gods*, we're told,
Still style them devils, as of old:
These three were of the last edition,
And scarce inferior to Parisian,*
Those hotpressed patriots who have earned
Such glory, when their hands they turned
From setting types to breaking bones,
And lithographed with paving stones.
From their *out*-sides, you'd scarce believe it
That these are *gentlemen* by brevet,
Nor from their *in*, that they've dominion,
Without appeal, on all opinion,
Be't speculative, or be't critical,
Or theologic, or political,
All, all—a sort of fourth estate,
That seems, like the lean kine, of late
To swallow up and to digest
Whate'er is left of all the rest.
Whether domestic or exotic,
No dynasty is so despotic.

These Incas, or pronounce it Inkers,
Are both free-writers and free-thinkers,
Their very daily bread is libel,
Their manual the *Reformer's Bible*.
All the night long they have worked hard
To bring to light a choice placard,
Which dawn exhibits in large letters
Upon dead walls and rotten shutters,
Addressed to *all* the labouring classes
(There proved worse used than dogs or asses),
And very pointedly indeed
To *such* as neither write nor read."

The Annals of my Village; being a Calendar of Nature for every Month in the Year. By the Author of "Select Female Biography," "Conchologist's Companion," &c. 8vo. pp. 362. London, 1831. Hatchard and Son.

THIS is a delightful little volume, and excellently calculated to give the young reader an interest in the objects which surround him; humanising the feelings, and pointing out a thousand sources of delight in the infinite variety of nature, whose history is equally instructive and pleasurable. But while we would wish to inculcate on the mind a love of nature, and humanity towards the meanest object in creation, we must enter our protest against the sickly sensibility, the false cant of sympathy, which mar these otherwise well-written pages. How absurd are the following passages, to say nothing of their truth! Speaking of worms—"Without their useful ministry, maternal earth would remain cold, hard bound, and con-

* "The exploits of the Parisian printers have been since recorded, like Cæsar's, in their own Commentaries."

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sequently sterile. Where, then, should we look for fields of waving corn, and green meadows, the support of men and cattle?" We doubt whether the farmer will quite agree with this. Again, of birds, our author states that their language is limited, because "they are strangers to those numerous refinements that spring from society, leisure, and ennui; their language, however modulated, is necessarily concise." The rabbit:—"Poor rabbit, how many are thy grievances! Perhaps, too, the plainness of thy coat, and thy familiarity, so proverbially said to produce contempt, may contribute to the prejudice against thee. But with the lovers of nature and of rural charms, the innocent playfulness of thy manners, moonlight gambols, and early boundings over the dewy lawn, more than compensate for all the little stolen morsels thou makest free with." After giving an account of a species of trap to catch field-mice, the ejaculation is—"Poor hapless little mouse! how many are thy enemies! how many begrudge thee thy acorn and hollow tree!"

Our author most justly defends the goat-sucker against the popular prejudice, that it milks the herds; but we do think the defence would have been more efficacious had it been less pathetic. "Poor innocent little bird of night! how sadly hast thou suffered, and how foul a stain has inattention to facts put on thy character! * * * I once saw this strange nocturnal bird in a solitary glen near the village. He was perched on a stem, with the head lower than the tail; and so intent was he in uttering his strange song, that a sensible vibration was perceptible in the bough. He seemed as if disquieted by gloomy apprehensions; and while he looked full in my face, and the clear cold moon shone upon him, his cries and gestures alike conspired to entreat me to do him no wrong. I could almost fancy that he said—'Have pity on me—I am in pain, and sorrowful; cast not a stone at me, nor chase me from my favourite haunt. I have never hurt one living creature.'" Does not our fair writer perceive that the fancy of this account contradicts the reality?—had the bird been so disquieted by "gloomy apprehensions," he would not have staid to look her "full in the face." We do not think the first title to this work a judicious one—it resembles Miss Mitford's *Our Village* too much: the second one, a *Calendar of Nature*, is far more appropriate. There are some very pretty woodcuts.

The Gorleston and Southtown Magazine; or, the Pantheon of Literature, Science, and the Arts. No. XX. 8vo. *circ.* pp. 50. Yarmouth, Crisp; London, Steill.

THE existence of a local periodical such as this (a No. of which has been sent for our notice), is a pleasing proof of the general diffusion of good taste and knowledge throughout the country. The contents are of the usual miscellaneous magazine character; and there is prefixed (the price being only sixpence) a very fair engraving of Gorleston church.

Montgomery's Oxford; illustrated by T. Skelton and other Artists. 2d edition. London, 1831, Whittaker and Co.: Edinburgh, Blackwood.

IT has been questioned by authors and publishers, whether the praise or the abuse of a book is the most likely to promote its sale; and here is an example to confirm the doubt—for, in spite of the plentiful censure that has been lavished upon it, Montgomery's *Oxford* has reached a second edition. It has been revised by the poet; and Skelton's beautiful illustrations are well calculated to give it a permanent interest with Oxonians and lovers of the arts.

Alphabetical Index of all the Names contained in Sidney Hall's New General Atlas. pp. 360. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

OF this excellent Atlas we spoke during its progressive publication, in those terms of commendation which its distinct style and accurate and ample intelligence merited. It required only an index such as the present to render it complete as a work of reference; and we are glad to see it so ably supplied. The names are printed in three columns on each page; and, on a rough estimate, amount to the prodigious number of about *seventy-five thousand!*

The History of Poland, from the earliest period to the present time: with a Narrative of Recent Events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman. By James Fletcher, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 428. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

WHEN Poland engages so much of the attention of Europe, this *résumé* of her past history and view of her present condition is particularly well-timed; and though the more immediate statements may, from their avowed source, be suspected of some partiality, yet the reader unacquainted with the more elaborate (and we believe untranslated) work from which this is chiefly compiled, will add to his knowledge of the country, and also to a part of the causes which have led to the revolution, and its means of resistance, by their perusal. The issue is in the hand of Providence; but looking at the scene of struggle, the level nature of the country, so indefensible with regard to military occupation, and entirely relying on the spirit of the people, it must be allowed that the conduct and bravery already displayed have been most heroic. Yet, whether it is probable that the Poles, so animated, can ultimately withstand the prodigious power of Russia, seems to depend less upon their own efforts than upon the chance of stirring up a co-operation in other parts of Europe, where two great principles of action are now vibrating with such tremendous and appalling force. The adjoining, we might say the surrounding, governments of Austria and Prussia must be decidedly hostile to a popular insurrection; and more distant nations are perhaps too seriously engaged with their own concerns to interfere materially in the affairs of Poland. Thus it appears that the prospect of a favourable result is dark and cloudy; but still there are chances in the womb of time which not only forbid the friends of Poland to despair, but bid them bind up their loins, and hope for her triumph.

The annals of her earlier period are too familiar to every one to require repetition. We need not tell that the Piast dynasty reigned some 560 years, and ended in 1386; that it was succeeded by the dynasty of Jagellon, which lasted till 1572; and that after this the monarchy became elective, and has ever since afforded a striking example of the danger attendant upon that species of constitution, by unceasing and sanguinary competitions, civil wars, and final partition. Yet there were glorious glimpses between; and the history of this gallant and high-minded people, living in a land of plenty, and uniting almost an excess of civilisation with the qualities of feudal barbarism, is full of curious and interesting speculation. It is not, however, within our province to trace these events. The first and second partitions were followed by patriotic conspiracies—Stanislas after the former, and with him Kosciusko after the latter, were subdued—the French revolution led to new attempts; and the treaty of Tilsit, following many changes, gave another aspect to the duchy of Warsaw, erected in 1807, instead of the restoration of Poland, a hope of which had been thrown out as a tub to the whale. Mighty changes again ensued—Buonaparte was conquered, and the kingdom of Poland, with a population of four millions of souls, was annexed to Russia by the Congress of Vienna, but with a constitutional diet, which sat for the first time in 1818; the other portions of the old kingdom, Polish Prussia, Lithuania, Gallicia, and the Republic of Cracow, being in appearance less fortunate in preserving even a shew of independence.

The author before us complains that the constitution has been infringed by the Russians, and that Constantine was guilty of the grossest oppression and cruelty. He justifies the rising of the Poles on these grounds, but does not throw much light either upon their actual resources or future prospects. A map, and portraits of Kosciusko and the President, Prince Czartoryski, are appropriate embellishments of the volume, the literary matter of which is well enough put together for a temporary purpose, being intelligible, without pretension to elegance. The work is, therefore, altogether well calculated to be generally read at this time.

The Lives of the Players. By John Galt, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

AT the same time that Mr. Collier is illuminating our ancient drama, Mr. Galt professes to give us "one of the most amusing books in the language," though merely a compilation from the most striking and entertaining materials connected with the lives of players; and we all know how competent the writer is to fulfil such a profession. His selection has been made from a hundred volumes relating to the stage, and to "the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, or historical-pastoral;" beginning with Charles Hart, Kynaston, Nell Gwynn, &c., and ending, though chronological order is not observed, with J. Kemble, Emery, and Siddons—in all, thirty-seven memoirs. It is, indeed, a capital parlour work, and full of pleasant theatrical recollections and anecdotes. One of the most whimsical biographies is that of Mrs. Charlotte Charke, the eccentric daughter of Colley Cibber; but as even this does not tempt us to offer any extracts, we shall simply recommend Mr. Galt's "most amusing" production to readers of every class to whom a gay and laughing hour is agreeable. There is neither too much nor too little of it; it is so marked by propriety throughout, as to be utterly free from offence to fastidiousness itself (an excellent quality in a composition of the kind); and either to kill ennui, or relieve the mind fatigued with cares or business, we cordially prescribe Galt's *Lives of the Players.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY "on the peculiar arrangements assumed by particles lying upon vibrating elastic bodies." This was the subject

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of a paper read before the Royal Society a few weeks ago, of which Mr. Faraday was the author. He stated, that his reasons for bringing it forward on the present occasion arose from a desire to illustrate the difference between the Royal Society and the Royal Institution in their modes of putting forth scientific truths; and his conviction, that every thing, whether small or great, originating with the officers of the latter establishment, should be placed as soon as possible in the possession of the members at large. When a plate or pane of glass is held horizontally by a pair of tongs fixed steadily on the centre, and a violin-bow drawn over the edge of the glass, it is made to vibrate. Sand having been previously sprinkled upon the surface of the plate, the particles arrange themselves into regular forms, figuring forth the quiescent parts of the plate. These are called by Mr. Chladric, their discoverer, *nodal lines*. When light particles, such as scrapings from the hairs of the bow used, dust or powder of the lycopodium, happen to be on the plate, instead of proceeding to the same quiescent lines as the sand, they accumulate at the parts in most violent agitation, forming a cloud, and at last settling down into little hemispherical heaps, having a peculiar revolving motion. This direction of light powders has always puzzled philosophers: Mr. Savart has founded a theory of some peculiar modes of vibration upon it. Mr. Faraday's object was to shew that the effect is a very simple and natural one, and consists of nothing more than currents formed in the air surrounding the plate, which proceeding from the quiescent to the most agitated parts of the plate, then pass upwards into the air, and in their course carried the light particles with them. Mr. Faraday explained, by numerous experiments, how such a current would necessarily result from the manner in which the mechanical forces of the plate are transmitted to the air. He shewed how this current could be interrupted by walls of card, when the light particles took new courses. He stated that the heavy particles went to the lines of rest, because the air had not force enough to carry them in its course, but that light particles being governable by it were taken in the opposite direction. He confirmed this view by substituting water for air, making the plate vibrate in the former fluid, and shewing that the sand was carried *from* the quiescent *to* the agitated parts, exactly as the lighter particles were in air; and further, on vibrating plates *in vacuo*, he found that even then the lightest particles went to the lines of rest, because there was no current of air of sufficient force to carry them. Want of time prevented Mr. Faraday from entering upon the explanation of the involving heaps: this point, however, is given in his paper read before the Royal Society, and to which we have already alluded. He announced that further consideration of the subject induced him to believe he should be able to account, by the same principles, combined with the cohesive power of fluids, for the peculiar and hitherto unexplained crispations which occur on water lying upon a vibrating plate. In the course of Mr. Faraday's illustrative experiments a variety of exceedingly beautiful and uniform lines were produced on the glass. This being the last evening meeting of the season, Mr. Faraday, on the part of the committee, took leave of the members, after earnestly exhorting them to use both individual and conjoined exertions to aid the prosperity of future seasons. A great number of objects of high interest were in the library, the members and friends of the Institution having vied with each other in adding to the enjoyments of the evening. We cannot omit to notice a beautiful portrait of Sir Humphry Davy, of the full size, copied by Pickersgill, jun. from the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was much and justly admired.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, June 8th.—Mr. Murchison, president, in the chair. Several gentlemen were elected fellows. A letter was read from Joshua Trimmer, Esq. to the Rev. Dr. Buckland, "On the diluvial deposits of Carnarvonshire, between the Snowdon chain of hills and the Menaï Strait, and on the discovery of marine shells in the diluvial gravel on the summit of Moel Tryfane, near Carnarvon, one thousand feet above the level of the sea."

Among the donations to the museum announced, were a collection, consisting of five hundred specimens, illustrative of the mines in the parishes of St. Just, Paul, and Galval, presented by W. J. Henwood, Esq.; a suite of fossils, from the transition formations of the county of Kerry, the gift of Thomas Weaver, Esq.; a series of the fossil seed-vessels and shells found in the Isle of Sheppey, presented by the Rev. Henry Engleheart; and a collection of geological specimens from Van Dieman's Land and Ems, presented by Leonard Horner, Esq. Many valuable donations were also made to the library.

At the close of this meeting, which terminated the session, the Society adjourned till November.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY, J. Barrow, Esq., in the chair. There were read, first, an account of the province of Arracan, lately ceded to the East India Company by the Burmese, transmitted by Captain Dawes, of H. M. S. Satellite, and communicated by Capt. Beaufort, R. N.;—2. Some particulars of a tour among the Himalaya mountains, communicated by the Rev. Professor Milman, being extracts from private letters from friends in India. But the great attraction of the evening was a short notice, from the chair, of the Messrs. Landers' recent journey in the interior of Africa. Mr. Barrow began by saying, that, at one time, he had hoped to be able to lay a short paper on this subject before the Society at its present meeting, with a sketch of the route followed; but having only obtained the original documents that very day at four o'clock, this was necessarily deferred. In the mean time, referring to the map in Captain Clapperton's last journey, he could state, generally, that Mr. Lander and his brother had landed at Badagry, and proceeded, nearly in the track formerly followed, to Boussa on the Niger, and afterwards to Youri, which they found to lie considerably farther north than is laid down in the map, and nearly west, as they were told, of Soccatoo. They had thence proceeded up as far as the river Cubbie, a considerable tributary which passes Soccatoo, and another town to the eastward called Cubbie, and falls into the Quorra, or Niger, a little way above Youri; and on this they had embarked on their downward voyage. Shortly after reaching Funda, the last point laid down in Captain Clapperton's map, they found the river make a bold sweep to the east, being here from five to six miles wide, and in other places it was even broader; it thence turned south-east, and circled round to south, receiving in its course another accession in the Shary, as it was called, a river from three to four miles wide, coming from the east; but which must not be confounded with the river of the same name visited by Major Denham, and which falls into Lake Tchad. (It is likely that the word Shary, or some similar word, is a generic term for river, water, or something of this kind, and that both these streams have their origin in high land interposed between them.) After receiving the Shary, the Niger is still further deflected, running to the south and west, till at length it expands into a considerable lake, from which the river Nun, which Mr. Lander descended, and probably several other rivers that enter the great bay of Benin in its neighbourhood, issue at different points. In descending the Nun, which is not above three hundred yards wide, the travellers were attacked by a furious party of natives; and, being taken prisoners, lost all their effects, with some portion also of their respective notes; but, providentially, what one was deprived of, the other was enabled, to a considerable extent, to preserve; so that, between the two, the joint narrative is nearly complete. From the point, then, where Mr. Park first embarked, in 1805, this noble river has now been traced above two thousand miles, in the very heart of Africa; and, in Mr. Lander's opinion, it is navigable for a great portion of the distance by small steam-boats. The natives, also, in the interior are eager to see more of us; and they are even already so far advanced in civilisation as to make a trade with them worthy of pursuit. The greatest obstacles are the still existing slave-trade near the mouth of the river, and the hostile feelings which our attempts to put an end to it have excited in the deluded population there. Palm oil is, as yet, the only other equivalent for their supplies which they have been able to produce; and they naturally look forward with extreme dislike to the prospect of the market for their other and more valuable object of barter being still further curtailed. They are, in a word, the anti-machinists of the African world, and do not like to see the demand contract for manual labour. *Mutato nomine, de nobis ipsis fabula narratur.**

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday the Society held their last meeting for the season; Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Mr. Hazon exhibited a lithographic sketch of a Roman pavement discovered in Somersetshire. Mr. Grover's communication on ancient history was concluded. Mr. Kempe exhibited drawings by himself, Miss Kempe, and Mrs. Bray, of amphoræ, pateræ, and other Roman antiquities, found in excavating below the Roman level, in forming a sewer between East Cheap and the New London Bridge, accompanied by a very interesting communication of discoveries made during a close attendance on the spot from the 21st of April to the 21st of May. The meetings of the Society were then adjourned to the 17th of November.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Wednesday, the last assembly for the season of the council and general meeting, took place in Parliament Street. We are permitted to notice, that, at the former, Mr. Sotheby, who, with the President, the Lord

* The book belonging to Mr. Anderson, which we mentioned as having been found by the Landers, was not a prayer-book, but a thick volume of Watts' and other hymns. It is curious that it was made fetishe, or sacred, and was carefully hung up in the abode of one of the chiefs.—*Ed. L. G.*

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Bishop of Salisbury, and Lord Bexley, had had an interview with Earl Grey on the part of the Council, respecting the royal bounty and other affairs connected with the Institution, made a verbal report of what had passed on that occasion. We are, of course, restrained from particulars, but may say that the noble premier had given every attention to the documents laid before him, that he listened to the statements of the learned President and his coadjutors with marked interest, and that he pledged himself to afford the subject his most mature consideration. We are aware that these are not times to press for grants of public money from any quarter, and that the royal income is not only far below what it has been, but heavily burdened with other claims; yet we cannot but think this sole and single Institution in England, founded for the encouragement of literature and literary men, is pre-eminently worthy of patronage and favour. Its formation is one of the brightest gems in the crown of George the Fourth; and we shall be sorry indeed if the celebrated scholars and poets who were taught to expect the duration of the royal endowment during their lives, should now be deprived of that comfort and distinction. We will not enter into a comparison as to who among them could best bear this loss; but we cannot help thinking it a little thing that our great and wealthy empire should fall so far below even petty continental states in matters of this kind. We regret, while such vast sums are annually expended on incomparably less deserving objects, so small a bounty towards promoting the general cause of literature should ever become a doubtful question. We trust it will not be so long.

The Royal Society of Literature, however, it should be observed, does not depend upon the munificence with which it was at its origin so royally endowed. The number of its members, their high rank, intelligence, and love of letters, are sufficient to ensure it a high and standard place among the patriotic establishments of our enlightened era; and the spirit with which they have seconded the intention of their august founder cannot be better exemplified than by their having erected by voluntary subscription among themselves (of about £3600*) the handsome edifice which is now completed for their reception in the wide street made by the improvements on the King's Mews and St. Martin's Lane. Here their first meeting after the recess will be held; and with a local habitation so suited to their station and wants, and a name which must call up all the best sympathies of the great, the intellectual, and the learned world, we have no doubt but that their career will be both useful and brilliant, under whatever circumstances they may resume their labours.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

The Oxford grand commemoration was celebrated during Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday last. On the first day a concert, comprising a grand selection of sacred music, was performed in the theatre; and in the evening there was a ball at the Town Hall. Lord Norreys, Lord de Tabley, and others, acted as stewards. On Wednesday, being the principal day, when the prize essays and poems were read and recited, the theatre was opened at ten o'clock in the morning, and was rapidly filled, the galleries being occupied by the bachelors and under-graduates, the pit by the masters in their academic costumes, and the boxes by a vast number of ladies, whose elegant persons were adorned by the most tasteful dresses, from which every colour of the rainbow might be selected. The splendid circle, illumined by the bright rays of a summer sun, presented a *coup-d'œil* scarcely to be equalled, and certainly not to be surpassed, in London, or any metropolis of Europe. The business of the day commenced by the admission of some distinguished characters to the degree of doctor of civil laws; among whom were Mr. Stourges Bourne, Sir Thomas Acland, Sir Harford Jones Brydes, Captain Basil Hall, and Washington Irving, whose claims to the honour were stated in Latin addresses. The announcement of their names was received with great applause from the galleries, the gownsmen being the resistless arbiters on such occasions. The reception must have been extremely gratifying to the two latter gentlemen, particularly to Washington Irving, as a foreigner. After the recital of a Latin poem, the subject "Numantia," and the reading of a clever essay on the "Use and abuse of theory,"—followed the great object of attraction, the English poem for Sir Roger Newdigate's prize—"The Suttees." The author, Percy Ashworth, of Wadham College, delivered it extremely well. The effect of the description of an interesting widow sacrificing herself on a funeral pyre, from a sense of conjugal duty, was powerfully assisted by the presence of so many beautiful specimens of the sex. The following lines at the close of the poem, were received with enthusiastic applause:—

> "And such is woman's love! whose magic power
> Can change the gloomiest to the brightest hour,
> Can smooth the deep lines care has learn'd to plow,
> And chase the cloud of anguish from the brow.
> It drops not, parts not with the parting breath,
> But smiles a proud defiance unto death!"

The miscellaneous concert in the evening was fully attended. The performers, Messrs. Braham, E. Taylor, Knyvett, and De Begnis, and Mesdames Pasta, Caradori Allen, and Mrs. Knyvett, exerted themselves, and gave great satisfaction to a very numerous and select audience. The commemoration finished with a ball on Thursday evening.

* This is the expense of the building: the amount of subscriptions paid in is about £3000.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portraits of the Royal Family, in Penmanship. By J. P. Hemm. Harding.

Although, as good and loyal subjects, we certainly rejoice to see the royal family in a *flourishing* condition, yet we own, that we do not think this is a judicious or tasteful application of the art of penmanship. We say so with the less reluctance, because we have more than once expressed our admiration of Mr. Hemm's skill as a caligrapher, when that skill has been employed in an appropriate manner.

A Progressive Drawing-Book of the Human Figure. Drawn on stone from the works of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, &c., by Signor L. Joffroy. Engelmann and Co.

As a drawing-book we are unable to speak in terms of high commendation of this publication; but the lithographic execution of the various subjects is singularly powerful and mellow.

Pugin's Gothic Ornaments, selected from various Buildings in England and France. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding. No. V.

The admirers of ancient architecture must be delighted with Mr. Pugin's work; and to the professional architect it will be invaluable. The present Number contains a rich and curious assemblage of bosses, arms, crockets, figures, pateras, string-courses, finials, weepers, stalls, cusps, traceries, panels, capitals, spandrils, &c. It is certainly impossible to examine them and not feel shame at the comparative poverty and meanness of invention in our own times. Some of the most beautiful specimens are from Beauchamp chapel, in Warwickshire. We are especially charmed with three brass figures from the tomb of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.

The Watering Places of Great Britain, and Fashionable Directory. Illustrated with Views of all the Places of Resort in the United Kingdom. Parts I. and II. 4to. Hinton.

This is a work which has long been wanted, and which at the present season will be exceedingly acceptable to a number of persons. "The primary object contemplated in the present undertaking," say the proprietors in their address, "is the collection into one work of all the information desirable for gentlemen to possess, respecting each of the watering and sea-bathing places in the kingdom; and, by the combined aid of the artist, to convey a more correct idea of the peculiar beauties of each spot than either the pen or the pencil could separately effect. Each town or village will be visited by one of the artists engaged for this work, and also by the editor, who, in order to prevent those discrepancies which occur from trusting to correspondents only, has undertaken the laborious task of visiting each spot personally."

Laborious task! We cannot conceive any thing more delightful and amusing. Will the editor exchange duties with us for the next three months?

The Devil's Walk. Illustrated by Thomas Landseer. Ten Etchings, folio. London, 1831. G. F. Harding.

Mr. Landseer claims to have originated the idea of illustrating this biting satire; though others, it seems, caught at the whisper, and occupied the field before him. Though last, however, he is not least: on the contrary, for spirit in design and character he has no competition to fear. The etchings are admirable; the earlier ones wild and satanic,—the later more earthly, and home to what is passing around us. The Devil and the Puritan, Brothers, recognising each other, is capital, both for art and expression; the Lawyer killing his brother—a Viper, is also excellent; and so is the Apothecary on his White Horse, like Death in the Revelation. The Bookseller's Shop, with the corpulent publisher and the starveling author, is another superb hit; while the poor prisoner in a cell in Cold Bath Fields' prison, debt 10*s.*, expenses 50*l.*, is a melancholy lesson of wrong, prevailing to an extent most injurious to the community, hardly exaggerated by caricature. We do not approve of the introduction of Gen. Gascoigne in the last plate, though he is famously drawn as an incarnation of borough-mongering. It is too much *ad captandum*, and has nothing to do with the verses which have obtained so much celebrity. Satan is shewn to be terrified by the gallant general, and hastening to retreat to his own close borough, where there is not even the shadow of freedom of election.

The merits of this performance altogether entitle it to very extensive favour.

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MUSIC.

PAGANINI.

We have heard this wonderful musician again, and our delight has not been diminished; but rather, in consequence of a more favourable situation in the theatre, it was much augmented. The sensation altogether is as if a new element of music were discovered, and poured upon the ear, or rather upon the soul, from a combination which unites the sweetest of sounds with an abstract perception of melody unperceived before. Paganini's playing partakes of that rare quality of oratory which communicates itself from the speaker to the hearer with greater intensity in proportion as the former is deeply impressed with his own matter. His whole being seems to be in the tones he is producing—the man and the instrument cannot be separated—like a magician, he appears to persuade or compel it to do what to others would be impossible. The gratification must be felt,—it cannot be described.

BUCHER.

M. Bucher, whose performances on the flute have obtained for him on the continent the name of the Paganini of the flute, has, we see, just arrived in this city, where he intends giving public concerts. At the theatre of San Carlo, in Naples, of which he was the first flauto, the purity and vigour of his style, and the lightness and expression which shewed themselves in his performances, excited the highest admiration and astonishment; and in a tour lately made on the continent, he was every where received with the same rapture and enthusiastic applause.

A Rouen paper says, it is impossible to surpass his sweetness of sound or method of execution, or to give more spirit to an instrument always cold and dull. He is said infinitely to surpass Toulou and Drouet. Like Paganini, he plays tricks with his instrument, more especially in his variations on Malbrouq. It is a *duo* on one flute—a base and a medium. In other variations his instrument sings the soprano of the *Marriage of Figaro*. Our statement is not at all exaggerated, and we are sure that the visit of this extraordinary performer to the capital will be a treat to the patrons of musical merit.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Drury Lane terminated a strong, and we were about to say unfortunate season, on Monday last; but "unfortunate" is not the proper epithet, for the loss is so obviously to be attributed to the incompetency of the management, that nothing but great *good* fortune could have limited it to the sum reported—between four and five thousand pounds. With all the little miserable bickerings and intrigues of the green-room we have nothing to do; and though perfectly aware of the lamentable extent to which they were carried during the past season, our business is only with the broad facts of the case, and which are of themselves, alas! sufficiently instructive. For example, the nightly expenses of Drury Lane theatre have amounted to the enormous sum of two hundred and sixty odd pounds. Now, as an average nightly receipt of that sum would, in former seasons, and with an infinitely superior company, have been considered excellent business, it surely needed no great knowledge of arithmetic to perceive that the best luck to be looked for was, not to get one penny by the speculation, and that total ruin was a very probable circumstance. Confining the proof of mismanagement to this financial error only, let us observe the good fortune by which the worst alternative has been avoided. The *School for Scandal*, with by no means a perfect cast, attracted several crowded audiences. Stanfield's diorama rendered a mediocre pantomime more than usually attractive; and the melodrama of the *Brigand*, which had run upwards of forty nights in the previous season, ran forty more, bringing frequently, in conjunction with the *Illustrious Stranger*, and the *Pantomime*, or *Masaniello*, from three to four hundred pound houses. These were chances on which the management had no right to calculate; and to them, and the absence of any extraordinary success at Covent Garden, have the lessees of Drury been indebted for keeping open their doors to the end of the season. A dissolution of the partnership between Captain Polhill and Mr. A. Lee has taken place; and the former gentleman is making arrangements for the conducting of the concern for the next two seasons; but we have so often been disappointed in the hope of seeing some one at the head of a national theatre who would discover that his own interests could only be forwarded by upholding those of the drama, that we are cured of indulging sanguine expectations. Nothing but an entirely new system of management can retrieve the fallen fortunes of the patent theatres. *Nous verrons.*

The following is a list of the novelties produced during the past season at this house, with "the names of the horses and the colours of the riders:"—

November 11th, 1830. Turning the Tables, a Farce, 1 act: Poole. 35 nights.
Nov. 17th. Conscript, or the Veteran and his Dog, a Melodrame, 2 acts: Raymond and Barrymore. 3 nights.
Dec. 9th. The Jenkinses, a Farce, 2 acts: Planché. 14 nights.
Dec. 15th. Werner, a Tragedy, 5 acts: altered by Macready from Lord Byron. 17 nights.
Dec. 17th. King's Fireside, Historical Anecdote, 1 act: Morton. 6 nights.
Dec. 27th. Davy Jones, Christmas Pantomime: Barrymore. 45 nights.
Feb. 1st, 1831. Devil's Brother, an Opera, 2 acts: Shannon. 8 nights.
March 5th. Decorum, a Farce, 2 acts: T. H. Bayly. Withdrawn.
March 15th. Highways and Byways, a Farce, 2 acts: Webster.
April 4th. Ice Witch, Easter Spectacle, 2 acts: Buckstone. 14 nights.
April 7th. Nettlewig Hall, a Farce, 2 acts: C. M. Westmacott. 6 nights.
April 8th. The Pledge, or Castilian Honour, a Tragedy, 5 acts: Kenney. 8 nights.
April 16th. Legion of Honour, Operatic Drama, 2 acts: Planché. 18 nights.
April 26th. Alfred the Great, Historical Play, 5 acts: S. Knowles. 15 nights.
May 13th. The Emissary, an Opera, 3 acts: Barham Livius. 3 nights.
May 30th. The Little Corporal, Petite Historical Drama, 1 act: Buckstone. 3 nights.

HAYMARKET.

This favourite theatre opened on Wednesday last, and, as usual, presented us with a new one-act piece as a taste of its quality. The sample is an inoffensive one; but that is the utmost praise we can bestow on it. *A Widow Bewitched* is, in fact, little more than a compressed and slightly modified version of the old farce of the *Deuce is in him.* The return of a husband, affecting to have lost a leg and eye, in order to try the affections of his wife, and her discovery and punishment of his imposture, forms the ground-work of both. A similar incident was also worked by Dimond into one of his recent operas at Covent Garden. The present trifle, however, introduced our fair Olympic friend, Miss Sydney, to a Haymarket audience; and her acting secured both for herself and the piece a most favourable reception. Farren played as he always does—admirably; and Mr. F. Vining bustled in his usual pleasant way through a very trifling part. Report attributes the piece to the pen of Mr. Percy Farren, the stage manager, and author of the drama of the *Field of Forty Footsteps*, played with success at the Queen's (then the Tottenham Street) Theatre.

BAZAR IN REGENT'S PARK.

On Thursday we had the pleasure of perambulating Mr. Jenkins's beautiful garden in the Regent's Park, which was opened (and so to be continued during three days) by way of Bazar, for the disposal of articles in aid of the benevolent Establishment for the Relief and Cure of Deafness, in Soho Square. The humane ladies, and some of them very pretty, who acted as shopkeepers on the occasion, seemed to be very successful in their operations, and we trust the produce will be commensurate with their humane exertions. Bands of music, and refreshments (at once bad and dear — for Mrs. Jarrin took from us two shillings for a nasty ice), were to be heard and taken in various parts. A handsome tent was fitted up for the reception of the Queen—who, however, did not visit the garden on Thursday, even "clane and dacent like another lady,"—and there were tents, marquees, &c. &c. for the company, in case of rain, or too much sun. There were several thousand persons present; and the general aspect of the grounds was very like the Horticultural fetes at Chiswick — those galas of starvation one year, and drowning the next.

Apropos, next week is to witness another of these exhibitions, so inappropriate to the spirit of a scientific and useful institution; and the means taken to puff it, the trade in raising the prices of tickets, (a thing abhorrent in a Paganini!!!) and all the little manœuvres of petty chandlering which have been resorted to, are, in our opinion, quite disgraceful. There has been an ordinary sign-board put up over the door of the Society's house, in Regent Street—the King and Queen are gratuitously announced to be present — and we believe an assurance of fine weather has been certified from the moon!!! Such tricks are unworthy in private speculations — they would even reflect on the dramatic charlatanry of Vauxhall Gardens or Bagnigge Wells: in a public body, with noble and distinguished names on its lists, they are, to say the least, very unbecoming. Cannot they trample down and spoil the gardens in a more quiet and less offensive manner?

VARIETIES.

Geographical distribution of the Anatifa.—Mr. Rennell Coates, in the Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, asserts, that the southern ocean is the native place of the *anatifa vitrea*, and that if it is found any where else, it is because it is carried away on the vessels, fish, or plants, to which it attaches itself. The same author describes two new species of otium, under the names of *O. depressa* and *O. saccalifera*,—both from the southern seas.

Captain Woodfall.—We regret to announce the death of another African traveller. Captain Woodfall, sent out by the African Society to penetrate into the interior by way of Abyssinia, only reached Kourdefan, where he fell sick and perished.

Royal Navy School.—A noble subscription has been begun for the erection and maintenance of a school to educate the children of our gallant tars. It is to be hoped that a fund will be raised equal to the completion of so truly

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beneficent an undertaking, on a scale of sufficient magnitude, and with large endowments.

Sir Walter Scott.—Though we have not joined in spreading the rumours, which have found their way to the press on very slight grounds, respecting the health of Sir Walter Scott, yet as every reader must feel the subject to be one of universal concern, we are well disposed to make known any certain and authentic intelligence which may reach us respecting it. We therefore refer with pleasure to the letter of a friend, who has enjoyed the opportunity of associating with the Wizzard of the North during his indisposition and to the present moment. He writes us: "I have seen him frequently during the last five months, so as to enable me to observe his state of health. He has been ill, severely ill; but I can assure you that illness has left no trace, except a degree of corporeal weakness, which prudence in diet and exercise may speedily remove. He rides out on horseback; he drives out in his poney phaeton: he is indeed in high health and spirits, at Abbotsford, and looking far better than at any period during the winter."

Mr. Jones.—We have been somewhat amused lately by a paragraph in some of the papers, assigning overstrained religious principles as the cause of this accomplished comedian, and no less accomplished gentleman, having retired from the stage. Now, all who know anything of Mr. Jones know him to be both a moral and a religious man, but not under the influence of fanaticism. The fact is, his method of teaching elocution has met with such success, in giving power to the voice, in strengthening weak lungs, in removing hesitation of speech, and every other impediment to a happy delivery—that his house is continually frequented by clergymen, in a sufficient degree, we confess, to create some alarm in the neighbourhood. The secret, then, of Mr. Jones transferring his talents from the stage, is, that he now dedicates them to the formation of the clerical and political orator. We will take upon ourselves to deny there being any other ground for the charge of his having turned Puritan. We cannot let this opportunity pass without assuring our friends, that the similar report which has gone forth concerning ourselves is altogether without foundation.

Prince Talleyrand related to the Family of Stanley, Earls of Derby.—The maternal grandmother of Prince Talleyrand was the Princess Orsini (la Princesse des Ursins, as the French style her), who acted so distinguished a part in the court of Philip V. of Spain, and whose first husband, as appears from Archdeacon Coxe's History of the Bourbon Kings of Spain, was Adrian Blaise de Talleyrand, Prince of Chalais. She was of the illustrious family of La Tremouille, from which sprung the heroic Countess of Derby, who, in her husband's absence, defended Latham House against the parliamentary forces under General Fairfax, in 1644. That the talents of the Princess Orsini have descended to her grandson, few will doubt; and it must also be allowed, that he has inherited her courtly and insinuating manners, if not all her high spirit, her frankness, and her disinterested attachments.

Progress of Literature.—By command of the Pasha of Egypt, a periodical Journal either has been published in the Isle of Candia, or is about to appear there. It is to be written in Turkish and Greek.

Geology of Algiers.—M. Elie Beaumont, in a letter addressed to the Academy of Paris on the subject of M. Rozet's researches, which we noticed in a late number of the *Gazette*, asserts that he never supposed that the mountains of the north of Africa formed, like the Pyrenees, a single chain of contemporaneous elevation. The most modern charts exhibit a variety of chains, crossing in various directions, as M. de Humboldt has just proved to exist with regard to the central plains of Asia; and there is no doubt but that in the north of Africa, as in Europe, there has been several upraising of mountain chains in different directions, and at different epochs.

Mineralogical Survey of Scotland.—In a former *Gazette* we mentioned that an inquiry had been instituted by a committee of the House of Commons on the application of certain sums of money voted for a mineralogical survey of Scotland. Professor Jameson has laid before the Wernerian Society a copy of a return to an address of the House of Commons, from which it appears, that no part of the money had been granted to that Society, nor to the Edinburgh Museum; but that the whole sum, amounting to upwards of 7000*l.*, had been paid to Dr. John Maculloch, of Woolwich, for the mineralogical survey of Scotland—never until now, it is said, heard of by men of science in that country. It was remarked, that it would be desirable for government to cause to be published forthwith the results of this expensive, and it seems *only partial*, survey of Scotland.

Earthquake.—Several earthquakes have lately been felt at Smyrna. *Le Globe* says, that on the 28th of March a violent shock had very nearly destroyed that city.

Flour for Sheep.—M. Maitre, a great agriculturist and breeder of sheep near Chatillon-sur-Seine, about a year ago conceived the idea that not only the straw of corn, but the dried stalks of clover, lucerne, &c. might be ground into flour. His experiments have been crowned with complete success; and he has obtained a kind of flour, the quality of which is similar to that of bruised fodder. This aliment is a substitute for bran, and is an agreeable and substantial food for sheep and lambs, who seek it with avidity.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In your Number for May 28, a correspondent G. D. furnishes for your pages a remarkable specimen of the affinity between the Latin and Portuguese tongues, by eleven verses in praise of St. Ursula, which are both Latin and Portuguese. He acknowledges himself not aware of "any other living language between which and the Latin so strong an affinity could be traced and exemplified." I should suppose that Italian might afford instances of the kind in greater abundance than Portuguese. I send you at least one such which I have met with, and which appears sufficiently remarkable.

"In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella.
Vivo in acerba pena, in mesto orrore,
Quando te non imploro, in te non spero,
Purissima Maria, et in sincero
Te non adoro, et in divino ardore.
Et, O vita beata, et anni, et ore (horæ)
Quando, contra me armato odio severo,
Te, Maria, amo, et in gaudio vero
Vivere spero ardendo in vivo amore.
Non amo te, regina augusta, quando
Non vivo in pace et in silentio fido;
Non amo te, quando non vivo amando.
In te sola, O Maria, in te confido,
In tua materna cura resperando,
Quasi columba in suo beato nido."

Who was the curious author of these lines I know not: they are quoted in that elegant work of M. Pierre de Joux, *Letires sur l'Italie, considérés sous le rapport de la Religion.*

F. C. H.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXV. June 18.*]

T. Campbell.—Mr. Campbell is engaged upon a poem on the subject of Poland—a stimulating theme for his patriotic muse. We observe that the Philomathic Society of Warsaw have done him the honour to elect him a corresponding member, as "Campbell *Tomas* Poete Anglais."

An authentic Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, with numerous facts and private papers hitherto unpublished, is announced.—Full-length Portraits of their Majesties the King and Queen, engraved after Lawrence and Beechey, in mezzotinto by Mr. T. Hodgetts, are about to appear.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bloom's Pulpit Oratory, 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—Marshall's Naval Biography, Supplement, Vol. III. Part I. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Dr. A. Thomson's Sermons and Sacramental Exhortations, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. V., George IV. Vol. II. fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Patrick's Indigenous Plants of Lanarkshire, 18mo. 6*s.* bds.—Sherwood's Milner, Part III. 6*s.* bds.—R. Fletcher's Medico-Chirurgical Notes and Illustrations, Part I. 4to. 1*l.*—The whole Proceedings in the Case of J. M. Campbell, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Inglis's Spain in 1830, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 6*s.* bds.—Fletcher's History of Poland, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—The Garden, with 21 illustrations, square 16mo. plain, 3*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.; coloured, 4*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Family Library, Dramatic Series, Vols. V. and VI., being Ford's Works, 2 vols. 18mo. 10*s.* bds.—Jacqueline of Holland, by T. C. Grattan, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bishop Horne's Daily Communings, 2*s.*; silk, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Hawker's Works, with Memoir by Williams, 10 vols. 8vo. 6*l.* 6*s.*; royal, 12*l.* 12*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

June.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 9	From 41. to 73.	29·60 to 29·79
Friday ···· 10	—— 50. — 65.	29·65 — 29·72
Saturday ·· 11	—— 50. — 69.	29·56 — 29·70
Sunday···· 12	—— 51. — 75.	29·70 — 29·63
Monday ·· 13	—— 52. — 75.	29·60 — 29·99
Tuesday ·· 14	—— 49. — 75.	30·09 — 30·02
Wednesday 15	—— 49. — 73.	29·85 — 29·84

Wind S.W., except during the afternoon of the 13th, when it was N.W.

Weather variable, with frequent rain. From six to eight on the evening of the 14th, the upper part of a halo, and a very distinct parhelion east of the sun formed, both strongly exhibiting the prismatic colours.

Rain fallen, ·4 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude····· 51° 37′ 32″N.
Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. May 1831.

Thermometer—	Highest·····	69·25°
	Lowest ·····	25·
	Mean ·····	49·7253
Barometer—	Highest·····	30·06
	Lowest ·····	29·17
	Mean ·····	29·65935

Number of days of rain, 8.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 2·58875.

Winds.—1 East—1 West—5 North—3 South—10 North-east—1 South-east—1 South-west—9 North-west.

General Observations.—The quantity of rain nearly one inch and a quarter less than in May last year, but more than usually falls in the month; the extremes of temperature lower than in the last eight years, and the mean below any since 1826—the month was consequently cold: on the sixth the thermometer fell seven degrees below the freezing point, and for five days never reached above 51° at any time of the day—the barometer higher than last year. Thunder and lightning on the 2d, 5th, 20th, and 24th: the storm on the 2d the heaviest experienced here for some time, and nearly an inch of rain fell. On the 5th a shower of very large hail about 1 P.M.: an indistinct lunar halo observed on the 22d: for twenty-four days the wind blew from the northward—that is, between the N.E. and N.W. The evaporation 0·63125 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. will not do: it is the very exaggeration of the amative to be content with nothing else than the mutual *enshoathement of souls*,

So firmly intertwined,
That through all *time's eternity*
No power shall e'er unwind!!!

R. O.'s letter is taken in very good part. The observations on the personalities and bitternesses of the press are just; we trust, however, that they cannot apply to the *Literary Gazette*.

Notices of the Pantechnicon—of Captain Norton's Rifle—of the machine for planing iron surfaces, &c.—are intended for our next No.; and we also hope to publish a paper of great historical novelty and interest on Burleigh MSS., hitherto unexplored.

ERRATA.—In our last No., p. 379, col. 3, two notices were headed "British Gallery" and "British Institution," from having been written at different times; being identical, they ought to have been but one notice, and under either title.—380, col. 2, "Mr. Baring's *Pictures*," should have been "*Engravings*."

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THE LITERARY FUND GREENWICH MEETING will be held at the Crown and Sceptre, on Wednesday, the 22d of June.—This Meeting is not restricted to Members of the Society; the company of any Nobleman or Gentleman who may feel an interest in the objects of the Institution will be welcome and agreeable.

Gentlemen who intend dining are requested to apprise Mr. Snow, at the Chambers of the Society, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on or before Tuesday the 21st.—Dinner at Four precisely.

NOTICE.—The Exhibition of the National Repository Gallery of the Royal Mews, Charing Cross. Patron, the KING.

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T. S. TULL, Secretary.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Catalogue of the Manuscripts and State Papers in the Library of the most Noble the Marquess of Salisbury, at Hatfield House. 2 vols.
Vol. I. Miscellaneous Manuscripts, and State Papers.
Vol. II. Letters, Privy Seals:
In Manuscript; arranged and analysed by C. J. Stewart, of the late Firm of Howell and Stewart, Booksellers, London.

AMONG the extraordinary monuments of human talent and industry there is hardly one which has filled our mind with greater admiration than that collection of documents made by the celebrated minister of Queen Elizabeth, and known by the name of the Burleigh Papers. How laborious must have been the life of that statesman under whose eye and for whose consideration so vast a mass of important matters were passed in array! the *vita brevis est* seems to be inapplicable to such an individual. And our wonder will be increased when we observe that Lord Burleigh gave the most minute attention to every subject so brought before him. He was a man of method, and of indefatigable application. Hence not only the arrangement of the multitudinous and extensive matters upon which he was called to exercise his judgment; but their careful analysis, and the final conclusions upon them—for it is one of the very remarkable circumstances shewn by their inspection, that Lord Burleigh was in the habit of discussing all the projects, plans, propositions, &c. upon which he had to decide, *in writing!* Whether a state affair of national consequence, or a business of minor interest, his practice was to examine it in all its bearings, to write down the *pros* and *cons* with his own hand, and in the end to record the determination to which he had come respecting it.

This practice has added extremely to the value of these papers, which have descended to our time, and which throw so curious a light upon the anterior history of our country. It is, therefore, with much gratification that we are enabled to render some account of them to our readers; and especially as many of the facts they disclose are equally new and important.

The well-known Burleigh Papers in the British Museum* have been frequently ransacked by historians and other authors. Those in the possession of the descendants of that great man have also been occasionally consulted and quoted. To render it more explicit, we should notice that this continuous portion (mingled with the Burleigh Papers which are at Hatfield House, and which may be distinguished as the *Cecil* or *Salisbury* papers), extends from 1596 to 1608, when Sir Robert Cecil (the second son of Lord Burleigh, and his coadjutor and successor as a minister) became Lord Treasurer—and the whole mass has, till now, remained without arrangement.

At length, however, the Marquess of Salisbury engaged Mr. Stewart to make the Catalogue, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article; and a more skilful, judicious, and intelligent production of the kind we have never seen. With a perseverance and zeal worthy of Lord Burleigh himself, Mr. Stewart has read and classed the whole of this prodigious collection, in which there are no fewer than thirteen thousand letters, from the time of Henry VIII. to that of James I.—comparatively few of which have yet been published. But Mr. Stewart has not only made himself master of their nature, as well as of the larger state papers, &c.,—he has prepared a perfect *résumé* of the whole,* and by placing the particulars in a clear tabular form, put it in the power of any one, at a glance, to refer to whatever may be desired in this treasury of historical information.

Where there is such an amount to attract our regard, we feel quite at a loss how to communicate to the public a fair portion of the pleasure we have ourselves derived from the perusal of these manuscript volumes—these keys which will open so much of truth and utility to future writers. We can only offer a brief selection of such things as have struck us most forcibly, either as bearing upon controverted points, or having some relation to the present period.

And first, among matters of this kind, we think it will surprise the parties who have of late waged so fierce a paper war on the question of breaking the line in naval tactics, to learn from the following clear and particular passage, in instructions given to Vice-admiral Sir John Clere, on proceeding to the North Sea in command of a fleet, in the reign of Henry VIII., that the manœuvre, so far from being a recent invention, was distinctly ordered at that early time!! "The fyrste ranke shall make saile streight towards the frounte of the battell, and shall passe throughe them (the enemy) if they can, and shall make as shorte a turne to the wyndwardes as they may, and then shall have a speciall regard to the secours of the seconde ranke; which seconde is to laye on board the principall shyppes of th' enemies, every man chosyng his matche as nere as he maye, restynge ther admyrall for the lo. admirall."

This very singular extract settles the controversy, and shews that neither Lord Rodney, Admiral Douglas, nor Mr. Clerk, have a right to claim being the originators of this manœuvre. And, as if to shew that in naval and mercantile speculations, as well as in all others, there is nothing new under the sun, we find Polar voyages of discovery thus specified and recommended (temp. Hen. VIII.) in an address to his majesty on Polar routes to Cathay, the East Indies, &c. The author, Robert Thorne, of Seville,* states that his "father, in conjunction with a merchant of Bristow, namyd Hughe Elyot, war ye dyscoverers of ye *Newfound landes*, of the whych ther ys no doubte, as nowe playnlie apperyth, yf our maryners wold then have ben rewled and folowyd thyr pylot's mynd, the lands of th' Indyas, from whyche all the gold commyth, had bin owers, for alle ys coone coaste." This curious passage confirms our opinion, that maritime discoveries, of which the memory has perished, were much more extensively pursued in the time of Henry VII. than is recorded in our annals; and that colonies claimed by Spain and Portugal, as the first who had taken possession of them, were in fact discovered, as in this case of Newfoundland, by English navigators.

Our next reference is to a mass of papers which contains a good deal of information relative to the claims upon Scotland, and to the condition of that country from an early period. From this we ascertain the remarkable fact, that the Pope's temporal authority was rejected in Scotland in the time of Edward I. The following is also of much historical interest:—"Informatione presentede unto my lorde's grace (the Duke of Somerset), 3rd Feb. 1547," regarding the means of accomplishing the marriage between Edward VI. and Mary of Scotland. Among other matters advised is "to sende one army in Scotland, in deu tyme afore ye Frenche menys cumyng, and of ye grete good sall follow yereby, and of ye greate evil and unspeakabil dammage sall followe, yf ye Frenche men cum into Scotlaunde before your grace's army. Of ye having of ye quene's grace of Scotlande in ye kinges maiesties kepinge, wiche may be yf the said army cum into Scotlaunde afore ye Frenchemen, or als never as it

* These, it is well known, are entirely derived from Lord Burleigh; one portion, the Lansdowne collection, being copies of the minister's state correspondence, in the handwriting of his secretary, Sir Michael Hicks; the other the Harleian, being original papers somehow or other removed from the great collection of documents which had descended in the present noble house of Salisbury.

* The collection of manuscripts in the library at Hatfield House appears to have been formed principally by the first Earl of Salisbury. It consists, as we have stated, but as is yet more distinctly in Mr. Stewart's excellent preliminary remarks, of many that are both valuable and curious, from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries; of historical, political, financial, and other documents, of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary; of plans, charts, &c. from Henry VIII. to Elizabeth, inclusive; of the general state papers of Elizabeth's reign, and of those of the first years of her successor.

Of the MSS. mentioned above, the state papers form the largest and most interesting portion; in connexion with which, those originally a part of it in the Harley and Lansdowne collections, and now in the British Museum, and what were deposited in the State Paper Office after its establishment by Sir Robert Cecil, will most fully illustrate the public, and even private, transactions of those times. They extend from the commencement of Elizabeth's reign to the tenth year of James's, and are particularly copious, as we have mentioned, from 1596 to 1608, during which Sir Robert held the office of secretary of state. Their value may be estimated not only from the importance attached to these periods, but by the materials for historical illustration already developed in the selections published from them, and made use of by Hume, Robertson, and later writers. They also exhibit the unparalleled occurrence of a father and son continuing to fill the office of prime minister in this country for the long and unbroken term of forty-six years—and these among the most momentous and glorious which our history affords. Mr. Lodge, in his *Illustrations of British History*, justly terms them "the vast treasure of state relics at Hatfield House."

* Robert Thorne appears to have been an English merchant settled at Seville. His Address is to the English Ambassador at Madrid, Dr. Robert Ley, ambassador from Henry VIII. to Charles V., at whose desire the Memorial is forwarded to Henry.

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appeareth." The date of this is a few days after the coronation of Edward, and is previous to the protector's letter on the subject to the Scottish nobility. It may shew the true cause of the invasion which so quickly followed, but which was ascribed to Henry's dying request so to accomplish this match.

By way of variety, we now introduce the transcript of a French poem, in imitation of typography, which seems, from the following extract, to be the work of Queen Catherine Parr.

" Tu poeux icy voir un creature
Et si le sexe inspirer peut nature,
C'est une femme, et s'aucun haut dégré
Te poeut mauvoir; que tu l'ayes à gré:
Elle est de Dieu en hault estat meriée
Par un marriage encor plus ennoblie;
Par sapience en ses faitz dieu n'oublié,
Et par un roy tres puissant elle est faite
Royne excellent en vertus tres-parfaite.
Par un Henry qui est de hault renom
A Katherine eu de royne le nom."

Our next extract unfolds a very odd project, which we might call an *Old Clothes Bank*—it is docketed, " Fitzherbert for the best garmente of every person deceased to be gyven to the poore." Perhaps this was Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, then in high repute; and we may remark, that the best clothes were, at the period alluded to, of very considerable value. The paper is of the reign of Mary, and it suggests the establishment of a bank for the purpose of lending money to the poor, or to the prince, "*if he request it*," at 6 per cent.—The capital is proposed to be raised by the sale of the best garment of every person dying; which is to be delivered to the churchwardens of the parish, and by them to be transmitted to proper authorities. The annual amount calculated to be raised from this source is 30,000*l.*

We hear much of pluralities in the church in our day; what will be thought of the annexed, so soon after the reformation too?

" A Booke of Plurallyties of dyvers persons. Anno 1575."—The number of livings thus held was at this time 655, of incumbents 239, and the greatest number held by one person is 7, of which there are 3. The total value, deducting the tenths, is 16,519*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*

Turning back for a few years in date, we consider the following, relative to the murder of Rizzio, to be very interesting.

" Copy of the Communication made by the Earl of Bedford, and Mr. Randolph, from Edinburgh, to the Council of England, March 27, 1566, touching the death of Rizzio."—By this it appears that the fugitive nobles were forced to join in this transaction as the condition of the king's (Darnley) befriending them—that Rizzio was not killed in the presence of the queen, but in going down stairs after leaving her chamber—and that no violence was offered to the queen, or intended. It also details a curious conversation between the Lord Ruthven, Mary, and Darnley, after Rizzio's removal, in which the latter complains of the queen's giving " David more companie of her bodie" than him; the conclusion of which is, that she " was content that he should lie with her that night." Some account is also given of David's wealth, which was considerable.

It is but fair to add another version of this transaction, which may possibly be partial, though entitled " A trewe relation of the course Syr Anthony Standen hath held, from the year 1565, the tyme in whych he fyrst left the Court of England and entered into the service of those Princes of worthye memory, Henry and Mary, Kinge and Queene of Scotlande, father and mother of the present most gracious Soveraigne Lord the K.'s Majestie, until the 22d of Jan. 1603-4, the day of his comytment to the Tower."—This contains another account of the death of Rizzio, the loving behaviour of Darnley and Mary at that time, and the attempt of the former to prevent it, and the escape of their majesties to Dunbar. It also narrates an interview Mary desired to have with the elder Standen shortly after the birth of James, when, among other things, she is represented to have said, " that the prince would be a liberale giver and an easye forgyver; her reason was, for that as soone as he came into this world he cast hys handes open."

Subsequent to 1600 there is a paper called " Considerations touching ye Queen's service in Ireland."

Among other things, this recommends a *temporary* toleration of Romanism—the sending over of clergymen, " who are vehement and zealous persuaders, and not scholasticall, to be resident in the principall townes—the contynuing and replenishing of the college begonne at Dublyn—the placing of good men as byshops in the seas there—the taking care that versions of Bibles, catechisms, and other bookes of instruction be made into the Irish language, and the encouragement of an interchange of settlers between England and Ireland." [Was this really 230 years ago? or may we not adopt much of the advice now?]

" Advertisement of the Overthrow of the Spaniards and the Surrender of Kinsall. Jan. 2, 1602."—An anecdote is here given of the Spanish general's opinion of Ireland, in which he says, " that he remembered a passage of Scripture, where the devil took Christ to a pinnacle of the temple, to shew him the whole world; but that he believed he kept that country out of sight, as being fit for none but himself."

Considering that his present Majesty, third son of George III., was Lord High Admiral of England, the annexed may be esteemed a curiosity.

" Ye Juge of ye Admyraltie his Declaration toching ye Jurisdiction of ye Admirall's Corte."—The indorsation of this is apparently in the Earl of Lincoln's hand, and the paper itself is in that of Dr. D. Lewis; and it is here stated, " that the Prince of the lands 3 sonne, if there were any suche, is alwaies lord admirall."

As preceding the Marquess of Worcester's famous Century of Inventions, the subjoined is remarkable enough.

Memoranda found in Mr. Arundel's house, (afterwards Lo. A. of Wardour), touching warlike inventions, such as " on preventing a ship being struck by a shot between wind and water. Plan for light brass pieces being mounted on carts, so high as to fire over our soldiers' heads, and to be made so as to turn with the muzzle backwards, &c. To poison the air of a whole camp. A devise to make a ship go by itself for a mile or two, loaded with combustibles to fire other ships."

" Description of an Engine for Battery," the purposes of which are to throw such shot into a town " as shall fall into the houses, and the fyer breake out and blowe up in terrible sort," and to throw shot, every one of which will discharge 2000 musket bullets.

It is obvious that some of these contrivances have since been matured, in the forms of field pieces, grape-shot, &c. &c., and that others are among the inventions recommended at the moment we are writing, and on which experiments are trying!

The following was no doubt communicated to Lord Burleigh from France: such representations must have had a powerful effect in leading the government of Elizabeth to become the head of the Protestant cause, and to cherish the hatred of all good men against such perversion of ecclesiastical power.

" Abrégé dung Discours secret entre sa Saincteté et Auteurs de ses confidents apres h depart de M. le frere du Roi de la Cour, trouvé entre les Papiers de David, avocat de Parlement de Paris, pour la Confirmation duquel il alla à Rome apres la Paix de Mai 1576, auquel voyage il est mort."

Among other curious matters this paper explains the formation of the famous league in France, which it shews was planned by his holiness, who recommends that the king shall deliver secretly to the Duke of Guise powers to form leagues between the nobility and others, whom he is directed to bind by the most solemn oaths, *to give orders to the curés to furnish all the information which can be obtained, in confession, of what arms the people have under pretext of defence.*

Bref Discours sur la Ligue.

This contains the measures of the Guise faction, in name of the Pope, and in conjunction with the King of Spain, to prevent the crown of France on the death of Henry III. falling into the hands of the King of Navarre or the Prince of Condé, who are denounced as heretics; *and for this purpose all the devils in hell are actually invoked to second them, if God will not.*

We have no farther extracts to make: were we to extend our purpose to all that struck us as interesting, there would be no end to our detail; but speaking generally of the collection in hand, we may state, that the letters have been arranged in a chronological series, except the following:—*Those of royal personages*, among which are, of course, many addressed by James to Elizabeth, and by the former after his accession to the English throne to the first Earl of Salisbury. There are also a number of Elizabeth's in her own hand, addressed to the Duke of Anjou. The much-talked-of secret correspondence between Sir R. Cecil and King James, from 1601-3, in the hands of these individuals, is also contained in this collection; and it may not be improper to remark on it, that the volume published under that title by Lord Hailes, in 1767, from originals in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, has no reference to this, being, in fact, but the correspondence between Lord H. Howard, afterwards Earl of Northampton, and the Earl of Mar, and the Abbot of Kinloss, who were sent ambassadors from James to Elizabeth, after Essex's death. Unfortunately, too, by this mistake committed by Lord Hailes, the public have been led to judge of Sir R. Cecil's principles, by those of one, namely, Lord Northampton, who held religion and politics equally easy, rendering both only subservient to his own aggrandisement. There is also apparently the whole of a curious correspondence between the Lady Arabella Stuart and others, relative to her attempt to marry Mr. W. Seymour, so early as 1602; and a number of letters, partly in cipher, from the Duc de Bouillon to the Earl of Essex.

Among the general series of letters, which extends from Henry VIII. to Charles, but particularly illustrates the latter part of Elizabeth's and the early part of James's reign, may be mentioned, as illustrating our military and naval expeditions, and the then state of the continent—those of the English commanders and ambassadors in France and the Low Countries, and of Sir W. Raleigh, Sir John Haw-

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kins, the Earl of Cumberland, Sir W. Monson, and other naval commanders of that time: as illustrating the state of Scotland and the Scottish court, the letters of the English ambassadors, and of Mr. Nicholson, an agent of Elizabeth's there; and particularly those of Mr. Richard Douglas, nephew of Archibald Douglas, James's resident at the English court, (some of which are published in Lodge's Illustrations), the Master of Gray, &c. There are also letters of one Guicciardini, besides what are termed advertisements, from the Italian courts; and similar communications by various individuals, from the courts of Spain and Portugal.

The Plans, &c. in this collection, extend from the time of Henry VIII. to that of Elizabeth, and principally illustrate the fortifications then being constructed or enlarged, on the coasts and borders, a number of which regard the preparations made for the reception of the Spanish Armada.

The original documents relative to the divorce of Anne of Cleves are another principal feature in this important collection.

We cannot take our leave of this subject without offering the tribute of our cordial gratitude (in common with every literary and patriotic man in the kingdom) to the Marquess of Salisbury, for having caused a deposit so truly national to be set in order. It is an example which we trust will be universally followed by those who are, by family inheritance or other means, the possessors and curators of their country's annals. Where or how arranged are the Walsingham, the Buckhurst (Dorset), the Egerton (Bridgewater), the Conway (Hertford), and many, many other most interesting collections? Would it not be an admirable plan to establish a public museum for their analysis and preservation. The papers might still remain the private property of those to whom they have descended, though *bonâ fide* they originally belonged to the state, and it was a bad practice (though it existed till the time of George III.) to remove them, when any minister, in whose department they were, retired, carrying them with him into individual custody.

Such an institution would be worthy of our popular King; and the documents now separated and in oblivion, no one knows where, if thus congregated together, and even a catalogue *raisonné* made of them (if nothing more) would throw invaluable lights on our National History.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell, Esq. A new edition, with Additions and Notes by J. W. Croker, LL.D. F.R.S. 5 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

THIS long-expected work, under the supervision of one of the ablest and most delightful annotators of our time, is now before us. Who has not read Boswell's unique *Life of Johnson* with pleasure? and who can avoid being gratified by the appearance of a book, by which they know that pleasure must be largely increased? If any such there be, we are not of the number; and we hail these five volumes with fivefold welcome.

The universal fame of the original production renders any observation upon it quite supererogatory; and indeed it is well for us that we are not at present called upon to do more than introduce some of the new matter—for our day is short.

To specify the most obvious merits of this edition as briefly as may be, we shall only say that it throws a light upon many persons and things left obscure by Boswell himself; that it freshens and revives the memory of all he has stated; and that it incorporates all other authentic particulars relative to Johnson,* from other sources, of which he has taken no notice. We shall pass over Mr. Croker's preface, and select such notes, &c. as best carry their own meaning along with them, in illustrating matters connected with Dr. Johnson.

"Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines 'EXCISE, a hateful tax, levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the *common judges* of property, but by *wretches* hired by those to whom excise is paid;' and in the Idler (No. 65), he calls a *commissioner of excise*, 'one of the *lowest* of all human beings.' This violence of language seems so little reasonable, that the editor was induced to suspect some cause of *personal animosity*; this mention of the trade in parchment (an *exciseable* article) afforded a clue, which has led to the confirmation of that suspicion. In the records of the excise board is to be found the following letter, addressed to the supervisor of excise at Lichfield: 'July 27, 1725.—The commissioners received yours of the 22d instant, and since the justices would not give judgment against Mr. Michael Johnson, *the tanner*, notwithstanding the facts were fairly against him, the board direct that the next time he offends, you do not lay an information against him, but send an affidavit of the fact, that he may be prosecuted in the Exchequer.' It does not appear whether he offended again, but here is a sufficient cause of his son's animosity against commissioners of excise, and of the allusion in the Dictionary to the *special* jurisdiction under which that revenue is administered. The reluctance of the justices to convict will appear not unnatural, when it is recollected that Mr. Johnson was, *this very year*, chief magistrate of the city."

"It will be observed, that Mr. Boswell slurs over the years 1729, 1730, and 1731, under the general inference that they were all spent at Oxford; but Dr. Hall's accurate statement of dates from the college books, proves that Johnson personally left college 12th Dec. 1729, though his name remained on the books near two years longer, viz. till 8th Oct. 1731. Here then are two important years, the 21st and 22d of his age, to be accounted for; and Mr. Boswell's assertion (a little farther on), that he could not have been assistant to Anthony Blackwell, because Blackwell died in 1730, before Johnson had left college, falls to the ground. That these two years were not pleasantly or profitably spent, may be inferred from the silence of Johnson and all his friends about them. It is due to Pembroke to note particularly this absence, because that institution possesses (on the foundation of Sir J. Bennett, Lord Ossulston), two scholarships, to one of which Johnson would have been eligible, and probably (considering his claims) elected in 1730, had he been a candidate."

"Mr. Malone, in a note on this passage,† states that he had read a letter of Johnson's to a friend, dated 27th July, 1732, saying that he had then recently left Sir Wolstan Dixie's house, and that he had some hopes of succeeding, either as master or usher, in the school of Ashbourn. If Mr. Malone be correct in the date of this letter, and Mr. Boswell be also right in placing the extract from the diary under the year 1732, Johnson's sojourn at Bosworth could have been not more than *ten* days, a time too short to be characterised as 'a period of complicated misery,' and to be remembered during a long life 'with the strongest aversion and horror.' It must also be observed, that, according to the statements of Messrs. Boswell and Malone, compared with the college books, Johnson's life, from December, 1729, to the beginning of 1733, is wholly unaccounted for, except the ten days supposed to have been so lamentably spent at Bosworth. The only probable solution of these difficulties is, that the walk to Bosworth on the 16th July, 1732, was not his first appearance there; but that having been called to Lichfield, to receive his share of his father's property, which, we have seen, p. 48, that he did on the 15th July, he returned to Bosworth on the 16th, perhaps for the purpose of making arrangements for finally leaving it, which he did within ten days. It seems very extraordinary, that the laborious diligence and the lively curiosity of Hawkins, Boswell, Murphy, and Malone, were able to discover so little of the history of Johnson's life from December, 1729, to his marriage in July, 1736, and that what they have told should be liable to so much doubt. It may be inferred, that it was a period to which Johnson looked back with little satisfaction, and of which he did not love to talk; though it cannot be doubted that, during these five or six important years, he must have collected a large portion of that vast stock of information, with which he afterwards surprised and delighted the world. * * *

"In the year 1735, Mr. Walmesley's kindness endeavoured to procure him the mastership of the grammar school at Solihull in Warwickshire: this and the cause of failure appear by the following curious and characteristical letter, addressed to Mr. Walmesley, and preserved in the records of Pembroke College:

"Solihull ye 30 August, 1735.

"Sir,—I was favoured with yours of ye 13th inst. in due time, but deferred answering it til now, it takeing up some time to informe the ffœofees [of the school] of the contents thereof; and before they would return an answer, desired some time to make inquiry of ye caracter of Mr. Johnson, who all agree that he is an excellent scholar, and upon that account deserves much better than to be schoolmaster of Solihull. But then he has the caracter of being a very haughty ill-natured gent, and yt he has such a way of distorting his fface (wh though he can't help) ye gent. think it may affect some young ladds; for these two reasons he is not approved on, ye late master Mr. Compton's huffing the ffœofees being stil in their memory. However we are all exstreamly obliged to you for thinking of us, and for proposeing so good a schollar; but more especially is, dear sir, your very humble servant, HENRY GRESWOLD."

"It was probably prior to this that a more humble attempt to obtain the situation of assistant in Mr. Budworth's school, at Brewood, had also failed, and for the same reasons. Mr. Budworth was certainly no stranger to the learning and abilities of Johnson, as he more than once lamented his having been under the necessity of declining the engagement, from an apprehension that the paralytic affection under which Johnson laboured through life might be-

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* From Sir J. Hawkins, Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Strahan, Messrs. Duppa, Murphy, Tyers, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and about a hundred original letters, besides other manuscripts.—*Ed. L. G.*

† "His general aversion to this painful drudgery was greatly enhanced by a disagreement between him and Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron of the school, in whose house, I have been told, he officiated as a kind of domestic chaplain, so far, at least, as to say grace at table, but was treated with what he represented as intolerable harshness; and, after suffering for a few months such complicated misery, he relinquished a situation which all his life afterwards he recollected with the strongest aversion, and even a degree of horror."

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come the object of imitation or ridicule amongst his pupils."

When Johnson engaged to write for the Gentleman's Magazine, Mr. Croker quotes from Hawkins:—

"This drew Johnson into a close intimacy with Cave: he was much at St. John's Gate, and taught Garrick the way thither. Cave had no great relish for mirth, but he could bear it; and having been told by Johnson, that his friend had talents for the theatre, and was come to London with a view to the profession of an actor, expressed a wish to see him in some comic character. Garrick readily complied; and, as Cave himself told me, with a little preparation of the room over the great arch of St. John's Gate, and, with the assistance of a few journeymen printers, who were called together for the purpose of reading the other parts, represented, with all the graces of comic humour, the principal character in Fielding's farce of the Mock-Doctor. Cave's temper was phlegmatic: and though he assumed, as the publisher of the magazine, the name of Sylvanus Urban, he had few of those qualities that constitute the character of urbanity. Judge of his want of them by this question, which he once put to an author: 'Mr. ——, I hear you have just published a pamphlet, and am told there is a very good paragraph in it upon the subject of music: did you write that yourself?' His discernment was also slow; and as he had already at his command some writers of prose and verse, who, in the language of booksellers, are called *good hands*, he was the backwarder in making advances, or courting an intimacy with Johnson. Upon the first approach of a stranger, his practice was to continue sitting, a posture in which he was ever to be found, and, for a few minutes, to continue silent; if at any time he was inclined to begin the discourse, it was generally by putting a leaf of the magazine, then in the press, into the hand of his visitor, and asking his opinion of it. Sir John Hawkins remembered that, calling in on him once, he gave him to read the beautiful poem of Collins, written for Shakspeare's Cymbeline, 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,' which, though adapted to a particular circumstance in the play, Cave was for inserting in his magazine, without any reference to the subject. Hawkins told him it would lose of its beauty if it were so published: this he could not see; nor could he be convinced of the propriety of the name *Fidele*: he thought *Pastora* a better, and so printed it. He was so incompetent a judge of Johnson's abilities, that, meaning at one time to dazzle him with the splendour of some of those luminaries in literature who favoured him with their correspondence, he told him that, if he would, in the evening, be at a certain ale-house in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, he might have a chance of seeing Mr. Browne, and one or two other of the persons employed in the magazine. Johnson accepted the invitation; and was introduced by Cave, dressed in a loose horseman's coat, and such a great bushy uncombed wig as he constantly wore, to the sight of Mr. Browne, whom he found sitting at the upper end of a long table, in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, had his curiosity gratified. Johnson saw very clearly those offensive particulars that made a part of Cave's character; but, as he was one of the most quick-sighted men in discovering the good and amiable qualities of others, a faculty which he has displayed, as well in the life of Cave, as in that of Savage, printed among his works, so was he ever inclined to palliate their defects; and though he was above courting the patronage of a man, whom, for many reasons, he could not but hold cheap, he disdained not to accept it, when tendered with any degree of complacency."

"Sir J. Hawkins seems (as well as the other biographers) to have overrated the value, to Cave and the public, of Johnson's Parliamentary Debates. It is shewn in the preface to the Parliamentary History for 1738 (ed. 1812), that one of Cave's rivals, the London Magazine, often excelled the Gentleman's Magazine in the priority and accuracy of its parliamentary reports, which were contributed by Gordon, the translator of Tacitus."

Pursuing the stream of time, according to dates, in 1744 it is said:—"In this and the two next years Mr. Boswell has not assigned to Johnson any contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine; yet there seems little doubt that from his connexion with that work he derived for some years the chief, and almost the only, means of subsistence for himself and his wife: perhaps he may have acted as general editor, with an annual allowance; and he no doubt employed himself on more literary works than have been acknowledged. In this point the public loss is perhaps not great. What he was unwilling to avow, we need not be very solicitous to discover. Indeed his personal history is about this period a blank—hidden, it is to be feared, in the obscurity of indigence; and we cannot but think with a tender commiseration of the '*distress*' of such a man, rendered more poignant by being shared with a woman whom he so tenderly loved."

Of the Life of Savage, Mr. C. says:—"Johnson has spread over Savage's character the varnish, or rather the veil, of stately diction and extenuatory phrases, but cannot prevent the observant reader from seeing that the subject of this biographical essay was, as Mr. Boswell calls him, 'an ungrateful and insolent profligate;' and so little do his works shew of that poetical talent for which he has been celebrated, that if it had not been for Johnson's embalming partiality, his works would probably be now as unheard of as they are unread."

Of Irene we are informed:—"Mr. Murphy (Life, p. 53) says, 'the amount of the three benefit nights for the tragedy of Irene, it is to be feared, were not very considerable, as the profit, that stimulating motive, never invited the author to another dramatic attempt.' But Mr. Isaac Reed discovered that the author's three nights, after deducting about 190*l.* for the expenses of the house, amounted together to near 200*l.*, besides the 100*l.* for the copy. These were, at the time, large sums to Dr. Johnson."

Of the Rambler, the following is very interesting:—"Richardson, the author of Clarissa, to whom Cave had sent the first five numbers of the Rambler, became, as they proceeded, 'so inexpressibly pleased with them,' that he wrote to Cave in strong commendation, and intimated his conviction (the name of the author being still a secret) that Johnson was the only man who could write them. Cave's answer seems worth inserting, as giving a higher idea of his own station in society than has been hitherto entertained, as well as more clearly explaining some points of Dr. Johnson's life."

These are parts:—

"I return to answer, that Mr. Johnson is the *great Rambler*, being, as you observe, the only man who can furnish two such papers in a week, besides his other great business, and has not been assisted with above three. I may discover to you, that the world is not so kind to itself as you wish it. The encouragement as to sale is not in proportion to the high character given to the work by the judicious, not to say the raptures expressed by the few that do read it; but its being thus relished in numbers, gives hope that the sets must go off, as it is a fine paper, and, considering the late hour of having the copy, tolerably printed. When the author was to be kept private (which was the first scheme), two gentlemen, belonging to the prince's court, came to me to inquire his name, in order to do him service; and also brought a list of seven gentlemen to be served with the Rambler. As I was not at liberty, an inference was drawn, that I was desirous to keep to myself so excellent a writer. Soon after, Mr. Doddington sent a letter directed *to the Rambler*, inviting him to his house, when he should be disposed to enlarge his acquaintance. In a subsequent number a kind of excuse was made, with a hint that a good writer might not appear to advantage in conversation. Since that time, several circumstances, and Mr. Garrick and others, who knew the author's powers and style from the first, unadvisedly asserting their (but) suspicions, overturned the scheme of secrecy. (About which there is also one paper.) I have had letters of approbation from Dr. Young, Dr. Hartley, Dr. Sharpe, Miss Carter, &c. &c., most of them, like you, setting them in a rank equal, and some superior, to the Spectators (of which I have not read many, for the reasons which you assign); but, notwithstanding such recommendation, whether the price of *twopence*, or the unfavourable season of their first publication, hinders the demand, no boast can be made of it. The author (who thinks highly of your writings) is obliged to you for contributing your endeavours; and so is, for several marks of your friendship, good sir, your admirer, and very humble servant,

E. Cave."

These miscellaneous quotations are from the first 200 pages of the first volume. They will slightly shew the character of Mr. Croker's researches; and we have not an opportunity of doing more this week.

The Dwelling of Fancy; a fragmentary Canto: with other Poems. By J. A. Wade, author of "Songs of the Flowers," "the Prophecy, an Oratorio," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 104. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

Perhaps the first poem, the Dwelling of Fancy, will be found somewhat dreamy and abstracted for general readers, but it has much beauty; while among the minor pieces are some full of that tender and natural feeling, that graceful imagery, which most can appreciate and all enjoy: it is poetry passing over the human heart, and referring the music it has wakened to the source whence it was drawn:

"I was but as the wind passing carelessly over,
And all the wild sweetness it woke was thine own."

The Hymn of Memnon's Lyre is, with all its fanciful imagery, a most exquisite poem.

"Fountain of living light to all,
Of melody to me,
Soon as thy morning lustre-fall
Is sparkling in the East-land hall,
My song begins to thee!

Sun! thou great glory of the sky!
Full as thine ears may ring
With the loud orbal minstrelsy,
Oh! list to the sweet melody
That here for thee I sing!

It is Earth's music, but it thrills
For nothing earthly, Sun!
Thou'rt scarcely on the orient hills,
But gentle song my fancy fills—
Alas! that e'er 'tis done!

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I am all thine—the perfumed sighs
Of morning, mountain heath,
Seek not more fondly the soft skies
That warm them, than my melodies
Send unto thee their breath!

Oh! it is sweet to hear them wake
And rouse each sleepy string;
At first, low murmuring tones they make,
But bolder, deeper thrills they take—
At thy full rise they sing!

There are some tears upon my wires,
They are not the night-dews;
They are a melancholy lyre's,
Jealous of those revolving fires
That hymn the spheral muse!

Sun! do they love thee well as I?
When thou art down the west,
They gaily sparkle o'er the sky,
Not when thy glorious face is nigh
Are they in beauty drest!

How different here!—when thou art gone,
Cold tears and sighs are mine;
With thy last look my joy is done—
With thy first smile my song's begun,
Its theme and music thine!

The night-wind oft with tender sigh
Breathes on my heedless strings;
But not a single melody
Forgets its faithfulness to thee,
Not one soft answer sings!

Sometimes with jealous rage he sweeps
Across my dreaming breast;
But, hopeless lover! fondness keeps
Her truth enshrined there, and weeps,
And leaves him all unblest!

My Sun-god! love!—my hope! my dream!
Why dost thou let the Moon
Flaunt through thy path in golden beam?
Why does she there so proudly seem
Usurping thy bright noon?

From my fond thoughts I often start,
And think her light is thine:
How melancholy to the heart,
From a sweet fantasy to part,
And dreams for truth resign!

Oh! that I had the power to climb
O'er the high clouds to thee—
To have thy love through all sweet time—
Not sing thee one cold morning chime,
But endless melody!

To bring soft shadows round thy soul
With music's spell at even,
When thou hadst reach'd thy western goal,
And thou wert weary of thy roll
O'er the wide arch of heaven!

But no! 'tis vain—Aurora's child,
With his cold senseless grasp,
Enslaves me in this ruin'd wild,
A weeping thing that should have smiled
In thy more gentle clasp!

Farewell!—thou passest quickly on
To give dark regions light;
Their rosy smiles have just begun—
Farewell! my Morning Hymn is done—
Come to me, Tears and Night!"

The following sonnet has all the rich passion of our olden poetry.

"*Apelles to Campaspe.*

I cannot paint thee while those heavenly eyes
Wear that fond languishment, that tender mien;
For, sooth, I would not have their witcheries
By prouder gazers than myself be seen.
Oh! look less lovely—look as cold as snow,
That none may, pausing on thy beauty's line,
Writ on my canvass, sigh, and wish to know
The fair original of my design!
Why should I mimic for the common stare
The love-lit lightning of an angel smile,
That, in my heart's fond hopefulness, I dare
To think is meant *my* sorrows to beguile?
Campaspe! look as beautiful as day,
But from thy beauty take thy love away!"

We must find space for three verses from the Bride's Choice: the thought in the last of them is as beautiful as it is original.

"So lay me in that pleasant grave,
All cover'd o'er with green;
Though wrong'd through lifetime, I would have
My tomb as if I'd been

A happy thing, and sweets were strewn
Upon my sleep, to shew
That I had never sorrow known,
Had never tasted wo!

I like the mockery that flowers
Exhibit on the mound,
Beneath which lie the happy hours
Hearts dreamt, but never found!"

The following is also a sweet specimen of Mr. Wade's taste and feeling:

"*To a Robin.*

November's chilling breeze
Sighs through the leafless trees,
And brings the winter's gloom;
And yet though cold and drear,
I find thee, Robin, here,
As if it all were bloom!

But say, how canst thou bring
Thy little heart to sing
Amid these wither'd bowers?
Thy breath, too, is more sweet
Than when thy trembling feet
Play'd through the summer flowers!

Say, hast thou learn'd, when all
Thy rosy dwellings fall,
To hide in music's strain
Thy blighted hopes, thy fears,
And (if thou hast them) tears
Wept in thy memory's pain?

Sing on, sweet bird!—like thee,
When with the gay, the free,
If sorrow should be mine,
I'll sigh not o'er the hours
Gone, faded like these bowers—
My song shall be like thine!"

We will close our remarks on one poet in the language of another, and assure our readers that this slight volume is full of

"Tender fancies, melancholy thoughts,
And words that move to music."

The author, with some peculiarities both in thought and language, is quite capable to take his place in the foremost rank of our lyric bards; and we are convinced that the present small volume will not only tend to *locate* him there, but recall attention to several of his preceding productions, which we fear have attracted less notice and praise than they justly merited.

Paris and London. By the Author of "the Castilian," "the Exquisites," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THE author of this book has been made the object of some unjust misrepresentations by writers of theatrical and literary criticisms. A Spaniard by birth, and having spent more than half his life in his native country and on the continent, in all our remarks upon his productions we have referred to the singular circumstance of a foreigner's writing so well in English, and upon English topics. As a stranger, he was entitled to our courtesy; and we cannot but censure the spirit which has endeavoured to negative that claim by untruly stating him to have lost it by the long period he has sojourned amongst us.

And we are the more induced to press this fact now, because having on former occasions bestowed due praise upon M. de Trueba's works, and estimated the talents he displayed with the liberality they had a right to command, we are inclined to look to the same cause as some excuse for the errors and offences of the volumes which it is our present duty to notice. Nothing but a greater intimacy with continental manners than with, if not the more moral and virtuous, at any rate the more decorous habits of England, could have led him into the error of supposing that such a performance could be acceptable, and especially to the numerous body of female readers to whom this class of writing is principally addressed. A continual succession of profligate intrigues may be an accurate picture of a certain set in society—but they are most unfit for description. Sentimental and highly wrought scenes of vice may equally pollute and corrupt the mind; but this is no apology for the coarser delineation of sensuality, in language which would not be tolerated in any decent company. We are sorry that a gentleman, as Don Telesforo de Trueba certainly is, should have been betrayed into so gross a mistake, in the belief that he was portraying characters, &c. in a manner similar to those of former times by the pens of a Fielding, Smollett, or Le Sage; forgetting that even Fielding and Smollett, if they had written now, must have conformed to the more refined taste of the age. The plea of exposing crime in all its disgusting reality, in order to make its lesson exemplary, cannot be received—common consent and common feeling have decided against it; and the author who aims at popularity must not fancy he can run his *muck* against the general sense of delicacy and propriety.

Having stated our utter objection to the principle on which this novel is founded, and expressed our unmitigated condemnation of some of the dissolute affairs which it paints, and in terms equally reprehensible, we shall only allot a short space to farther observation.

Story there is none; the only attempt at narrative being an account of the hero's marriage with a girl who, he supposes, has 30,000*l*., —which, however, he never obtains. He runs away from her—hears she is dead—she is resuscitated just as he is going to marry another—no explanation of this mystery given; then he shoots her—is going to be tried and executed—she re-appears alive and well; and this is equally left unexplained: the third volume closes abruptly. The first portion, excepting one or two licentious adventures and some personalities, is principally made up of the *matériel* of the comedy of *the Exquisites;* omitting the love affair, and letting the fashionable career of the city merchant and his wife end in her elopement. The most entertaining parts are rather flippant: the aphorisms common-place imitations of those in *Pelham.* The most amusing we can find are English compliments.

"The day I paid my visit to the Tower I was accompanied by a young French nobleman, the son of the Comte d'H——, and he was highly amused at the pompous gravity of the men who exhibited the curiosities. Every time that a thumb-screw, toe-screw, leg-screw, nose-screw, or any other article, was pointed out to our inspection, with the unavoidable comment, the Frenchman turned to me, and exclaimed—'*Eh voilà encore les Espagnols!*' This was repeated a great number of times, and I was really put to the blush when I considered how very flagitious my countrymen had been. At last we came to a room where something taken from the French was descanted upon, and I of course turned to my companion and returned the compliment, by—'*A votre tour maintenant.*' We had already given several shillings, and were coming away, when I perceived a board stuck up at the door, on which some words were written, to the following purpose, or something like it: 'It is expected that visitors will compliment the warden.' This was the cause of a very ludicrous mistake. My French companion was not very conversant with the English language at the time, and having read the above inscription, most innocently took the thing in a literal sense. Accordingly, while the plump and grave warden was, in becoming silence, expecting the *compliment*, the Frenchman, remarkable for politeness, could not be neglectful of complying with what he conceived was enjoined by the inscription. He made, therefore, a graceful bow to the formal warden, and in broken English began to express his obligations to him for his kindness, &c. &c. The man addressed in this novel way, stared for some time in astonishment. Stanley burst out into laughter—I did little less, and this tended to heighten the effect of the scene. The warden conceiving that it was a joke, and probably not

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being partial to such things, put on a most demure aspect; indeed, he so far increased his natural stock of dull gravity, that he looked formidable. The Frenchman perceiving that his most elegant and well-bred compliments were received not merely with indifference, but had evidently offended, began to stare in turn, and ended, no doubt, by attributing the affair to his inexperience of the English tongue. But his understanding was soon enlightened. I slipped half-a-crown into the hand of the warden, which made him unbend from his rigidity, whilst a few words from Stanley set our companion to rights concerning his strange mistake. '*Diable!*' cried the young nobleman, smiling, '*voilà donc ce que les Anglais appellent des compliments—c'est bon! c'est bon!*' As we retraced our steps, this scene afforded ample matter for comment and mirth. The Frenchman now and then brought out—*ces compliments à l'Anglaise*—as he called them; and I make no doubt that upon his return to Paris, he informed his countrymen that the greatest proof of politeness one can possibly shew an Englishman is to give him money."

We also copy some remarks about literature.

"My much-esteemed friend,—Pursuant to your request that I should inform you of the state of letters in England, I now take up my pen, in order to answer your wishes as far as it lies in my power. The literature of this great nation has closely followed the march of the age, and it is vigorous, rich, and varied; but it has certainly lost in dignity—for it has become an article of trade like any other. The boasted patronage of the English to letters, is a very idle word—there is no branch of human ability that receives less encouragement than literature; and this assertion I make boldly, unhesitatingly. This is a country where a man may obtain wealth so vast by the most degrading offices, as to enable the successors of the industrious being to aspire to any thing they like—for money is paramount to all. A person here may make millions by spinning cotton, or manufacturing blacking for the shoes; and yet people wonder if a literary gentleman should make a few hundreds a-year by his labours. It is at once ludicrous and disgusting to hear a pin-maker or a tallow-chandler speak in a repining tone of the *fortunes* which men devoted to science and letters make; considering, no doubt, that it is almost a sinful waste of money to lay out in food for the mind what ought to be spent in grocery or any other article of consumption. The fact is, that the profession of letters—I speak of it regarded as a *profession*—is the lowest in the scale of human industry, as far as regards profit. Sir Walter Scott, Southey, and two or three others, now at the head of literature, have indeed realised considerable sums; but in no manner sufficient recompense for genius, learning, and a very laborious life spent in their pursuit. That a mighty genius, a man who has so largely contributed to the improvement and amusement of his species—a man who devotes his life to most laborious study, in the acquisition of science and learning, should, by dint of incessant working, industry, and proper conduct, amass a fortune of forty or fifty thousand pounds, is a matter of astonishment; and people will cry, 'How lucky! what a fortunate man he is!' But how many are the numskulls who make twice the money by measuring tape or selling treacle!—and yet no one is either surprised, or repines at their gains. The number of literary men almost starving is very great; and, indeed, with three or four exceptions, no man has obtained an independence by his literary productions. Again I say, that to follow literature as a profession, is an act of madness in the individual; and it argues either insanity or vast presumption, unless, indeed, the said individual wishes merely to *vegetate*. Amateur authors fare much better; for, being already independent of their works, they can afford to take their time—make their bargains—wait, or not publish, just as they think proper: besides, the very fact of their not being in absolute want of money, gives them an importance with booksellers, that their poorer and humbler brethren can by no means obtain."

Ivan Vejeeghen; or, Life in Russia. By Thaddeus Bulgarin. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831, Whittaker and Co.; Edinburgh, Constable.

THIS is a most curious work, and gives a more accurate notion of Russian habits, customs, &c. than some dozen of travels. It is a literary curiosity in every respect; first, for its actual contents, which are quite new; and secondly, as being the first Russian novel. Its accidental are greater than its actual merits. The story is involved, not very interesting, and overlaid with episodes; but the great attraction of the book is in its novelty, and we think we may venture to add, its truth. We are inclined to believe the scenes on the page are one and all actual transcripts from life. The barbarous state of society is vividly depicted; the common vice of bribery in the disposal of justice; the advantage of even slight knowledge, as shewn in the superiority of the Jews, who manage almost all the business and engross all the property; the feudal state of the great land-owners; the ignorance, and the prejudices, seem to throw us back some centuries in our own history, and the progress of civilisation seems wonderful: how many and how gradual are the steps which it has to take! But we must now proceed to extracts, endeavouring to make them as miscellaneous as possible.

"At last the day of the fête arrived. A number of guests came in the morning. Carriages, calashes, breetchkas and koleemashkas, occupied all the space between the stables and farm-yard. Almost every family brought along with it a score of horses; six in their own carriage; four in the breetchka, containing the male and female servants, trunks, and band-boxes; and a pair in the koleemashka, which contained the bedding packed up in large square chests, and the cooking utensils for the road stowed among hay. Single persons came with six horses, and very few with four. Some families came with a still greater number of these animals, as a badge of the importance of their owners; and I really do not think it amiss that Mr. Gologordoffsky should have contrived to feed them with bulrushes, husks, and weeds. This custom of going a visiting with a whole stud at the expense of another, has the same consequence to the entertainer as the inroad of a Tartar horde; and if the landholders did not prepare this forage for guests, which is nothing but the shadow for the substance, two country balls would eat up their whole yearly stock of hay and oats. But as no assembly can come together without cattle, the main point is to know how to get them decently off their hands. After morning prayers, breakfast was served up, or, properly speaking, dram-drinking, as the ladies ate but little, and the gentlemen drank more than they ate. Spirits of different colours and tastes were unceasingly circulated, till the decanters were emptied. Then the gentlemen walked into the garden to join the ladies. In the mean time the cloth was laid in the dining-room, and, as fresh guests were continually arriving, four lackeys continued to serve up spirits and whets in the garden. At two o'clock in the afternoon, when dinner was on the table, the musicians, led by the kapel-meister, stationed themselves on the flight of steps leading to the garden, and played a Polish air. This was a signal for dinner, and all the guests assembled in the principal alley. Mr. Gologordoffsky offered his arm to his most distinguished guest, the wife of the government marshal. The marshal himself led up Mrs. Gologordoffsky, and in this way, two couples in a row, they moved into the dining-room. The other guests also followed in couples, that is to say, the ladies alongside of the gentlemen. It is true that Mr. Gologordoffsky managed to place the most respectable guests higher, notwithstanding they came into the hall later. Before they were seated, he called them out of the crowd according to their rank, and begged them to occupy the place nearest to the landlady, arranging these movements with various jokes and proverbs. The dinner was luxurious, and, although more than a hundred sat down at table, there was abundance of provisions. With regard to wine, the following arrangement was adopted. The common table-wine, that is to say French wine, was placed in decanters before the guests. The best wines of different qualities were carried about and poured out under the direction of the marshalek and stud-master. The first with three footmen on the right side of the table, the other with the same number of assistants on the left. On each side, the first lackey held bottles of the very best wine, the second with a middle quality, and the third with the most common, appertaining to the class of best wines with only one name. The marshalek and stud-master, by a previous understanding, took their cue from Mr. Gologordoffsky's style of address, what sort of wine to pour out for each guest: for instance, when he said to a guest, 'I beg you will drink, sir; do honour to my wine, I assure you it is worth trying,' then they poured out the first sort. 'Drink a little wine; it really is not bad,' denoted the second sort. 'You don't drink any: hey, pour out wine to the gentleman,' marked the third sort. It appears that Mr. Gologordoffsky knew perfectly the tastes of his guests, for they all drank a decent portion, and regularly complied with the landlord's invitation. Besides, I reckon Mr. Gologordoffsky's behaviour very commendable: why treat a guest with what he is not acquainted, and when he is as well satisfied with the name as with the quality of his wine? Some drink Champagne and Tokay, because they find that these wines please their taste; others merely in order to have it to say, 'We have drunk champagne and tokay!' Who does not know the proverb, 'Do not throw your pearls before swine?' At the end of the dinner a huge goblet was brought in, adorned with coats of arms and inscriptions. Mr. Gologordoffsky poured wine into it, drank to the health of his spouse, and with loud cries of 'Vivat!' with peals of music and flourishing of trumpets emptied it, and bowing to his next neighbour, added, 'Into your hands.' Exactly with the same ceremonial the cup went round from hand to hand. At last, when all the party refused to drink more, with the significant observation, 'that the day was not over yet,' the landlord rose, all the guests following his example,

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and each of them taking one or two ladies by the arm, walked away tottering into the garden, where coffee and sweetmeats awaited them. Hardly had the gentry left the dining-room, when the lackeys belonging to the house and to the guests, the musicians and maid-servants, rushed in like harpies upon the remains of the feast, and without listening to the hoarse voices of the marshalek and stud-master, tore every thing to pieces, and emptied the bottles to the very lees. In the kitchen the greatest confusion reigned while the servants got their dinner. Without the least ceremony they helped themselves, took possession of the pots and pans, and satisfied their appetite which had been sharpened by the journey. * *

"After dinner some of the old gentlemen went to repose, the greater part of the guests seated themselves around card-tables, where some experienced hands with mere amateurs sat down to faro. All those gentlemen who during dinner had made loud complaints of bad times, and on the ruin of the corn trade, produced at the table gold, silver, and heaps of assignats. Some of them having lost their last kopeek, in the height of their frenzy sold their horses, equipages, cattle, and the copper kettles of their distilleries, and hoping to regain these, lost still more. * * *

"Almost all the guests made themselves beastly drunk. They sent away the musicians into another room, and began with declarations of friendship among the gentlemen, embracing and kissing one another, and promising to forget all quarrels and mutual differences. The ladies were called as witnesses to these reconciliations, and were obliged to become sureties for the fulfilment of the promises on both sides. On the well-known toast, 'Let us love one another,' (Kochaymy się) being given, the guests drank a full bumper, falling on their knees before one another, or embracing. At last they returned to the ladies, and began to drink every one of their healths from their respective shoes. A gentleman falling on his knees before a lady, pulled off her shoe, and, after that, respectfully kissed her foot and her hands, placed his glass in the shoe, and in some cases poured his wine into it, drank it out, and handed it to another."

The mischief of the constant use of ardent spirits, and the inevitable fraud to which temptation and opportunity lead, are strongly shewn in the following scene:

"Moses traded in the house, in wines, porter, and provisions for the table, groceries, Dutch herrings, cheese, and, in fine, all articles pertaining to gastronomy. But as a Jew cannot go on without dealing in spirits, in addition to his other business he kept a tap for peasants and the lower sorts of people. The retailing of spirits is a most indispensable thing for a Jew in the Polish provinces. By this means he procures for the tenth part of their real value all sorts of provisions, and keeps his house for almost nothing. Besides that, by means of the *vodky*, he picks out of the peasants and servants all the secrets, all the wants, all the connexions and relations of their masters, which makes the Jews the real rulers of the actual landholders, and subjects to Jewish control all affairs and objects in which the precious metals and assignats act a part. In real fact, the landholders are merely gratified with the clink of the cash and the look of the notes, while the Jew is the real owner. In Moses' writing there lay three huge books or registers of debts. The first contained the debts of the fair sex, contracted in Reefka's shop; the second held the debts of the landholders, or of such men in general as were called *pans*,* for eatables and drinkables: the third book contained the debts of unfortunate peasants, who, coming into town to sell the produce of their land from necessity, kept only as much money as would pay their master's dues, and drank the balance, besides running into debt. In order to make the reader understand in what manner the Jews go to work with the peasants, I shall mention how Moses balanced one of his accounts, of which I was an eye-witness. The peasant alluded to came into town the night before market-day with two loads, the one of rye, the other of wheat, and brought two cows with him for sale. He put up for the night at Moses' house. The wily Jew, seeing that the farmer was sitting down to supper with three of his companions, treated him with a glass of his best and strongest vodky. The peasant was uncommonly pleased with this beverage, and the Jew gave him another glass for nothing. When the peasant's head grew light, he ordered a *kvart*† of the same spirits to be given him, for which he would pay. The Jew only waited for this—he knew his guest's free and open temper; and hardly had the peasant drank this, when he sent to acquaint some of his other companions, and invited some well-known town-drunkards who had a particular knack at insinuating themselves into the confidence of strangers. In proportion as the senses of his guests grew stupified, the Jew added water to the spirits; and, though the people at table perceived this, and gave vent to their dissatisfaction in gross abuse, the Jew patiently bore their upbraidings, and continued his operations till the greater part of his visitors fell asleep on the spot, and the rest managed to stagger into the street. Next day, when the peasant, tormented with a headach, went into the stable-yard where his horses and cows stood, the Jew demanded payment for the debts which he had accumulated in the course of some months. The peasant earnestly begged him to defer a settlement till another time; but the Jew, being a good psychologist, knew the rule—'*in corpore sano mens sana*'—as well as its converse, and would not agree to a postponement, wishing to take advantage of the stupefaction of his guest's senses with the fumes of drink, in consequence of his yesterday's intemperance and the weak state of his mental faculties. The Jew produced his book of debts written in Hebrew character, took a piece of chalk, placed the peasant on the opposite side of the table, and turning over the leaves of the book, began the settlement: 'Do you recollect,' said the Jew, 'how you lived here three days when you came in with loads before the summer St. Nicholas?' 'How should not I recollect it?' answered the peasant. 'The first day you took in the morning a half-kvart of vodky—is not that correct?' 'It is so.' 'Now, here I shall note it;' and he made a mark with the chalk on the table. 'Afterwards when your brother-in-law came with Nicetas, you took another *kvart*;' and, at this word the Jew drew two marks. 'At dinner you took again two *kvarterkas*,'‡ and the Jew again drew two marks, without regarding the difference of the measure. 'After dinner,'—but the peasant, who was all this time scratching his head and rubbing his forehead, interrupted the Jew, 'Paney Arendaryoo!' (an honorary appellation given by the Lithuanian peasants to the Jews), 'I really have not strength to go on; give me some vodky, for I have an insufferable headach.' This was just what the Jew wanted. 'Hey, Sorka! Reefka!' cried out the Jew, 'give the Hospodar a dram.' (Hospodar is a title which the Jews, in return, give the peasants when they want to cheat them.) The peasant drank the fill of a large tumbler, making wry faces and shrugging his shoulders, and the business took another turn. 'After dinner,' continued the Jew, 'you took half a *kvart*.' 'Right.' The Jew made another mark. 'But when Ivan came in, you again took half a *kvart*.' 'No, I did not take it, but Ivan got it,' answered the peasant. 'Very well, you did not take it,' added the Jew, but in the meantime added another mark. 'In the evening you took half a kvart.' 'Right.' The Jew drew another mark. 'And in the morning you got one.' 'No, I did not,' answered the peasant. 'You did not get it,' said the Jew, but nevertheless drew another score. 'At dinner, next day, you took half a kvart.' 'No, only a kvarterka,' answered the peasant. 'Very well, let it be only a kvarterka,' returned the Jew, but drew a mark denoting the measure of half a kvart, which contains in itself four kvarterkas. In this way was the reckoning continued: during all the time, Moses' daughters, Sorka and Reefka, kept plying the peasant with vodky, and the Jew went on scoring; it mattered not whether the peasant agreed or disagreed with the items marked against him, and making no distinction of measures when they were less than half a kvart, but adding scores when the measure was more. At last, when the peasant's head grew giddy and his eyes dizzy, the Jew pulled out of his bosom a piece of chalk with a split in it, like two blades of a knife, and with this double instrument proceeded to draw two scores, in place of one, at a time. When the table was all marked over, the Jew called in, as witnesses to the settlement, some of the peasant's neighbours, and they, after summing up the scores, reduced them into money; the unfortunate man had to give up to the Jew his best cow and all his wheat, although he was actually due, perhaps, only the tenth part of what he paid. Almost in the same manner Moses behaved to the landholders; only more artfully, and, in some measure, more delicately. However, the double chalk, over-measure in wines, &c., were also made use of in his reckonings with the gentry, as well as with the peasants. The Jew, knowing that Polish *pans* and Russian officers do not like to keep account-books, and are quite disgusted with long reckonings, used to fix upon a favourable time for his views, and pounce upon his debtors at the precise moment when they were either in a very merry or in an extremely low mood. Moses' wife, Reefka, who also sold goods upon credit, and in place of interest received from the landholders' wives whole tubs of butter and coopfuls of domestic fowls, chose such a time for settling with her debtors, when they were in the greatest want of credit; for instance, before balls, elections, and marriages. In this sort of trade it was impossible to cheat by the same means as in the sale of wines and spirits: but the wily Reefka, taking advantage of the necessities and vanity of her customers, gave them short measure and short weight, charged a double price for every thing, and, besides that contrived to squeeze presents from them, under the pretence that she herself got the goods upon credit, and was obliged to pay interest. Besides that, her trade brought her this advantage, that, by means of their wives, Moses

* A term synonymous with what *gentleman* was formerly in English, or *miles* in the Latin of the middle ages.

† A Polish kvart is about a pint, English measure.

‡ A kvarterka is the eighth-part of a kvart.

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had a claim upon the husbands, that is, on the pecuniary speculations of the landholders. They were even glad that, for silk-stuffs, and laces, for wine, rum, porter, sugar, and coffee, they could pay according to their pleasure, in wheat, flax, hemp, or other agricultural produce; seeing that the Jew, on these occasions, would purchase the remainder of their stock for ready money, at a valuation also fixed by the Jews, and commonly for the half of what the articles would bring at the regular markets and shipping ports. The landlords in these provinces have, in general, no idea of business, and receive their commercial information solely from the Jews. Throughout a whole government, there are only a few persons who take in newspapers, and they merely for notices of law-suits, and for the convenience of reference, if the conversation should turn upon politics."

[To be concluded in our next.]

HOPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

[Second Notice.]

HAVING, in few words, described the general nature of this work, and stated the impossibility of affording it a complete analysis in a journal like ours, it behoves us to do as much justice as we can to its extraordinary character, by the only other means in our power—that of extracting such portions as are best calculated to exhibit the author's views upon interesting points, and the ability with which he has treated them, to the public. The following passages present such a cluster of striking facts, and place matters of popular curiosity in so strong a light, that we are induced to copy them. The text of the first is, that "*although every organ has its definite prior causes, every organ seems not yet to have its definite later purposes.*" Mr. Hope says—

"Notwithstanding we generally find in most animals, for the peculiar purposes wanted, the peculiar definite means also provided, we often find the means not sufficiently developed to produce the purposes seemingly intended. Thus there are many brutes which with the rudiments of legs and wings never have these abortive organs sufficiently developed to walk or fly. Cetacea never acquire anterior extremities sufficiently elongated to move on dry land; and in pinguins the pinions do not develop sufficiently to buoy them up in air. We must, however, suppose that even in these animals those parts already answer certain purposes of utility and benefit, unknown to us, though they cannot yet answer those ultimate more evident purposes for which, according to our ideas, they alone seem destined. Nor is in animals each peculiar organ yet so pointedly destined to a peculiar purpose, but what in different species of entities the same sort of organs serve for different purposes, and different species of organs serve for the same purposes. Ascidia, for instance, through their gills take in both air and solid food: fishes only through their gills take in air, and leave to the mouth the task of taking in the more substantial liquids and more solid food. Reptiles, beasts, and birds, on the contrary, take in not only solid and liquid food, but even air through the mouth, and only leave the contraction of the gills, which form the eustachian tube and ear, to take in the vibrations of sound. In many mollusca of the rete mucosum the elongation forms sails which, puffed up by the wind, assist the animal to cleave the waves. In many insects this rete mucosum forms wings able to buoy them up in air. In fishes this rete mucosum again forms the fins, and in certain of the quadrupeds called bats, it equally forms the wings. In fishes and in birds the nether extremity or tail elongates in a rudder to steer their course through water or air. In the beaver it becomes a mason's trowel; and in the monkey a fifth hand, with which to grasp branches and boughs. These are shifts of nature, originating in the imperfections of this world, which probably in a higher and more perfect globe will no longer be necessary."

This is very consistent with the author's hypothesis of the creation and the gradual perfecting of substances from fluid and inorganic into bodies organised, vegetable, and animal: what he adds respecting organs of sense in brutes more acute than in human beings, is a forcible illustration of natural history, and some of it particularly applicable to the ourang outangs, or whatever they may be, now shewn in Piccadilly.

"From the peculiar construction of brutes those of each species seem to have the organs of some peculiar sense more developed and more acute in its faculties than are the corresponding organs and faculties of man, precisely because each species of brute still has the organs of the peculiar sense it excels in, less interfered with by the organs of other different senses, and by the later organs of the mind, the formation of which draws off materials from the formation and finish of those of the external sense,—because the brute not yet having the materials of organs of sense and mind so much divided and diffused between different sorts of organs, those of each sort which they possess seem susceptible of receiving impressions more forcible and more lasting. External modifications which glide over the sense and mind of man unperceived, penetrate deeply into those of brutes, and make on them a profound impression. Thus the inferior brutes seem more acutely to feel the impressions of electricity: most of the higher animals seem more acutely to feel certain impressions of smell, proceeding from the elements that enter greatly in their first composition, and that are most necessary for their further support: many birds have organs of hearing more delicate: and certain of the higher beasts and birds have organs of sight more acute and more quick. The hawk sees in the daytime objects more minute and more distant than man sees; the owl and the cat see better at night; and the monkey seems to possess organs of sight at all times susceptible of impressions more intense and more rapid. It is through these only that he is led to perform those movements, which we take for intentional mimicry. In general, of all brutes the higher classes of monkeys seem in internal organs of intellect, and in external organs of voluntary action, to approach nearest to human beings. The baboon already can stand and walk erect, and resembles man most in his gait and actions. Still as his mind within develops not yet in organs and faculties of reason, his body without develops not yet in those organs and faculties of voluntary action, which only grow out of organs and faculties of abstraction. His body still is disfigured by an enormous belly; his face, whether seen in front or in profile, still has features little marked, little distinct, little expressive. His extremities are still deprived of divaricating muscles. He cannot bend his arms separately either backward or forward. Able only with his limbs to hug, he cannot embrace or encircle an object. In his hand he cannot oppose the thumb to the fingers. Allowed, consequently, only to grasp firmly a cylindrical body, a stick, he can neither point to a distant object with a single finger, hold a ball, inflict a pinch, nor play on the piano or harp. His legs and feet labour under corresponding inabilities. Able to crouch, to fold his nether limbs together, he cannot divaricate, expand, or cross them, so as to bestride a horse or cut a caper. His feet have no instep, no heel, not even a sole capable of resting fully on ground. He is more fit for clambering on trees than for walking on a plane surface. Thence only when secure and at age, he assumes the erect posture of man, as an occasional indulgence. As soon as pursued, he forsakes his more imposing attitude, drops the man, falls on all fours, and scampers away the brute. Of powers of voice he has none. As if afraid to render the resemblance to man too great, and too liable to confusion, by giving him what the parrot already possesses, nature has denied him that boon. He can only bustle, grin, and chatter: in vain does he move, act, dress, and eat like man. If he attempts even to cry; the air driven out from his lungs is again lost in his larynx—he remains mute. Not so well proportioned, or so handsome as man, he labours under the additional disadvantage that other brutes are only in their forms and faculties compared with lower brutes, to which they appear superiore while he, from his near approach to man, is compared with man only, and therefore appears inferior, deficient, and positively ugly."

The ensuing chapters are most interesting; and we proceed to quote them without comment.

"*Gradations in the superiority of the natural organisation of human beings over that of brutes.* I have already early in this work stated that even Genesis, so far from opposing, favours the belief that besides the human race, of which the Bible gives the history, as having been the most favoured by Providence, there arose other inferior human races, wholly distinct from the same; that peculiar regions had, like their peculiar vegetable and brute races, their peculiar races also of human beings, particularly suited to them; and, in proportion as they were more particularly suited to them, in the same proportion also less suited to other regions, again very different from the former in climate, in temperature, in soil, and in situation. In fact, we cannot help supposing that, if in every climate and region the first component elements of human beings have been diffused through the atmosphere, and spread over the earth in sufficient quantities, as they seem to have been, afterwards to support the number of human beings which we actually have seen covering this earth, these elements must at first, and while yet unappropriated to such beings, have spontaneously, and without miracle, been made in different regions to combine into the first embryos, and into the later successive developments of more than one pair; and that it only was after of human beings, as of vegetables and of brutes, a certain number had been thus spontaneously combined into primary human individuals, that the elements of such beings became in their unappropriated state sufficiently rare and distant, no longer to be combinable into new individuals except through the attraction, medium, and suction, more forcible and more distantly acting, of prior human beings already existing. This is, in fact, the only natural, and thus rational, way of accounting for existence of the number of races of human beings, wholly different from each other, and each peculiarly adapted to the peculiar regions and climates in which they seem indigenous, which

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still propagate on this globe. These races, so different from each other, and each so peculiarly suited to the peculiar regions and climates in which they are found—so peculiarly ill adapted to other regions very different from those former ones—cannot have originated in a single couple, cannot have had their primitive nature, physical as well as moral, only subsequently altered by the later difference of temperature, soil, and mode of living which they experienced. Of this single couple the various descendants cannot well have acquired the peculiarities, internal as well as external, some of woolly-haired negroes, others of lank-haired Calmoucks and Malays, others again of copper-coloured Americans, as different from each other in their inmost organisation as in their outermost hue—in their mental capabilities and disposition as in their bodily frame and constitution; for if the subsequent deviations from their original abode and mode of living had alone been capable of producing in them such subsequent deviations from the original type, other still later returns to the original situation and climate, would also alone again have been able by degrees to bring them back to their original type; and of this occurrence we have no example; this event never happens. No race of negroes has ever in any of the regions which seem peculiarly appropriate to the production of whites, by any number of intervening gradations been, through the mere influence of the climate, the temperature, the mode of life, the diet, or any other cause short of the repeated crossing of breeds—the repeated combinations of elements of the black with elements of the white species—been made to pass over into a white race. Without that condition, even in Lapland negroes still only propagate negroes, and on the coast of Guinea Samoyedes still only propagate Samoyedes, as long as the current of propagation is not entirely stopped; for a race transported so far from its natural home, to a region so very different in climate and in soil, after a time no longer propagates at all, except by mixing with a race more suited to the country; becomes entirely extinct in the first or second generation. For many centuries African blacks have constantly been imported in Turkey and in Greece, and still new importations are in those regions as much needed as ever to keep up the breed: no negroes have taken root in the soil and been able to continue the succession of domestic slaves; and it is only the races indigenous in latitudes between the opposite extremes of heat and of cold, that, less distant from either, can by degrees accustom themselves to both. Moreover, if all the various races of men now existing had originated in a single couple, there would have remained only a single original artificial and conventional language, at least wherever that language had not, by a miraculous confusion of tongues, been subsequently made to ramify into different dialects. As races remained in their modes and manners more in a state of mere nature, and less remodified by art, they would have retained the artificial and conventional language of the primitive couple with least alteration; they would to the last have understood each other better. But the reverse of this is precisely what takes place. In the widest regions, the races most savage, least emerging from a state of mere nature, are precisely those of which the smallest tribes, different from each other, each have their artificial and conventional language, however poor and restricted, most different in its very roots from that of each of the others; most unintelligible to each of the others; most strongly proving that in its origin it was different from that of each of the others, and that of course the origin of each tribe itself was different and distinct from that of each of the others. It is only as races, by spreading more, and becoming more civilised, approach and blend more with each other, and more interchange inventions, that with these inventions they also more borrow from each other more of the representative signs or words by which their ideas, notions, and possessions, are represented—that their languages, different in their first roots, in their later superstructures become more assimilated. Some savans that have yielded to the necessity of recognising a number of human races, distinct and different from each other, have yet limited the number of these: Linnæus to five, Dumenil to six, Cuvier to three, Desmoulins to eleven, Bory de St. Vincent to fifteen. But it is clear that these limitations cannot be founded on just grounds; that as soon as from the consideration that every region would, as well as of vegetable and brute productions, of human races also have its appropriate sorts, produced by the very indigenous elements of the region, and consequently peculiarly adapted to the same, and as soon as we prove by experience that such must have in reality arisen, we must also believe that in every region these have arisen in proportion to the richness of the atmosphere and soil; that thus, while in soils and atmospheres very poor and sterile, primary individuals arising spontaneously out of the elements of the soil would only have arisen at such great distances from each other, out of elements so differently modified, and in such small numbers, as to render it possible of their later descendants to pronounce which could and which could not have arisen out of the same primeval couple, in other soils and atmospheres very rich and fertile, primary individuals arising spontaneously out of the elements of the soil, would have arisen so near each other, out of elements so resembling each other in their modifications, and in such great numbers, as to render it impossible of their later descendants to pronounce which must have arisen out of the same identical primeval couple, and which need only have arisen out of some other primeval couple resembling that first. We may thus suppose, that on this globe every nook and corner containing a sufficiency of the elements necessary to combine into the first embryos of human beings, has, where these were approximated, produced out of them the sort of beings suited to the soil and climate; that if there were not elements sufficient to support and increase all those individuals first formed, some have again subsequently been for want of support condemned to perish, and that others have been enabled to increase and to propagate. As of monkeys the higher sorts seem only the last and highest of brutes, produced prior to human beings, so of human beings themselves some species seem only the rude sketch of that ideal which nature has reached in others; but what may at first sight seem extraordinary is, that precisely in the latitudes in which naturally arise the highest of brutes—the ourang-outang, or wild man of the mountains—namely, the regions of Austral Asia—seem precisely to have been those in which the human race itself remained lowest and least perfect in body and in mind: as if in those regions nature had wasted so much of its richest elements on the brute creation as to have had but little left to expend on the still higher human race. Of the different human races once spontaneously produced, many have since probably again been entirely destroyed, whether in their first infancy or at later subsequent periods, by the fury of the elements, the ravenousness of wild beasts, or the rage of other human beings themselves, of which the higher races, as they more extend and want more room and substance, generally end by destroying the lower tribes, and ultimately leave no trace of these. Of the latter, however, there still are enough left to justify my hypothesis, and of these I shall describe a few by way of example."

But these we must defer till another week.

Few Words on many Subjects, grave and light, in Law, Politics, Religion, Language, and Miscellanies. By a Recluse. 12mo. pp. 294. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

Our elderly gentleman, for such he must be, is rather an alarmist;—we are all going to rack and ruin, and every thing now-a-days is wrong. One thing, we own, is very wrong indeed—the publication of a volume like this, whose opinions consist of obsolete prejudices, and whose discoveries are matters of general knowledge. We think our Recluse might have spared his gloomy predictions respecting his native language: with regard to right and wrong pronunciation, there can be only one rule, that of general use. On what else was the language originally formed? Custom may be "the law of fools," yet we all know that the law has a strong influence, and that the fools are many in number. If all our Recluse's discoveries are on a par with the one he makes regarding Hebrew names, they can be considered as no better than mares' nests. The meaning of the names surmised about, is plainly given in the English Concordance; for instance, the name of Elijah is obviously *God* (is) *my Jehovah*. The discovery, therefore, of the name of God being part of such of the prophets' names as end in *jah*, will be new only to those who are utterly ignorant of the subject.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MESSRS. LANDERS: THE NIGER.

Preparations are making for the publication of Messrs. Landers' interesting journey, which we trust, therefore, to see speedily in print. It will, as we have already mentioned, be a perfect route; for John Lander's notes, happily preserved, supply the lacunæ in his brother's journal, which was lost. In all the interior the travellers were treated with kindness, and it was only within twelve or fifteen days of the coast that they experienced the hostility of the natives; no doubt originating in their being all engaged in the slave-trade, and dreading the interference of Europeans for the prevention of that detestable traffic.

After penetrating overland to Boussa, from Badagry, they remained there some time; and then ascended the river, during the dry season, (for they left Boussa on the 23d of June), to Youri, which took them five days. Here they stayed about a month, and might readily have gone to Saccatoo and Timbuctoo, had their instructions permitted. But as their object was to ascertain the debouchement of the Niger into the sea, they only waited for its flow on the setting in of the rains, and again descended to Youri in four days, and arrived, we believe, on the 2d of August. The river, previously crowded, rather than studded, with islands, and with its channel so dried up that it might be crossed without a boat at several places, was now a wide sheet of current, uninterrupted by islands, ledges, or other obstacles, and admit-

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ting of free navigation. From Youri our countrymen embarked on their downward way in a boat and a canoe; hiring the inhabitants on the banks, as occasion required, to row them. They thus passed in safety to Kirree, a very considerable town, and, as it would seem, the centre mart of the slave-trade. Below this, it appears, there is no general government: every town has its own independent king; and the natives above Kirree were so well aware of the predatory and ferocious habits of these chieftains, that it was with some difficulty they could be prevailed upon to man the boats. Nor were their fears unfounded. John Lander had dropped down in the canoe, when he was assailed by a squadron of Eboe (not, as printed in our first accounts, Hibboo) boats, several of which ran against his small vessel, which the third shock sent to the bottom, with its stores, instruments, and journals. The native boats in these parts are large and powerful; some of them rowing forty or fifty oars. Richard Lander, following his brother, found him a prisoner to these savages; and was himself also taken, and both together carried back to Kirree. Fortunately for them, the King of Brassé, a territory lying almost at the mouth of the river, persuaded their captors to commit them to him, to be conveyed to the coast, and such price or ransom obtained for them as he could negotiate.

After the loss of their chronometers, &c. the observations were of necessity not so correct as before. We understand, however, that from Boussa to the sea the course of the river is almost due south. At Kirree, or Eboe, which is two days lower down, it was apparently six miles in breadth from bank to bank, within which it was hardly confined: the flood was higher than any year remembered by the natives. But it is an important fact, that the height of the waters during the ordinary wet season would enable a steam-boat to ascend to Boussa! a prospect of prodigious consequence to the future commerce and civilisation of Africa.

Funda, it seems, instead of being on the right bank of the river as you descend, and inland, as laid down in our maps, is on the left bank, and situated on the Shary, a considerable way above its junction with the Niger. The new map to be constructed on the Landers' observations has, we hear, been intrusted to the very able direction of Captain Becher, to whose talents and ability we naturally look for a great accession to our geographical knowledge in this respect.

The sides of the river are often clothed with thick jungle; other parts and the islands, when habitable, are rather populous. There can be little doubt that the streams which flow into the Bight of Benin, and also the old Calabar river, are portions of the delta formed by the Niger, as well as the branch to Biafra descended by our travellers. The tide flows up a good way.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq. V. P. in the chair. The first paper read was a description of the *Polygala amara*, now first added to the British Flora, by Mr. David Don, the Society's librarian. This species, which has been hitherto considered in this country as a variety of *Polygala vulgaris*, Mr. Don has ascertained to be the *amara* of Linnæus: it abounds at Cuxton and Cobham in Kent, and has also been observed in Surrey and Wilts: as it appears to be peculiar to the chalk districts, it is perhaps not uncommon in England. The plant is only to be recognised at first sight by the great size of its lower leaves, which very much resemble those of the box. The second paper was, observations on *Naticina* and *Dentalium*, two genera of molluscous animals, by the Rev. Lansdown Guilding; and the third was a Supplement to the Synopsis of British *Pneumon Obranchs Mollusca*, published in the last volume of the Society's Transactions, by J. G. Jeffreys. The paper includes several new species. The meetings were then adjourned for the vacation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. LUBBOCK, Esq. in the chair, succeeded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who entered the room in the course of the evening. This was the last meeting of the session; and certainly the variety and value of the communications which were read, formed a strong negative to the opinions of those philosophers who argue for the "decline of science in England." The first paper was on the tides in the port of London, by Mr. Lubbock. The author remarks, that the tides in the River Thames are remarkably regular: whether the moon's declination be N. or S., no change takes place in tides generally; and it appears that there is high water at the same instant on the coast of Portugal and the northern shores of America. The attention of the meeting was directed to a communication from Sir James South, on the extensive atmosphere of Mars. This paper was not read, as several of Sir James's calculations were unfinished. Two papers by Snow Harris, Esq. were read; the first was on the efficacy of screens in arresting the progress of magnetic influence. The author shews that every substance susceptible of magnetic change can operate as a screen; the screening power being directly as the mass and susceptibility of magnetic change. The second paper was on the effects of masses of iron in controlling the attracting force of a magnet: the author here endeavours to shew, that in the attracting phenomena observed between a magnet and a mass of iron, the former is to be considered rather as the *patient* than as the *agent*. The following are the titles of the other papers read. On re-crossed vision, by John Fearn, Esq. On the sources and nature of the powers on which the circulation of the blood depends, by Dr. Philip. Experiments on the length of the second's pendulum, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, by Captain Sabine. On the friction and resistance of fluids, by J. Rennie, Esq. On a new register pyrometer, for measuring the expansion of solids, by W. Daniels, Esq. On the determination of the thickness of solid substances not otherwise measurable by magnetic deviation, by the Rev. W. Scoresby. On the influence of light, by John Burton, Esq. A critical and experimental inquiry into the relation subsisting between nerve and muscle, by Dr. W. C. Henry. And on the thermostat, or heat-governor, a self-acting physical apparatus for regulating temperature, constructed by Dr. Ure, the author of the paper: great practical utility promises to result from this invention.

At the close of the meeting, his Royal Highness, in a neat valedictory address, took leave of the fellows until next session; he trusted he had done every thing in his power to promote the ends of the Society, and acknowledged how much he had been assisted by the co-operation of the fellows in general. A variety of works of interest were presented.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, president, in the chair. There were presented to the Society, a curious model of the Rat'h or car used in the procession of Juggernaut; a Burmese title, or patent of nobility, consisting of a few words stamped on a leaf of gold: the title, when it is granted, is read in open court, and the leaf is bound on the forehead of the person upon whom the dignity has been conferred. Other donations in literature and the arts were made to the Society. W. H. C. Plowden, Esq., late president of the select committee at Canton, was admitted as a resident member of the Society. The paper read was a translation, by G. Knox, Esq., of a narrative of the ceremonial used at the introduction of a Burmese priest, with notes by the author and Dr. Morrison. The Society's annual dinner was appointed for this day three weeks, under the auspices of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.

LITERARY FUND, GREENWICH.

THE attendance at the Literary Fund Greenwich dinner on Wednesday was less numerous than usual—the Court, Horticultural *fête*, and other circumstances, having prevented many of the friends of the charity from being present. After the business of the day, however, which consisted in the grant of relief to several literary men, whose works rank high with the public, but who had nevertheless been reduced to poverty and distress, the committee and company sat down to the dinner provided by Mr. Lovegrove—one of those dinners which can only be partaken of at Greenwich, and at a particular season. On the removal of the cloth, grace was sung by Messrs. Hawes, Goulden, * * * and two of the pupils of the first-mentioned musician, in an admirable style; and the same vocal party continued throughout the evening to delight us with glees and songs of the most beautiful kind. The usual loyal and benevolent toasts were drank: among them the memory of Lord Torrington, who of late years so frequently presided at these anniversaries, was not forgotten.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

A VIEW of this splendid collection has more than justified the high expectations we formed and expressed concerning it, as we heard of particular pictures being contributed by their liberal owners. It is indeed a noble and gratifying sight; containing 172 of the finest productions of art in the world. Our native school may well rejoice in such an exhibition—it is full of lessons of the deepest interest, and of a value never to be forgotten. The majority of the works belong to the highest class of paintings, though there are a sufficient number of the Dutch and Flemish masters to display the *ne plus ultra* of technical execution. But, with all our admiration for Teniers, Metzu, Frank Hals, Ostade, Jan Steen, &c. &c., we are glad to see that examples of superior minds predominate; for it cannot have escaped observation, that our young artists have shewn an almost general disposition to follow the former rather than the latter. Let them repair to the British Gallery, and gaze upon G. Poussin, Paul Veronese, Raphael, Titian, Guido, Luca Giordano, Salvator, Guercino, Claude, Carlo Maratti, Murillo, &c. till they feel the inspiration their glorious performances must excite in every breast alive to the art. These will elevate them; and from Cuyp, Berghem,

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Rubens, Rembrandt, our own Reynolds, Guardi, Hobbima, Eglon Vanderneer, Greuze, Vander Meulen, Watteau, Both, of all of whom there are superb specimens, they may see almost every possible variety of what the painter's talents can accomplish.

To this Gallery his Majesty has graciously sent no fewer than thirty-five *chefs-d'œuvre* of the first masters; and the royal example has been most patriotically followed by many noblemen and gentlemen distinguished for their love and patronage of the fine arts.

Among the works which particularly struck us, either for their great merit, or for some peculiar qualities unexpected in their authors, we can now only mention—9. Lady with a fan, and 55. Moonlight, with Shipping, Cuyp; 12. Landscape, Hobbima; 14. the Rialto, and other pieces, by Guardi; 18. Landscape — Setting Sun, 46. Landscape — Market People, 47. Triumph of Silenus, 136. Christ triumphant, Rubens; 48. the Marriage Feast, 165. Immaculate Conception, Murillo; 53. a Woman, Rembrandt; 63. a Lady at her Toilette, E. Vanderneer; 66. Portrait, Frank Hals; 69. a Girl, Greuze; 81. Moonlight, 112. View on a River, Vanderneer; 83. Salvator Mundi, Carlo Maratti; 90. an Army on march, Vander Meulen; 93. Virgin and Child, Guido; 102. Fête, Watteau; 113. Figures shooting at a Target, Teniers; 6. Snake in the Grass, 133. Portrait of Sir W. Hamilton, &c. Reynolds, and also a Caricature; 119. Landscape, Both; 141. Dædalus, &c., D. Fetti; 145. Head of a Cow, Berghem; 154. a Cabinet, Hentz, which, with the Guercinos, Giordanos, &c., are remarkable either for their extraordinary worth, or for their curiosity. But the whole exhibition is so admirable, that to select even the highest is an invidious task.

THE HOLY FAMILY AND ANGELS: BY RAPHAEL.

A CABINET gem by this "divine" master has been brought to this country from France, and is now to be seen in Piccadilly. It is 22½ inches by 16; and was, it is stated, in Bonaparte's time valued at £40,000 sterling!! It differs in some particulars from the great picture in the Museum, which tends, besides its intrinsic and exquisite qualities, to confirm its authenticity. As this group has been engraved, we need not enter upon any description of it; but we earnestly advise the admirers of the highest emanations of art to visit so remarkable a production.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The National Games of Scotland. H. Andrews pinx. et lithog.

A REPRESENTATION, on a large sheet, dedicated to the members of the Highland Societies, of the annual meeting at St. Fillan's, Perthshire, for the encouragement of the national games of Scotland. There are few things better calculated to cherish the fine manly spirit of a people than assemblages for such purposes as these. We wish they were more frequent in the southern parts of the island: but we have for some years witnessed, with a feeling stronger than regret, the unwise and oppressive attempts of the magistracy, in many districts of England, to put down rather than to encourage all popular athletic sports. It would appear that these gentlemen fancy that the poorer classes were created for nothing but incessant labour; and that any relaxation or enjoyment on their part is absolutely criminal. We trust that the time is approaching when this, among many other mistakes of authority, will be corrected. Mr. Andrews has produced a print almost extraordinary for the multitude of figures introduced, and the faithful representation of the sports, and which, if it has no high pretensions as a work of lithographic art, is, nevertheless, very pleasingly executed.

St. Cecilia. The Head by the late Sir T. Lawrence, completed by W. Hilton, Esq. R.A. Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson.

For several years previous to Sir Thomas Lawrence's death, this portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Williams, begun on a whole-length canvass, was the admiration of the visitors in the president's exhibition-room; and it was always a matter of regret to them that the head alone was finished. The cause of that regret has been considerably diminished, if not entirely removed, by the sympathetic feeling and power with which Mr. Hilton has supplied the deficiency. The angelic expression of the countenance has been most happily preserved by Mr. Lane; whose drawing is full of breadth, vigour, and taste.

The Cavern of Makoo, near Mount Ararat. Drawn and engraved by W. Daniell, R.A. from a sketch by Col. Monteith.

AN interesting view of this stupendous excavation.

Athens. Drawn by J. D. Harding, from an original sketch by R. Greg, Esq. of Manchester, for Blaquiere's Second Visit to Greece.

ALTHOUGH small, yet conveying a very distinct general idea of the classic scene.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HALL OF STATUES.

RICH the crimson curtains fell,
Coloured with the hues that dwell
In the Tyrian's purple shell—
That bright secret which is known
To the mighty past alone.
Forty pillars rose between,
In that fine Corinthian mould
When a life's whole task has been
How to work the burning gold—
Gold which some young conqueror's hand
Brought from many a vanquish'd land;
Then bade genius raise a shrine—
Thus profaning the divine—
Till his rapine and his crime
Grew in that false light sublime.

Azure was the roof, and light
Pour'd down from the crystal dome;
Clear the crystal was and bright
As in its own ocean home.

Polish'd like a warrior's shield,
Black (for such the quarries yield
Where the sun hath never shone,
Which night only rests upon,)
Was the marble floor, which gave
Mirror like some clear dark wave.

Silent was that hall around,
Moved no step and stirred no sound;
Yet the shapes of life were there,
Spiritual, calm, and fair—
Statues to whose rest seem'd given
Not the life of earth but heaven;
For each statue here enshrined
What in the immortal mind
Makes its beauty and its power—
Genius's eternal dower:
Those embodyings of thought
Which within the spirit wrought
In its most ethereal time,
Of its own and earlier clime
Ere the shade and soil of earth
Tainted an immortal birth.

Thankful should we be to those
Who disdain a dull repose—
Who have head and heart on fire
With unquenchable desire
Of those higher hopes which spring
Heavenward on an eager wing—
Those wide aims which seek to bind
Man the closer with his kind—
By earth's most unearthly ties,
Praises, hopes, and sympathies;
And call beauty, like a dream,
Up from life's most troubled stream.

From that mighty crystal dome,
Clear and cold the sunbeams roam
Over th' ethereal band
Which beside the column stand.

God of the West Wind, awake!
See who fain thy sleep would break*—
She, the morning's gracious power,
Born in its most lovely hour,
When the stars retire in night
For the mighty fates to write
On their rays the word and sign
Only prophets may divine;
When the blushing clouds are breaking,
As if Love himself were waking—
When the sun first turns the mist
Into melted amethyst—
She hath bade the north wind keep
In his caverns dark and deep—
Told the south wind, that his breath
Fades too soon the morning wreath—
Sent the east wind where the sands
Sweep around the pilgrim bands—
Her sweet hand is on thy brow—
Wake thee, gentle West Wind, now.
She doth want thy wings to bear
Morning's messages through air,
Where the dewy grass is keeping
Watch above the skylark's sleeping;
Stir the clover with thy wing,
Send him 'mid the clouds to sing.
Thou must go and kiss the rose,
Crimson with the night's repose;
She will sigh for coming day,
Bear thou that sweet sigh away;
On the violet's sleepy eyes
Pour the azure of the skies;
From the rich and purple wreath
Steal the fragrance of its breath;
Wake the bees to the sweet spoil
Which rewards their summer toil;
Shake the bough, and rouse the bird,
Till one general song is heard;
Fling aside the glittering leaves,
Till the darkest nook receives
Somewhat of the morning beam;
Stir the ripples of the stream,
Till it flash like silver back
In the white swan's radiant track.
Rouse thee for Aurora's sake—
God of the West Wind, awake!

Close beside 's a child,† whose hand
O'er a lute holds sweet command:
Like a spirit is that child—
For his gentle lip is mild,
And his smile like those which trace
Sunshine on an angel's face:
But upon that brow is wrought
Evidence of deeper thought,
Higher hopes, and keener fears,
Than should mark such infant years.
Childhood should have laughing eye,
Where tears pass like showers by—

* Mr. Hollins' Aurora waking Zephyrus.
† Mr. Lough's Child playing a Lyre.

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When the sky becomes more bright,
For a moment's shadowed light.
Childhood's step should be as gay
As the sunbeam on its way:
There will come another hour,
When fate rules with harsher power—
When the weary mind is worn
By the sorrow it hath borne—
When desire sits down to weep
Over hope's unbroken sleep—
When we know our care and toil
Cultures an ungrateful soil—
When in our extremest need
Only grows the thorn and weed—
Well the face may be o'ercast
By the troubles it has past.
Ah, fair child! I read it now
By the meaning on thy brow—
By thy deep and thoughtful eyes,
Where the soul of genius lies;
Even now the shade is o'er thee
Of the path which lies before thee;
For thy hand is on the lyre,
And thy lip is living fire,
And before thee is the wreath
Which the poet wins by death.
Brief and weary life is thine—
But thy future is divine.

Near it kneels a maid in prayer,*
Fair as the white rose is fair—
With a sad and chastened look,
As the spirit early took
Bitter lessons, how on earth
Flowers perish in their birth,
Blossoms fall before they bloom,
And the bud is its own tomb.
Once she dreamed a gentle dream—
Such, alas! love's ever seem—
Whence she only waked to know
Every thing is false below.
Soon the warm heart has to learn
Lessons of despair, and turn
From a world whose charm is o'er
When its hope deceives no more.
Maiden, thy young brow is cold—
'Tis because thy heart is old;
And thine eyes are raised above,
For earth hath betrayed thy love.

Dark the shades of evening fall—
Night is gathering o'er that hall;
All seems indistinct and pale—
Thick falls the shadowy veil;
All the shapes I gazed upon,
Like the dream that raised them, gone.

L. E. L.

MUSIC.

OPERA CONCERT ROOM.

THE pupils of the Royal Academy of Music are already beginning to take upon themselves all the rights, privileges, and immunities belonging to the profession; and they seem well entitled to do so. Mr. Charles Packer, a young musician who has already accomplished much, and bids fair to do more, gave a concert at this room on Monday, which we notice on account of the singular exhibition of juvenile talent that it presented. The leader of the orchestra, who executed his duty admirably, was a mere stripling, and so were the performers of the violoncellos, trombones, oboes, flutes, and trumpets; nay, some of the fiddlers seemed only just breeched, little fellows perched on stools; and yet they contrived to give a good effect, and even to accompany boldly the Polyphemus voice of Lablache.

Mr. Packer himself played capitally a concerto of Hummel, and part of a duet with Mr. Potter, in both of which the young professor proved himself to be a master of the instrument. Some of his own vocal compositions were performed by Lablache and others; and we were particularly struck by a trio called *Di Luna*, which was encored. The room was well filled.

* Mr. Macdonald's Supplicating Virgin.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE have great pleasure in recording the success of a young aspirant to histrionic honours, in the person of Mr. John Mason, a scion of that famous stock to which the British stage is already so deeply indebted. Mr. Mason is the nephew of Mr. John Philip Kemble, and, in voice and manner, frequently reminded us of his glorious uncle, notwithstanding the severe illness under which he (the *débutant*) manifestly laboured. An apology was judiciously made for him between the second and third acts, by Mr. Egerton; and this circumstance would have disarmed criticism, had Mr. Mason's Romeo deserved its severest notice. Happily, however, there is much more to praise than to censure; and we shall content ourselves, for the present, with expressing our trust, that the favourable impression Mr. Mason produced upon us, under peculiar disadvantages, will be confirmed and increased upon future and more fortunate occasions. Without any extraordinary pretensions to personal appearance, he is sufficiently good-looking for the stage, taller than his brother Mr. Charles Mason, who played here some seasons ago, and infinitely more animated. In the present dearth of young tragedians we are not inclined to be fastidious, and we should have welcomed even a respectable Romeo with joy. Mr. Mason, we hope, will prove a still more valuable acquaintance.

Benefits are critical exceptions; but the rich display of vocal talent at the benefit of Miss Inverarity induces us to deviate from our general rule, and say a few words in favour of our native singers. Miss Inverarity, as we prognosticated, has taken a high grade as a vocalist, and, with a little more precision and firmness, which a few years will give, wants but continued devotedness to study, to arrive at the head of her profession. The house was in a state of evaporation, from being crowded to excess. Miss Inverarity exerted her powers to the utmost: the style in which she gave "Young I am, and sore afraid," was original, and not only was it sung delightfully, but afforded a smart specimen of acting. This, together with the duet, "When thy bosom," was warmly encored. The house, in this respect, was very considerate towards Miss Inverarity, from the quantity of labour marked out for her during the evening;—not so towards Braham, for but one determination seemed to pervade the audience, namely that of making the most of him, now they had once more got him before them; and they gave him a *benefit* as well as Miss Inverarity. His voice is yet powerful beyond belief, and his acting better than ever. Wilson did himself justice as *Young Meadows*; and we have seldom seen *Love in a Village* more effectively cast.

HAYMARKET.

NOVELTIES are crowding upon our notice at this theatre. "A lady" has made her appearance as the *Widow Belmour*, and deserved her favourable reception. She possesses a handsome person and easy manners, and will certainly prove an acquisition to the company. Two younger ladies, Miss Wells and Miss Land, have appeared as *Susannah* and the *Countess* in the *Marriage of Figaro*. Miss Wells is a pupil of Mr. Watson's, and already established as a favourite at Dublin. She is what the Scotch would call a *sonsie* lass, and acts with great spirit. Miss Land is altogether new to the stage. Both received considerable applause throughout their performances, and would, no doubt, have been very different, had they been part and parcel of an operatic company. At the Haymarket, however, we fear they have little chance of distinguishing themselves in this way. Season after season, it has been our disagreeable duty to protest against the marring of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Mozart and Rosini at this theatre. Surely the management must perceive the folly of attempting such an opera as *Figaro*, even in its English shape, with a meagre band and half-a-dozen chorus-singers. The *Follies of a Day* is the only version of the story adapted to the resources of the establishment; and why, with a very respectable comic company, quite equal to the performance of the pleasant comedies and farces indigenous to the Haymarket, the manager should persevere in forcing exotics into his summer-house, that must inevitably languish and die there, is a mystery we have never been able to fathom.

VARIETIES.

Silk-worms.—By some recent experiments which have been made in France, it appears that silk-worms may be entirely fed upon the leaf of the scorzonera, or vipers' grass.

Bottoms of Ships.—The Spaniards cover the bottoms of their ships with a cement composed of lime, recently slaked, and fish-oil; made into a paste, and laid on with a trowel. This cement hardens when in contact with salt water, and acquires great solidity. It is advisable, however, before putting on this cement, to apply the usual coat of pitch, and to wait until the latter becomes quite cold.

Agricultural Home Colonies.—A meeting at the King's Head, in the Poultry, at which Sir John Sinclair and Mr. Montagu Burgoyne presided; the benevolent object of which is to provide for a superfluous portion of the poor of London, by transplanting them to lands in the neighbourhood, and teaching them to cultivate them for their own support. As this plan becomes further developed, we shall give it our best attention: as a means of doing much good, it certainly appears to be not only practicable but easy.

New Street.—The new street from the Strand opposite Waterloo Bridge to Bow Street is now likely to be carried into immediate execution. The bill is before Parliament: the improvement will be one of the most marked in the metropolis; and we trust the design will be prolonged far to the north.

Horticultural Fête.—At last an auspicious day crowned the perseverance of our Horticultural *fetists*. The gardens on Wednesday were brilliantly attended, though most persons of high rank were kept away by the court. The scene was consequently gay and splendid; the refreshments, *i. e.* the eating department, ample, and the company consequently happy. The fruits exhibited were perhaps not so fine as we have seen; but what with walking, talking, dancing, and champagning, the joyous meeting was kept up with spirit till ten o'clock, when the visitors departed, all apparently perfectly satisfied with their entertainments.

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Board of Health.—Besides the rigorous observation of quarantine, our Government has established a Board of Health to instruct and direct the public, should the cholera be unhappily introduced to this country.—Since writing this, we have to state with much satisfaction that our Government has received a very ample and most intelligent report from Sir A. Creichton, giving an account of the progress and decline of the cholera in Russia. It does not, however, appear, that any mode of treatment has been discovered as a cure for this dreadful malady. The learned writer describes the pains attendant upon it to be excruciating beyond belief.

On the Origin of the Action of the Voltaic Pile.—A highly important discussion is at present in progress relative to the original source of electricity in the Voltaic pile, not originating with, but to a considerable extent renewed by, the endeavours of M. A. de la Rève, to prove that chemical action is the sole cause, contact of dissimilar metals having no effect. This has been vigorously controverted by MM. Pfaff, Marianini, &c. M. Mattenci has made some further experiments on frogs, in which he first assured himself that there was no chemical action between distilled water perfectly free from air and zinc, either alone or in contact with copper. Being sure upon this point, a prepared frog was then suspended from a rod of zinc, which was fixed at the bottom of a gas jar, and connected with a long copper wire, so that nothing more was required to produce the well-known contraction, than to touch the muscles of the legs with the copper wire. The same effect was produced when the jar was filled with distilled water and with pure hydrogen, and when the animal was washed in distilled water, freed of air, and all animal fluid removed. The experiment was also repeated in vacuo, and in various gases. M. Mattenci is convinced that the mere contact of different metals is able to develope electricity, although he admits, with most philosophers, that chemical action exerts an influence over this force, just as heat does in thermo-electric experiments.

Magarodes; new Insects found in the neighbourhood of Ant-hills.—These insects present phenomena of a very peculiar character: at once apterous and hexapods, that is to say, with six or without any legs, they are enclosed during their state of nymph in a scaly cocoon, which has the form and consistence of a pearl. These kind of pearls are found in great abundance in the earth in several of the West Indian islands. The natives give them the name of ground pearls, and consider them as ant-eggs, using them as ornaments in necklaces, purses, &c. There was only Dr. Nugent who had mentioned these singular beings in the Transactions of the Geological Society, and who, having observed an orifice in these pretended pearls, suspected that it might give issue to an insect; until Mr. Guilding, in the last volume of the Linnæan Transactions, supposes the whole to belong to an insect which he calls *magarodes formicarum*. M. Latreille, however, is inclined to consider some of the figures given by Mr. Guilding as being nearly related to the larvæ of grashoppers, or similar hemipteræ. M. Goudot, a young French naturalist, just returned from Madagascar, has brought with him a little coleopterous insect of the family of Lamellicornes, and allied to the acanthoceræ of M'Leay, which lives in society in the nests of the termites, and which, by contracting its feet, also resembles a little pearl, or a shining and almost globular grain.

Oikopleura; a new Molluscous Animal.—Mertens describes, in a 4to. work of sixteen pages, a new molluscous animal, by the name of *oikopleura*. It forms an order apart, and places itself near the pteropoda. Nearly related to the *clio borealis*, it abounds in the north of the Pacific ocean, as the latter does in the north of the Atlantic. It is caught with difficulty, and has the faculty of reproducing its membranous shell several times in a day.

French Patents.—In a list of no fewer than 130 *brevets d'invention* taken out at Paris in the course of three months, are a number the titles and descriptions of which are rather curious. For instance—"An apparatus to keep the guitar in its proper position;" "Fabrication of stuff with twisted feathers;" "Shirt-buttons;" "A chocolate called 'a dish for the gods,' (*mets des dieux*);" "A block for ladies' bonnets;" "An apparatus for drawing and engraving, by a continual movement, without any knowledge of drawing;" "A puysometer, or instrument to ascertain the frequency, elevation, and regularity of the pulse;" "An apparatus by which a lady may in a single instant lace or unlace her corset;" "An instrument to extirpate corns without the assistance of any cutting instrument;" "A machine for making hooks and eyes;" "Vocotypography, or the art of printing French with forty movable characters;" "An instrument to put all stringed musical instruments in unison;" &c. &c.

Hay.—In Russia it is usual to preserve the natural verdure of hay. As soon as the grass is cut, it is, without having been spread, formed into a rick, in the centre of which has been previously placed a kind of chimney, made of four rough planks. It seems that the heat of the fermentation evaporates by this chimney; and that the hay thus retains all its leaves, its colour, and its primitive flavour.

Flies.—As the season of the year has now arrived when these insects are very troublesome, it may not be useless to state, that the butchers of Geneva have, from time immemorial, prevented flies from approaching the meat which they expose to sale, by the use of laurel oil. This oil, the smell of which, although a little strong, is not insupportable, drives away flies; and they dare not come near the walls or the wainscots which have been rubbed with it.

A New Species of Pheasant.—Amongst the numerous interesting natural productions recently brought from China by Mr. Reeves, it was with pleasure we observed a magnificent new species of pheasant, which will be a most interesting addition to the aviaries of Europe; and as it comes from the same part of the world as the gold and silver kind, there is scarcely a doubt but that, with a little care, it may be induced to breed in this country. It is about three times the size of the common pheasant, and has a tail from five to six feet long; it is of a pale bay colour, ornamented with black moons, and the head, wing, and under part of the body, black varied with white; the tail feathers are black and brown banded. Mr. Reeves brought with him from Canton two living specimens; but one of them unfortunately died in the channel; the other is now in the gardens of the Zoological Society, where it will most probably soon recover its fine tail. A beautiful specimen, in nearly perfect plumage, brought by Mr. Reeves for General Hardwicke, has been presented by that gentleman to the collection of the British Museum. The tail feathers of this bird have been long known, two having been exhibited in the Museum for many years; but the bird which bore them was first described in Gen. Hardwicke's Illustrations of Indian Zoology, from a drawing sent by Mr. Reeves, where it is called the Reeves' Pheasant (*Phasianus Reevesii*).

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXVI. June 25.*]

A Key to Bernays' Familiar German Exercises.—A series of Tales, describing some of the principal Events that have taken place at Paris, Brussels, and Warsaw, during the late Revolution, by F. W. N. Bayley, Esq.—Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, textus archetypos versionesque præcipuas ab ecclesia antiquitùs receptas, necnon versiones recentiores Anglicanam, Germanicam, Italicam, Gallicam, et Hispanicam, complectentia, &c.; auctore Samuele Lee,* S. T. B. Also, a Translation of the New Testament into Hebrew, printed with the Points. Other editions of the same: Hebrew and English, Hebrew and Greek, Hebrew and German, and Hebrew and French.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Little on Logarithms, 8vo. 8*s.* cloth.—Ivan Vejeeghen, or Life in Russia, 2 vols. 12mo. 8*s.* bds.—Carsen on Baptism, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Garioch's Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Rev. E. I. Tournour's Trinitarian and Unitarian Sermons, according to the Scripture Doctrine of the Church of England, 2 vols. 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Hill's Family Offerings, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Vindication of the Religious Opinions of the High Classes in this Country, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Rev. H. Clissold's Selections from Hooker, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Paris and London, by the Author of "the Castilian," 11. 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—National Library, No. XI. Lives of Celebrated Travellers, by J. A. St. John, 1 vol. fcp. 6*s.* bds.—Rev. W. L. Bowles' Life of Bishop Ken, Vol. II. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Devarris on Statutes, Part II. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XIX. Juvenal and Persius, 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Hughes' Divines, No. XIV. Jeremy Taylor, Vol. II. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We were aware of the fact stated by E. P. Thompson, and it was merely an oversight that we did not mention it. The author is not to blame.

We do not know when Dr. Southey's third volume of Spain is to be expected.

The name of the gentleman who presented to the Society of Antiquaries a lithograph of some Roman pavements discovered at Pitney in Somersetshire, was given in our last as *Hazon*, instead of *Hasell*. We shall probably advert hereafter to these remarkable remains of antiquity.

ERRATA.—Page 397, Drury Lane, line 1, *for* "strong," *read* "stormy;" and in list of pieces, after Webster's *Highways and Byways*, add, acted "8 nights."

Marpoffle, near Melrose, Roxburghshire, 15th June, 1831.

SIR,—I cannot suppose for a moment that you have read the Advertisement which I have affixed to *Philip Augustus*, when in reviewing that work you say, "The materials for these pages are drawn from those of M. Capefique." When *Philip Augustus* was written, I did not know that such a person as M. Capefique existed. The historical materials were derived from the writings of Rigord, William the Briton, and other chroniclers either contemporary or very nearly so, which I have now in my possession, marked throughout with the marginal notes, in my own hand-writing, from which the novel was composed. I should imagine that you must know my habits of study better than to suppose, upon reflection, that I would condescend to borrow my materials from any modern work, whether romance or not; and I have only farther to state the fact, that the whole of *Philip Augustus* has been written and in the publishers' hands now *twelve months*; and that the first two volumes were in England several months before. Of this circumstance sufficient evidence could be derived, if necessary, from the publishers themselves. In regard to the work of M. Capefique, whatever may be my opinion of it, I have only to pledge my honour as a gentleman that I never saw it till my Parisian bookseller, M. Verdière, sent it to me, on hearing that I had written a book on the same subject.†

I purposely keep this letter within as small a space as possible, hoping that you will give it immediate insertion in your *Gazette*, as the imputation of my making clandestine use of the labours of any other man, is what I cannot suffer to remain unrefuted for a moment. Believe me, dear sir, your faithful servant, G. P. R. JAMES.

* In announcing these most elaborate and learned works, it affords us great pleasure to observe that their distinguished author has just been appointed to a prebendal stall in Bristol Cathedral. This was conferred upon him by the Lord Chancellor, and purely on account of his merit, which is well known throughout Europe. Such appointments reflect equal honour on the giver, the receiver, and the church of which he is an ornament.—*Ed. L. G.*

† We certainly did not feel that it was a reproach to quote from a very interesting modern writer. The work to which we alluded having embraced the whole period of Mr. James's excellent romance, it was very natural to suppose that he had profited by pages which placed the times so vividly before him. It would have been doing exactly what Sir Walter Scott has done with Comines and others.—*Ed. L. G.*

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SOCIETE des PROFESSEURS de LANGUE FRANCAISE.

A Meeting having been held to-day, in consequence of a Circular addressed, in May last, to the Professors of the French language in England, to propose that they should form themselves into a Society, the purposes of which are—the strength and respectability resulting from union among the now-established masters—the sanction of all new masters, in future, by a Certificate of Admission, stating their proper qualifications—and the gradual formation of a Fund for the assistance of masters who have become old and infirm without having had it in their power to make any provision for their support.

And the masters present at the Meeting, viewing the proposed Institution as very advantageous to the profession in general, having assented to the principal basis on which it is proposed to be established, and proceeded to the nomination of a Comité Provisoire, with directions to prepare the Regulations of the Society, to take the preliminary measures for its establishment, and to fix a day for a General Meeting—the Comité Provisoire, conformably to their instructions, beg to announce, that a General Meeting will take place on Saturday, July 9th, at Six o'clock in the evening, at No. 8, Carlton Chambers, Regent Street, for the purpose of considering the Articles of the Regulations, and of appointing a Permanent Committee.

Those masters who wish to become Members are requested to make it known, by letter (post-paid), to the Secretary, No. 1, High Street, Manchester Square, Furet Office, and to annex to their demand of admission a statement of the time and place of their birth, and testimonials from the heads of schools or families where they attend.

Dr. B. Granet, Durham House, Vice-President.
De Grouvel, Church of England School, Hackney.
A. Lacugne, Wood Cottage, Highgate.
N. Lambert, Manchester Square, Secretary.
F. Lamolle, Carlton Chambers, Regent Street.
M. Lavoye, East India Military College.
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— Ventouillac, King's College, London.

Carlton Chambers, 18th June, 1831.

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* Discovered by him, vide *Blackwood's Magazine*, Jan. 1825.

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No. 754. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 426. Edinburgh, 1831. W. Tait.

WHEN we say that this work proceeds as it commenced, we give it at once the highest and the justest praise. The most minute research, the most laborious investigation, the most dispassionate comparison, and the most enlightened conclusions—such are only some of the merits of this great and valuable undertaking. In philosophy, in poetry, in romance, the literature of Scotland has abounded; but in history she has been deficient; not in historical efforts, witness Hume and Robertson; but a history of Scotland has long been a desideratum. Buchanan allowed himself to be blinded by his fierce republican prejudices; and Pinkerton, though acute in his conclusions, was excluded from many sources of information laid open to his more fortunate successor. Mr. Tytler has happily united (a most uncommon merit, by the by) the patient and investigating spirit of the antiquary with the enlarged and liberal views of the historian. Let any reader compare Buchanan's account of James III. with the present author's; or the minority of the same monarch by Pinkerton; and for a just and unprejudiced summary in the one case, and for accuracy founded on careful comparison of documents in the other, he will soon find the immeasurable superiority of Mr. Tytler. To instance one case among many, Pinkerton erroneously states the Livingstones to have owed their fall and destruction to Lord Douglas; Mr. Tytler shews in the clearest manner that it was the act of the king himself. He also rectifies another very important blunder of Buchanan, who was quite mistaken in supposing that the custody of the young monarch was in the hands of Crichton, the charge having, in reality, been intrusted to Livingstone, as documents preserved in the Auchinleck Chronicle testify. Or, to mention one more instance, let the reader observe the difference between Buchanan's inaccurate and often confused account of the conspiracy of the Boyds, and Mr. Tytler's luminous statements, authenticated by curious and careful investigation. We are aware, that in our limits it is not possible to do Mr. Tytler justice; but at least we can point the reader's attention to the labour that must have been often employed to smooth away the difficulties of a single page. The view taken of James III.'s character is so admirable an historical summary, that we must find room for it entire.

"Thus perished in the prime of life, and the victim of a conspiracy headed by his own son, James III. of Scotland; a prince whose character appears to have been misrepresented and mistaken by writers of two very different parties, and whose real disposition is to be sought for neither in the mistaken aspersions of Buchanan, nor in the vague and indiscriminate panegyric of some later authors. Buchanan, misled by the attacks of a faction, whose interest it was to paint the monarch whom they had deposed and murdered, as weak, unjust, and abandoned to low pleasures, has exaggerated the picture by his own prejudices and antipathies; other writers, amongst whom Abercromby is the most conspicuous, have, with an equal aberration from the truth, represented him as almost faultless. That James had any design, similar to that of his able and energetic grandfather, of raising the kingly power upon the ruins of the nobility, is an assertion not only unsupported by any authentic testimony, but contradicted by the facts which are already before the reader. That he was cruel or tyrannical is an unfounded aspersion, ungraciously proceeding from those who had experienced his repeated lenity, and who, in the last fatal scenes of his life, abused his ready forgiveness to compass his ruin. That he murdered his brother is an untruth, emanating from the same source, contradicted by the highest contemporary evidence, and abandoned by his worst enemies as too ridiculous to be stated at a time when they were anxiously collecting every possible accusation against him. Yet it figures in the classical pages of Buchanan; a very convincing proof of the slight examination which that great man was accustomed to bestow upon any story which coincided with his preconceived opinions, and flattered his prejudices against monarchy. Equally unfounded was that imputation, so strongly urged against this prince by his insurgent nobles, that he had attempted to accomplish the perpetual subjection of the realm to England. His brother Albany had truly done so; and the original records of his negotiations, and of his homage sworn to Edward, remain to this day, although we in vain look for an account of this extraordinary intrigue in the pages of the popular historians. In this attempt to destroy the independence of the kingdom, it is equally certain that Albany was supported by a great proportion of the nobility, who now rose against the king, and whose names appear in the contemporary muniments of the period; but we in vain look in the pages of the Fœdera, or in the rolls of Westminster and the Tower, for an atom of evidence to shew that James, in his natural anxiety for assistance against a rebellion of his own subjects, had ceased for a moment to treat with Henry the Seventh as an independent sovereign. So far, indeed, from this being the case, we know that, at a time when conciliation was necessary, he refused to benefit himself by sacrificing any portion of his kingdom, and insisted on the re-delivery of Berwick with an obstinacy which in all probability disgusted the English monarch, and rendered him lukewarm in his support. James's misfortunes, in truth, are to be attributed more to the extraordinary circumstances of the times in which he lived, than to any very marked defects in the character or conduct of the monarch himself, although both were certainly far from blameless. At this period, in almost every kingdom in Europe with which Scotland was connected, the power of the great feudal nobles and that of the sovereign had been arrayed in jealous and mortal hostility against each other. The time appeared to have arrived in which both parties seemed convinced that they were on the very confines of a great change, and that the sovereignty of the throne must either sink under the superior strength of the greater nobles, or the tyranny and independence of these feudal tyrants receive a blow from which it would not be easy for them to recover. In this struggle another remarkable feature is to be discerned. The nobles, anxious for a leader, and eager to procure some counterpoise to the weight of the king's name and authority, generally attempted to seduce the heir-apparent, or some one of the royal family, to favour their designs, bribing him to dethrone his parent or relation by the promise of placing him immediately upon the vacant throne. The principles of loyalty, and the respect for hereditary succession, as established by the laws of the country, were thus diluted in their strength, and weakened in their conservative effects; and from the constant intercourse, both commercial and political, which existed between Scotland and the other countries of Europe, the examples of kings, resisted or deposed by their nobles, and monarchs imprisoned by their children, were not lost upon the fervid and restless genius of the Scottish aristocracy. In France, indeed, the struggle had terminated under Louis the Eleventh in favour of the crown; but the lesson to be derived from it was not the less instructive to the Scottish nobility. In Flanders and the states of Holland, they had before them the spectacle of an independent prince deposed and imprisoned by his son; and in Germany, the reign of Frederic the Third, which was contemporaneous with our James the Third, presented one constant scene of struggle and discontent between the emperor and his nobility, in which this weak and capricious potentate was uniformly defeated. In the struggle in Scotland, which ended by the death of the unfortunate monarch, it is important to observe, that although the pretext used by the barons was the resistance to royal oppression, and the establishment of liberty, the middle classes and the great body of the people took no share. They did not side with the nobles, whose efforts on this occasion were entirely selfish and exclusive. On the contrary, so far as they were represented by the commissaries of the burghs who sat in parliament, they joined the party of the king and the clergy, by whom very frequent efforts were made to introduce a more effectual administration of justice, and a more constant respect for the rights of individuals, and the protection of property. With this object, laws were promulgated; and alternate threats and exhortations upon these subjects are to be found in the record of each successive parliament; but the offenders continued refractory, and these offenders, it was notorious to the whole country, were the nobility and their dependants. The very men whose important offices ought, if conscientiously administered,

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to have secured the rights of the great body of the people—the justiciars, chancellors, chamberlains, sheriffs, and others—were often their worst oppressors; partial and venal in their administration of justice; severe in their exactions of obedience; and decided in their opposition to every right which interfered with their own power. Their interest and their privileges, as feudal nobles, came into collision with their duties as servants and officers of the government; and the consequence was apparent in the remarkable fact, that, in the struggle between the crown and the aristocracy, wherever the greater offices were in the hands of the clergy, they generally supported the sovereign; but wherever they were intrusted to the nobility, they almost uniformly combined against him. When we find the popular historians departing so widely from the truth, in the false and partial colouring which they have thrown over the history of this reign, we may be permitted to receive their personal character of the monarch with considerable suspicion. James's great fault seems to have been a devotion to studies and accomplishments which, in this rude and warlike age, were deemed unworthy of his rank and dignity. He was an enthusiast in music, and took great delight in architecture, and the construction of splendid and noble palaces and buildings; he was fond of rich and gorgeous dresses, and ready to spend large sums in the encouragement of the most skilful and curious workers in gold and steel; and the productions of these artists, their inlaid armour, massive gold chains, and jewelled-hilted daggers, were purchased by him at high prices; whilst they themselves were admitted, if we believe the same writers, to an intimacy and friendship with the sovereign which disgusted the nobility. The true account of this was, probably, that James received these ingenious artisans into his palace, where he gave them employment and took pleasure in superintending their labours—an amusement for which he might have pleaded the example of some of the wisest and most popular sovereigns. But the barons, for whose rude and unintellectual society the monarch shewed little predilection, returned the neglect with which they were unwisely treated, by pouring contempt and ridicule upon the pursuits to which he was devoted. Cochrane, the architect, whose genius in an art which, in its higher branches, is eminently intellectual, had raised him to favour with the king, was stigmatised as a low mason. Rogers, whose musical compositions were fitted to refine and improve the barbarous taste of the age, and whose works were long after highly esteemed in Scotland, was ridiculed as a common fiddler or buffoon; and other artists, whose talents had been warmly encouraged by the sovereign, were treated with the same indignity. It would be absurd, however, from the evidence of such interested witnesses, to form our opinion of the true character of his favourites, as they have been termed, or of the encouragement which they received from the sovereign. To the Scottish barons of this age, Phidias would have been but a marble-cutter, and Apelles no better than the artisan who stained their oaken wainscot. The error of the king lay, not so much in the encouragement of ingenuity and excellence, as in the indolent neglect of those duties and cares of government which were in no degree incompatible with his patronage of the fine arts. Had he possessed the energy and powerful intellect of his grandfather—had he devoted the greater portion of his time to the administration of justice, to a friendly intercourse with his feudal nobles, and a strict and watchful superintendence of their conduct in the offices intrusted to them, he might safely have employed his leisure in any way most agreeable to him; but it happened to the monarch, as it has to many a devotee of taste and sensibility, that a too exquisite perception of excellence in the fine arts, and an enthusiastic addictedness to the studies intimately connected with them, in exclusion of the performance of ordinary duties, produced an indolent refinement, and fastidious delicacy of mind, which shrunk from common exertion, and transformed a character originally full of intellectual and moral promise, into that of a secluded, but not unamiable misanthropist. Nothing can justify the king's inattention to the cares of government, and the recklessness with which he shut his ears to the complaints and remonstrances of his nobility; but that he was cruel, unjust, or unforgiving—that he was a selfish and avaricious voluptuary—or that he drew down upon himself, by these dark portions of his character, the merited execration and vengeance of his nobles, is a representation founded on no authentic evidence, and contradicted by the uniform history of his reign and of his misfortunes."

We subjoin one or two miscellaneous extracts:

"An anecdote preserved by the historian of Brittany, acquaints us with the character of the princess, and the opinions of John, surnamed the Good and Wise, as to the qualifications of a wife. On requiring from his ambassadors, immediately after their return from Scotland, their opinion regarding the lady, he received for answer, that she was beautiful, elegantly formed, and in the bloom and vigour of health; but remarkably silent—not so much, as it appeared to them, from discretion as from extreme simplicity. 'Dear friends,' said John the Good and Wise, 'return speedily and bring her to me. She is the very woman I have been long in search of. By St. Nicholas! a wife seems to my mind sufficiently acute, if she can tell the difference between her husband's shirt and his shirt-ruffle.'"

One of the parliamentary decrees was very curious: "It relates to that description of persons who, disdaining all regular labour, have ever been, in the eyes of the civil magistrate, a perverse and hateful generation, 'sornars, outlyars, masterful beggars, fools, bards, and runners about.' For the putting away of all such vexatious and rude persons, who travel through the country with their horses, hounds, and other property, all sheriffs, barons, aldermen, and bailies, either without or within burgh, are strictly directed to make inquiry into this matter at every court which they hold; and, in the event of any such individuals being discovered, their horses, hounds, and other property, are to be immediately confiscated to the crown, and they themselves put in prison till such time as the king 'have his will of them.' And it is also commanded by the parliament, that the same officers, when they hold their courts, shall make inquiry whether there be any persons that follow the profession of 'fools,' or such-like runners about, who do not belong to the class of bards; and if such be discovered, they are to be put in prison or in irons for such trespass, as long as they have any goods or substance of their own to live upon. If they have nothing to live upon, it is directed that 'their ears are to be nailed to the Tron, or to any other tree, and then cut off, and they themselves banished the country, to which if they return again, they are upon their first apprehension to be hanged.'"

Sumptuary law: — "In a parliament of James the First, held in the year 1429, this subject had attracted the attention of the legislature; and the present necessity of a revision of the laws against immoderate costliness in apparel, indicates an increasing wealth and prosperity in the country. 'Seeing,' it declares, 'that each estate has been greatly impoverished through the sumptuous clothing of men and women, especially within the burghs, and amongst the commonalty 'to landwart,' the lords think it speedful that restriction of such vanity should be made in this manner:—first, no man within burgh that lives by merchandise, except he be a person of dignity, as one of the aldermen or bailies, or other good worthy men that are of the council of the town, shall either himself wear, or allow his wife to wear, clothes of silk, or costly scarlet gowns, or furring of mertricks;' and they are directed to take especial care 'to make their wives and daughters to be habited in a manner correspondent to their estate; that is to say, on their heads short curches, with little hoods, such as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries; and as to the gowns, no woman should wear mertricks or letvis, or tails of unbefitting length, nor trimmed with furs, except on holydays.' In like manner, it was ordered, 'that poor gentlemen living in the country, whose property was within forty pounds, of old extent, should regulate their dress according to the same standard; whilst amongst the lower classes, no labourers or husbandmen were to wear on their work-days any other stuff than gray or white cloth, and on holydays, light blue, green, or red—their wives dressing correspondently, and using curches of their own making: and the stuff they wore was not to exceed the price of forty pence the ell. No woman was to come to the kirk or market with her face 'mussalit,' or covered, so that she might not be known, under the penalty of forfeiting the curch. And as to the clerks, no one was to wear gowns of scarlet, or furring of mertricks, unless he were a dignified officer in a cathedral or college-church, or a nobleman or doctor, or a person having an income of two hundred marks. And these orders touching the dresses of the community were to be immediately published throughout the country, and carried into peremptory and rigorous execution.'"

The following anecdote is very illustrative of the spirit of the age.

"Ross immediately assembled his army, and proclaimed himself King of the Hebrides. He then invaded the country of Athole, published a proclamation, that no one should dare to obey the officers of King James—commanded all taxes to be henceforth paid to him—and, after a cruel and wasteful progress, concluded the expedition by storming the castle of Blair, and dragging the Earl and Countess of Athole from the chapel and sanctuary of St. Bridget, to a distant prison in Isla. Thrice did he attempt, if we may believe the Catholic historian, to fire the holy pile which he had plundered—thrice the destructive element refused its office—and a storm of thunder and lightning, in which the greater part of his war-galleys were sunk, and the rich booty with which they were loaded consigned to the deep, was universally ascribed to the wrath of Heaven, which had armed the elements against the abettor of sacrilege and murder. It is certain, at least, that this idea had fixed itself with all the strength of remorse and superstition in the mind of the bold and savage leader himself; and such was the strength of the feeling, that

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he became moody and almost distracted. Commanding his principal leaders and soldiers to strip themselves to their shirt and drawers, and assuming himself the same ignominious garb, he collected the relics of his plunder, and, proceeding with bare feet and a dejected and haggard aspect to the chapel which he had so lately stained with blood, he and his attendants performed before the altar an ignominious penance. The Earl and Countess of Athole were immediately set free from their prison; and Ross, abandoned as it was supposed by Heaven, was not long after assassinated in the castle of Inverness, by an Irish harper whose resentment he had provoked."

We now close the present volume; and Mr. Tytler cannot do better than let us have its successor as soon as possible. This history is a most valuable addition to literature; for it displays that laborious research upon which we have elsewhere, in this sheet, and in former *Gazettes*, insisted as essential to genuine, in opposition to philosophical history, ascribing motives and fancying causes.

A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot; with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery. Illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published. 8vo. pp. 333. London, 1831. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

In our summary last week of Mr. Stewart's admirable Catalogue of the Papers in Hatfield House, we noticed, among the remarkable points which it set in a new light, an address of Robert Thorne to Henry VIII. respecting discoveries of America, (see p. 401, col. 3), and a north-west passage to Cathay. We were then little aware how soon we should find that quotation connected with a very interesting work;—such is the volume before us.

Put forth in the most unpretending manner, and without a name, the *Memoir of Sebastian Cabot* is of paramount importance to the subject of which it treats, and a striking contribution to our very early naval history. Confined to an individual and a specific period by his own choice, the author has thoroughly sifted and investigated both. In doing so, he has corrected many grave errors, and, in general, given us a clearer insight into transactions of considerable national interest. That his tone in reprehending the carelessness and the mistakes of his predecessors, is more ill-tempered than their offences seem to demand, will appear to every reader. He should have remembered, that the same minute diligence and pains which a man may bestow upon a particular inquiry,—upon the life of one person, and the events belonging to it,—it would be utterly impossible for any human being to bestow in the same proportion upon a whole series of biographies, and the annals of a thousand years. The author, whoever he is, certainly found out, from authentic documents, never yet consulted, that many misrepresentations disfigured the received accounts of the matters he sought to examine; but a knowledge of this fact, as applicable to every other period, has long been notorious to all observant minds; and he had no occasion to be so angry therewith, and call names thereupon. After the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, his son Horace, wishing to amuse him one evening, offered to read him some historical work. "Any thing," exclaimed the old statesman, "but *history*, that *must* be false!" And Gibbon says, "Malheureux sort de l'histoire! Les spectateurs sont trop peu instruits, et les acteurs trop intéressés pour que nous puissions compter sur les récits des uns ou des autres." Without zeal, however, an antiquary is not worth a brass farthing; and we readily excuse the writer's irascibility, in honour of his just principles and indefatigable exertions.

Cabot is his hero; and Cabot, defrauded of much of his honest fame, deserves to be his hero. Him he defends *à l'outrance*, and has no mercy on those who have been accessory to the least infringement of his maritime glory,—from Hakluyt, Fabyan, and Purchas, to Harris, Pinkerton, and Barrow, not forgetting Lardner's Cyclopædia, nor Lesslie and Murray's Edinburgh Cabinet Library:—he smites the infidels on the hip whenever they stumble. But it is, after all, not a little amusing to trace the errors from their origin, through all the filtrations of succeeding copyists and compilers, who rarely (as we have more than once remarked), take the trouble to do more than apothecaries do with their bottles,—jumble them together, or pour from one into another, till the compound looks quite another thing, and of another colour: yet it contains only the same ingredients.

On the contrary, our anonymous author has compared, and analysed, and added, till the result has been a closer approximation to truth than hitherto attained. His great sources are, Richard Eden's Decades of the New World,* a work which deserves to have been more referred to than the writers on maritime discovery have been aware of; and the invaluable documents in the Rolls Chapel, especially the second royal patent to Cabot, of the 3d Feb. 1498.

Where a work is so essentially controversial as this is, it is difficult to review its leading arguments without going at greater length than we can go into the statements made, repeated, questioned, and refuted. We fear, therefore, that we shall be able to do little more than direct public attention to the *Memoir of Cabot*.

The first patent extant was granted by Henry VII. in the 11th year of his reign (March 5, 1496), to John Cabot† and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius, and "authorises them, their heirs, or deputies, to 'sail to all parts, countries, and seas of the east, of the west, and of the north, under our banners and ensigns, with five ships of what burthen or quantity soever they be, and as many mariners or men as they will have with them in the said ships, upon their own proper costs and charges, to seek out, discover, and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians.' It is plain, that a previous discovery, so far from being assigned as the ground for the patent, as Harris, Pinkerton, &c. assert, is negatived by its very terms. The patent would be inapplicable to any region previously visited by either of the Cabots, and confer no right. * * *

"The second patent is dated the third of February, in the thirteenth year of the reign of Henry VII., corresponding with 3d February, 1498. The only evidence heretofore published on the subject, is contained in a brief memorandum found in Hakluyt (vol. iii. p. 6), who, we are persuaded, never saw the original. The person, also, who gave him the information of its existence, probably did not go beyond a list of the titles of instruments of that description kept for convenient reference. The memorandum of Hakluyt is as follows:—'The king, upon the third day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign, gave license to John Caboto to take six English ships in any haven or havens of the realm of England, being of the burden of two hundred tons or under, with all necessary furniture, and to take also into the said ships all such masters, mariners, and subjects of the king as willingly would go with him,' &c. Such being the whole of the information supplied, it is no wonder, that the most erroneous conjectures have been started. Dr. Robertson (History of America, book ix.) falls into the trap prepared by Hakluyt, as to the dates. 'This commission [the first] was granted on March 5th, 1495, in less than two years after the return of Columbus from America. But Cabot (for that is the name he assumed in England, and by which he is best known) did not set out on his voyage for two years.' Dr. Robertson makes no express reference to the second commission; and having adopted Hakluyt's perversion in referring that of the eleventh Henry VII. to 1495, he naturally fell into the other, and regarded the order of the thirteenth year of Henry VII. as merely a final permission for the departure of the expedition, made out on the eve of its sailing."

The author proceeds to shew, that Lediard, in his Naval History of England, Forster, Pinkerton, and their followers, continued utterly to misrepresent the real state of the case; and his view is confirmed by the important document thus introduced and subjoined.

"All this obscurity will now disappear. After a tedious search there has been found, at the Rolls Chapel, the original patent of 3d February, 1498. The following is an exact copy:—'Memorandum quod tertio die Februarii anno regni Regis Henrici Septimi xiii. ista Billa delibata fuit Domino Cancellario Angliæ apud Westmonasterium exequenda.—To the Kinge. Please it your highness of your most noble and habundaunt grace to graunte to John Kabotto, Venecian, your gracious lettres patents in due fourme to be made accordying to the tenor hereafter ensuying, and he shall continually praye to God for the preservacion of your moste noble and roiall astate longe to endure.—H. R. Rex. To all men to whom theis presenteis shall come send gretyng: Knowe ye that we of our grace especiall, and for dyvers causis us movying, we have geven and graunten, and by theis presentis geve and graunte to our welbeloved John Kabotto, Venecian, sufficiente auctorite and power, that he, by him his deputie or deputies sufficient, may take at his pleasure VI Englisshe shippes in any porte or portes or other place within this our realme of England or obeisance, so that and if the said shippes be of the bourdeyn of CC. tonnes or under, with their apparail requisite and necessarie for the safe conduct of the said shippes, and them convey and lede to the londe and isles of late founde by the seid John in oure name and by our commaundemente. Paying for theym and every of theym as and if we should in or for our owen cause paye and noon otherwise. And that the said John, by hym his deputie or deputies sufficiente,

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* Published in 1555,—a black-letter volume, and apparently well worth republication. "It consists of a translation of the three first books of Peter Martyr d'Angleria, to which he has subjoined extracts from various other works, of an early date, on kindred subjects; and amongst the rest, this passage of Ramusio" (a passage much discussed, as having been falsified by subsequent authors) "is given (fol. 231) as found in the 'Italian Hystories of Navigations.' Eden was, as appears from his book, a personal friend of Cabot." The question at issue is, whether Cabot reached 67° or only about 56° N. lat.; our author maintaining the former opinion from Ramusio, and shewing the later variations to be erroneous.

† John Cabot was a Venetian invited to England; his son, Sebastian, told Eden that he, Sebastian, was born at Bristol.

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maye take and receyve into the said shippes, and every of theym all such maisters, maryners, pages, and other subjects as of their owen free wille woll goo and passe with him in the same shippes to the seid londe or iles, withoute anye impedymente, lett or perturbance of any of our officers or ministres or subjects whatsoever they be by theym to the seyd John, his deputie, or deputies, and all other our seid subjects or any of theym passinge with the seyd John in the said shippes to the seid londe or iles to be doon, or suffer to be doon or attempted. Geving in commaundement to all and every our officers, ministres and subjects seying or herying thies our lettres patents, without any ferther commaundement by us to theym or any of theym to be geven to perfourme and socour the said John, his deputie and all our said subjects so passyng with hym according to the tenor of theis our lettres patentis. Any statute, acte or ordennance to the contrayre made or to be made in any wise notwithstanding.' * *

"Will it not (inquires the writer with just astonishment) be deemed almost incredible that the very document in the records of England, which recites the great discovery, and plainly contemplates a scheme of colonisation, should, up to this moment, have been treated by her own writers as the one which first gave the permission to go forth and explore? Nay, this very instrument has been used as an argument against the pretensions of England; for it has been asked by foreigners who have made the computation, and seen through the mistake of Pinkerton and the rest, why the patent of 3d February, 1498, took no notice of discoveries pretended to have been made the year before. The question is now triumphantly answered. The importance of negativing a notion that the English discoveries were subsequent to the patent of the 13th Henry VII., will strikingly appear, on reference to the claim of Americus Vespucius. The truth as now established places beyond all question—even crediting the doubtful assertions of Vespucius—the priority of Cabot's discovery over that of the lucky Florentine. The map in Queen Elizabeth's gallery made no false boast in declaring that on the 24th June, 1497, the English expedition discovered that land *quam nullus prius adire ausus fuit.*"* * * *

"One fact is too remarkable not to claim especial notice. Amerigo Vespucci accompanied Hojeda, and it is now agreed that this was the first occasion on which he crossed the Atlantic. Sebastian Cabot was found prosecuting his third voyage from England. Yet, while the name of one overspreads the new world, no bay, cape, or headland, recalls the memory of the other. While the falsehoods of one have been diffused with triumphant success, England has suffered to moulder in obscurity, in one of the lanes of the metropolis, the very record which establishes the discovery effected by her great seaman fourteen months before Columbus beheld the continent, and two years before the lucky Florentine had been west of the Canaries."

The distinction between the two voyages of 1497 and 1498, seems, indeed, to clear up all the obscurity and misapprehension which has been heaped upon this memorable event.

Sebastian Cabot's future adventures in the service of Spain, which he entered in 1512, and even in our own, though extremely interesting, (we allude to his famous voyage in 1517, in search of a north-west passage,) do not demand so much of our consideration, and we shall therefore simply refer for the account of them to the volume before us; to which we find, however, we must return to investigate several collateral matters which we think deserving of more space than we can this week bestow. Meanwhile, we recommend the work as one of great value and interest.

* The name of the vessel which first touched the shores of the American continent is not without interest. The Matthew, of Bristol, had that proud distinction.

History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest of England by William of Normandy. By Henry Wheaton, Hon. Member of the Scandinavian and Icelandic Literary Societies at Copenhagen. 8vo. pp. 367. London, 1831. Murray.

Our mixed descent gives us a national interest in the antiquities of those countries where the northern ancestry of at least a portion of the English people existed in days of yore; nor are we less connected with them by the ties of a common literature. Any work, therefore, calculated to illustrate the epoch of the sea-kings, and the origin of those wild tales and legends which under so many forms have been the study and delight of every succeeding age; to make us acquainted with the learning, the manners, and the deeds, of our remarkable progenitors,—must be most acceptable to the public. We have great pleasure in saying that the volume before us is not only rich in stores of this kind, but is executed in so popular a way, that it is equally adapted to entertain the general reader, and interest the more curious inquirer. Every page bears a reference to ancient customs, books, and traditions, which we are apt to consider peculiarly our own, or with which we are in some measure connected; and so far from being a foreign history, we could hardly point to a work that comes more home to our minds. For the present, we shall offer one continuous extract as a specimen of the ability with which it is written.

"The man to whom his country's history and literature are most indebted, is the celebrated Snorre Sturleson, whose great historical work has justly earned for him the title of the Northern Herodotus. He was born in the year 1178, at Hvamm, on the Hvamsfjord, a small bay on the western coast of Iceland. His father, Sturla, commonly called Hvamms-Sturla, from the place of his residence, was a distinguished chieftain in that part of Iceland, and, as well as his mother, was connected with the most illustrious families of the island. They traced their descent from the ancient kings of Norway and Sweden, of the Ynling race, and from the Jarls of Mære, from whom sprung Rollo and the other dukes of Normandy, with the English kings of the Norman line. They could also enumerate among their ancestors the famous Ragnar Lodbrok, whose romantic story is so conspicuous in the early annals of the North. Snorre was named after the pontiff, Snorre Godi, who figures so conspicuously in the Eyrbjggia Saga, and whom both he and his father, Hvamms-Sturla, seemed to have resembled in character. At the early age of three years, he was sent to Oddè, the former residence of Sæmund Sigfusson, and placed under the guardianship and direction of Jon Loptson, grandson of Sæmund, who inherited both the wealth and the learning of his ancestor. Here young Snorre remained until his twentieth year, and received a finished education both in the Greek and Roman literature, and in that of his native country. He had here access to all the manuscripts and other collections made both by Sæmnnd and by Ari Frode, relating to the poetry, history, and mythology of the heathen North. He was thus placed at what might be called, in their own poetical language, the fountain of Mimir—the source of inspiration, when he acquired that knowledge and cultivated those arts by which he was afterwards to be so much distinguished. 'Here,' he might say, in the words of the Hávamál, in allusion to 'the seat of eloquence, close by the fountain of wisdom:'—

> 'I sat and was silent,
> I saw and reflected,
> I listened to that which was told.'

On the death of his tutor, with whom he remained sixteen years, Snorre left Oddè in 1197, and married the daughter of a rich priest at Borg on the Borgafiord, by which he increased his small patrimonial inheritance with a fortune of 4,000 rix-dollars, a very considerable sum of money for that age and country. This property was augmented by the inheritance of Borg, to which he succeeded on the death of his father, and by the acquisition of Reykhollt, and other estates in that fertile valley. He thus became, in a short time, by far the richest individual on the island, both in lands, and flocks and herds, arms, clothes, utensils, and books. This immense wealth, with his consummate talents, address, and eloquence, gave him proportional power and influence in the community. He sometimes appeared in the Althing, or general national assembly, with a retinue of several hundred armed followers. He removed his residence, in 1202, from Borg to the farm of Reykhollt, situate in the Borgafiord, on the south-west coast of the island, in the midst of that wonderful volcanic region. This place he fortified so as to render it impregnable, whilst he improved and embellished it with various useful and ornamental works. These have all perished, except the celebrated *Snorra-laug*, or Snorre-bath, which still remains, after the lapse of six centuries, a proud monument of his ingenuity and munificence, almost rivalling the Heimskringla itself. The hot water for this bath is supplied from a natural fountain of boiling water, situated at the distance of 500 feet to the north, in a morass undermined by subterraneous fires, and where numerous boiling springs make their appearance. It is conveyed by means of an aqueduct of hewn stones, fitted to each other in the most exact manner, and joined together by a fine cement. The bath itself is circular in form, about fifteen feet in diameter, and built of hewn stones, cemented together in the same manner with the aqueduct. The floor is paved with the same kind of tophacious stone which composes the aqueduct, and a circular stone bench, capable of holding upwards of thirty persons, surrounds the inside of the bath. These gifts of genius and fortune raised Snorre, in the year 1213, by the free choice of the people, to the honourable station of the supreme judge or chief magistrate of the island. In this post he was distinguished for his profound knowledge of the laws and civil institutions of his native country. In the same year he gave a proof of the prodigious variety of his talents, by writing an encomiastic lay upon Hakon Galin, a Jarl of Norway, famous in that day for his power and influence. This poem, which Snorre took care to send to the Jarl, procured, in return, besides other rich gifts, the present of a beautiful suit of armour from Hakon to the Skald, whom he invited to visit Norway. But the death of the Jarl, in the following year, prevented Snorre from accepting this invitation. There is reason, however, to believe that the favour which this successful effort of his muse gained for him in the parent country,

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ensured him, when he afterwards visited Norway in 1218, the most honourable reception among the connexions of Hakon, and by Skule, another Norwegian Jarl of great distinction. King Hakon IV. reigned at that time in Norway, and Snorre composed a lay in praise of that monarch, and two in honour of Skule Jarl. He also travelled into West Gothland, and wrote a poetic eulogy on Christina, the widow of Hakon Jarl, who had married Askell, the supreme judge or lagman of West Gothland, from whom Snorre received, among other gifts, the antique banner which Erik Knutson, king of Sweden, had borne in battle. Snorre returned to Norway, and spent the winter at the court of Skule Jarl, where he was hospitably entertained, and received from King Hakon the title of *Dróttseti*, or court marshal, with the rank of *Leensmand*, or royal vassal, which last was conferred upon him in order to promote the designs which the Norwegians had conceived against the independence of Iceland. In 1220, Snorre returned to his native country in a ship which the Jarl had prepared, and laden with rich gifts, which Snorre did not omit to requite by another eulogium. After his return, he was involved in an inextricable labyrinth of deadly feuds, some of which he had inherited from his ancestors, and others had been kindled by his own turbulence, ambition, and avarice. These were prosecuted with the most ferocious violence on all sides. The public assembly and the national festival were often stained with kindred blood. The republic was rent with contending factions; but that of Snorre, through the zeal and fidelity of his partisans, frequently attained the ascendency, and enabled him to gratify his high-reaching views of ambition. The hatred of his enemies at last rose to such a pitch that he was compelled in 1237 to take refuge in Norway. On his arrival in that country he found that his friend and patron, Skule Jarl, had assumed the title of Duke, and aimed at the Norwegian crown. Snorre lent himself to the purposes of Skule, and retired to his court at Drontheim, where he recited one of the lays which he had composed in praise of the Duke, and in vindication of his claims to the crown. But some intelligence which he afterwards received from Iceland induced him to return to his native country. Having obtained the king's permission for that purpose, with the title of Jarl, which was conferred upon him in addition to all the other honours and favours he had received, he prepared to set sail for Iceland. As he was on the point of embarking, he received letters from the king positively forbidding his departure. Snorre disregarded the prohibition, and arrived safely in Iceland in 1239. Here he was once more involved in fierce controversies with his numerous enemies, and shortly afterwards fell a victim to their deadly hatred. King Hakon had sent secret instructions to Gissur Thorvaldson, who was related to the king, and had formerly been Snorre's son-in-law and intimate friend, to seize on his person and bring him a prisoner to Norway; with orders, if he could not accomplish this purpose, to put him to death. The latter alternative was preferred by Thorvaldson, who had become the mortal foe of Snorre, and who was tempted by his great wealth, and the revenge he nourished against him, to become his assassin. It is remarkable that although Snorre was admonished of his danger by a letter from one of his friends, written in Runic characters, yet neither he, who was so deeply versed in this lore, nor any of the persons about him, could decipher the letter. Thorvaldson collected a band of armed men from one of the clans which was hostile to Snorre, and taking him by surprise, basely murdered him at Reikholt, in the night of the 22d September, 1241. Thus perished, at the age of sixty-three years, Snorre Sturleson, illustrious by his birth, his talents, and attainments, but, according to the concurrent testimony of his contemporaries, stained with unprincipled ambition, avarice, faithlessness, and every other vice that dishonours and degrades human nature. It must, however, be remembered, that those who have portrayed the character of this remarkable man in such dark and sombre colours, were his enemies, and some of them his relations, whose warm attachment had been turned to deadly hate by family dissensions. The partial judgments pronounced by party spirit are seldom ratified by posterity. Whatever reproaches the recklessness of Snorre's ambition may have incurred, it is difficult to believe that the man who was four times raised to the chief magistracy of his country by the free choice of his fellow-citizens, did not possess qualities to command, in a considerable degree, the general confidence, whilst, at the same time, they secured him the warm attachment of his friends and partisans. But the very qualities adapted to win this confidence and this attachment in a rude period of society, are not of that amiable and lofty cast which add lustre to human nature under more auspicious circumstances. Neither the Icelandic commonwealth, nor any other species of government which prevailed in Europe during the middle ages, yielded that tolerable degree of security for life and property which is now afforded under almost every form of rule prevailing among civilised and Christian nations. In the absence of a regular administration of justice enforced by adequate sanctions, cunning and violence must necessarily supply the place of wisdom and virtue in the conduct of public affairs. In such a state of things, private revenge will supersede the public arm, and the feuds thus engendered will be transmitted from generation to generation, and perpetuated by family rivalship. It must, however, be confessed, that after making all these deductions, the cultivation of letters does not here seem to have had that effect in tempering the sordid and violent passions of human nature which is commonly attributed to their humanising influence. Snorre pursued all those objects which are commonly supposed to minister to human happiness,—riches, power, honours, and pleasure,—with a selfish disregard to the means by which they were to be attained, and with no generous and enlarged desire to contribute to the general welfare of society. But, whatever might be the moral defects of his character, the thirst of knowledge and desire of fame was never extinct in the breast of Snorre. He aspired to the laurel crown as well as that bestowed by the historic muse; and finding the language of his country completely formed, independent of classic models, he gratified his taste and genius by cultivating his own native national literature. Had his mind been directed to those scholastic studies which then engrossed the exclusive attention of lettered Europe, he might perhaps have produced a work rivalling that of Saxo Grammaticus in rhetorical embellishments, but which, written in the dead language of Rome, would have failed to express the living thoughts and feelings to which his native tongue alone could give utterance. Although the mind of Snorre was imbued in early youth with a deep knowledge of the annals and literature of the north, it is difficult to conceive how, in the midst of his active and stormy life, he could have found time and opportunity for their successful cultivation. But it is the faculty of genius to create the leisure necessary to accomplish its designs, even in the midst of the most distracting cares and occupations. Snorre is generally supposed to have had some share in collecting and arranging the songs of the elder Edda; and he certainly contributed mainly to the compilation of the prose Edda in the form in which it now exists. There is some diversity of opinions as to the manner in which he proceeded in the composition of his great historical work, *Heimskringla*, or the Annals of the Kings of Norway, and as to the degree of merit which may justly be attributed to him in respect to originality of style and thought. The learned Professor Müller, in his essay upon the sources from which Snorre derived his materials, expresses the opinion that this work is a mere compilation from the ancient Sagas, which Snorre arranged, corrected, and sometimes enlarged from other sources, causing the whole to be carefully transcribed in its present form. Snorre seems to give some countenance to this opinion, by the modest and unpretending manner in which he speaks in the commencement of the preface to Heimskringla. 'In this book,' says he, 'I have caused to be recorded, from the traditions of the wise men, the history of ancient events, and of the great deeds of the kings and heroes who have reigned over the countries of the North, where the Danish language (*danska túngu*) is spoken. I have also inserted their genealogies, so far as they were known to me, and that partly from the most ancient collection of this sort, called *Langfedgatal*, where the kings and other illustrious persons have caused to be transcribed their lineages. Part of the things herein contained are taken from the old songs or historical lays, which constituted the delight of our ancestors.' He then goes on to vindicate his course in this respect by the example of his predecessors, and refers to the songs and Sagas from which he had selected his materials. Among others was Thiodolf, who was Skald to Harald Hárfager, and composed a song upon King Rögnvald, called the *Ynglinga-tal*, in which his ancestors were traced back to a remote period, with a summary account of their lives, deaths, and burial-places. Fiolner was the son of *Yngvifreys*, long adorned by the Sviar with sacrifices, from whom the Yngling race derive their origin and name. The lineage of Hakon Jarl is traced in an ancient lay, composed by Eyvind, one of his Skalds, and called *Háleygjatal*. Therein is mentioned Sœmingr, Yngvifrey's son, with an account of their deaths and burial-places. From Thiodolf's tradition, the *Ynglinga-Saga* was first written, and afterwards enlarged by other learned men. The former age was called *bruna-öld*, from the prevailing custom of burning the bodies of the dead, and raising to their memory grave-stones, called *bauta-steinar*. But after Freyr was buried at Upsala, many princes raised not only grave-stones, but tumuli, to their predecessors. After which time also, Dan Mikilláti, king of the Danes, built for himself a tumulus, in which he commanded his body to be interred with all the ensigns of his regal dignity, his armour, horse, and other wealth. His example was followed by many of his successors; and this was called in Denmark *haugs-öld*, 'the age of the tumuli:' but the Norwegians and the Swedes adhered for a long time to the more ancient custom of burning the dead. Iceland began to be settled when Harald Hárfager was king in Norway.

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Both he and his successors entertained at their court Skalds, by whom their deeds were sung. And we have followed in our narrative those lays sung before the princes who were themselves the actors of these deeds, or their children, not doubting the truth of what they tell respecting the different expeditions of these princes and their warlike achievements. For though the lays of the Skalds sounded the praises of the heroes before whom they were sung, they would hardly have presumed to attribute to them or their ancestors the fame of actions which all present must have known to be false, and which would have reflected shame upon those they were meant to honour. Snorre then proceeds to mention with encomium his predecessor Ari Frode, who was the first that recorded in the language of the North its history, both ancient and more recent, leaving us to infer that he had used the works of Ari, which have nearly all since perished, in the composition of the Heimskringla."

To be concluded in our next.

Boswell's Johnson, by Croker. 5 vols. 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

We return with avidity to our pleasant task of skimming these amusing volumes, and taking off some of the newest and richest cream which floats upon them, for the gratification of our readers. In doing so, we need pay attention to no order but the order of dates: the produce, it is true, is of a most miscellaneous description; yet to our taste it amalgamates so agreeably, as to make altogether a very delicious treat.

It would be impertinent in us at this time of day to enter into disquisitions respecting Johnson and his biographers. Subjects which have employed so many able as well as foolish pens, may well be considered to be exhausted; and as we have little room for the *decies repetita*, (which, by the by, we have never known to please in literature, whatever it may do in love-making), we shall come at once to the matter, with a single previous remark. That remark is inspired by the perusal of the work before us, and it applies to the character of the extraordinary man of whose life it treats. Never was human being so minutely exposed to public view as Dr. Johnson; his moral anatomy is prepared to the slightest fibre, and fixed up for ever for examination and study. From such an ordeal, who could pass without the detection of a multitude of imperfections and of faults? All his errors are laid bare; his acerbities, his little envies, his absurdities, his rudenesses, his overbearings;—but with all these in the one scale, what are they but feathers in comparison with the opposite balance of learning, and wisdom, and virtue? We feel that by reducing him more to our own sphere of humanity, they rather interest us in his favour and endear him to us, than detract from his lofty superiority. While living, perhaps, such drawbacks might annoy and offend those with whom he came into contact; but the grave has hallowed them; and we declare, for our own parts, that we could not regard and esteem Johnson as we do, were it not for these very blemishes. We venerate him for his wonderful abilities: he touches our warmer and more tender sympathies by his weaknesses. The former command the mind's noblest admiration—the latter ally him to nature and the common lot of mankind.

We now proceed to extract our promised cento; with only heads *in italics* where these are sufficient to point the sense; and elsewhere, as briefly as words can afford the necessary connexion and information.

The Descendants of Poets.—Speaking of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, Milton's grand-daughter and only surviving representative, for whom a benefit was given at Drury Lane in 1750, Mr. Croker notices: "She survived this benefit but three years, and died without issue. It is remarkable that none of our great, and few of our second-rate poets, have left posterity."

In 1756, when Johnson was 47 years of age, we find the following afflicting picture of the condition to which even the greatest talents, united with the utmost worth and integrity, are too generally doomed by the mercenary dealings of (we had almost said) *literature!!*

"The two next letters (says the editor) are melancholy evidence of the pecuniary distress in which he was at this period involved. It is afflicting to contemplate the author of the Rambler and the Dictionary reduced to such precarious means of existence as the casual profits from magazines and reviews, and subjected to all the evils and affronts of a state of penury; but it, at the same time, raises our admiration and esteem to recollect that, even in this season of distress, he continued to share his mite with Miss Williams, Mr. Levett, and the other objects of his charitable regard:

"*Dr. Johnson to Mr. Richardson.*

"Tuesday, 19th Feb. 1756.

"Dear Sir,—I return you my sincerest thanks for the favour which you were pleased to do me two nights ago. Be pleased to accept of this little book, which is all that I have published this winter. The inflammation is come again into my eye, so that I can write very little. I am, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant, Sam. Johnson.

"*To Mr. Richardson.*

"Gough Square, 16th March, 1756.

"Sir,—I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, Sam. Johnson."

"Sent six guineas* Witness

"William Richardson."

As we have given in our adhesion to Johnson's foibles, we will not inquire with Mr. Croker whether he was ungrateful to Dr. Thomas Sheridan for any share that gentleman had in procuring his pension; nor whether he envied some of his contemporaries. In this portion of the book, Mr. Maxwell's narrative is very interesting, but we omit it, as familiar to most readers, and proceed with our shorter extracts.

Anecdote of Goldsmith.—"Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told the editor an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps coloured a little, as *anecdotes* too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by-and-by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but, after a good deal of pressing, said, 'that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant: 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those *painted jezabels*; while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, with great humility: 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish: *I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.*"

At the age of sixty-two, Johnson had an inclination to get into parliament: "I should like to try my hand now," he exclaimed. On which Mr. C. informs us, "Lord Stowell has told the editor, that it was understood amongst Johnson's friends, that 'Lord North was afraid that Johnson's *help* (as he himself said of Lord Chesterfield's) might have been sometimes *embarrassing*.' 'He perhaps thought, and not unreasonably,' added Lord Stowell, 'that, like the elephant in the battle, he was quite as likely to trample down his friends as his foes."

At page 150 of the second volume, the Tour to the Hebrides is commenced: thence we select the ensuing annotations.

Anecdote of a Presbyter.—"Dr. Alexander Webster was remarkable for the talent with which he at once supported his place in convivial society, and a high character as a leader of the strict and rigid presbyterian party in the church of Scotland, which certainly seemed to require very different qualifications. He was ever gay amid the gayest. When it once occurred to some one present to ask what one of his elders would think, should he see his pastor in such a merry mood—'Think!' replied the doctor, 'why he would not believe his own eyes.'"

Of Flora Macdonald.—"It is remarkable (says Sir Walter Scott) that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled *Flory*."

Of Buonaparte.—"When Buonaparte first surveyed his new sovereignty of Elba, he talked jocularly of *taking* the little island of Pianosa. So natural to mankind seems to be the desire of conquest, that it was the first thought of the speculative moralist, as well as of the dethroned usurper."

A Nomesake.—"The eccentric author of Hurlo Thrumbo was named *Samuel Johnson*. He was originally a dancing-master, but went

* "Upon this Mr. Murphy regrets, 'for the honour of an admired writer, not to find a more liberal entry—to his friend in distress he sent eight shillings more than was wanted! Had an incident of this kind occurred in one of his romances, Richardson would have known how to grace his hero; but in fictitious scenes generosity costs the writer nothing.'—*Life*, p. 87. This is very unjust. We have seen that Mr. Richardson had, just the month before, been called upon to do Johnson a similar service; and it has been stated that about this period Richardson was his constant resource in difficulties of this kind. Richardson, moreover, had numerous calls of the same nature from other quarters, which he answered with a ready and well-regulated charity. Instead, therefore, of censuring him for not giving more, Mr. Murphy might have praised him for having done all that was required on the particular occasion."

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on the stage, where his acting was as extravagant as his pieces. He died in this very year, 1773, and was probably one of the persons whose death is alluded to, *post*, 17th April, 1778."

Of Sir A. Maclean.—"Sir Allan Maclean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called in Scotland *writers* (which, indeed, was the chief motive of his retiring to Inchkenneth). Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas: Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend whom that handsome seat belonged to. 'M——, the writer to the signet,' was the reply. 'Umph!' said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, 'I mean that other house.' 'Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie ——, also a writer to the signet.' 'Umph!' said the Highland chief of M'Lean, with more emphasis than before. 'And you smaller house?' 'That belongs to a Stirling man; I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too, for ——' Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, 'My good friend, I must own you have a pretty situation here; but d—n your neighbourhood.'"

Of Adam Smith.—"Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, 'He's a brute—he's a brute;' but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. 'What did Johnson say?' was the universal inquiry. 'Why, he said,' replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, 'he said, *you lie!*' 'And what did you reply?' 'I said, you are a son of a ——!' On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy."

Of Lord Auchinleck.—"Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family, and, moreover, he was a strict presbyterian and whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another. 'There's nae hope for Jamie,' mon,' he said to a friend. 'Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?' Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. 'A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie; he keeped a schule, and cau'd it an acaadamy.' Probably if this had been reported to Johnson, he would have felt it more galling, for he never much liked to think of that period of his life: it would have aggravated his dislike of Lord Auchinleck's whiggery and presbyterianism. These the old lord carried to such an unusual height, that once when a countryman came in to state some justice business, and being required to make his oath, declined to do so before his lordship, because he was not a *covenanted* magistrate. 'Is that a' your objection, mon?' said the judge; 'come your ways in here, and we'll baith of us tak the solemn league and covenant together.' The oath was accordingly agreed and sworn to by both, and I dare say it was the last time it ever received such homage. It may be surmised how far Lord Auchinleck, such as he is here described, was likely to suit a high tory and episcopalian like Johnson. As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices; the first related to Sir John Pringle, president of the Royal Society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of whig and tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped; but the controversy between tory and covenanter raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out, 'God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck.' He taught kings they had a *joint* in their necks. Jamie then set to mediating between his father and the philosopher, and availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order. — *Sir Walter Scott.*"

Of Lord Elibank.—"Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland: 'Yes,' said he; 'and where else will you see *such horses* and *such* men?'"

Throughout these volumes there are interspersed a number of prayers, &c., in which Johnson was prone to manifest his religious aspirations, and seek to soothe his mind. They are remarkable mixtures; but yet breathe all of genuine piety. We shall, however, only instance two short passages, as specimens of the most curious.

"I was extremely perturbed in the night, but have had this day more ease than I expected. D[eo]gr[atia]. Perhaps this may be such a sudden relief as I once had by a good night's rest in Fetter Lane. * * *

"I fasted, though less rigorously than at other times. I, by negligence, poured milk into the tea, and, in the afternoon, drank one dish of coffee with Thrale; yet at night, after a fit of drowsiness, I felt myself very much disordered by emptiness, and called for tea, with peevish and impatient eagerness. My distress was very great."

We now conclude, having "skimmed" about half our skimming to the end of Vol. III., for, we trust, the entertainment of our readers. It appears that Johnson never called himself *doctor*, though that appellation has been given him by all the rest of the world.

Having taken so much from this publication, we cannot do better than finish, this week, with an original anecdote concerning it.

Sir John Malcolm once asked Warren Hastings, who was contemporary and a companion of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, what was his real estimation of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*? "Sir," replied Hastings, "it is the *dirtiest* book in my library:" then, proceeding, he added, "I knew Boswell intimately; and I well remember, when his book first made its appearance, Boswell was so full of it, that he could neither think nor talk of any thing else; so much so, that meeting Lord Thurlow hurrying through Parliament Street to get to the House of Lords, where an important debate was expected, for which he was already too late, Boswell had the temerity to stop and accost him with—'Have you read my book?' 'Yes! G—d d—n you!' replied Lord Thurlow, 'every word of it: I could not help myself.'"

HOPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

[Third Paper.]

WE proceed, without comment, to the sequel of the very curious investigation unfolded in our last: any remark is unnecessary where an author so explicitly develops his own striking views.

"*Varieties of human races.*—In the inland fastnesses of Borneo and Sumatra, and over the islands of the Polynesia, still rove, perhaps soon entirely to disappear from the globe, tribes of which the resemblance to the baboon is most striking, the superiority over the brute, in mind and body, least perceptible. In them, of all human beings, the organs of vitality most early and fundamental—those named abdominal—still present the greatest expansion; those of reaction and movement, superstructed on the first, still display the least possible development and finish. The external seats of those lower senses which still remain most directly connected with the wants of the stomach—the tongue, the jaws, the lips, and the nostrils—still preserve the most disgusting amplitude, openness, and spread; the organs of the higher senses, still often exhibit an equally disagreeable and repulsive obliquity and want of room. The face, from a preposterous width above, terminates abrubtly underneath in a sharp, cheekless, chinless point. The organs of intellect still appear in their narrow cramped receptacle wholly undeveloped. Of the rude ill-formed skull the anterior part—that which, in proportion as it is better arched, gives earnest of organs of thought more expanded—is still so low, so narrow, so depressed, that it can hardly be said to form a distinct forehead. The small deep-sunk eyes, like those of the baboon, still keep constantly vibrating in their narrow sockets. The flat, wide, staring nostrils, are scarce by any thing but their yawning orifices distinguishable from the pouches more prominent than the nose, over which they are spread. The skinny chasm of the enormous lipless mouth is armed with teeth, long, projecting, and wide apart, like the teeth of a saw. Of chin there is no sign. The face, hideous when viewed in front, is not less frightful when seen in profile; its greatest prominence is in the region of the mouth. The head, sunk between the raised shoulders, has not room over these to turn sideways. A trunk of enormous bulk supports arms meagre and deformed, of a finny shortness or uncouth elongation. That trunk moves on thighs and legs short, bowed, crooked, and calfless. These supports, in their turn, are ill at rest on feet flat and square, deprived of instep and of heel, and more calculated, by their want of well-formed sole, to entwine themselves round branches than to walk on level ground. The utmost height of these misshapen mortals in general scarce reaches four feet nine. Their ill-marked muscle is hardly

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discernible athwart their coarse dusky hide, as distant in its hue from a fine glossy black as it is from a clear transparent whiteness. The skin is frequently covered with irregular patches of wiry hair or bristles. Their limbs seem unhinged, their movements performed by abrupt jerks. They crouch rather than they sit; they climb better than they walk. Their features have not yet a finish sufficient to mark the distinction between youth and age. In childhood they already look decrepit. Nor do their countenances yet possess sufficient flexibility to mark the transition from calmness to irritation. Little sensible to emotions even of physical pleasure, they are less alive still to feelings of bodily pain. They undergo the greatest hardships without being by their sufferings stimulated to mend their lot; they feed without repugnance on the coarsest garbage; encounter without nausea the most disgusting smells; are inaccessible to any pleasures of the ear or eye; have little memory, and less imagination. They seem incapable of reflection on the past, or of foresight into the future. Unmoved by any prospect of distant benefit, undeterred by any threat of remote injury, they are never seen to express joy, or to denote grief—to laugh or cry. Only accessible to hunger, while that feeling pinches not their vitals past endurance, nothing ruffles their apathy. Like the brute, they are, while in a state of repletion, wholly incapable of providing for the hour of want. Unfeeling for themselves, they cannot be expected to sympathise with the feelings of others. None yet has a wife or a child he calls his own. The female, wooed with a club, when from a means of pleasure she becomes an encumbrance, is by that club despatched. The offspring is left to shift for itself. Cruel, cowardly, and credulous, they are void of curiosity, and inaccessible to wonder. Nothing occupying their thoughts sufficiently to become familiar to them, nothing can seem strange. They shew no mental faculty beyond that low cunning already by man attributed to monkeys. When inveigled in the trammels of civilisation, they only labour to effect their escape. Incapable of inventions of art with which to supply the deficiencies of nature, they possess neither utensils nor arms. Inland they feed on the grub that crawls forth from the earth: near the sea-side on the oyster left exposed by the surf. They go completely naked: they have no permanent abode. In the day-time they prowl about in perfect solitude, at night they creep under the sand. Their speech consists in a few hoarse croakings: but by men who have no ideas, no feelings to communicate to each other, even these are seldom uttered. If clothed by force, they tear off their apparel. If caught, they try to get loose. The best treatment cannot tame them. When detained, they soon, without apparent grief or pain, pine away and die. Of the New Zealander the skull presents a texture so coarse, a form so contracted, so similar to that of the ourang-outang, that anatomists have considered him as the connecting link between the monkey and man. From the Andaman islands, in the Indian Archipelago, were once brought away, in an Indian junk, two middle-aged savages of a peculiar tribe, black and woolly-haired, the tallest of which scarcely reached four feet seven, and only weighed seventy-six pounds. Protuberant in the paunch, stunted in the extremities, of voracious appetite and cannibal propensities, climbing on trees as nimbly as quadrumana, diving under water as readily as ducks, heavy and dull in intellect, and, when by themselves, setting up a cackling like turkeys, they only appeared seldom even in their guttural hiss to converse with each other. In the interior of Luconia, and throughout the Indian Archipelago, there are vestiges of a black woolly-haired race of pigmies, incapable of the least approach to civilisation, unpossessed of any permanent abode, and when caught, however well used, either soon effecting their escape, or pining to death. Of these the major part have, by a different race of a brown hue, with long lank hair, and endowed with superior mental capacities, found in the same regions, been hunted down, or forced to fly to inaccessible fastnesses, where gradually the race melts away. In New Holland and in New South Wales, almost every tribe of natives, however small, has an idiom of its own, different from that of the neighbouring tribes, and only consisting of a few sibilating sounds, unintelligible out of the tribe. Of these tribes some are hideously ugly. They have noses quite flat to the face like those of brutes, or only noseless nostrils very wide, which entirely want all distinct projection. Their eyes, very close to each other, and deep sunk in the head, constantly vibrate like those of the monkey. Their mouth is extravagantly wide and prominent, their body clumsy and ill-formed; their arms, almost fleshless, are of enormous length: their legs equally ungainly; and a rough wrinkled black skin seems ill to fit the ill-limbed body. They live upon ants' nests, wild honey, roots, and berries: at night they creep into some hollow tree. The males destroy the females, and the females their offspring, when tired of the encumbrance. Once from the interior of Africa was brought to the West Indies a whole cargo of captured negroes, so inferior in organisation to the general average of blacks, so hideous in face, so mishapen in figure, so short, so deficient in whatever distinguishes human beings from brutes, that they could not find any purchaser. They resembled the natives of Old Calabar, residing not far from the coast of Guinea, who have foreheads and chins almost obliterated; cheeks, or rather pouches, projecting beyond the nose; wide, prominent, lipless mouths, armed with long sharp tusks or teeth standing out; eyes almost in contact with each other; bellies that hang down over their thighs; a chest very narrow, arms of prodigious length, thighs extremely short, spider-legs void of calves, and splay feet as ill-fitted to stand firm on even ground as those of the neighbouring monkeys. Near the Cape, intermingled with the higher race of Hottentots, are the Boajes-men, of which the males scarce attain a height of four feet six inches, and the females of four feet. They become decrepit and wrinkled at what among whites would scarce be deemed a mature age. Their noses are flat to the face, their eyes in constant motion like those of monkeys: from their broad cheek-bones their faces taper down to a sharp point: their hair is woolly, their coarse brown skin usually besmeared with grease, and their body begirt with the decaying entrails of the animals they have devoured. The females in some parts of their frame are meagre and stunted, in others they exhibit an exuberance similar to that of the Caramanian sheep. Their posterior excrescence is often balanced by a natural apron before, similar to the pouch in which the kangaroo nurses its young. They sleep, seldom two nights running, in nests which they contrive in the bushes; are equally strangers to the use of fig-leaves and of fire. Apathetic but fearful, and not even possessed of the intelligence required in slaves, they spend their time either prowling about in perfect solitude like wild beasts, or crouched like monkeys in a circle, exhibiting an unmeaning grin or an inarticulate chatter. But enough of the very lowest specimens of the human race, which every where exhibit a great sameness both in their physical draw-backs and moral deficiencies. Even in certain negro races of a very superior cast to these, while there still remains, as in certain brute races, of the olfactory, optic, and fifth pair of nerves, a development much greater, a power of conveying sensations of smell, sound, and sight, in certain respects much more acute than is found in higher human beings, there still remains to the monkey a nearer affinity in other organs and parts internal and external;—in the marked contraction and want of room in the brain, thickness of the skull, height and size of the flapping ear, yellow opacity of the eye-balls, incessant vibration of the eyes, and depressed expansion of the nasal cavities, over hollow, cheekless pouches; in the skinny projecting mouth, armed with wide rows of threatening teeth, under which dives away a chin almost obliterated; in the angularity of the shoulders, length of the fore-arm, square obtuseness of the hand, crookedness of the thigh-bone, gibbosity of the tibia, height and smalness of the calf, flatness of the heel and instep, uneven bearing of the sole both longways and broadways, spareness of the muscle, duskiness of the skin, and tendency of all the parts to a leaning forward, in its turn producing a preference of a crouching to a sitting posture, and a superiority in the movements of diving and of climbing, over those of walking and running, greater than are possessed by higher races. Most negro tribes may still be said to display in their forms a want of fulness, in their movements a want of precision, in their joints a want of hinging, in their articulations a looseness very remarkable. Their arms swing, their legs shuffle along, and, as their bodies seem callous, their minds seem inert. They appear wholly incapable of deep abstraction. No where have they, through an innate force, and unassisted by the prior examples and precepts of white races, attained any degree of advancement in science, or of refinement in art. As in every thing the opposite extremes ever precede the just medium, negroes are in their own native regions still ever found either wholly unshackled by any social control, or smarting under the lash of the most unmodified despotism. They either recognise no bond of union, or obey with the most abject submission the most unbridled tyrants. They either live wholly unawakened to any sense of superhuman guidance, or they exhibit the most senseless superstition, and faith in the silly tricks of sorcery. Their worship is only a worship of fear: it is only addressed to spirits of evil, whose wrath they strive to avert merely by streams of blood. They have not yet a religion of love, a reverence for an author of good, whose favour is only to be gained by rooting out the ill propensities of the heart. Ages roll over their monotonous existence without producing in their mind the least cultivation, in their manners the least improvement. Even among black races, however, though all originally alike produced by, and all evidently only calculated for, climates where prevail the extreme of heat, there may already be discerned many degrees of excellence. The highest of negro tribes are in some respects not only equal but superior to the lowest of white races. There are in Africa, to the north of the line, certain Nubian nations, as there are to the south of the line certain Caffre tribes, whose figures, nay even whose features, might in point of form serve as models

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for those of an Apollo. Their stature is lofty, their frame elegant and powerful. Their chest open and wide; their extremities muscular and yet delicate. They have foreheads arched and expanded, eyes full and conveying an expression of intelligence and feeling: high narrow noses, small mouths, and pouting lips. Their complexion indeed still is dark, but it is the glossy black of marble or of jet, conveying to the touch sensations more voluptuous even than those of the most resplendent white.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Ivan Vejeeghen; or, Life in Russia.

[Second notice.]

We have nothing to do but continue our extracts from this characteristic and entertaining publication.

State of society in Moscow. — "Old mother Moscow is like a decrepit rich widow, who, after having lived in the great world, has retired to a country town in the interior of Russia, which lies in the centre of her property, in order to play the first *rôle* in her own neighbourhood, without breaking off however her connexions with the metropolis. Moscow, my dear friend, has out of all manner of exotic fancies and rarities, succeeded in weaving for her own shroud a really original article, in which foreigners may distinguish the yarn of their own spinning, but the body of the tissue and the patterns can be claimed by none but our own dearly beloved Moscow. The best Moscow society is composed in the first place of the old men, as they are called, who have overlived their time, and from *ennui* or other causes have settled in Moscow for a temporary rest, in expectation of an eternal. This respected rank constitutes a living chronicle for the last half century, or rather living quotations from the contemporary history of Russia. The members of this body form also an areopagus, or supreme court for judging of all contemporary occurrences. They hold their sittings at the English club, and at the houses of respectable elderly ladies of the first three classes. The distinction of ranks is observed by them with as great strictness as in a well-drilled regiment under arms. Politics, war, the internal administration of the empire, the appointment to public offices, the decisions of courts of law, and particularly the distribution of ranks and orders, are all subject to the review of this croaking areopagus. It is this class which gives balls, dinners, suppers, and soirées, to persons of distinction passing through Moscow, to public functionaries of the first class, and to the first-rate nobility. In the second place—gentlemen in actual service in the Moscow courts of law, who differ in this only from the public functionaries of Petersburgh and other places, that they live more luxuriously, have more inclination for business, and do not take up their time with collateral objects, such as literature and the sciences, as some of our young civilians do in Petersburgh. In the third place, sinecurists, or mothers' darlings; that is to say the rear-rank of the phalanx covered by blind fortune. Of these lucky people, the greater part cannot read the Psalter printed in the Slavonic character, although they are all included in the list of Russian antiquaries. They go under the name of 'the youth of the archives.' They form our *petites maîtres*, fashionables, husbands of all brides, lovers of all women whose nose is not situated on their chin, and who know to pronounce *oui* and *non*. They are the law-givers of the *ton* amongst the Moscow youth, on the promenades, in the theatres and drawing-rooms. This rank also furnishes Moscow with philosophers of the last hatch, who are full of every thing to the brim except wholesome thought—*cognoscenti* in rhyming, and desperate judges of rhetoric and the sciences. In the fourth place, an immense drove of all sorts of public men retired from the service, belonging to old families who have attained distinguished ranks, in hunting for which they have spent their property; some who, with little trouble, live upon cards and their shifts, and some who merely live from hand to mouth upon Moscow hospitality. In the fifth place, provincial landholders who come to spend the winter in Moscow, to eat up their farm-stock, and to have the pleasure of seeing their daughters dance at the assembly of the *noblesse*, or at evening parties, till some bridegroom, attracted by the dowery, (the scent of which talkative aunts know well how to spread,) demands their charming hand, which has known no sort of work from the day of its creation. In the sixth place, gentlemen travellers from Petersburgh and the army, in quest of rich brides, for which Moscow has been famed from time immemorial. These gentry begin usually at the very top of the ladder, but alight upon *elevées*, or merchants' daughters, who are surer bargains. * * *

"The most prominent feature of Moscow is hospitality, or the propensity for keeping open table. My dear Vejeeghen! if our planet by any particular misfortune should be subject to a ten year's scarcity, and supposing provisions were sold for their weight in gold, even then nobody would be starved in Moscow except the *dvoroavey*-servants, who at other times, amidst the general abundance, are not over-well fed, probably that they may be the lighter for work. Although I am no statistical man, I may affirm without hesitation, that more is eaten and drunken in Moscow, during one year, than in the whole of Italy in twice the time. To make their guests eat and drink to excess is esteemed in Moscow the first characteristic of a good *accueil*."

"When her husband was in power, the secretary durst not engross a decision without asking Aquilina Semenovna, and the petitioners were obliged to address themselves to her before they appeared in court with their petitions. One day there came to her an old woman, with a handkerchief about her head and a strange-looking *shoob* (fur coat), to petition in favour of her grandson, whom the community had marked out for a recruit. After falling down at her feet, the old woman gave Aquilina Semenovna a little box, adding, 'Take this, ma'am; if it does not suit you, it will do for your daughter.' Aquilina Semenovna, thinking that the old woman was giving her a snuff-box, fell into a passion, screamed out with all her might, in order that the country gentlemen who were in the adjoining room might hear of her disinterestedness, and gave the old woman a box of another sort in return. The box fell on the ground, and the pearls were scattered on the floor. What a pucker she was in! There was Aquilina Semenovna sprawling on the floor, gathering up the pearls, and bawling out to her daughter Ashenka to come to her assistance. Ashenka flew to her from the other room, but forgot to shut the door, so that the gentleman saw the whole farce. One of them questioned the old woman on the street, and spread the news through all the government.' 'Ha, ha, ha!' 'That was a lesson not to despise trifles. It is not for nought that Seedor Karpeetch always repeats—'What is good to give is good to keep, and every gift is complete.'"

Of what, however, may be effected by individual exertion, an encouraging example is shewn in Mr. Rossiyaneenoff, whose estate exhibits the good consequences of common sense reduced to practice. The remark its owner makes is too rational to be omitted.

"Following the advice of my father-in-law, I began the management of my estate, not after the English or German fashion, but after a fashion suitable to our climate, soil, and manners. No new devices were carried into execution by me on a great scale, till I had made repeated trials of their effects upon a small."

We conclude with an entertainment given by a rich merchant, desirous of getting into high society and marrying off his daughters splendidly.

"Arraying myself in the most foppish style, I went to the place appointed for meeting with the secretary, and from thence straight to Moshneen's house. Up to the moment at which I am writing, I cannot conceive what pleasure the master of a house can have in inviting to dinner people who differ as far as east from west, in their education, worldly circumstances, habits of life, and casts of thought. In the first place, he heaps up for himself a mass of trouble, and frequently of dissatisfaction; and, in the second place, he confers a disagreeable favour upon his guests. The landlord must screw his features into a different pitch towards each of them; and the guest, for his part, does not know what tone to assume, nor with what degree of communicativeness to carry on the conversation. All this I experienced that day at Moshneen's. I had scarcely entered the saloon, when I might fancy myself at the Makárieff fair. Officers civil and military, merchants of all nations, in different costumes, of all degrees, from the highest guild down to the lowest broker; females, some in the tiptop of Parisian fashion, others in blonde and lace caps, others with silk handkerchiefs about their heads, some in jackets—in a word, a confusion of tongues—a real *divertissement!* I ran my eye over a crowd of guests, whispering and bawling about the weather, and fortunately did not see one face which I knew: this gave me courage—I confess, I was afraid of meeting with some of my old card-table acquaintances. The secretary asked a footman where the landlord and landlady were: we were taken into a huge dining-room. There Pampheel Merkooloveetch, with his better half, was hard at work, the sweat upon his brow. Footmen were taking wine out of baskets, the butler was giving his verdict upon the quality of each, the landlord was separating the one from the other, disposing the best wines in the places of honour, while the home-made madeira and port were put to the other end of the table for the use of the more common guests. The landlady, a healthy-looking fat woman, of about fifty years of age, dressed in the German fashion, with a silk *kosseenka* (head-dress) about her head, was arranging the dessert. They apologised to me for being found in the midst of household labours, and begged me to be without ceremony, as if I were at home. We returned to the company, and I begged the secretary to introduce me to the landlord's children. The two sons of Moshneen, dressed in the latest fashion, complimented me in French phrases, and endeavoured to shew themselves clever, and to sport an easy freedom; in a word, to act the part of people of *haut ton*. It was evident that they copied all the gestures

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of the young dandies of the great world, not as they are exhibited in drawing rooms, but in the theatres, on the boulevards, at the public promenades, and the *corps de gardes*; owing to this, their demeanour at first sight appeared too familiar and even impudent. They had already left the mercantile denomination, and entered the career of the civil service, that is to say, the shopmen, clerks, and footmen, styled them 'your honour.' I endeavoured, from our first interview, to conciliate their good graces by accommodating myself to their ideas, and begged them, '*as is usual in the great world*,' to present me to their sisters. The words '*great world*' tickled their vanity; and taking me by the arm, they led me into the drawing-room, where there was a large assembly of young ladies, gaudily dressed. Some of them were seated on chairs and on a sofa, others were whispering to each other beside the windows, and some were walking up and down the room. The brothers led me up to their sisters, who fortunately happened to be all in the same place, and introduced me, muttering some words in French. The two oldest were arrayed in the latest, and at the same time the showiest fashion; the youngest was plainly dressed. They made me a curtsy in exact conformity to the rules of the dancing-school; and the oldest sister, in the name of the rest, answered me in French—'*Charmée de faire votre connaissance!*' If fatness and whiteness are to be taken as the standards for beauty, as in the east, and particularly in China, the oldest Miss Moshneen might have passed for the greatest beauty in Pekin, and the second for the next;—only it is a pity that the Chinese have such a predilection for small feet; with us in the north that is very uncommon, and was none of the peculiarities of the two oldest Misses Moshneen. But the youngest was charming, in every sense of the word. From the colour on the face of the oldest sister, and a certain involuntary agitation, I conjectured that the wily *svakha* had already broken the ice with her. It was observable at the same time that all the guests peeped at me through their eyelashes, and then stared in each others' faces, and whispered together. Considering it improper to continue the conversation with one young lady in the midst of a circle of silent observers, I made my bow, and withdrew with my new friends into the other room. We were forthwith summoned to dinner, and I was seated between the two young gentlemen, of course at the respectable end of the table. Any sort of general conversation was out of the question during dinner. Officers talked together about promotions and new evolutions; civilians, about new ukazes and changes in the ministry and public offices; dabblers in law, about crimes and punishments; merchants, about the course of exchange, fresh bankruptcies, and the prices of the day. Some of the mercantile youth, and among the rest the young Moshneens, displayed their knowledge of horses, fashionable surtouts and vests, the theatre, female singers and dancers. However, amidst all this, none of the guests neglected the more serious part of the business; empty bottles were continually being changed for full ones, by a signal from the landlord, who, sitting at the end of the table, like a Jupiter, by the mere play of his eyebrows, put in motion the whole pocular system. The voices of the ladies were not audible, except in giving brief answers to questions put now and then by gentlemen. My neighbours emptied bottles without ceasing, ordered the servants to hand us the best wine; and by the time that the toasts began, the whole company was already *ree*. Half-tipsy footmen ran here and there with bottles, as if they were distracted, spilling the wine upon the guests, and making a prodigious fuss. The drinking of healths was commenced. In the first place the young lady's whose name's-day they were assembled to celebrate; after that, the health of the parents, children, relations, respectable guests individually, the whole company, &c. The fair sex in the mean time were quietly occupied with the dessert. The young ladies pecked the berries like as many little birds; and though they were already crammed to repletion, they continued to swallow fruits and confections, in small mouthsful, with every appearance of satisfaction. Although quite disposed for merriment, I could not join in that of the young Moshneens, at the expense of their parents. At every awkwardness of papa and mamma, the dear little children laughed, concealing their faces with their table-napkins, and winking across the table to their oldest sisters. The sons called their father the scoopish old clerk, and their mother the counter; and even cracked their jokes aloud in French. The worthy parents, who did not understand a word of what they said, seemed quite pleased to hear their children speaking a foreign language. I was drawn, in spite of myself, to reflect upon the worthlessness of that system of education which, exclusively cultivating outward shew, and leaving moral principle out of sight, makes us look down upon the condition in which we were born; and, by implanting false notions of self-importance, stifles in the heart the feelings of nature."

Truly this picture brings us home. We now cordially recommend these volumes to our readers. If read as a mere romance, we doubt its obtaining that popularity in England with which it has been received in Russia—priority being an author's best security of success: here he has many rivals in amusement, and there he has none. But *Ivan Vejeeghen* is full of curious information and original and animated scenes. The translator has executed his task with much fidelity and spirit. We think, however, that a little more softening of some of the coarser scenes would have been desirable.

Aldine Poets, XIII. The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope, Vol. I. London, 1831. Pickering.

As elegant a volume as any of its predecessors, with a very interesting portrait of Pope. An accurate and industriously collected memoir of the poet, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is affixed, with, however, no striking novelty to call for extract.

Framlingham; a Narrative of the Castle. In Four Cantos. By James Bird. pp. 181. London, 1831. Baldwin and Cradock.

An interesting story, very poetically told, but depending too much on the attraction of narrative to admit of advantageous extract. A very beautiful view of the fine old castle, bosomed deep in woods, gives locality to some graceful description. There are also some amusing notes.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE NIGER, &c.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Murray has given Messrs. Landers a thousand guineas for their journal: this is some reward to cheer them after all the fatigues and dangers of their travel; and we know it is also the intention of the noble and liberal Secretary for the colonies, within whose department their services have been performed, to mark by more than barren praise the sense which government entertains of their merit. While mentioning the subject, we may state, on the authority of a very intelligent friend who has just reached England from the coast of Africa, that the natives and merchants residing there agree in their representation, that "all the rivers from the Volta to the old Calabar (including a space of at least five hundred miles) communicate with each other; which inland communication, they told our informant, was frequently used in the intercourse between one nation and another, in preference to going in their canoes along the coast. The country, they assured him, is so intersected by swamps and rivers, and so thickly covered with wood, that it is almost impossible to get from place to place except by water." This accounts for the climate being so fatal to Europeans.

M. BONPLAND.

At length tidings have been received of this eminent naturalist. The following is a copy of a letter published in the *Lucero* of the 29th March.

St. Borja, 22d February, 1831.

"My dear and old friend,—Convinced of the lively interest that you have always taken in my fate, I hasten to inform you of my departure from Paraguay. After twenty months' delay at Itapua, where I formed and left a second agricultural establishment, I at last set out for the Parana, by superior order of 2d of February. The 8th found me at the banks of this river, and on the 15th I arrived at San Borja. The bearer of this is Señor Araujo, a Portuguese merchant, whom I knew in Itapua. I entreat you to render him every service, should an opportunity offer. The excessive rise in the waters of this river has not permitted me to transport all my baggage: as soon as this is accomplished, I shall proceed to visit the towns of the Missiones, on the left of the Uruguay; after which I shall go to Corrientes, where I hope to find all that I left there, especially my books, which are extremely necessary to me, in consequence of the loss I have sustained of many works in the first months of my arrival at Paraguay. From Corrientes I shall return, probably, to San Borja, to arrange my affairs, and afterwards shall journey to Buenos Ayres, where I have so much desire and so much necessity to arrive. In order to put an end to the melancholy suppositions which you and all my friends must naturally have made relative to my existence during the nine years of my detention in Paraguay, I must tell you that I have passed as happy a life as could be expected by one deprived of all communication with his country, his family, and his friends. The practice of medicine has always afforded me the means of subsistence; but as this did not entirely occupy my time, I employed myself, from disposition and necessity, in agriculture, which has given me infinite enjoyments. At the same time I had established a manufactory of brandy and liqueurs, and likewise a carpenter's and a blacksmith's shop, which not only defrayed the expenses of my agricultural establishment, but yielded some profits from the work performed for private individuals. In this manner I had acquired the means of living with the greatest comfort. On the 12th May, 1829, without any preliminary, the authorities of Santiago communicated to me the order of the supreme director to leave the country. This intimation was a

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mixture of justice and wrong, which I cannot yet account for in a positive manner. In short, driven about from 12th May, 1829, to 2d Feb. 1831, that is, during twenty months and twenty days, I at length passed the Parana with all the honours of war. This second epoch of my life in Paraguay has been real punishment to me. I had never given any one cause of complaint,—I had endeavoured to gain the esteem of all. Even the supreme dictator, from my arrival in the republic, until 12th May, 1829, had allowed me the greatest liberty, and the heads of the department in which I was domiciliated, treated me with kindness. At last, as every thing has an end, the director definitively decreed my departure from Paraguay, and has done it in the most generous manner. I am at liberty, and soon hope to embrace you.

"Please to give a thousand remembrances to all my friends who recollect me, as I have no time to write to them. During my detention I had not forgot any one; and without geographical maps I have still travelled a great deal. During nine successive years I have not once spoken French; I therefore hope you will excuse the defects and faults in this letter. Adieu, my dear M. Roguin; I am impatient to see you, and I am going to conclude, as fast as possible, the trifling affairs which detain me here. Your fellow-countryman and sincere friend, "AIME BONPLAND.*

"*To M. Dominique Roguin.*"

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart. in the chair.—This was the last assembly for the season. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the registrar, read a paper, in which Dr. Gregory, physician to the Small-pox Hospital, explained the grounds on which he had been led to form the conclusion, that the cause of the frequent failure of cow-pox to protect the constitution completely against the attacks of small-pox, is to be sought for, not so much in any imperfect performance of vaccination, nor in the nature of the variolous poison itself, as in the inability of cow-pox to render the constitution insensible to its own influence *beyond a certain time*. The shortest period in which Dr. Gregory has observed the immunity from cow-pox, in consequence of vaccination, to wear out, is ten years; and when the immunity ceases, it is reasonable to suppose that the constitution is left again obnoxious to small-pox; and Dr. Gregory is then in the habit of recommending *re-vaccination*. But in many instances the immunity, both from cow-pox and small-pox, lasts for a much longer period. And even when it ceases to exist in perfection, it generally has still sufficient power to mitigate the severity, and diminish the danger of small-pox occurring subsequently to vaccination.—A paper was then read, communicated by Dr. Wilson, which was drawn up by the late James Wilson, Esq., at the request of Sir Joseph Bankes, for the information of the Royal Society. In this paper were related the particulars of a case, in which the veins that usually supply the liver with venous blood for the secretion of bile, were found to enter the vena cava without passing through the liver, and this organ received no other supply of blood than that furnished by the hepatic artery, although bile appeared to have been formed in quantity and quality the same as usual.

* From the *British Packet* of April 2, kindly forwarded to us from Buenos Ayres.—*Ed. L. G.*

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

3d 12h—the Earth in aphelion, and the diameter of the Sun at its minimum of 31′ 31″: the motion of the Earth is also slowest, the arc it describes being only 57′ 11″·6 in a mean solar day. 23d 4h 28m—the Sun enters Leo, its place in the heavens being among the small stars in Cancer.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Pisces	2	11	40
● New Moon in Gemini	9	1	47
☽ First Quarter in Virgo	16	6	3
○ Full Moon in Capricornus	24	9	5
☾ Last Quarter in Cetus	31	17	41

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Gemini	8	3	40
Mars in Cancer	10	21	20
Saturn in Leo	12	1	45
Venus in Leo	12	10	45
Jupiter in Capricornus	25	20	0

8d—Mercury in his ascending node. 12d—in perihelion. 19d 12h—in superior conjunction.

5d 14h—Venus in conjunction with Regulus. 7d 13h—with Saturn: difference of latitude 12′. This will be an interesting phenomenon: though the closest approach will not be visible, yet, previously to the setting of these planets at 10h 15m, they may be seen in the same field of view of the telescope—Saturn shining with dimmed lustre, and Venus with sparkling brilliancy. The following will be the proportions of the illuminated and dark disc of Venus:

Illuminated disc	= 7·247 digits.
Dark part	= 4·753

and the proportion of the smaller to the greater axis of the ring of Saturn will be as 184 is to 1000. 24d 17h—Venus in her descending node. 26d 14h—in conjunction with ν Leonis. 30d—at her greatest elongation (45° 43′). The angular distance of Venus from the Sun is not a constant quantity, but varies according to the position of her elliptical orbit relative to that of the Earth: its maximum distance is attained when the planet is in its aphelion, and the Earth in its perihelion; it is then 47° 48′; its minimum when the planet is in its perihelion, and the Earth in its aphelion, in which situation the angle of elongation is 44° 57′. It now appears as a half-moon, and will be increasingly interesting as a telescopic object till the month of October, gradually waning away to a delicate crescent form.

Mars is too remote from the Earth and too near the Sun for satisfactory observation.

The Asteroids.

	D.	H.	M.	S.		°	′	″
Vesta	3	R.A.	5	36	0	N.D.	21	7	0
	11	.....	5	51	0	.....	21	20	0
	19	.....	6	6	0	.....	21	29	0
	27	.....	6	20	0	.....	21	32	0
Juno	3	.....	5	53	0	.....	14	38	0
	11	.....	6	11	0	.....	14	34	0
	19	.....	6	30	0	.....	14	21	0
	27	.....	6	48	0	.....	14	0	0
Pallas	3	.....	19	50	0	.....	19	53	0
	15	.....	19	40	44	.....	19	20	8
	20	.....	19	36	42	.....	18	55	1
	21	.....	19	35	54	.....	18	49	14
	22	.....	19	35	6	.....	18	43	12
	23	.....	19	34	18	.....	18	36	56
	24	.....	19	33	31	.....	18	30	24
	31	.....	19	28	10	.....	17	38	18
Ceres	3	.....	21	34	0	S.D.	25	42	0
	11	.....	21	31	0	.....	26	36	0
	19	.....	21	26	0	.....	27	32	0
	27	.....	21	19	0	.....	28	26	0

Two only of the Asteroids will this year be in opposition to the Sun, Pallas and Ceres; of these, Pallas only will be favourably situated, the other will be too far south for satisfactory observation in this hemisphere. Pallas may be seen, early in the month, in the Via Lactea, half a degree north of γ Sagittæ; about the middle of the month it will pass close to ζ, and the 22d be in opposition, between α and δ. This small planet may be distinguished by its ruddy colour, which is, however, not so intense as that of Ceres: its light is very variable, sometimes appearing pale and enveloped with vapours, at other seasons shining forth distinctly, and exhibiting a defined disc. The constellation (Sagittæ) in which this asteroid will be in opposition, though occupying but a small space in the heavens (15° by 4°), is remarkable for several interesting telescopic objects, among which are the following: ζ and ε are double stars; near the former of these is a triple star; there are also two double stars near β and γ; θ and χ are triple stars; between γ and δ is a nebula; there are also richly compressed clusters of stars, and a nebula with a defined planetary disc, 30″ or 40″ in diameter; δ, it is supposed, has increased in magnitude since the time of Flamstead—it is now larger than α and β. The origin of this constellation (Sagittæ), according to the Greeks, may be traced to one of the arrows with which Hercules killed the vulture that gnawed the liver of Prometheus, whom Vulcan chained to Mount Caucasus, by order of Jupiter.

The planet Jupiter is rapidly gaining on the summer even, and towards the latter part of the month will divide the empire of the heavens with Venus, the former rising, pure and magnificent, to shine with splendour during the brief interval of night, and the latter following in the train of the glorious Sun, to send forth trembling floods of radiance over the western world. 27d—Jupiter in conjunction with γ Capricorni.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, immersion	11	12	35	42
	18	14	30	5
	27	10	53	12
Second Satellite	1	11	25	52
	8	14	0	44
Third Satellite	11	13	29	48
Fourth Satellite	24	13	33	19

Saturn is gradually fading away in the bright glow of the setting Sun.

Uranus in Capricornus is advancing to a favourable situation for observation.

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

FAMILY PAPERS.

OUR account of the Cecil Papers must render it gratifying news to the lovers of our native historical literature to hear that Mr. John Martin is similarly employed in arranging the papers of the Marquess of Downshire's ancestors—the Trumbulls. They extend from the period of James the First to Queen Anne. The first Mr. Trumbull, who was resident at the court of Brussels, we understand, collected during his political career a vast number of curious documents from his diplomatic brethren; among which are the original and curious negotiations for the marriage of Charles the First and the Infanta. The papers of the last Sir William Trumbull, our ambassador at Paris and Constantinople, and afterwards secretary of state during the reigns of James II. and William and Mary, are also reported to be very curious. It is probable that some of the most valuable may, with the noble owner's permission, be given to the public.

FINE ARTS.

PICTURE CLEANING, &c.

THERE are few arts the fair practice of which is of more interest to the lover of paintings than the art of picture cleaning. By many of

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the processes hitherto employed, we have seen the noblest works of the great masters altered or destroyed; and the modern hand so evident upon a multitude of pictures, is only a proof of the anxiety to restore that which unskilfulness and injurious agents have conspired to damage. We have of late had trial made upon several pictures, of a composition discovered by Signor L. Joffroy, Professor of Painting and Miniature Painter, in which we are assured the use of spirits is abandoned, and the effect of which has been perfectly satisfactory to us. The original features and colours of these works have been well and clearly brought out from the obscurity with which time and negligence had covered them; and they now look as fresh as if just from the easel. Having ourselves made such agreeable experience of Signor Joffroy's talent, we are sure we shall be obliging many of our friends by mentioning the circumstance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The National Portrait Gallery, &c. With Memoirs by W. Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A., &c. Part XXVII. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

This Part contains portraits of Lord Lyndoch, Sir Walter Scott, and the Earl of Albemarle; the first and last after Lawrence, and the second after a fine head by J. Graham, beautifully engraved by Woolnoth. Such a production is alone sufficient to make the fortune of a Number. The romantic military career of "the gallant Graham" is a good contrast to the literary life of the great poet.

Sketches in Italy. Drawn on stone by W. Linton. No. IV.

The fourth Number of this interesting work contains views of "Turin," "Il PonteRotto," "Florence," "Mecænas's Villa at Tivoli," "Venice," "Ruined Palace, Bay of Naples," "Perugia," and "Temple of Vesta, Tivoli;" in all of which Mr. Linton has fully maintained the high character which he established in the preceding portions of the publication.

Picturesque Gleanings in the North. A Series of Lithographic Prints, from original Pictures by C. Terry; drawn on stone by H. O'Neil. No. I. Ackermann.

Slight, but pretty.

Illustrations of Don Quixote. Designed by Henry Alken; engraved by John Zeitter. Part I. Tilt.

If ever name was auspicious to an undertaking, that of Tilt as the publisher of illustrations of knight-errantry is surely so. We regret, however, to add, that we have been disappointed in the expectations which that apparently happy coincidence excited. Repeated experience has, indeed, shewn that it requires great taste and skill to preserve the breadth of Cervantes' humour, and yet to avoid caricature. We cannot congratulate Mr. Alken on his success.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

INFANCY.

"The smile of childhood on the cheek of age."

A child beside a mother kneels,
With eyes of holy love,
And fain would lisp the vow it feels
To Him enthron'd above.

That cherub gaze, that stainless brow
So exquisitely fair!—
Who would not be an infant now,
To breathe an infant's prayer?

No sin hath shaded its young heart,
The eye scarce knows a tear;—
'Tis bright enough from earth to part,
And grace another sphere!

And I was once a happy thing,
Like that which now I see;
No may-bird, on ecstatic wing,
More beautifully free:

The cloud that bask'd in noontide glow,
The flower that danced and shone—
All hues and sounds, above, below,
Were joys to feast upon!

Let wisdom smile—I oft forget
The colder haunts of men,
To hie where infant hearts are met,
And be a child again;

To look into the laughing eyes,
And see the wild thoughts play,
While o'er each cheek a thousand dies
Of mirth and meaning stray.

Oh! manhood, could thy spirit kneel
Beside that sunny child,
As fondly pray, and purely feel,
With soul as undefiled—

That moment would encircle thee
With light and love divine;
Thy gaze might dwell on Deity,
And heaven itself be thine!

R. Montgomery.

Lincoln Coll. Oxon.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE STORMING OF ROME IN 1527.

By Giovanni Bonaparte.

Under the title of *Sac de Rome, écrit en 1527, par Jacques Bonaparte, temoin oculaire —(traduit de l'Italien par N. L. B.* pp. 91)— the translator, the Count de St. Leu, better known as Louis Bonaparte, has had printed at the grand ducal press at Florence a valuable document left by one of his ancestors, relative to the storming and plunder of Rome by the imperial troops under the Constable of Bourbon. In the introduction he has given some genealogical particulars concerning the Bonaparte family. The earliest mention of the Bonapartes occurs in Bonifazio's History of Treviso at the year 1178, when Giovanni Bonaparte was sent as envoy of the Trevisans to Padua, to learn the sentiments of that city. This Giovanni was one of the first knights of the Spanish order of San Jago, instituted in 1170, and founder of the hospital of that order in his native city. In a treaty of peace between the cities of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and Treviso, in the year 1208, he appears as one of the witnesses. His son Bonisperio is mentioned among the nobles of the country in 1219. The knight Nordillo Bonaparte was one of the hostages whom Trevizo was obliged to send in 1258 to Ezzelin de Romano. In 1268 he gave security, in some matter relating to the tolls, for Conradin of Swabia; and, as Syndic of Treviso, he concluded in 1271 a treaty of commerce between that city and Venice. In the following year he was Podesta of Parma. He afterwards founded an hospital at Treviso, and died on the 3d of April, 1290. His brother Pietro appears in 1312 in a league of the nobles against the tyrant of his native city. In 1313 he was, as one of the *quatuor viri sapientes*, ambassador to Gran Cane della Scala, Lord of Verona. In 1318 he was Podesta of Padua, and in the following year ambassador at the court of Frederic of Austria. Towards the end of the fourteenth century the family appears to have removed to San Miniato del Tedesco, in Tuscany; and its name frequently occurs among the partisans of the Ghibellines there, in Florence, and in other places. In later times we find several scholars of the family, and among others Nicolo Bonaparte, who introduced the study of jurisprudence at the university of Pisa. Another of the same name was, about the middle of the fifteenth century, clerk of the papal chamber, as appears from a sepulchral inscription in the church of San Francesco, at San Miniato. Giovanni Jacobo lived at Rome in the Orsini Palace, and there described as an eye-witness the plunder of the city in 1527. Finally, in 1612, Ludovico Maria Fortuna Bonaparte, of Sarzana, settled at Ajaccio in Corsica, during the war with the Genoese.

The account of the sacking of Rome is an interesting contribution to the history of the sixteenth century: it is written in a spirit of equity and moderation, and is the more worthy of attention, inasmuch as we possess no well-authenticated historical narrative of this melancholy event; and all that we find on the subject in contemporaneous memoirs—for instance, in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini—is unconnected, and full of errors. The latter, it is well known, among other things, arrogates to himself the merit of having killed the Constable of Bourbon, which, considering the locality of the Castle of St. Angelo, is almost impossible.

The following passage may serve as a specimen of the author's manner:—

"The army, despairing of the reduction of the castle—[the Castle of St. Angelo, in which Clement VII. and many prelates of the church had taken refuge] divided itself into several bodies, which proceeded to the different quarters of the city. As they passed along, they found the fathers and mothers of families sitting at the thresholds of the palaces, or at the entrances of the houses, inconsolable for the loss of their children slain in the struggle, and full of gloomy apprehension of the calamity that yet impended over the unfortunate city. These wretched creatures, dressed in mourning, offered to the enemy their houses and all they possessed, and with floods of tears supplicated for their lives. The hearts of the rude soldiers were not touched by their prayers: as if stimulated by the sound of drums and fifes to the massacre, they fell sword in hand upon the petitioners, and slaughtered all whom they could come at, without distinction of age or sex. Foreigners were not spared any more than the Romans themselves; for, from the mere thirst of blood, they, like furies, shot and cut in pieces the one as well as the other. Exasperated by the death of their leader, they disgraced themselves by cruelties to which history scarcely presents a parallel. As they found none to offer resistance, they were soon absolute masters of the ancient and noble city, which was as full of treasures as an army intent on plunder could desire. The Spaniards were first tired of the slaughter, and felt some sentiments of humanity and compassion revive within them towards men, who, though their enemies, were yet Christians. They ceased to slaughter, and made prisoners. When the Germans perceived that the Spaniards had discontinued to avail themselves of what was called the right of war, they began to suspect treachery. The Spanish officers represented to them that the city was taken; that being abandoned by those who should have defended it, so that they had themselves nothing more to fear; and that, as the inhabitants had concealed their most valuable

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treasures, it would be wise to spare their lives, in order to make them reveal their hiding-places. The Germans yielded to these arguments. They now seized all passengers and those whom they found at the doors of their houses, and forced them to open their apartments, which they immediately stripped of every thing of value. But they were not content with this: the women were exposed to the most horrible outrages. No one durst so much as raise his voice against these atrocities; it was forbidden to weep over sufferings which would have softened hearts of stone, and moved the very damned. These barbarians paid no regard either to high rank, or to the prayers of beauty, or to the tears of mothers: their hearts were closed against every humane feeling. Daughters were seen throwing themselves into the arms of their wretched mothers, and mothers seizing soldiers by the beard and by the hair to pull them back—but to no purpose. Entreaties, resistance, only served to aggravate their fury. The fettered fathers and husbands, paralysed with horror, had no more tears, no voice for lamentation. They gazed vacantly on, inanimate as statues. Some mothers, unable longer to endure the sight, tore their own eyes out; others hurried into subterranean cellars, where they soon found relief in death. Amidst the general consternation, however, some traits of Roman firmness were displayed. Several fathers buried their daggers in the hearts of their daughters, rather than suffer them to fall into the hands of the barbarians."

But turn we from this scene of horror, which, a century later, was so hideously re-acted in the heart of Germany, at the destruction of Magdeberg.—*Desultory Foreign Reading.*

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE piece brought out at Lablache's benefit, *La Prova d' un Opera Seria*, has proved so attractive, that it has been repeated several times since. The music is by Gnecco, a composer who lived before the "new order of things;" and it thus gives us the rare satisfaction of hearing something that is not *à la Rossini*. The opera contains many amusing scenes. The subject is the getting up of a serious opera, parts of which are rehearsed at the house of the *prima donna*, and in the theatre. There is a plot arising from a love-affair between this lady and the principal tenor; but the drama is so mangled by compression into one act, that little or nothing can be made of the story. Pasta is delightful as the singing lady: the versatility of her talent seems wonderful. In the arch and whimsical creature before us, we could not discover a vestige of the haughty *Semiramide*, or the furious enchantress *Medea*. Every thing she did was playful and grotesque, yet as far as possible from vulgarity. There is a native elegance about Pasta that never leaves her; and even her burlesque singing, though ludicrous in the extreme, is enchantingly graceful. Lablache, in the part of the composer, displayed the richest humour. The quarrel scene between Pasta and him produced roars of laughter from every part of the house. We heartily wish we could see these great performers together in some other comic characters: we are wearied with the monotony of two or three serious operas, which become fatiguing when eternally repeated, even by Pasta. She plays *Zerlina* charmingly: why has she done it only once this season? and why has she not performed some other comic parts? We are sure that her not doing so is neither for her own interest nor that of the manager.

HAYMARKET.

PREVIOUS to noticing the new two-act comedy produced here last Tuesday, we feel called upon to advert to some of the vices which have grown to so high a pitch at this house as to remove it almost wholly from the place it occupied in public opinion and degrade it below the standard of the least regular sub-urban minor. The boast of the Haymarket used to be, sterling pieces, represented (and consequently seen to advantage) on a small theatre, and by talents of the foremost class. It was, with these attractions, for many years the resort of many of the true lovers of the genuine drama. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* The alternations, now, are, *in chief*, from operas miserably performed by wretched musicians, to comedies enacted in a manner which would be hissed in a barn: for one or two good singers are only lost in an opera otherwise wretchedly sustained; and one or two excellent comedians can do but little for a play, where the rest of the cast is worse than "leather and prunella." On Tuesday, *As You Like It* was done in such a way as we never saw any thing like it on London boards; nor in the poorest provincial town, by the poorest strolling players, could this fine composition be more completely murdered. Cooper, as *Jaques*, alone was respectable; and simply because his part is principally soliloquising, and does not depend upon the association around him,—such association as rendered (we hope it was *that*) Miss Taylor's *Rosalind* very indifferent. Were the efficient representation of popular entertainments the real object pursued at the Haymarket, we should not have to arraign this system of mismanagement, which equally pervades the other departments. But there are different attractions in view, and the conduct of all concerned is squared accordingly. The vulgar insolence of the officials about the house is in perfect keeping with the rest; and until towards midnight, the system does not work well at all. Then it becomes apparent enough what is the principal intent and purpose of the *Little* Theatre; and why it contrives to keep open house till one, or half-past one o'clock. Five-act comedies, begun after eleven o'clock, no matter how acted, do as well as any thing else to congregate the drunk and the dissolute, whom these late hours find afloat upon the town,—the passages and the lobbies overflow, and, as there is no half-price, that amount which might be obtained by dramatic merit from respectability at seven, is at least partially supplied by resources from no respectability whatever, at and after twelve. We sincerely regret to see our once favourite theatre so deplorably perverted. But we turn to the novelty, a *Friend at Court*, adapted by Mr. Planché, in prose, from *La Fille d'Honneur*, in verse. Farren, as the rich, kind-hearted old pedler, was exquisite throughout. Miss Taylor played the principal female character, and played it beautifully. The scene between her and Farren was quite perfect; her acting and attitude on deciding not to become maid of honour to the electress, learning at the same time she is intended to be mistress to the young prince, was extremely graceful. The other parts were well played by Cooper, Mrs. Faucet, Brindall, and Vining. Altogether, this is one of Planché's hits, quite equal, in its way, to *Charles the Twelfth*; and we can bestow no higher panegyric upon any drama of its order.

MR. ARNOLD, we observe, is under the necessity of opening another season at the Adelphi Theatre; but this will be the last of the performances of the English Opera company in that establishment, as the building of the projected new theatre, for which 30,000*l.* is subscribed, will positively commence in September next, to be ready for opening in May 1832. For the present short summer season Mr. Arnold has added to his company Mr. John Reeve, whose comic capabilities, together with those of Wrench, Miss Kelly, and the usual excellent assortment of talent engaged in the English Opera's *corps dramatique*, will, without doubt, ensure good houses.

THIS has been, dramatically speaking, a conclusive week. Covent Garden closed on Monday, with Miss Kemble in *Juliet*; on Thursday Mathews and Yates ceased to be *At Home*, after having seen and entertained a great deal of company throughout the whole season; and last night the French Plays also finished at the Adelphi.

IL SIGNOR PAGANINI!

WE were among the first to spread the continental fame, and have been among the most cordial to hail the extraordinary talents exhibited by this performer in England. But, though we should rejoice in his combined success for months to come, we cannot but reprobate the impudent effrontery with which declared "last nights" are followed (if it can be called *followed*, where the advertisements are sent to the newspapers before these last nights occur) by the announcement of farther concerts. This is a most disreputable and offensive course. No one ought to begrudge to unequalled powers even lavish reward; but it is disagreeable to see trick and charlatanry added to the fair claim of merit and genius.

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS' CONCERT.

ON Wednesday one of the best and most crowded concerts of the season was given by this popular singer, at the rooms in the King's Theatre. The whole of the entertainments were admirably chosen and finely executed. The aria, "Bel raggio," was sweetly sung by Madame Meesi; and the aria, "Ah, se estino!" hardly less so by Madame Raimbaux. We also greatly admired the terzetto, "Pappataci, che mai sento," by Signori Rubini, Lenox, and De Begnis; a Swiss air, by Madame Stockhausen (accompanied on the harp by M. Stockhausen); "Lo! here the gentle lark," by Miss Bellchambers, with flute obligato by Mr. Nicholson; the terzetto, "Cruda sorte," by Mesdames Stockhausen and Raimbaux and Signor Torri; and the Gran Solo Violino by Signor Paganini. But indeed the entire concert was so effectual, that to do it justice, we should do nothing but praise every individual performance and performer. De Begnis has made himself particularly acceptable to the British public; and he merits the highest patronage both by his talents and conduct.

AMONG our other musical attractions of the day, we observe that the boy George Aspull, whom we noticed as an instance of extraordinary precocity so long ago as June 1824 (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 386), has returned to London, after travelling over the kingdom, and is about to give a morning concert. His powers, we understand, are more fully developed by seven years of practice; and we shall be curious to ascertain how one of our young phenomena has justified the promise of his early genius.

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VARIETIES.

Aquatic Excursion.—Our friends of the Printers' Pension Society have appointed Monday for their fourth annual aquatic excursion, and for the benefit of the fund of that excellent institution. The *Venus* steamer is the appointed vessel, and the excursion to the Nore, including a visit to the *Royal George*, of 120 guns, by permission of the Lords of the Admiralty. Wishing prosperity to the charity, we cannot also but wish a pleasant and a profitable trip to the Venus.

St. Mary-le-bone Institution.—We are glad to see, from a prospectus recently issued, that this rich and populous quarter of the town is about to establish an Institution for science, literature, and art. It is to consist of reading-rooms and a library; to have weekly meetings, where original papers will be read, and objects of virtu, &c. shewn; lectures, a museum, &c. &c. Every one must wish well to such establishments for the diffusion of intelligence, and the better occupation of time than in frivolous pursuits or dissipation.

The Periodical Press.—From an incidental discussion in the House of Commons on Tuesday, it appears that the country is again teeming with low-priced publications of the most disgraceful and demoralising character. It is worthy of remark, that this most important of all subjects should have elicited only very limited, partial, and party opinions—that no one member should have risen to take a broad and enlightened view of it. The press, whether it operates for good or evil, deserves more attention, both from the executive power and the legislature, than has yet been bestowed upon it. It mingles with, fashions, controls, defeats, excites, or promotes every other measure; and yet this elemental principle is itself the least under wise direction of any component part of government. There are, and indeed there must be, laws to which it is amenable; but, for all general effects, parliament and the public may depend upon it, the *bad in the press* is only to be counteracted by the *good in the press*, and the encouragement of the latter is the only means of neutralising the poisons of the former.

Industry of Birds.—Dr. Steel, who lives near the mineral springs of Saratoga, in New York, has ascertained that the bank swallow (*hirundo riparia*) knows how to vary, according to necessity, the construction of its nest. If it finds sandy banks, it bores holes in them, and thus forms for its future family a commodious habitation, into which none of their enemies can enter. When this resource is wanting, it approaches the houses, and, although less accustomed to man than the swallow of the windows, it attaches its nest to granaries, farmyard sheds, and similar edifices; and then, it being necessary to build instead of to dig, it selects materials, transports them, and puts them in their proper places. It thus appears that this species of swallow has not essentially the habits indicated by its specific name; but that it will live contentedly wherever it can find food, safety, and the charms of society; for isolated families, or solitary nests, are never seen. A little colony, which established itself in the neighbourhood of Saratoga in 1828, increased so rapidly, that in 1830 it consisted of several hundreds of nests.

Weeds.—The annoyance of grass or weeds springing up between the stones of pavement, and in gravel-walks, &c. may be got rid of for years by watering with a solution of lime and sulphur in boiling water.

Ladies' Bazar.—The proceeds of the Bazar lately held in the Regent's Park, for the benefit of the Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, are intended more especially to be devoted towards erecting a spacious building for the reception of deaf and dumb children, for the purpose of whose cure a mode of treatment is proposed to be adopted, which, we are assured, has, when had recourse to early, been very successful in restoring hearing and speech. Such an object is certainly deserving of public encouragement.

New Peers.—A French publication, in giving a list of the vice-presidents of the Royal Humane Society, has made some whimsical mistakes. Among them we find—Comte de Stamfort, Duc de Romney, Duc de Powis, Duc d'Eldon, Lord Prudhoe, &c. The college honours of some of the chaplains of the Society are also oddly enough printed as names, thus: D. D. R. Yates.—D. D. Rev. T. G. Akland.—M. A. Rev. Jackman, M.A.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXVII. July 2.*]

The Holy City of Benares, illustrated in a series of plates, by James Prinsep, Esq.—The Rev. William Liddiard, author of the "Legend of Einaldlin," is about to publish a Tour in Switzerland.—Captain Head is preparing a Series of Views to illustrate the Scenery in an Overland Journey from Europe to India.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XX. History of Poland, in 1 vol. small 8vo. 6*s.* cloth.—Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. VI. Memoirs of the House of Bourbon, Vol. I. 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.—Blakey on Free Will, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Dibdin's Sunday Library, Vol. IV. 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.—Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. IV. 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.—Ronald's Catalogue of Apples, coloured plates, 4to. 5*l.* 5*s.* cloth.—Strickland's Enthusiasm, and other Poems, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Van Diemen's Land Almanac for 1831, 12mo. 5*s.* sd.—Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, by Croker, 5 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* bds.—Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Standard Novels, No. V. Godwin's St. Leon, 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.—Philosophy in Sport, by Dr. Paris, 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Ritson's Fairy Tales, crown 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XIV. Pope, Vol. II. 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. III. Humphrey Clinker, 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.—Knowledge for the People, Zoological Series, 18mo. 4*s.* cloth.—Evans' Walk through Wales, 4th edit. by J. N. Brewer, 12mo. 8*s.* bd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot have the pleasure of inserting "the Polish War Song;" nor Miss Mary Anne B——'s poems from Hampstead Road: nor H.'s Minstrel.

The song, "If nature's beauties *chain thee*," cannot be inserted, because, in the *first* instance, the *second* line, "If aught have power to *calm thee*," is a shocking bad rhyme; and sundry other becauses.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

10th *June*, 1831.

Sir,—In your valuable miscellany of the 4th inst. you have noticed in commendatory terms the improved billiard table now in the gallery of the National Repository; but from the account, it is clear that some erroneous notions on technical points have been conveyed to you, which, though they may pass unnoticed by the general reader, cannot fail to strike the mechanist. The peculiar work of this table, the planing of the cast-iron bed, is effected by an engine, now adopted in the establishments of the principal engineers in the manufacturing districts, for planing the surfaces of metal. The planing-engine is applied to a great variety of work, as it cuts flat, angular, and even curved forms, not only with an unprecedented facility, but with a precision that hand-work could never attain. In working, the cuts by the tool are, when repeated over a surface, not crossed, as you have understood, but made in the same direction—the adjustments of the engine enabling you to finish any surface without shifting the work from the position in which it was originally bolted on the bed of the machine. The metal bed of the improved billiard-table has been wrought on the largest of these engines which has been constructed, and its extent and power may in some measure be judged of by the specimen of work in this instance turned out; the surface thus mechanically brought to a true plane being 72 square feet, the full-sized billiard-table being 12 feet by 6. The same engine would cut with equal accuracy a surface of twice this length. The introduction of the planing-engine is perhaps the most important improvement which has been made in our time for facilitating and perfecting the construction of machinery, and other structures of metal demanding accuracy and finish.—I am, sir, &c. CHARLES TOPLIS.

13, Frederic Place, Goswell Road.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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The Gallery, with a Selection of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, French, and English Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening.

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THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, Pall Mall East, WILL CLOSE for the present Season on Saturday, the 16th of the present Month.

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Open from Nine till Dusk.

CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

THE WEST of SCOTLAND FOURTH EXHIBITION of LIVING ARTISTS, under the Patronage of the Glasgow Dilettanti Society, will open this Season on the 8th of August.

Works of Art intended for this Exhibition will be received from the 11th to the 30th of July.

(Signed) JOHN CLOW, Secretary.

Exhibition Rooms, Argyll Arcade.

Note.—The Works of Art which the Directors hope to be favoured with from London, may be sent to Messrs. S. Reynolds and Co. Dundee Wharf, Lower Hermitage, on or before the 22d July, by whom they will be forwarded (carriage free) to Glasgow.

SOCIETE des PROFESSEURS de LANGUE FRANCAISE.

Preparatory to the Meeting which will be held on the 9th July, at Six o'clock, the Secretary and a Member of the Comité Provisoire will be in attendance, at 8, Carlton Chambers, to receive the Names of the Persons wishing to become Members, and to give such information as may be required on the object of the Society.

On Monday, 4th July, from 6 till 8.
On Thursday, 7th, ditto.
On Saturday, 9th, from 4 till 6.

8, *Carlton Chambers, Regent Street.*

ARGYLL ROOMS.—The Nobility and Gentry are most respectfully informed, that J. Turrill has at his fashionable Repository, 250, Regent Street (on the site of the late Argyll Rooms), a very large and choice Assortment of Stationery, Albums and Scrap-Books, Ladies and Gentlemen's Travelling Cases, Writing Desks, and Dressing Cases. Despatch Boxes and Portfolios, Bibles and Prayer Books, Account Books, Bronze and Ebony Inkstands, Fancy Stationery, &c. J. T. begs to observe, that the whole of his Stock is entirely new, and warranted of the best manufacture; and particularly invites the Nobility and Gentry at least to try his very cheap and superior Writing Papers, which he offers at the following low prices, for cash; viz. fine Bath 6*d.* per quire, 9*s.* per ream; ditto, 8*d.* per quire, 12*s.* per ream; ditto, 10*d.* per quire, 15*s.* per ream—superfine large blue wove post, hot-pressed, 10*d.* per quire, 15*s.* per ream—best thick Bath, 1*s.* per quire, 18*s.* per ream. Also, best Sealing-wax 5*s.* per pound—good pens 4*s.* per 100—Hudson's Bay and Swan Pens 12*s.* per 100—best Blacklead Pencils 4*s.* per dozen—ditto, prepared lead, 6*s.* per dozen—Travelling Cases, 12 inches soufflet, with patent inkstands, 18*s.*; 14 inch ditto, 1*l.* 1*s.*; 14 inch russia ditto, 2*l.* 2*s.*—a very great variety equally as low. All orders by post will meet with immediate attention.

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Catalogues are preparing, and will be ready on Monday, the 27th of June, and may be had on the Premises, and of the Auctioneer, 10, Picket Street.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—Wanted, as Shopman, in a respectable Establishment, in a principal Town in the West of England, a respectable Young Man, who must be thoroughly conversant with the Business, of an active and industrious Disposition, genteel Address, and who can produce good Testimonials. He will board and lodge in the house.

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NEWSPAPER PROPERTY.—Some Shares are to be sold in a Weekly Newspaper, established on a Foundation which cannot fail, ere long, to render it one of the most profitable Properties in London.

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*** The publication of the "Gallery of Comicalities" commenced Friday, June 24, and has been continued without the least delay, at No. 169, Strand, where the Office is open from Six in the morning till Nine at Night.

Placards for Windows.

This day is published, No. I. of

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MUSIC.

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THIS volume will be a useful one to future travellers; and now that nobody stays at home, and every body goes wandering over the face of the earth, Cains of inclination, pages which point attention to the objects most attractive on the route they describe, must be very valuable to the innumerable sojourners our migratory country annually sends forth. The writer before us well observes:

"When the author was projecting the tour which he has attempted to describe in the following sheets, he experienced considerable difficulty in procuring a satisfactory route: for, though volumes of travels in most of the countries which he visited now abound, the writers of them have not stopped to specify particulars useful to strangers; and ordinary guide-books, however numerous, having to delineate on an extensive scale, seldom, if ever, distinguish those places which have been the subject of the compiler's personal inspection: hence a traveller, ignorant of details, is liable to pass over much which is worth seeing, and also to consume his time on what does not repay its expenditure." He was himself "relieved from the embarrassment of selection by the kindness of a friend, who furnished him with a sketch of his own tour in Holland and Germany, from which he derived so much advantage, that he has been induced to communicate the result in a public form for the accommodation of others, pursuing a middle course between a regular book of travels and a mere dry itinerary."

We shall now make a miscellaneous selection of what he picked up by the way. We cannot say much for the good taste of the following custom: "The Dutch are so excessively fond of paint, that in two or three villages they had bedaubed to the height of eight feet the trunks of the trees which bordered the road, and sometimes to the distance of a mile. Possibly this might have been done to destroy insects, but the size of the trees seemed to render such precaution unnecessary."

Whence can the following odd sign have originated? "While on the subject of heads, I cannot help noticing the curious sign which in Holland and in parts of Germany is exhibited on the shops of the apothecaries, viz., a gigantic Turk's head with its mouth open, the upper teeth bare, and the whole countenance distorted with disgust, as if from having just swallowed the most nauseating drugs of the repository over which it grins."

The next is among the many instances of imposition practised at the inns, and of the rather too English mode of resisting them. "Here we had another unfavourable specimen of Moselle inns. After a sorry meal, and indifferent lodging, we called to pay the account, the amount of which had been previously agreed on; but double that sum was demanded, on the Dutch landlady's principle, that a bargain made over night does not hold good the following morning. Putting, however, the proper sum down upon the table, I left the house to prepare for our departure, and just as we were about to quit the shore, we observed that the maid-servant was not on board. Little suspecting what had happened, we sent the courier for her, who returned with a report that she was detained as a pledge, till the preposterous demand of the hostess should be liquidated. I immediately sought the police, where I could find but a single gendarme, who, of course, knew only his own language; and I confess myself, that I was so overcome with anger, that I could not muster up what little stock of German I possessed, distinctly to express my wishes. I brought him, however, to the inn, and having entered the room where the servant was imprisoned, one of the girls of the house relieved us from the dilemma by stating the case accurately enough, with the exception of the principal point in dispute. The gendarme for some time stood neuter, till, declaring I would pay no more, I offered to open the door, but one of the Maritorness forthwith placed herself before it, and opposed my passage. I soon dislodged her from her position, when her companion flew to her aid, and the policeman in silence assisted her to prevent my departure. It was fruitless to resist any further the combined forces of the Moselle, so I threw down the full reckoning demanded, declaring that I should denounce them to the superior powers at Coblentz. I was then permitted to leave the room; but on the stairs I met the reserved guard in the person of the old landlady, who pushed me back, and would not let me move till she was apprised by her allies of the capitulation."

In giving the ensuing anecdote, the best we can do is to subjoin the traveller's own remarks:

"The concert-room in the old townhouse is curiously adorned with pictures by Albert Durer, descriptive chiefly of the events of his own life. The little girl who pointed out the paintings, did not fail, when she arrived at that commemorating Durer's marriage, to notice the bad qualities of his wife, who must indeed have been a 'wearifu' woman,' a tremendous shrew; for I was never shewn her portrait without the guide accusing her of having shortened her husband's existence. 'Durer,' says a German writer, 'died of a disease which embittered the whole of his life, and which embitters that of thousands, even if they do not die of it—an einem bösen weibe."

He adds in a note: "If we are to trust to the silence of satirists, we must believe that there is no reverse of the picture, and that women never die of bad husbands. May not this partly account for the enhanced rate of policy lately demanded on the insurance of female lives? Especially as only one woman is recorded by the same class of writers as having died of pure constancy:

'Solo murió de constante,
La que está bajo esta losa.
Acércate, caminante,
Pues no murió tal amante
De enfermedad contagiosa.'—*Cadalso.*

'She who lies beneath this stone
Died of constancy alone.
Stranger, approach with step courageous,
For this disease is not contagious.'

The point of the epigram, however, is general, and both sexes must bear the sting. Men may, indeed, *write* on constancy, but how truly can women *act* it! 'During the course of her illness (speaking of a woman who died of the plague) she uniformly refused all succour from her husband, nor would suffer him to approach her: and, carrying her cares for his safety even beyond the term of her life; when she found her last hour approach, she desired him to throw her the end of a long cord, which she fastened round her body, enjoining him, with her expiring breath, not to touch her corpse, but to drag her by means of this cord to her grave.'—*Bertrand's Plague of Marseilles.*"

The following legend is new to us.

"In the environs of Inspruck are many spots possessing legendary or romantic interest, to visit all of which would require a separate tour. Among these is Martinswand, an almost perpendicular wall of rock, about two miles from the city, near to the old castle of Fragenstein, on the road to Zirl, famous for a chamois chase of the Emperor Maximilian. Near the centre of the cliff is a grotto called after the emperor, in which is placed a large crucifix, looking upon the frightful precipices where he encountered his perilous adventure. The emperor, in the ardent pursuit of a chamois which he had wounded, ventured too far on the ledge of a rock, when suddenly the staff slipped from his hand. The tremendous depth made him tremble, and he sought by a violent effort to leap to a more secure position; but of his six iron crampons five were broken, and he found himself held only by a single one from being precipitated into the gulf below. Despairing of human aid, he recommended himself to God, and contemplated the alternative of being starved to death or dashed to pieces. His suite, having in the mean time discovered the emperor by his cries, used every effort to rescue him, but found it impossible to render him any succour. To preserve his mortal part from destruction being beyond their power, he was considered a dying man, and they prepared, in the mournful extremity, to afford him the last consolations of religion. Already the plaintive bell of the village church summoned the people to pray before the holy sacrament which was conveying to the foot of the rock, to be solemnised in the presence of the unfortunate monarch, when a chamois hunter, of the name of Zips, reached the spot where the emperor was suspended between life and death. Surprised to see a man where only the pressed chamois ventured his foot, he cried out, 'Holla, what are you doing there below?' And the emperor answered calmly, 'I am on the watch,' (ich laure); and pointed out to him the awful ceremonial which was performing. 'Well,' rejoined the hunter, 'must not I at-

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tempt the descent? Come with me.' Then giving the emperor fresh crampons for his feet, he assisted him with his arm, and conducted him safely to the bottom. 'Henceforth,' said the emperor to his deliverer, 'you shall no longer be called Zipa, but Hollauer, in eternal commemoration of my deliverance, that this name may preserve for ever the remembrance of your *holla*, and of my answer (in German, *ich laure*); and as this high rock would have been my place of sepulture without your aid, the title of Lord Hohenfelsen (of the high rock), Hollauer de Hohenfelsen, with suitable arms, shall be granted to you in perpetuity.'"

Of the late revolution at Brussels the writer says: "The king was not disliked; but his religion, different from that of almost all his subjects, was a constant source of dissatisfaction, and furnished another proof among many of the indispensability of the religion of the sovereign and of the people being the same. When we were at Brussels, a respectable Catholic declared to us that their king was an excellent monarch, and beloved by his subjects; but not loved *in their hearts*, because he was a Protestant."

The late Emperor Alexander.—"It was said that when Bonaparte arrived at Tilsit, he immediately sent for the landlord of the house, which was the same the Emperor Alexander had occupied, and desired him to describe minutely how the Russian emperor had employed his time, from his rising in the morning until he retired to rest at night. After learning the details of the day's occupation, which represented Alexander as being studiously attentive to the niceties of his dress, Napoleon dismissed the landlord, exclaiming, 'Alors je le connois.' At their subsequent meeting on the raft, Bonaparte, on advancing to Alexander, turned to his retinue, saying, loud enough to be heard by the Russian, 'Ah! qu'il est beau!' By this, it was asserted, he gained Alexander at once."

Gneisenau.—"On the death of General Schurnhorst during the six weeks armistice, General Gneisenau succeeded to his post, and directed all the affairs of the army. Indeed, it is well known in Prussia that Gneisenau was the real commander-in-chief,—a truth which Blücher used on all occasions frankly to acknowledge. For instance, at a public entertainment given to him at Berlin, on his health being drunk, he requested permission to propose a toast, and observed, that as the company had honoured him by drinking to the welfare of his body, he would now ask them to drink to that of his soul——Gneisenau!"

The ensuing scene quite confirms the account given in the novel *Ivan Vejeeghen*, of the universal prevalence of bribery in Russia.

"A friend of ours, who had made a long stay in Russia, and knew the nation well, had impressed upon us, in the strongest manner, that no point could be gained there without money. 'If,' said he, 'you are detained at a custom-house, or require horses or other facilities, go to the head man of the place, and, be he decorated with twenty orders, offer him twenty-five rubles, and your object is gained. Do not fear giving offence; the highest to the lowest expect and will take a bribe.' This advice I treasured up in my recollection, resolving to act upon it without reserve, for which an opportunity was soon offered. Having driven into the custom-house yard, which was filled with soldiers and Jews, a gentlemanly-looking man in uniform, who could only speak Russian, entered the carriage, and began to examine its contents. He appeared to be soon satisfied; but having delayed unnecessarily, my companion now proposed to give the fee, which was ready prepared in her hand; but notwithstanding my friend's advice, and my own previous resolution, the genteel demeanour of the functionary, and the publicity of the place, deterred me from venturing upon what I thought would be considered an insult. After a while, he separated a small parcel containing books; and observed, through an interpreter, that he presumed they were only guide books. Still unprepared for a hint, I imprudently opened them, and omitted to avail myself of the last moment for the expected bribe. The time was passed, his manner changed, and he ordered the packet to be carried into the office, that it might be forwarded to the censor at Moscow. Several Jews then pressing round, said secretly in French, that I must give him money. A Polish gentleman, however, who was transacting some business at the custom-house, dissuaded me strongly from doing so; thus all was confusion and contradiction; but the carriage being released, we left the books to their fate, and drove to the inn to make arrangements for prosecuting our journey. Not being able to procure a German servant who could speak Russian, I had been advised to apply to the military officer in charge of the post-office to allow one of his public couriers to accompany us to Moscow. The postmaster-colonel agreed, (a Russian officer, standing by, observed, any thing might be had for money, of which I probably had plenty,) and a man was appointed to attend us, to whom I was to pay two hundred rubles and his return expenses. The poderoshna from the commandant being also secured, we set out in the evening with six horses to our calèche, our two attendants riding behind us in a kabitka, a miserable two-wheeled vehicle without springs. How the difficulties of travelling in wild countries seemed exaggerated! Here we had made every arrangement at a distant Russian town in a few hours, and were starting with glee for the ancient capital! The character of the people had been so misrepresented! Where were the proofs of extortion and venality on the part of the functionaries, for the detention of the books might be a necessary compliance with forms? Full of these sentiments we were driving past the custom-house, when our cavalcade was suddenly interrupted by a soldier with a drawn sword. On alighting, it was intimated, through the Jews, that our arrest was on account of the books, which I forthwith begged might be confiscated, and I be allowed to depart; but this was refused, particular information was denied, and every thing wore an air of mystery. Now seemed the time to employ money, and it was freely offered, but it was also the time for the custom-master's revenge. I was told it was too late, I ought to have given it before; and as to the books, I must not depart without them, nor leave the town till I had furnished a surety in one hundred rubles for their safe conveyance to Moscow. I immediately said, 'Send them in charge of your own courier, who is going thither with me. How can I, a complete stranger, furnish a surety?' Still there was a demur. Evening was shutting in, and the office being closed, the business was now to be deferred till the next day. So, chewing the cud of vexation, I dismissed the horses, and endeavoured to ascertain, as far as the rascality of the persons about me would admit, what was to be done. At last a Jew offered to be my surety for fifty rubles, which the custom-master accepted, on my sending him the present that he had declined the night before. I eagerly caught at this, not waiting to find out who was the greatest rogue, Christian or Jew, and deeming it an indulgence to be allowed to pay about seventy rubles for the conveyance of my own books, on my own carriage, to Moscow."

We conclude with the following anecdote:—"Matveef was the minister and friend of the Czar Alexis Mikhaelovitch, who not only confided to his administration the principal affairs of his kingdom, but intrusted him with the care and education of his children. So much was he valued by his sovereign, that on the occasion of his absence on some public business, the czar urged him to return as soon as possible, for without his presence himself and his children felt like melancholy orphans. Matveef being as generous and disinterested as he was honoured and beloved, lived in a ruinous house, which the czar often desired might be put into a state of repair suitable to his rank; but he constantly excused himself, on the ground of having neither leisure nor means. Upon this the czar declared he would take upon himself the charge of the work—an offer which the favourite declined, on the contradictory plea, that his munificence had already enabled him to incur the necessary expense. Orders were now given for the collection of materials; but it so happened that at the time there were no stones to be procured in Moscow fit for the purpose. This circumstance becoming known, a crowd of strelitz and inhabitants of the city proceeded to the residence of the minister, conducting numerous carriages loaded with stones, which they solicited him to accept as a free gift. Matveef refusing them on these terms, the assembly exclaimed, 'These stones are not for sale; we have torn them from the tombs of our fathers, as an offering to our benefactor.'"

These selections are sufficient to shew that the present is any thing but a dry itinerary; and we have only to add, that the tables at the end are excellent. We recommend the volume, therefore, to all travellers in Germany.

Specimens of Macaronic Poetry. 8vo. pp. 56. London, 1831. Beckley.

A VERY neatly printed little volume, with an amusing selection of pieces, more to be prized for their rarity and oddity than for their intrinsic literary value. Humorous and learned men have in all ages and in all languages thrown out their sportive fancies in compositions which may, mostly, be classed under the title of *Macaronic*: during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this species of learned trifling was greatly in vogue. Of these our editor has made a very clever selection; and whether they are fond of the alliterative, the lipogrammatic,* the rhopalic,† or the sotadic *alias* palindromic,‡ or other kinds‖ of macaronic versifications, readers will find entertaining specimens of all of them here.

We shall not attempt to quote the whimsical illustrations of these various styles; but as the annexed is new to us, it may have the same quality for our friends. It is a "song founded on the peculiarity of the Newcastle *burr*, published in a provincial collection in December 1791, and purports to be an address from one of the rooks, which then built their nests on the vane of the Exchange, to the good people

* Who excluded some particular letter.

† From ropalon, Hercules' club, beginning with short words and ending with long ones.

‡ Palin dromeo, reading backwards and forwards.

‖ All the words beginning with the same letter, &c. &c.

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of *Burcastle*." (The burr, we need hardly add, is that strong guttural pronunciation of the letter R, so common to the natives of our northern counties: these lines therefore must be a shibboleth to them.)

"Rough roll'd the roaring river's stream,
And rapid ran the rain,
When Robert Rutter dreamt a dream
Which rack'd his heart with pain:
He dreamt there was a raging bear
Rush'd from the rugged rocks,
And strutting round with horrid stare,
Breath'd terror to the brocks. [badgers.]
But Robert Rutter drew his sword,
And rushing forward right,
The horrid creature's thrapple gor'd,
And barr'd his rueful spite.
Then, stretching forth his brawny arm
To drag him to the stream,
He grappled grizzle, rough and warm,
Which rouz'd him from his dream."

The following anecdotes belong to the sotadic.

"A lawyer once chose for his motto, 'Si nummi immunis.' And in the time of Queen Elizabeth, a noble lady, who had been forbidden to appear at court in consequence of some suspicions against her, took for the device on her seal, the moon, partly obscured by a cloud; and the motto, 'Ablata at alba.' * * *

"There is (the author tells us, and we repeat it for the exercise of our fair readers) an enigma, occasionally to be found in ladies' albums, in which the initials of five palindromic words are to be sought for, to form the required answer: they may be discovered with a little attention:—

First find out a word that doth silence proclaim,
And that backwards and forwards is always the same;
Then next you must find out a feminine name,
That backwards and forwards is always the same;
An act, or a writing on parchment, whose name
Both backwards and forwards is always the same:
A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
Read backwards and forwards is always the same;
A note used in music, which time doth proclaim,
And backwards and forwards is always the same;
Their initials connected, a title will frame,
That is justly the due of the fair married dame,
Which backwards and forwards is all the same."

"Another invention is, that of verses, which may be read either forwards or backwards, and in the latter case generally containing a meaning quite the reverse of the former, and possessing sarcasm or satire. This is sometimes called verse lyon, said to have been invented, or frequently made us of, by Sidonius. * * *

"A complete specimen appears in a line applicable either to Cain or Abel, being also hexameter one way, and pentameter the other. Abel says—

Sacrum pingue dabo, nec macrum sacrificabo;

to which Cain replies—

Sacrificabo macrum, nec dabo pingue sacrum.

The following line is of similar efficacy, applied by two persons disputing on religion. One says—

Patrum dicta probo, nec sacris belligerabo;

the other answers—

Belligerabo sacris, nec probo dicta Patrum."

With this slight notice we commend this volume to the curious in such matters.

The Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, written by Himself, during a Residence in Abyssinia, from the Years 1810 to 1819: together with Mr. Coffin's Account of his Visit to Gondar. Edited by J. J. Halls, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

Our curiosity respecting countries is in a ratio to our acquaintance with them; and the less we know, the more we desire to learn every minute particular of their condition. This truism may serve as the key to the avidity with which we read all African travels, and travels in Abyssinia in preference to almost any other. In the present instance the feeling is enhanced by the interest which we take in the extraordinary personal history and adventures of the writer. Nathaniel Pearce, of whom a biographical memoir is prefixed, was a seaman in the royal navy, and deserted from his ship, the Antelope, at Mocha. Always of a wild and unsettled character, he immediately embraced the Mahometan religion. On the journey of Mr. Salt to Abyssinia, he accompanied that gentleman, and was left with the Ras, or sovereign of Tigré, on the return of the expedition to Massowa. It was during his future residence of about nine years, that the memoranda which form these two volumes were penned. In 1819 he made his way to Cairo, where his old friend Mr. Salt intrusted him with the charge of his household, and where he arranged this work;—justly stated to be "a faithful, characteristic, and animated description of the customs, manners, and laws, of the Abyssinian people." The memoir thus concludes:—"The checkered life of this remarkable individual was now fast drawing to a close. In the early part of the year 1820, Mr. Salt having some articles of consequence which he wished to have safely conveyed to England, and having previously been informed that the R. prefixed to Pearce's name at the Admiralty had been erased, through the kind interference of the Earl of Mountnorris, Sir Joseph Banks, and the Right Honourable Charles Yorke,—thought the opportunity a favourable one for the return of the wanderer to his native land. A passage was accordingly secured for him in a ship that was about to sail in a few days, and every accommodation provided; when he caught a violent cold, which, being greatly aggravated by the mistaken and somewhat intemperate use of brandy, quickly turned to a raging fever, with which his constitution, long debilitated by hardship and disease, was wholly unequal to struggle, and which carried him off at Alexandria, early in June 1820, at the age of about forty-one years. A short time previously to his dissolution he made his will, in which he bequeathed his journal and the whole of his papers to Henry Salt, Esq., one of his executors, who presented the former and many of the latter to the Earl of Mountnorris, to whose kindness and friendship the editor is indebted for the possession of the journal."

From its pages we shall endeavour to select such accounts as appear to us to be most novel and entertaining; and we shall prefer lasting and general features to the temporary and particular circumstances of wars and rebellions, in which our countryman took part. At the period in question, the following were the kings living in Abyssinia: "Itsa Tecla Gorgis, in Waldubba; Itsa Ischias, in Gondar; Itsa Guarlu, on the throne in that city; Itsa Yonas, in Gojam; Itsa Yoas, in Gondar; Itsa Bede Mariam, in Samen. They are all (says Pearce) related to each other, and, as they boast, are descended from the true race of Menelect; but the kings of Abyssinia have so many wives from far and near, that it makes it difficult to determine to whom the crown should descend; and this point is generally decided more by might than by right."

Pearce had an Abyssinian wife, and a son, who died. At one time he was himself very ill, and the sacrament was administered to him agreeably to the rites of the Christian church. The ceremony is thus described:—

"Early in the morning, the head priest, Allicar Barhe, and my own priest, Guebra Mariam, came to demand my last confession. I could not answer them to be understood; but, through Tringo, I made signs that satisfied him, or them. They first asked me my Christian name, and whether I had received the holy sacrament on my baptism day; and bade me now take it, as a cleansing from all sins past, and to consider it as a physic for the soul, that Jesus Christ had in his tender mercy bestowed on me, to cure and save it from everlasting perdition. They required of me, in case my soul should not depart from me at this present moment, through God's mercy, to abstain from all sins hereafter, to have no other wife than the one I had, to turn monk, and to give two thousand pieces of salt to the poor. My will was then made, in favour of my wife, my priest, slaves, and servants, leaving to each such portion of my property as I thought right; and, when all this was settled, the church carpets were brought in and spread on the ground, and I was ordered to be dressed in a cloth that had never been defiled, and to be laid on a clean carpet. Shortly afterwards, the priests came in, singing hymns and dressed in their holy apparel, and I received the sacrament from a priest, who first gave me a cross to kiss; after which they said some long prayer, and departed. When all this was over I felt quite easy, except that I was now and then troubled with the cries kept up at the door by my acquaintance, who had assembled in great numbers to do me honour; indeed, the whole ceremony was carried on as if I had been the king himself. Instead of dying, as all expected, I soon began to get better; and the priest, who frequently visited me, did not forget to hint to me what physic the holy sacrament was, both for the body and soul; and I also considered, but said nothing, that as I had two thousand pieces of salt to pay for it, the physic was rather dear, the value amounting to full sixty-six dollars. In the beginning of August I could again walk about the house. The ras this year kept at Chelicut his fast for the Blessed Virgin, which commences on the 1st of August, or Narsa, and ends on the sixteenth. During this fast, the old man, like many others, always slept upon the ground."

The subjoined account is a singular contrast to the profession of Christianity.*

"Mascarram, or September 1st, Kudus Yohannis (or St. John), is the first day in the year. During the five days of Pogme, which are after the last days of August, I had been advised to go into the river to bathe, and I found myself quite recovered. It is customary for all people to wash themselves in the rivers on the third day of the five of Pogme, which is the holy-day of Kudus Raphael, and is as strictly observed as the eleventh of Tur, or January, which is Christ's baptism. The ras had gone to Mucculla to keep his new-year's day, where he remained until the 11th, purposely to receive a great number of his chiefs, who attended him to church. This holy-day, the 11th of September, is held in veneration on account of an old monk, called Abba Annernier, who fought, about three hundred years ago, against the Galla, and was killed in battle on the spot

* At one church the priests have a remarkable relic, "a cross called the Crying Cross of Axum, which is believed by the weak-minded people to cry whenever it is used upon these and similar occasions. Many people coming from a great distance pay a large sum to be allowed to kiss it, imagining that their sins are thereby washed away. Indeed, there is so much anxiety to see this cross, that even those far off will call out to the priests—'For God's sake hold it up higher, that we may see it!' I suspect that those crafty wretches anoint this cross with some thick oily substance, which, when held in the sun, melts and shines like drops of water: but no one being allowed to touch it except a priest or a monk, it is impossible that the cheat can be discovered."

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where he is now reverenced. It is said that he turned into a snake, which is constantly to be seen. This sacred spot is about a mile and a half from Mucculla, in the plain of Gambela. There is no church, but a spring of water, called *moitrolloh* (holy water), whither thousands flock to be cured of their diseases. I have indeed known people come from Adowa and Gondar to procure a little of the sacred earth from this spot, which is sewed up as a charm, and worn about a person afflicted with diseases. Round the spring large stones are piled up like a wall, and two large trees grow very near it, being the only trees or bushes for many hundred yards round. Determined to look closer into the superstitious notions attached to this spot, I got up one morning under the pretence of going to bathe; but I dared not take any of my servants with me, for fear of their prejudices, and therefore told them to take my horses and mules to a place where they might eat some young grass, while I went to wash myself. I then went, just as the sun had risen, and lifted up some of the stones, in doing which I saw four or five snakes, small and large, which ran immediately under the stones beneath: I afterwards replaced the stones, as they had been left there by the priests for the snakes to drink out of, and returned to my servants, perfectly satisfied of the folly of those ignorant people. Though I said nothing at the time, I had, before a month was out, strong reasons for breaking my silence, as will subsequently appear."

Sept. 11th. "We shortly arrived at the sacred place, where a *dass* was built with the boughs of trees and marshella stakes. Here we did not find the priests going on in their usual noisy way of singing, but were surprised to see them dragging along a poor Amhara priest, as if they meant to kill him instantly. He was brought before the ras, and the priests called out that he had killed the *sardoc*, or saint. On inquiry, it appeared that this poor fellow, being a traveller from the Amhara, on his road to Axum, had seen the snake as he was washing in the sacred water, and had crushed the head with a stone, after which he called to the people near, and told them that he had killed a snake, —when, to his utter astonishment, he was seized, and the priests insisted that he should be instantly put to death; but the tender old ras, who did not like to take life, said—'Perhaps the poor man may be mad—we will chain him, and see if he is in his right senses;' which enraged the priests beyond measure. They swore they would have his blood spilt on the spot. I could not keep silence any longer, and stood up and said, 'Ber Welled Selassé, hear me;' and from that moment not a syllable was uttered until I had finished my story. I then related that, some months before, I happened to come to wash myself at this place in order to cure a complaint in my thigh, and I saw four or five snakes, among which, I added (thinking to help the poor man), was one larger than that which had been killed; and hence I supposed they had come from some distance for water, and that the snake now dead might probably from a similar cause have wandered to the spot. The ras, upon my saying this, insisted that the wall should be well looked into; and on the removal of the first stone, a snake was discovered between the stones near the same place, where the sacred reptile used to have water put before him. This statement immediately created great joy; and the prisoner was released, though severely reprimanded, and punished with a few smart stripes from the whip of one of the ras's soldiers."

The tradition is, that a large snake once ruled the country, and is, according to the priests, still alive at Axum, where, "being angry with the people on account of their sins, he confines himself to the hollow mountain close to Axum. * * * In this place stands a large flat rock of granite, as level upon the top as a platform, and at the end of this there is another rock, intermixed with red earth and gravel, with a deep ravine in the centre, apparently occasioned by the rains, which fall in a stream from a great height above the platform. In the middle of this granite rock are three large round troughs, neatly cut, about three feet deep, and about three and a half in diameter, which I suppose to have been made by the ancients to prepare some kind of cement in for building: but Guebra Middin gave me a very different story, which I affected to believe, for fear of creating a quarrel between me and Ozoro, his sister. He informed me that one of those troughs held the milk, another *sherro* and bread *filfil*, or cooked victuals and bread mashed up together, while the third was the one from which the snake used to eat *cusho* every two months, *cusho* being the flour used to kill the tape-worm, without taking which every two months the Abyssinians could not live, though they have other medicines, made from bark of trees and bulbs, but none so effective as *cusho* in Amhara, or *hobbe* in Tigré."

Our next quotations are very illustrative of Abyssinian customs.

"The day (says Pearce) before we left Chelicut, a woman had brought in chains a poor miserable object, whom she accused of having killed her husband; the witnesses also arrived from the small village of Gibba, to which they belonged. When the ras had heard the whole story and examined the witnesses, he found the man guilty of murder, though apparently without malice, and told the woman, agreeably to the law, to do as she pleased with him. She replied, 'I have no one but myself; I have no relation; neither have I a spear or knife.' The ras said, 'Then you must hang him.' She again replied, 'How can I do that by myself? I have got a *mushcharn* [a leather rope], it is true, but I cannot hang him alone.' The ras then ordered some of the groom-boys about the house to assist her in hanging the man to the darro-tree, on the green before the house. 'God preserve you a thousand years!' said the woman, adding, in an under-tone, 'His relations are all here, and they will not have far to carry his body, as he belongs to the church.' Mariam Guddervitee Takly, one of the ras's stable-grooms, and some other of the slaves, had the management of the affair. When they came to the darro-tree, which is as easily climbed as a ladder, they helped the woman up with one end of the mushcharn in her hand, shewing her which was the best bough to tie it to. Takly, notwithstanding the woman had promised to give him plenty of butter for his trouble, now put the poor object's two hands within the mushcharn, round the neck, and, after tying it, ordered the woman to draw up the mushcharn, while they would lift him from off the large stone they had made him stand upon. Accordingly, she did this, and made it well fast, and then came down to behold him hanging, at the same time exclaiming, 'Blessed be Mary Ann, the mother of God, who has given me revenge for my husband! Bad as he was, I have stood true to him.' After he had hung for some time, the crowd that stood to look on cried often to her, 'Why, woman, he has been dead long ago!' 'Thank God for that!' said she; 'but they shall not have my mushcharn to bury with him.' Accordingly, she, with the help of Takly, climbed up the tree and loosed the mushcharn, while Takly took it from his neck. The relations immediately came to take up the body, which they were allowed to do; but, before they had got ten yards, the dead man set off, without being carried, and ran into the Trinity Churchyard, where he was safe, even though he had killed a thousand persons. The woman, seeing this, was enraged and ran to the ras's gateway, crying, '*Abbate, abbate!*' She obtained admittance, and told the ras that the man had not been hung long enough. The ras, who had already heard the story, laughed and said to the woman, 'Would you wish to kill a man that God will not permit to die? He hung long enough to have killed a cat.' She answered, 'Let me have him up again, and I will pull at his legs till I break his neck.' 'You foolish woman!' replied the ras, 'would you oppose the will of God?' Seeing that the old ras looked grave when he said this, she believed it was God's will that the man should not die?. and her spirit failed her, as she said, in a very low and sorrowful tone, 'Though he is such an ill-formed creature, I have seen him do things that nobody else could do. The locust never touched the little corn he had behind his house; and though we used to make a fire to smoke them away, we could not save ours as he did.' She immediately went to the church and begged his forgiveness, and they afterwards lived good neighbours as usual; indeed, I heard subsequently that he became her husband. The law in Abyssinia stands thus in cases of murder: after the fact has been proved before the chief, he passes the sentence of death; when, should the deceased party have no other relation but a female, though she may have a husband, friends, or other connexions, yet she, being nearest related to him, must strike the first blow, either with a spear or with a knife, when her acquaintances despatch him immediately. Without the formality of her striking the first blow, the friends and relations of the woman would be reckoned by the offender's relations to have spilt their blood without just cause. As soon as the sentence of death has been passed, the deceased's family may, if it be agreed upon, take cattle in lieu of the murderer's life; one hundred head of cattle being the customary redeeming price. When the offender is put to death, the relations bury his body in the church, which is permitted by the laws; but those who kill themselves are not allowed this privilege of interment within the church-wall. If a chief insists upon a party taking an equivalent for life, he can do so; but, then, whatever fine is agreed upon must be paid in the presence of the Shummergildas. This law passed in the reign of Tarlack Yasous, the king, and was again proclaimed by Ras Michael Suhul, and afterwards repeated by Ras Welled Selassé."

"In all towns there is a person appointed by the rulers of the place, to find out and conduct all strangers to lodgings, called *kardars*; and he who holds this office is provided for by the housekeepers of the town, who give him one piece of salt per year; on all holydays, also, he calls upon them for drink, and a piece of meat for his family, a sheepskin, &c. To those who most oblige him, he seldom, if he can possibly help it, sends lodgers; while those who displease him are sure, on the arrival of any chief, to have soldiers of the worst principles quartered in their habitations. * * *

"About four o'clock I arrived at my own house at Chelicut, where I found my gate-

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keeper and gardener had died four days before; and the superstitious people wanted to persuade me that they were killed by ghosts or devils, as they were both found dead together in the morning, after going to bed in perfect health, and having no signs of any wound upon their persons. The priests obliged me to let my people fire off all the fire-arms into the house, before any one should enter, and then to kill a sheep upon the ground-floor, and let the blood run upon the ground, and also drink out a jar or two of maize; to all of which I immediately agreed, knowing the extent of their superstition upon such occasions. In all parts of Abyssinia, it is customary when any new house is built, or a building has been left uninhabited for some time, and where there have been cattle killed and drink distributed, to kill a cow or a sheep, and distribute it within the buildings, which it is presumed satisfies the ghost of the place, who leaves the dwelling in peace; but, when such places become neglected, it haunts them and kills those whom it finds within the walls; and in this opinion every inhabitant of Abyssinia will firmly persist, against all reason whatever."

We have mentioned that Pearce lost his child; upon which occasion he relates the funeral ceremonies observed by the natives.

"The priests came, and the customary prayers were read, and my poor child was carried away to be buried, his mother following in a distracted manner. After the funeral, the people returned to my house; and after they had cried for about half an hour, I begged they would leave off, and let me have a little rest, as I found myself unwell. They complied, and left me with only a few friends; but, in a few minutes, the people of Antàlo, my acquaintances, hearing of my misfortunes, came flocking and began their cry; and I was obliged to sit and hear the name of my dead boy repeated a thousand times, with cries that are inexpressible, whether feigned or real. Though no one had so much reason to lament as myself, I could never have shewn my grief in so affected a manner, though my heart felt much more. Before the cry was over, the people with *devves* were standing in crowds about my house, striving who should get in first; and the door was entirely stopped up, till at last my people were obliged to keep the entrance clear by force, and let only one at a time into the house. Some brought twenty or thirty cakes of bread, some a jar of maize, some cooked victuals, fowls, and bread, some a sheep, &c.; and in this manner I had my house filled so full that I was obliged to go out into the yard, until things were put in order and supper was ready. The head priest came with a jar of maize and a cow. What neighbours and acquaintances bring in the manner above mentioned is called *devves*; the bringers are all invited to eat with you; they talk and tell stories to divert your thoughts from the sorrowful subject; they force you to drink a great deal: but I have remarked that at these cries, when the relatives of the deceased become a little tranquil in their minds, some old woman, or some person who can find no one to talk to, will make a sudden dismal cry, saying, 'Oh, what a fine child! and is he already forgotten?' This puts the company into confusion, and all join in the cry, which perhaps will last half an hour, during which the servants and common people, standing about, drink out all the maize, and, when well drunk, will form themselves into a gang at the door and begin their cry; and if their masters want another jar of maize to drink, they must pour it out themselves, their servants being so intoxicated that they cannot stand. In this manner they pass away a day without taking rest. I must say, however, that the first part of the funeral is very affecting; and the only fault I can find is, that they bury their dead the instant they expire. If a grown person of either sex, or a priest, is by them when they expire, the moment the breath departs, the cries and shouts which have been kept up for hours before, are recommenced with fury; the priests read prayers of forgiveness while the body is washed, and the hands put across one another upon the lower part of the belly, and tied to keep them in that position, the jaws tied as close as possible, the eyes closed, the two great toes tied together, and the body is wrapped in a clean cloth and sewed up; after which the skin called *neet*, the only bed an Abyssinian has to lie upon, is tied over the cloth, and the corpse laid upon a couch and carried to the church, the bearers walking at a slow pace. According to the distance of the house from the church, the whole route is divided into seven equal parts; and when they come to the end of every seventh part, the corpse is set down, and prayers of forgiveness offered to the Supreme Being for the deceased. Every neighbour helps to dig the grave, bringing their own materials for the purpose, and all try to outwork one another. Indeed, when a stranger happens to die where he has no acquaintances, numbers always flock to assist in burying him; and many of the townspeople will keep an hour's cry, as if they had been related. There is no expense for burying, as every one assists his neighbour, as I have mentioned above. But the priests demand an exorbitant sum, from those who have property, for prayers of forgiveness; and I have seen two priests quarrelling over the cloth of a poor dead woman, the only good article she had left. If a man dies and leaves a wife and child, the poor woman is drained of the last article of value she possesses, to purchase meat and drink for those priests, for six months after her misfortune; otherwise they would not bestow a prayer upon her husband, which would disgrace her and render her name odious amongst the lowest of the populace. In this manner I have known many families ruined. An Agow servant of Mr. Coffin's, who had been left behind with me on account of ill health, died at Chelicut, where he had formerly taken a wife; and the little wages he had saved had enabled him and his wife to keep a yoke of oxen, she having a piece of land of her own. Knowing the man to be very poor, and the great regard he had for his msster, I was induced to give a fat cow and a jar of maize to the priests, to pray for the poor man's soul; this they took, and the poor woman made what corn she had into bread and beer for them; after which they refused to keep their weekly *fettart* [prayers of forgiveness] for a month, unless she paid them more; to complete which, and to satisfy these wretches, she was obliged to sell her two oxen; and the poor woman was again reduced to work and labour hard with the pickaxe. * * *

"There are numbers of men and women who get a living by making rhymes and attending at cries, who are often sent for from a great distance to attend the cry of a person of distinction; and if they are noted poets, they receive high pay in corn, cattle, or cloth. I am acquainted with a very handsome middle-aged woman, who, though she has a large estate to live upon, has studied poetry from her infancy, and attends gratuitously at all cries that are very public, and for no other purpose than to distinguish herself. She is reckoned the best poet, either in the Amhara or Tigré language, in the country; her name is Welleta Yasous; she was born in Gondar, but her father was a Tigréan. Many great men have offered to marry her, but she could never be persuaded to listen to their proposals, though I do not mean to say she led a chaste life—a very rare virtue indeed in Ethiopia. The Amhara people differ from the Tigré in their manner of crying and weeping: that of the latter is very affecting, but that of the former is really ridiculous. They dress themselves as fine as possible, and cry, sing, and dance to the beat of a drum. When the cry is over, those who have not far to return to their homes, in general feast with the relatives of the deceased. When such great people as Ito Debbib die, a general cry is held throughout the whole country, both in Amhara and Tigré, and for three days' journey around, the people will bring devves to the relations. The natives of Tigré are more accustomed to wear mourning than the Amhara; and some, instead of making mourning cloths, wear their cloth until it is entirely black with dirt, and this serves them for a mourning suit. They in general go into mourning for sixty days. Some wear a piece of blue Surat cloth, such as the merchants bring from the East; but the true mourning suit of the people of rank is a new white cloth, first dyed yellow with *waver*, the wood of a tree which the monks use to dye their garments. When the cloth is dyed yellow, it is again buried in a black mud, common in all plains, called *walkar*; after remaining buried three days, it is taken out and washed, but still remains black. Such suits of mourning will last in a family for many years; they borrow and lend them also among friends."

[To be continued.]

Memoir of Sebastian Cabot.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In concluding our preceding notice of this valuable book, we alluded to several points towards which it was our wish to direct the public attention: one of the chief of these is the state of the Records, whence the author has so satisfactorily derived that important document, the second royal patent to Cabot (3d February, 1498).

"The manner," he observes, "in which the precious document referred to, and others of a similar kind, are kept, cannot be adverted to without an expression of regret. They are thrown loosely together, without reference even to the appropriate year, and are unnoticed in any index or calendar. It required a search of more than two weeks to find this patent of 3d February, 1498, although the year and day of its date were furnished at the outset. Another document which appears in the present volume—the patent of Henry VII. to three Portuguese and others, dated 19th March, 1501, authorising them to follow up the discoveries of Cabot—has never before been published. This also was discovered, after a long search, not even folded up, but lying with one half of the written part exposed, and, in consequence, so soiled and discoloured, that it was with the greatest difficulty it could be deciphered, and some words finally eluded the most anxious scrutiny. And this of two documents indispensable to the history of maritime discovery, and for the want of which, the account of these voyages has been completely unintelligible! An extraordinary compensation is claimed at the Rolls Chapel, on account of the trouble attending a search amidst such

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a confused mass. For finding the documents, two guineas were demanded, in addition to the cost of copies. The applicant is informed that the charge must be paid, whether the document be discovered or not; so that the officer has no motive to continue perseveringly the irksome pursuit."

Again, speaking of the will of John Cabot, we are told:

"If, as is probable, he died at Bristol, it would be proved at Worcester. On application at the Bishop's Registry, the acting registrar, Mr. Clifton, writes thus: 'The indices of wills proved, and letters of administration granted, do not extend farther back than the year 1600. Previous to this period, these documents are tied up in linen bags *without much form or order*; so that a search for the will of John Cabot, or Gabot, or Kabot, would be attended with *very considerable* trouble and expense, whilst the *chance* of discovering it would be uncertain.' Aside from historical purposes, it would be curious to see an instrument, dated some months before the time when Columbus (in August 1498) first saw the continent of America, which, probably, makes a disposition of the testator's interest in the tract of land lying between the present Hudson's Strait and Florida."

And again; "The curious and important documents at the Rolls Chapel will probably one day be arranged and made available to the purposes of history. Evidence may then come forth, and it is desirable that no erroneous hypothesis should be found in the way of truth. Until that period we must be content to remain in the dark. Where the records are in such a state of confusion as to warrant the charge which has been before mentioned for finding a specific paper, of which the exact date, the name of the party, the purpose and general tenor, are given, it is obvious that no private fortune would be adequate to meet the expense of a general search."

Our author has proved what new and strong light is yet to be thrown upon history, by the diligent search for, and careful examination of, ancient papers; and we the more heartily join in his regret at the slovenly manner in which these public treasures are kept. Surely, if farther argument were wanting to enforce the expediency of arranging, cataloguing, describing, and preserving in some national repository, the records scattered over so many quarters, so constantly exposed to destruction, so little known, and so difficult of access, it is to be found in the work before us, whether we consider its successful results, or the obstacles with which the author's zeal and perseverance in the quest of truth had to contend.

Respecting Cabot's discoveries, we think the subjoined extracts very interesting.

"Great perplexity has been caused by the statement, that the expedition under Cabot found the coast incline to the north-east. '*He himself informs us* that he reached only to 56° north latitude, and that the coast in that part tended to the east. This seems hardly probable, for the coast of Labrador tends neither at 56° nor at 58° to the east. (Forster, p. 267.) So Navarette (tom. iii. p. 41) thinks that Ramusio's statement cannot be correct, because the latitude mentioned would carry the vessel to Greenland. It is to be remembered, that the language of Cabot suggests that at the immediate point of arrest he was cheered by the prospect of success. We are led, then, to infer that the sanguine adventurer was, for some reason, inspired with fresh confidence, in which his associates refused to participate; and that, terrified by the perils they had encountered, their dissatisfaction came to a head when they found a new career of peril suggested by what they deemed the delusive hopes of their youthful commander. Let us look into the subject with the aid which these suggestions afford. Bylot, who, after penetrating into Hudson's Bay, proceeded up its northern channel on the west side, as far as 65° and a half, represented the coast as tending to the north-east. The *Quarterly Review* (vol. xvi. p. 158), in an article urging a new expedition in search of the north-west passage, refuses its belief to this statement. We turn then to Captain Parry's Narrative of his Second Voyage. It is apparent from an inspection of the map, that the course pointed out by Cabot, for passing through the strait, would conduct a navigator, without fail, to Winter Island. Now, from the very outset of Captain Parry's course from that point, we find him engaged in a struggle with the north-eastern tendency of the coast. On 13th July, he was off Barrow's River, which is in lat. 67° 18′ 45″; and having visited the falls of that river, his narrative is thus continued:—'We found, on our return, that a fresh southerly breeze, which had been blowing for several hours, had driven the ice to some distance from the land; so that at four P.M., as soon as the flood-tide had slackened, we cast off, and made all possible sail to the northward, steering for a headland, remarkable for having a patch of land towards the sea insular in sailing along shore. As we approached this headland, which I named after my friend Mr. Edward Leycester Penhryn, the prospect became more and more enlivening; for the sea was found to be navigable in a degree very seldom experienced in these regions, and the land trending two or three points to the westward of north, gave us reason to hope, we should now be enabled to take a decided and final turn in that anxiously desired direction.' Another remark is suggested by Captain Parry's Narrative. Every one who has had occasion to consider human testimony, or to task his own powers of recollection, must have observed how tenaciously circumstances remain which had affected the imagination, even after names and dates are entirely forgotten. The statement of Peter Martyr exhibits a trophy of this kind. He recalls what his friend Cabot had said of the influence of the sun on the shore along which he was toiling amidst mountains of ice; 'vastas repererit glaciales moles pelago natantes, et lucem fere perpetuam, tellure tamen libera gelu liquefacto" (Decades iii. lib. 6); a passage which Hakluyt (vol. iii. p. 8), borrowing Eden's version, renders, 'he found monstrous heaps of ice swimming on the sea, and in manner continual day-light; yet saw he the land in that tract free from ice, which had been molten by the heat of the sun.' Where do we look for this almost continual day-light, and this opportunity of noticing the appearance of the land? In that very channel, we would say, leading north from Hudson's Bay, where Captain Parry, later in the summer, whilst between 67° and 68°, and threatened every moment with destruction, thus records his own impressions (p. 261), 'Very little snow was now lying upon the ground, and numerous streams of water rushing down the hills and sparkling in the beams of the morning sun, relieved in some measure the melancholy stillness which otherwise reigned on this desolate shore.'"

The following is a shrewd guess at the fate of Cabot's manuscripts.

"Great surprise has been expressed that Cabot should have left no account of his voyages; and this circumstance has even been urged against him as a matter of reproach. 'Sebastian, with all his knowledge, and in the course of a long life, never committed to writing any narrative of the voyage to North America. The curious on the continent, however, drew from him in conversation various particulars which gave a general idea,' &c. (Historical Account of North America, &c., by Hugh Murray, Esq. vol. i. p. 66.) Let us see how far the reproach on Cabot may be retorted on his country. In this work of 1582, after citing the patent granted by Henry VII. and the testimony of Ramusio, Hakluyt says:—'This much concerning Sebastian Cabot's discoverie may suffice for a present taste; but shortly, God willing, shall come out in print ALL HIS OWN MAPPES and DISCOURSES *drawne and written by himselfe*, which are in the custodie of the worshipful Master William Worthington, one of her Majesty's pensioners, who (because SO WORTHIE MONUMENTS should not be buried in perpetual oblivion) is very willing to suffer them to be overseene, and published in as good order as may be, to the encouragement and benefite of our countrymen.' It may be sufficient here to say of William Worthington, that he is joined with Sebastian Cabot in the pension given by Philip and Mary on the 29 May, 1557 (Rymer, vol. xv. p. 466). The probable fate of the maps and discourses will be considered on reaching the painful part of Cabot's personal history which belongs to this association."

"We look round with some interest for information as to William Worthington. The only notice of him discovered, is in a passage of Strype's Historical Memorials, (vol. ii. p. 506), where, amongst the acts of Edward VI. the youthful monarch is found, with an easy liberality, forgiving him a large debt, on his allegation that a servant had run away with the money. 'A pardon granted to William Worthington, being indebted to the king for and concerning the office of bailiff and collector of the rents and revenues of all the manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, within the city of London, and county of Middlesex, which did belong to colleges, guilds, fraternities, or free chappels, in the sum of 392 pounds 10 shillings 3 pence, as upon the foot of his account, made by the said William, before Thomas Mildmay, auditor of the said revenues, manifestly it doth appear,—In consideration of his service, both in France and Scotland, and also his daily service and attendance, being one of the ordinary gentlemen and pensioners; and for that the debt grew by the unfaithfulness of his servant, who ran away with the same. Granted in March, but the patent signed in April.' It will be remembered that in Hakluyt's earliest work, published in 1582, he speaks of all Cabot's maps and discourses written with his own hand, as then in the possession of William Worthington. The facts disclosed may, perhaps, assist to account for their disappearance. It is obvious that such documents would be secured, at any price, by the Spanish court, at the period of Hakluyt's publication, when English enterprise was scattering dismay amongst the Spanish possessions in America. The work of Hakluyt (six years before the Armada), shewed where they were to be found. The depositary of them was the very man who had been the object of Philip's bounty during his brief influence in England. Were they not bought up? There can be now only a conjecture on the subject; yet it seems to gather strength the more it is reflected on. Suspicion may even go back farther, and mg-

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gest, that a main object in associating this man with Cabot was, to enable him to get possession of the papers, that they might be destroyed or sent to Spain. The fact that Worthington had received them, was probably too well known to be denied by him; and his remark to Hakluyt may have been a mere mode of evading that person's prying curiosity. The same alarm which dictated the demand on Edward VI. for the return of Cabot, would lead Philip to seize, with eagerness, an opportunity of getting hold of these documents, so that the author's dreaded knowledge might expire with himself. Of one thing we may feel assured. Hakluyt, who is found attaching so much importance to an 'extract' from one of Cabot's maps, was not turned aside from efforts to get a sight of this precious collection, but by repeated and peremptory refusals, for which, if it really remained in Worthington's hands, there occurs no adequate motive."

Spanish and Portuguese fabrication during all the sixteenth century, contributed, no doubt, to involve Cabot's voyages in obscurity; and it is delightful to see so much of the darkness which overspread that great navigator's discoveries, now rolled away. The account of his death is very affecting.

"Sixty-one years had now elapsed since the date of the first commission from Henry VII. to Sebastian Cabot, and the powers of nature must have been absolutely wearied out. We lose sight of him after the late mortifying incident; but the faithful and kind-hearted Richard Eden beckons us, with something of awe, to see him die. That excellent person attended him in his last moments, and furnishes a touching proof of the strength of the ruling passion. Cabot spoke flightily, 'on his death-bed,' about a divine revelation to him of a new and infallible method of finding the longitude, which he was not permitted to disclose to any mortal. His pious friend grieves that 'the good old man,' as he is affectionately called, had not yet, 'even in the article of death, shaken off all worldlie vaine glorie.' When we remember the earnest religious feeling exhibited in the instructions to Sir Hugh Willoughby, and which formed so decided a feature of Cabot's character, it is impossible to conceive a stronger proof of the influence of long-cherished habits of thought, than that his decaying faculties, at this awful moment, were yet entangled with the problem which continues to this day to vex and elude the human intellect. The dying seaman was again, in imagination, on that beloved ocean over whose billows his intrepid and adventurous youth had opened a pathway, and whose mysteries had occupied him longer than the allotted span of ordinary life. The date of his death is not known, nor, except presumptively, the place where it occurred. From the presence of Eden, we may infer that he died in London. It is not known where his remains were deposited. The claims of England in the New World have been uniformly and justly rested on his discoveries. Proposals of colonisation were urged, on the clearness of the title thus acquired, and the shame of abandoning it. The English language would probably be spoken in no part of America but for Sebastian Cabot. The commerce of England and her navy are admitted to have been deeply, incalculably, his debtors. Yet there is reason to fear, that in his extreme age the allowance which had been solemnly granted to him for life was fraudulently broken in upon. His birth-place we have seen denied. His fame has been obscured by English writers, and every vile calumny against him eagerly adopted and circulated. All his own maps and discourses, 'drawn and written by himself,' which it was hoped might come out in print, 'because so worthy monuments should not be buried in perpetual oblivion,' *have* been buried in perpetual oblivion. He gave a continent to England; yet no one can point to the few feet of earth she has allowed him in return!"

There are many other passages which might well tempt us to enlarge this review; but as we hope the book itself will be very widely consulted, we shall content ourselves with requesting the author's notice to the reference, page 107, to Thorne's Memorial. He will find in our description of the Cecil Papers a different reading of that passage, and one which bears something in favour of the views he has so ably and patriotically advanced.

HOPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

[Concluding Notice.]

LITTLE as this work can be generally known, we trust our continued extracts will not fail to interest the reader.

"*Further examples of the differences, physical and mental, of different human races.*—As the examples of the differences between certain human tribes and others lead me to races higher, and having an organisation of body and of mind more flexible, I find it necessary more to distinguish the characteristics that are given them directly by mere nature from those which are superadded by later art; since the latter, well conducted, may raise individuals higher above their earlier natural pitch; and, on the contrary, ill conducted, may sink them lower beneath their natural standard. Like the extremes of heat, the extremes of cold still have produced human races pointedly and exclusively adapted to the regions in which they first arose. The Samoyedes seem as little able to support life on the coast of Guinea, as the negroes of the Gold Coast seem able to live near the poles. Only the auctothones of the intervening more temperate regions, less distant from either extreme, seem able, to a certain degree, to brave both the cold of the one and the heat of the other; and even that but imperfectly, as we have found at Sierra Leone. Like the lowest of the tropical races, the lowest of the hyperborean races still seem to shew the inferior combination of the elements of which they are composed, in all their forms and habits. The Samoyede still has a skull depressed and shapeless; hair lank, oily, and coarse. His dim half-closed eyes form with each other an angle, descending over his flat mishapen nose. His cheek-bones protrude preposterously. His head, seen sideways, rests obliquely on his curved spine. His body is bloated, and his extremities seem consumptive. His arms and legs are crooked and ill formed: they appear the rude performances of some bungling artificer. His stature is squat and dwarfish; his complexion swarthy; his skin from infancy so shrivelled, that before he attains manhood he seems to verge on extreme old age. The female is only distinguishable from the male by her dugs, which hang down to her navel, when not flung over her shoulders, in order to support the infant suspended from her back. Feasting on the remains of the dead whales cast on their shores, the Samoyedes, like their dogs, growl when approached during their meals, and, like dogs, approach their own females for carnal purposes in the sight of strangers. Their short summers they waste, when they can, in intemperance: their long winters they sleep away. The smallest opposition to their momentary whims renders them furious; the weightiest considerations of future welfare hardly make them stir a step. Frightened at a shadow, their cowardice equals their irritability. Of human laws they are ignorant: of divine laws heedless. Their deity is a black cat; their worship, the slaying of their cattle and captives. So unsuited is their frame to any climate milder than their own, that even the temperature of Denmark and Norway is to them mortal.—In the new as in the old world there still remain vestiges of nations which bear the marks of original inferiority of organisation, variously modified, strong upon them. Among these are the red or copper-coloured tribes, of which some are also found in Africa. So torpid are in some of these, and especially in the Caraibs, the vital functions, that they can for whole days remain deprived of food, ere the cravings of hunger induce them to make the least exertion for the purpose of seeking sustenance; though, when food is at hand, they gorge till repletion alone forces them to leave off, and to lie down motionless till digestion is performed. As slow in their productive as in their consuming powers, their sexual frigidity at first excited the wonder of the more ardent Spaniards. Only capable of being stimulated to exertion by a present bodily stimulus, they are unable to be, by the mere recollection of the most pinching past wants, made to guard against future privations. Only having advanced to the most primitive arts of hunting and fishing, they disdain the labours, lighter but more regular, of the shepherd and the husbandman. Consequently, they by turns lie in complete torpor, or endure the utmost fatigue: alternately suffer the extremes of want, or wallow in beastly excess. At a single meal they consume the provision of a month, and are content to pay for their intemperance by as long a period of abstinence. In the morning, on rising, for an intoxicating draught they give away the mat which on going to sleep they will again want: when unengaged in the chase or in warfare, they sit for whole days close huddled together in a circle, not for the sake of society or mental companionship, but for that of mere bodily warmth; as silent, and indeed as solitary, as if they were alone. There is between them only physical contact, not intellectual communication, interchange of ideas. Their eyes are fixed on vacancy—their intellects in abeyance. Unheeding passing objects, however new and strange; inaccessible to curiosity and wonder, however little they know; incapable of any real merriment;—from mere absence of thought, seeming absorbed in deep cogitation,—they only awake from total apathy to give way to the most sudden and extreme irritation. They pass, without any ostensible reason, from the apparent gravity of the sage to the groundless laughter of the infant. They sometimes bestow on worthless trifles the admiration they withhold from real wonders. If they recognise a Providence, it is only in evil. For the performance of no deed, however kind, do they feel any obligation, or return any thanks. How should they? They cannot conceive a desire to oblige. They only fancy man to give away what he wants to get rid of—what he finds it a trouble to keep. But while no favour bestowed excites in them any gratitude, the least boon denied provokes their utmost wrath. Desiring no applause, they fear no disgrace. They know not the value of virtue, of truth, of honour, of renown. They thieve, they lie, they are faithless, without remorse and without shame. They are unable to compass abstract ideas of number

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or of quantity. The least process of addition or subtraction exceeds their mental faculties. Their hardly articulate language only affords words for a few concrete ideas. In their wilds, which, however extensive, are hardly able to supply the restricted wants of a thin population, each new-comer is looked upon as an intruder, and treated as an enemy. Each tribe, however small, regards each other tribe, however distant, with hostile eyes. Each tribe even regards its own members who no longer can contribute to the general defence, as no longer entitled to the general protection; as lapsed from their former privileges, as having become a mere encumbrance, as only fit to be spurned or be despatched. Between two different tribes, any meeting, avoided as long as possible, when no longer to be averted, becomes a fight;—not, indeed, in the open field and by fair warfare, but in ambush and by treachery. Prisoners are devoted to a lingering death; and the hardihood with which torture is endured, only proceeds from the hopelessness of inspiring pity. On their wives they never bestow the least endearment—on their offspring any correction. Their companions ill or wounded they leave behind. Their parents, when old and infirm, they drive away, to die deserted. A life of distrust and suspicion is early closed by a miserable death; for while the African black, like the spaniel, thrives in slavery and fawns upon his tyrant, the copper-coloured American, like the hyæna, cannot be tamed or brook a master. The small number of those that still prowl about their wastes diminishes daily, and soon the vast continent of America will be entirely stripped of aboriginal races.—America, however, seems to have spontaneously produced races more finely organised than the Caraibs. To the south of the line, in the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro, are still seen those Indians of Tamoy, whose bow no European can bend; across the inland plains of Patagonia still roam those tribes that by their size make the tallest European look diminutive. Before America was remodified by the arts of Europe, it brought forth, from its native exuberance, large cities and flourishing empires. Of some of these the European invaders accomplished the fall: of others the sun had again set even before these strangers appeared. Of such we find the remains on the borders of the Mississippi and in the province of Quito. It does not, however, appear that the sciences or even the arts ever attained among the Americans a very great degree of eminence. All the gold they possessed still left them destitute of coin—all the languages they spoke, of writing. They used for representing their thoughts none but symbolical signs. In their most civilised states government still remained an unmodified despotism; religion, a senseless and sanguinary idolatry. It is of Asia that the high central table-lands, the outskirts every way slanting down to the surrounding seas and the far-spreading islands, seem to have produced the human races most different in their organisation, most distant in their faculties of mind and body. Among these races, already very superior both physically and morally to those described as having arisen at its Austral Asian extremities, are the more central Mongul race. Still do its individuals yet preserve many marks of inferiority. Their enormous cheek-bones often give their flat faces a width exceeding their length. Their obtuse os frontis and shaggy eyebrows completely overshadow their small piercing eyes, of which the long close-drawn lids descend obliquely toward their small depressed nose. Their organs of smell hardly rise to the level of their large and skinny lips, which extend the whole width of their ample and projecting jaw. Their enormous hemless ears stand out at right angles from their ill-formed head, while their small receding chin is only decked with a few coarse bristles. Their contracted brains do not prevent the thickness of their skull from giving a preposterous size to the circumference of that head, which the shortness of their neck keeps wedged close within their huge elevated shoulders. Their bulky body, ill supported by meagre and bandy legs, seems almost by nature itself so formed as to need the assistance of that equestrian life which their native steppes so particularly favour. To the Tartars they owe their written language, to the Thibetans their creed; and however long they have had the physical peculiarities of their frame remodified by intermarriages with other surrounding races, less marked by the hand of nature, these peculiarities are so tenacious, that their descendants still retain the impress of the Mongul features. The Chinese still display the same aberrations of form, but in a milder degree, and therefore are supposed to be descended from the Monguls: but why may they not spring from primitive parents distinct from those of the Monguls, which only from having arisen in a soil and climate nearly similar, have thence alone derived an organisation naturally very similar? If the Chinese, though resembling the Monguls, seem to excel these in mental faculties, the Japanese again, in their turn, seem equally to resemble, and yet in energy of mind far to surpass, the Chinese. I shall not pursue any further my examples of races higher than those described, and yet in their qualities, physical and moral, short of the very highest races; like that of the Malays, the Indians, the Arabs, and the Copts. All of these alike still prove their inferiority to the higher exemplars, by certain features either too long or too short, too full or too meagre, too protruding or too depressed,—to preserve the exact middle line compatible with the highest degree of utility and of beauty. All of these alike, by complexion too uniformly light or too uniformly dark, seem to want in their countenances that variety and contrast of hue which marks the most perfect mixture of the different elements that compose the human frame. The races which by nature seem most gifted with these qualities seem to have arisen in those regions to the south-west of the Caspian and of Caucasus, where Xenophon still beheld pleasure-gardens similar to that of Eden, the first cradle of the first scriptural pair, and bearing like that the name of Paradise. They seem to have arisen in those regions, where, after the deluge of Noah had overwhelmed the surrounding land, the ark first touched ground on Mount Ararat; where rose near the Euxine that city, from the anchor found imbedded high up in the neighbouring mountain, called Ancyra; where in later eras on the rocks of Samothrace still remained marks of the deluges of Ogyges and Deucalion; where alone the cereal plants, since diffused over a great part of the globe, first were by nature spontaneously produced; where arose the first great postdiluvian monarchies of Armenia, Persia, Assyria, and Media; where originated the most ancient and wide-spreading language on record, that Pahli, the mother of the Sanscrit, the Greek, and the German; where Babel's tower since passed for the central point whence diverged in different directions tongues wholly different; where first prevailed that earliest and simplest deviation from the pure worship of the Creator himself, which still had for its object his earliest and most general creations, ethereal fire, and its first offspring the heavenly bodies; where to the last the kings of Media, of Persia, and of Pontus, still had the symbols of this fire worship displayed on their mitres and impressed on their monuments; whence through the regions of Colchis, round the northern shores, and through Pontus, round the southern coasts of the Euxine, seem to have travelled westward those tribes which, settling further down on the opposite continents of Europe and of Asia, and in the intervening islands of the Archipelago, bore the earlier different appellations of Hellenes, of Pelasgi, and others, which at last were confounded in the more general denomination of Greeks, and became that of the people most eminently gifted of which records have survived the wrecks of time;—where to this day specimens of the physical perfection of their first ancestors still are beheld in the population of Circassia, Armenia, and Georgia, still reckoned the handsomest of the human race. Those Greeks who in their own original nature must have found the models of those pre-eminent forms of which their art offered the imitation, and of which their degenerate descendants only present the partial remains, mixed with baser alloy, and defaced by subsequent corruption, must in their primitive state have possessed the highest organisation of body, and the highest capabilities of mind. They formed the races who in the shortest limits of time, and in the smallest circumference of space, with the least assistance from foreign example or tuition, made in art and in science the furthest strides in the most opposite directions: who in natural powers of body and of mind must most have excelled all other later nations which, with the benefit of their example and their precepts as guides, have still only gone beyond them in those acquirements which mere time suffices to mature and perfect, and which to this day are forced to acknowledge their by-gone pre-eminence in whatever is the spontaneous offering of innate genius and talent. In the representations of the ancient Greeks we find the skull most rounded, the forehead most square, the brow most sharp, the nose most removed both from the aquiline and snubbed extremes, the lips most wavy, most curling up, most neatly hemmed, most luxuriantly pressing on each other; the chin most convex, the outline of the face most oval, most distant alike from uniform width and from unvaried elongation; the throat most developed in its forms and disengaged in its movements; the chest most ample, elevated, and roomy; the waist of slenderest span, the extremities most taper,—of any race. We find the skin represented as having its transparent white at its surface most marked by the purple meandering vein, at its extremities most blending with the rich crimson of the blood; the lips tinted with the richest coral hue; the long silken hair most neatly implanted, and most distinctly defined by its auburn or jetty hue; under eyebrows most arched, most confluent, and most carefully penciled, and eyelashes casting underneath the softest and most vapoury shade, we find the eyes most full, most resplendent with a lambent fire. We find a countenance most lofty, radiant, and animated; a gait most elastic and firm; movements most easy, varied, and replete both with vigour and with grace; and when, from the contemplation of the qualities that strike the sense, we pass to those only cognisable to the mind, we find

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symptoms of that mental aptitude to every pursuit of art and of science, the most varied and the most opposite, which by its transcendency justified, over other nations called barbarians, the pre-eminence universally allowed to the Greeks. Still do even the Greeks themselves seem not entirely to have filled the full measure of perfection which, under the most favourable circumstances, appears by nature to have been allotted to the organisation of man. Every nation of antiquity, even unto the Greeks themselves, preserved some record of a nation still more highly gifted than itself, which once flourished on the earth, but was subsequently again, in one of those great revolutions which marked the infancy of the globe, swept away from its surface. The Greeks retraced its existence in those Titans, afterwards subdued by their gods, and cast into the fiery furnaces of Etna; the Jews recorded its recollection in the rebel angels, by Jehovah for their pride hurled into the flames of hell; in those giants, which on this globe are only once mentioned; and in those very descendants of Adam himself, whose longevity, like the size of the Titans, far exceeded the dimensions of later generations, and bespoke a vital energy, since greatly diminished in the postdiluvian races. The Medes and the Persians preserved similar memorials of races gone by, more perfect than any of those remaining, in their Peris, their Dives, their Gin, and their preadamite monarchs, also at last for their crimes cast into the regions of everlasting fire. Even the Hindoo mythology retraced this primitive perfection of human beings in those powerful spirits which, arisen from earth and warring with the hosts of heaven, were at last swallowed up by the very parent from which they had sprung, and, in the deepest recesses of the globe, doomed to eternal flames. Plato particularly describes as more beautiful in person and more transcendent in intellect than any of the nations remaining on the earth, those Atlantes who probably inhabited the vast inland basin since filled by the waves of the Mediterranean, along whose southern coast still soars Mount Atlas. Having in their pride forgotten that Deity to which they owed their excellence, and having only retained a superiority in vice, their day of final doom at last drew near. When the high waters, long pent up in the table-lands of Asia, whence rivers now flow downwards to every point of the compass, broke their barriers, and in their descent westward successively formed the inferior reservoirs of Lake Aral, of the Caspian Sea, the Euxine, the Archipelago, and that last aggregate of internal waters, shut out from the vast ocean by the Straits of Gibraltar, called by pre-eminence the Mediterranean, together with the intervening steppes and plains of salt,—these Atlantes were at last, with their country, for ever swept away from the face of the earth."

With this we conclude. We have almost confined ourselves to one part; but the whole of these extraordinary volumes, where Hobbes has puzzled and Lucretius inspired, is well calculated to excite philosophical inquiry for years to come.

Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

(Third Notice.)

AGREEABLY to our promise, we continue the interesting illustrations with which Mr. Croker has so greatly enriched this work.

Upon the offence of Lord Chesterfield which led to the bitter castigation from Johnson, there is a curious statement in exculpation of the noble lord.

"Hawkins, who lived much with Johnson about this period, attributes the breach between him and Lord Chesterfield to the offence taken by Johnson at being kept waiting during a visit of Cibber's; and Johnson himself, in his celebrated letter, seems to give colour to this latter opinion. He says: 'It is seven years since I *waited in your outer rooms*, or was *repulsed from your door*, during which I have pushed my work to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour.' The expressions, *waited in your outer rooms*, and *repulsed from your door*, certainly gave colour to 'the long-current and implicitly adopted story' as told by Hawkins, and sanctioned by Lord Lyttleton. In all this affair, Johnson's account, as given by Boswell, is involved in inconsistencies, which seem to prove that his pride, or his waywardness, had taken offence at what he afterwards felt, in his own heart, to be no adequate cause of animosity.

"Why was it to be expected that Lord Chesterfield should cultivate his private acquaintance? that he did not do so, was a loss to his lordship; and the *amour propre* of Johnson might be (as indeed it probably was) offended at that neglect; but surely it was no ground for the kind of charge which is made against his lordship. But even this neglect of Johnson's acquaintance is not without some excuse. Johnson's personal manners and habits, even at a later and more polished period of his life, would probably not have been much to Lord Chesterfield's taste; but it must be remembered, that Johnson's introduction to Lord Chesterfield did not take place till his lordship was past fifty, and he was soon after attacked by a disease which *estranged him from society*. The neglect lasted, it is charged, from 1748 to 1755: the following extracts of his private letters to his most intimate friends will prove that during that period Lord Chesterfield may be excused for not cultivating Johnson's society:— 20th January, 1749: 'My old disorder in my head hindered me from acknowledging your former letters.'—30th June, 1752: I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently *alone*: but I am *less dejected than most people in my situation would be.*'—11th Nov. 1752: 'The waters have done my head some good, but not enough to *refit me for social life.*' —16th Feb. 1753: 'I grow deafer, and consequently more *isolé from society* every day.'—10th Oct. 1753: 'I belong *no more to social life*, which, when I quitted busy public life, I flattered myself would be the comfort of my declining age.'—16th Nov. 1753: 'I give up all hopes of cure. I know my place, and form my plan accordingly, for *I strike society out of it.*'—7th Feb. 1754: 'At my *age*, and with my *shattered constitution*, freedom from pain is the best I can expect.'—1st March, 1754: 'I am too much *isolé*, too much secluded either from the busy or the *beau monde*, to give you any account of either.'—25th Sept. 1754: In truth, all the infirmities of an age still more advanced than mine crowd upon me. In this situation you will easily suppose that I have no pleasant hours.'—10th July, 1755: 'My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing, and cuts me wholly *off from the society of others*, and my other complaints deny me the society of myself.' Johnson, perhaps, knew nothing of all this, and imagined that Lord Chesterfield declined his acquaintance on some opinion derogatory to his personal pretensions. Mr. Tyers, however, who knew Johnson early, and more familiarly than the other biographers, suggests a more precise and probable ground for Johnson's animosity than Boswell gives, by hinting that Johnson expected some *pecuniary assistance* from Lord Chesterfield. He says, 'It does not appear that Lord Chesterfield shewed any *substantial* proofs of approbation to our philologer. A *small* present Johnson would have disdained, and he was not of a temper to put up with the *affront* of a *disappointment*. He *revenged* himself in a letter to his lordship, written with great acrimony. Lord Chesterfield indeed commends and recommends Mr. Johnson's Dictionary in two or three numbers of the *World*; but 'not words alone please him.'"

Boswell says, the air of indifference with which Lord C. treated Johnson's letter "was certainly nothing but a specimen of that dissimulation which Lord Chesterfield inculcated as one of the most essential lessons for the conduct of life;" upon which Mr. Croker asks,— "Why? If, as may have been the case, Lord Chesterfield felt that Johnson was unjust towards him, he would not have been mortified —*il n'y a que la vérité qui blesse.* By Mr. Boswell's own confession, it appears that Johnson did not give copies of this letter; that for many years Boswell had in vain solicited him to do so, and that he, after the lapse of twenty years, did so reluctantly. With all these admissions, how can Mr. Boswell attribute to any thing but conscious rectitude Lord Chesterfield's exposure of a letter which the author was so willing to bury in oblivion?" He adds, in contradiction to another charge of Boswell, founded on Johnson's calling his "*defensive* pride:"— "Lord Chesterfield made no *attack* on Johnson, who certainly acted on the *offensive*, and not the defensive."

An ancient Bride.—"Susanna, daughter of Sir Alexander Kennedy, of Culzeen, third wife of the ninth Earl of Eglintoune. She was a clever woman, and a patroness of the *belles lettres*. Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* was dedicated to her in a very fulsome style of panegyric. She died in Ayrshire, in 1780, aged ninety-one. The eighth Earl of Eglintoune, the father of her lord, had married, as his second wife, Catherine St. Quentin, the widow of three husbands, and aged above ninety at the time of her last marriage, being, it is presumed, the oldest bride on record."

Comfort to Card-Players.—"Johnson said, 'I am sorry I have not learnt to play at cards. It is very useful in life: it generates kindness, and consolidates society.' And "the late excellent Doctor Baillie advised a gentleman whose official duties were of a very constant and engrossing nature, and whose health seemed to suffer from over-work, to play at cards in the evening, which would tend, he said, to quiet the mind, and to allay the anxiety created by the business of the day."

We recommend a game at Boston, as *more* a relaxation than whist.

After the Hebridean, we have Johnson's Welsh tour; his journal of which was published by Mr. Duppa, in 1816. From this we also pick two or three of the novelties for which we are indebted to the present editor.

Johnson's Gastronomic Taste.—"Johnson affected to be a man of very nice discernment in the art of cookery (Duppa); but if we may trust Mrs. Piozzi's enumeration of his favourite dainties, with very little justice. And observing in one of her letters to Mr. Duppa on *this* passage, she says, 'Dr. Johnson loved a *fine* dinner, but would eat perhaps more heartily of a *coarse* one—boiled beef or veal

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pie; fish he seldom passed over, though he said that he only valued the sauce, and that *every* body ate the first as a vehicle for the second. When he poured *oyster sauce* over *plum pudding*, and the *melted butter* flowing from the toast into his *chocolate*, one might surely say that he was nothing less than delicate."

A Lady of Quality: Lesson on Hospitality.—"Lady Catharine Perceval, daughter of the second Earl of Egmont: this was, it appears, the lady of whom Mrs. Piozzi relates, that 'For a lady of quality, since dead, who received us at her husband's seat in Wales with less attention than he had long been accustomed to, he had a rougher denunciation: 'That woman,' cried Johnson, 'is like sour small beer, the beverage of her table, and produce of the wretched country she lives in: like that, she could never have been a good thing, and even that bad thing is spoiled.' And it is probably of her too that another anecdote is told: 'We had been visiting at a lady's house, whom, as we returned, some of the company ridiculed for her ignorance: 'She is not ignorant,' said he, 'I believe, of any thing she has been taught, or of any thing she is desirous to know; and I suppose if one wanted a little *run tea*, she might be a proper person enough to apply to.' Mrs. Piozzi says, in her MS. Letters, 'that Lady Catharine comes off well in the *diary*. He *said* many severe things of her, which he did not commit to paper.' She died in 1782."

Anecdote.—In passing through Ruabon the following "occurrence took place: 'A Welsh parson of mean abilities, though a good heart, struck with reverence at the sight of Dr. Johnson, whom he had heard of as the greatest man living, could not find any words to answer his inquiries concerning a motto round somebody's arms which adorned a tombstone in Ruabon churchyard. If I remember right, the words were,

Heb Dw, Heb Dym,
Dw o' diggon.

And though of no very difficult construction, the gentleman seemed wholly confounded, and unable to explain them; till Mr. Johnson, having picked out the meaning by little and little, said to the man, '*Heb* is a preposition, I believe, sir, is it not?' My countryman recovering some spirits upon the sudden question, cried out, 'So I humbly presume, sir,' very comically."

We are not sure that the following is quite new:—

"He was always vehement against King William. A gentleman who dined at a nobleman's table in his company and that of Mr. Thrale, who related the anecdote, was willing to enter the lists in defence of King William's character, and, having opposed and contradicted Johnson two or three times petulantly enough, the master of the house began to feel uneasy, and expect disagreeable consequences; to avoid which, he said, loud enough for the doctor to hear, 'Our friend here has no meaning now in all this, except just to relate at club to-morrow how he teased Johnson at dinner to-day—this is all to do himself *honour*.' 'No, upon my word,' replied the other, 'I see no *honour* in it, whatever you may do.' 'Well, sir,' returned Dr. Johnson, sternly, 'if you do not *see* the *honour*, I am sure I *feel* the *disgrace*.'"

Boswell, describing one of the club meetings, states that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."* Upon which Mr. Croker notes with no very liberal allusion.

* "This remarkable *sortie*, which has very much amused the world, will hereafter be still more amusing, when it is known, that it appears by the books of the club, that at the moment it was uttered, *Mr. Fox was in the chair*." —"Lord Lauderdale informed the editor that Mr. Fox (a great authority on this as well as on more important subjects) told him, that the deepest play he had ever known was between the year 1772 and the beginning of the American war. Lord Lauderdale instanced 5000*l.* being staked on a single card at faro."

At sixty-six Johnson visited France, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale; and from this tour we must also derive a few bits for our mosaic.

Statuary.—Johnson says, "Painting consumes labour not disproportionate to its effect; but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot." On which Mr. Croker remarks: "Dr. Johnson does not seem to have objected to ornamental architecture or statuary *per se*, but to labour *disproportionate* to its utility or effect. In this view, his criticisms are just. The late style of building introduced into London, of colonnades and porticos, without any regard to aspect, climate, or utility, is so absurd to reason, so offensive to taste, and so adverse to domestic comfort, that it reconciles us to the short-lived materials of which these edifices are composed. It would have been well if we had, according to Johnson's sober advice, thought it necessary that the '*magnificence of porticos*,' and the '*expense of pilastres*,' should have borne some degree of *proportion* to their *utility*. With regard to 'statuary,' when it does 'preserve the varieties of the human frame,' it deserves all that Mr. Boswell says for it: but Johnson's objection was, that it more frequently produced abortive failures, '*hardly resembling man*.'"

Mr. Croker notices that Mrs. Hannah More is supposed to be the individual referred to in the annexed. "He would not allow me to praise a lady then at Bath; observing, 'She does not gain upon me, sir; I think her empty-headed.'" "Yet (he observes) it seems hard to conceive in what wayward fancy he could call her '*empty-headed*.'"

Sir Joshua Reynolds' Dinners.—"On Sunday," Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale, "I dined at Sir Joshua's house on the hill [Richmond], with the Bishop of St. Asaph [Shipley]: the dinner was good, and the bishop is knowing and conversable." To which Mr. Croker adds: "This praise of Sir Joshua's dinner was not a matter of course; for his table, though very agreeable, was not what is usually called a *good* one, as appears from the following description given of it by Mr. Courtenay (a frequent and favourite guest) to Sir James Mackintosh; and which is not, the editor hopes, misplaced in a work in which Sir Joshua and his society have so considerable a share. 'There was something,' said Courtenay, 'singular in the style and economy of Sir Joshua's table that contributed to pleasantry and good-humour; a coarse inelegant plenty, without any regard to order and arrangement. A table, prepared for seven or eight, was often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen. When this pressing difficulty was got over, a deficiency of knives, forks, plates, and glasses succeeded. The attendance was in the same style; and it was absolutely necessary to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that you might be supplied with them before the first course was over. He was once prevailed on to furnish the table with decanters and glasses at dinner, to save time, and prevent the tardy manœuvres of two or three occasional undisciplined domestics. As these accelerating utensils were demolished in the course of service, Sir Joshua could never be persuaded to replace them. But these trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment. The wine, cookery, and dishes, were but little attended to; nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amidst this convivial, animated bustle among his guests, our host sat perfectly composed; always attentive to what was said, never minding what was ate or drank, but left every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians, composed the motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord. At five o'clock precisely dinner was served, whether all the invited guests were arrived or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour perhaps for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humour by this invidious distinction. His friends and intimate acquaintance will ever love his memory, and will long regret those social hours, and the cheerfulness of that irregular, convivial table, which no one has attempted to revive or imitate, or was indeed qualified to supply.'"

We have still Vols. IV. and V. to consult; but we do not anticipate that they will lead us to trespass much farther on our readers, especially as the work is already so extensively circulated, that most persons have access to the original.

United Efforts; Poems of a Brother and Sister. Pp. 100. Sherwood and Co.

WELL-MEANT; and that is all we can say.

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HUMPHREY CLINKER, in a single, clearly printed, and legible volume, with a portrait of Smollett, and four illustrations by G. Cruikshank, and "all," as the showmen say, "for the small price of five shillings," is enough to tempt a miser to buy the book.

If this new publishing scheme goes on as it has thus capitally begun, we shall rejoice in the resuscitation of our best novels, which more modern performances have thrown somewhat into shade, and at a rate which will make them accessible to readers of every class. Surely if all other things are dear, books are now cheap enough.

The Staff Officer; or, the Soldier of Fortune: a Tale of Real Life. By Oliver Moore. 3 vols. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

WE regret to have here another novel upon which we are bound to pronounce a sentence of decided condemnation. If the reader can suppose a man of mature age, or rather dipping into the vale of years, who will sit down and retrace the scenes of his youthful follies and promiscuous amours with a gloating complacency, a fair idea may be formed of the *Staff Officer*. Oliver Moore is evidently a fictitious name; and we would advise the author, whoever he may be, to preserve his incognito. A retrospective story of the indiscretions, follies, and intrigues, of an Irish lad, can reflect but little credit on an individual of any station in society. Had time brought its best gift, prudence, and experience taught its best lesson, wisdom, we should not have been offended by a production of this kind, which ought neither to have been penned nor published. As we

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cannot lend our page to the propagation of prurient and ribald descriptions, we will give no extract from this injudicious and polluting novel.*

Reform; a Poem. By H. J. Paull. 8vo. pp. 63. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

A FOOLISH subject for a poet; and Mr. Paull displays so much poetry in his opening, that we regret the more his having attempted a political absurdity.

Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is a new edition, with additions, of Dr. Paris's work; for our opinion of which, we can refer to a (double) *Gazette*, with engravings to match. Having so fairly introduced the worthy and humorous doctor's philosophy, with its toys and sports, it would be no reviewing in sport to our readers to treat them again with the same remarks in earnest. We shall therefore only repeat, that knowledge was never taught in a more pleasant way than in these volumes.

The New Estate; or, the Young Travellers in Wales and Ireland. By the Author of "Portugal." pp. 302. London, 1831. Harvey and Darton.

WE like this little volume much—both for embodying a good deal of information, and for pleasantly conveying it. The progress of a journey through Wales to Ireland would seem at first beaten ground; but we are deceived if other than our juvenile readers do not find both novelty and entertainment in its details. The young travellers themselves are very interesting; and their impressions and remarks give additional attraction to the scenes through which they pass. There are some pretty woodcuts.

Family Classical Library, No. XIX. London, Valpy.

BADHAM'S Juvenal, and Sir W. Drummond's Persius, form this volume of the Classical Library,—and an excellent volume it is.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XX. History of Poland. Longman and Co.

DERIVED from many and the most authentic sources, this concise history of Poland is extremely well-timed and appropriate. It is systematically arranged and clearly written. The author assures us that he has exercised a most impartial judgment in speaking of Poles or Russians; and he bears a high testimony to the just and beneficent character of the Emperor Nicholas. It is a good sign of a book when we find the writer bold enough to set his face against popular opinion; and without compromising himself at all, the author of this volume has fairly done so, rather than pay his court to passions or prejudices. It is altogether a production fit for the information of the hour.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. C. Knight.

PARIS and its historical scenes are here set before us. It is curious that London should not have been first in the field; but the facility of compiling from foreign sources is a great temptation. The volume is various and pleasant.

* We had prepared this notice last week, when we were informed, that though we had an early copy of the book, it had not been published; therefore, agreeably to our rule, we abstained from saying any thing of that of which we could not truly say any thing advantageous.

Divines of the Church of England. No. XIV. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Valpy.

A SECOND volume of Jeremy Taylor;—a divine always to be read with advantage and delight.

National Library, No. XI. Lives of Celebrated Travellers. Vol. I. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

AN excellent design, and, if ably executed, likely to revive a vast fund of curious and entertaining knowledge. This volume is compiled from William de Rubruquis, who travelled in Egypt, Tartary, Syria, &c., in the thirteenth century; from the renowned Marco Polo; from Ibn Batuta; from Leo Africanus; from Pietro della Valle; from Tavernier; from Bernier; from Chardin; from Kæmpfer; and from Maundrell. It must be, that some 300 pages of a small book can give us but a taste of so many voluminous authors; yet the selection is agreeable and attractive.

The Five Nights of St. Albans: a Romance of the Sixteenth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. Second edition. London, 1831. Sherwood and Co.; and W. Kidd.

A HUMOROUS address to the "discerning public" introduces this new edition of the *Nights of St. Albans* to notice: it quotes the criticisms of various periodicals favourable to the romance, since its first appearance two years ago; and suggests the author's just claim to a compensation from them in Equity, should they have misled him by their praise thus to speculate farther. To get rid of our part of the penalty, we must recommend the *Five Nights*, which we do to the utmost consistently with our former review of it.

The Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and the parts adjacent; with 120 Illustrations on Wood. By G. W. Bonner. 18mo. pp. 216. London, 1831. Kidd.

THIS is a truly picturesque little volume of some very picturesque and beautiful scenery. Its principal recommendations are the numerous wood engravings with which it is illustrated, some of which are as delicate specimens of the art of wood-cutting, and as faithful views of the several objects, as any thing we have met with in the landscape department: they are equally creditable to the skill of the artist and the taste of the publisher. The letter-press is just sufficient for the purpose intended,—briefly historical, and therefore admirably calculated for a pocket companion; while a copious index affords instant reference for every remarkable object on the river Thames and the Isle of Thanet. We apprehend few solitary travellers, or new visitors, to the Isle, will be without a "Pocket Companion."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN NORTON'S RIFLE-SHELL.

WE have recently had an opportunity of seeing Captain Norton repeat experiments with his rifle-shell, with the success of which we, as far as our knowledge of gunnery went, were perfectly satisfied. Captain N. loaded a rifle-pistol in the usual way, putting instead of a ball a shell with a peg, which should first strike the object aimed at, and, being driven in, explode the shell. The principle of this projectile is, that the effect of the rifling upon the shell shall always keep it in the direction which is given to it on leaving the muzzle of the gun; so that it shall invariably impinge on the same point, penetrate the substance, and explode with destructive precision. We witnessed this in repeated instances. The board fired at was pierced and ignited; and it appeared to us that such an engine employed against ammunition-waggons, baggage, and camp equipages, must be of prodigious efficacy in war.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, Bart., in the chair. J. R. Morrison, Esq. of Canton, presented a curious collection of spells, charms, amulets, &c. used by the Chinese with a view to propitiate various powers, and secure riches, honours, and longevity. One article was a sword, of the size and shape of a Roman cut-and-thrust sword, and formed of the coin called *cash* by Europeans in India: the influence of the emperors in whose reigns the coins were struck, is supposed to be effectual in keeping away evil spirits. Sir A. Johnston, the Rev. Mr. Roberts a missionary in Ceylon, and other individuals, likewise made sundry donations. The only paper read was Mr. Morrison's explanation of the objects presented by him. His Majesty the King of Persia was unanimously elected an honorary member.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Engravings of Ancient Cathedrals, Hôtels de Ville, and other Public Buildings of celebrity, in France, Holland, Germany, and Italy. Drawn on the spot, and engraved by John Coney: with Illustrative Descriptions by Charles Heathcote Tatham, Esq., and able Assistants. Part VII. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WORTHY of the preceding Parts. The plates are, "Cathedral, Milan, S.W. view," "Cathedral, Strasburg," "University, Pavia," and "St. Martin's, Landshut." Of these, the Cathedral at Milan is decidedly the most magnificent. It is, indeed, to borrow a term from our continental neighbours, *superb*. "It was in the centre of the transept of this cathedral," observes Mr. Tatham, "that Napoleon was crowned King of Italy; and it was on that occasion he snatched the crown from the hands of the Archbishop, and placed it on his own head, exclaiming, '*Dio mi diede, guai a chi la tocca*—God gave it to me, woe to him who touches it.' This remarkable sentence has since become the motto of the order of the Iron Crown." By the by, there is a discrepancy between the French and English text, in speaking of the celebrated figure behind the choir of St. Bartholomew, by Marcus Agrati. The one attributes to the sculptor great anatomical knowledge, the other charges him with great anatomical ignorance. It is scarcely necessary to add that the former is the correct character.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals. Drawn from the Life and engraved by Thomas Landseer; with Descriptive Notices by John Barrow, Esq. Part VI. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

"THE Llama," "the Wapiti," "the Neelghau," and "the Wolf," are the subjects of the four animal portraits, and the four illustrative vignettes, which ornament the sixth Part of Mr. Landseer's work. They are all executed with extraordinary felicity. If we were to select any one as peculiarly attractive,

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it would be the representation of Mrs. Wapiti suckling — Wapiti, Jun., Esq. It is a fine exhibition of maternal tenderness; and is full of grace.

Views of the City of New York and its Environs. Part I. Peabody and Co., New York; Rich, London.

If not equal to some English works of a similar description (and it would be flattery to say that it is so), we have nevertheless been much pleased with this little publication, which promises to render us well acquainted with the principal features of New York and its neighbourhood.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Engraved by W. and E. Finden. Part XV. Tilt.

It is highly tantalising, and we must say that we do not think it kind on the part of the publishers of this work, to place before us, in the very heat of the dog-days, such charming plates as "the Frith between Cumberland and Galloway," and "the Castle of Crookstone;" and thus to remind us so strongly of the refreshing sea-breeze, and the delicious shade of the groves. We are almost provoked, in revenge, to omit stating, that the first is from a drawing by Copley Fielding, and the second from a drawing by D. Roberts—that they are both finely engraved by E. Finden—and that the Part contains two other interesting views of "the Round Tower at Windsor in 1660," and of "Liege."

The Most Noble Elizabeth, Marchioness of Stafford. Engraved by Dean from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Colnaghi.

Possessing great breadth and sweetness; with that peculiar and dignified air which Sir Thomas so well knew how to communicate to his subjects of rank. It is the seventy-ninth of the Series of the Female Nobility in *La Belle Assemblée.*

Mademoiselle Taglioni. From a Drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson.

We know no one who could have so happily depicted the exquisite, though foreign, *tournure* and grace of this fascinating *déesse de la danse* as Mr. Chalon. He has been ably seconded by Mr. Lane.

The Right Hon. Lord Clifford, Baron Chudleigh. Painted by James Ramsay; engraved by Charles Fox.

A firm, unaffected portrait of the late lord; equally creditable to the painter and the engraver.

The Spanish Bandit. Painted by J. C. Zeitter; engraved by J. Egan. Harding.

Picturesque and forcible. A gentleman we should be very sorry to meet in a narrow lane at night.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN BY A NATIVE OF TRURO,

On approaching the Cornish coast, June 1831.

[We think it will give an added interest to this poem, if we state that it is the production of John Lander, the African traveller; but we would not have betrayed the secret, were it not that it will give a point to many of the sentiments so naturally and fervently expressed.—*Ed. L. G.*]

"By secret charms our native land attracts."

Roll on, ye waves! ye winds that round me roar,
O bear me safely to my native shore!
May no dull clouds enwrap thee, queen of heaven!
Nor be ye shrouded, gentle stars! this even;
But shine resplendent, wondrous orbs, I pray,
And light the weary wanderer on his way.
Ye viewless spirits, roving through the air,
If ye have power, O aid this humble prayer!
And thou, my gallant ship, sail fast and free,
For hearts beat high that are expecting thee.
Let not the eagle, in his lonely flight,
Outstrip thee in thy homeward course to-night:
Let not the arrow, whizzing from the bow,
More swiftly travel, or more true than thou.
Rapid as thought, fleet as the lightning's flash,
I would that o'er the waters thou couldst dash,
And onwards bear me, through the sounding foam,
Where soft affection lures me to my home.
As thirsts the weary hind for crystal springs,
Or as the widowed dove lamenting sings—
So longs, so mourns my spirit to retrace
Those goodly scenes which charmed my dwelling-place.
And oft I've grieved, Cornubia! wept for thee,
As mourned for Venice tender Foscari,
Or as the Grecian sage, as stories tell,
Sighed to regain the land he loved so well,
When driven by tempests, and by whirlwinds tossed,
Seven dreary winters saw his wishes crossed:
For, like the sparrow, wandering from her nest,
My weary soul has found no place of rest.
Yet thoughts of home have made my heart rejoice,
E'en as an angel's or a sister's voice;
And through my veins I've felt the genial fire,
Charming as Orpheus' harp or David's lyre.
And oft have I indulged this pleasing theme
(My daily vision and my nightly dream);
And oft when 'neath some fragrant citron's shade,
For sooty nymphs and sable lovers made,
Hope has exulting spread her golden wings,
Spangling the future with all glorious things.
Touched with her wand, as by Ithuriel's spear,
Dread, sorrow, suffering, soon dissolved in air;
The howling wilderness and desert wild
With bloom and verdure like a garden smiled;
And from the roaring storm and withering blast
A kindly shelter offered to the last.
Dear soft enchantress! heaven-born though thou art,
How often hast thou cheered, how oft forsook my heart!
Uncalled, hast scattered rose-buds of delight,
And when I would embrace thee, taken flight!

The stars are up in all their proud array,
The moonbeams tremble on the billows' spray,
The wind propitious fills the swelling sails,
And sacred silence every where prevails.
'Tis charming all, and beautiful and bright,
Nor southern clime can boast a richer sight;
Though there I've watched, with a lover's eye,
The golden sun march grandly down the sky;
Beheld the blushing tints of coming even
Match in their loveliness the gates of heaven,
And in those rainbow shades, with glory dressed,
Hesperian fields and gardens of the blessed
Have ofttimes pictured.

'Tis pleasant thus to be so near one's home,
When one is weary of the wish to roam;
To feel the wasting sickness of the heart,
Which hope delayed and languishment impart,
Give place to vigorous health, and feelings gay,
The spirit's flutter, and the warm heart's play.
And soothing 'tis to muse on dangers past,
Each former peril yielding to the last—
Recall each scene of wretchedness and pain,
And count one's ills and sufferings o'er again.
Where scorching zephyrs sigh o'er burning lands,
Where palmy groves wave over golden sands,
Where black tornadoes wild and furious play,
And man is fierce and merciless as they,—
There rages fever with his ghastly train,
And death's pale horse, triumphant, scours the plain,
While his grim rider, with his shadowy dart,
Meets every eye, and threatens every heart.
There have I seen the young, the gay, the brave,
All droop their heads, then huddled to the grave.
No kindly tongue relates their mournful tale,
Nor neighbours feel their loss, nor friends bewail;
But far from home, neglected, and forgot,
They lie without a stone to mark the spot.
In that cursed soil no father dies alone,
A partner's spirit flits behind his own,
And orphan children, ere they've time to cry,
Stretch forth their little trembling arms and die.
Thou hast no evils, Cornwall, like to these;
Health, chief of blessings, sports in every breeze,
And rosy cheeks and vigorous limbs proclaim,
Thy children know them only by their name.
Land of my birth! what rapture fires my veins
That I again shall tread thy verdant plains,
Again to mingle with the friends I love,
Through boyhood's sundry scenes again to rove,
Again to recognise in lovely faces
Beauty's sweet blush, and virtue's winning graces;
To stroll o'er daisied fields and pastures green,
With flowery lane and hawthorn hedge between,
And hear at eventide the tuneful lays
Of feathered songsters warbling from the sprays.
How charming are the thoughts of so much bliss,
Such hope ecstatic—springing joy as this!

* * * *

But lo! a beacon, shining from afar,
Gleams o'er the waters, like a golden star:
Is it the Lizard's cheering light I see?
Welcome to thousands—O how dear to me!
It is—it is Cornubia!—O my God!
I thank thee.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

We have not seen a surer sign of the general progress of improvement than has recently been afforded by the presentation of a petition to parliament, signed by upwards of four thousand respectable native inhabitants of Bombay, of every religion, caste, and sect. This remarkable document, which may be considered to speak the sentiments of fifty or sixty millions of British subjects, prays for—1. The extension of his majesty's courts all over India; 2. for the extension of the legal privileges, &c. of the natives, rendering them eligible to trusts from which they are now excluded; and, 3. for the introduction of the English language throughout the empire. On the first point, the petitioners gratefully refer to the memorable labours of Sir Alexander Johnston, who, by intrusting natives with the administration of justice, has demonstrated their fitness to be so elevated in the scale of society. They complain that the laws as understood at the presidencies are not the code by which the provinces are governed; and that the judges are extremely deficient in the knowledge necessary for the performance of their duties. It is, therefore, they say, no exaggeration to affirm, that the natives beyond the presidencies are treated in the character of a conquered, distinct, and degraded people. On the second topic they con-

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tend, that by rewarding moral and intellectual merit with honourable and profitable offices, the immense population of India will be cemented in a bond of union round the British crown; and the introduction of the English language into the vernacular languages of the country, is also strenuously insisted upon, as the means of consolidating and strengthening this cohesion. This would facilitate the general improvement of India.

We trust that these representations will have due weight with our legislators: they are both of great present and future importance. Our notice to them, however, is attracted more in a literary light; for we could not help being struck by a purely native Indian production so ably drawn up as this petition, and taking such just and comprehensive views of the policy which can best promote the welfare and happiness of that vast and populous country.

NEW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A NUMEROUS meeting of persons, including a large proportion of the Society of Friends, took place on Tuesday last at the Rev. Mr. Fletcher's chapel, Moorfields, with a view of establishing institutions in the metropolis for preventing, or, at least, restraining, the vice of intoxication. Our readers are aware that Temperance Societies have, within the last few years, been pretty generally established in various parts of the United States; and from reports which have been published, it would appear that they have effected a considerable reform in the habits of the working classes, who were more addicted to the immoderate use of ardent spirits than even the people of this country. Within the last two or three years the subject has also engaged the attention of many philanthropic individuals in Glasgow, and other parts of Scotland; and from statements read to the meeting on Tuesday, by a gentleman named Collins, it is affirmed that there has been a decided change in the habits of many of the labourers in Scotland, such as smiths, iron-founders, and other artisans, who formerly considered ardent spirit essential to keep up their strength, but who now entirely abstain from it, and use water instead; in consequence of which they enjoy infinitely better health than before. As this is not a mere question of economy, in a pecuniary sense, but one of vital interest to the community at large, the trial of the experiment in this great metropolis is earnestly enforced; and some gentlemen of the provisional committee, at the late meeting, are employed in establishing local societies, under the denomination of Temperance Societies. Nothing is required from the members in the form of pecuniary contribution, but that they should enroll themselves under a sort of voluntary bond or promise to abstain from the use of ardent spirit, or other intoxicating liquors:—the slight incidental expenses of these meetings to be provided for by the voluntary contributions of such philanthropic persons as may feel zealous in support of the undertaking. We understand that a considerable number of persons of various sects have already enrolled their names among the supporters of these institutions.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT.

THE committee of managers of the Royal Academy of Music gave their annual concert on Thursday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, previous to the distribution of the medals, and other orders of distinction, merited by the respective pupils whose talent and application have been most prominent during the preceding year. A considerable number of persons of rank honoured the concert with their presence.

It is a very high compliment to a young lady named Wharton, that she sung *Se m' abbandoni* (a most intricate cavatina of Mercadante) in a style little inferior to Madame Malibran; and Miss Postans (a contralta) sung the difficult *scena* in *Il Italiano in Alghieri*, with nearly equal effect. Yet, as a whole, we should say the balance of power is decidedly in favour of the instrumental performers. The best performance of the day was a *concertante* by four violins, and although not quite Paganini, it was exceedingly well played for young performers. A very promising youth also gave a concerto on the horn, highly creditable to his preceptors.

At the conclusion of the concert, Sir G. Warrender, in the name of the directors, awarded the honorary distinctions, after some suitable remarks on the decided improvement which had been manifested in our national taste for music, since the first establishment of the Academy, and the patronage thereby given to native talent.

VOCAL MUSIC.

ON Wednesday evening Mr. T. Phillips gave his concluding lecture on vocal music, accompanied by Messrs. Horncastle and Taylor, and the Misses Brandons, before a select, yet numerous auditory, at the Argyle Rooms. As we have already had occasion to speak in terms of much commendation of the objects proposed in these lectures, that of improving our national taste, and encouraging native talent, by the application of foreign modes of tuition, combined with the just application of *sound* to *sense*, we shall only in the present case observe, that the concerted pieces selected on Wednesday evening by Mr. Phillips and his assistants, were equally creditable to their good taste and musical talents. From the vocal powers and perfect taste displayed by one of the Miss Brandons in a cavatina of Winter's, and an air of Bishop's composition, we should say that young lady is destined to occupy a distinguished place among English vocalists at no distant day.

YOUNG Aspull's concert was equal to our expectations. He has become a very fine performer. It was also pleasing on this occasion to find another of our young and gifted phenomena growing into mature excellence. The little Miss Coveney, so full of precocious talent, is already distinguished as an accomplished vocalist.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE had only room enough last week to say that Covent Garden Theatre had closed. We have now to express our fears that it has been an unproductive season at the best; the difference in the expenses being all that has saved the proprietors from the fate of those of Drury Lane. Great changes, it is supposed, must take place next season at this theatre also. We do hope and trust there will be changes of measures as well as of men. The cry has now become general—"the old system will not do." Change it, then, gentlemen managers, for your own sakes. It is false that the drama has declined; it is false that the English are not a play-going people. It is only true that they will not go to a theatre to yawn at old, long, dull pieces, played by third-rate performers till past one, even on Sunday mornings, and to feel, that unless their daughters go without their bonnets, "so as to entitle them to a seat in the dress circle," they must witness the most disgusting scenes, and sit amidst the vilest of the vile, exposed to personal insult, which, as *that* might lead to the interference of the police, they are almost anxious to incur.

We subjoin our usual list of the novelties produced during the season. Interludes have carried it hollow at both houses. Mr. Poole's *Turning the Tables* was decidedly the most successful piece produced at Drury Lane; and *Hide and Seek* and *The Omnibus* were the only true hits at Covent Garden. The pantomime, the Easter piece, and *Napoleon*, though all well enough in their way, but dragged their slow length along, from the positive lack of brisker matters; and Spohr's opera, though highly creditable to its producers and the establishment at large, scarcely, we should imagine, paid its own expenses.

Oct. 18, 1830. Blue Anchor, Melo-drama, 2 acts: Pocock. 15 nights.
Oct. 20. Jew of Arragon, a Play, 5 acts: Wade. Withdrawn.
Oct. 30. Carnival at Naples, Play, 3 acts: Dimond. 16 nights.
Nov. 11. Hide and Seek, Interlude. 24 nights.
Nov. 30. Chancery Suit, Comedy, 5 acts: Peake. 10 nights.
Dec. 6. Omnibus, Interlude: Pocock. 25 nights.
Dec. 27. Harlequin Pat or Fat, Christmas Pantomime: Peake and Farley. 43 nights.
Feb. 2, 1831. Married Lovers, Comedy, 2 acts: Power. 16 nights.
Feb. 3. Romance of a Day, Operatic Drama, 2 acts: Planché. 10 nights.
Feb. 11. Comrades and Friends, Melo-drama, 2 acts: Pocock. 5 nights.
April 4. Neuha's Cave, Easter-piece, 2 acts: Peake. 29 nights.
April 5. Azor and Zemira, Opera, 3 acts: Ball and Peake. 21 nights.
April 29. Exquisites, Comedy, 5 acts: T. de Trueba: 5 nights.
May 16. Napoleon, Pageant in 7 parts: Lacey. 30 nights.
May 31. Gipsy Father, Drama, 2 acts: Mrs. Norton. 3 nights.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

ON Monday *The Feudal Lady*, a melo-drama, by Mr. Banim, was produced here with but indifferent success: as it has since been withdrawn, we need not enter into criticism.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

OUR reports of the performances at this handsome little theatre, under the management of Mr. Keppell, continue to improve upon us. *Love and Mystery*, a new piece, is acted with great spirit and success by Mrs. Waylett, Mr. Greene, Mr. Keppell, and others: it is the production of a Mr. Haynes, a provincial comedian, and is very effective, if not very original. It is gratifying to observe that good houses reward these meritorious exertions to please; and shew that wherever sufficient and proper entertainment is provided, there will be encouragement enough of the drama.

VARIETIES.

New Mineral Species. — Mr. Johnston describes the brownish-yellow-coloured mineral, with four-sided nearly rectangular prisms, from Leadhills, and well known to mineralogists by the name of new mineral, as a vanadiate of lead. Vanadium is a new metal, just discovered by Sefström. Mr. J. has also in his possession specimens of the same mineral from Alston Moor.

New Steam Vessel.—A steam vessel on the high-pressure principle, the steam generated in

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pipes instead of a boiler, (so that if one bursts, the explosion is not general or dangerous,) was tried on the Thames on Thursday, with, as we are informed, complete success. This plan allows more room for stowage, requires less fuel, and possesses many advantages over the machines hitherto employed.

British Museum.—We rejoice to gather from the parliamentary reports, that a rather more liberal grant than usual has this year been allowed to this national institution.

The Labouring Poor.—In the midst of greater political turmoil, it is gratifying to perceive that minor propositions for bettering the condition of the poor are not neglected. The plan so zealously advocated and exemplified by Mr. Montagu Burgoyne, *i. e.* for enclosing and allotting lands in the neighbourhood of London, by way of provision for the labouring poor, is gathering friends and strength. As far as it goes, we can conceive nothing more eligible; and it is surely a great encouragement to proceed and extend the practice, when we witness the excellent effects which have been produced wherever it has been already tried—near Richmond,—near Potton, Bedfordshire, and other places. There is, we believe, another public meeting to-day in favour of this good work.

Death of Mr. Roscoe.—This distinguished and elegant scholar died last week at Liverpool, at an advanced age. He was one of the ten royal associates of the Royal Society of Literature, to whom a grant of a hundred guineas a-year had been assigned, in consideration of the works with which he had embellished our national literature; and his death at this time causes us the more to regret, that a bounty, so ennobling to the giver and receiver, should have been stopped in the new reign. Of the ten associates, two, the learned Mr. Davies and the accomplished Mr. Roscoe, have already thinned the list: is the economy of England, that rich and great country, to be manifested by withholding this slight token of honour from the rest? We hope not.

Death of Patrick Gibson.—This "aunciente *marinere*" died, the other day, at his residence near *the World's End* Lane (*the* address for so long a liver!), Chelsea, at the remarkable age of one hundred and eleven!! He was a purser in the navy, superannuated after he had passed his hundredth year. Gibson was an Irishman, and of a very strong, sinewy frame. His hand was like whalebone, and his grip and shake, to the very last, such as would have astonished, if not annihilated, the nerves of a modern exquisite. Faithful to his old sea customs, he lived chiefly on salt junk, which he laid in for the week, and so had little trouble in marketing. He was very cheerful, and his conversation extremely entertaining. The last time we saw him (for so singular a person was well worth the attention of his neighbours), he had returned from his half-yearly visit to the Bank, per coach, to receive his dividends. He was in high spirits, and told us a story of the taking of Quebec, where he was a purser, in 1759. He had, it seems, gone ashore to bathe, and was in a state of nudity when he perceived boats from the fleet with the immortal Wolfe, and the gallant admiral who commanded the naval part of the expedition, approaching the spot selected for his ablutions. He had barely time to huddle up his clothes, and take refuge in a hut which stood by the sea-side. It happened curiously enough that the two commanders walked into the same cabin, and while the shivering purser was in secret trying to get into his shirt and trousers, he, per force, overheard their conversation. Wolfe bluntly stated to the admiral that he was determined to attack the heights next morning; and asked him if he would assist him with the marines from the vessels. "Not only with the marines," was the characteristic reply, "but with every sailor who can be spared to bear a hand." This, said old Gibson, was the only court held on the memorable occasion,—the brave officers shook hands upon it, and returned to their boats—the glorious result of their union is a bright page in English history.

Royal Tablet.—We find the specimen of this tablet sent for our inspection by Messrs. Smith and Dolier, very superior to the asses' skin hitherto in use for memoranda, &c. We do not know what the composition is, but it has a china or enamel-like appearance—takes the pencil very neatly and clearly—retains legibly what is written—and, on being cleaned by moisture, resumes all its original freshness for new inscriptions.

Cholera Morbus.—In every newspaper cholera morbus heads a column of intelligence. In every company cholera morbus is the theme of general conversation. Nursery-maids keep naughty children in order by telling them that cholera morbus will fetch them. The very ballad-singers fright the streets from their propriety with cholera morbus. The other day we heard a ragged urchin bawling out, to the old tune of "Abraham Newland," a string of verses, one of which, to the best of our recollection, ran as follows:—

Since at Riga and Dantzic
There's many a man sick,
The subject is one should absorb us;*
For unless folks are humming,
It really is coming,
This ill-looking cholera morbus.
Oh! cholera morbus!
Terrible cholera morbus!
But one out of five
They say will survive,
If we're all seized with cholera morbus.

Variety!—"Custom cannot state his infinite variety." Over the stall of a public writer in la rue du Bac, at Paris, is the following inscription:—"M. Renard, public writer, advising compiler, translates the tongues, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes." *Furet de Londres.*

Methodists of Geneva.—Several societies of Methodists have of late years sprung up at Geneva; some of these are said to be extremely anxious to draw upon them the public attention, no matter by what means, so that they could but give themselves out for the victims of persecution. During the last summer, a number of persons of both sexes were observed at night in the churchyard, passing to and fro among the graves. The police had an eye on these persons, and, under the idea that they might be what we call "resurrectionists," they placed a *gens-darme* to watch them. The next night the visitors came again; but as the concealed sentinel perceived nothing amiss, he did not interrupt them. When, however, they were about to depart, he stepped before them, and begged the company to follow him to the lieutenant of police. They were all delighted at this—for they wished for nothing more than to be punished. On being questioned at the police-office, they replied—"We go to the churchyard to place ourselves in contact and communion with the beloved spirits of our deceased relatives and friends; God enjoins this, though the temporal authorities forbid it." "O no," replied the lieutenant of police, "the authorities don't forbid it; on the contrary, I will furnish you with a key to the churchyard, so that you may let yourselves in without being put to the inconvenience of going through the neighbours' gardens." Since that time not a creature has been seen in the churchyard, and the "beloved spirits" have been left in peace.—*Desultory Foreign Reading.*

Female Courtship in Rome.—The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue, impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure;—nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him, in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's: *Dite al che signor che mi piace*—"Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiments, and asks, *Mi volete bene?*—"Are you fond of me?" she replies, with the utmost frankness, *Si, caro*—"Yes, dear." In this simple and unembellished manner commence connexions which last for years, and which, when they are dissolved, plunge the men into despair. The Marchese Gatti lately shot himself, because, on his return from Paris, he found that his mistress had been false to him.

Gresham Prize Medal.—We hear that it is intended to establish an annual prize medal for the best original composition in sacred vocal music. The words to be selected from the canonical Scriptures, Apocrypha, or Liturgy of the Church of England.

* The writer of this declared there was no other possible rhyme to *morbus* in the English language. He was dumb-founded by the following impromptu:

I begged for a kiss from a pretty young miss;
But she said, "What will *you* give me *for buss?*"
I made no reply; for a kiss you can buy,
Is as bad as the *cholera morbus.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXVIII. July 2.*]

Mrs. Bray (so advantageously known to the literary world) is superintending the production of a curious volume—the poems of a female servant in Tavistock, who has lived twelve years in the same family, and corresponded with the laureate. Her name is Mary Maria Colling; and the work, with her portrait, is to be published by subscription for her benefit.

We are told that Lord Dover has just completed a Life of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia.

The forthcoming No. of the Quarterly Review is, we learn, to contain—Connexion of Intellectual Operations with Organic Action; Rob Don's Poems; Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural History; Doctrine of St. Simeon—New Distribution of Property; Subversion of Ancient Governments; Old English Domestic Architecture; Friendly Advice to the Lords; Sanscrit Poetry and the Hindoo Drama.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Moore's Staff Officer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Thorn on Sexual Diseases, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Cocks's Pathological Anatomy, 32mo. 7*s.* bds.—Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate, &c. 12mo. 6*s.* cloth; River Companion, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Lanzi's History of Painting, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Ottley's Rustum Khan, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that it is inconsistent with the plan of the *Literary Gazette* to insert the appeal to public benevolence on behalf of the suffering descendants of the late Mr. Adam Walker: their distress might, we think, be made sufficiently known by private means, and thus find the relief required.

We cannot advise G. W. to cultivate poetry for aught beyond his own gratification.

We read with the most entire approbation Lord Fife's speech on the subject of the law and its administration,—for which we consider the noble Earl entitled to the gratitude of his country. The subject, however, is hardly of so distinct a literary character as to come within our range; and all we can say to "Anti-Oppression" is, that we shall omit no incidental opportunity of enforcing those enlightened views which would redeem us from this most burdensome and cruel slavery—the slavery imposed, and the cruelties inflicted, upon the whole community by pettifoggers, in the name of law.

We can only refer to M. Joffroy's advertisement as a sequel to our remarks upon his manner of cleaning paintings in last *Gazette*.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, Pall Mall East, WILL CLOSE for the present Season on Saturday next, the 16th instant.

Open from Nine till Dusk.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

NOTICE.—The Exhibition of the National Repository Gallery of the Royal Mews, Charing Cross. Patron, the KING.
The Fourth Annual Exhibition of this Institution is now open daily.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
T. S. TULL, Secretary.

Royal Asiatic Society's House, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, at which His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, one of its Vice-Patrons, will preside, will be held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, on Saturday, the 16th July, at Six o'Clock precisely.
Tickets, price One Pound each, may be obtained by the Members for themselves and their Friends, at the House of the Royal Asiatic Society, and at the Bar of the Thatched House Tavern, on or before the 14th of July.
WILLIAM HUTTMANN.

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No. 756. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. W. Huskisson; with a Biographical Memoir, supplied to the Editor from Authentic Sources. 3 vols. 8vo. *circ.* pp. 1850. London, 1831. Murray.

To the political and commercial world a work of greater interest than the present could not be offered. A mind combining clear practical views, and a knowledge of all the details of business, with the most comprehensive and enlightened principles of general policy—like the proboscis of the elephant, equal at once to the minute and stupendous—is a rare phenomenon among men. Such, however, was the mind of Mr. Huskisson; and the vast variety of his information only seemed more extraordinary from the prodigious extent of the accumulated mass—we observed and wondered how one so intimately acquainted with particular points should also possess so enlarged an understanding. But with his abilities the points continued into lines—the lines spread into surfaces—the surfaces thickened into solids—and the whole displayed a pyramid of naturally acute perception, of acquired intelligence, and of rational inductive, whence the times in which he lived might reap the benefit of wise counsels, and to which succeeding statesmen, of all ages and countries, may advantageously look back for instruction and guidance.

We are well aware, that upon many important questions, persons of much experience and judgment held opinions very opposite to those of Mr. Huskisson; but still even those who most differed from him, acknowledged the great scope of his talents, and the convincing powers with which he supported the theories he had adopted. More could not be expected in our complicated system, where so many private interests clash with plans for the public good, where the most obvious national improvements are sure to have their inveterate opponents, and where assumed or vested rights very naturally resist any personal sacrifice, or even the chance of ultimate loss, for the sake of promoting innovation, no matter how favourably it may paint the blessings to the future. Be it currency or corn laws; colonisation or Canada timber; steam tax or tallow duty; restriction upon or opening of trade; levying of poors' rate or tithing; partial or sweeping reform—there will always be as much of ingenious objection and sturdy opposition as there are selfish motives to be alarmed, and productive monopolies to be threatened, by an alteration in their course. The stock-holder will be for cash payments; the landowner for high prices of grain; the over-burdened parish for emigration; the monopolist for things as they are; the poor, oppressed, and suffering, for change; the borough-proprietor for close or nomination boroughs to work well; the clergyman for tithes; the dealer for remission of taxes on whatever article he deals in, and against the imposition of any tax upon that article—and so on to the end.

He is the true statesman who can see through all the bearings of these conflicting elements; and happy indeed is it for the people if he possess sufficient influence to rule and direct them for the common weal. Mr. Huskisson accomplished much; and when we consider how, with our old institutions, wherein abuses as well as superior policy must have gathered strength for centuries, he could so far prevail, we are forced to pay as high a tribute to his perseverance and genius as the utmost estimation can express.

It will strike our readers, that the more valuable such a work as this is, the more our difficulty of rendering it aught like justice is augmented. Every speech in parliament would demand a notice to the full compass of our limits; and the whole circle of European politics would be embraced by the discussion. We are, therefore, compelled to indicate rather than review the contents of these volumes; and, in short, to leave them with their own certain pretensions to public regard, with only our hearty approbation of the manner in which they have been produced. The industry of the editor has been well seconded by access to the best sources of information; and he has, without that delay so injurious to works of the kind, presented us with a very complete epitome of the life and labours of the celebrated individual whose biography he has undertaken to illustrate, while yet we are warm with the memory of his exertions, while yet almost all the topics on which he displayed his great powers are of deep and immediate consequence, and while yet our sympathies are touched by his unfortunate and melancholy fate.

The preface affords further particulars.

"In addition to the whole of the expositions made by Mr. Huskisson, on introducing his measures for the amelioration of the commercial and colonial policy of the country, and which, at the solicitation of his friends, he was induced to give to the public in a corrected shape, the present volumes will be found to contain nearly all the other speeches delivered by him, during his long parliamentary life, on subjects connected with the improvement of the moral condition, and the security of the civil and religious rights, of the people. No pains have been spared to render this portion of the work as correct as possible; and so liberal has been the assistance afforded to him, that the editor believes he may safely assert, that a collection of a similar description was scarcely ever offered to the public with more claims to confidence on the score of fidelity, and that it will, indeed, be found to contain 'a mass of the most profound and valuable information, and be considered by those who formerly assisted Mr. Huskisson's labours, and now uphold his principles, as forming a manual for future ministers on all questions of commercial and international policy.' As so much had been said and written respecting the French Speech, delivered by Mr. Huskisson in the year 1790, at the 'Société de 1789,' and as the object and character of that speech had been grossly misrepresented, it became desirable that it should have a place in this collection. Even the immediate friends of Mr. Huskisson did not, however, possess a copy; and it was only after a diligent search, that the editor at length found it amongst the mass of tracts connected with the early period of the French revolution preserved in the British Museum. It is inserted, with the Prospectus of the Society, in the Appendix; together with some speeches addressed by Mr. Huskisson to his constituents at Liverpool and Chichester; and also one, which will be read with much interest, delivered by him at the public meeting for erecting a monument to the late James Watt. To Mr. Murray, who, with his wonted liberality, has allowed him to insert the pamphlet, written in 1810, on the currency question, which forms an important commentary on Mr. Huskisson's Speeches upon that intricate subject, the editor is greatly indebted. His grateful acknowledgments are also due to Sir Robert Peel, for the readiness with which he has consented to allow the fine head of Mr. Huskisson, painted for him by Sir Thomas Lawrence, to be engraved for this work."

It is dedicated to Mrs. Huskisson. To the faithfulness of the Memoir, consisting of 268 pages, we can bear testimony, having lately had occasion to go over the same inquiry, though on a more confined scale.

We think the following elucidation of the early portion of his life, which has been so much commented upon, will be an acceptable extract.

"Though, in common with many of the most virtuous and most eminent men of the day, he had hailed with transport the first rising of the day-star of liberty, and had openly proclaimed his zeal for the cause of reformation, yet his generous ardour for its ultimate success was speedily chilled; and he recoiled from the frightful excesses and utter profligacy of those who had by this time assumed the direction of the revolution. The scenes which crowded one upon another, and marked each succeeding day with some fresh outrage against humanity—with some more flagrant violation of all laws, divine and human—were such as to fill every virtuous breast with horror and alarm. Even the iron sceptre of royal despotism seemed preferable to the blood-dripping axe of the frantic demagogues of Paris; and when the mild virtues of the reigning monarch, and the extensive reforms and ameliorations which had already relieved the people from their most vexatious burdens, and removed or alleviated the most galling of their grievances, were calmly weighed against the cruelties of the sanguinary tyrants of the clubs; not a few of the best and wisest of the earliest champions of the new doctrines resolved to exert their utmost endeavours to preserve for the nation the benefits already won; but to arrest, if possible, the further progress of the revolutionary torrent, which threatened to sweep away all the land-marks of civilised government, and to

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involve the world in one wide chaos of anarchy and infidelity. That such a change in the feelings of Mr. Huskisson had been operated on this subject, when he resolved to accept the offer of Lord Gower, cannot be doubted; that they were known to have experienced such an alteration may fairly be presumed, or that offer would scarcely have been made; and that the different society into which he was now thrown, and his initiation into a more extensive and confidential acquaintance with the science of politics, strengthened and confirmed his determination to withdraw from any farther participation in the debates of clubs, and from all intimate communication with those who still pressed onwards their plans of revolutionary reform—is a supposition so reasonable, that it might be asserted as a fact, even if his own authority did not survive for stating such to have been the case. The following letter paints in strong terms the nature of his political feelings in 1792.

"Paris, June 29, 1792.

"My dear ——, when I wrote to our friend * * * *, a fortnight ago, I explained to him the principal reason of my delay in answering your kind letters. I did not expect that, after this delay of the office, fresh obstacles would be thrown in my way at the Bibliothèque du Roi, as I was acquainted with the chef, le President d'Ormesson. Unfortunately, intestine quarrels in the library, and an infamous *délation*, have deprived him for these three weeks of his own comforts, and of the power of being of service to his friends in his capacity of librarian. Descendant of an ancient family illustrious in the parliamentary annals of France, he is, as you may imagine, a great *aristocrat*. His love of curious old writings, joined to his principles, made him wish to preserve several old titles, genealogies, &c. deposited in the library; all of which the Assembly has ordered to be committed to the flames. His conduct on this occasion was traduced to the Assembly by the demagogue Carra, who holds a place under him. Having absented himself from Paris, I thought more proper to wait his return than to make any inquiries among his enemies; and as he will be back to-morrow, I shall be able to inform you exactly, by the next courier, whether the Bibliothèque contains any thing curious relative to Milton. I suppose you will have seen in all the English papers an account of the shameful and odious conduct of the people of this place on the 20th instant. The miraculous preservation of the king amidst so many dangers, his admirable presence of mind during this long and painful scene, have gained him many friends among the better order of people, and seem to have added much to the affection of the army. His friends only wish that his courage was of a more active nature. In his conduct he seems to be supported by the spirit of a martyr, the tranquillity of a good conscience, the resignation of a Christian; but nothing hitherto shews the enterprising courage and intrepidity of a hero, capable of great and astonishing resolutions, executed with that energy which strikes his enemies with terror, and ensures success to his cause. Believe me, &c. &c. W. H."

"To pursue the fearful march of the French Revolution is no part of this work; but one anecdote connected with the events of the fatal 10th of August, may well find admittance here. The publication of it can no longer offend the delicacy or wound the feelings of any person now living. On the evening of that dreadful day, when slaughter had stayed its weary arm, and it became possible for a foreigner to venture forth into the streets of Paris, Mr. Huskisson wandered out to view the field of conflict, and to endeavour to obtain some more accurate information of the transactions which had taken place in the last twenty-four hours. The residence of the English ambassador was then at the Hotel de Monaco, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where Mr. Huskisson inhabited a suite of rooms on one side of the gate, similar to one on the other side, which had been the apartments of the Comte de Valentinois while the Princesse de Monaco lived there. When Mr. Huskisson returned to his apartments, he found that during his absence M. de Champcenetz, the then Governor of the Tuileries, had taken refuge there. It appeared that this nobleman had, when the palace was assaulted and carried by the infuriated mob, either been thrown or had jumped from one of the windows, and that he had fallen amongst some of the unfortunate Swiss, whose bodies lay in heaps around the palace which they had so gallantly attempted to defend. After remaining in this perilous situation for some hours, and happily eluding the murderous search of the wretches who were busily engaged in giving the finishing stroke to any of the victims who still breathed, M. de Champcenetz had, as the darkness of the evening closed on this fatal day, contrived with much difficulty to make his way unperceived to the hotel of the British ambassador; where, by passing himself for an Englishman, he had obtained access to the apartments of Mr. Huskisson, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Here Mr. Huskisson found him concealed. The situation was one of the utmost delicacy, and one of the greatest embarrassment. M. de Champcenets threw himself upon his honour, and appealed to his generosity and humanity to protect him against the assassins. To drive him from his refuge was virtually to become his murderer, and to deliver him up to a fate even more cruel than that from which he had escaped. To allow him to remain was to incur the deepest responsibility, to run the risk of compromising the ambassador, and consequently to hazard the danger of provoking a war between France and England. It was as imperative to keep the knowledge that a person so closely attached to the royal family had taken shelter in the hotel of the embassy from reaching Lord Gower, as it was to prevent the circumstance from being discovered by the bloodthirsty populace. In this dilemma, Mr. Huskisson at last bethought himself of placing his unfortunate guest under the protection of a laundress, on whose fidelity he knew he could confide. He contrived to have him secretly conveyed to her dwelling, furnished him with money and whatever else he required, and at the expiration of a week of mutual alarm and anxiety, had the happiness of ascertaining that he had quitted Paris in safety. This nobleman died a few years ago, having been restored to the government of the Tuileries by Louis the Eighteenth."

The following is a curious personal history:—

"There are some persons who are recorded never to have gone into action without being wounded. Mr. Huskisson seems to have laboured under a similar fatality in regard to accidents, from his earliest infancy to that fatal one which closed his career. As a child, he fractured his arm;—a few days before his marriage his horse fell with him, and he was severely hurt;—soon after, he was knocked down by the pole of a carriage, just at the entrance to the Horse Guards;—in the autumn of 1801, being then in Scotland, at the Duke of Athol's, he missed his distance in attempting to leap the moat, and gave himself a most violent sprain of the ankle, accompanied with a considerable laceration of some of the tendons and ligaments of his foot; and it was many weeks before he recovered sufficiently to leave Scotland:—indeed, the effects of this accident were visible in his gait during the remainder of his life. He afterwards fractured his arm by a fall from his horse at Petworth; and again, in 1817, by his carriage being overturned. On this occasion none of his surgeons could discover the precise nature of the mischief; but Sir Astley Cooper was of opinion that the bone was split from the fracture up to the joint. The recovery was slow, and his sufferings very severe—as all kinds of experiments were employed to prevent the joint from stiffening. In spite of every exertion, he never recovered the full use of his arm; and a visible alteration in the spirit and elasticity of his carriage resulted from the injury. He was constantly encountering accidents of minor importance; and the frequency of them, joined to a frame enfeebled from the severe illnesses under which he suffered during his latter years, had given rise to a certain hesitation in his movements, wherever any crowd or obstacle impeded him, which may, perhaps, in some degree have led to that last misfortune, which to his friends and to the country may well be termed irreparable."

At page 65 of the Memoir there is a statement relative to the friendship between Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson, of the tone of which we cannot approve.

"In the summer of 1814 (says the writer) Mr. Canning accepted the embassy to Lisbon. It has been lately stated, in a work of great authority, that he did so reluctantly, and that he was only 'induced to do so, because the government had made it the condition of enrolling in its ranks those of his personal friends, who had attached themselves to his political fortunes.' Who the friends were for whom Mr. Canning sacrificed himself on this occasion, it is not pretended to guess. But as Mr. Huskisson, it is believed, was the only one of those friends who was appointed to the chief direction of a department, an inference might be drawn, that it was for his advancement principally, that Mr. Canning took upon himself the unpopularity which was attached to the Lisbon embassy. This inference is distinctly repelled on the part of Mr. Huskisson's friends. If any faith is to be placed in the anecdotes of the times, it would be contradicted by what was then currently reported, and often alluded to even in parliament; namely, that Mr. Canning had, not long before his appointment, released his adherents from all political allegiance, and, as Mr. Whitbread sarcastically expressed it, told them 'to shift for themselves.' But, without attaching any importance to what was possibly merely an idle report, it must appear rather incredible, that no expedient could have been devised by which the services of Mr. Huskisson could be made palatable to the government, short of endangering Mr. Canning's public reputation; or that government should have been, all of a sudden, so blind to the value of the former, as to have made his admission to office contingent upon the appointment of the latter to a post, the acceptance of which he was well aware would enable his enemies 'to misrepresent and calumniate' him. On the contrary, it is only due to the memory of Mr. Huskisson to say, that, however closely united to Mr. Canning in private and in political friendship, he has a

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fair and indisputable right to be considered as the worker-out of his own greatness. His connexion with Mr. Canning may have retarded — it certainly did not hasten — his rise to the highest offices of the state."

We doubt this inference entirely; and we will venture to say, positively, and of our own knowledge at the time, that Mr. Canning would not accept the embassy to Lisbon until the accession of his friends, and particularly of Mr. Huskisson, to office, was made a distinct part of the treaty. The friendship between these great men — a pure, lasting, and disinterested one — was of essential advantage to both: a more honourable attachment never adorned political life; and we should be sorry to record that so noble an example was clogged by the belief that it was of disservice to either.

We do not enter into the grand question of free trade. Upon that portion of it which relates to America, we quote an amusing morceau.

"The following dialogue, in his own handwriting, and bearing various marks of correction in the same, has been found among Mr. Huskisson's MS. papers; and as there is every reason to believe it to have been his own composition, it is inserted as a specimen of that easy playfulness which has been mentioned as one of the charms of his private society.

"*Fraternal Dialogue between John Bull and his brother Jonathan.* (*Date, July* 1825.)— *Jonathan.* You are a very good and constant customer, John, at my shop, for flour, hoops, staves, and many other articles of my trade; you are good pay, and I am always glad to deal with you. *John.* I believe all you say—I wish to continue a good customer; but I must say your mode of dealing with me is rather hard. Every time I travel to, or send to your shop (Sunday or not), I am obliged to pay double toll at the turnpike-gate, which is close before it. *Jon.* You need not take that trouble. I prefer sending my goods to my customers by my own porters; and as they are always ready and punctual in delivering the packages, I do not see why you should complain. *John.* I complain because my own cart and horses have nothing to do, and my people are upon the poor-rate, whilst I am paying you for porterage. I will not go on in this way. *Jon.* Well! we will consider of it next Christmas, when the partners in our firm meet to talk over the concern. (John remains patient for another year; when, finding the Sunday toll still continued, he asks what brother Jonathan and his firm have decided. July 1826.) *Jon.* We have resolved to grant a new lease of the tolls, without making any alteration in the terms. *John.* You have!—then I withdraw my custom. *Jon.* The devil you do! (*Aside.*) We mistook him for a more patient ass than he proves to be. How shall we contrive to bring him back to our shop?"

We will contrast the playful with the affecting. "The following extract is taken from a MS. book, found after his death in a private box. 'Whatever pains I have taken for the improvement and simplification of the laws which regulate our commerce and industry, I have taken it all for the sake of the public interest. So far from serving any interest of my own, I have gained the ill-will and enmity of many—partly secret, partly declared; painful to myself, but not useless, perhaps, to the country.'"

With this we conclude. The publication needs no recommendation from us: it must be found in every good library.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XXVI. The Fortunes of Nigel. Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell; Whittaker and Co. London.

One of Sir Walter's peculiarly neat prefaces ushers in the present volume: we prefer, however, quoting from the notes, as containing more of novelty.

"*George Heriot.*—This excellent person was but little known by his actions when alive; but we may well use, in this particular, the striking phrase of Scripture, 'that being dead, he yet speaketh.' We have already mentioned, in the Introduction, the splendid charity of which he was the founder; the few notices of his personal history are slight and meagre. George Heriot was born at Trabroun, in the parish of Gladsmuir; he was the eldest son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, descended from a family of some consequence in East Lothian. His father enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and was their representative in parliament. He was, besides, one of the deputies sent by the inhabitants of the city to propitiate the king, when he had left Edinburgh abruptly, after the riot of 17th December, 1596. George Heriot, the son, pursued his father's occupation of a goldsmith, then peculiarly lucrative, and much connected with that of a money-broker. He enjoyed the favour and protection of James, and of his consort, Anne of Denmark. He married, for his first wife, a maiden of his own rank, named Christian Marjoribanks, daughter of a respectable burgess. This was in 1586. He was afterwards named jeweller to the queen, whose account to him for a space of ten years amounted to nearly 40,000*l.* George Heriot having lost his wife, connected himself with the distinguished house of Rosebery, by marrying a daughter of James Primrose, clerk to the privy council. Of this lady he was deprived by her dying in childbirth in 1612, before attaining her twenty-first year. After a life spent in honourable and successful industry, George Heriot died in London, to which city he had followed his royal master, on the 12th February, 1624, at the age of sixty-one years. His picture, (copied by Scougal from a lost original,) in which he is represented in the prime of life, is thus described: 'His fair hair, which overshades the thoughtful brow and calm calculating eye, with the cast of humour on the lower part of the countenance, are all indicative of the genuine Scottish character, and well distinguish a person fitted to move steadily and wisely through the world, with a strength of resolution to ensure success, and a disposition to enjoy it.'—*Historical and Descriptive Account of Heriot's Hospital, with a Memoir of the Founder, by Messrs. James and John Johnstone.* Edinburgh, 1827.—I may add, as every thing concerning George Heriot is interesting, that his second wife, Alison Primrose, was interred in St. Gregory's church, from the register of which parish the Rev. Mr. Barham, rector, has in the kindest manner sent me the following extract:—'Mrs. Alison, the wife of Mr. George Heriot, gentleman, 20th April, 1612.' St. Gregory's, before the great fire of London which consumed the cathedral, formed one of the towers of old St. Paul's, and occupied the space of ground now filled by Queen Anne's statue. In the south aisle of the choir Mrs. Heriot reposed under a handsome monument. * * * The loss of a young, beautiful, and amiable partner, at a period so interesting, was the probable reason of her husband devoting his fortune to a charitable institution."

"*Sir Mungo Malagrowther.*—It will perhaps be recognised by some of my countrymen, that the caustic Scottish knight, as described in the preceding chapter, borrowed some of his attributes from a most worthy and respectable baronet, who was to be met with in Edinburgh society about twenty-five or thirty years ago. It is not by any means to be inferred, that the living person resembled the imaginary one in the course of life ascribed to him, or in his personal attributes. But his fortune was little adequate to his rank and the antiquity of his family; and, to avenge himself of this disparity, the worthy baronet lost no opportunity of making the more avowed sons of fortune feel the edge of his satire. This he had the art of disguising under the personal infirmity of deafness, and usually introduced his most severe things by an affected mistake of what was said around him. For example, at a public meeting of a certain county, this worthy gentleman had chosen to display a laced coat, of such a pattern as had not been seen in society for the better part of a century. The young men who were present amused themselves with rallying him on his taste; when he suddenly singled out one of the party:—'Auld d'ye think my coat—auld-fashioned?—indeed it canna be new; but it was the work of a braw tailor, and that was your grandfather, who was at the head of the trade in Edinburgh about the beginning of last century.' Upon another occasion, when this type of Sir Mungo Malagrowther happened to hear a nobleman, the high chief of one of those Border clans who were accused of paying very little attention in ancient times to the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*,—addressing a gentleman of the same name, as if conjecturing there should be some relationship between them, he volunteered to ascertain the nature of the connexion by saying, that the 'chief's ancestors had *stolen* the cows, and the other gentleman's ancestors has *killed* them;' fame ascribing the origin of the latter family to a butcher. It may be well imagined, that among a people that have been always punctilious about genealogy, such a person, who had a general acquaintance with all the flaws and specks in the shields of the proud, the pretending, and the *nouveaux riches*, must have had the same scope for amusement as a monkey in a china shop."

Dymock's Ainsworth's Dictionary. 18mo. *circ.* pp. 800. 7th edition. London, 1831, Tegg; Glasgow, Griffin and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

It is a strange thing to sit down to review the classic labours of One, who in days of yore has cast his scanning eye over our tasks and versions: the world, indeed, is turned topsy-turvy, when the pupil has to pass his opinion upon the performance of the master.

Memories of boyhood! how crowded and thronged are thy images when such a task is given—how pleasant, how painful! Where now are all the seniors before whom the ordeal of examination was undergone—that ordeal which the hope and confidence of mounting youth taught us to wish for, rather than to fear? What has become of the many companions of our studies and sports, of our rivalries and reconciliations, of our sudden quarrels and more steady friendships? How remain the haunts of those early days—by what footsteps and with what feelings are they trodden? The wood with its wild cherries—are the trees still there to tempt the adventurous climber? The lovely and beloved river—do its swarming fins and crystal wave yet provoke the dexterous art which made the half-holyday indeed a boon,

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and refresh, with many a stolen bath, limbs hot from the bounding ball and play-ground? The ruins of ancient castle and gray abbey—afford they their dangerous and rugged paths for the bold boaster, who recked not "how hard it was to climb?" The mysterious cave—dares any one penetrate it, with halfpenny light, scientifically warned of fire-chokes, but more afraid of toads and aspics (*i. e.* harmless lizards)? Who walks the fearful parapet of the bridge? who dives to the bottom of the engulfing eddy? who lives in the moment and dream, if ever dream come, of futurity as of a vision of glorious enterprise and assured reward? Alas! nearly the entire generation of the elders has been gathered to the dust! The anxious and exulting parent knows anxiety and exultation no more—the former rests on the hearts of their progeny, who have grown into the toiling concerns of the world—there are few successors to the latter. But it is not alone the more aged who have withered away. In the brief space—it is as an hour in retrospect—the vast majority of the youthful, too, have ceased to be. Of that numerous school which our author taught—and he is still living, and full of active energy to measure the briefness of the span of time—of all that numerous school, not one in ten survive. The climes of the East and the West have claimed their victims; and some, gallantly fighting the battles of their country, have fallen by the sword: but the uncertain lot of humanity has been equally demonstrated at home and in peace; the churchyard tombs record the triumphs of death as widely o'er the quiet indweller of the farm and native town, as the distant announcement has told of the fate of the remote sojourner and those exposed to perils by sea and land. The sweep of change is over all; nor do even inanimate things continue the same. The pastoral stream is defiled by the encroachments of trade; the axe has been laid to the root of the memorable tree; and the seclusion of the wood is bared to the flaunting of improvements—nature has been altered by the "march of mind," till all her tranquillising and ennobling effects have been destroyed; and what of man's own works were dear from association and feeling, have perished beneath the beautifying hand of a more enlightened age. Oh, let us look forward—it is sad to look back.

If from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, from the personal to the public is a chasm we find it very difficult to overleap. Into the former we have been betrayed by the circumstances of the case. Our old master, who first taught us to decline and conjugate, is before our literary tribunal. Well, it is with great gratification we can speak of his Abridgment of Ainsworth—that it is a very skilful, able, and useful production, and excellently adapted for the purposes of tuition. This, indeed, we had a right to expect from his long experience and success in education upon an extended scale; and the words "seventh edition" on the title-page might have spared us the necessity of a particular tribute. All we shall add, therefore, is, that we heartily wish the editor health and a happy leisure to complete those other works for the benefit of the young, upon which we are informed he is engaged: he has already done enough to merit their lasting gratitude; but for their sake he cannot do too much.

An Outline of Sematology; or, an Essay towards establishing a New Theory of Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric. London, 1831.

We have been favoured with an unpublished copy of this able and acute work, the nature of which we can best shew by a few extracts from its contents.

"In the last chapter of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*," says the author in his Introduction, "there is a threefold division of knowledge into φυσικὴ, πρακτικὴ, and σημειωτικὴ. If we might call the whole body of instruction which acquaints us with τὰ φυσικὰ by the name *Physicology*, and that which teaches τὰ πρακτικὰ by the name *Practicology*,—all instruction for the use of τὰ σήματα, or the signs of our knowledge, might be called Sematology."

The work is divided into three chapters: the first on Grammar, defined to be "the right use of words with a view to their several functions and inflexions in forming them into sentences;" the second on Logic, defined to be "the right use of words with a view to the investigation of truth;" and the third on Rhetoric, defined to be "the right use of words with a view to inform, convince, or persuade." Every chapter is divided into sections; forming a closely-connected chain of reasoning, the object of which is thus briefly but explicitly described in the last section:—

"The theory which, in this treatise, we have endeavoured to establish, is this,—that we come at all our knowledge by the use of *media*, which media are, chiefly, words; and that, as the words procure the notions, the notions exist not antecedently to language:—that when, by these means, we have gained knowledge, and try, by similar means, to communicate it to others, we do not, while the process is going on, represent our own thoughts, but we set their minds a thinking in a particular train; that our own thought is represented by nothing short of the completely formed *word*, whose parts, if any or all of them are separately dwelt upon, are not parts of our thought, but signs of knowledge which we and our hearers possess in common, and which, by bringing their minds into a particular attitude, enables them to conceive our thought, when the whole *word* that expresses it, is formed:—that if, before this *word* is formed, there are parts by which something is communicated not known before, yet, being communicated, it is still but a part of the means toward knowing something not yet communicated, and still, therefore, the principle holds good, that we are adding part to part of the whole *word* which is to express something not yet communicated; which word, even though it extend to an oration, a treatise, a poem, &c., is as completely indivisible with respect to the meaning conveyed by it as a whole, as is a word which consists only of a single syllable, or a single sound. If this doctrine truly describes the nature of the connexion between thought and language, we claim for it the merit of a *discovery*, because the common theory, that is, the theory which men are presumed to act upon, and to which all preceptive works are adapted,—not the theory which, unawares, they really act upon,—exhibits that connexion in a very different light. And, as a discovery, we are the more disposed to urge attention to it, because our soundest metaphysicians have expressed themselves as if there *was* something to be discovered as regards the connexion we speak of, before a system of logic could be established on a just foundation. Locke says, that when he first began his discourse on the Understanding, and a good while after, he thought that no consideration of language was at all necessary to it. At the end of his second book, he discovers, however, so close a connexion between words and knowledge, that he is obliged to alter his first plan; and having reached his concluding chapter, he speaks as if he still felt that he had not yet ascertained the full extent to which language is an instrument of reason. Dugald Stewart, too, from whom, in the conclusion of our first chapter, we quoted a passage which entirely agrees, so far as it goes, with the views we have opened, has the following remark in his last work, the third volume of the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*:—'If a system of rational logic should ever be executed by a competent hand, this' (viz. language as an instrument of thought) 'will form the most important chapter.' Our doctrine is, that this will not merely form the most important chapter, but that it will be the only chapter strictly belonging to logic; and yet the theory we offer keeps clear of the extreme which betrayed Horne Tooke, who appears to consider reason as the result of language. We pretend, then, to have *made* the discovery which Locke felt to be necessary, and the nature of which Stewart more than conjectured; but ours is only '*an Outline*;' and the system of rational logic which the Scotch metaphysician speaks of yet remains to be 'executed by a competent hand:'—we pretend but to have ascertained for it the true foundation."

Again:

"The doctrine of the whole work may receive some light from the following way of stating it:—Man, in common with other animals, derives immediately from nature the power to express his immediate, or, as they are commonly called, his *natural* wants and feelings. But he also possesses the power of inventing or learning a language which nature does not teach; and it is solely by the exertion of this power, which we call reason, that he raises himself above the level of other animals. By *media* such as artificial language consists of, and only by such *media*, he acquires the knowledge which distinguishes him from other creatures; and each advance being but the step to another, he is a being indefinitely improvable. But if words are the means of knowledge, it is an error to describe or consider them in any other light; and we accordingly deem them not as, strictly speaking, the signs of thought, but as the means by which we think, and set others a-thinking. This principle being admitted, renders unnecessary Locke's doctrine of ideas; and Sematology stands opposed to, and takes the place of, what the French call Idealogy."

We have read the whole volume with much attention and pleasure. Whoever the author may be, he is a man of learning, and a deep thinker; and there is an occasional vein of pleasantry in his disquisitions, which, to those who consider the subject of them a dry one, will afford great relief and amusement. We presume the work will be published—it ought to be!

Pompeiana. By Sir William Gell, F.R.S. F.S.A. Parts V. VI. VII. VIII. IX. X. London, 1830-31. Jennings and Chaplin.

The fifth part of this learned and curious work consists of a continuation of the account of the thermæ at Pompeii; from which we will extract two passages, relating to some of the detergent processes of the ancients.

"The ancients had an astonishing number of oils, soaps, and perfumes; and their washballs seem to have had the general name of smegmata, a word derived from the Greek. Among the oils are named the mendesium,

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megalium, metopium, amaracinum, cyprinum, susinum, nardinum, spicatum, and jasmine; and Heliogabalus never bathed without oil of saffron or crocum, which was thought most precious. We hear also of nitre and aphronitrum in the baths. To these were added all kinds of odoriferous powders, called diapasmata. The cyprian was not only a perfume, but was supposed to put a stop to further perspiration; and its name has been retained to the present day. Persons of lower condition sometimes used, instead of soap, meal of lupins, called lomentum, which, with common meal, is yet used in the north of England; while the rich carried their own most precious unguents to the thermæ in phials of alabaster, gold, and glass, which were of such common use, both in ordinary life and at funerals, that they have very frequently been found in modern times, when they acquired the name of lachrymatories, from a mistaken notion concerning their original destination. * * *

"It was the custom to perspire first, and, after the operation of the strigil, to resort to the warm-water bath. The strigil is well known to have been a sort of concave and sickle-shaped scraper, made of bone, iron, copper, or silver, for cleansing the skin from the copious perspiration caused by the laconicum. It was by no means a very agreeable operation; and Suetonius says Augustus was a sufferer by its having been too roughly used. Its place is now supplied in a Turkish bath by a sort of bag or glove of camel's hair, which, without pain, peels off the perspiration in large flakes, and leaves the skin in a most wonderfully luxurious state of softness and polish. Persons of quality carried with them their own apparatus; whence Persius, in Sat. V., says

'I, puer, et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer.'

After the warm water, a cooler stream was probably poured on the head from the labrum, and this was the preparation for encountering the lower temperature of the tepidarium, whence, after the use of unguents, it was thought safe to enter the frigidarium, and thence to pass into the open air. The thermæ must have been of great advantage to the practice of medicine. Alexander the Great is said to have slept in the bath during a fever; and certainly, where perspiration was the object, such a plan could scarcely fail. They practised cupping, and bleeding with leeches also, in the laconicum. The physicians of antiquity have written much on the subject of thermæ and their effects, without always rendering the subject very intelligible. Galen, book x., says a bather should first go into the warm air, thence into the water or λουτρον, thence into the cold. After this he should enter the tepidarium or apodyterium, where the scraping off of the perspiration should be performed, and where Celsus says persons were anointed. This is not very comprehensible; but Celsus, book i. cap. iv., seems to have given real information, and that which is applicable to the Pompeian thermæ, when he tells us that people perspired a little in the tepidarium, thence entered the caldarium or laconicum, and retired in order through the hot, the tepid, and the cold apartments. Galen says, that he who neglects the cold chamber, or cold water, is in danger from open pores on passing into the open air. This may serve to shew that the tepidarium was not the last chamber recommended by him; and it is not improbable that some, who were ordered by the physician to pass 'from the laconicum to the caldarium, and thence to the apodyterium, from whence they are to use the solium frigidum,' might, in the baths of Pompeii, have plunged into the natatorium, as a termination of the process. Solium is defined to be either a vessel to wash in, or a hollow into which those who washed descended. In places not affording the convenience for immersion in the solium frigidum, aspersions of cold water, like a shower-bath, are recommended; and this is, in fact, resorted to in the Turkish baths, where the natatorium does not commonly exist. It is observable, that those who bathe, or rather perspire, in the Turkish hamam, very rarely, if ever, take cold on returning to the open air. A disease depending on impeded perspiration could indeed scarcely exist where every thing like perspiration had been previously so carefully removed."

The greater portion of the Sixth Part of *Pompeiana* is occupied with a description of what is called "The House of the Tragic Poet," discovered at the close of the year 1824. "Of all the habitations of private individuals yet discovered at Pompeii," says Sir W. Gell, "the house to which the name of the tragic poet has been given, has excited the most lively interest in the public mind; and this, not so much from its magnitude, which would scarcely place it among the houses of the richer citizens, but on account of the paintings and mosaic with which it was decorated."

Without the engraved plan, the distribution of the apartments in this ancient edifice would not be intelligible. We shall therefore confine ourselves to extracting a few passages descriptive of the embellishments.

"On entering, the first object is a black dog spotted with white, represented on the pavement in mosaic, collared and chained, and in the attitude of barking. The collar is of red leather. Below the animal is inscribed, in very legible characters, CAVE CANEM, a sentence probably not uncommonly placed at the entrances of Roman houses, as we learn from a passage of Petronius Arbiter:—'Canis ingens catenâ vinctus, non longè ab ostiarii cellâ in pariete erat pictus, superque quadrata littera scriptum CAVE, CAVE CANEM.' * * * On quitting the vestibule, yet remain the legs and part of the body of a beautiful Venus painted in tempra, or distemper, upon the wall. The colouring is quite that of Titian, and the attitude not unlike that of the Venus de' Medici. One hand is held up over the head, and supports a light undulating, blue drapery. On the ground is a dove and the myrtle branch, the emblems of the goddess. More of this exquisite painting might, possibly, have been preserved by greater care in excavating, though the plaster, in many parts, adhered but slightly to the wall."

Of another picture, representing Achilles restoring Briseis to the heralds who were to conduct her to her father, Sir W. Gell says:

"This is, perhaps, the most beautiful specimen of ancient painting which has been preserved to our times; and it has been the means of awakening the attention of artists and of the public to the hitherto depreciated merit of the masters of antiquity. The size of this painting is four feet wide by four feet two inches high. The scene seems to take place in the tent of Achilles, who sits in the centre. Patroclus, with his back toward the spectator, and with a skin of deeper red, leads in, from the right, the lovely Briseis, arrayed in a long and floating veil of apple-green. Her face is beautiful; and, not to dwell on the archness of her eye, it is evident that the voluptuous pouting of her ruby lip was imagined by the painter as one of her most bewitching attitudes. Achilles presents the fair one to the heralds on the left; and his attitude, his manly beauty, and the magnificent expression of his countenance, are inimitable. The tent seems to be divided by a drapery about breast-high, and of a sort of dark-bluish green, like the tent itself. Behind this stand several warriors, the golden shield of one of whom, whether intentionally or not on the part of the painter, forms a species of glory round the head of the principal hero. It is, probably, the copy of one of the most celebrated pictures of antiquity. When first discovered, the colours were fresh, and the flesh, particularly, had the transparency of Titian. It suffered much, and unavoidably, during the excavation, and something from the means taken to preserve it, when a committee of persons qualified to judge had decided that the wall on which it was painted was not in a state to admit of its removal with safety. At length, after an exposure of more than two years, it was thought better to attempt to transport it to the studii at Naples, than to suffer it entirely to disappear from the wall. It was, accordingly, removed with success, in the summer of the year 1826, and it is hoped that some remains of it may exist for posterity."

A companion-picture, representing the actual restoration of Briseis, is in such a state of decay that no opinion can be formed with respect to its merits. Of another less deteriorated composition, Sir William observes:—

"Some have considered this painting as representing the moment when Thetis complains to Jupiter of the injustice done to Achilles; and this seems the most rational idea, and one with which her countenance, and every other circumstance, correspond; but others, again, have imagined that they discovered in the picture the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, and perceived, in the expression of the Nereid, the reluctance with which she is reported to have consented to a mortal alliance. The heads and the drapery are fine; but the picture, altogether, is far inferior in beauty to that of Achilles. Fate had fixed that the son of Thetis should excel his father, in consequence of which the nymph was no longer sought in marriage by the gods, and was compelled to marry Peleus, as the first of mortals. The ring on her finger is remarkable, because rings were invented from a circumstance connected with Thetis. The tradition relates that Jupiter, wishing to release Prometheus, who was bound to a rock for a certain number of years, was prevented by his oath. Prometheus, however, having shewn how the difficulty with regard to the son of Thetis might be overcome, by her marriage with a mortal, had merited restoration to divine favour. This could only be done, consistently with the oath, by making a ring in which was set a piece of the rock of Caucasus, always to be worn by Prometheus, who thus remained, in a manner, perpetually chained to the rock. Opposite to the painting of Achilles is a sea-piece, which, though now almost unintelligible, might, at first, be recognised as the flight of Dædalus, or rather the fall of Icarus. A winged sea-god, on a dolphin, seems to be assisting, with his trident, the unfortunate adventurer; and the execution of the piece, though less laboured than some of the other paintings, possesses a breadth which, probably, rendered it a beautiful picture when the colours were fresh and brilliant."

Among the engravings is a fac-simile of the head of Achilles in one of the above-mentioned pictures. We confess, however, that we do not participate in Sir William's enthusiastic admiration of it.

From the Seventh Part we select for quo-

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tation the following description of a building known by the name of "the House of the Fountain."

"Adjoining the north wall of the fullonica is a house, not particular from its dimensions, but adorned with a fountain of so remarkable a structure, that the habitation was distinguished for some time by no other name. There is, however, the name of Holconius Priscus near the door, who was probably the protector of the proprietor. An angle, in size nearly equal to one quarter of the whole quadrangle occupied by this house, has been cut off so as to form a small habitation, consisting only of two little rooms, an entrance, and a peristyle of three columns on each side, and uniting, by means of a narrow door, with the fullonica. The columns are placed round a compluvium, at one extremity of which seem to have been more than the usual inventions for water-works; and certain dwarf walls are observed, the uses of which are by no means apparent. The house of the fountain is approached from the street of the Mercuries by a handsome and lofty door; and the atrium is not less than fifty feet in length, by forty broad. This atrium has its ala on each side, regularly disposed, with its tablinum in the centre; and, beyond it, a portico with a small court, the wall of which is painted to represent a garden. In the tablinum is a pretty painting of goats. The whole ground-floor of the house consists of eleven rooms, without reckoning the ala, the atrium, or the portico; and it seems to have been the property of a person of consideration. The ornaments, on the whole, do not differ much in style from those already mentioned. The inner portico has only three columns, and those of a degraded Corinthian; nor are they at equal distances from what may be termed their ante. The fountain also, though nearly in the middle of the garden, which is not rectangular, is neither placed opposite an intercolumniation, nor opposite the centre of the tablinum; so that it must have lost much of its effect. The colours and the plaster have long since fallen. There was a private entrance through the faux, and a back passage from the vicus of the tragic poet. Near the faux was also the staircase for ascending to the upper floor. The fountain itself was, however, the great source of the modern celebrity of this habitation, presenting, in fact, several circumstances calculated to strike an observer. First, its form is precisely that which every citizen would erect as a fountain at the bottom of his garden, near the metropolis, in our own times, and such as may be seen at the present day in the courts of most of the palaces in Rome and throughout Italy, and proving, that the worse the taste, the better chance it has of being handed down for imitation from generation to generation. Secondly, the materials are of a singular description, the whole being covered or incrusted with a sort of mosaic, consisting of vitrified tesserae of different colours, but in which blue predominates. These are sometimes arranged in not inelegant patterns; and the grand divisions, as well as the borders, are entirely formed by, and ornamented with, real sea-shells, neither calcined by the heat of the eruption, nor changed by the lapse of so many centuries. It has been said, that a boiler, or cauldron, in this house, was so contrived, that hot water could, if necessary, be conveyed to the cistern, or piscina, which advances in front of the fountain. We are exceedingly apt to accuse the ancients of ignorance in natural philosophy—an imputation which the excavations of Pompeii almost every day contradict. Pliny states, that water in leaden pipes will rise to the height of the source whence it is derived; and in the Sylvæ of Statius, it is clearly shown that the Aqua Marcia passed the Anio in leaden pipes. But Vitruvius, lib. viii. c. 7, gives instructions for the conveyance of water in tubes; and Pliny, lib. xxxi. c. 6, mentions the custom as common in his time. The two fountains of Pompeii confirm the written testimony. Neither does it seem that the use of shells, in the decorations of a fountain, is first noticed in the excavations of Pompeii; for Cicero, in his Formian villa, appears to have employed them. A certain Philander, who wrote notes on Vitruvius, has this remarkable passage:—'Quod veteres admiscuerint incrustationibus, potissimùm fontium fornicibus quod nostra ætas imitatur. Quod genus videtur in villa Ciceronis ad Formias interspersis purpuris, peloridibus, cæterisque conchis.' The peloris was a species of shell-fish, about which the ancients themselves seem in doubt, as ostrea and echinus are both given as synonymous interpretations."

Of the plates, the "Mosaic Pavement," and the fine outline of the picture of "Achilles and Briseis," are the most interesting. Some of the vignettes are also exceedingly beautiful.

The greater portion of the last two Parts is occupied with a Description of the Plates; and those Parts themselves contain several beautiful plates; especially "Achilles in Scyros," Mars and Venus," and "Perseus and Andromeda."

It gives us much gratification to learn that Sir William Gell has lately made some great discoveries of Etruscan antiquities, anterior to the Roman era; and we hope that this tasteful and indefatigable antiquary will soon be induced to communicate these discoveries to the public.

Wheaton's History of the Northmen.

[Second notice.]

THE second extract which we make from this volume will form a suitable sequel to that with which we introduced it to our readers, and confirm, we trust, the favourable opinion of the author which both are so well calculated to inspire. As an historical episode, also, it is possessed of much interest.

"The fame of the exploits of Olaf Tryggvason reached the ear of the tyrant of Norway, who heard with terror that there was a youthful hero, of the race of Harald Hárfager, still surviving, who might challenge his claim to the Norwegian sceptre. Hakon sent one of his subtlest agents, Thorer Klacka, to Dublin, in Ireland, where Olaf had married a Northman princess of that country, to discover and circumvent him with artful wiles. Thorer, who had before visited Ireland, both as a merchant and a sea-rover, presented himself to Olaf as one of the victims of Hakon's tyranny, and represented that his countrymen would receive, with open arms, the descendant of their ancient princes, as a deliverer from a yoke which had become insupportable. Encouraged by these solicitations, Olaf set sail for Norway, accompanied by his pretended friend Thorer. On their arrival in that country, they found that the greater part of the chieftains and people had actually risen in arms against Hakon. Thorer was confounded at finding what he had deceitfully represented to Olaf, actually realised during his absence. He endeavoured in vain to find out Hakon, who had fled before the rising storm, and sought a refuge in a distant part of the country, with a woman of illustrious birth, named Thora, who had been one of his concubines, and who provided him a hiding-place in a secret grotto, where he remained concealed from his enemies. In the mean time, Thorer returned to the ship, and advised Olaf to land, and take advantage of the disposition of the people in his favour; intending, however, to lead him into an ambush, and thus consummate his treachery by slaying the young prince. But Olaf anticipated the designs of Thorer, and caused him to be put to death before he could accomplish his intentions. There was now a general rising of the Norwegians against Hakon, who was assassinated by one of his own slaves. The bloody head of his enemy was brought to Olaf, who commanded the slave to be instantly put to death. Both their heads were then fixed up at the place of execution for common malefactors, and exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who expressed their hate by covering them with a shower of stones. The people of Norway immediately elected Olaf to fill the vacant throne. He was recommended to their choice, not only by his birth, being a lineal descendant of Harald I., and what was scarcely of less importance with the Northern nations, by his manly beauty; but also by his heroic spirit, valour, and reputation for wisdom and knowledge acquired in foreign lands. The first measure undertaken by the young monarch, was the establishment of Christianity in Norway. With this view, he submitted his conscience to the guidance of one Sigurd, probably a recently converted heathen, who was wholly unscrupulous as to the means to be used for the accomplishment of this holy purpose. Olaf marched through the country, accompanied by his priests and his Berserker, proffering honours and rewards to those who would submit to the ceremony of Christian baptism, alarming the superstition of the vulgar with pretended visions and miracles, and menacing the contumacious with cruel and bloody vengeance. In the southern part of Norway, the people were induced, by these means, to accept the new religion in their public national assembly of the *All-thing*. But in the extreme North, the power of ancient prejudice obstinately resisted his persuasions. Several of the pagan chieftains were exiled, others were ignominiously put to death, as a punishment for the crime of idolatry. The pagan temples and idols were every where destroyed by the furious zeal of the king, who shewed as much courage in this crusade as he had ever manifested in any of the most romantic adventures of his eventful life. Having assembled the people in a provincial *Thing* at Frosta, he proposed to them the abolition of the ancient religion. This proposal was received by them with indignation. They had recourse to arms, and threatened the life of Olaf if he should persevere in his intentions. But his presence of mind did not desert him; and having secured the persons of some of the leading chieftains, he adjourned the assembly to the isle of Mære. Here was situate the famous temple of Thor, the tutelary deity of Norway. The pontiff-chieftain of this district engaged in a dispute with Olaf on the subject of religion, in which he took some liberties with the Christian name, which kindled the wrath of the king to that degree, that he darted his lance at the statue of Thor, which fell to the ground, whilst his champions and Berserker immediately attacked the chieftain and put him to death. The people, struck with consternation at the overthrow of the idol, complied with the wishes of the king. In order to atone for the murder of Jarnskegg, Olaf consented to espouse his

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daughter Gudruna, but separated from her the next day after their nuptials, because she had attempted to poniard him in the night! Under the impulse of this blind zeal, Olaf joined treachery to cruelty as one of the means of propagating the true faith. He invited a descendant of Harald Hárfager, named Eyvind Kelda, who was the chief of an association of magicians (perhaps adherents to the anti-Odinian or Finnish religion), to a festival with his brethren; and not being able to persuade these obstinate pagans to abjure their odious practices, caused the house in which they were assembled to be set on fire. All the guests were consumed except Eyvind, who, fortunately, made his escape, but was afterwards retaken and exposed, bound on a low rock in the sea, to be drowned by high water. Other pagans were tortured in the most cruel manner, and this persecution produced the usual effects of conversion compelled by force. Many of the pretended converts relapsed into their idolatrous practices, and retired into the inaccessible fastnesses of the stupendous ranges of the Norwegian Alps, there to adore, in 'temples not made with hands,' the gods of their fathers. Even to this day the remnants of the ancient popular faith still linger in these Northern forests and glens, in a thousand forms of fantastic superstition, peopling the woods and waters, and even the subterraneous regions of the earth, with good and evil genii, fairies and elves, mountain-demons, river-demons, forest-demons, and mine-demons. The fame of Olaf was now spread far and wide in all the countries of the North, and when he demanded the hand of Sigrid the Proud, a Swedish princess, who had rejected with disdain many a suitor of kingly birth, his overtures were favourably received. A treaty of marriage was about to be concluded between them, when it was broken off upon the point of religion, the king insisting that Sigrid should renounce the errors of paganism. The haughty princess rejected this proposal with disdain. 'I will not forsake the old worship of my fathers for any new faith; but that does not hinder you from believing in such gods as you think fit.' To which Olaf answered, in most uncourteous terms, that he would 'not consent to live with an old heathen hag,' and being greatly incensed, struck his proud mistress with his glove. The insulted princess broke off this strange courtship, and predicted to Olaf that this outrage should cost him his throne and his life. This prediction was soon fulfilled. Sigrid became the wife of the Danish king Svend. This prince had a sister named Thyra, who was espoused to the same Vendish prince whose daughter Olaf had formerly married. Thyra became dissatisfied with her husband, and not daring to return to Denmark, sought a refuge in Norway. Here the rejected suitor of Sigurd immediately married her without the consent of her brother, the king of Denmark, and in violation of the most sacred precepts of that religion he was so anxious to impose on others with fire and sword. Sigrid painted his conduct in the blackest colours to her husband, the Danish monarch. Some jealousy already existed between the two kings, and Svend lent a willing ear to the suggestions of his revengeful queen. King Olaf undertook an expedition to Venden (Pomerania), in order to reclaim the dowry and other property of his queen, left by her when she fled from that country. This expedition, which must necessarily pass through the seas over which the kings of Denmark claimed, even at that early day, a territorial jurisdiction, having been undertaken without asking the consent of Svend, afforded a pretext for his hostility. To give effect to her machinations, Sigrid employed the agency of Sigvald Jarl, then chieftain of the piratical republic of Jomsborg. The subtle and intriguing Jarl formed a confederacy against the Norwegian monarch, in which he engaged the king of Sweden, together with Erik, son of Hakon Jarl. Sigvald went to the place where the Norwegian fleet lay in Venden, where he entered into an insidious negotiation with the unsuspecting Olaf, in order to induce him to delay setting sail on his return to Norway, until the three allied princes had combined their fleets. In the mean time, the fear of the imposing force Olaf had brought with him, constrained the prince of the Vends to conclude an amicable arrangement of their controversy. The kings of Denmark and Sweden had already armed for the purpose of executing their hostile designs against Olaf; and Erik Jarl, who had taken refuge in Sweden, availed himself of this opportunity to attempt the recovery of his patrimony in Norway. The rumour of these preparations reached the ear of Olaf in Venden, but his suspicions were lulled to sleep by the artful protestations of Sigvald Jarl, who represented that there was nothing to be apprehended from that quarter, and even carried his falsehood and perfidy so far as to offer the aid of his own valiant Jómsvíkingar, in case of a sudden attack. Olaf at length resolved to return with his fleet to Norway; and the treacherous Jarl, who had undertaken to lead the van, and to pilot the king through the passages between the small islands which lay along the coast, conducted him into the midst of the enemy. Olaf had no sooner reached the isle of Swoldur, near the present city of Stralsund, than he descried the enemy's vessels, which were at first concealed by the islands. The foremost division of the king's fleet, which formed the greater part of his effective force, had already reached the main sea, perhaps through other passages, none of the vessels at least observing any danger or enemy. The friends of Olaf advised him to hasten to reach his main fleet; but he indignantly rejected their counsel, declaring that he had never yet turned his back upon an enemy, and should scorn to save his life by flight. The king took his stand upon the lofty stern of his gallant ship, called the *Long-Serpent*, the largest and finest vessel which had ever been seen in the North, from which he could observe and direct every movement of the fight. As he descried the different divisions of the enemy's fleet, he called out to his companions with a loud and animated voice: 'These Danes have never yet vanquished us, nor will they this day have cause to boast their prowess. As for the Swedes, better for them would it have been to have staid at home, devouring the mangled carcasses of their bloody heathen sacrifices, than to come here to hack their swords against our invincible Serpent. But farther off, I see the ships of Erik Jarl: it is they alone who are to be dreaded, for they, as well as ourselves, are Norwegians!' The contest was too unequal to be long maintained by Olaf, whose ship was soon surrounded by the overwhelming force of the enemy, who attempted to take it by boarding. But Erik Jarl, finding that his boarders could not reach the deck of the huge Serpent, which lay like a castle upon the water, went on shore and cut down tall trees, which he placed with one end in his own vessel, and the other on board of Olaf's Serpent, which thus sunk down on its side, and was taken by boarding. Erik Jarl, at the same time, made a solemn vow to become a Christian, if he should obtain the victory. Einar, an expert archer on board Olaf's ship, twice aimed his well-directed arrows at Erik, and had put a third arrow to his bow, which probably would have proved fatal, and turned the fortune of the day, when the string was struck by a broad-pointed missile, and broke with a loud noise. 'What brake?' said Olaf, who heard the sound. 'Norway from thy hands,' exclaimed Einar. King Olaf was angered, and replied, 'That must God decide, not thy bow!' But the odds was too fearful; and Olaf being himself wounded, and the greater part of his champions slain, threw himself into the sea, and perished with the remainder of his faithful friends. Thus fell Olaf Tryggvason, according to Snorre the most distinguished prince of his times, in all those qualities which attracted the esteem and admiration of men in that age of the world. His bodily strength exceeded that of most men of his time, and he was eminently skilled in all manly arts and exercises—swimming, rowing, hunting, and the use of arms. His natural temper was mild and gentle, courteous, cheerful, and inclined to the indulgence of social pleasures. His taste in dress and living was showy and magnificent. His eloquence in discourse, and exceeding valour, fortitude, and skill in war, especially in naval enterprises, eclipsed the fame of the most illustrious heroes of the ancient North. His kindness and generosity to his friends was only equalled by his fierce cruelty to his enemies, and especially those who were at the same time enemies to the Christian faith—persecuting them with fire and sword, mutilating them with cruel tortures, and casting their mangled limbs to the ravenous beasts of prey. Hence he was as much hated and dreaded by his foes, as beloved and esteemed by his friends; and the success of his designs was proportioned to the active zeal with which the latter lent their co-operation, whilst the former were intimidated by fear from making any effectual resistance to his will. Olaf's taste for the liberal and useful arts had been improved by his widely extended travels, both in the East and the West. He admired and liberally rewarded the poetry of the Skalds, although its connexion with the ancient faith would seem naturally adapted to excite his prejudices against this favourite national art. Olaf greatly encouraged ship-building; and the advantages of commerce and civilisation, which he had seen strikingly exemplified in the countries of the East, which he had visited during his youth, induced him to become the founder of a city, at the mouth of the river Nid, called, from its position, Nidarós, which might serve as a commercial staple and granary for that part of Norway, so often exposed to the scourge of famine. The city thus founded by him was afterwards called Drontheim, from the name of the province of which it is still the capital. The romantic incidents in the eventful life of this monarch gave rise to a tradition long cherished by his countrymen, similar to the famous Portuguese legend of Don Sebastian. Like the kingly hero of Portugal, Olaf is said to have disappeared in the midst of a battle, and never returned to his own country. But, according to the legend recorded by his biographers, Gunnlaug and Oddur, the king saved his life by swimming, proceeded in the disguise of a palmer to Rome and the Holy Land, and afterwards became an anchorite in Syria, where he was still living in the reign of Magnus the Good, his fourth successor in the throne of Norway."

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We need hardly add our hearty recommendation of Mr. Wheaton's production.

Pearce's Abyssinian Travels.

[Second Notice.]

FROM funerals, with which our limits obliged us to break off in our review of this work last Saturday, we pass to christenings and marriages, both of which ceremonies, in Abyssinia, possess curious features.

"Their manner of christening is somewhat singular. A man does not stand godfather for a girl, nor a woman for a boy; and the parents always look out for a person most able to make some present to their child. The parent or priest gives it the name, the godfather or godmother holding it in a piece of cloth, which they destine as a present to their god-son or god-daughter. Some, who can afford it, will present the child to the priest, to be baptised, in a very valuable piece of cloth. During the first part of the ceremony, the godfather or godmother holds the child, and promises to do his or her best for it. During the whole ceremony, the priest swings to and fro a brass vase suspended by four brass chains, with small bells attached to it, in which frankincense is kept burning, and the fumes of which are sent forth during the whole of the ceremony. Before the priest places the child in the new cloth held by the godfather, he dips it in a large pan of water, and then takes a small wooden cross, and, beginning on the forehead, says, 'I baptise thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' After repeating this, he crosses every joint of the body, behind and before; he then takes a feather, dipped in a certain oil which is obtained from Egypt, and is called *meiron*, repeating this formula—'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I anoint thee with the holy oil, as a token that thou hast entered into Christ's flock.' All this having been performed in the churchyard, near the entrance-gate, the mother takes the child into the church, and there waits till the sacrament is administered to the people, as well as to the child; some *ambasha*, cakes of bread, and beer, are the usual acknowledgements made to the priests by the parents on these occasions, except in the case of people of quality, who in general invite all the priests of the church in which their child is christened, and give them a hearty feast. I cannot help adverting to a practice which is not unfrequent, but which might appear fabulous to any one who had not witnessed it. When a woman has had one, two, or more children, and they have all died, she will, in hopes of saving the life of another just born, cut off a piece from the tip of the left ear, roll it up in a piece of bread, and swallow it; and others will keep one side only of the head shaved until the child is grown up. For some time I was at a loss to conjecture the reason why a number of grown people of my acquaintance had one ear cut; and, when told the truth, I could scarcely believe it, till I went into the house of a neighbour, though contrary to the custom, purposely to see the operation. An old woman cut off the tip of the ear and put it into a bit of cold cooked victuals, called *sherro*, when the mother of the infant opened her mouth to receive it, and swallowed it, pronouncing the words, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' They have recourse to many other superstitious and whimsical practices to prevent children from dying. I shall give an account of their marriages; but as the Amhara and Tigré differ in some points, my narration may be considered as more particularly applying to Tigré. No marriages are performed in churches, or by the interference of a priest. A man may have as many wives as he chooses, if he does not think it prudent to be attached to one, which is seldom the case. But when it does happen that a man and woman imagine they can be content with each other, and live together a religious life, they agree in the presence of a court of the elders of the town, or district, called *shummergildas*, to put whatever property they may have together, which property is counted and considered as belonging to them both; and the one cannot dispose of any part of it without the approbation of the other. They then swear, in the presence of the shummergildas, to be mutually faithful, and to take the holy sacrament together frequently on holydays; after which they go to the church to make a confession, and the sacrament is administered to them for the first time. This is the only marriage that is a little Christian-like. During the time they are living in this holy state they are called *carrava*, which is sacred people; but I have seldom known it to continue long without either the one or the other being suspected of adultery. The party accused of this act is taken before the shummergildas by whom they were joined, or, in case of their absence, before a court of any other shummergildas in the town; and, on the crime being proved by a certain number of witnesses, the shummergildas consult together and pass what sentence they think fit, according to the nature of the offence and the custom of the country, which makes a difference with regard to the number of times he or she may have been caught in the fact. If after this they still do not wish to be parted, which is often the case, the offender is sentenced to forfeit part of his or her share of the property joined together on their marriage, which is given to the offended party as *rasa*, which signifies a penalty, to be at his or her sole disposal. But, should the complainant insist upon being parted, whether it be the man or woman, the offender is sentenced to forfeit half of his or her original property. If they have children, they are divided according to the sentence of the shummergildas; when a boy and a girl, the father in general takes the boy, and the mother the girl. At the separation of man and wife, I once saw, to end the dispute about a little girl, the father and mother cast lots which should have her: this is done in a very fair way; the shummergildas takes two sticks, one of them being longer than the other, that they may be identified; then they are presented to the man and wife, and the shummergildas says to the man, 'This belongs to you,' and to the woman, 'This belongs to you,' after which a stranger is called in who never saw the sticks; but knowing what they are presented to him for, it being a common custom to cast lots on several occasions, he takes hold of them, and, putting them betweeen his hands, places them behind his head, when, rolling them round rapidly, he throws one down, saying, 'In the name of God, this is the owner;' and each of the parents, knowing their own stick, thanks God, and takes away the child. In the above-mentioned marriages I have known instances of many being cheated by impostors. There are a number of people in different parts of Abyssinia who get their living by *moggot and sheffart*, which signify 'lawyering and cheating,' though *tuwverku* is the common name given to a lawyer, *moggot* being more applicable to those who plead causes, who are connected often with men who make such marriages a business. One of these, knowing a woman to have a good property, feigns to fall in love with her, and entices her into the snare. After he has succeeded in persuading the poor woman to be his wife, and they are bound by an oath to receive the sacrament together and live as the select people of Christ, he in a very short time brings one of his acquaintances to be a constant visitor, and a plan is arranged between them in what manner to act; for instance, a day will be appointed for the ruin of the poor woman, when the acquaintance will be lying and playing on the same sofa with the woman,—such liberties being common in Abyssinia, when the parties are intimate friends and familiar in the family,—and then the husband will come in suddenly, bringing several witnesses with him, whom he has told previously that he has frequently caught a man with his wife. On their approach the friend jumps from the sofa and makes his escape, in order to confirm the fact; and in this way the poor woman is cheated. If she says any thing in her defence when before the shummergildas, the witnesses against her, who suppose they are attesting the truth, are too numerous, and she is accordingly condemned. I have known several instances of this kind; and, indeed, I once knew a woman to have been guilty of this shameful practice in several towns where she had lived. She was a native of Gondar, who set herself up for a tuvverku, or lawyer, by which profession she procured her maintenance as one of the higher class of people. She is known in all the principal towns of Abyssinia by the name of Wolletta Gorgis Sheffart, or client. In all lawsuits, either before the governor of a province or a court of shummergildas, the plaintiff and the defendant stand up, with their cloth tied round their middle, leaving the upper part of the body naked, which is customary even in the severest weather. The tuvverkus stand on each side of them, pleading in a loud tone of voice their several causes, during which time wagers of mules, cows, sheep, or *wakeahs* of gold, &c., are continually laid by the tuvverkus that they will prove such and such charges which may be denied by the plaintiff or defendant; which wagers, when won, become the perquisites of the governor. They will also bind each other over to forfeit a mule, or a wakeah of gold, not to speak till the other has finished his speech; but it often happens that the falsehoods which the one may be relating incense the other, who in general holds his mouth with his hand, to such a degree, that, forgetting he is bound by a forfeit not to speak, he bursts out into a rage, exclaiming, *Assert!* [a lie!]—when he is instantly taken up by the governor's servant, whose office it is to look for such slips, and obliged to give bond on the spot for the forfeit lost; or he has a chain put on his wrist, and is chained to one of the governor's servants, till he pays the sum forfeited; though it is seldom that they cannot find some one standing or sitting by to be bond for them. These forfeits are also the governor's perquisites. I have known a great man lose by one wager fifty white mules, which are the most esteemed, the wager having been made merely to shew his consequence."

"I shall now give some account of the way in which the Abyssinians procure husbands for their daughters, and their mode of marrying. The Amhara, as well as the Tigré, when they fancy their daughter old enough to take a husband,—which is in general, especially among the Amhara, incredibly young,* —plait her

* "I have known many middle-aged men take children from eight to twelve years of age to their wives, and they

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hair very neat, and blacken her eyes with a mineral called *cohot*, which they obtain from the caravans from Egypt. They also dye her hands with a root called *soccella*, resembling our sweet potato, of a dark red colour. She is then placed constantly at the door in dry weather, either spinning or clearing corn, so that every one who passes may behold her; and she is taught by the mother to turn up the whites of her eyes (which are in general very large) when young men or strangers pass, and put on a smiling look, between modesty and bravery, when answering their questions. If any man take a liking to a girl in this situation, let him be young or old, he either goes or sends to the mother, or any relation she may have, and asks for her; and, to satisfy himself respecting certain points, he himself sends a female acquaintance to inspect her. The mother then demands her dowry, which is a dress, consisting of a cotton shirt and a piece of cloth, which, if he chooses to be extravagant, will cost to the amount of four and a half or five dollars for six months, she on her part engaging to do the labouring work in the house; but she is allowed a servant for fetching wood and water, and other out-door duties. If the man has reason to feel satisfied with the girl, he sends a piece of white cloth, dipped in the blood of a fowl, to her friends; but if not, he returns her, and takes back the cloths he gave. The first three days the girl is obliged to drink a gravy made from a fowl, very hotly seasoned with pepper and onions, from an erroneous notion that it may effect the purpose intended; but as I have no skill in such matters, I shall say no more about it. The husband can turn her away when he chooses; and she may quit him at the expiration of the time first settled, if they cannot agree. Those of a higher rank, such as chiefs of districts, farmers, or tradesmen, in general look out for some person's son of the same station as themselves; and the marriage is agreed on in the presence of the shummergildas, the father and mother of each giving a dowry. Only half the quantity of the girl's dowry is given to the son, though in Amhara both are equal. If it be a chief's son or daughter, the parents give a certain number of matchlocks, swords, cattle, cloths, hard money, and salt, the common currency of the country. The marriage is celebrated in great style. A large square *dass* is built with the branches and boughs of trees; and on the day appointed, all the relations and friends of the parties assemble, except the father or nearest relation of the man, who, after sending the son's portion to the shummergildas, prepares to receive the married couple at his own house. Several cows are in general killed, and in the dass a table or platform is spread out from one end to the other, covered with bread, maize, and *sowa*, called by the Amhara *tsug* and *taller*, so that all who attend may drink till they become intoxicated. When all is ready, the man, who is to take the woman away as his wife, comes riding on horseback, with several attendants, into the dass, dismounts, and, with spear and shield in hand, shews himself off to the best advantage; boasting of his former deeds, and of those he will still perform, &c. &c., according to the custom of the country. His *arkeys* follow his example, in turn telling of their exploits. They then sit down; and the goods, cattle, and other articles, given on either side in dowry, are counted by the shummergildas, put together, and consigned to the arkeys, who send them home to the husband's premises. The festival then begins, and the raw meat is handed about, while it still reeks and shivers under the large two-edged knife with which every man is furnished. The girl, whom, perhaps, the husband has never seen in his life, is seated on a couch, surrounded by her female servants and her arkeys, who hold their cloths before her, to conceal her from his sight. Before the festival arrives at its height, and when the parties are beginning to be intoxicated, the husband again jumps up, boasting as before, while his arkeys fly to the girl, take hold of her, drag her away, as if by force, and put her upon a mule, one of the arkeys jumping up behind her. The husband and his followers then mount their horses, and ride off together. The arkeys in Tigré (called *musiers* in Amhara) are in general four or five in number. The woman has only two arkeys, intimate acquaintances, who have been entreated to take the office. They are sworn to be true to each other through life, and to protect each other's wives and families; and they afterwards live together as the dearest friends. They also go about the country to which they belong, to collect gifts in a pitiful manner (as I have often told them) for the new-married pair, each striving to outdo the other in collecting the most; and, to complete their share, they often steal sheep, goats, and even cows, and take the fowls from the poor by force. This wild career lasts about three weeks. After the husband has taken his wife a great distance from the place whence he fetched her, if he cannot possibly reach his own district that day, he will take up his lodgings, which his attendants soon find, in some village in the neighbourhood. Here, after some refreshment, the man and wife retire to bed for the first time, an arkey of each party lying by them, to give assistance in case of illness or accident. If the husband is satisfied with his bride, a fowl is immediately killed, and a white rag soaked in its blood, which, together with a fat goat and a hornful of white honey, is sent back to the father and mother by one of the man's arkeys, who in general receives a present for his good tidings. But should he have reason to suspect her virtue, the husband takes a whip and makes her tell the name of her paramour, that he may take measures to prevent any communication between them in future. He may, if he chooses, send her back immediately to her parents, and demand restitution of his dowry, though, for the sake of peace between his and her parents, he in general keeps her. In this case, however, instead of a fat goat and a hornful of honey, he sends back an old lean goat, with one ear cut off, and a horn half-full of bad honey. This very often happens, as the girls are not remarkable for their chastity."

We may perhaps revert to these volumes; for the genuine characteristic traits of any people, and especially of any people so imperfectly known as the Abyssinians, are always entertaining and instructive.

have borne children at fourteen." The editor adds:—"I am informed by Mr. Coffin, that he has known many girls become mothers at eleven, or even ten years of age."

Pyrus Malus Brentfordiensis; or, a Concise Description of selected Apples. By Hugh Ronalds, F.H.S. With a figure of each sort, drawn from nature on stone by his Daughter. 4to.

The apple is the most useful of British fruits, being employed for culinary purposes, as well as for eating raw, by all ranks, and throughout the whole year. In those parts of the country where the best sorts of the pear, plum, and cherry, are not even attempted to be grown, the apple is cultivated with success; and in consequence the tree is to be found in every garden — from that of the labourer to that of the landowner — from John o' Groat's house to the Land's End. Of a fruit so universally cultivated, there may naturally be expected to be a great number of varieties, good, bad, and indifferent. Every gardener knows this to be the case, and knows, at the same time, the extreme difficulty of procuring from the nurseries sorts containing the precise qualities which he requires for any particular purpose. For example, early sauce apples; early dessert apples; pie and tart apples for summer, for autumn, for winter, and for spring; apples that will keep till apples come again; apples for exposed, windy situations; apples, the trees bearing which assume a timber-tree character; apples, the trees bearing which assume the character of bushes; and so on. These are but a few of the desiderata which the gardener or orchardist requires to know concerning apples. And how is he to know them?—by the catalogues of nurserymen? No! these contain merely names —at least, the greater part of nurserymen's catalogues contain nothing more; and therefore the intending purchaser must have some other means of ascertaining the nature of the fruit to which the name is applied. These means are a practical knowledge of the fruit, from having seen it growing, and having tasted it; verbal descriptions of it; or coloured figures. The work before us supplies coloured figures and descriptions of all the best apples cultivated in Britain, (179 in number,) and may therefore be characterised as an invaluable present to the horticultural world. Mr. Ronalds has paid particular attention to the culture of the apple during a long and active life spent in the nursery business, and has grown all the sorts described and figured, with a great many more, in his own nurseries; preserved them in his own fruit-room; cooked them, in all manner of ways, in his own kitchen; and eaten them at all seasons, in company with, and hearing the criticisms of, his gardening friends, at his own table. The present work is the result of his experience.

With regard to the execution of this volume, the drawings are from nature on stone by Miss Elizabeth Ronalds, and are alike admirable for their beauty and fidelity. Too much praise, indeed, cannot be bestowed upon this clever young lady, who has so powerfully seconded the accurate descriptions of her father. But it is needless to say more of a book the value of which has long been anticipated by the gardening world.

No Fiction: a Narrative founded on Recent and Interesting Facts. By Andrew Reed. Eighth edition. pp. 427. London, 1831. Westley and Davis.

Eighth edition! what can a critic say after that? not much, certainly. The present volume is very neat and pretty, and half the original price. The narrative is interesting, and pervaded by an exalted tone of religious feeling, which has and will insure its popularity with a large class of readers. On this subject, however, we must hazard an opinion. The piety advocated in this little work is of the most strict and circumscribed nature, putting a veto on much of innocent amusement and liberal pursuit. Reading novels, seeing plays, dancing, &c. have, in real life, none of the destructive tendencies which our author ascribes to them; the worst that can be said of them is what may be said of every earthly employment, that their excess is prejudicial; but what excess is not? Does not our author perceive, by this over-strained strictness of religious rule, that he

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wastes on small things that salutary horror of vice which does so much towards deterring from crime? He who regarded a dance, a play, or a novel, as spiritual offences, would almost have exhausted his remorse by the time he arrived at committing a really grave fault. An over-tender conscience is the soonest hardened; and we doubt the advantage of making this life too much of a religious quarantine. Still, whatever is held to be a duty ought to be performed; and he who holds that such acts are contrary to the religion he professes, is quite right in abstaining from them.

A Tale of Truxman; with Digressions English and American. By Junius Redivivus. pp. 201. London, 1831. E. Wilson.

THIS is one of the number of poems which surprise us. We are surprised that it should ever have been written, and more surprised that it should ever have been published. Five hundred and fifty-eight stanzas, after the measure of Don Juan! We confess we can make neither rhyme nor reason of it.

Chefs-d'œuvre Dramatiques Français; ou, Cours de Lectures Dramatiques Françaises, Accompagnés du Discours d'Ouverture, de celui de Clôture, et de Notices Littéraires sur les Auteurs. Par C. J. Dupont. 2 tom. Londres, 1831. Bossange et Co.

AN excellent preface is affixed to a very judicious selection of French dramas,—a species of reading well adapted to advance a learner. Nothing familiarises a language to the ear more than metre; and familiarity is the first step towards dialogue. M. Dupont need only refer to the names of Zaire, L'Optimiste, La Métromanie, &c. to justify his choice; and one great merit is, that his selection contains nothing which could be objectionable for the perusal of his most youthful readers, — no small praise in a collection of French (or any) dramas.

The Life and surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 2 vols. post 8vo. London. J. Major.

ONE of Mr. Major's beautiful works, and embellished with a great number of wood engravings, from designs drawn with great feeling by George Cruikshank. With capital typography, and every accessory which can recommend such volumes to the eye, we need say nothing farther in praise of this edition—it is entirely worthy of the eulogium:

There are few books one can read through and through so,
With new delight, either on wet or dry day;
As that which chronicles the acts of Crusoe,
And the good faith and deeds of his man Friday.

The Soldier Boy; or, the Last of the Lyalls. By Rosalia St. Clair. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Newman.

ROSALIA ST. CLAIR, author of "The Banker's Daughters of Bristol," "Eleanor Ogilvie," "Ulrica of Saxony," "The Sailor Boy," "Son of O'Donnel," "Fashionables and Unfashionables," "First and last Years of Married Life," &c.—this is really somewhat in the style of Robert of Lincoln, who, as Geoffrey Crayon expresses it, "built a pyramid of books to immortalise his name." Readers (a very ungrateful class, by the by) ought to have some feeling, were it but for the mere labour of writing so many pages, some thousands in number. We feel ourselves most humanely disposed, "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind;" and we shall merely observe of the work before us, that it belongs to a class which once, at least, gave delight to a large circle of readers.

Cabinet Library, Vol. VI. Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon. In 2 vols. Vol. I. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

WE have nothing to say in favour of this compilation, (we can give it no higher title): it is a specimen of that ingenious art of book-making, which is now-a-days rapidly "progressing" to the dignity of a science. The history of the House of Bourbon is so completely included in that of France, that a separate work is quite one of supererogation. The arranger of the present pages has, we think, been a little put to it for "want of stuff;" accordingly, the annals of the House of Bourbon are eked out by a list of cruelties practised by some feudal lords; and by quotations from Adam Smith, Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott. We must express our opinion, that the present volume does not deserve its place in the Cabinet Cyclopædia. In justice to the author we should observe, that it is not the execution of his task with which we find fault.

Manuscript Memorials. 12mo. pp. 208. London, 1831. Effingham Wilson.

A MELANGE, and evidently the performance of a young writer. Upon such productions we are slow to give an opinion; for, though there is nothing in them which seems deserving of publication, (especially in a collected form,) they frequently indicate observant and intelligent minds, which may afterwards lead to better things. Therefore, though we cannot highly commend, we would not wish to discourage; the blossom may turn to fruit.

Tales from the Scrap-Book of a Country Clergyman. By the Rev. J. E. N. Molesworth, M. A. Author of "the Rick-burners." Rivingtons.

A LITTLE book of 115 pages, and containing four tales, intended to deter from vice by the force of example shewing the misery to which it leads; and, on the opposite hand, the temporal good which flows from the practice of virtue. The volume is dedicated to Mrs. Howley, and bears a laudable testimony to the pure patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in seeking out the author, and promoting him in the church "solely on professional grounds."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ANDREW HOFER.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In a recent visit to Tyrol, I felt much interested in making inquiries respecting the renowned patriot Hofer, whose brilliant but short career, in the defence of his country against the invasion of the French, is an event of our days. Strange, however, to say, I could not get at any positive source of information on the subject, and was obliged to be satisfied with the uncertain and varying accounts of verbal tradition. In some points all these accounts agreed—in their description of Hofer as a middle-sized, stout, red-faced man, meek and courageous, who preserved to the last the unaffected simplicity of his manners and his Tyrolese peasant's dress, though commanding in chief the forces of Tyrol, and inhabiting, when at Innsbrück, the palace of the governors of Tyrol.

The belt and sword worn by Hofer, and the images of saints which he had always suspended round his neck, are shewn in the Museum of Innsbrück, as well as a transcript of the last letter he wrote, a few hours before his execution. I was allowed to have a copy of that letter, which I now send to you *pro bono publico*, *i. e.* the readers of the *Literary Gazette*.

Hofer's family was made rich and noble by the Austrian government, after his death; and his son is now living at Vienna. That is all I could learn of this heir to his name.

I have the honour to be, &c.

G. Y. B.

A literal copy of a Letter of A. Hofer, written at Mantua, 1810, on the morning of his execution.

LIEBSTER Herr Prueder (Bruder), Der göttliche willen, ist es gewössen, Das ich habe miessen hier in mandua mein zeitliches mit Den Ebigen Ver wöxlen (verwechseln), aber gott seie Dankh um seine gödliche gnad, mir ist Ess (es) so leicht for ge khomen (vorge kommen), das wan ich zu wass anderen ausgefierth (hinausgeführt) wurd, gott wirth (wird) mir auch Die gnad Ver leihen wiss (bis) in lösten (letzten) augen Plickh, auf das ich khomen khon (kann) albo (wo) sich mein sehl, mit alle ausser wölte (Auserwählten), sich Ebig Ehr freien mag, alwo ich auch fir alle Bitten werde Bei gott absonderlich fir wölliche (welche) ich in meresten (am meisten) zu Bitten schuldig Bin, Und fir sie Und inen (Ihre) frau Liebst, wögen den Piechl (Büchlein) Und andere guet Datten (Gut- or Wohlthaten), auch alle hier noch lebente guete freint wollen fir mich Bitten, Und mir auss die Heissen flamen Helfen, wan ich noch in fegfeir Piessen (büssen) muss.

Die gottes Dienst wolle Die Liebste mein: oder Wirthin zu ssanct Marthin halten Lassen, Bein Rossen farben Pluet (Blut), Pitten (bitten) in pede (beiden) Pfarren, Den freinten beim Vatter Wirth ist ssuppe und fleisch zu göben lassen nebst Einder halber Wein,

Lieber Herr Pickhler, gien (gehen) ssie mir Hinein, Und beim Vatter Wirth zu ssanct marthin zeigen sie Die ssache an, Ehr Wirth (er wird), schon angestald machen, Und machen ssie ssonst niemand nicht khomper (?) y (in) Diesser ssache.

Y (in) Der Welt Lebet alle wohl, wiss (bis) mir (wir) in himel zam (zusammen) khomen, Und Dortten gott Loben An ent (hinsichtlich) alle Passeyrer Und Bekhonte (Bekannte) wollen mir (meiner) Einge Denkht (eingedenk) sein in heillign ge Beth (Gebet) Und die Wirthin solle sich niht so Be khimeren (bekümmern) ich werde Piden (bitten) Bei gott fir sie alle.

Ade mein schnede Welt, so leicht khombt mir das sterben for Das mir nit die Augen nass werden geschrieben um 5 Uer in der frue, Und um 9 Ure Reiss ich mit der Hilfe aller Heillig zu gott. — Mandua den 20 Febuari 1810.

Dein in Leben geliebter Andere Hofer (von) ssant in Passeyer, in namen Des Hern Wille ich auch Die Reisse for nemen (vornehmen) mit gott.

The language of this letter is that usual in Tyrol and the south of Germany; but the style and spelling are those of an illiterate man: *ss* for *s*, *p* for *b*, *t* for *d*, *ä* and *ö* for *i* or *ie* and *e*, and *vice versâ*, are used throughout, and quite at random; the same is the case with the employment of capital letters, which are almost invariably found in the wrong place, and even in the middle of words. Many words, too, are divided into syllables, each forming a separate word. But there is a spirit of calm resignation and genuine piety, artlessly mixed up with a love of friends and kindred, and an attention to trivial matters, which are highly characteristic, and make us easily forget the want of style and orthography. The words between brackets have been introduced by way of emendation, for the assistance of those who are unacquainted with the manner of spelling of illiterate German peasants.

Translation.

Dear Sir and Brother,—It has been the divine will that I should exchange here in Mantua temporary existence for eternal life; but God be thanked for his divine mercy, it has appeared

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as easy to me, as if I were to be led out to something else. God will also grant me this mercy till the last moment, that I may get where my soul will eternally rejoice with all the elect; where I shall also pray to God for all, especially for those to whom I owe it most to pray for, and for you and your dear lady, on account of the little book and other kind deeds; and I beg that all surviving friends may pray for me, and help me out of the hot flames, if I have still to do penance in purgatory. My dearest, or the hostess, is to have the worship solemnised at St. Martin's, and pray by the rose-coloured blood in both parishes. Our friends are to have soup and meat, with an *einder halber** of wine, at the house of father-host.

Dear Mr. Pükhler, do go in for me and announce the matter to father-host at St. Martin; he will no doubt make arrangements; and do not make any one else participator in the matter.

Fare all well in the world, till we meet in heaven, and there praise God. May all the people of Passeyer, and all acquaintances remember me in holy prayers; and the hostess is not to grieve too much. I shall pray to God for all.

Adieu, my worthless world! death appears to me so easy that I cannot shed a tear. Written at five o'clock in the morning, and at nine o'clock I shall travel, with the help of all saints, to God.—Mantua, 20th February, 1810.

Thine, loved in life, Andrew Hofer, of Sand, in Passeyer. In the name of the Lord will I also undertake the journey with God.

Extracted with fidelity from the original, deposited with the family Hofer, at Sand. St. Leonhard in Passeyer, 24th March, 1824.

(L. S.) I. Strotz, Imp. Local Judge.

The above extract has been faithfully made by the above-named gentleman, from the original letter of Andreas Hofer, he having known his hand-writing. At Sand in Passeyer, 24th May, 1824.

(L. S.) Dominik v. Leis, Imp. Roy. Comp.

Hofer was the son of a publican at a place called *am Sand* (spelt by himself ssant), at Passeyer; on which account he was generally known by the name of the Sandwirth (Sand-host) of Passeyer. "My dearest, or the hostess," is evidently meant for his wife, and "father-host" for his father.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EXPANSION OF MARBLE.

A German chemist stated some time ago, that by direct experiment he had found crystals of calcareous spar to expand in length when heated, but contract in breadth and thickness, and, in fact, to preserve their volume unaltered. This statement led Dr. Brewster to conclude, that pure white marble, which consists of a confused assemblage of such crystals, would afford what is a great desideratum, an inexpansile pendulum; since the expansions and contractions of the crystals lying in different directions might be supposed to balance one another. At his suggestion, a clock with a pendulum of this material was accordingly constructed. A description of this clock having been read before the Society of Arts, the subject attracted the notice of two of its members, Mr. Sang, mathematician, and Mr. Dunn, optician, both of this city; and they made some experiments on the expansion of marble, the result of which was read to the Society of Arts at a late meeting. They employed a narrow slab of white Carrara marble, thirty-two inches long, and a slab of black marble, or Lucullite, of the same size. To measure the expansion, they used a beam compass of wood, and another of glass tube. The former was kept as nearly as possible of one temperature; the latter was allowed to vary its temperature with the marble; but its specific expansion was previously ascertained, by filling a portion of the tube with mercury at the freezing point, and weighing the quantity which ran over when it was heated to 212°. The expansion of the glass in bulk was concluded from the experiment to be ·002964, and in length ·000988, for 180° of Fahrenheit. A small brass pin, with a minute cavity in it for receiving one point of the beam compass, was fixed at one end of each slab. The slabs with the glass compass were then exposed to a freezing temperature by being laid in a tin trough among ice and water, and scratches made across brass pins in the other ends with the movable points of the two compasses; next they were put into water kept at the boiling temperature in the same trough, the wooden compass in each case being suddenly applied with as little change of temperature as possible; and the distance between the traces was then measured. The expansion measured by the wooden compass was—in the black marble, ·000350; in the white, ·000837. The expansion measured by the glass compass was, in the black ·000426, in the white ·001072. The difference is attributed to the expansion of the wood during the few seconds when it was exposed to moisture in the one case, and to heat and moisture in the other. Carrara marble seems, therefore, to expand about *one* inch in the *thousand* of length, under a difference of temperature of 180°, and black marble rather less than half as much. It was found that the marble-cutters were aware of this expansibility, and accustomed to guard against its effects. Marble being 2,300 times heavier than air, a variation of one inch in the barometric column would make a change of 5-8ths of a second per day; and assuming the expansion to be 1 in 1000, the change in the rate of going would be 1-4th of a second for each degree, or 2 seconds per day for 8 degrees, or 6 or 8 seconds of difference between summer and winter. The common wooden pendulum, with a leaden bob, will therefore act more equally than one of marble. An elongation of 1-8th of an inch upon a marble slab of thirty-four inches, was exhibited in presence of the Society, spirit-lamps being employed to heat it.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

On the relation of the Island of Ceylon to certain Mountain Masses observable on the Surface of the Moon.

The general form of the island of Ceylon may be compared to that of a pear, but if we abstract the low part of the island which extends towards Jaffnapatam, it will be nearly a circle; in the centre of which we find a mass of mountains, also almost circular, whose surfaces rise up from all sides of the circumference to the centre, in the form of a cone; none of the crests prolong themselves to the centre or to the axis, but all terminate at a circular crest which surrounds the centre of the island, leaving a funnel-shaped cavity, which reminds one of a *caldera*, (or the crater of a volcano), and in which the town of Kandy is situated. M. Elie Beaumont has pointed out that there exist several circles of this character on the surface of the moon; many of which (especially that called Archimedes) are larger than that of Ceylon. These annular figures on the surface of the earth and of its satellite, are, not only with regard to Ceylon, but also to other places, comparable in point of size, of elevation, and of external configuration; and these relations are not a simple object of curiosity. It has been long asserted that all the valleys of the earth are occasioned by the erosive action of water,—but among the different forms of these valleys some are found similar to those observable in the moon. Now, as the best glasses have not been able to perceive on the surface of the moon any furrowed lines which could be looked upon as the channel of a moving liquid, and as the most exact observations have failed to discover any liquid in the same secondary planet, it is evident that the observed cavities cannot be looked upon as particular forms of channels of erosion; and this leads us naturally to consider, that the valleys on the surface of the earth which resemble them are any thing but accidental and particular forms of furrows or of channels of erosion.

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

The following observations were made by Mr. R. Fox, in the mines of Cornwall, and are recorded in the *Quarterly Mining Review*. In their results they corroborate the views of Professor Cordier of Paris.*

At Tingtang copper-mine, in the parish of Gwennap, at the bottom of the engine shaft, which is in Killas, and 178 fathoms deep, the water, about two months ago, was at the temperature of 82°. In 1820, when the same shaft was 105 fathoms deep, the temperature of the water was 68°: thus an increase of 14° has been observed in sinking 73 fathoms, which is equal to 1° in 5 fathoms.

At Huel Vor tin-mine, near Helston, the water was 69° at the bottom of a shaft 139 fathoms deep, in the year 1819. It is now 209 fathoms deep, and the temperature is 79°; which gives a mean increase of 1° in sinking 7 fathoms. This part of the mine is in Killas.

The highest temperature of the water at the bottom of Poldice copper and tin mine, in the parish of Gwennap, in 1820, which was then 144 fathoms under the surface, was 80°. It is now 176 fathoms deep, and the temperature is 99°; and in a cross level 20 fathoms further north, the water is 100°.

The two last-mentioned temperatures are the highest hitherto observed in any of the mines in this country; and the increase is equal to 19° in one case, and 20° in another, in sinking 32 fathoms, or 1° for 1½ fathoms. Three persons only were employed at a time near each of these stations; and the water pumped up from this part of the mine was estimated at 1,800,000 gallons in 24 hours; and was found, on examination, to contain a considerable quantity of common salt (chloride of sodium) in solution.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "PYNE."

Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos
Primo cadunt, ita verborum interit ætas.—*Horat.*

In a letter from Sir Walter Scott, in reference to an article by the Secretary of the Antiquarian Society of Perth, on the subject of the Gowrie conspiracy,† this renowned author re

* *Halber* is a measure, used in the Tyrol, Hungary, and parts of Austria, equal to about a bottle. *Einder* seems a mistake in the original.

* For our less scientific readers we may notice, that Professor Cordier's theory is founded on the assumption that the temperature of the earth increases in proportion to its depth; and that the oxidation or hardening of the crust is caused by the loss of heat.—*Ed. L. G.*

† *Literary Gazette*, No. 656, page 538.

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marks:—"A word is used the meaning of which is obvious; but the etymology is unknown to me. The king cried to Ramsay to strike laigh, for that Ruthven had on a *pyne doublet*. Secret armour of course is meant; but what is *pyne*?"

Let me try to give an explanation of this word; more competent judges may decide whether I am right. *Pin*, in English as well as in other dialects, imports something which terminates in a point. Hence *pyne*, or *pine*, (*pein*, German) signifies, in the figurative sense, grief or suffering, from *to pine*, and that from *pinan*, Saxon. I guess, therefore, that this word has been mispelt, and that probably the chronicler had himself not a clear idea of its meaning, otherwise he would not have added the word *doublet* for the sake of explanation.

Pyne, as used in the quotation above, seems to imply a coat (or shirt) of mail: it is the Saxon *byrn*, *brinn*, *byrne*: the letter *b* has been changed into *p*, and the *r* omitted—alterations which often occur.* Cotgrave calls this armour "a fashion of brigandine,† used in old time." By the laws of Aethel-Stan, King of the Saxons, they were obliged to prove they had a *byrne*, a helm, and a gilt sword;—"And theah he begytath the he haebe *byrne*, and helm, and ofergyldene sweard."‡ In some other dialects this word underwent accidental transpositions, or additions of letters, viz. *Suio-Gothic*, brynja; *Teutonic*, bryne, brinne, bringe, brun, brunne, bruenge, prune; *Islandic*, brynien; *Armoric*, peytrin;‖ *Irish*, bronvolh; *Welsh*, bronddor; *Slavonic*, bronja (generally, *arma defensiva*); *Bohemian*, bernēnj (brnjř, harness-maker); *French*, broigne, broingue, brugne, brunie; *Lat. bar.*, brunea, brunia, bronia. The etymology of *byrne*, as spelt in the different dialects, can be traced from *bry* (Cornish), *bru* (Celtic, Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish), or *brun* (Armoric), which all signify belly; or from *bryn* (Welsh), *brynn* (Celtic), *bryon* (Saxon), which mean a hill,—this armour forming, in the metaphorical sense, an elevation, or covering, over the breast. This word may also be derived from *bron* (Celtic), *bronn* (Irish), *bryst* (Danish), *briost* (Icelandic and Runic), *breost* (Saxon), which signify breast.§ It may have been a secret armour; but that it was usually worn openly, the following quotations, taken from the *Heldenbuch* (Book of Heroes, a well-known collection of old German poetry), will prove:

"Da komt er inne Helm unte Brunigen."
There he comes, with helmet and byrne.

"Atelstan, der Angelsachse, haette Byrne und Helm."
Atelstan, the Anglo-Saxon, had byrne and helm.

Very often this armour was an object of shew and finery:

"Then put on all thy gorgeous arms,
Thy helmet and brigandine¶ of brass."—*Milton.*

This armour reached to the hip; for which reason the king cried to Ramsay, "To strike laigh" (*low*, Scotch). It is a curious circumstance that many verbs resembling in sound and orthography a *byrne*, as spelt in the different dialects, mean to polish, viz. *Saxo-Gothic*, brynsten; *Teutonic*, brinnen (from *byr*, *wyr*, Greek *pyr*, fire), to burn; *ôernan*, *byrnan*, Saxon; but in the figurative sense, to shine, to glitter (*prun*,* adjective, has the same meaning); *French*, brunir; *Italian*, brunire; *Spanish*, brunnir; *Dutch*, bruynîren; *English*, to burnish. Brisk (Shakespeare) denotes also blank, neat, polished. But

"There are more things in language, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

BARON VON FAHNENBERG.

Carlsruhe.

* Conf. Lhuyd, Comparative Etymology; G. T. Vossii Etymologicon Ling. Lat.

† An ancient kind of armour, with many plates and joints, like a coat of mail. Holinshed derives brigand from this word: "Besides two thousand archers and brigans, so called in those days of an armour which they wore named brigandines, used by footmen." But I am not of this opinion. *Bri* (Gaelic and Irish) means anger, *rige* (Chaucer) contention, and *briga* (bar. Lat.) jurgium, rixa, pugna; in Italian this word has still the same signification:—hence the derivation of the word brigand.

‡ Schilter Gloss. Teuton; voce Brunia.

‖ *Peitag* (Gaelic), or *peitog* (Irish), means a vest or waistcoat.

§ *Borst* (Dutch), *brost* (Swedish), *brust* (German), *bakst* (Scotch). *Thorax* (Greek) means breast, and so a breast-plate.)

¶ Synonymous with *byrne*, as already remarked.

"Darum will ich euch geben
Eine Brinne wunneclan;
Die kein Herr in sein Leben
Nit besser mag gehan—
Wohl achtig tausend Marke
Ist dieselb Brinne werth."

Heldenbuch.

Therefore I will give you a handsome byrne—no knight in his life shall have had a better—worth even eighty thousand marks.

* "Menegen Helm prunen" (many a glittering helmet).—*Old Poem on the Campaigns of Charlemagne.*

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

WE have inserted regular and systematic notices of the proceedings of our comparatively recent, although we are glad to add vigorous, Asiatic Society; and have also given an account of their publications. It is well to remark, also, what similar Societies are doing. The Asiatic Society of Paris has just published *Srikalidasa viratchitam abhidjnana Sakountalam nâma nâthukham*—The Gratitude of Sakountala, a Sanscrit and Pracrit drama, by Kalidasa, from a unique manuscript in the National Library; accompanied by a French translation, philological, critical, and literary notes, and an appendix, by L. Chézy, a Member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.†

† The immense quantity of poems in Sanscrit literature, of almost immeasurable length, overwhelms the imagination. The Mahabharata, a grand heroic poem, containing the history of the gods and demi-gods, consists of 250,000 verses. The Vedas, sacred writings, which, according to the Brahmins, comprehend all human knowledge, are each composed of 50,000 verses. The eighteen Pouranas, cyclic poems, contain nearly 1,000,000! The Ramayana, an epic poem, of which M. G. de Schlegel has commenced in Germany the publication, with a Latin translation, extends to 48,000 verses—[part of it has also been translated and published by the Serampore missionaries, of which three large volumes are in our Asiatic Society]; while the Iliad and the Odyssey, the two greatest poems of the classical world, do not together exceed 27,938 hexameter verses. The poem most known, after these colossal Indian works, is the Shah-Nameh (the book of kings), by Ferdousy, in Persian, which has 60,000 verses—it has lately been published at Calcutta, in 4 vols. 8vo. price a hundred rupees. The Sanscrit works on surgery, medicine, music, dancing, military science, architecture, and the mechanical arts, are considerable. The astronomical works are exceedingly numerous; one catalogue alone specifies seventy-nine of them. There are many writings on jurisprudence, of which a complete digest exists in twenty-seven volumes. There is a very great number of philosophical works, and commentaries on all the distinguished writers. There are seventy dictionaries of the language, either in verse or in prose, of high reputation. Immense and most abstract grammars, which comprehend above five thousand rules, make all our European grammars shrink into insignificance. The Indians, as well as the Chinese and the Japanese, possess many encyclopædias; rhetorical treatises in Sanscrit, and treatises on the metrical and poetical art, are abundant; and various poems, which we have not mentioned, but which have much celebrity, constitute an addition of about 2,000,000 verses!

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hogarth Moralised. Part III. Major.

THE embellishments of the present Part are, one plate of the series of "Mariage à la Mode," one of "The Election," two of "The Harlot's Progress;" two of "The Rake's Progress," two of "Industry and Idleness," "The Company of Strollers," "The Country Inn-yard," "Beer Street," "Gin Lane," "The Medley," "Columbus breaking the Egg," and four "Groups of Heads." The editor has very judiciously added a number of illustrations from Ireland, Cunningham, and others, to the descriptions of Dr. Trusler; his object being "to render this a variorum edition of Hogarth in miniature."

Views in the Mauritius, or Isle of France. Drawn on stone by W. Rider, from the originals by T. Bradshaw, Esq. With an Account of the Island, &c. Nos. I. and II. Carpenter and Son.

IT is not one of the least of the benefits derived from lithography, that its easy and cheap execution has led to the publication of a number of topographical works, and has thereby increased our opportunities of becoming acquainted with the most striking features of countries hitherto little known to us. Such, for instance, is that under our notice. The drawings are, perhaps, a little heavy, but they are full of picturesque forms and effect.

TRAFFIC IN THE FINE ARTS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—Last year you did me the favour to insert in your valuable paper a few remarks on the Water-Colour Exhibition, and the dealers in the productions of its members. I have been informed that those remarks excited much attention at the time, and have since had some influence on the wholesome regulation of the Society. So far, then, my endeavours have been useful; yet vigilance is still necessary on the part of the artists and their patrons; and I also shall be on the watch to prevent the abuses then alluded to from again creeping in under more covert contrivances.

My present observations are directed to abuses of a kindred nature, but having relation to those who act in the double capacity of artists and dealers. That a man whose sole occupation is traffic should have recourse to all justifiable means for putting money in his pocket, is quite allowable; and my animadversions only fell upon such when the means employed were not exactly of that description. That an artist should also endeavour to advance the interest of his fellow-artist by promoting the sale of his works, although he add something to the contents of his own purse by so doing, is not only allowable, but commendable, as it manifests a liberal feeling towards the talents of others. But when an artist assumes the character of a regular dealer—when he bargains, like a Jew, for every drawing he buys, and puts his cent per cent on the sale—it is quite impossible to look upon such proceedings as resulting from that liberality which seems to lie upon the face of the transaction. A fair per centage on the sum obtained from the purchaser would be a just compensation for the time and judgment bestowed upon the selection; but any thing beyond this places a man beneath the character of an artist, and at once reduces him to that of a dealer and chapman.

There is another manœuvre got into practice of late, and which, to my notion, is not a little reprehensible. Suppose, for example, I find in the study of an artist of known talent, but whose finances are not in the most flourishing state, certain detached studies, or drawings partly completed, which I can purchase at a moderate price. There certainly can be no objection to my doing so; nor can there be any, if I choose to cut out parts of such studies or

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drawings, paste them upon a sheet of paper, and by the aid of others, or with my own hand, to make up a new picture quite different from the original intention of the first artist. There can be no objection to my hanging up such manufactured drawings in my own house, and selling them to any amateur who may take a liking to them—perhaps there might be no objection, either, to my informing the purchaser how such drawing had been ingeniously got up: this, however, you may say, is an affair merely between me and my conscience—so let that pass. But if an artist be a member of a body which has an annual exhibition, and these manufactured pictures are allowed to be set up as original productions, however plausibly the names of the joint labourers may *sometimes* be employed in the catalogue—can you, Mr. Editor, as a liberal man, consider such proceedings as creditable to the Society which tolerates them? or is it just to allow the unsuspecting patrons of art to lay out their money on works so surreptitiously got up, under the impression that in such a place they must, of course, be buying genuine productions? To deal with the smallest pretensions to fairness, the members should on such occasions act as the auctioneers do when selling a horse—decline to warrant its soundness.

The arts which I have pointed out, cannot, I apprehend, be considered a sample of the liberal ones; and the men who degrade their profession by practising them, merit the severest reproof. As in the physical, so in the moral world—the signs of putridity portend dissolution, and the development of elements to form new combinations:—indications of the latter have already made their appearance. Have recourse to the means of cure now within your reach, or the disease may presently prove past your skill. Reform, gentlemen, reform!

Westmoreland. AN OLD AMATEUR, AND SUBSCRIBER TO YOUR PAPER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

——σιδηρείη μὲν κραδίη χάλκειον δὲ οἱ ἦτορ
Νηλεὲς ἐν στήθεσσιν, ἔχει δ' ὃν πρῶτα λάβῃσιν
Ἀνθρώπων ἐχθρός τε καὶ ἀθανάτοισι θυσίσι.
Hesiod, Theog.

EVE rests on the forest, the silence of sleep
On the mountain's dark brow and the breast of the deep,
Save, moaning by fits, when the gust hurries by,
Or the thunder's low warning sounds hoarse in the sky,
Or the stork from the pine, or the fox from the hill,
Uplifts its unheeded lament and is still.
Around the gray relics of ages are spread,
The works of the nameless and long-perished dead—
Fane, fortress, and palace, commixed and unknown,
And dwellings deserted, and columns o'erthrown—
And the leaf of the hemlock bends low to the wave,
Where the speargrass and thistle in fellowship blast,
And the glow-worm is shining from hillock and grave,
With the ivy-green wreath of the faded and past.

A sound, as of woods when Night's breezes are on high:—
nigh—
A rush, as of wings through the storm-cloud
Who comes from the desert, with arms glancing flight—
bright
In the far-darting beam which illumines his
In speed like the shade o'er the wilderness
driven,
Or the whirlwind which darkens the chambers of heaven?
As a king to the tempest of battle proceeds,
With the flashing of lances and thunder of toil—
steeds—
As a pard from the hunter, a stag from the
As a victor exulting turns back to the spoil;
While the dimness of gloom round his pathway
is cast,
And the flowret shrinks seared where his foot- step has past;
By river he hastens, and mountain, and stone,
In the strength of his terrible mission alone:
'Tis he! by that pinion and bearing of pride,
'Tis he! by those arrows of wrath at his side,
And eye, at whose glances the lordliest shall quail—
The ruthless destroyer, the princely Asrael!

O'er the plain, where the hosts of the mighty its dead—
are led—
O'er the sea, where the wave clamours loud for
O'er the light of the bridal and joy of the birth—
He has flown since the morn glimmered cold strength,
upon earth.
And the warrior has bowed in his harness of
And the seaman has sunk 'neath the billows' and a cry,
white length,
And the bride has been mourned with a wail
And the infant has turned in its cradle to die.
Despair, Desolation, the Monarch of Wo
And Fear, are the names which precede him dim,
below;
For the lamp of the sage at his presence grows
And the voice of the charmer resounds not for renown—
him;
And friendship, and love, and the wreath of
Alas! which of these shall not fail at his frown?
So was it of old, since the blast of thy power,
O first-born of Sin! issued forth to deflower—
So was it of old, and even thus shall it be,
Till quenched are the sunbeams and tideless shrine,
the sea,
And the stars fade away at the morn's golden
And all things, stern conqueror of nations, are thine!

J. F. HOLLINGS.

LINES.

THE rose on Beauty's cheek may bloom—
But coming years
Will hide its hues in Passion's gloom
And streaming tears.

Heed not the light of maidens' eyes;
Their brilliant beams
Despair shall dim—as wintry skies
E'er darken streams.

If things so beautiful but brief
Thus droop away,
Oh, who would view with aught of grief
Life's dull decay?

β

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Anna Boleyn successful: critique postponed.

HAYMARKET.

ON Thursday a lively and pleasant comedy, called the *School for Coquettes*, and the production of Mrs. Gore, was acted for the first time at this theatre, with complete success. There is not, it is true, much of novelty in plot or characters; but the dialogue is smart and pointed: when somewhat abridged, it will be still more effective. The play had the advantage of being extremely well performed; and especially in the under parts. Webster, as a Yorkshire porter, was admirable; nor were Brindall as an exquisite, and Newcombe as a valet, much behind him in merit. Miss Taylor was also excellent; and Cooper and Farren did all which the scope of their parts rendered possible. The epilogue, written, we hear, by Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, was delightfully given by Miss Taylor, who made every hit (and it was full of capital ones) tell on the subject of her reform—whether sweeping or bit by bit. We have no doubt the piece will run cleverly through at least the present season. It reflects great credit on the acknowledged talents of the fair writer, and shews that she is equally at home in the drama and the novel.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

THE *Haunted Hulk*, a drama of the *Pilot* and *Flying Dutchman* school, has been produced and played here successfully throughout the week. O. Smith and J. Reeve are its chief supporters; and the scenery is effective, with a grand fire for a conclusion. Laughable afterpieces have chiefly contributed to keep the audiences in full good humour to the end of the performances.

KENSINGTON THEATRE.

A NEW theatre has sprung up in Kensington, where Mr. H. and Miss Blanche Kemble, seconded by some clever coadjutors, are entertaining the natives in a very respectable manner.

MUSICAL GENIUS.

AMONG the precocious instances of musical genius which we have recently heard, we have been especially delighted with a charming boy, between eight and nine years of age, of the name of Jules Regondi, who plays the guitar like one of the little angels in a picture by Romano, or some other great Italian painter. This fair child, with light flaxen hair hanging in a cluster over his shoulders, is a very striking object; and when touching his instrument, which he does with wonderful skill and effect, can hardly be contemplated without feelings almost above admiration. He is the Paganini of the guitar. We observe from French journals, that his beauty and talent made quite a sensation in Paris; and already in London he has been much noticed by her Majesty and many persons of distinction. He played with great éclat at the fête given last week by Lord and Lady Farnborough, at Bromley; and is, we believe, about to appear before the public in a concert, assisted by nearly all the distinguished professors at present amongst us. We are so interested in him, that we hope this notice will promote his success.

VARIETIES.

Medals.—We can only acknowledge the reception of two medals, of very different kinds; the one in bronze, with a good likeness of *Henri V, Roi de France*; on the reverse, two sceptres crossed and surmounted by a crown;—date "2 Août, 1830." This is neatly executed, and, of course, political. The other is of some white metal, inscribed with the names of King William IV. and ministry. On the reverse the word Reform, in a circle with rays, indicating that it should apply to the church, laws, &c. There is no device.

Tennantite.—Some magnificent specimens of that variety of gray copper, which was named Tennantite, after Tennant the celebrated chemist, have been lately raised in a recently opened mine called Trevisane, Cornwall. It has been analysed by J. Hemming, Esq., well known as a lecturer on chemistry at the Russell, London, and Mechanics' Institutions, and contains silex 5·0; copper 48·4; arsenic 11·5; iron 14·2; sulphur 21·8 = 99·19.

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West's Pictures.—We observe that several of the late President's finest productions, the Bard, the Deluge, Eve driven from Paradise, &c. come under Mr. George Robins' hammer to-day; besides some other pictures of a high order, which belonged to Mr. West. We have always considered the Bard to be altogether, perhaps, his most effective work; and we afford this notice to our readers who may wish to take an opportunity of seeing it.

The New Society of Painters in Water-Colours is proceeding with its organisation, and with the most encouraging prospects.

M. Simond, whose travels in England, Italy, &c. have enjoyed great popularity, died lately at Geneva, aged 64. His death was sudden, and occasioned by apoplexy.

Distances of the Planets from the Sun.—The vast extent of the solar system is but vaguely to be conceived from the ordinary mode of stating it in millions of miles. To demonstrate it in a more striking and impressive manner, a continental astronomer has proposed, or rather renewed the proposal, that the computed distances of the planets be measured by comparison with the velocity of a cannon-ball, rated at 1½ German mile per minute. With this velocity, a cannon-ball, fired from the sun, would reach the planet Mercury in 9 years 6 months; Venus in 18 years; the earth in 25 years; Mars in 38; Jupiter in 130; Saturn in 238; and Uranus (Herschel) in 479 years. With the same velocity a shot would reach the moon from the earth in 23 days, little more than three weeks.

Horticulture.—In imitation of the Horticultural Societies of London, Holland, and Belgium, the Horticultural Society of Paris made, for the first time, a splendid exhibition of flowers and fruits, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of June; and on the 15th adjudged a number of prizes to the various exhibitors.

Extraordinary Speed.—The steam-boat Le Sphinx left Toulon on the 10th of June, at eleven o'clock at night, arrived at Civita Vecchia in thirty-six hours, and returned to France in the same time. By this conveyance the French ambassador at Rome received a telegraphic despatch from Paris in fifty hours.

Civilisation.—At the last bull-fight at Aranjuez, the most celebrated *matador* in Spain was embowelled on the spot, amidst the loudest applause of the court and the other spectators!

Monte Rosa.—Monte Rosa, a mountain of the Alps which separate the Valais from Piedmont, is not quite so high as Mont Blanc, but of far greater circumference;—indeed, as a single mountain, it surpasses in magnitude any other in Europe. Since it was visited, thirty years ago, by M. de Saussure, the mountaineers dwelling around its everlasting snows have not seen a stranger, with the exception, in recent times, of a few Piedmontese refugees. This mountain has lately been ascended by M. Hirzel, of Zurich. The south side of it belongs to Savoy. Here he saw the long-abandoned fortress of St. Theodule, which formerly defended one of the passes, now very rarely trodden, leading from Piedmont to Switzerland; and which being 10,416 feet above the level of the sea, is consequently the most elevated military post in Europe. A little lower down there is an ancient gold mine, which is yet wrought for the King of Sardinia, though very negligently, and only in summer, as it is buried every winter by the snow. It is a curious fact, that this south side of the mountain is yet inhabited by Germans, a robust and honest race, who live almost wholly secluded on their unvisited heights, and have very little intercourse with the Italians dwelling lower down. They are subjects of the King of Sardinia; and M. Hirzel remarks, with just indignation, that the clergy have forbidden them, on pain of excommunication, to speak German any longer; but they care very little about this interdict. The men are absent all the summer, going as masons and day-labourers to France and Germany; so that the women alone are left behind on the mountain to look after the cattle. In winter, when the men return, they are confined by the snow, and cannot descend into the valleys. Under these circumstances, they may perhaps maintain their ground for a long time to come, if they should not be routed out (says our authority) by the cruelty of the missionaries. — *Desultory Foreign Reading.*

The ex-King of Sweden.—King Gustavus IV., or, as he now styles himself, Colonel Gustavson, employed himself at Gripsholm, after his deposition, in expounding the book of Revelations; a project which he seems to have meditated at an earlier period. Some one had found that in the name of Napoleon Buonaparte was comprehended the number 666; and in this number the king fancied that he had discovered the mystic denomination of the beast in the Apocalypse; and hence deduced the prognostic, that he was appointed to overthrow Napoleon. This illusion seems to have been the original source of his misfortunes.—*Desultory Foreign Reading.*

Gleanings from Börne's Works.—"Ministers fall to the ground like bread and butter; most commonly on the *best* side.

"Diplomatists see with their ears; the air, not light, is their element; and for this reason they prefer silence and darkness.

"A Spanish sugar-baker professes to have discovered the means of *warming ice*. He was apparently educated at court."

"What renders the transition from the old to the new times so bloody, is the narrowness of the path which leads from the one to the other. A broad stream flows between them, and the present is the bridge which runs across it.

"Mankind would become wiser after every fresh lesson of experience, which history affords them, could they profit by it without paying for it. It is not gratuitous, and, therefore, they leave it unheeded; for fortune holds the same language as the bookseller; 'soiled or cut copies cannot be taken back.'

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXIX. July 16.*]

Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, and the improvements on the Calverley Estate, &c., are announced by Mr. Britton. From his pen we shall look for a superior guide to this charming retreat, so surrounded by scenes of interest and beauty, and now in a course of such improvements, by the building of villas, cottages, &c. &c., that we hardly know (from a recent visit) whether to call them more truly splendid for their style, or delightful for their site, convenient arrangements, and disposition.

The Landscape Annual prospectus for the ensuing year has reached us, and affords a view of great promise. The engravings are from drawings by J. D. Harding of a tour in Italy, and a sequel to the preceding volume of the finely-illustrated tour by Prout. The specimen is Puzzioli, &c., engraved by Brandard, a good subject, and extremely well done. As before, the literary part of the publication is by Mr. T. Roscoe.

A Picturesque Annual is also on the tapis; the original paintings by Stanfield, the engravings by C. Heath, &c. The etchings we have seen are admirable.

Parts III. and IV. of Professor Weber's Anatomical Atlas, are announced by Mr. Schloss.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Edwards and Vavasseau's Manual of Materia Medica, by Davies, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Manna laid up for the Sabbath, 18mo. Part II. 1*s.* 6*d.* stitched.—Molesworth's Tales, 18mo. 2*s.* bds.—Travels in Africa, 18mo. 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Pious Christian's Daily Preparation for Death, extracted from Hole, 8vo. 3*s.* bds.—Lancaster's Bampton Lectures for 1831, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Chance's Treatise on Powers, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Wheaton's History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Bardi's Lectures Elémentaires, with Interlinear English Translation, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* sheep.—Ben Howard, or the Pedlar and the Publican, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—New Estate, or Young Travellers in Wales and Ireland, 12mo. 7*s.* hf.-bd.—Cabot's Memoirs, 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—Bell on Cholera, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

June.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday..	16	From	49. to	73.	29·76 to		29·80
Friday	17	——	48. —	70.	29·86 —		29·90
Saturday ..	18	——	49. —	77.	29·94 —		29·93
Sunday....	19	——	53. —	75.	29·96 —		29·96
Monday ..	20	——	41. —	73.	30·10 —		30·12
Tuesday ..	21	——	44. —	76.	30·14 —		30·12
Wednesday	22	——	46. —	73.	30·13 —		30·15

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 17th and 18th, generally clear; rain fell on the 18th, the morning of the 19th, and in the evening of the 22d.

Rain fallen, ·226 of an inch.

June.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday..	23	From	44. to	77.	30·15 to		30·17
Friday	24	——	48. —	69.	29·91 —		29·90
Saturday ..	25	——	46. —	64.	29·76 —		29·63
Sunday....	26	——	46. —	69.	29·89 —		29·61
Monday ..	27	——	46. —	64.	29·84 —		29·87
Tuesday ..	28	——	47. —	64.	29·89 —		29·89
Wednesday	29	——	44. —	69.	29·90		Stationary

Wind N.W. and S.W., the former prevailing.

Except the 23d, cloudy, with frequent heavy rain.

Rain fallen, ·65 of an inch.

June.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday..	30	From	44. to	63.	29·92		Stationary
July.							
Friday	1	——	47. —	63.	29·92 to		29·94
Saturday ..	2	——	49. —	78.	29·94 —		29·93
Sunday....	3	——	46. —	71.	29·95 —		29·98
Monday ..	4	——	49. —	78.	30·02 —		30·05
Tuesday ..	5	——	50. —	76.	30·09 —		30·12
Wednesday	6	——	48. —	77.	30·14 —		30·19

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 30th and morning of the 5th, generally clear; a little rain on the 30th and 5th.

Rain fallen, ·075 of an inch.

July.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday..	7	From	48. to	74.	30·26		Stationary
Friday	8	——	48. —	76.	30·20 to		30·13
Saturday ..	9	——	49. —	82.	30·09		Stationary
Sunday....	10	——	51. —	69.	30·01 —		29·98
Monday ..	11	——	49. —	73.	29·96 —		29·65
Tuesday ..	12	——	54. —	73.	29·65 —		29·63
Wednesday	13	——	54. —	65.	29·62 —		29·64

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

Generally clear, except the 10th, 12th, and 13th, when frequent and heavy rain fell, accompanied with thunder on the 10th and 13th.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and ·975 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. June 1831.

Thermometer—Highest..... 73·75°

Lowest ..... 39·

Mean ..... 56·88875

Barometer—Highest..... 29·93

Lowest ..... 29·32

Mean ..... 29·29111

Number of days of rain, 11.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 1·75625.

Winds.—1 East—7 West—3 North—3 South—0 North-east—0 South-east—10 South-west—10 North-west.

General Observations.—The mean temperature higher than for the last two years, yet the extremes were not so great; the barometer very steady, and generally high: the mean fourteen hundredths of an inch above that of last year in the same month, though it did not reach those in the years 1828 and 1829; rain fell on eleven days, and the quantity was less than since June 1827; the weather during the month was mostly fine—on the morning of the 11th it blew a heavy gale from the S.W.; an indistinct lunar halo seen on the 23d, at 10 P.M., and thunder was heard on the 27th, about midnight. The evaporation 0·71875 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alpha is declined.

We have several letters, &c. &c., far too late for use.

The Great Vase, Old Tapestry, and other novelties, will be noticed next week.

Concerts, Exhibitions, &c.—We have to apprise parties interested in our visiting concerts, exhibitions, or other spectacles or public entertainments, that we must have their announcements in good time. We were prevented from noticing P. Cianchettini's Concert, Signor Lanza's Concert, and several other places last week, in consequence of receiving the invitation cards too late. We may add, that as we generally act by deputy, single cards are seldom of use.

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No. 757. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals. By William Jacob, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

We run, we think, little risk, in predicting that this will be a standard work—that it will be resorted to by the present and by succeeding generations, as an authentic and fertile source of the information best fitted to guide or to confirm their reasonings on the many important points with which the subject it treats of is connected.

The book originated, it seems, in a friendship of very long standing between the late Mr. Huskisson and the author. That statesman expressed a wish to see some comprehensive view of such fluctuations as history can trace, in the supply and consumption of the precious metals, brought down to our own times, and applied to our own position. He suggested some parts of the plan; and Mr. Jacob tells us, with a natural but melancholy satisfaction, that shortly before he died, he had inspected, and expressed pleasure at, the progress of its execution. The outline of that plan is very extensive; and it has been most industriously filled up. The author divides the history of mankind (for his present purposes) into four periods of unequal duration. The first, that which preceded the reign of Augustus; the second, that which elapsed between his reign and the discovery of the American mines; the third, between their discovery and 1809; the fourth, the short but eventful interval between the beginning of the convulsions in Spanish America and 1830. In each of these periods, with unwearied industry he traces throughout the world (as far as history has made them known to us), the various sources from which the precious metals were supplied; the rate at which they were probably consumed, or withdrawn from commerce and circulation; and the causes, commercial and political, which have attracted them for a time in masses to particular communities, and have then dispersed them, and given them a tendency to concentrate themselves elsewhere. With a wise and self-denying abstinence, he mingles modestly and sparingly throughout some cautious views as to the influence of all these circumstances on the money prices of commodities.

The first of these periods will perhaps be the most interesting to scholars. Mr. Jacob here follows up his subject in eight chapters, through Assyria Persia, Asia east of Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, Egypt, Nubia, Greece, Rome, Illyria, and ancient Spain. Where almost every page is replete with striking facts, it is difficult to select. The following probably will be new to most of our readers.

"This subject (namely, the familiar use of gold and copper before that of iron) has been illustrated in Denmark, by opening many Scandinavian tumuli of very remote ages, from which have been collected specimens of knives, daggers, swords, and implements of industry, which are preserved and arranged in the Museum at Copenhagen. There are tools of various kinds formed of flint or other hard stone, in shapes resembling our wedges, axes, chisels, hammers, and knives, which are presumed to have been those first invented. There are swords, daggers, and knives, the blades of which are of gold, whilst an edge of iron is formed for the purpose of cutting. Some of the tools and weapons are formed principally of copper, with edges of iron; and in many of the implements the profuse application of copper and of gold, when contrasted with the parsimony evident in the expenditure of iron, seems to prove, that at the unknown period, and among the unknown people who raised the tumuli, which antiquarian research has lately explored, gold, as well as copper, were much more abundant products than iron."

The internal economy and resources of the great empires of which the capitals were seated on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, are very imperfectly known to us. Mr. Jacob, enumerating many sources from which they derived bullion, acquaints us with the curious fact, that some came from Scythian hordes, numerous relics of whose mining operations have very lately been discovered by Gmelin, Lessechin, and Pallas, on the southern and eastern borders of the Ural mountains. After describing their *copper* instruments and shallow excavations, (some of them, however, twenty fathom deep), he says:

"The smelting, whether in the mines or on the surface, was performed in small furnaces, of which Gmelin observed near a thousand in the eastern parts of Siberia. They were made of red bricks, and in them pieces of melted copper, from two to three pounds in weight have been found. The height and breadth of these furnaces were about two feet, and the length three feet. There were holes on both the front and back sides, but which of them was appropriated for the bellows could not be discovered by any marks. In the neighbourhood of these furnaces there are large heaps of scoriæ; but no one has had the curiosity to ascertain what metals, if any, they contain. It may be presumed that a long period must have elapsed since the works were in activity; for the roots of large fir-trees have spread themselves among the stones that are heaped against the sides of the furnaces. It appears strange that the ancient inhabitants of this country, with their imperfect means, should have been able to melt so hard a metal as copper, and should have acquired the art of separating the gold from it. It is now impossible to form any judgment of the portion of gold which the copper contained; but the fact of some being found is sufficiently proved, and it may have given rise to the puerile tales that have been noticed, and which Herodotus has transmitted to the ages that have succeeded to his."

The strange tales of Herodotus here referred to, about ants bigger than foxes, griffins, and one-eyed Arimaspians, the reader, who is not already familiar with them, may find in the first volume of this work, pp. 32—34.

There is a full account of the mines of the Romans in Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, Thrace, and Macedonia, and of their management and modes of working. The Illyrian mines, it seems, at one time, produced abundantly.

"At one period, this gold was laboured so extensively, that its great quantity caused a decrease of one third in the price through all Italy, and induced the proprietors to employ fewer workmen, in order to raise the value."

But the great permanent source was Spain. The extreme misery inflicted on the native Spaniards by their invaders, and the introduction of African slaves to assist the enfeebled and diminished native population, are circumstances which will not fail to attract forcibly the attention of every one who calls to mind the career of the modern Spaniards in South America.

"The new settlers, by means of their troops and their superior weapons, speedily compelled the aborigines to explore the bowels of the earth for silver, and thus inflicted on those uncivilised people a series of calamities which exhausted their strength and thinned their numbers. 'These people,' says Diodorus, 'though by their labour they enriched their masters to an almost incredible extent, did it by toiling night and day in their golden prisons. They were compelled by the lash to work so incessantly, that they died of the hardships in the caverns themselves had dug. Such as, by great vigour of body, continued in life, were in a state of misery, which made death a preferable fate.' This oppression and exhaustion of the native labourers led to the trade in human beings, which was carried on by the Carthaginians with the interior of Africa, and supplied to Andalusia the place of those native workmen who had been destroyed by the excessive toil imposed on them by their Asiatic intruders. This horrid traffic was extended and continued, and it augmented the produce of the mines of Spain in such a degree, as to have an influence on the whole commerce of the world at that period."

The author brings all his information as to this period to a head by calculating the amount of bullion existing under Augustus, and its annual consumption. Then, after a short interval, came a long succession of ages, during which, from the unproductiveness of the mines, the amount of bullion in the world was constantly decreasing. How this was effected, by political and other causes; by the invasion of the northern barbarians; and by the rise of the Mahometan powers; and by the general decline of the useful arts, is fully explained; and a body of facts is given, shewing the mode of operation of these causes in the different parts of the old world. This apparently dark and uninviting period turns out, in the hands of the author, very far from barren, and has supplied him

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with materials for an animated and amusing narrative.

At length we reach the discovery of America, and a fresh influx of the precious metals, till, when compared with commodities, they approached once more the plenty of the age of Augustus. This part of the subject is treated with the fulness which its importance merits, and the effects of the swelling stream on prices, and on the manners and habits of society, are well and distinctly sketched, and in the best and most satisfactory manner; that is, by the production of a body of facts and anecdotes.

The remaining chapters contain an account of the produce and condition of the American mines since 1809. For this part of his subject the author was well prepared by long attention to it, and by the possession of a great and digested mass of materials. The conclusions he has arrived at as to the actual state and probable future productiveness of these mines deserve, and no doubt will obtain, very serious attention.

There is still unnoticed a portion of the book on which the writer has evidently bestowed extreme pains, namely, an account, or rather an estimate, of the annual consumption of bullion by the whole world; that is, of the quantity annually lost to commerce and circulation. It would be in vain to give an idea of the process by which Mr. Jacob arrives at this estimate, either by an abstract or by insulated facts. The general result is, that he estimates "the whole quantity of the precious metals taken from the general stock of them, and destined to purposes of ornamental and useful gratification, to amount annually to the sum of five million eight hundred and ninety-three thousand two hundred and forty-one pounds."

There are inquiries into the interchange of bullion between Europe and Asia; into the amount of paper money current before and since the defalcation of the mines; and an appendix, with some curious documents. The reader will find prefixed to each volume, a detailed and exceedingly well-executed table of contents, which will enable him to get at once a commanding view of the course of the author's labours, and to select, if he chooses to select, the periods and places about which he is most interested.

Upon the whole, we cannot doubt that this work contains attractions of no common kind for various classes of readers. It throws a steady light upon many hitherto obscure classes of facts highly interesting to the classical scholar and to the antiquary; it presents materials towards the solution of important and difficult questions in political science; and such is the simplicity and facility of its execution, that while all this is effected, it can never cease to excite and entertain the most careless general reader.

For research and induction we know no work more important and curious: and though we can now only afford a hasty general notice, we mean hereafter to enrich our pages from its ample stores.

The Dutchman's Fireside; a Tale. By the Author of "Letters from the South," the "Backwoodsman," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

We know not whether this be a reprint from some Transatlantic publication, but it is very evidently an American work, and well worthy, for its animated and graphic sketches, to be introduced to the British public. As a novel, its merits are not very striking; the story, of unnecessary jealousies, &c., is as "old as the hills;" and the style often inelegant and florid. For example, every motion of the hero throws him into either a "cold" or a "profuse perspiration;" and these occur so often, that we wonder he has not shared the fate of Latona, and melted away, before the end of the book. Again; what can be more ludicrous than describing the heroine as more "white and innocent" than the sheets in which she was sleeping?—we never heard of the innocence of Russia or Irish cloth before. To inelegancies we may also add prejudices: witness the ensuing description:—

"Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton was what is now generally designated 'a real John Bull;' a being combining more of the genuine elements of the ridiculous than perhaps any other extant."

We now proceed to what constitutes the merit these pages possess; they often illustrate American characters and scenes, as those only can who are familiar with what they describe. The sketch of Sir William Johnson is very spirited; but we prefer that of Timothy, as being a whole.

"What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmounter, as he calls himself?' 'Never.' 'Well, then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married, and took possession, by right of discovery, I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women, and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames, or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighbouring settlements in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded in a dozen places, had, as he says, only been 'playing possum,' raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions, to reach a neighbouring settlement, distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and then was put to bed, where he lay some weeks. In the mean time the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of his unfortunate family and neighbours. When Timothy got well, he visited the spot; and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the remainder of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favourable to killing the 'kritters,' as he calls the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the manes of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself; but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes which make me feel myself, in the language of the red-skins, 'a woman' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game, that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of these 'kritters.' It is a horrible propensity; but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children, all that man holds most close to his inmost heart, is no trifle. If ever man had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is, I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment.' As Sir William concluded, Sybrandt heard a long dry sort of 'H-e-e-m-m,' ejaculated just outside of the door. 'That's he,' exclaimed Sir William; 'I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies the 'kritters.' Come in, Timothy.' Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow, and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp, angular features, and a complexion, of course, bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His scanty head of hair was of a sort of sunburnt colour; his beard of a month's growth at least; and his eye, of sprightly blue, never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest, or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarum. 'Timothy,' said Sir William, 'I want to employ you to-night.' 'H-e-m-m,' answered Timothy. 'Are you at leisure to depart immediately?' 'What, right off?' 'Ay, in less than no time.' 'I guess I am.' 'Very well—that means you are certain.' 'I'm always sartin of my mark.' 'Have you your gun with you?' 'The kritter is just outside the door.' 'And plenty of ammunition?' 'Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?' 'Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?' 'Can't I? h-e-e-m-m!' 'And you are all ready?' 'I 'spect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got every thing to hand.' 'Have you any thing to eat by the way?' 'No; if I only stay out two or three days, I sha'n't want any thing.' 'But you are to have a companion.' Timothy here manufactured a sort of linsey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation. 'I'd rather go alone.' 'But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you.' Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning. 'I'd rather go by myself' said he again. 'That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?' 'Yes.' Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy, much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt. 'But mayn't I shoot one of these tarnal kritters if he comes in my way?'

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said Timothy, in a tone of great interest. 'No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you.' 'Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please God to put our lives in danger—that's some comfort.' The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on, somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water, he should certainly mistake it for one of the tarnal kritters, and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary to Timothy; his toilet was already made—his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, into which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket and accoutrements at his side, and a paddle in his hand. 'Now,' said Sir William, almost in a whisper,—'Now, luck be with you, boys; remember, you are to return before daylight without fail.' 'But, Sir William,' said Timothy, coaxingly—'now, *mayn't* I take a pop at one of the tarnal kritters, if I meet 'em?' 'I tell you, no,' replied the other; 'unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys.' Each seized his paddle; and the light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool."

Like many of his compeers, our author has no especial calling as a novel-writer; he has little invention, and his pleasantry is of a ponderous kind: but he describes what he actually knows with much animation, and would, we think, pen amusing travels.

Facts relating to the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis. By Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Esq. 12mo. pp. 198. London, 1831. Ridgway.

WE are afraid that the present is an unpropitious moment for the publication of a work, however well deserving of attention, upon this very important subject. Yet as the questions involved in the administration of our criminal laws do, even amid the engrossing discussions of Reform, obtain some notice from the legislature,* we trust that the *Facts* (in that one word comprising every claim to regard) brought forward by Mr. Wakefield will not escape the consideration they so richly merit.

Our author, by a three years' study in the College of Newgate, has eminently qualified himself to treat of the material points involved in this inquiry. His remarks display great acuteness, intelligence, and sound sense; and in spite, we presume, of the usual bashaw-ship of the Prison Marshal Wontner,† he appears to have been allowed, and to have availed himself of, many convenient opportunities for acquiring an insight into the manners and practices of all classes of his fellow-collegians. The results of his investigations—and they are very interesting in themselves, besides being ably reasoned upon—he has now laid before the public.

We shall advert to some of the leading points.

Mr. Wakefield observes: "The hatred which the thieves bear to the new police proves that the new is superior to the old system, but not that it is perfect. If it were even highly useful, though far from perfect, we should observe by this time a considerable diminution of crime. No diminution of crime, I believe, has taken place during the last year. If, then, the ordinary causes of crime have not operated with unusual force, the new police is not preferable to the old *as a means of preventing crime.*"

This argument, however, is not conclusive: on the contrary, it appears that increased activity in the detection of crime is likely to have produced the consequence mistaken as a comparative test. It is nevertheless true that prevention, so rarely even thought of in our system, has not become a more leading principle under the new order of things. Mr. W. suggests, as improvements in this view: "First, that the law should be altered so as to render its execution against notorious thieves, and those who harbour them, less troublesome to the police. Secondly, that the execution of such a law of prevention should be confided to officers of police, *having no other occupation, and responsible for that particular service,* though under the superintendence of higher authority, so as to furnish the immediate executors of the law with a sufficient motive for doing their duty. Thirdly, some provision for unity of purpose and action throughout the metropolis and its suburbs: so that a person known to be a thief in Whitechapel should be equally notorious to the officers at Pimlico; and that a harbourer of thieves driven from Islington should not commence business in Southwark. The last-mentioned improvement could not, it may be said, take place without abrogating the present system of separate and independent police jurisdictions, and interfering with what are called the privileges of the City of London. This is true; but which is it that the public requires—separate jurisdictions, or effectual checks to crime?"

The obvious good sense of these hints who can doubt? but then, like all other improvements for the general benefit, they have local and selfish interests to combat, which are strong to procrastinate, if not to prevent their adoption. Were prevention instead of punishment the object pursued, we should not have to wonder and grieve at the nurseries of crime so openly winked at and tolerated in the metropolis, among the most atrocious and fatal of which stands Newgate itself. But besides this grand school, Mr. W. informs us, "London abounds with smaller nurseries of petty offences by persons of every age, from infancy to manhood. I had the opportunity of strictly examining more than a hundred thieves, between eight and fourteen years, as to the immediate cause of their becoming thieves; and in nineteen cases out of twenty it appeared that the boy had not committed his first crime spontaneously, but had been persuaded to commence the career of thieving by persons whose business it is to practise this kind of seduction. The most numerous class of such seducers consists of experienced thieves, both men and boys, who look out for boys not criminal, to whom they represent the life of a thief as abounding in pleasure. The object of these representations is to obtain instruments with which experienced thieves may commit robberies with less danger to themselves—participators, whose ignorance of the trade subjects them to be put forward into the most dangerous situations, and to be cheated in the division of the spoil. But words are not the only means of seduction employed in such cases: food is given to the hungry, and all kinds of stimulating enjoyments are presented to others who do not want the means of subsistence. I state what I know to be a fact, in saying that a practised thief often spends as much as ten pounds in the course of a few days for the purpose of corrupting a youth, by taking him to play-houses and other shows, and allowing him to eat and drink extravagantly at pastry-cooks, fruit-shops, and public-houses. The inevitable consequence of such indulgences is the victim's discontent with his previous mode of life; and when this feeling predominates, he is considered ripe for receiving without alarm the suggestions of his seducer."

Other means are described, which we need not extract; but "another class of seducers consists of both men and women, but principally of old women—the keepers of fruit-stalls and small cake-shops, which stalls and shops they keep but as a cloak to their real trade—that of persuading children to become thieves, and receiving goods stolen by children. The methods of seduction pursued by these people are for the most part similar to those adopted by the class mentioned above; but they are distinguished from the thieves by some peculiarities. Residing always in the same spot, and apparently engaged in an honest calling, they have superior opportunities of practising on children, who, until known to them, were perfectly well disposed. Several instances came to my knowledge of boys, the sons of decent trades-people, carefully educated, apprenticed to some trade, and with every prospect of leading an industrious and honest life, who were seduced by persons of the class in question. The course of seduction is about as follows:—The child buys fruit and cakes at the stall or shop, the keeper of which takes pains to form a familiar acquaintance with him, by conversation, artful it must be called in this case, but such as is used by all good teachers in order to gain a pupil's confidence. He passes the shop one day without money, and is invited to help himself upon trust. If he yield to the first temptation, it is all over with him. Considering his previous acquaintance with the tempter, it is almost a matter of course that he yields. Once in debt, he continues to indulge himself without restraint, and is soon involved far beyond his means of repayment. Where is the police to save him? No act of robbery has been committed, and the police therefore is absent. Probably his parents or master have impressed on him that it is wrong to run in debt. He is already criminal in his own eyes. Instead of confessing his difficulty to his friends, he thinks of them with fear. All his sensations are watched by the wretch, who now begins to talk slightingly of harsh parents and task-masters, and insinuates her own superior affection. By degrees, more or less slow according to the degree of her art and the excitability of the boy's temperament, she gets a complete mastery of his mind. At length she guides him to the first step in crime, by complaining of want of money; perhaps threatening to apply to his parents, and suggesting that he may easily repay her by taking some trifling article from his master's shop. The first robbery committed, the chances are a thousand to one that the thief will sooner or later be transported or hanged. He goes on robbing his master or

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* committee of the House of Commons has just been appointed, to inquire into the best mode of giving efficience to secondary punishments; and reporting the same to the House.

† We had recently some opportunity of witnessing the *hauteur* and insolence of this despot of a gaol: we have seen something of official consequence in higher quarters, but were never so astonished before.

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perhaps his parents: the woman disposes of the stolen property, giving him only a moderate share of the money obtained; she introduces him to other boys who are following the same career; he soon learns to prefer idleness and luxuries to labour and plain food; and, after a while, becoming an expert thief, deserts his original seducer, with whom he is no longer willing to share the fruits of his plunder, connects himself with a gang, probably takes a mistress, and is a confirmed robber, on the high road to Botany Bay or the gallows."

After dwelling on these and other striking evils, almost encouraged by our police and manner of executing the laws, the author gives us nine tables of trials, convictions, executions, &c. &c. during the last three years; upon which he comments with much truth and talent. As we cannot insert these tables, we cannot follow him in many matters which are elucidated by them, and are well worthy of attention. We shall quote, however, some of his arguments.

"Next to the substitution of some milder punishment for that of death, the most useful improvement of our criminal laws would be the appointment of a public prosecutor. Indeed, when one reflects that the only object of punishment is the repression of crime — that, therefore, penalties ought to be so measured as to hold out in each case a stronger motive for abstaining from an offence than any motive for committing it; and that, above all, the power of punishment, as a means for the repression of crime, *depends altogether on its certainty*,— it does appear absurd to leave to the pleasure of an individual, in every case, what shall be the amount of punishment, if any at all. The wisest legislature would have infinite difficulty in so determining the penalty of each offence as to make punishment as effectual as possible in the repression of crime. The legislature of this country leaves the matter to be settled by individuals, acted upon by all kinds of improper motives—such as anger, laziness, compassion— and, above all, utterly thoughtless of the sole object of punishment. Ought it, then, to be matter of astonishment, that crimes should increase with the increase of population and wealth? Again, the legal punishment of crime ought clearly to be a *public work*, like a bridge, of which the cost is defrayed by a tax on the whole community. The work is beneficial to the whole community; yet the cost of it is thrown upon certain individuals, who have suffered through the previous inadequate performance of that work. This is as if we should charge toll on the bridge only from those who had slipped into the water in consequence of defects in the bridge, arising from so inadequate a mode of keeping it in repair."

The chances of escaping prosecution, conviction, and punishment, are all calculated upon by criminals, and greatly encourage the commission of offences. And when capital conviction does ensue, the course pursued is beyond credibility absurd.

"*Every one* who comes in contact with a man whose death by the hangman is probable, treats him, not as a criminal, but as an unfortunate. In the treatment of other prisoners, even before trial when they are presumed to be innocent, I never observed any thing like commiseration from persons in authority over them. At the best they are treated with neglect, except for their safe custody; and all convicts not capital are treated as criminals. The same men, once capitally convicted, are treated as brothers or children in distress. Why is the capital convict, he whose crime is most grave and is proven, so favourably distinguished? Because the punishment of death shocks every mind to which it is vividly presented, and overturns the most settled notions of right and wrong."

Mr. Wakefield gives a distressing account of the affair which ended in Mr. John Montgomery's poisoning himself to avoid an ignominious death for forgery. If this narrative be true, the unhappy person was sacrificed in a most cruel and unjustifiable manner, having first confided his secret to Mr. Freshfield, on a pledge of mitigated penalty, and being then left for execution, in spite of every effort to have his sentence changed to transportation. Mr. W. reasons on this dreadful case to shew the erroneousness of the process which sends the cases and fate of London guilt to be finally decided by the king in council.

"Every where but in London the question of life or death is decided by a judge, singly responsible; who presides at the trial; who hears all the evidence, because this is the last trial; who states fully to the prisoner's face and in open court, the grounds of his decision; who has no other pursuit than the business of the assize; and whose judicial habits especially qualify him for distinguishing between right and wrong. In London the question of life or death is decided by many and irresponsible judges; who know nothing at all of the case except from report; who conceal the grounds of their decision; who give to rumour the weight of evidence; whose minds are constantly occupied with other, and to them far more important matters; and many of whom (including the chief—the first Home Secretary) act as judges here, merely because elsewhere they are skilful party politicians. Surely, then, every thing conspires for a right decision in the country, and for a wrong one in the metropolis. In the country it is probably that a man who does not deserve to be hanged will not be hanged, and that one who merits death will be killed. In London, on the contrary, the most experienced and artful offender has the best chance of escape, whilst the most ignorant, and perhaps innocent, of convicts is the most likely to be killed. No one who takes the trouble to reflect on the circumstances which attend the final decision of life or death in London, will be surprised that the officers of Newgate should say—'those whom we know to be most guilty often escape, whilst those whom we know to be least guilty often suffer — it is all a lottery.' It is, indeed, all a lottery, but with the chances considerably in favour of a wrong decision. Now this most unjust, cruel, and incalculably mischievous practice of an appeal from the presiding judge to chance, or rather to the probability of a wrong decision, springs from the nature of the punishment. The plea for the barbarous appeal is the prerogative of mercy residing in the crown. The appeal is never made except in capital cases. Why as to the capital cases of London and Middlesex only, it would be very difficult to say; though not more difficult than to explain, why the irreparable nature of the punishment should be the plea for a mode of proceeding which favours a wrong decision. Arising out of the custom of punishing by chance and with the greatest severity, a phenomenon is exhibited in the cells of Newgate well deserving the attention of lawmakers. I allude to the opinion concerning their own fate of persons under sentence of death. The best probabilities of escape are exhausted when sentence of death is passed, viz. the probabilities—1, of not being detected; 2, of not being taken before a magistrate; 3, of a treaty with the prosecutor or other material witness; 4, of the prosecutor preferring perjury to taking part in a judicial murder; 5, of the grand jury doing the same; 6, of the judge doing the same; and 7, of the petty jury doing the same in spite of a callous judge. Yet when these seven probabilities of escape are exhausted, when the prisoner's chance of escape has been reduced from perhaps 500 to 1, to 10 to 1, he is still confident, obstinately confident, of escaping the punishment which the law awards for his offence. This statement applies to nearly every case. I heard but of one exception out of 451 cases. Let the most careful inquiry be instituted, and it will be found, that hardly ever does a capital convict under sentence of death, but not yet ordered for execution, expect to be hanged. Now compare this remarkable fact with another. It shall be found, that of prisoners in Newgate charged with minor offences, for which the punishment is slight, a large proportion fully expect to be punished. The statement may be easily verified; as there are means of further ascertaining what I here state of my own knowledge,—that persons liable to slight punishments, though they may *hope* to escape altogether, are seldom *confident* on that point; but generally mix up with their exertions for an acquittal, and their hope of liberty, a good deal of thought about their conviction, and preparations for undergoing the punishment. For a long while I could not account for this striking difference of feeling between the two classes of prisoners; but at length the following explanation of it appeared satisfactory. Fear of death is a principle of man's nature; yet every man is so prone to believe in his own superior fortune, that the cases are rare when even the mortally sick expect to die on that occasion. Premature death is the almost certain consequence of hard drinking; yet when does the fear of premature death, by itself, operate as a motive to sobriety? Perhaps never. It is just so in respect to hanging for crimes. The principle of the fear of death is counteracted by that principle of self-love and hope, which may be called forth, to the extent of delusion, in nearly every mind. No one, perhaps, expects to escape one trifling penalty of drinking hard, viz. a headach. So it is with persons liable to comparatively slight punishments for crime. If they do not fully expect to be punished, at least they do not expect to escape. In truth, they expect to be punished, though they hope to escape. The greater the evil of which there is a rational prospect, the stronger appears the bias to delusion. In punishing with death, legislators have had in view only the universal fear of death; never perceiving, that in proportion to the fear is the delusion of hope."

The philosophy of all this, and especially of the last sentence, is admirable.

Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary. By James Rennie, A.M. &c. 8vo. pp. 592. Second edition. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THIS edition of Colonel Montagu's valuable work is replete with those interesting details and useful facts connected with the subject, which Mr. Rennie possesses so peculiar a talent in collecting; that kind of curious information which natural history offers to the popular reader, and which, according to a contemporary author, is, without affording a very high opinion of the author's scientific attainments, not the less valuable, from placing information diffused through scientific works in an accessible form. We touch here upon a sharp and sensitive point; for Mr. Rennie

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has in this work thrown the gauntlet down to almost all the naturalists of the United Kingdom and the Continent, classing himself more, from the character and nature of his plan of study, with the idea we form of a sportsman or a bird's-nester. Well sheltered under the mantle of his recent professorship,* Mr. Rennie has entered fearlessly on his new career. The success of his late publications, which, while we esteemed them as popular works, we never expected to see lauded as the best plan of study and of improvement, has given almost an ambitious cast to his writings; opposing himself to what he calls the writers of dry, methodical books, he quotes Cicero, who rejected the advice of his friends in the publication of *De Naturâ Deorum, De Officiis*, &c., and persevering in this popular style, led the fashion—as the professor is to do in the present day. And that the esteem for a certain class of works which present the superficies of knowledge and the scrapings of philosophy, and which call themselves "popular," may be but a fashion,—wedded as we are to the cause of all knowledge that may be useful and good—we sincerely and devotedly wish.

No author in our times has a right to arrogate to himself the introduction of observation as the true method of studying natural history. Certainly many who made, or wished to make, observation the basis of their works, have, from too closely following the old masters, dwindled into mere systematists—but this has often arisen from error of execution, and not of intention; and we have, on the contrary, names rendered illustrious by their close observance and philosophical conception of the beauty, constancy, and perfection, of nature in all her works; and, if it were necessary, we could give the argument farther extension, by demonstrating that natural history is of necessity a study depending on observation, and that those Mr. Rennie denominates literary naturalists, are essentially historians of the science—that is to say, of the labours of others—and not naturalists.

System, we agree with the author, is an index to facts, and only to be esteemed as such; but what are the materials upon which a system is founded?—they are either artificial or natural; in the one case arbitrary, and may depend upon any of the characters recognisable to the senses, and presented by the objects in contemplation; in the other, we must, in observing the structure or functions of the whole being (in zoology), search for those peculiarities most characteristic of particular groups—and these, whether few or numerous, will become the typical characters of each group. Now, in the modern state of natural science, researches into the anatomical structure of animals—and hey were the most likely to produce beneficial esults to our systematic views, and without ystem there is no science—led Baron Cuvier o form an opinion, that there is unity of compsition in the animal kingdom; but this imprtant and ancient principle is subordinate to tat of the conditions of existence, the conformity of parts, and their co-ordination for th place which the animal is to fill in nature. Cosidering that form was fugitive among anims, another set of naturalists arrived, by the sam steps, at perhaps a less complicated idea, tha the organisation of animals can be reduced to a uniform type, which depends on a theory of aalogies, the principle of connexion, the electve affinities of the organic elements, and the llancing of organs. Nearly at the same time, istinguishing analogy from affinity, which is considered as a discovery, a clever zoologist in this country founded a system upon the principle of all animals grouping themselves in a circular series, which is effected by five members (though there is some dissension as to the exact number); and these five parts consist of a normal or typical form, two aberrant, and two inosculating with the next series; or, according to some, two nominal and three aberrant members.

We are perfectly aware that there are journals of greater calibre than the *Gazette*, and authors well versed in the subject, who will immediately answer Mr. Rennie's objections to the last of these systems; but we cannot refrain from stating our firm conviction, that had this gentleman made a point of acquainting himself with those minutiæ of organisation and slight varieties of structure which he affects to despise, and yet on which that system depends for its elucidation, he would have taken very different grounds for the feeble and puerile arguments at which he has aimed—doctrines well known to be supported by men of such eminent scientific attainments. With regard to the equally philosophic school of the continent, the laborious researches of many years, and the most extensive series of facts that have ever yet been brought to bear on one point in natural history, have already been opposed, with little success, to many of its fundamental propositions; and if Cuvier, with his well-merited and well-established fame, could bring his whole strength to the trial, Professor Rennie might at least treat the same doctrines with that respect which shews itself in an attention and exertion corresponding to the magnitude and importance of the subject. We object particularly to the religious turn which he has given to his arguments, and to his assertion that in the doctrine of the fitness of organs we make creatures their own creators; as well might he assert that, in the gradual appearance of organisation, that organisation was by its own will adapted to the new conditions of the surface of the earth; or that, in the actual circle of reproduction, species are also by their own will adapted to the climate or element in which they live, or to obtain the food which they require for their support.

We cannot enter into a discussion on the correctness of many of the professor's synonymes; most are injudicious, many erroneous: but, notwithstanding these faults, and the grave errors which we hold there exist in our author's philosophy, and the needless and unnecessary *verbiage* about the "dry, lifeless, marrowless, and unphilosophic" Linnæan school, we have stated that the dictionary is much improved by a great number of additional facts of decided interest in the natural history of the birds of varied plumage which sing in our groves, skim over our inconstant heaven, or nestle on the desolate rock. We have been quite spoiled by the admirable woodcuts of the Menagerie, and some other modern publications—so much so, that we cannot give a high tribute of praise to the present illustrations, which are too few in number, and, what is worse, oftentimes inaccurate; and though Mr. Rennie may not care for such trifles as a false number of articulations in the toes, they have not escaped our notice, nor will they that of other naturalists.

* In the King's College.

Boswell's Johnson, by Croker. 5 vols. 8vo. J. Murray.

HAVING in preceding Numbers of the *Literary Gazette* said all we could assign space for, respecting the first three volumes of this publication, we should very imperfectly discharge our duty to so attractive a work did we not devote some portion of our pages to the illustration of the remaining volumes, which, indeed, contain matter of very superior interest. Passing by, for the moment, selections of a minor kind, we shall beg our readers to accompany us at once to the death-bed, where this great literary light was extinguished: the subject is of a sad nature, and much has been written upon it; but the editor, having obtained original and authentic information, we are now indebted to him for a narrative which no distance of time can deprive of its claim to public sympathy. This intelligence Mr. Croker has chiefly derived from a Journal of Mr. Windham's. We could have wished that the important papers of that remarkable man had been confided to the same hands for publication. But from the following notice, which gives some intimation of their destiny, we observe it is not so.

"Understanding (says Mr. C.) that a journal kept by the late Mr. Windham contained some particulars relative to Dr. Johnson, the editor applied to his friend, Admiral Windham, that gentleman's nephew and heir, for permission to see the journal, which the admiral most readily granted; but a gentleman to whose care the papers had been previously consigned, with a view to his writing a life of Mr. Windham, declined to favour the editor with the desired information. From another quarter, however, he is enabled to present the reader with this extract made from the original journal before it had received its present destination."

The following is Mr. Windham's journal:—

"Tuesday, December 7, 1784.
Ten minutes past 2, P.M.

"After waiting some short time in the adjoining room, I was admitted to Dr. Johnson in his bedchamber, where, after placing me next him in the chair (he sitting in his usual place, on the east side of the room, and I on his right hand), he put into my hands two small volumes (an edition of the New Testament, as he afterwards told me), saying, '*Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto.*' He then proceeded to observe, that I was entering upon a life which would lead me deeply into all the business of the world; that he did not condemn civil employment, but that it was a state of great danger; and that he had therefore one piece of advice earnestly to impress upon me, that I would set apart every seventh day for the care of my soul. That one day, the seventh, should be employed in repenting what was amiss in the six preceding, and fortifying my virtue for the six to come. That such a portion of time was surely little enough for the meditation of eternity. He then told me that he had a request to make to me; namely, that I would allow his servant Frank to look up to me as his friend, adviser, and protector, in all difficulties which his own weakness and imprudence, or the force or fraud of others, might bring him into. He said that he had left him what he considered an ample provision, viz. seventy pounds per annum; but that even that sum might not place him above the want of a protector; and to me, therefore, he recommended him, as to one who had will, and power, and activity, to protect him. Having obtained my assent to this, he proposed that Frank should be called in; and desiring me to take him by the hand in token of the promise, repeated before him the recommendation he had just made of him, and the promise I had given to attend to it. I then took occasion to say how much I felt—what I had long foreseen that I should feel—regret at having spent so

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little of my life in his company. I stated this as an instance where resolutions are deferred till the occasions are past. For some time past I had determined that such an occasion of self-reproach should not subsist, and had built upon the hope of passing in his society the chief part of my time, at the moment when it was to be apprehended we were about to lose him for ever. I had no difficulty in speaking to him thus of my apprehensions. I could not help, on the other hand, entertaining hopes; but with these I did not like to trouble him, lest he should conceive that I thought it necessary to flatter him: he answered hastily, that he was sure I would not; and proceeded to make a compliment to the manliness of my mind, which, whether deserved or not, ought to be remembered, that it may be deserved. I then stated, that among other neglects was the omission of introducing of all topics the most important, the consequence of which particularly filled my mind at that moment, and in which I had often been desirous to know his opinions; the subjects I meant were, I said, natural and revealed religion. The wish thus generally stated was in part gratified on the instant. For revealed religion, he said, there was such historical evidence, as upon any subject not religious would have left no doubt. Had the facts recorded in the New Testament been mere civil occurrences, no one would have called in question the testimony by which they are established; but the importance annexed to them, amounting to nothing less than the salvation of mankind, raised a cloud in our minds, and created doubts unknown upon any other subject. Of proofs to be derived from history, one of the most cogent, he seemed to think, was the opinion, so well authenticated, and so long entertained, of a deliverer that was to appear about that time. Among the typical representations, the sacrifice of the paschal lamb, in which no bone was to be broken, had early struck his mind. For the immediate life and miracles of Christ, such attestation as that of the apostles, who all, except St. John, confirmed their testimony with their blood—such belief as these witnesses procured from a people best furnished with the means of judging, and least disposed to judge favourably—such an extension afterwards of that belief over all the nations of the earth, though originating from a nation of all others most despised—would leave no doubt that the things witnessed were true, and were of a nature more than human. With respect to evidence, Dr. Johnson observed that we had not such evidence that Cæsar died in the Capitol, as that Christ died in the manner related. Dec. 11. Went with Sir Joshua, whom I took up by the way, to see Dr. Johnson. Strahan and Langton there. No hopes; though a great discharge had taken place from the legs. Dec. 12. At about half-past seven, P.M., went to Dr. Johnson's, where I stayed, chiefly in the outer room, till past eleven. Strahan there during the whole time; during part, Mr. Hoole; and latterly, Mr. Cruikshanks and the apothecary. I only went in twice, for a few minutes each time: the first time I hinted only what they had before been urging, namely, that he would be prevailed upon to take some sustenance; and desisted upon his exclaiming, 'Tis all very childish; let us hear no more of it.' The second time I came in, in consequence of a consultation with Mr. Cruikshanks and the apothecary, and addressed him formally, after premising, that I considered what I was going to say as matter of duty: I said that I hoped he would not suspect me of the weakness of importuning him to take nourishment for the purpose of prolonging his life for a few hours or days. I then stated what the reason was: it was to secure that which I was persuaded that he was most anxious about; namely, that he might preserve his faculties entire to the last moment. Before I had quite stated my meaning, he interrupted me by saying, that he had refused no sustenance but inebriating sustenance; and proceeded to give instances where, in compliance with the wishes of his physician, he had taken even a small quantity of wine. I readily assented to any objections he might have to nourishment of that kind; and observing that milk was the only nourishment I intended, flattered myself that I had succeeded in my endeavours, when he recurred to his general refusal, and 'begged that there might be an end of it.' I then said, that I hoped he would forgive my earnestness, or something to that effect, when he replied eagerly, that from me nothing could be necessary by way of apology; adding, with great fervour, in words which I shall, I hope, never forget, 'God bless you, my dear Windham, through Jesus Christ!' and concluding with a wish 'that we might [share] in some humble portion of that happiness which God might finally vouchsafe to repentant sinners.' These were the last words I ever heard him speak. I hurried out of the room with tears in my eyes, and more affected than I had been on any former occasion.—Dec. 13. In the morning meant to have met Mr. Cruikshanks in Bolt Court, but while I was deliberating about going, was sent for by Mr. Burke. Went to Bolt Court about half-past three, found that Dr. Johnson had been almost constantly asleep since nine in the morning, and heard from Mr. Desmoulins what passed in the night. He had compelled Frank to give him a lancet, and had besides concealed in the bed a pair of scissors, and, with one or the other of them, had scarified himself in three places, two of them in the leg. On Mr. Desmoulins making a difficulty in giving him the lancet, he said, 'Don't, if you have any scruple; but I will compel Frank:' and on Mr. Desmoulins attempting afterwards to prevent Frank from giving it to him, and at last to restrain his hand, he grew very outrageous, so as to call Frank scoundrel, and to threaten Mr. Desmoulins that he would stab him;* he then made the three incisions above mentioned, two of which were not unskilfully made; but one of those in the leg was a deep and ugly wound, from which they suppose him to have lost at least eight ounces of blood. Upon Dr. Heberden expressing his fears about the scarification, Dr. Johnson told him he was *timidorum timidissimus*. A few days before his death, talking with Dr. Brocklesby, he said, 'Now will you ascribe my death to my having taken eight grains of squills when you recommended only three? Dr. Heberden, to my having opened my left foot when nature was pointing out the discharge in the right?' The conversation was introduced by his quoting some lines, to the same purpose, from Swift's verses on his own death. It was within the same period, if I understood Dr. Brocklesby right, that he enjoined him, as an honest man and a physician, to inform him how long he thought he had to live. Dr. Brocklesby inquired, in return, whether he had firmness to bear the answer. Upon his replying that he had, and Dr. Brocklesby limiting the time to a few weeks, he said, 'that he then would trouble himself no more with medicine or medical advice:' and to this resolution he pretty much adhered. In a conversation about what was practicable in medicine or surgery, he quoted, to the surprise of his physicians, the opinion of Marchetti for an operation of extracting (I think) part of the kidney. He recommended, for an account of China, Sir John Mandeville's Travels. Halliday's Notes on Juvenal he thought so highly of as to have employed himself for some time in translating them into Latin. He insisted on the doctrine of an expiatory sacrifice as the condition without which there was no Christianity; and urged in support the belief entertained in all ages, and by all nations, barbarous as well as polite. He recommended to Dr. Brocklesby, also, Clarke's Sermons, and repeated to him the passage which he had spoken of to me. While airing one day with Dr. Brocklesby, in passing and returning by St. Pancras church, he fell into prayer; and mentioned, upon Dr. Brocklesby's inquiring why the Catholics chose that for their burying-place, that some Catholics, in Queen Elizabeth's time, had been burnt there.* Upon Dr. Brocklesby's asking him whether he did not feel the warmth of the sun, he quoted from Juvenal,

'Prætereа minimus gelidо jam in corpore sanguis
Febre calet solâ.'

Dec. 13. Forty-five minutes past ten P.M. While writing the preceding articles, I received the fatal account, so long dreaded, that Dr. Johnson was no more! May those prayers which he incessantly poured from a heart fraught with the deepest devotion, find their acceptance with Him to whom they were addressed; which piety so humble and so fervent may seem to promise!"

After quoting and noting other portions of the various writers who have described Johnson's last hours, Mr. Croker emphatically remarks:

"The quantity of evidence now brought together as to the state of Dr. Johnson's mind with regard to religion in general, and his own salvation in particular, dispenses the editor from making any observations on the subject; but those who may wish to see a commentary on the facts, may turn to the remarks in the Christian Observer for October and November, 1827."

That our readers may not rise in a too melancholy mood from this review, we shall append a few short miscellanies to these instructive extracts.

"Miss Reynolds and Sir John Hawkins doubted whether Johnson had ever been in Dodd's company; but Johnson told Boswell that 'he had once been.' The editor has now before him a letter, dated in 1750, from Dr. Dodd to his friend the Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, the lexicographer, mentioning this meeting; and his account, at that day, of the man with whom he was afterward to have so painful a correspondence, is interesting and curious. 'I spent yesterday afternoon with Johnson,

* "Johnson fancied that his attendants were treating him with a timid leniency, merely to spare him pain,—a notion which irritated at once his love of life, his animal courage, and his high moral principle. We have already seen that when in health he had said, *whoever is afraid of any thing is a scoundrel;* and now, in the same feeling, and the same words, he censures the cowardly, as he thought them, apprehensions of his attendants. It might be wished, that in such circumstances he had spoken and acted with less impatience; but let us not forget the excuses which may be drawn from the natural infirmity of his temper, exasperated by the peevishness of a long and painful disease.—*Ed.*"

* "The reader will be aware that *other* causes have been assigned for this preference: but I learn, from unquestionable authority, that it rests upon no foundation, and that mere *prejudice* exists amongst the Roman Catholics in favour of this church, as is the case with respect to other places of burial in various parts of the kingdom."—*Markland.*

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the celebrated author of *the Rambler*, who is of all others the oddest and most peculiar fellow I ever saw. He is six feet high, has a violent convulsion in his head, and his eyes are distorted. He speaks roughly and loud, listens to no man's opinions, thoroughly pertinacious of his own. Good sense flows from him in all he utters, and he seems possessed of a prodigious fund of knowledge, which he is not at all reserved in communicating; but in a manner so obstinate, ungenteel, and boorish, as renders it disagreeable and dissatisfactory. In short, it is impossible for words to describe him. He seems often inattentive to what passes in company, and then looks like a person possessed by some superior spirit. I have been reflecting on him ever since I saw him. He is a man of most universal and surprising genius, but in himself particular beyond expression. * *

" The editor, thinking it hardly possible that Boswell should have omitted all mention of Adam Smith *if* Johnson had met him at Glasgow, almost doubts whether the violent scene reported to have taken place *there* might not, in fact, have been *that* which occurred at Mr. Strahan's, in London, referred to by Dr. Robertson. It is clear, that, after such a parting, they never could have met in society again. * * * *

" His annual review of his conduct appears to have been this year (1779) more detailed and severe than usual. April 2.—Good Friday. I am now to review the last year, and find little but dismal vacuity, neither business nor pleasure; much intended, and little done. My health is much broken; my nights afford me little rest. I have tried opium, but its help is counterbalanced with great disturbance; it prevents the spasms, but it hinders sleep. O God, have mercy on me. Last week I published (the first part of) the Lives of the Poets, written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety. In this last year I have made little acquisition; I have scarcely read any thing. I maintain Mrs. —— and her daughter. Other good of myself I know not where to find, except a little charity. But I am now in my seventieth year; what can be done, ought not to be delayed."

Of Cowdray, the venerable seat of the Lords Montacute, of which Johnson said, " I should like to stay here four-and-twenty hours—we see here how our ancestors lived;" Mr. Croker gives the following singular account in a note:—

' There is a popular superstition that this inheritance is *accursed*, for having been part of the plunder of the church at the *dissolution;* and some lamentable accidents have given countenance to the vulgar prejudice. When the editor visited the ruins of Cowdray twenty years ago, he was reminded (in addition to older stories) that the *curse of fire and water* had recently fallen on Cowdray; its noble owner Viscount Montague, the last male of his ancient race, having been drowned in the Rhine at Schaffausen, within a few days of the destrucion of Cowdray; and the good folks of the neighbourhood did not scruple to prophesy that it would turn out a fatal inheritance. At that period the present possessor, Mr. Poyntz, who had married Lord Montague's sister and heiress, had two sons, who seemed destined to inherit Cowdray; but, on the 7th July, 1815, these young gentlemen boating off Bognor with their father on a very fine day, the boat was unaccountably upset, and the two youths perished; and this were once more fulfilled the forebodings of superstition. See some curious observations on the subject of the fatality attending the inheritance of confiscated church property in Sir Henry Spelman's treatise on the ' History and Fall of Sacrilege.' "

On Johnson's antipathy to the Scotch, Mr. C. remarks:—

" When Johnson asserted so distinctly that he could not trace the cause of his antipathy to the Scotch, it may seem unjust to attribute to him any secret personal motive: but it is the essence of prejudice to be unconscious of its cause; and the editor is convinced in his own mind that Johnson received in early life some serious injury or affront from the Scotch. If Johnson's personal history during the years 1745 and 1746 were known, something would probably be found to account for this (as it now seems) absurd national aversion. * *

" Sir James Mackintosh remembers, that while spending the Christmas of 1797 at Beaconsfield, Mr. Burke said to him, ' Johnson shewed more powers of mind in company than in his writings; but he argued only for victory; and when he had neither a paradox to defend, nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his *assent* with, *Why, no, sir.*' * *

Respecting " Hugh Kelly, the dramatic author, who died in Gough Square in 1777, æt. 38," we quote the following: " Kelly's first introduction to Johnson was not likely to have pleased a person of ' predominant vanity.' After having sat a short time, he got up to take his leave, saying, that he feared a longer visit might be troublesome. ' Not in the least, sir,' Johnson is said to have replied; ' I had forgotten that you were in the room.' "

With this we now conclude, reserving a very short summary, &c. for another *Gazette*.

Pearce's Abyssinian Travels.

(Third Notice.)

Our characteristic selections from these curious travels need no farther introductory comment.

" At the before-mentioned marriages the trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, belonging to the governor of the province, are present, and receive a piece and a half of cloth from every married pair throughout the province, which perquisites are granted to the governor to maintain the band. It may not be amiss to give in this place some account of their musical instruments. The trumpets are in general made of the skin of the elephant, except the lower broad mouth, which is the neck of a calebash. They give out a tremendous sound. The fifes are made of a hard wood, hollowed out, having three holes for the fingers of the left hand. They are blown into at the end, are about a foot and three quarters long, and their tone is very wild, especially when they are accompanied by a small instrument called tora, about eight inches long, which is likewise blown at the end, yielding a hollow, bass, and savage sound. Three trumpeters, three fifers, and one tora, with a long drum, narrower at one end than at the other, and beat at both ends with the hands, complete the band of the chief of a district. The band of a ras consists of the number above mentioned, and forty-four large drums, accompanied each by a small one. These drums are in the shape of the kettle-drums of Europe, cut out of trunks of large trees; they are headed with cow-hide, and, being very heavy, are carried on mules, the larger on the right side, and the smaller on the left, the drummer riding behind, with a small straight stick in the left hand, and one that turns up at the end and larger in the right. His provisions, in leather bags, beneath the drums, prevent these heavy and clumsy instruments from galling the animal's back. These drums produce a warlike sound, and in marches are beat regularly together, though they have but few changes. Of stringed instruments, they have a sort of fiddle, consisting of a piece of wood, square and hollowed out, with a neck about a foot and a half long. The hollow part is covered with hide, on which the bridge stands. It has only one string, and the bow is a stick bent, with several horse-hairs attached to it. They have also a kind of lyre, the lower part of which is made of a hollow piece of wood and covered with cow-hide, and above which is a slight wooden arch, about two feet high, to which six strings are fastened. Each string has a piece of wood, to answer to it as a screw, which twists the string round the top of the arch. This instrument is called charchamer. There is another, of nearly the same form, and of the same materials, only larger and with ten strings, called berganner. Some of them are four feet high, and their notes are very pleasant. The nobility and great men all practise playing upon them; the strings are beat with a piece of wood, or ivory, with the right hand, while the fingers of the left command the tune. There are, besides, many childish instruments, chiefly made out of the horns of animals. Their manner of dancing consists rather in the motion of the shoulders and head than in that of the legs or feet. When several dance at a time, they move round in a ring. The men jump a great height at times, while the women squat down by degrees, making motions with the head, shoulders, and breast, until they nearly squat on the ground. They afterwards spring up in a lively manner, and go round as before. The Amhara do not practise this latter exercise, but their motions are the same. Their songs are far from humorous, and seldom consist of more than one or two short verses, sung over and over again, in a rude manner. The chanting of the priests in their churches and public places would be more agreeable if they did not exhibit the most unbecoming actions while they are so employed. The Abyssinians, while they profess to be rigid followers of the Christian faith, are yet ignorant of the greater part of its precepts; which arises chiefly from the want of a good example being shewn to them by those of the superior class. Even the heads of their clergy, instead of holding out to the populace an example of good Christian morals, practise the very reverse. They are in general the greatest drinkers in the whole country, and at feasts, the quantity of raw meat which they consume, and the ravenous manner in which they devour it, exceeds all belief; indeed, they behave more like drunken beasts, when in company, than civilised beings. They are, besides, addicted to fighting, quarrelling, lying, swearing, cheating, and adultery. By chance you find, here and there, a priest who is free from these vices, and who strives to set a good example; but the clergy are too loosely governed, all considering themselves as equals, to be corrected by the good example of one or two individuals."

" The nobility, and all those of a certain rank, live in a state of great licentiousness and debauchery, even when married. They are seldom jealous of each other, or at least never shew their jealousy, knowing well each other's culpability; but when a man actually witnesses the infidelity of his wife, he immediately kills the intruder. Nothing, however, happens to the woman more than that she is left to lament the loss of her lover, and to bear the shame of being accounted guilty of his death. This seldom happens, as the great people of Abyssinia always live in separate apartments, where both

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sexes have many convenient opportunities; the women having the privilege of keeping what servants and company they please, the same as the men. Notwithstanding the libertine conduct of the Abyssinians, they strictly keep all their fasts, which are very numerous, and on those days never eat or drink till about three o'clock in the afternoon, which time they compute by measuring so many lengths of the foot given by the shade of the body on level ground. This, indeed, is the only way in which they keep time in Abyssinia. Their great Lent, which commences in February, lasts fifty-six days. The fast for the apostles, which is in one year fifteen days, and in the other thirty, begins in June. The fast for the Blessed Virgin, which is in August, lasts fifteen days. The fast of Quosquom, kept by priests only, beginning in October, and the fast before Christmas-day, called Ledetts, both continue thirty days. The fast of Tumkut, or of baptism, lasts one day, and the fast of Unus lasts three days; making altogether a total of one hundred and sixty-five days in one year, and one hundred and fifty in another, exclusive of the Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year, except during the eight weeks after the great Lent, in which these fasts are not observed, being eight weeks of continued festival. Some eat fish on these fast days, and others eat nothing but pulse or herbs, especially during the great Lent. Their years are called after the four Evangelists—that of John is the leap-year; St. John's day is new-year's day; Christmas is on the twenty-ninth of Tisa, and answers to about the 6th of our January. They reckon the number of years from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ five thousand five hundred; and from the birth of Christ to the present time, one thousand eight hundred and five, the latter being about nine years short of our time. The *lickcounts*, or scribes, who regulate the time, esteem themselves very learned people, and are proud beyond conception. The priests are also proud of their learning, and of their rules and regulations in the performance of divine service as Christians, though numbers of them cannot read. The administering of the holy sacrament is quite a public ceremony. The sacrament is prepared in a part within the church walls, or hedge, called Bethlem, which is in general on the east side, where no female is allowed to go. It consists of ground raisins and wheat flour, mixed with water, and is brought from the apartment where it is prepared in a basket, covered with a bit of red cloth or silk, carried on the head of a deacon, a bell being carried before it, continually ringing to give notice of its approach, when every body stands up and repeats the Lord's prayer. It is then placed in the middle of the dark part, where the altar stands, and candles are burned to give light, when a priest takes the mixture, which is in a large bowl, and with a large wooden spoon puts it into the mouths of those that come up to receive it, each repeating a short prayer, while another priest gives them the cross to kiss. After receiving the holy sacrament, they place their hands to their mouths and go their way, nor will they on any consideration spit that day, even if a fly by chance be drawn into the mouth by their breath, which at other times would occasion them to vomit, as they detest a fly; and many will not even eat or drink what a fly has been found in. In the churches of a superior class the articles for preparing a sacrament are, like their other ornaments, of gold and silver, the churches in general being very richly endowed, though I have before said the building itself is worth little. On passing a church mounted, they alight from their horse or mule, and kiss the gateway or tree in front, according to the distance they are at when passing; and, if at a distance, they take up a stone and throw it upon a heap, which is always found on the road opposite to the church. In Abyssinia, a traveller, who sees in the wildest deserts large piles of stones, might be led to attribute the custom to the same motive which occasions similar piles to be found in Arabia, where some one has been killed and buried, and all who know him, as they pass, throw a stone on his grave; but this is not the case here, those stones being thrown there by Christians, who know that the nearest church lies opposite to the spot: and on this account an Abyssinian traveller, when he sees such a pile of stones, knows that he is opposite to a church, and in consequence kisses the pile and adds another stone to the heap. The priests are numerous beyond belief. The total revenue of the church is divided into equal portions, of which the Allicar, or chief priest, has ten for his share; others, according to their rank, one or more. Numerous parties of priests also resort to the different churches, who have no part in its income. Some live by begging, and some get a maintenance from the priests of the church who are too idle to do the duty when it comes to their turn, and so employ them. There is a treasurer in every church called *carpet*, who looks after the wealth belonging to it; he is reckoned among those of the superior rank, and his income in general consists of three portions. When a priest has conduct enough to behave in a sober and righteous way, and never to be seen in company, when he first comes to live in a strange town, he is taken notice of by every one of the towns-people, and they fly to him as their father, confessing their sins, and giving him presents for forgiveness; and, if he remain a number of years, he is sure to amass considerable property. He may have two or three thousand such children, and each gives him every year, on St. John's or new-year's day, a piece or two of salt, or about the fifteenth part of a dollar. Those who have prudence enough to conduct themselves in this manner for five or six years will make money enough to maintain them during the remainder of their lives, and will then return to their native place and purchase oxen, take a wife, commence farming, and live well, so long as the country they reside in is at peace. A priest can marry only once; the greater part of the priests, however, think it not lawful to marry; and many thousands who resort to Waldubba, Beshlo, Temben, and other sacred places, never marry, though they are too often detected in the commission of adultery. No one can take upon himself, where he is known, to be a father confessor, unless he has been confirmed by the Egyptian patriarch. There are priests and deacons, who go about to the different towns, or residences of chiefs, where they find employment in teaching children to read, but this is very rare; and they have few scholars, which always surprised me, as the schooling is very cheap. The master receives, for teaching a boy or girl, one piece of cloth, equal to a dollar, every year, and two cakes of bread daily, from every scholar in turn, so that if he has many it does not bear hard on any individual. Their school is held generally in a church-yard, or in some open place near it, sometimes before the residence of the master, and, in that case, during the rains, they are all crowded up in a small dark hut, learning prayers by word of mouth from the master, instead of from a book. When a boy is somewhat advanced in learning, he is made to teach the younger ones. However few the scholars, the master has in general great trouble with them, and, in addition to the ordinary punishments, numbers are constantly obliged to be kept in irons. The common way of punishing scholars is as follows: the schoolmaster stands over them with a wax-taper, which cuts as severely as a whip, while five or six boys pinch the offender's legs and thighs, and if they spare him, the master gives them a stroke with the taper; but the correction considered most effective for these young Abyssinian rogues is that of having irons put upon their legs for many months together, which in one instance I knew proved fatal. It was a grown Agow boy, about thirteen years of age, who had more than once contrived to get his irons off and desert from the school; for which the master, by desire of the parents, put so heavy a pair of irons upon his ancles that he found it impossible to get them off; and this enraged him so much, that he drew his large knife, cut his own throat, and soon afterwards expired. Very few Abyssinians learn to write; those who do are chiefly occupied in writing charms; and some of the more artful persuade the poor ignorant people that they are possessed of supernatural powers, especially the cunning Dofters of Gojam, many of whom travel about the country, writing charms, &c. In country villages, the inhabitants will maintain one of these persons for months together, he pretending that he can prevent hail from destroying their corn, and the locust from approaching the district, and cure all sorts of diseases with his written charms, for which he not only gets paid, but lives upon the fat of their district, and administers justice according to his own good-will and pleasure. * * *

"In their cooking they are very clean, except in two or three dishes, which I shall not omit to mention. Fowls are washed, after being cut into pieces for cooking, in a dozen waters at least; and the same is practised in cleaning fish. Both dishes are cooked with curry, a mixture of hot chilly-pepper, onions, and salt, called *dillack*, with the addition of some butter and spices, which altogether form a hot compound that few European throats could swallow. Mutton and goats' flesh are sometimes curried, and sometimes boiled, but more frequently only a little broiled. Partridges, guinea-fowl, and other game, are always curried. A very favourite dish is the sheep's or goat's paunch minced, the liver broiled and also minced, together with a little of the substance from the entrails that has not been digested, and a few drops from the gall, mixed all together with another compound of red pepper and salt, called *horsy*. Another sauce consists of the thin substance from a cow's entrails, boiled with mustard and the mixture called horsy and butter, which they generally eat with the raw beef. Another dish, which is seldom to be met with except at the tables of persons of the higher rank, or the nobility, is made from a part of the cow called *chickkiner*, which is very tender, and cut up raw into very small mince-meat, then mixed with black pepper and a great quantity of oil, that runs from the joints of the knees and other limbs of the cow while being dissected. He may consider himself a great favourite who gets his mouth crammed full of this dish. Women do all the cookery; and every chief keeps a good cook, called *abbuser*. *Sherro* is a dish often given to a stranger, it being quickly

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done; it is made of meal, butter, and pepper. As I have before mentioned, it is the custom to feed their guests by cramming them; and when a man invites a friend to eat with himself and his wife, it is reckoned very unpolite if the wife does not feed the guest with her own hands; the husband will also at times cram the guest, male or female, without distinction; and the more voraciously the visiter eats, the better bred he is esteemed, except when necessity causes a scanty table, as in a camp or on a march; then the more gluttonously a person eats, the less he is regarded. They never see a stranger standing by, if even on a march, when going to eat, without asking him to partake of their fare."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Library of Entertaining Knowledge: Historical Parallels, Vol. I. London, 1831. Charles Knight.

A VERY entertaining and instructive volume, something on the plan of Plutarch's Parallels, saving that here are compared epochs and events, as well as individuals; and these comparisons are executed with much industry and neatness. There are some pretty and curious wood-cuts from different gems and medals.

Past and Present Times. By a Lady. Pp. 189. London, 1831, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

A LITTLE volume of prettyish tales: a first attempt, and calling for kindness rather than criticism.

A Grammar of the Hebrew Language. In Two Parts: I. Orthography, &c.; II. Etymology and Syntax. By Hyman Hurwitz. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Taylor.

THIS is an excellent practical Hebrew grammar: indeed, we have seldom met with a more thoroughly practical introduction to any language. Writers of this kind of books seem to us to have almost entirely disregarded what we would designate as the golden rule of grammarians — *longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla*—and have been anxious rather to string together a mass of abstruse rules, than by copious and apposite examples to illustrate the idiom and structure of the tongue they have undertaken to elucidate. Mr. Hurwitz has adopted a more judicious course; and instead of burdening the memory at the onset with definitions, has given numerous instances of the pronunciation, formation, inflexion, use, &c. of words. After a short explanation of the vowel-points, their powers are shewn by long lists of vocables, so distinctly and lucidly arranged, as to render this difficult part of Hebrew grammar simple and intelligible to all. There are some things in his syllabication respecting which we differ from him (for instance, where scheva precedes either of the *begadkephath* letters without dagesh); but these are not matters of much importance to the beginner, who, as he advances, will form his own opinions on them, whatever may have been the dicta of his grammar. The reading-lessons are good; and the method of distinguishing the grammatical accidents, &c. in the Hebrew column by *open* letters (a plan followed also throughout the tables in the etymological portions), and their corresponding English words, or parts of words, by *italics*, in the opposite column, will be found very useful to the learner, by facilitating a knowledge of the meaning of the root, and of the modifications effected in it by prefixes, affixes, changes in the points, &c. When the student has mastered the first Part, he will be prepared to enter on the second, which contains the etymology and syntax; the former exemplified by many of the best-constructed and fullest tables we have ever seen in a similar work: they are minutely circumstantial, and yet we will venture to say that few will find fault with them on this account. The chief drawback on the value of this grammar is, that it is very carelessly printed: the lessons abound with errors which to private scholars cannot but be very prejudicial, especially as regards the pronunciation. A long list of errata, strangely huddled together, frequently corrects one misprint, and leaves two or three others in the same page unheeded!

The Presbyterian Review. No. I. Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes.

THIS first No. of a periodical (to be published every two months) is intended to supply a desideratum in the theological literature of the Church of Scotland, upon the doctrines and opinions of which it is founded. The No. before us is a very favourable specimen of the learning, abilities, and good temper, of the writers.

Daily Communings, Spiritual and Devotional, on select Portions of the Psalms. By the Right Rev. G. Horne, Bishop of Norwich. pp. 268. London, 1831. Nisbet.

Pietas Privata, the Book of Private Devotion, a Series of Private Prayers and Meditations: with an Introductory Essay on Prayer, chiefly from the Writings of Hannah More. pp. 184. Third edition. Same.

TWO excellent little devotional books: much good in small compass.

Dr. Dibdin's Sunday Library. Vol. IV. Longman and Co.

WITH a pleasing portrait of Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford, this volume contains some of that prelate's writings; also excellent selections from Archdeacon Nares, Bishop J. B. Sumner, and other eminent churchmen. It is quite worthy of the preceding parts.

Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. 2 vols. 48mo. London, 1831. Pickering.

THESE are truly diamond volumes; the neatest little nut-shell epics that ever were printed. About three inches in length, and an inch and a half in breadth, and yet with the text of Homer as clear and legible at least as young eyes could desire. What a pocket companion for the student!

Robinson Crusoe. With Forty-six characteristic Wood Engravings, from Drawings by Harvey. Pp. 442. London, 1831, Baldwin and Cradock.

OF all the Crusoes we have seen we like this the best. The wood engravings are charming in design and admirably executed: they are just the sort of illustrations which such a volume deserves; and if any thing can increase the popularity of Robinson, they are well calculated to do so.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EGYPT: THE PLAGUE, &c.

Paris, July 15.

YESTERDAY a numerous and learned assembly was attracted to the sitting of the Academy of Medicine, to hear M. Pariset give an account of his visit to Egypt. The public is acquainted with the labours of this learned traveller. Not contented with having braved the plague in Europe, he resolved to go and combat it in its cradle, where it rages with the greatest fury. He therefore undertook to visit the East; and the motive and results of his travels he made known on this occasion.

He demonstrated three propositions:—viz. Egypt is the sole focus of the plague; the plague did not appear in the world till Egypt ceased to embalm the dead; in order to extirpate this scourge, Egypt must either return to its ancient custom, or adopt, as in Europe, general measures of police and health. New and striking details, brilliant and poetical descriptions, curious anecdotes, gloomy and dramatic pictures—an elevated, yet simple style, distinguished this narrative; which excited throughout the interest and sympathy of the audience.

Our readers will, we trust, be gratified by some extracts from M. Pariset's account. From other equally remarkable passages, we have selected the following description of the grotto of Samoun.

"Not far from Manfalout, and towards the end of the long marsh which closes Upper Egypt, on the plateau of the Arabic chain, and close to the surface of the ground, is the entrance to this grotto, still but little known to Europeans, and excavated in the centre of the mountain by the unaided hand of nature. It consists of a suite of vast and lofty saloons, connected by passages so narrow, that you are forced to crawl on your knees, and separated from one another by partitions of stalactites, which are now blackened by the smoke of the torches, and the soot which accumulated during a long conflagration; but which originally must have shone with all the brilliancy of crystal. It is a sinuous and profound retreat, of which the termination, after a four or five hours' investigation, has not yet been discovered. At a period too remote to be known, the mummies of crocodiles, of all sizes, have been carried into this gloomy cavern: the largest are ranged in successive layers, from the ground to the roof of the immense halls, those of middling size in separate packages of fifty and sixty, intermingled here and there with human mummies which were once gilt, and large strata of rosin, in which are piled up, in all directions, millions of small crocodiles.

"A curious circumstance is the enormous quantity of linen in which these animals are wrapped; several vessels might be loaded with it. These melancholy remains are clothed better than the Egyptian peasantry of our days. Whether from accident or design, fire was set to these dried linens, and burnt slowly for several years. At the sight of the heap of ashes which the fire has left, we conclude all has been destroyed: on looking at what remains, we imagine that nothing has been lost."

Extract of a letter from Havre, July 12.—"Prince Paul of Wurtemberg has just arrived here from New York. The dangerous travels which this prince has made into the interior of America during the last three years, and the information which he has acquired by long study, will give an extreme interest to his stay in France. He has opened a path to science through these unknown regions, which he has traversed, often at the hazard of his life. He has written an account of his journey, and returned with an immense collection of natural curiosities. His portfolio has been enriched with the finest drawings. His memory is really extraordinary: it is curious to hear him

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recapitulate the names of above sixty barbarous tribes, whose manners and customs he has attentively studied."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 13.—Being the first day of Easter term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—J. Ball, Fellow, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts. — Rev. R. Grenside, University College; B. Owen, Jesus College; C. Greswell, Fellow, Oriel College; T. B. Saunders, Wadham College.

Bachelor of Arts.—C. J. Tottenham, Balliol College.

April 21st.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—H. R. Beaumont, Grand Compounder, Christ Church; Rev. G. P. Stopford, late Fellow of All Souls' College; Rev. T. Humphreys, Jesus College; Rev. R. F. Laurence, Student, Rev. S. R. Cartwright, Christ Church; Rev. W. Young, J. C. Hayward, Oriel College; Rev. P. Turner, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—S. Taylor, St. Mary Hall, W. S. Blackstone, Christ Church, Grand Compounders; C. A. Bury, Magdalen Hall; G. Marwood, T. T. Carter, Christ Church; R. C. Clifton, Scholar, Worcester College; A. T. Gregory, Lincoln College; C. Worthy, Queen's College; S. Thackwell, Pembroke College.

April 28th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. E. P. New, Fellow, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. A. L. Kaye, Brasennose College; Rev. E. Riley, Lincoln College; G. C. Lewis, Student, Christ Church; Rev. G. Innes, Scholar, W. H. Surman, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. C. W. H. Alston, E. R. Berens, St. Mary Hall; B. Hemming, Magdalen Hall; E. Harland, Wadham College; H. James, Worcester College; J. Mytton, J. Fisher, Brasennose College; W. H. Boulton, W. P. Phillips, J. E. Eckley, Trinity College; W. H. Hughes, Lincoln College; W. R. Parker, A. Perkins, Oriel College; C. James, W. Bray, J. Foottit, Exeter College; G. F. Fowle, Balliol College; T. W. Creaser, Pembroke College.

May 5th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—G. Ekins, Fellow, New College.

Masters of Arts.—R. Spry, Grand Compounder, Wadham College; Rev. J. A. Harrison, St. Mary Hall; Rev. J. Lawson, St. Alban Hall; W. M. Harvey, W. D. Bernard, Wadham College; E. Seymour, Christ Church; D. Jackson, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—P. H. Symonds, St. Edmund Hall; W. B. Dynham, H. S. Hele, Magdalen Hall; W. L. Williams, Jesus College; R. Gray, A. Oxenden, University College; W. G. Giles, W. A. Bathurst, Wadham College; H. Auldjo, G. A. Goddard, Brasennose College; W. W. Knighton, J. Tobin, J. H. Grice, Christ Church; J. P. Wilson, H. C. Onslow, Denies, Magdalen College; G. Robbins, C. King, Clerk, Magdalen College; J. M. Jackson, Lincoln College; J. Stuart, Trinity College; H. Powell, A. R. Stert, Exeter College; J. Hardy, Oriel College; G. T. Whitfield, St. John's College.

May 13th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. H. Hughes, Fellow, W. Pilkington, Demy, Magdalen College; Rev. C. Whitefoord, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. G. Simcox, Wadham College, G. B. Moore, Christ Church, P. J. Honeywood, Trinity College, Grand Compounders; G. Casson, Brasennose College; G. Clark, W. Boyd, University College; D. Latimer, Lincoln College; E. W. Foley, Scholar, W. J. Neale, Wadham College; T. D. Acland, H. Kynaston, Student, Christ Church; W. Williams, J. R. Errington, C. E. Armstrong, Worcester College; H. Hebson, C. Cameron, H. G. Randall, Queen's College; T. L. Claughton, Scholar, Trinity College; W. Kitson, Scholar, Balliol College; A. A. Cameron, Pembroke College; R. W. Browne, Fellow, St. John's College; C. S. Bunyon, New College.

May 21st.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. Jaques, St. Alban Hall.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. C. Egginton, Rev. H. D. Clarke, Grand Compounders, A. Kent, Exeter College; Rev. R. B. Hone, Brasennose College; Rev. W. Holloway, Lincoln College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Williams, Jesus College; F. L. Popham, F. C. Polhill, University College; J. Dudley, Worcester College; C. Vaughan, Wadham College; J. W. Richards, W. H. Whitworth, G. E. Deacon, C. Balston, F. Holme, Scholars, Corpus Christi College; R. E. Tyrwhitt, J. H. Swainson, W. E. Partridge, Brasennose College; W. J. Groves, J. L. Crawley, Trinity College; E. Stephens, G. H. Kempe, Exeter College; C. Penny, Pembroke College; J. Nurse, Merton College.

May 25th.—First day of Act Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. F. H. Hele, Queen's College; W. C. Davies, Jesus College; Rev. W. Mayo, Rev. H. Ware, Magdalen Hall; Rev. D. Umbleby, Rev. H. Thompson, St. Edmund Hall; W. W. Ellis, Brasennose College; S. Whiddon, Rev. G. S. Escott, Rev. J. Manisty, Rev. G. Bellamy, Lincoln College; Rev. E. Dix, Exeter College; Rev. G. T. Hudson, Trinity College; G. E. W. Jackson, University College; E. V. Steade, Grand Compounder, Magdalen College; G. A. Browne, All Souls' College; Rev. E. H. Orme, St. Mary Hall; Rev. H. T. Dyke, Oriel College; Rev. T. Mozeley, Fellow, Rev. J. Guard, Oriel College; E. T. Daniell, Balliol College; Rev. J. Twigger, Rev. W. Browel, Fellow, R. Guppey, Pembroke College; Rev. J. Wood, J. Matthews, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. J. Coope, St. Mary Hall; H. Carey, E. W. Hughes, T. Goodson, Worcester College; J. P. Cox, J. K. Glazebrook, G. Abbot, A. Hewlett, P. J. Newell, Grand Compounder, Magdalen Hall; A. S. Lendon, W. A. Vaughan, C. S. Green, Christ Church; T. B. H. Browne, Jesus College; W. Etwall, F. J. Burgmann, A. W. Wykeham, Trinity College; J. P. Taylor, Lincoln College; J. Birch, Pembroke College; J. Gaskin, St. Edmund Hall; T. Garrett, Queen's College; C. L. Parker, Wadham College; S. F. Wood, R. F. Wilson, Oriel College; E. Cookson, University College.

In a convocation holden the same day, the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on J. Davies Gilbert, Esq. Gentleman Commoner of Pembroke College.

June 2d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Medicine.—J. M. Calvert, Oriel College.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. R. W. Jelf, Canon of Christ Church, Rev. G. Gilbert, Wadham College, Grand Compounders.

Masters of Arts.—W. Gray, Magdalen College, Sir S. R. Glynne, Bart. Christ Church, Grand Compounders: Rev. W. T. Wyld, Christ Church; F. K. Leighton, Fellow, All Souls' College; J. A. Giles, Scholar, Corpus Christi College; Rev. J. James, Queen's College; Rev. C. Buckner, Wadham College; Rev. S. Twisleton, Balliol College; H. N. Goddard, Brasennose College; Rev. I. Williams, Fellow, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Evans, Jesus College; J. C. Robertson, J. Norton, University College; A. C. Tarbutt, Scholar, H. C. Brooksbank, Wadham College; T. Clive, H. Walker, C. Lloyd, W. Wrottesley, W. Vincent, Christ Church; G. N. Simmons, Trinity College; J. A. Morshead, Exeter College.

The Chancellor's and Sir Roger Newdigate's prizes have been adjudged as follow:—

Latin Verse. — "Numantia:" R. Palmer, Scholar, Trinity College.

English Essay.—"On the Use and Abuse of Theory:" C. P. Eden, B.A. Oriel College.

Latin Essay.—"Quænam fuerit Oratorum Atticorum apud Populum auctoritas:" C. Wordsworth, B.A. Student, Christ Church.

Sir Roger Newdigate's English Verse.—"The Suttees:" P. M. Ashworth, Commoner, Wadham College.

June 9th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. B. R. Perkins, Christ Church; V. Surtees, University College.

Masters of Arts.—T. F. Dymock, Balliol College, J. J. Scott, Exeter College, Grand Compounders; H. D. Wickham, A. C. Bridge, Exeter College; T. J. Heming, Christ Church; R. Greenall, T. J. Birch, Rev. J. F. E. Warburton, Rev. J. F. West, Brasennose College; H. D. Sewell, Trinity College; Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, Rev. T. O. Foley, Queen's College; Rev. W. Syms, Wadham College; Rev. J. Sutton, Oriel College; J. Williamson, New College; W. Nettleship, Merton College; J. Gregson, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. F. Bethell, H. G. Surtees, A. E. Knox, Brasennose College; W. Graham, F. Moore, Christ Church; E. L. Ward, Wadham College; J. Todd, Queen's College; W. Gatty, Trinity College; W. Money, Oriel College; S. T. Adams, J. R. Hughes, Fellows, New College; H. Wightwick, Scholar, Pembroke College.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year, viz:—

For Latin Verse.—Attila.

For an English Essay.—The Study of different Languages, as it relates to the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

For a Latin Essay.—De Stoicorum Disciplina.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—For the best composition in English verse, not limited to fifty lines, by any undergraduate, who, on the day above specified, shall not have exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation: "Staffa."

Theological Prize.—On "the Fulness of Time" at which Christ appeared on Earth.

The judges having awarded the Theological Prize to B. Harrison, B.A. Student, Christ Church, that gentleman read his essay on "the Evidence deduced from Prophecy in Support of the Truth of Christianity," in the Divinity School on Thursday.

June 16th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Hon. E. Lascelles, Fellow, All Souls' College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. W. G. Bayly, Fellow, New College.

Masters of Arts.—J. U. Gaskell, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. Armitstead, Rev. R. Morris, Rev. R. G. Lewis, Wadham College; Rev. J. Meredith, W. Boulton, Christ Church; J. F. Christie, Fellow, Oriel College; Rev. W. Y. Mills, T. Lewin, W. Nicholson, Trinity College; Rev. H. T. Parker, Balliol College; Rev. D. Dobree, Pembroke College; E. E. Villiers, Fellow, E. Eyre, Merton College; Rev. H. Lemesuner, Fellow, New College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Sir W. B. Riddell, Bart. Christ Church; H. Moncrieff, New College; R. Leigh, Brasennose College.

In a convocation holden the same day, J. H. Hawkins, M.A. Trinity College, and the Rev. E. Lockwood, M.A. Jesus College, Cambridge, were admitted *ad eundem*.

June 23d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. B. P. Symons, Warden of Wadham College, Grand Compounder.

Doctor in Civil Law.—W. E. Marsh, Fellow, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. E. Riddle, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. E. Power, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. W. Johnson, Brasennose College; Rev. J. B. Bateman, Balliol College; Rev. C. B. Pearson, Oriel College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. F. S. Gabb, Jesus College.

Bachelor in Music.—S. Elvey, Organist, New College.

June 30th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—A. G. Lethbridge, Fellow, All Souls' College; Rev. J. Charnock, Lincoln College; T. M. Gosling, Brasennose College; Rev. C. B. Bowles, Exeter College; Rev. F. B. Leonard, Wadham College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. Metcalfe, Magdalen Hall.

The Rev. J. J. Smyth, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem*.

July 9th, the last day of Act Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Medicine, with License to practise.—S. L. Hammick, M.A. Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—Hon. E. Phipps, Trinity College; Rev. T. A. Strickland, Merton College; Rev. S. J. L. Lockhart, Lincoln College.

Bachelor of Arts.—T. T. Champnes, Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 20th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Physic.—G. Burrows, Caius College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. L. Wallace, Trinity College; Rev. W. Williamson, St. John's College; Rev. G. P. Simpson, Corpus Christi College; Rev. A. Farquhar, Rev. T. B. Lutener, Jesus College; Rev. E. Russell, Catharine Hall; Rev. J. J. Smith, Fellow, Caius College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. D. B. Langley, St. John's College; Rev. E. P. Nottidge, Trinity Hall; Rev. T. C. Haddon, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Fitzroy, R. G. Jebb, W. H. Rough, H. T. Simpson, Trinity College; R. Wegg, W. G. Moore J. Bull, St. John's College; H. V. Crotty, St. Peter's College; H. Westmacott, Corpus Christi College; H. N. Bousfield, E. B. Warren, P. Von Essen, T. S. Bonnin, Queen's College; H. Dawson, Catharine Hall; J. Oldknow, Christ College; J. W. Clarke, Sidney Sussex College.

May 6th.—Lord C. Wellesley, son of the Duke of Wellington, was admitted to the degree of Honorary Master of Arts; and C. W. H. Evered, Corpus Christi College, Bachelor of Arts.

May 18th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. Smith, Compounder, Emmanuel College, Vicar of Blerton and Stoke Mandeville.

Licentiate in Physic.—H. C. Duckle, Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. M. Chatfield, S. H. Walpole, Trinity College; R. M. B. Botcherby, St. John's College; L. Olive, Corpus Christi College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. D. H. Hill, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. W. Bacon, E. Durnford, J. W. Dowell, J. H. Law, King's College; T. Anderson, H. R. Lloyd, H. S. Thompson, Trinity College; H. T. Lumsden, R. L. Hill, St. John's College; H. W. Bates, St. Peter's College; E. S. Greville, Clare Hall; J. Banning, J. Forster, N. Wetherell, Trinity Hall; G. Farish, F. W. Pye, Queen's College; W. Barker, J. M. Jones, H. Mort, Catharine Hall; A. Baldwin, Jesus College; J. Crosley, Magdalene College; E. A. Rouse, Sidney Sussex College.

May 28th.—The Chancellor's medal for the best English poem was adjudged to G. S. Venables, Scholar, Jesus College. Subject—"The attempts which have been made of late years by sea and land to discover a North-west Passage."

June 1st.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Physic.—J. A. Nicholson, Compounder, Trinity College; R. Greenup, Queen's College; J. Barr, Emmanuel College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—S. Hobson, Catharine Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Guille, St. John's College; T. G. Kidd, Caius College; W. Oxley, W. Marsh, Pembroke College.

The following gentlemen were admitted *adeundem*:—T. L. Cursham, D.C.L. Lincoln College, Oxon.; W. D. Conybeare, M.A. Christ Church, Oxon.; C. Lyell, M.A. Exeter College, Oxon.

June 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. C. Porter, Caius College; Rev. W. H. Walker, Fellow, Queen's College; Rev. A. Veasey, Fellow, St. Peter's College; Rev. T. Tylecote, Rev. H. J. Rose, Fellows, St. John's College; Rev. R. Andrews, Fellow, Emmanuel College.

Bachelors in Physic.—H. Lee, Caius College; J. W. Noble, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. A. Nicholson, Compounder, C. D. Granville, Trinity College.

Prizes.—The following prizes were adjudged on the 13th:—

Sir William Browne's medal for Greek Ode, Latin Ode, Epigram.—J. Hildyard, Christ College.

Subjects: Greek Ode.—*Granta illustrissimo Regi Gulielmo quartogratulatur quod in solium Britannicum successerit.*

Latin Ode.—*Majora cacingitur artes.*

Greek Epigram.—*Magnas inter opes inops.*

Latin Epigram.—*Prudens simplicitas.*

Porson Prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse).—G. Kennedy, St. John's College. Subject, *As You Like It*, act ii. scene 1; beginning, "To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself," &c, and ending, "Native dwelling-place."

Members' Prize for Bachelor of Arts.—J. Spedding, Trinity College. Subject, *Utrum boni plus an mali hominibus et civitatibus attulerit dicendi copia?* (No second prize awarded.)

Members' Prizes for Undergraduates.—1. W. H. Thomp-

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son, 2. H. Alford, Trinity College. Subject, *Utrum fides Punica ea esset qualem perhibent scriptores Romani?*

July 2d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. G. E. Corrie, Catharine Hall; Rev. J. Hambleton, St. John's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. T. G. Browne, Trinity Hall.

Licentiate in Physic.—A. Frampton, St. John's College.

Bachelor in Physic.—F. R. Philp, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. C. Middleton, King's College; R. W. Morice, J. Morgan, Trinity College; J. Weighell, Pembroke College; W. H. Harrison, Caius College; J. Hine, Corpus Christi College; E. Cantis, J. D. Baker, Christ College.

The Rev. M. Lally, D.C.L. of St. John's College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

July 4th.—The Rev. J. Davies, of Queen's College, Bachelor in Divinity; R. M. Milnes, Esq. of Trinity College, Honorary Master of Arts; J. W. Budd, of Pembroke College, Licentiate in Physic; C. F. Broughton, of Emmanuel College, Master of Arts. W. Palmer, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, and R. Eden, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, were admitted *ad eundem*.

July 5th.—Being Commencement Day, the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—The Very Rev. G. Davys, Christ's College, Dean of Chester; Rev. E. Everard, St. Peter's College, Chaplain to the Household at Brighton; Rev. J. Griffith, Emmanuel College, Prebendary of Rochester; Rev. A. Dicken, Fellow, St. Peter's College; Rev. M. Irving, Trinity College, Prebendary of Rochester; Rev. T. Burnet, Christ's College; Rev. J. Sharpe, Sidney College, Vicar of Doncaster.

Doctors in Physic.—E. Morton, Esq. Trinity College; H. J. H. Bond, Esq. Corpus Christi College; G. Burrows, Esq., J. R. Corrie, Esq., H. Burton, Esq., Caius College.

Masters of Arts.—S. Best, J. Flamank, F. G. Lemann, King's College; W. Potter, W. Scott, J. C. Russell, St. Peter's College; J. S. Lowry, W. Whittington, R. W. Fisher, J. Haymes, J. D. Waite, Clare Hall; C. H. Cottrell, W. Tremenheere, Pembroke College; W. H. Stokes, J. J. Smith, G. Bland, J. Morgan, A. W. Langton, G. Pearse, J. Spedding, J. H. Jerrard, Caius College; R. Scaplehorn, L. F. Page, J. Goodwin, W. Dodd, E. Jones, W. Barker, T. W. Wrench, W. Thornton, J. Houghton, E. Kerrison, J. C. Haden, T. E. Hankinson, J. H. Smith, Corpus Christi College; W. G. P. Smith, J. W. Daltry, J. Raine, J. W. Barnes, J. P. Lee, C. Perry, J. L. Wallace, R. M. Chatfield, J. de K. Frampton, J. Micklebugh, F. Parker, F. Arkwright, F. Ford, C. J. Goodhart, F. Martin, E. H. Fitzherbert, E. Salkeld, J. G. Coddington, T. W. Peile, H. E. Fawcett, R. Ilderton, H. F. Atherley, J. Wordsworth, T. A. Ashworth, J. V. Povah, C. Rawlinson, R. Wedgwood, H. F. S. Lefevre, W. E. Hartopp, H. S. Marriott, E. P. Cooper, E. Waddington, W. Webster, J. H. Stone, C. F. R. Baylay, T. J. Knight, R. Hall, J. Maclaren, J. Bentall, A. Corbett, C. A. Monck, F. P. Roupell, C. J. Simpson, H. Barker, A. Glennie, C. J. W. Ellis, J. W. King, G. Platt, E. Young, G. W. Sanford, R. Drummond, A. Willis, E. Robertson, R. Cox, M. Thomas, M. G. Beresford, T. H. Croft, W. Paynter, J. J. Frobisher, Trinity College; T. Bros, J. C. Snowball, J. H. Evans, H. Almack, T. Lund, R. M. B. Botcherby, N. Cogswell, W. Selwyn, J. A. Baxter, J. Yardley, J. Gratrix, M. Cooper, R. N. Whitaker, G. A. Hopkins, J. H. Anderton, C. Smith, C. Fryer, J. James, J. Weybridge, D. Robinson, J. W. Harden, T. Overton, J. Clifton, T. Brayshaw, R. Snow, W. Quekett, J. Baily, E. Swann, E. Ramsay, R. Stammers, O. Luard, J. Appleton, G. J. A. Drake, J. D. Becher, C. E. Douglas, H. Hoare, E. W. Lowe, E. Luard, St. John's College; G. R. Tuck, T. B. Dickson, J. Collin, F. G. Rawlins, G. Gore, E. H. K. Lacon, R. L. Page, Emmanuel College; L. Marcus, G. Cheere, E. Hollond, F. Dusautoy, T. Watkins, C. M. Hesilrige, J. Picton, J. J. Hodges, J. Sheffield, T. Burrow, S. W. Bull, J. Singleton, T. J. Whittington, J. White, T. B. Ingham, J. Bateman, M. Onslow, H. Griffiths, Queen's College; R. A. Riddell, W. Staunton, H. Romilly, F. D. Eyre, Christ's College; C. Nesfield, T. Pooley, W. N. Andrews, B. Agar, A. W. Reynard, Jesus College; T. Halsted, F. H. Wollaston, Trinity Hall; J. Shore, W. D. Sheard, Sidney College; W. Myall, S. A. Smith, R. Dixon, E. B. Seckerson, W. K. Borton, J. J. Smith, H. R. Revell, Catharine Hall; T. H. Bird, S. Smith, T. Boydell, G. W. Wrangham, Magdalene College; St. J. W. Lucas, Downing College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

On Saturday last the anniversary of this Institution was celebrated at the Thatched House, St. James's. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex presided. There were also present the Rajah Rammohun Roy, Earl Munster, Mr. C. Wynn, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Alexander Johnston, and a distinguished list of warm supporters of the Society. After every demonstration of respect had been paid to the loyal toasts usual on such occasions, "Prosperity to the Asiatic Society and the Oriental Translation Fund," "the Royal Society," "the Asiatic Society of Bombay," "the East India Company," &c. were severally proposed, and received by the company in the most cordial manner. For the first, Earl Munster returned thanks. The Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, acknowledged that toast; observing, that ever since he was called to the chair of the Royal Society, one of his chief objects had been to further the ends of the Society by cultivating a friendly intercourse between it and the other scientific Institutions of the metropolis. The readiness with which the East India Company throws open its library and herbaria, and the splendid liberality which often marks its donations from the latter, need no eulogy here. The enthusiastic manner in which the Asiatic Society on this occasion acknowledged the East India Company, was exceedingly gratifying. Colonel Lushington returned thanks. The *bonhomie* of the royal duke tended materially to promote and prolong the enjoyments of the meeting:—his friend, as he called Rammohun Roy, notwithstanding the sumptuous viands which were placed on the table, partook only of the Brahminical fare—rice and water.

NUMISMATICS.

M. Mionnet has published the fifth volume of the Supplement of his valuable description of ancient Greek and Roman medals. It contains the medals of Bithynia, Mysia, and Troas. Among the medals of Nicæa in Bithynia, is a very remarkable one, of which Vaillant has an inaccurate description, thus corrected by M. Mionnet: "M. ANT. ΓΟΡΔΙΑΝΟCΑΤΤ: Head of Gordius Pius. Reverse, ΙΠΠΟΝ ΒΡΟΤΟΠΟΔΑ ΝΙΚΑΙΕΩΝ: a hero on horseback, his head covered with the Phrygian cap, and holding in his right hand a crown; the horse, the fore feet of which are human, holds in the right, lifted up, a baton or sceptre, round which is twisted a serpent, and its folded tail terminates with the head of a serpent. A little Victory flies before the hero, to crown him." The *Revue Encyclopédique*, however, sets M. Mionnet right on this subject; and states that the horse has not two human fore feet, but that, while on the left there is a human leg and foot, on the right there is a human elbow, arm, and hand, in which hand the baton round which the serpent winds is held. Both Vaillant and M. Mionnet describe the horse as holding with his right foot the baton which in fact he holds with a hand. The word ΒΡΟΤΟΠΟΔΑ, composed of Βροτος *homo mortalis*, and Ποδα (nominative πους) *pes*, naturally indicates the horse with a human foot: thus Vaillant translates the legend by the words "The horse with the human foot of the Nicæans;" "The town honours the horse," &c. being understood. Rasche, in his lexicon, translates these words by *equum hominum perniciem*, which by no means renders the word Βροτοποδα, which certainly applies to the horse thus represented with a human foot. There was, no doubt, at Nicæa a religious tradition respecting this wonderful horse, which has been lost, like so many others.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views of the intended Clifton Suspension Bridge, and of the proposed Gateway to it. Bristol, John Norton.

Another of those magnificent national undertakings, the results of that state of peace and prosperity which, we trust, no occurrence, external or internal, may disturb. It is proceeding with great spirit; and the calculation is, that it will be completed in four years. The length of the suspended road-way is to be 630 feet; and vessels will be able freely to pass under the bridge with all their sails set. The whole is to be executed according to the designs, and under the directions of Mr. Brunel, jun. The Egyptian style of the gateways will give them a very imposing stability of effect. The view of the bridge has, we observe, been lithographed by Mr. J. D. Harding, under the immediate inspection of the engineer, and expressly for the trustees, from whom the stone has been purchased by Mr. Norton.

Scrap Title. Ackermann.

Fanciful and elegant, and exceedingly well suited to form a commencing page to those female receptacles of drawings, MSS. &c.—albums and scrap-books.

Embellishments of the New Sporting Magazine. We have been favoured with proofs of the embellishments for the June and July Numbers of the New Sporting Magazine; and we must say that they do the editor and proprietors of the work great credit. "Trout-fishing," engraved by J. R. Scott, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A., and "A View in Switzerland," drawn and etched by Lieut.-Col. Batty, are pre-eminently beautiful.

Fox-Hounds in their Kennel. Painted by R. B. Davis, Animal Painter to the King; drawn on stone by J. W. Giles. Ackermann.

A new and interesting specimen of lithography; being a companion print to "the King's Harriers," which we noticed on its appearance. As in that beautiful work, we are much struck with the powerful expression of intelligence and sagacity which Mr. Davis has given to his dogs. They are full of life and spirit. The lithographic execution is admirable.

The English School. Numbers VII. to XIX. Tilt.

This little publication continues to furnish as adequate an idea of the English school of painting and sculpture as outlines of so diminutive a size can be expected to afford.

Portraits of W. Wordsworth and J. Gibson Lockhart, Esqrs. Drawn from the Life on stone by F. W. Wilkins. London, J. Dickinson.

Similar in style to the portrait of Allan Cunningham, noticed in our No. 751, these publications are strong resemblances to the distinguished authors whose names they bear. Having seen them, no one can miss recognising the originals wherever they may chance to meet them; and should either of them ever need to prove an alibi, this may be in their favour! Mr. Lockhart's likeness, however, gives us the idea of a larger man than he is, and we hardly think that the refined and elegant cast of his features is improved by thus being magnified.

New and improved Material for Sculpture Casts.—For some years past the Société d'Encouragement of Paris has offered a premium of six thousand francs for the composition of a material for casts to supersede plaster of Paris. This premium was lately adjudged to Messrs. Brian and St. Leger. According to the report of M. Merimée, their composition consists of chalk, clay, and flint calcined and ground. It hardens in the air and even under water, is easily worked, takes with facility every possible impression, and if it does not set so quickly as plaster of Paris, it is in consequence the more durable, and withstands the vicissitudes of the atmosphere for a great length of time.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPILOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR COQUETTES.*

What have I done? — Renounced the power to vex—
The will to flirt—that charter of our sex:
Chained to one home the thousand aims of life,
And grown—oh heaven!—domestic, yet a wife.
'Tis not too late: stay! am I yet resigned?
So young—not ugly—shall I change my mind?
Shall I reform but gently, bit by bit,
And grow—a very moderate coquette!
A change too hasty, should I not repent?
And, after all, what husband is content?
If once, to please the wretch, I stoop to mend,
Say, can ye tell me where the thing may end?
May not the creature next contrive to see
My weekly routes, require a schedule B?
May he not lop exclusive seats away,
And place the opera under schedule A?
Nay, not content to curb *my* faults alone,
Ask universal suffrage for his own?
Extend the elective franchise of his frown,
And bring my wardrobe to an annual gown?
Well, let me hope: I've said, and, come what will,
I'll stand, if you permit me, on the bill.

Trite is the truth, where'er our sex may turn,
Home hives the joys for which at heart we yearn:
With love at home how rarely have we erred;
But scathe the nest, and aimless flies the bird—
And each wild flight but speaks the baffled breast,
Whose very wanderings are the wish for rest.
Come then, reformed ere yet it be too late,
And the light folly grows the careless fate;
Come then, reformed while yet the art to tease
Is half forgot beneath the power to please;
Bid the heart cease thus idly far to roam,
And make, like travellers, all its tours at home!

Come, fly the snare—agreed, it does no hurt;
'Tis yet no sinecure to play the flirt.
Dull are the wretches who your charms adore—
You gain the lover to secure the bore.
Think of your spouse asleep in Piccadilly,
And own the Colonel is extremely silly;
Think of the cautions of your anxious mother,
And see, Lord Charles is flirting with another:
I grant your shawl is lovely and all that,
And yet your rival has a prettier hat;
I grant last night your beauty fired Sir James,
But lo! to-night extinguished are the flames:
In short, believe me, no affliction frets
Like that which crowns the conquests of coquettes;
Each tree of life will grow the fruit vexation,
But, lord! you buy an orchard in flirtation.

Come, then—I own the lesson I impart
Must oft be heard before 'tis learnt by heart;
Come, then, as often as ye will to school,
And your Honoria shall repeat the rule;
Come, then, each fair whose heart for conquest pants,
Ye married nieces and ye maiden aunts,
Or young or not *so* young, unwed or wives,
Coquetting lasts its votaries all their lives;
Come, if the men your footsteps *will* pursue,
Why each true convert may select a few,
Some sober major or demure Sir John,
To practise now and then her scorn upon!
Come, then, nor fear our school should be too small,
We *can* contain—may we content you all!

E. L. Bulwer.

* Having been favoured by Mrs. Gore with a correct copy of this Epilogue, which, though partially omitted as spoken, tells so well from the smart and pointed delivery of Miss Taylor, we have great pleasure in inserting it.

TO AN ANCIENT SUN-DIAL.

An hour has passed with lingering pace,
Since, bent in careless musing nigh,
I marked upon thy moss-grown face
The noiseless shadow stealing by;
An hour has passed—and wandering back
The fit of vacant idlesse o'er,
I see that shade in onward track
Advanced one scanty inch—no more.

Less blue the wide exulting sea,
More white the morning cloud may seem,
A little more the merry bee
Hath toiled beside the chiming stream,
A little bent appears the flower,
A little raised the mounting sun,
Less bright the dew—less cool the bower—
But other change on earth is none.

Yet to the world of nobler life,
What has that hour of stillness brought?
Desire—Despair—far-wasting strife—
The madness and the bliss of thought;
And Hope, that flatters to depart,
And Love, with unresisted chain;
And, O! the anguish of the heart
Which knows its all of fondness vain.

City and tower perchance have sunk,
To waste and howling ruin cast,
And armaments embattled, shrunk
Like reeds before the rending blast:
The mother to her new-born child
Has bared her life-bestowing breast,
And many a brow yet undefiled,
The ruthless grave has called to rest.

A knell for joys for ever fled—
A dooming voice beyond recall—
A trumpet signal, stern and dread,
Of warfare and of watch to all—
A sound o'er earth's arena sent,
To bid the strife of thousands cease;
Such is the gentlest moment, spent
Amidst the calm of halcyon peace.

But we, beneath the varying beam,
While thus Time's onward waters flow
O'er straw and bubble, dream and dream,
Nor heed the torrent's depth below.
Destruction, wide as land and sea,
And life, and death, and waste, and power—
Alas! who thinks that such must be
The record of each sunny hour?

J. F. Hollings.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE FRENCH TREE OF LIBERTY.

The 14th of July having excited a strong sensation in the French capital, when an attempt was made to revive the *planting of the Tree of Liberty*, we have thrown together a sketch of the early history and progression into politics of this old mythological ceremony.

The idea of planting trees as emblems of liberty certainly dates from the French Revolution: the practice was not previously known to any nation. But there is nothing new under the sun; and as customs which appear to be the offspring of the most recent time, prove, on closer investigation, to be merely relics of very ancient popular usages, so the French trees of liberty seem to be descended in a direct line from the May-trees, which, from time immemorial, have been planted among most of the nations of Europe as tokens of rejoicing or homage.

Into the origin of the May-trees it is not our business here to inquire. Father Carmeli, however, in his *Storia di vari Costumi sacri e profani*, shews that the Romans planted trees or green boughs before the houses of persons to whom they wished to do honour, and that this practice has prevailed ever since in Italy. It is evidently akin to the custom of strewing palms or green branches in general before persons, as signs of rejoicing or of triumph, or on the presentation of petitions to them.

Among almost all the nations of Europe we meet with the practice of planting May-trees, with various modifications according to local circumstances. In Germany and France we find examples enow of them so far back as the thirteenth century, the parishes making the landowners stipulate in their charters to furnish trees for the purpose out of their forests. Many of the convents thundered furiously against the felling of trees in their forests for May-trees; and obvious as the reasons were, still it does frequently appear as though they had in spirit beheld the tree of liberty in the May-trees of the feudal ages.

The custom of planting May-trees was general in France at the breaking out of the revolution. With the return of the month which from the remotest antiquity has been the month of joy, this lovely emblem was planted in every town and in every village. The aristocracy at length found means to transform this practice into a sort of privilege; and in order to be strictly legal, it was requisite that the May-trees should be planted either before the manor-house, the residence of the magistrate, or the church; for the servants of the Christian church were not the last to arrogate this honour to themselves, and in more than one place they had the ingenuity to convert this meagre compliment into a considerable revenue. It is more especially on this account that the history of the May-tree planted annually by the guild of goldsmiths, before the cathedral of Paris, is worthy of remark. At first, two of the masters, deputed by the trade, bearing the pompous title of Princes of the May, carried to the spot neither more nor less than a green tree, called *Mai verdoyant*. But the chapter soon perceived that the honour was very unprofitable, and that the flourishing May-tree, how large and green soever it might be, produced at last but a score perhaps of billets and faggots; it therefore soon contrived, in retaining the old name, to give the matter a more lucrative turn. It was not long before the May appeared in the form of silver plate, shrines, and even paintings. For upwards of a century, the cathedral of Paris received annually a votive picture, eleven feet high, which, in commemoration of the origin of the custom, was exhibited in the first days of May, decorated with flowers, at the great porch of the church. From the porch, the picture was removed to the nave; and as the *Mays* were painted by the first artists, the church had in this manner become a real museum, which was destroyed by the revolution. But from these Mays the tree of liberty would never have sprung; let us therefore prosecute our search after its real progenitors.

A corporation whose customs, upon the whole, were extraordinary, and which even bore the royal title, till deprived of it from jealousy by Henry III., the Basoche, the school of law of those times, composed of ten thousand scriveners, planted every year, in the court of the palace of justice, a colossal May-tree, which, by virtue of its privileges, it caused to be felled in the royal forests. This was in reality the king of the Mays, a majestic oak with verdant top: it was garnished with box, and decorated with festoons of flowers, garlands, and ribands

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of the colours of the Basoche, blue and yellow, and shields with the arms of the corporation, three inkstands in a field sable. This tree was left standing the whole year, till it gave place to its successor.

The Basoche, the history of which is not destitute of traits of genuine patriotism, did not with the last May which it planted originate the first tree of liberty. The idea, however, is not due by any means to this corporation of scriveners: a priest was the author of it, and one of the most insignificant communes in France gave the signal for its adoption—so the late Abbé Grégoire relates, in his little work *On the Tree of Liberty*, which appeared in the year 2 of the republic. This book has become extremely rare: Buonaparte, who utterly disliked the ardent republican, is said to have caused all the copies of it that could be met with to be destroyed; so that the few which escaped the persecution now sell at auctions for nearly their weight in gold. According to Grégoire, then, it was Norbert Pressac, curé of St. Gaudens, near Civray, in the department of the Vienne, who first conceived the notion of planting the ancient aristocratic Mays in honour of liberty. In May 1790, on the day that the new municipality was installed, he caused a handsome young oak to be dug up in the wood, and the inhabitants of both sexes planted it on the village green; after which the curé delivered an address in praise of the revolution and of liberty. "In the shade of this tree," said he, "ye shall bear in mind that ye are Frenchmen; and in your old age ye shall tell your children about the ever-memorable period in which ye planted it." He then exhorted all the peasants who were engaged in law-suits to submit the matters in dispute to arbitration:* they all complied, the arbitrators decided, and songs and rejoicings concluded the fête. No sooner was this patriotic proceeding made public by the newspapers, than it was imitated in a hundred places, and before long the idea of an individual was adopted as a national custom, and became in the end even a law of the state. Louis XVI. with his own hand planted a tree of liberty, with great solemnity, in the garden of the Tuileries; but the poor tree was subsequently doomed to suffer for its illustrious origin: the convention permitted the young orphans of the defenders of the country to destroy it, and to plant another in its stead.

In the early years of the revolution, the immediate derivation of the tree of liberty from the ancient Mays must have been universally acknowledged, for the month of May was almost every where chosen for setting up the first. It was in May 1792 that the enthusiasm of the nation for the new practice was especially manifested. All the communes vied with each other in planting stately trees. Just at this time the French territory was menaced by foreigners with invasion, and the communes swore before this emblem of their emancipation, as the soldier does before the colours, to defend the sacred soil of their country. The number of the trees of liberty at that time is computed at sixty thousand; for the smallest hamlet had its own, and in the towns in the south of France they were seen in almost every street, and even before most houses. Nor was it merely in towns and villages that trees of liberty were set up: they were planted also on the frontiers of the republic, and on the most elevated points of each department. Thus, French and Genevese agreed to set up, with due ceremony, an *arbre de la fraternité* at the boundary between the two countries; and about the same time a number of popular associations met to plant a tree of liberty on the summit of the Glandosse, one of the highest mountains in the department of the Drôme.

At first the trees of liberty seem to have consisted of nothing more than the trunks with their heads. As every commune made a point of selecting for this purpose the loftiest tree that could be found, the roots were of course useless: trees of such age could not be transplanted; and as they were set up just at the time of coming into leaf, whether they were planted with the root or not, they soon died; and the withered foliage conveyed to the mind of the spectator any thing but the idea of vigour and everlasting duration, of which the tree was intended to be an emblem. This inconsistency did not escape the National Convention; and therefore, by a decree of the 4th Pluviose, year 2 of the Republic, it ordered living trees to be planted in the place of the dead ones:—"In all the communes where the tree of liberty is dead, there shall be a new one planted before the 1st Germinal. The Convention expects that the good citizens will attend to the planting and preservation of the same, that in every commune the tree of liberty may grow and flourish under the ægis of the liberty of the French people." In this decree no particular species of tree is recommended; but the choice seems to have been left to the communes. Grégoire discusses this point in a separate chapter of his book, and pronounces in favour of the oak. The traditions respecting the veneration paid to it by our remote ancestors, says he, its majestic growth, its multifarious uses, and its diffusion over all France, entitle it to the distinction of the national tree. He also adduces in its favour its almost everlasting duration; but as, for that very reason, the growth of the oak is extremely slow, the honour of being the national tree was in most cases denied it. Indeed it would have been expecting too much of republican impatience to desire that it should wait a century for the shade of the planted oak. Grégoire proposed, it is true, to plant beside the oak a tree of rapid growth, which might be removed when the oak had attained a sufficient size; but this idea was by no means generally adopted. On the other hand, according to climate and circumstances, oaks, elms, chestnut-trees, plane-trees, poplars, mulberry-trees, firs, and pines, were taken indiscriminately for trees of liberty. In very many places a preference was given to the poplar, which it certainly deserved, because it grows so rapidly, and forming a verdant obelisk, as it were, is so well adapted to the adornment of public places. A poplar was the tree of liberty of the city of Rouen, the top of which, in 1810, rivalled in height the loftiest steeples in the city. There is still to be seen in the middle of the street of the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris, forgotten by most of the inhabitants, a tree of liberty, planted in the first days of the revolution, an elm, which is the more picturesque and the more striking from standing quite alone. This tree, a memorial of the days of the federation, having been spared by the political tempests, has become large and flourishing; while all things around it—dynasties and institutions, as well as men—have grown old and given place to others, it alone has continued to increase in vigour and beauty—an image of everlasting youth; and ere long, and before it has attained its complete maturity, it will have survived all those who saw it planted. By far the greater part of the population of Paris, it is true, know nothing of the tree in the Faubourg, or at least are ignorant of its history: instead of an inscription recording its origin, a dirty sign-board is perhaps attached to its trunk; but still its import is not wholly forgotten; and in the first days after the late revolution it was decorated with a tri-coloured flag.

This example shews that all the trees of liberty have not disappeared with the form of government under which they were raised: most of them, indeed, survived that era for a longer or shorter period; nay, in many a sequestered nook, in which the influence of the subsequent reactions has been scarcely perceptible, the tree of liberty may have been forgotten, and for that very reason it may still flourish. On the pediment of a village church a few miles from Paris, the famous phrase, *temple de la raison*, is still distinctly legible.

As far as we know, the imperial government took no notice whatever of the trees of liberty. Buonaparte, who knew how to tighten the thumb-screws of liberty with such scientific gentleness, was too well aware that the liberty which may be won in a day can be but slowly stifled in the course of years. He certainly struck the word *liberty* out of the vocabulary of the nation, and made a long *détour*, till he at length exchanged the fasces of the consul for the imperial arms. He abstained, therefore, from any public attack on the most harmless of those customs which were as a thorn in his eye, and contented himself with letting them fall gradually into disuse. He did, to be sure, endeavour to exterminate the work of the Abbé Grégoire, but evidently for this reason only—that the book, as a denunciation against tyrants, incensed the despot; and many a republican maxim contained in it sounded more disagreeably in his ear than the peaceful rustling of all the trees of liberty put together.

* A wise, excellent, and Christian advice: well would it be for society if it were generally adopted.—*Ed. L. G.*

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Napoleon's Midnight Review, a Cantata; and The Sea, a Song. By Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

THESE are two vocal compositions by the Chevalier Neukomm, a gentleman holding, we believe, a distinguished station in the French embassy in London. Though not a professor, he has, it is said, devoted his life to the cultivation of the musical art, and in his youth had the honour of being a pupil of the great Haydn. The cantata, "Napoleon's Midnight Review," may strike some persons as being deficient in melody; but on a little acquaintance, its excellencies begin to unfold themselves, and the hearer is impressed with the beauty of the composer's thoughts, and with the novelty and solemnity of the harmonic effects. The subject of the cantata is a review in "the shades" of his phantom troops by the ghost of Bonaparte, of which a version appeared in the *Lit. Gaz.** The second song is of a jovial cast, with an open, perspicuous melody, fit to be sung on the waves. The words are Barry Cornwall's. In composing this, the musician has renounced what might be called his *Germanisms*, and kept to his key and his theme with a clearness of purpose that cannot fail to lead to popularity.

* This is the song we have also mentioned as likely to have so great an effect if sung by Braham.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

MRS. GORE'S comedy is flourishing, and we rejoice in its success for three reasons. First,

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we rejoice on the lady's account, who deserves the favour she has met with. Secondly, because it has given a fillip to the business at the Haymarket, which was rather slack at the commencement of the season. Thirdly and lastly, because it has ousted from the bill the hackneyed comedies and haggled operas which were the cause of the slackness aforesaid. The Haymarket company is a good working one, but it requires novelty to render it attractive. There is no stock comedy, opera, or tragedy, which does not run the risk of most "odorous comparisons" if enacted now-a-days at the Haymarket. But novelties may be rendered equally unapproachable by any other establishment. The *fade* melo-drama of *Clari* still appears in the bill. Now why, we would ask, when successful novelties may be and have been provided for Miss Taylor, why oblige the town to recollect Miss Tree, Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Love, Mr. Keeley, Master Longhurst, the strong vocal corps, and the splendid appointments, that established its original reputation? *The Hunter of the Alps* is another gone-by piece of sentimentality. A semi-historical play is, however, announced (we understand by Mr. Poole); and the improvement of the houses, since *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You like It*, *Marriage of Figaro*, &c. &c. have disappeared, will most likely be more persuasive than the best-intentioned criticism. The late hours still remain to be corrected.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

On Saturday last, an opera called *Old Regimentals* was produced with such success that it has been performed every night since. It is the work of Mr. Bernard, to whom we are indebted for the very entertaining dramatic memoirs of his father. Bartley, Reeve, O. Smith, and Miss H. Cawse, are the stars of this agreeable piece. We are glad to see that Collins, the English Paganini, is about to appear at this theatre: the amusement of comparison and contrast must ensure great attraction.

Signor della Torre's concert was postponed, at a short notice, from Monday to Wednesday, and notwithstanding this, always unfavourable step, was fully attended. The music was altogether of a delightful order. Pasta was rather cool; but Mad. Raimbanx, Lablache, and Della Torre himself, were most efficient. The latter exerted himself greatly. Our young favourite, Jules Regondi, charmed the audience with his guitar.

VARIETIES.

Scientific Meeting at York.—This meeting is fixed for the 26th of September. Regulations similar to those of the German association have been drawn up. The society is to be called the Society of the British Cultivators of Science; and to consist of patrons as well as authors. It is to deliberate with open doors in different towns; to hold no property; and to provide accommodation for foreigners.

Aimé Bonpland.—We have a letter from Monte Video, of April 26th, which says, "Bonpland has not yet arrived; but he is daily expected."

Association for the General Encouragement of Literature.—At the last quarterly meeting of this Association, which was but thinly attended, Lord Dover took the chair. His lordship, referring to the engrossing nature of the political measure now under public discussion, recommended an adjournment of proceedings till the popular mind had become more settled; which, after some conversation, was adopted. Another meeting will probably take place about, or soon after, Christmas next. In our opinion, the plan, as heretofore developed, cannot succeed or do any good; but the principle of the design is so excellent, that we trust it may be matured and carried into effect, greatly to the benefit of authors and of general literature. The existing system is so obnoxious in many particulars, that its improvement is anxiously to be desired.

Pimlico Palace.—We are glad to see that Colonel Trench, ever a distinguished and active friend to the improvement of the metropolis, has brought the case of this palace into a tangible shape for discussion, and for the determination of its destiny. Having cost the country £632,000, the honourable gentleman assured the House of Commons that it might be so appropriated as to produce above £1,700,000. The matter is sent to the committee.*

Northcote.—This ancient artist, whose mortal illness we mentioned a few weeks ago, has submitted to the common lot. He died last week at his house in Argyll Street, at the advanced age of eighty-six. He was the oldest member of the Royal Academy, in which *Deanery* he is, we believe, succeeded by Sir William Beechey, whose recent works, nevertheless, shew him to be still in full possession of those powers which have so justly raised him to the highest rank in his profession.

The Hhounyhymns.—Swift's satire seems to be no longer entirely imaginary; for we see by a newspaper paragraph, that horses, even in this country, where they are not educated, are blessed with the faculties he ascribes: it runs as follows—"Some *horses* belonging to the Royal Artillery *came* from Woolwich on Wednesday, *for the purpose of giving instructions* to the *horses* stationed at Windsor in a newly discovered method of drawing."—*Windsor Express.*

Closings.—Melancholy times these! almost every place of amusement and exhibition has been closed or is closing; and yet the Reform Bill must condemn the capital to a prolonged, a numerous, and a feverish autumnal population. The two large theatres are shut; Somerset House Exhibition and the Water Colours looked their doors on Saturday; the Suffolk Street Gallery ends to-day; on Monday the French Company finished with Potier's benefit, not very crowded, though the bill of fare was tempting; and at Madame Petralia's concert on the same morning Paganini failed to draw a bumper. These are strange signs. At a meeting of the National Cemetery Company, however, it was resolved to open *that*, and the processions to go to the earth by water. The coronation, too, is to be on a scaly scale: the Age of Coppers has surely arrived; and in this hitherto august ceremony the triumph of *chandlery* over *chivalry* will be complete.

Chateaubriand.—The following anecdote of this eminent writer is related on the authority of his own publisher. Some time since, two or three Paris booksellers united to purchase the copyright of his works. They made him the liberal offer of half a million of francs (about twenty thousand guineas); it was accepted; and they gave him bills or notes at various dates for the whole sum. When as many of these as amounted to three hundred thousand francs had been paid, the booksellers acknowledged that instead of making a profit, they could not fail to lose by the speculation. A selfish man would have replied, "That is your affair, not mine." Chateaubriand, on the contrary, returned them the remaining bills, and thus sacrificed at once two hundred thousand francs.

Gleanings from Börne's Works.—"Never was Luther wiser than when he threw the inkstand at the devil's head! For the devil dreads nothing but ink, and betakes himself to his heels as soon as he noses it.

"Freedom may use her tongue, because speech is both her weapon and her spoils; but despotism is lost from the moment it attempts to vindicate its ways.

"A rusty shield prayed to the sun and said, 'O sun! illume me with thy ray!' To which the sun retorted, 'O shield! make thyself clean!'"

* We see from the newspapers, that the colonel proposes to convert Buckingham House into a national picture gallery, a national statue gallery, and a local habitation for the King's College, leaving one entire end of the palace, and one wing, with the whole of the attics, for other public purposes. From the statement accompanying this plan, it appears that Buckingham House is 9,860 feet square, while King's College is but 5,120, little more than one-fourth the size of the former. The rooms of the unfinished palace to be appropriated to the picture gallery by the plan are, the present gallery, three rooms at the north end of it, the music-room, the armoury, and the chapel. The statue gallery to comprise two conservatories to the garden-front; and a conservatory in the south-west angle would afford a fine hall for examination. These suggestions do not involve the necessity of a new grant. We shall offer some remarks on this subject in our next.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXX. July 23.*]

☞ We have to repeat (periodically), that while we diligently collect and publish every particle of what may be considered literary information, we cannot make this head of our *Gazette* a vehicle for covert Advertisements. These must appear in the regular course.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Harrison's Tales of a Physician, Second Series, crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—A Preparation for Euclid, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dods on the Incarnation, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Dates and Distances, post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Huskisson's Speeches, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Dutchman's Fireside, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Marshall on Ecclesiastical Establishments, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bulow's Histoire des Campagnes de Hohenlinden et de Marengo, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Eight Introductory Lectures at the London University, Sessions 1829, 30, 31, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Long's Anabasis of Xenophon, 12mo. 5*s.*: 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific, second edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 18*s.* bds.—De la Beche's Manual of Geology, fcp. 18*s.* bds.—Booth's Principles of English Composition, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Past and Present Times, by a Lady, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Smith's Synopsis of Architecture, 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cæsar's Commentaries, English notes by Barker, royal 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Walsh's Journey from Constantinople to England, 4th edition, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Gregory's Works of Rev. Robert Hall, Vol. I. 12*s.* bds.—Jacob on Precious Metals, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—M'Culloch's Series of Lessons, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* sheep.—Ryan's Lectures for Religious Instruction of Young Persons, 12mo. 4*s.* cloth.—Gray's Family Prayers, third edition, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Boy's Captivity and Adventures in France, &c. second edition, with additions, post 8vo. 8*s.* cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

July.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 14	From 54. to 65.	29·69 to 29·94
Friday 15	—— 48. — 67.	29·66 — 29·71
Saturday .. 16	—— 51 — 67.	29·73 — 29·76
Sunday.... 17	—— 50. — 74.	29·65 — 29·94
Monday .. 18	—— 50. — 72.	29·95 — 29·86
Tuesday .. 19	—— 51. — 70.	29·85 — 29·86
Wednesday 20	—— 53. — 66.	29·75 — 29·74

Wind S.E. and S.W., the latter prevailing.

Except the 18th and 19th, generally cloudy, with frequent heavy rain.

Frequent thunder in the N. and N.W. from noon till 1 P.M. of the 15th.

Rain fallen, 1 inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An article on Coronations, and the announced Coronation of the King and Queen, is intended for our next No.

Answers to many correspondents are unavoidably postponed.

Erratum.—Last week, page 452, col. 1, line 12, for "dream," *read* "dreams;" and insert a comma after "moment" in the same line.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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Notice.

WILKIE'S CHELSEA PENSIONERS READING the GAZETTE of the BATTLE of WATERLOO.

Moon, Boys, and Graves, respectfully announce, that the Engraving, by Mr. Burnet, from the above celebrated Picture, will be completed by the 10th of September next, when the printing will begin; up to which time the Subscription will continue open at the original prices, viz. 3, 6, 10, and 12 Guineas; the advance of price previously announced will then commence, viz. Prints, 4 Guineas; Proofs, 8 Guineas; India Proofs, 12 Guineas; India Proofs before the letters, 15 Guineas. It is therefore requested, not only on account of the advance of price, but also because the prior insertion of the Subscriber's Name will insure the earlier impression, that those who are desirous of possessing this highly interesting National Engraving, will immediately forward their Names to the Publishers, or through the medium of any Print or Bookseller, if more convenient.

Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printsellers to the King, 6, Pall Mall.

LEOPOLD, KING of the BELGIANS.—The National Portrait Gallery, No. 28, will contain a Portrait and Memoir of Leopold the First, engraved by J. Thomson, from the Original Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Marlborough House. The Part will also contain Portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Admiral Lord Howe.

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Sir Walter Scott, the Earl of Albemarle, and Lord Lynedoch, after the Paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, were the Portraits in No. 27, of which the *Literary Gazette* observes—"Such a production is alone sufficient to make the fortune of a Number. The romantic military career of the 'gallant Graham' is a good contrast to the literary life of the great poet."

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The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 612. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

THIS book will, we presume, be read with very different feelings, as the readers may happen to sympathise with or abhor the Irish Rebellion of 1798, of which its subject was one of the most interesting heroes. As matter of history it is not of much importance;—as the memoir of a private individual, connected with some of the first families in the kingdom, and unhappily concerned in a plot to overthrow the government, in the prosecution of which he lost his life, and as being thought worthy to employ the pen of Mr. Moore, it will possess greater popular attraction. We shall, therefore, keep as wide as possible from the debateable ground of politics—the most repulsive of all politics too, being Irish politics—and endeavour to illustrate the more general topics embraced by Mr. Moore, by our remarks and quotations. We are, however, bound to say, that the preface professes the work to be historical rather than revolutionary; and Mr. Moore's sanguine expectation that the liberal conduct of the present Administration will leave no excuse for the latter sentiment in the Emerald Isle.

Without entering upon the discussion, whether Lord Edward Fitzgerald was justifiable or criminal; we may observe, that his character offers a very curious study. He is represented as a most amiable rebel, a "frank and simple" conspirator. "I cannot," says his biographer, "resist the gratification of adding a few words of my own; though conscious that the manner in which his frank, simple character has unfolded itself before the reader of the foregoing pages, renders any further comment on it almost wholly superfluous. Both of his mind and heart, indeed, simplicity may be said to have been the predominant feature, pervading all his tastes, habits of thinking, affections and pursuits; and it was in this simplicity and the singleness of purpose resulting from it, that the main strength of his manly character lay. Talents far more brilliant would, for want of the same clearness and concentration, have afforded a far less efficient light." We are not quite sure that we attach a definite meaning to the last sentence; but we are free to acknowledge that all the correspondence, with every fact relating to him in this book, shews Lord E. Fitzgerald to have been what he is painted, an exceedingly kind-hearted fellow, an affectionate relative, and especially a fond son, whose filial love for his mother could not have consisted with a bad disposition. Mr. Moore intimates that he was obstinate; and to our view he appears to have partaken largely of that defect which is but too prevalent among his countrymen, and betrays them into most of their errors;—he was a creature of impulses, and not of reason, and his very warm and good feelings were the cause of his connexion with the enemies of his country, and plunging headlong into treason. An ardent temperament, without the balance of sound judgment; a mind alive to strong passion, but destitute of real strength; many virtues, but even these tending to extravagance and unguided by a leading principle — such were the component qualities and defects of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; such are the "bane and antidote" of tens of thousands of living Irishmen, the sources of their excellences and of their faults, the origin of the mingled brightness with the misfortunes, troubles, and miseries of Ireland. For it is a waste of sense to talk of this or that government of Ireland, as the cause of its turbulence, and poverty, and discontent: the spirit of the rulers will undoubtedly have some influence on the condition of the nation; but look at Irish history from the earliest record to the present hour, and the same scene presents itself, whether under native kings or foreign conquerors, under severe or lenient systems — it is the character of the people, from breaking their neighbours' heads at a fair or wake, to civil wars and rebellions.—But we hope we are not getting into political speculation — we are sure we are not into party.

Lord E. Fitzgerald, it seems, entertained a pretty fervent first love to one Kate; but this was superseded by a more fervent second love, in which he was disappointed. As Moore is an authority on such matters, we beg leave to call him into court: he agrees with another poet, "that, in natures of this kind, a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second; that imagination must act as taster to the heart, before the true 'thirst from the soul' is called forth, and that, accordingly, out of this sort of inconstancy to one object is oftenest seen to spring the most passionate, and even constant, devotion to another." It might, on this theory, be useful for ladies, when they are flattered or wooed, to inquire whether it were the lover's first or second offence; and we philanthropically throw out the hint. Lord E. F. being in the second and true passion, suffered exceedingly from its rejection, and to divert his mind went a second time to America, in a fit mood to wander as he did among the savages, and engraft democracy on his personal grief. Thus, when he returned to Europe, he was just ripe to become an enthusiast for the French Revolution, and join the band of United Irishmen. He had previously acted almost throughout (*i. e.* except when the Duke of Leinster sided with the ministry) with the opposition in the Irish Parliament; and we notice within two pages a sort of contradiction between his biographer and him respecting his fellow-patriots. Mr. Moore says, "Mr. Conolly again appears among the supporters of government; while the name of Lord Edward is found, as usual, shining by the side of those of Grattan and Curran, among that small, but illustrious band,—'the few, fine flushes of departing day,'—that gave such splendour to the last moments of Ireland as a nation;" whilst in a letter, of February 26th, 1787, Lord Edward writes, "when one has any great object to carry, one must expect disappointments, and not be diverted from one's object by them, or even appear to mind them. I therefore say to every body that I think we are going on well. The truth is, the people one has to do with are a bad set. I mean the *whole*; for really I believe those *we* act with are the best. All this is between you and me." The "illustrious band" being but "a bad set," is a droll contradiction. A little further on we are surprised by a bit of a fling of Mr. Moore's own at the Whigs, anno Domini 1790, when Lord E. was in London.

"Left thus open to the influence of all that was passing around him, it may be conceived that the great events now in progress in France could have appealed to few hearts more thoroughly prepared, both by nature and position, to go along with their movement. In the society, too, which he now chiefly cultivated,—that of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and their many distinguished friends,—he found those political principles, to which he now, for the first time, gave any serious attention, recommended at once to his reason and imagination by all the splendid sanctions with which genius, wit, eloquence, and the most refined good-fellowship could invest them. Neither was it to be expected, while thus imbibing the full spirit of the new doctrines, that he would attend much to those constitutional guards and conditions with which the Whig patriots, at that time, fenced round even their boldest opinions,—partly from a long-transmitted reverence for the forms of the constitution, and partly, also, from a prospective view to their own attainment of power, and to the great inconvenience of being encumbered, on entering into office, by opinions which it might not only be their interest, but their duty, to retract."

The difficulty of maintaining in power the doctrines of opposition is, indeed, a confounded bore: for our parts, as honest and fair men, willing to do by others as we should wish others to do by us, we declare in sincerity that we think it out of nature to insist upon it. Our author continues, "it was not, indeed, till Lord Edward's visits to France in 1792 that he appears to have espoused zealously and decidedly those republican principles upon which, during the short remainder of his life, he acted with but a too fearless consistency."

From Paris he writes: "I lodge with my friend Paine,—we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew a man before possess."

No wonder, under such influence, that he, with Sir Robert Smith, renounced his title at a public meeting, and fraternised with the republicans. For this he was dismissed from the British army, in which he held a majority. At this period he met, fell in love with, and married the celebrated Pamela, though bearing

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the horridly unromantic name of Mlle. Sims, the daughter of Mad. de Genlis and the Duke of Orleans.* With her he returned to London in 1793; and afterwards went to Ireland, where, in 1796, as Mr. M. contends, and not before, he joined the United Irishmen, and became *a*, if not *the*, head of that dangerous conspiracy, which in February 1798 counted "little less than 300,000 men," regimented and armed at its beck.

Into its details we have neither space nor inclination to enter: the differences between the Presbyterians and Roman Catholics; and among the chiefs, as to the aid from France, the proper time for rising, &c. &c.; and the betrayal of its organisation to government, weakened its force; and when it did break out, led to the catastrophe of its gallant leader. The accounts of the fidelity with which he was sheltered and concealed for several months is extremely honourable to the Irish character; but as there are no hair-breadth 'scapes to relate, we shall leave the narrative to Mr. Moore's readers. At length he was betrayed while residing in the house of a Mr. Murphy. In the afternoon he had gone up to his bedroom, and lain down, without his coat, on the bed.

"Mr. Murphy," continues the story, "had but just begun to ask his host [quære guest?] whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, 'like a tiger,' from the bed, on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, 'Take that fellow away.' Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and, immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room. In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief. It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage, that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer, while in this state, from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is,

> 'Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks
> Frighted them being free.'

It being understood that Doctor Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighbourhood, messengers were immediately despatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, 'I'm sorry for it.' * * * * *

"In the desperate resistance which he made, Lord Edward had no other weapon than a dagger, and the number of wounds he is said to have inflicted with it on his two adversaries is such as almost to exceed belief. This dagger was given by Lord Clare, a day or two after the arrest, to Mr. Brown, a gentleman well known and still living in Dublin, who has, by some accident, lost it. He describes it to me, however, as being about the length of a large case-knife, with a common buck handle,—the blade, which was two-edged, being of a waved shape, like that of the sword represented in the hands of the angel in the common prints prefixed to the last Book of *Paradise Lost*."

Having been committed to Newgate, all access was denied to him till very near his death; but the following memoranda, in the handwriting of his brother, Lord Henry, supply some affecting information upon this melancholy period.

"'Has he got fruit?—does he want linen? How will the death of R. (Ryan) affect him? What informers are supposed to be against him? Upon his pain subsiding, the hearing of Ryan's death (which he must have heard) caused a dreadful turn in his mind. Affected strongly on the 2d of June—began to be ill about 3. Clinch executed before the prison. He must have known of it—asked what the noise was. 2d of June, in the evening, was in the greatest danger. Mr. Stone, the officer that attended him, removed the 2d of June—could not learn who was next put about him. 2d of June, in the evening, a keeper from a mad-house put with him—but finding him better in the night, left him. June 3d, exhausted, but composed. 3d of June, wrote Chancellor a pressing letter to see E.' The answer of the Chancellor to the application here mentioned was as follows:—

From the Earl of Clare to Lord Henry Fitzgerald.

"Ely Place, June 3, 1798.

"'My dear Lord,—Be assured that it is not in my power to procure admission for you to Lord Edward. You will readily believe that Lord Camden's situation is critical in the extreme. The extent and enormity of the treason which has occasioned so many arrests, make it essentially necessary, for the preservation of the state, that access should be denied to the friends of all the persons now in confinement for treason. Judge, then, my dear lord, the situation in which Lord Camden will be placed, if this rule is dispensed with in one instance. Mr. Stewart has just now left me; and from his account of Lord Edward, he is in a situation which threatens his life. Perhaps, if he should get into such a state as will justify it, your request may be complied with; and, believe me, it will give me singular satisfaction if you can be gratified. You may rest assured that his wound is as well attended to as it can be. Yours always, truly, my dear lord,

'CLARE.'"

We are glad to see, in another place, that while condemning his politics, Mr. Moore does justice to the generous conduct of Lord Clare towards Lord E. Fitzgerald; whose death we now describe from a letter from Lady Louisa Conolly to Mr. Ogilvie (the second husband of the Duchess of Leinster), Dublin, June 4, 1798.

"At two o'clock this morning, our beloved Edward was at peace; and, as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night, a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning. But, in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him. Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears), 'It is heaven to me to see you!' and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'where is he, dear fellow!' Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.' However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, 'And the children too?—She is a charming woman;' and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me, that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was; but, thank God! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure. When we left him, we told him that as he appeared inclined to

* Of this individual we copy some account from a letter of Lady Sarah Napier's, in 1798, after her husband's death: "She is *a character*, but it is noble, elevated, great; and not easily understood by those who level all down to common worldly rules. According to the observations you must have made, in reading and experience of characters, you will find hers susceptible of all that belongs to a superior one. Uneven in strength of body and mind, she rises or sinks suddenly with illness and with affections. She launches out into almost ravings from her lively imagination,—sees things in too strong lights—cannot bear violent checks, but is soothed into reason by tenderness with ease. I know no human being more formed by your tender, patient perseverance to bring her poor distracted mind to composure; and your talents for cheerfully occupying her thoughts will, I doubt not, chime in with her natural youthful vivacity so well, as to give you full powers of consolation over her mind in due time."

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sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do;' but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away; and very shortly after, Mr. Garnet (the surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock; so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly. He sometimes said, 'I knew it must come to this, and we must all go;' and then rambled a little about militia, and numbers; but upon my saying to him, 'It agitates you to talk upon those subjects,' he said, 'Well, I won't.' I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer,—was vastly devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ, the subject picked out by himself, and seemed much composed by it. In short, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation, and can look to his present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a mind may meet his God! The friends that he was entangled with pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. God bless you."

With this we should drop the curtain, but for a few particulars which we can hardly persuade ourselves to omit, though we cannot arrange them very consistently. They must pass as loose notes.

Mr. Moore, at page 10, vol. ii. favours his admirers (*i. e.* the public) with a statement of his age, viz. that in 1798 he had just turned his seventeenth year; so that our delightful lyrist must now count fifty. He further tells us, that his first essay as a writer in prose was in the "Press newspaper,—a journal which had been in the year 1797 established in Dublin, for the express purpose of forwarding the views of the Union, and of which Mr. O'Connor had lately become the avowed editor. In this newspaper," he says, "the author of the present memoir confesses to have made his first essay as a writer of prose; and among those extracts from its columns which are appended to the report of the secret committee, for the purpose of shewing the excited state of public feeling at that period, there are some of which the blame or the merit must rest with an author who had then but just turned his seventeenth year."

Of fashionable society in Dublin, the following naive trait is furnished by Lord E. F. (1792.)

"I have dined by myself, and intended giving up the evening to writing to you, but have had such a pressing invitation from Mrs. * * to sup that I cannot refuse. I hope it is to make up a quarrel which she began the other night, because I said I thought she was cold. I find it is the worst thing one can say of a Dublin woman:—you cannot conceive what an affront it is reckoned."

As the politico-satirical powers of Mr. Moore were bitterly exercised upon our late King, we think the subjoined quotations relating to his Majesty must excite considerable interest. Mr. M. has just mentioned the execution of Lord E. F.'s will in Newgate, and he adds:

"During this painful interval, the anxiety of Lord Edward's friends in England was, as the following letters will shew, no less intense and active. The letter from the late King will be found to afford an amiable instance of that sort of good-nature which formed so atoning an ingredient in his character. While, with the world in general, it seems to be a rule to employ towards living kings the language only of praise, reserving all the license of censure to be let loose upon them when dead, it is some pleasure to reverse this safe, but rather ignoble policy, and, after having shocked all the loyal and the courtly by speaking with more truth than prudence of his late Majesty when living, to render justice now to the few amiable qualities which he possessed, at a time when censure alone is heard, over his grave, from others. Seldom, indeed, were the kindlier feelings of George the Fourth more advantageously exhibited than on the subject of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,—not only at the time of which we are speaking, when, on his first interview with the afflicted mother of his noble friend, he is said to have wept with all the tenderness of a woman in speaking of him, but at a much later period, when it was in his power, as monarch, to perform an act of humane justice towards Lord Edward's offspring, which, both as monarch and man, reflects the highest honour upon him."

The letter follows:

From his Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, to William Ogilvie, Esq.

"Carlton-house, June 6, 1798.
Three quarters past 5, p. m.

"I feel so truly for the duchess and the unfortunate Edward, that I am sure there is nothing in the world I would not attempt to mitigate the pangs, which I am afraid but too much distress her grace at the present dreadful crisis. I would, were I in the habit of so doing, most undoubtedly write to Lord Clare; though, even were that the case, I should hesitate as to the propriety of so doing, thinking that such an application to *the Chancellor* might be subject to misconstruction, and consequently detrimental to Lord Edward's interests. But I have no hesitation in allowing you to state to his lordship how much pleased I shall be, and how much I am sensible it will conciliate to him the affections of every humane and delicate mind, if every opportunity is given to poor Lord Edward to obtain an impartial trial, by delaying it till his state of health shall be so recruited as to enable him to go through the awful scene with fortitude;* and until the minds of men have recovered their usual tone, so absolutely necessary for the firm administration of justice. This, my dear sir, I have no scruple to admit of your stating in confidence, and with my best compliments to the lord chancellor. My long and sincere regard for both the Duchess and the Duke of Leinster would have naturally made me wish to exert myself still more, were I not afraid by such exertion I might do more harm than good. Excuse this scrawl, which I pen in the utmost hurry, fearing that you may have left London before this reaches Harley-street. I am, dear sir, with many compliments to the duchess, very sincerely yours, GEORGE P."

The benevolent sequel to this humane and illustrious conduct was the reversal of the attainder of Lord E. Fitzgerald, in 1819, and the provision for his son by a commission in the Tenth Hussars. Reflecting on these noble actions, will it be thought that Mr. Moore's introductory remarks, balancing between the living and posthumous abuse of George IV., do justice to his character? All we shall say is, that our meed would have been warmer. But we must conclude. Having chiefly taken up events, we should state, that though of slight public consequence, most of the correspondence in these volumes is delightful reading; and that a fine portrait of Lord E. F., by Hamilton, engraved by Dean, adorns the work. We rise from its perusal with a mixture of pain and sorrow; for, after all the hues thrown upon its subject by the kindly and glowing pen of the biographer, it is lamentable to contemplate a high-minded and generous young man, deeply imbued with the best social affections, so utterly torn from his true sphere in the rank of gallant soldiers, and the enjoyment of refined pleasures, as to die in a dungeon, a death of suffering and disgrace, a murderer and a traitor.

* "It will be seen, by a subsequent letter, that the Duke of York exerted himself with such zeal, on this point, that he succeeded in obtaining the royal consent to a delay of the trial."

The Club-Book: being original Tales, &c. Edited by the Author of "The Dominie's Legacy." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

THERE are some of these tales with which we will not march through Coventry; that's flat. We have no objection at all to the leader of the company, James, whose "Bertrand de la Croix" is worthy of the author of *Richelieu, Darnley*, and *De l'Orme:* it is a very spirited story, in the compass of a hundred pages. Neither do we object to companionship with Tyrone Power's "Gipsy of the Abruzzo;"—we only wonder where the deuce our clever comedian has got all his acquaintance with Italian scenery and manners. We should like to go to the same fountain for information's sake. But we will not say so much for our next grenadier comrade, Galt, who seems to have emptied his knapsack of its least valuable contents for this expedition. The "Unguarded Hour" is the very old anecdote of a murderer surprised into a confession of guilt, by the judge leading him to suppose the ghost of the murdered is coming. Of "The Painter," we dislike the incident much; besides, it is one of his dramas turned into prose. The "Book of Life" has appeared in Blackwood; and "Haddad-ben-Ahab" is an eastern apologue, in which we delight not. "The Fatal Whisper" is the best. Mr. Moir, the Delta of Blackwood, has, under the title of "The Bridal of Borthwick," expanded into a prose narrative a very stirring ballad, which he found in Ellis's *Specimens*, and which he has by no means improved. The Ettrick Shepherd's "Laidlaws" is without any thing particular to recommend it; and his "Bogle of the Brae" has no magic, except its lantern. "The Deer Stalkers" and "The Three Kearneys," by the editor, Picken, are but dull and mediocre; and "The Cheatrie Packman," by Leitch Ritchie, is neither new nor captivating. "Gowden Gibbie," by Allan Cunningham, promises more of whim and character at its outset than is fulfilled in its performance. It is a great evil in modern, and particularly in periodical literature, that articles are often executed to measure,—the order is for three volumes, a sheet, or so many pages, and no matter what the intrinsic nature of the material, it must be *pro-Crusted* accordingly. In the midst of the prose, the staple of these volumes, and so much of it from Scotch hands, we have, we were going to say, the relief of some poetry by an English Lord, F. Leveson Gower; but it is only some pieces of the romantic play of *Hernani*, done from the French into our own language in a very task-like manner.

Resembling the Annuals in its composition, the variety of the *Club-Book* will, however, recommend it to every class of readers, who read for amusement; for though, as we have truly stated, some of its parts are but level,—as a

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whole, it is well deserving of that popularity which must be the extent of its claim, viz. a circulation of some three thousand copies. That we may do our *possible* towards accelerating this consummation, we will quote one of the stories entire; and it is very natural that we should select the one entitled "The Sleepless Woman," by William Jerdan. For this writer we can have no predilection; and indeed we are so little acquainted with any original performances of his (for we understand he is a mere hack critic, who, as we gather from the continual censures and abuse of a dozen or two of superior but unsuccessful periodicals, scribbles for booksellers; and, what is most extraordinary, though universally esteemed by the public, without the talent to give satisfaction to any of these contemporaries), that it is the novelty, and not the merit of the thing, which tempts us, in this instance, to honour him with our notice. The idea seems to be fanciful: we should like to know whence it sprung; but that is impossible, and we must take it as we find it. We presume nobody will dispute our grave right to this particular mode of criticism: if they do, we can only pun in our defence, that it is Joking a-Parf.

"Heavily set in massive brass, whose rich and ingenious carving was tarnished and dull, a ponderous lamp swung from a ceiling blackened by its smoke. Every thing in the room spoke of time, but of time that had known no change. Knights, whose armour was, at the latest, of two centuries back—ladies, in dresses from which their descendants started in dismay—looked out from the discoloured tapestry; and the floor, dark with age, added to the gloom. Beside the hearth, whose fire, from the rain beating down the huge chimney, burnt every moment dimmer, sat two old domestics. The man in a scarlet gown, and a belt, from which hung a heavy bunch of keys, was the seneschal; and opposite was his wife, in a brown silk dress, and a string of ebony beads, which she was busily employed in counting. Between them was a small antique oak table, where a flask and two bell-mouthed glasses appeared temptations which, it must be owned, somewhat interrupted the telling of the beads. In the centre of the chamber stood an immense hearse-like bed; the purple velvet curtains swept to the ground, and at each corner drooped a large plume of black ostrich-feathers. On this bed lay a little withered old man, apparently in the last extremity of age, and very close upon the border of death. His spare form was hidden in an ample black robe, fastened round the waist with a white girdle, on which were graved strange characters in red; and on his breast was a white square, covered with stars and signs wrought in gold. The old man's face was ghastly pale, and rendered yet paler by the contrast of his black scull-cap, which was drawn down even to his gray and shagged eyebrows. But the features were restless; and the small keen eyes, though fast losing their brightness, were full of anxiety. The wind shook the tall narrow windows, and howled in the old trees of the avenue; at every fresh gust, the baron's impatience seemed to increase—for what we are telling relates to the Baron de Launaye. 'Tis a rough night,' muttered he; 'but Adolphe is as rough a rider—and a dangerous road; but I am the first De Launaye who ever drew bridle for that. And then my summons—it was sure to reach him; ay, though alone, in the midnight bower of the mistress whose name and his suspicion had never coupled together even in a dream—even though consciousness were drowned in the crimson flowing of the wine—though sleeping as men sleep after battle, pillowed on the body of their deadliest enemy, or of their nearest and dearest friend—my summons would be borne on his inmost soul. But will he come, at the bidding of his dying uncle?—will Adolphe, he, the only human being whom I ever loved—will he or will he not come?' The question was answered even at the moment it was breathed. The horn at the castle-gate was blown impatiently—the fall of the drawbridge was heard—a moment's pause, and a light foot sprang up the oaken staircase with all the speed of haste and youth. The door opened, and in rushed a young cavalier. The white plumes of his cap were drenched with wet—the diamond clasp that fastened them was dim with damp—but his bright auburn hair glistened with the rain-drops. Hastily flinging his riding cloak, heavy with moisture, to the ground, the stranger sprang to the bedside. A gleam of human love, of human joy, passed over the old man's face, as, tenderly and gently, his nephew asked of his tidings, and expressed such hopes as affection hopes when hope there is none. 'Child of my love,' murmured the dying baron, 'for whose sake only I have ever given one thought to the things of earth, bear yet a moment with the feeble wretch who but a brief while will stand between you and the title of your ancestors and wealth. Many a prince of your mother's house would think his kingdom overpaid if purchased by its half. You are young—I never was—my heart, even in boyhood, was old with premature knowledge. You have that beauty, the want of which has made my life a curse—you have that strength of body, the want of which has paralysed my strength of mind. I have doubted if happiness dwells on this evil earth—I will not doubt, when I hope for yours. You will hear me called necromancer: out on the base fools who malign that which they understand not, and would bring down the lofty aim of science, the glorious dream of virtue, to their own low level! You will hear me called miser: Adolphe, have you ever found me so?' 'My father—my more than father!' passionately exclaimed the young man, hiding his face on the pillow, as if ashamed of the violence of mortal grief, in the presence of one so soon to be immortal. 'Adolphe,' continued his uncle, 'you have heard, though not from me—for I sought not to weigh down your ardent mind with all that has pressed upon me with the burden of hopelessness, and long has the knowledge been mine—that the fetters of clay are too heavy for the spirit. Your young hand was fitter for the lance than the crucible; and the bridle-rein would have been ill exchanged for the lettered scroll. But something I know of that future, into which even the sage can look but dimly. Adolphe, the only question I asked was for thee! Alas! the vanity of such wisdom! It has told of danger that menaces, but not of the skill that avoids. My child, evil came into the world with woman, and in her is bound up the evil of your destiny. Vain as the glance they throw on the polished steel of their mirror—false as the vow they make for the pleasure of breaking—inconstant as the wind, which changes from point to point, and for whose change no philosophy hath ever discovered a cause: shun them, Adolphe, as you would disloyalty to your king, flight from your enemy, or falsehood to your friend.' The old man's voice became inaudible, and his head sank on Adolphe's shoulder:—'Margarita, water—or, Jacques, give me the wine.' The youth tried to pour a few drops into the baron's mouth. The dying man motioned back the glass, and, looking in the cavalier's face with a strong expression of affection and anxiety, muttered something of 'woman' and 'danger'—'bright,' 'eyes,' 'bright,' 'beware'—these were his last broken words. He expired. Contrary to the charitable expectations of his neighbours, the Baron de Launaye was buried with all the rites of the church; the holy water was sprinkled on the corse, and the holy psalm sung over the coffin. A marble tablet marked his grave; and there the moonlight slept as lovingly as ever it did on the sinless tomb of saint or martyr. The new Baron de Launaye lamented his uncle's death in a very singular manner, for he was his heir—and the young and the rich have not much time for regret. But Adolphe (he was remarkable from a child for his memory) could not forget the kindness—and more than kindness—the love that his uncle had lavished on the little orphan, who noble and pennyless at the age of five years, was left dependent on his bounty. However, sorrow cannot—indeed nothing in this world can—last for ever. Adolphe's grief became first only sad; next, melancholy; thirdly, calm; and, fourthly, settled down into a respectful remembrance, and a resolve to bear his uncle's last words in mind. Indeed, the muttered, vague, and uncertain prediction quite haunted him. 'I am sure,' said he, in one of his many pondering moods, 'I am sure my past experience confirms his words. I never got into a scrape but a woman was the cause. I had been in my outset at court, page to the Duke Forté d'Imhault, and, gone with him on that splendid embassy to Russia, had he not been displeased with my awkwardness in fastening the duchess's sandal.' And he laughed as he said this: who in the world could guess why the loss of his appointment should make the young baron laugh! 'And then, who caused the duel between me and my Pylades, the Marquess de Lusignan, but that little jilt, Mdlle. Laure? However, my sword only grazed his arm: he wore an exquisite blue silk scarf, and we were better friends than ever. Oh, my uncle was right: women were born to be our torment.' Still was this conviction impressed on his mind like a duty. Yet he could not help thinking that a few bright eyes would light up the old hall better than the huge brazen lamps which now served to make darkness visible. From thinking of the pleasantness of such an illumination, he began to think of its difficulties; and the difficulties of the project soon referred only to the place. One thought suggests another; and from thinking how many obstacles opposed the introduction of bright eyes and sweet smiles into the castle, he arrived at the conclusion, how easily they were to be obtained in other parts. To say the truth, Paris became daily more familiar to his mind's eye; and, as he justly observed, staying at the dull old castle could do his uncle no good, and he was quite sure it did himself none. Now, in spite of philanthropy, people are not so very fond of doing good gratuitously; but, to be sure, such doctrines were not so much discussed in those days as they are in ours, though the practice was about the same. Sometimes he argued with himself, 'it is as well to be out of harm's way;'—and the prediction and a cold shudder came together. But we are ready enough to dare the danger we do not know; and though a few years of Parisian life had placed the nephew's early on a level with the uncle's late experience, touching the evil inherent in womanhood, nevertheless

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Adolphe supposed their bad qualities might be borne, at all events, better than the dulness of the château de Launaye. One day riding with his bridle on his horse's neck, meditating whether his next ride should not be direct to Paris, a most uncommon spectacle in that unfrequented part of the country attracted his attention. This was a large lumbering coach, drawn by six horses, whose rich harness and housings bore the crest in gold—a lynx rampant. A very natural curiosity, (by the by, all curiosity is natural enough), made him look in at the window. Was there ever a face half so beautiful as that of the girl who, like himself, actuated by natural curiosity, looked out as he looked in? The black silk wimple was drawn over her head, but allowed a very red upper lip—an exquisite Grecian nose—and a most brilliant pair of eyes, to be seen. Our young cavalier sat as if he had been stupified. This is a very common effect of love at first. It goes off, however,—so it did with Adolphe. His first act on recovering his senses was to gallop after the coach. He spurred on, and caught a second glance of the most radiant orbs that ever revolved in light. Large, soft, clear, and hazel, as those of a robin—they were bright and piercing as those of a falcon. Certainly De Launaye had never seen such eyes before, or at least none that ever took such an effect upon him. He ate no dinner that day—walked by moonlight on the terrace—and the only thing which excited his attention was the seneschal's information, that the Marquise de Surville and her grand-daughter were come to stay for some months at their château. 'They could not have done that in the late baron's time—the Lord be good unto his soul!' And the old man forthwith commenced the history of some mysterious feud between the two families, in which the deceased Baron Godfred had finally remained victor. To this tedious narrative of ancient enmities, Adolphe was little inclined to listen. 'A name and an estate are all our ancestors have a right to leave behind them. The saints preserve us from a legacy of their foes! Nothing could be worse, —except their friends.' The next morning the baron arranged his suit of sables with unusual care, though it must be confessed he always took care enough. 'Pray Heaven the marquise may be of my way of thinking respecting the quarrels of our forefathers! Some old ladies have terrible memories,' were Adolphe's uppermost ideas as he rode over the draw-bridge at the Château de Surville, which had been promptly lowered to his summons—their only neighbour, he had thought it but courteous to offer his personal respects. How much more cheerful did the saloon, with its hangings of sea-green silk, worked in gold, seem than his own hall, encumbered with the dusty trophies of his ancestors. To be sure, the young baron was not at that moment a very fair judge; for the first thing that met him on his entrance was a glance from the same pair of large bright eyes which had been haunting him for the last four and twenty hours. The grandmother was as stern a looking old gentlewoman as ever had knights in armour for ancestors: still, her eyes, also bright, clear, and piercing, somewhat resembled those of her grand-daughter. On the rest of her face time had wrought 'strange disfeatures.' She was silent; and, after the first compliments, resumed the volume she had been reading on the baron's appearance. It was a small book, bound in black velvet, with gold clasps, richly wrought. Adolphe took it for granted it was her Breviary; and inwardly concluded how respectable is that piety in an old woman which leaves the young one under her charge quite at liberty! The visitor's whole attention was soon devoted to the oriel window where sat the beautiful Clotilde de Surville. The Baron de Launaye piqued himself on fastidious taste in women and horses: he had had some experience in both. But Clotilde was faultless: there she leant, with the splendour of day full upon her face; it fell upon her pure complexion like joy upon the heart; and the sunbeams glittered amid the thick ringlets till every curl was edged with gold. Her dress alone seemed capable of improvement; but it is as well to leave something to the imagination, and there was ample food for Adolphe's, in picturing the change that would be wrought upon Clotilde by a Parisian milliner. 'This comes,' thought he, 'of being brought up in an old German castle.' For very shame he at last rose; when, with a grim change of countenance, meant for a smile, the marquise asked him to stay dinner. It is a remark not the less true for being old (though now-a-days opinions are all on the change), that love-making is a thing 'to hear, and not to tell.' We shall therefore leave the progress of the wooing, and come to the *dénouement*, which was the most proper possible, viz. marriage. Adolphe had been the most devoted of lovers, and Clotilde had given him a great deal of modest encouragement; that is, her bright eyes had often wandered in search of his, and the moment they had found them, had dropped to the ground; and whenever he entered the room, a blush had come into her cheek, like the light into the pearl, filling it with the sweet hues of the rose. Never did love-affair proceed more prosperously. The old seneschal was the only person who grumbled. He begged leave to remind the young baron, that it was not shewing proper respect to his ancestors not to take up their quarrels. 'But things are altered since the days when lances were attached to every legacy,' returned Adolphe. 'We are altering every thing now-a-days,' replied the old man; 'I don't see, however, that we are a bit the better off.' 'I, at all events, expect happiness,' replied his master, 'in this change of my condition.' 'Ay, ay, so we all do before we are married: what we find after, there is no use in saying, for two reasons; first, you would not believe me; secondly, my wife might hear what I'm telling.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the young baron, 'the caution that marriage teaches! If it were only for the prudence I should acquire, it would be worth my while to marry.' 'Alas! rashness never yet wanted a reason. My poor young master! the old marquise and her dark-eyed grand-daughter have taken you in completely.' 'Taken me in!' ejaculated De Launaye, angrily; 'why, you old fool, were this a mere match of interest, I might thank my stars for such a lucky chance. Young, beautiful, high-born, and rich, Clotilde has but to appear at the court, and insure a much higher alliance than mine. What motive could they have?' 'I do not know; but when I don't know people's motives, I always suppose the worst,' replied the obstinate dominique. 'Charitable!' laughed his master. 'And besides,' resumed the seneschal, 'the old marquise plagued her husband into the grave; and I dare say her grand-daughter means to do as much for you.' 'A novel reason, at all events, for taking a husband,' said De Launaye, 'in order that you may plague him to death afterwards.'—Well, the wedding-day arrived at last. De Launaye could have found some fault with his bride's costume, but for her face. There was a stiffness in the rigid white satin, and the ruff was at least two inches too high—indeed, he did not see any necessity for the ruff at all; they had been quite out, some years, at Paris. However, he said nothing, remembering that a former hint on the subject of dress had not been so successful as its merits deserved. He had insinuated, and that in a compliment too, a little lowering of the ruff before, as a mere act of justice to the ivory throat, when Clotilde had rejoined, answering in a tone which before marriage was gentle reproof (a few months after, it would have sounded like reproach), that she hoped 'the Baron de Launaye would prefer propriety in his wife to display.' The sense of the speech was forgotten in its sentiment; a very usual occurrence, by the by. However, the bride looked most beautiful; her clear, dark eyes swam in light—the liquid brilliancy of happiness—the brightness, but not the sadness, of tears. The ceremony was over, the priest and the marquise had given their blessings; the latter also added some excellent advice, which was not listened to with all the attention it deserved. The young couple went to their own castle in a new and huge coach, every one of whose six horses wore white and silver favours. Neighbours they had none, but a grand feast was given to the domestics; and dominique, at his master's express orders, broached a pipe of Bourdeaux. 'I can't make my vassals,' said De Launaye, 'as happy as myself; but I can make them drunk, and that is something towards it.' The day darkened into night; and here, according to all regular precedents in romance, hero and heroine ought to be left to themselves; but there never yet was a rule without an exception. However, to infringe upon established custom as little as possible, we will enter into no details of how pretty the bride looked in her nightcap, but proceed forthwith to the baron's first sleep. He dreamt that the sun suddenly shone into his chamber. Dazzled by the glare, he awoke, and found the bright eyes of his bride gazing tenderly on his face. Weary as he was, still he remembered how uncourteous it would be to lie sleeping while she was so wide awake; and he forthwith roused himself as well as he could. Many persons say they can't sleep in a strange bed; perhaps this might be the case with his bride: and in new situations people should have all possible allowance made for them. They rose early the following morning, the baroness bright-eyed and blooming as usual, the baron pale and *abattu*. They wandered through the castle: De Launaye told of his uncle's prediction. 'How careful I must be of you!' said the bride, smiling; 'I shall be quite jealous.' Night came, and again Adolphe was wakened from his first sleep by Clotilde's bright eyes. The third night arrived, and human nature could bear no more. 'Good God, my dearest!' exclaimed the husband, 'do you never sleep?' 'Sleep!' replied Clotilde, opening her large bright eyes, till they were even twice their usual size and brightness. 'Sleep!—one of my noble race, sleep? I never slept in my life.' 'She never sleeps!' ejaculated the baron, sinking back on his pillow in horror and exhaustion. It had been settled that the young couple should forthwith visit Paris—thither they at once proceeded. The beauty of the baroness produced a most marvellous sensation, even in that city of sensations. Nothing was heard of for a week but the enchanting eyes of the Baroness de Launaye—a diamond necklace of a new pattern was invented in her honour, and called *aux beaux yeux de Clotilde*. 'Those

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eyes,' said a prince of the blood, whose taste in such matters had been cultivated by some years of continual practice, 'those eyes of Mde. de Launaye will rob many of our young gallants of their rest.' 'Very true,' briefly replied her husband. Well, the baroness shone like a meteor in every scene, while the baron accompanied her, the spectre of his former self. Sallow, emaciated, every body said he was going into a consumption. Still, it was quite delightful to witness the devotedness of his wife—she could scarcely bear him a moment out of her sight. At length they left Paris, accompanied by a gay party, for their château. But brilliant as were these guests, nothing distracted the baroness's attention from her husband, whose declining health became every hour more alarming. One day, however, the young Chevalier de Ronsarde—he, the conqueror of a thousand hearts—the besieger of a thousand more—whose conversation was that happy mixture of flattery and scandal which is the *beau ideal* of dialogue,—engrossed Mde. de Launaye's attention; and her husband took the opportunity of slipping away unobserved. He hastened into a gloomy avenue—the cedars, black with time and age, met like night, overhead, and far and dark did their shadows fall on the still and deep lake beside. Worn, haggard, with a timorous and hurried, yet light step, the young baron might have been taken for one of his own ancestors, permitted for a brief period to revisit his home on earth, but invested with the ghastliness and the gloom of the grave. 'She never sleeps!' exclaimed the miserable Adolphe—'she never sleeps! day and night her large bright eyes eat like fire into my heart.' He paused, and rested for support against the trunk of one of the old cedars. 'Oh, my uncle, why did not your prophecy, when it warned me against danger, tell me distinctly in what the danger consisted? To have a wife who never sleeps! Dark and quiet lake, how I envy the stillness of your depths—the shadows which rest upon your waves!' At this moment a breath of wind blew a branch aside—a sunbeam fell upon the baron's face; he took it for the eyes of his wife. Alas! his remedy lay temptingly before him—the still, the profound, the shadowy lake. De Launaye took one plunge—it was into eternity. Two days he was missing—the third his lifeless body floated on the heavy waters. The Baron de Launaye had committed suicide, and the bright-eyed baroness was left a disconsolate widow. Such is the tale recorded in the annals of the house of De Launaye. Some believe it entirely, justly observing, there is nothing too extraordinary to happen. Others (for there always will be people who affect to be wiser than their neighbours) say that the story is an ingenious allegory—and that the real secret of the Sleepless Lady was jealousy. Now, if a jealous wife can't drive a man out of his mind and into a lake, we do not know what can!"

Had we written this story, we should certainly have made it end very differently; but we dare-say the author was obliged to finish it as his employers dictated,—one of the miseries of a corrupt and servile press. Had Adolphe returned with the proper spirit of a husband, and, justly exercising his marital authority, forced his wife to shut her eyes, there would have been a good moral to command our eulogium: as it is, we fear the tale can only operate as an encouragement to women to keep their eyes open to the doings of the other sex, to pry into their most private actions with unceasing watchfulness, and to drive them heaven knows into what, by a "sleepless" supervision, not to be borne even by the most innocent and most loving.

The Library of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge. 6vo. pp. 509. London, 1831. Baxter.

THIS Library, or, more properly speaking, Dictionary of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge, is founded upon a work entitled Gleanings in Agriculture, and has, in its present improved condition, received the assistance of several gentlemen of scientific attainments. Notwithstanding this, it bears the characteristics rather of a plain practical work, than one of extensive details or great research, and is on these points inferior to the similar publications of Mr. Loudon. As the work is alphabetically arranged, *Acre* is the first subject treated of; but since the value of this must depend on the nature of the soil, we turn over to that article in search of our author's elementary and theoretical notions on agriculture. Here he could hardly run into error, the details being mostly derived from Sir Humphry Davy's comprehensive work, though much has been done since that time; and as an incomplete article has been admitted, "on the connexion of geology, or the influence of the mineralogical characters, and superposition of rocks, on the nature and value of soils," we may remark, that this subject has now attained a very high degree of perfection, from the attention paid to it, more especially by German agriculturists; and that it is not to be passed over, as is the case in most of our elementary works, as a mere matter of curiosity and speculation, but should, as has long been done by Dr. Coventry, the learned professor of agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, form the basis of all practical precepts on the management and cultivation of lands.

It may be remarked of a mere practical agriculturist, that however valuable the facts with which experience has made him acquainted, he always brings these into their wrong places, and as naturally deduces wrong inferences from them. It is like treating the diseases of the human body without a knowledge of its structure. And then the method used to convey information is reversed,—the one constantly labouring at the accumulation of facts, that is to say, certain results produced; while the other brings these facts to bear upon certain leading and established principles, or deduces these principles from them,—and the system which results from such a method of proceeding, saves repetition, time, and labour. As applied to agriculture, should such principles, founded on a study of climate, soil, or vegetation, be sometimes erroneous, they must still be always useful to the student, as, by systematising the facts and principles, they assist the memory, and give to the mind the useful and intellectual character of being able to distinguish a series of similar consequences and results, and group the facts in the same order that the practical cultivator would his plants or hot-beds. We will explain ourselves by a single reference. "The best natural soils," says the author, "are those of which the materials have been derived from different strata, which have been divided by air and water, and are intimately blended together; and in improving soils artificially, the farmer cannot do better than imitate the processes of nature." Now the influence of rocks on agriculture is very complicated, and is to be referred to proximate and remote causes, and to direct and indirect influences; and these, though numerous, are indispensable to be known, as they comprise inquiries into the volume of the soil, the structure and compactness of the rock, the fissures and inclination, the retention of water, the condition with regard to caloric, and the disintegration, changes in aggregation, and changes in nature; and by a knowledge of these facts alone can we be made acquainted with the proper means of treating soils and improving their condition. In another part of the work, Mr. Johnson asserts that geology is of no immediate benefit to the cultivator of the soil; while we could prove that the knowledge given by an acquaintance with that science, at least the practical part, is indispensable to every agriculturist. Certain it is that he may obtain this knowledge empirically from experience; but this cannot afford a groundwork for new operations in novel situations, or teach the proper method of proceeding where the circumstances are changed; to which fact we must often trace the despondency of an agricultural emigrant, or the misrepresentations of a Swan River settler. Although England ranks as the best agricultural kingdom in the world in respect to the talent displayed in tillage, her skill might have raised her in the estimation of neighbouring nations still higher, had the experience of past ages been reduced to scientific rules. Indeed, most farmers in the country are adverse to any knowledge that is not to be gained by experience, as if their own farms, or the circumscribed field of their own observation, contained all the varieties of climate, soil, and rock, which are to be met with in the British islands, or required for tillage an acquaintance with all the elements of the science of agriculture. The work before us is a proof that the theory of this great source of national prosperity is only studied by amateur farmers; for the articles on agricultural chemistry, on vegetable chemistry, and physiology, and most of the botanical articles, are furnished by gentlemen whose labours have long been appreciated by the public; and under these circumstances, and from the local auspices under which the book makes its appearance, we have no doubt of its very general and well-deserved success.

Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

[Conclusion.]

HAVING devoted so full a proportion of several of our *Gazettes* to this popular work, thus, we are sure, carrying much gratification to our distant and foreign readers, though the volumes are now familiar to the country at home, we shall very briefly conclude our review, and leave it to its own attractions.

"Dr. Johnson's monument (says Malone), consisting of a colossal figure leaning against a column (but not very strongly resembling him), has, since the death of Mr. Boswell, been placed in St. Paul's cathedral, having been first opened to public view February 23, 1796. The epitaph was written by the Rev. Dr. Parr, and is as follows:

A Ω
SAMVELI · IOHNSON
GRAMMATICO · ET · CRITICO
SCRIPTORVM · ANGLICORVM · LITTERATE · PERITO
POETAE · LVMINIBVS · SENTENTIARVM
ET · PONDERIBVS · VERBORVM · ADMIRABILI
MAGISTRO · VIRTVTIS · GRAVISSIMO
HOMINI · OPTIMO · ET · SINGVLARIS · EXEMPLI

QVI · VIXIT · ANN · LXXV. · MENS · IX. · DIEB · XXIX
DECESSIT · IDIB · DECEMBR. ANN · CHRIST
CIↃ · IↃCC · LXXXIV.
SEPVLT · IN · AED · SANCT · PETR · WESTMONASTERIENS.
XIII · KAL · IANVAR · ANN · CHRIST · CIↃ · IↃCC · LXXV.
AMICI · ET · SODALES · LITTERARII
PECVNIA · CONLATA
H · M · FACIVND · CVRAVER.

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On a scroll in his hand are the following words:

ΕΝΜΑΚΑΡΕΣΣΙΠΟΝΩΝΑΝΤΑΞΙΟΣΕΙΗΑΜΟΙΒΗ

On one side of the monument:

FACIEBAT JOHANNES BACON, SCVLPTOR, ANN. CHRIST. M.DCC.LXXXV."

Upon which Mr. Croker remarks:

"It is to be regretted that the committee for erecting this monument did not adhere to the principles of the *round robin*, on the subject of Goldsmith's epitaph, and insist on having the epitaph to Johnson written in the language to which he had been so great and so very peculiar a benefactor. The committee of subscribers, called curators, were Lord Stowell, Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Malone. Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Burke, and Sir Joseph, had signed the *round robin*; but it may be presumed that Dr. Johnson's preference of a Latin epitaph, so positively pronounced on that occasion, operated on their minds as an expression of what his wishes would have been as to his own. It seems, however, to the editor the height of bad taste and absurdity to exhibit Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's cathedral in the masquerade of a half-naked Roman, with such pedantic and, to the passing public, unintelligible inscriptions as the above. The following is a close translation:

Alpha Omega.
To SAMUEL JOHNSON,
A grammarian and critic,
Of great skill in English literature:
A poet admirable for the light of his sentences
And the weight of his words;
A most effective teacher of virtue;
An excellent man, and of singular example,
Who lived 75 years, 2 months, 14 days,
He died in the ides of December, in the year of Christ
MDCCLXXXIV.
Was buried in the church of St. Peter's, Westminster,
The 13th of the kalends of January, in the year of Christ
MDCCLXXXIV.
His literary friends and companions,
By a collection of money,
Caused this monument to be made.

The reader will not, of course, attribute to the original all the awkwardness of this almost literal version; but he will not fail to observe the tedious and confused mode of marking the numerals, the unnecessary repetition of them, and the introduction of *nones* and *ides*, all of which are, even on the principles of the lapidarian scholars themselves, clumsy, and, on the principles of common sense, contemptible. Thirty-four letters and numerals (nearly a tenth part of the whole inscription) are, for instance, expended in letting posterity know that Dr. Johnson was buried in the same month of the same year in which he died. The Greek words, so pedantically jumbled together on the scroll, are an alteration by Dr. Parr of a line of Dionysius, the geographer, with which Johnson has closed the Rambler. It seems, that in deference to some apprehensions that the dean and chapter of St. Paul's might think the Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβὴ—*from the blessed gods may he receive his merited reward*—somewhat heathenish, Dr. Parr was persuaded to convert the line into Ἐν μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβὴ—*may he receive amongst the blessed the merited reward of his labours.* The reader who is curious about the pompous inanities of literature, will find at the end of the fourth volume of Dr. Parr's works, ed. 1828, a long correspondence between Parr, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Malone, and other friends of Dr. Johnson, on the subject of this epitaph. He will be amused at the burlesque importance which Parr attaches to epitaph-writing, the tenacity with which he endeavoured to describe Dr. Johnson, with reference to his poetical character, as *poeta probabilis*, and his candid avowal, that in the composition he was thinking more of his own character than Dr. Johnson's."

A list of the numerous portraits of Johnson is given in the Appendix; and five engravings adorn this publication, the one prefixed to Vol. IV. being a laughable caricature likeness of Boswell, from a sketch by Lawrence.

We have only to add, that a faithful and well-digested index much enhances the value of this excellent publication.

Pearce's Abyssinian Travels.

[Fourth Notice.]

CONTINUING our review, the behaviour of one of the kings at seeing an organ, brought by Mr. Salt, is whimsically painted.

"The organ, which Mr. Coffin had just begun to turn, next took his attention; he stood several minutes looking at it, at last went close to it, looked at the inside, and appeared quite lost in contemplation. 'I hear it breathe,' said he, several times; and as, upon putting his ear close, he could hear a hiss now and then, occasioned by there being a small hole in the leather on one side of the bellows, he cried out, 'By St. Michael, there is a snake in it! I hear it plainly;' and quickly drawing back, he exclaimed, 'Such a thing, which contains a devil, cannot be fit for a church.' Allicar Barhe, the high priest, standing close by, said, 'Ganvar, I beg your pardon, it is an angel, not a devil; our church has not suffered in any way since it came into it, but, on the contrary, has rather increased in prosperity. Ito Pearce has opened the whole before the *carmart* (congregation of priests), and all are of opinion that nothing but the wisdom of man, such as God gave unto Solomon, had made it;' and he added, 'Abuna Comfu told us that he saw one in the church of St. Paulos and Petros, in Rome, as large as twenty of this.'"

We have also a curious account of buffoons.

"At dinner Tottamasey began by pretending he had really seen the Amhara in their fright; he put on such pitiable looks and dying postures, mimicking the Amhara who thought themselves dead when they fell, that the ras could scarcely taste a morsel all the time for laughing at the buffoon and the numerous chiefs who were sitting about him with their mouths full, staring and affecting the motions of Tottamasey. This personage is very old, but a remarkably lively man, and was the head harlequin to Ras Michael. The governors of the provinces commonly keep several persons of this kind, to divert them at feasts and upon holydays, and they have the income of a district allowed them for their maintenance. They are in general good poets, and run or ride before their chief when going from or to war, descanting in poetry, and in a loud voice, to the chief and his troops, upon the reward of bravery; the redemption of the sins of a soldier, who dies in the presence of his master in the field of glory; the curse which God sends upon those who flinch or run away; and many such subjects, to keep up and stimulate the courage of the soldiers. These people are called in the Amhara language Ozmare; in Tigré, Warta; the enemy never kill them if taken in battle, any more than they do trumpeters and fifers, if Christians; but the Galla spare no one in war.

Of the more general manners and customs of the people, the following is a characteristic description.

"The people who live in the larger sort of towns, and especially the mechanics, in general lead the most undisturbed life, and are considered the best Christians. Those who work in silver and gold, in brass, or at the carpenters' trade, are esteemed as persons of high rank; but those who work in iron or pottery are not allowed the privilege even of being in common society, nor are they permitted to receive the sacrament as Christians. They are reckoned even by their nearest neighbours to have the supernatural power of changing themselves into hyænas or other beasts, and upon that account every body dreads them. All convulsions or hysteric disorders, which are as common in Abyssinia as in other parts of the world, are here attributed to the evil eye of these people. They are called by the Amhara, Buda; and by the Tigré, Tebbib. Many marvellous deeds done by them have been related to me by persons of superior intelligence of both sexes, which, however ridiculous, may serve to illustrate the superstitious character of the people in this part of the world. Although these Budas are obliged to put up with reproaches and all manner of scorn from other Christians, and even their nearest neighbours, yet they are partial to that religion; and, though not allowed the sacrament, keep the whole of the fasts and Lents as strictly as any Christians in the country. There are, indeed, Mahometan and Jew Budas; and, as I have before said, all that work in iron and pottery are deemed such. What this whimsical notion sprang from I never could learn. Gojam is the province supposed to contain most of them. The Zackary are another extraordinary set of beings: though esteemed good Christians, I have myself seen them go roaring about the towns, making a most dreadful noise, and being apparently in great trouble, whipping themselves, and at times cutting their flesh with knives. These people are most numerous in the province of Tigré, and they have a church which is resorted to by none but themselves; it is at no great distance from Axum, and is dedicated to their saint, Oun Arvel. They are very proud of styling themselves descendants of St. George. In their church Oun Arvel they pretend that a light burns continually without the assistance of human aid. I have more than once watched an opportunity to blow this light out; but those in care of it were too attentive to their duty to let me succeed, though I once effected my purpose in pointing out a similar imposition of these priests at Jummer-a-Mariam in Lasta. There is also a holy water at the church Oun Arvel, which is greatly esteemed for the cure of persons afflicted with evil spirits. This is a very wonderful disorder, which I cannot pass over in silence, though the reader may think it fabulous and ridiculous; yet we have accounts of something of the same kind in the New Testament, which the priests and learned men of Abyssinia believe to be the same complaint. This complaint is called *tigretier;* it is more common among the women than among the men. The tigretier seizes the body as if with a violent fever, and from that turns to a lingering sickness, which reduces the patients to skeletons and often kills them, if the relations cannot procure the proper remedy. During this sickness their speech is changed to a kind of stuttering, which no one can understand but those afflicted with the same disorder. When the relations find the malady to be the real tigretier, they join together to defray the expenses of curing it; the first remedy they in general attempt, is to procure the assistance of a learned Dofter, who reads the Gospel of St. John, and drenches the patient with cold water daily for

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the space of seven days — an application that very often proves fatal. The most effectual cure, though far more expensive than the former, is as follows. The relations hire for a certain sum of money a band of trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, and buy a quantity of liquor; then all the young men and women of the place assemble at the patient's house, to perform the following most extraordinary ceremony. I once was called in by a neighbour to see his wife, a very young woman, and of whom he was very fond, who had the misfortune to be afflicted with this disorder; and the man being an old acquaintance of mine, and always a close comrade in the camp, I went every day, when at home, to see her; but I could not be of any service to her, though she never refused my medicines. At this time I could not understand a word she said, although she talked very freely, nor could any of her relations understand her. She could not bear the sight of a book or a priest, for at the sight of either she struggled, and was apparently seized with acute agony, and a flood of tears, like blood mingled with water, would pour down her face from her eyes. She had lain three months in this lingering state, living upon so little that it seemed not enough to keep a human body alive; at last her husband agreed to employ the usual remedy; and, after preparing for the maintenance of the band during the time it would take to effect the cure, he borrowed from all his neighbours their silver ornaments, and loaded her legs, arms, and neck, with them. The evening that the band began to play, I seated myself close by her side as she lay upon the couch; and about two minutes after the trumpets had begun to sound, I observed her shoulders begin to move, and soon afterwards her head and breast; and in less than a quarter of an hour she sat upon her couch. The wild look she had, though sometimes she smiled, made me draw off to a greater distance, being almost alarmed to see one nearly a skeleton move with such strength; her head, neck, shoulders, hands, and feet, all made a strong motion to the sound of the music; and in this manner she went on by degrees until she stood up on her legs upon the floor. Afterwards she began to dance, and at times to jump about; and at last, as the music and noise of the singers increased, she often sprang three feet from the ground. When the music slackened, she would appear quite out of temper; but, when it became louder, she would smile and be delighted. During this exercise she never shewed the least symptom of being tired, though the musicians were thoroughly exhausted; and when they stopped to refresh themselves by drinking and resting a little, she would discover signs of discontent. Next day, according to the custom in the cure of this disorder, she was taken into the market-place, where several jars of maize or tsug were set in order by the relations, to give drink to the musicians and dancers. When the crowd had assembled, and the music was ready, she was brought forth and began to dance and throw herself into the maddest postures imaginable, and in this manner she kept on the whole day. Towards evening, she began to let fall her silver ornaments from her neck, arms, and legs, one at a time, so that in the course of three hours she was stripped of every article. A relation continually kept going after her as she danced, to pick up the ornaments, and afterwards delivered them to the owners from whom they were borrowed. As the sun went down, she made a start with such swiftness, that the fastest runner could not come up with her, and, when at the distance of about two hundred yards, she dropped on a sudden, as if shot. Soon afterwards, a young man, on coming up with her, fired a matchlock over her body, and struck her upon the back with the broad side of his large knife, and asked her name, to which she answered as when in her common senses, a sure proof of her being cured; for, during the time of this malady, those afflicted with it never answer to their Christian name. She was now taken up in a very weak condition and carried home, and a priest came and baptised her again in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which ceremony concluded her cure. Some are taken in this manner to the market-place for many days before they can be cured; and it sometimes happens that they cannot be cured at all. I have seen them in these fits dance with a bruly, or bottle of maize, upon their heads, without spilling the liquor or letting the bottle fall, although they have put themselves into the most extravagant postures. I could not have ventured to write this from hearsay, nor could I conceive it possible, until I was obliged to put this remedy in practice upon my own wife, who was seized with the same disorder, and then I was compelled to have a still nearer view of this strange disorder. I at first thought that a whip would be of some service, and one day attempted a few strokes, when unnoticed by any person, we being by ourselves, and I having a strong suspicion that this ailment sprang from the weak minds of women, who were encouraged in it for the sake of the grandeur, rich dress, and music, which accompany the cure. But how much was I surprised, the moment I struck a light blow, thinking to do good, to find that she became like a corpse, and even the joints of her fingers became so stiff that I could not straighten them; indeed, I really thought that she was dead, and immediately made it known to the people in the house that she had fainted, but did not tell them the cause, upon which they immediately brought music, which I had for many days denied them, and which soon revived her; and I then left the house to her relations to cure her at my expense, in the manner I have before mentioned, though it took a much longer time to cure my wife than the woman I have just given an account of. One day I went privately, with a companion, to see my wife dance, and kept at a short distance, as I was ashamed to go near the crowd. On looking stedfastly upon her, while dancing or jumping, more like a deer than a human being, I said that it certainly was not my wife; at which my companion burst into a fit of laughter, from which he could scarcely refrain all the way home. Men are sometimes afflicted with this dreadful disorder, but not frequently. Among the Amhara and Galla it is not so common."

The title-page mentions Mr. Coffin's journey to Gondar; from the two chapters devoted to which, we shall in our next make a selection.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

THOUGH the accounts from many, and not distant, parts of the continent respecting the mortal prevalence of this disorder are still very appalling—we know not how it is, but so it is, the dread of its approach to our shores seems to have subsided, though the journals of the day contain reports of its actual arrival. We shall nevertheless notice the works which have recently reached us, and to which its menace has given birth. 1. *The History of the Epidemic Spasmodic Cholera of Russia*, by Dr. Bisset Hawkins (12mo. pp. 306; Murray), is an ample and well-digested account of the disease, from its Indian origin to the present time; with maps, shewing its course and progress. Without maintaining any medical theory, this is a most useful work, and may serve as a foundation for the best opinions as to treatment, should it be our misfortune to be visited by cholera. 2. *Treatise on Cholera Asphyxia*, by G. H. Bell (8vo. pp. 150; Blackwood). A residence in Tanjore enables Mr. Bell to offer an account of the nature of this disease; of the causes to which he ascribes it, namely, *a suspension of the powers by which the circulation of the blood is carried on*; of its mode of propagation; and of the curative process to be adopted against it. 3. *Memoir on the Cholera Morbus of India*, by P. F. Keraudren (Lancet office), a pamphlet of forty pages, translated from the French, to shew that the disease is the mordechi, and epidemic. 4. *On Cholera*, by Medicus; a pamphlet of forty-six pages, considers the disease (agreeing with Mr. Annesley) to spring from the imperfect oxygenation of the blood; and says, that actual cautery on the feet and ankles is a certain remedy in an early stage.

London Bridge, &c. By J. Elmes, Esq. M.R.I.A. Architect, Surveyor to the Port of London. pp. 24. Wood and Son.

A WELL-TIMED pamphlet, which, with an account of the building, and a neat engraving of the new London Bridge, about to be opened with royal ceremony and splendour, gives a concise account of its venerable predecessors. It is a capital manual for Monday; yet so well done, as to possess a more permanent interest.

Tales from Shakespeare; designed for the use of young Persons. By Charles Lamb. Fifth edition. pp. 376. London, 1831. Baldwin and Cradock.

THIS charming little volume has been too long established for further criticism than additional praise; the design being as excellent as the execution is graceful. The present is a very beautiful edition, ornamented with the prettiest of woodcuts, a picture to every story, and a likeness of Shakespeare to face the title-page. The book is neatly bound in watered cloth — a species of binding which has a very good effect, though we fear not very lasting.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR AUGUST.

7d 10h 3m — Sun eclipsed: invisible at Greenwich. It is remarkable, that though this eclipse will be visible from a very large portion of the terrestrial surface, it will not be seen from either Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. To part of Notasia, New Guinea, New Zealand, and most of the islands in the south Pacific Ocean, it will be very considerable. 23d 11h — the Sun enters Virgo.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Cancer	7	10	3
☽ First Quarter in Libra	14	22	24
○ Full Moon in Aquarius	22	22	5
☾ Last Quarter in Taurus	29	22	48

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mars in Leo	8	14	20
Saturn in Leo	8	17	10
Mercury in Leo	8	21	45
Venus in Virgo	11	0	0
Jupiter in Capricornus	21	20	50

Occultation of Aldebaran. — 2d — This remarkable star will again be occulted: though occurring after sunrise, it may be easily ob-

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served with a telescope. Immersion 18h 23m 15s: emersion 19h 16m 8s.

22d—the Moon eclipsed: invisible at Greenwich. The commencement will be at 20h 40m, and the end at 23h 13m: digits eclipsed 5° 48′. This eclipse will be visible to the Japanese isles, the eastern parts of China, the Philippine and neighbouring islands, and the western parts of Notasia.

4d 5h—Mercury in conjunction with Regulus. 5d 4h—with Mars: difference of latitude 9′. 7d 12h—with Saturn: difference of latitude 28′. 16d—descending node. 25d 17h—in aphelion. 31d—greatest elongation as an evening star, its angular distance from the Sun being 27° 11′, or nearly its maximum.

20d—the beautiful evening star, Venus, will attain its greatest splendour, which happens between the points of greatest elongation and inferior conjunction, and when the planet appears with one-fourth of the disc illuminated, or with a similar phase to that of the Moon five days after conjunction.

2d 18h—Mars in conjunction with Regulus: difference of latitude 39′. 12d—with Saturn: difference of latitude 27′.

The Asteroids.

	D.	H.	M.		°	′
Vesta ..	4	R.A.	6	34	N.D. 21	31
	12	.....	6	48	 21	25
	20	.....	7	2	 21	15
	28	.....	7	16	 21	2
Juno ..	4	.....	7	6	 13	33
	12	.....	7	23	 12	58
	20	.....	7	40	 12	17
	28	.....	7	57	 11	31
Pallas ..	4	.....	19	25	 17	4
	12	.....	19	20	 15	46
	20	.....	19	16	 14	19
	28	.....	19	13	 12	46
Ceres ..	4	.....	21	12	S.D. 29	15
	12	.....	21	5	 29	56
	20	.....	20	58	 30	27
	28	.....	20	52	 30	47

4d—Ceres in opposition; but, owing to its low altitude when on the meridian, it will not be satisfactorily seen.

10d 9h—Jupiter in opposition. This planet will continue an evening star to the end of the year.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, immersion ..	3	12	47	54
emersion	12	11	27	42
	19	13	22	44
	28	9	46	41
Second Satellite, immersion	2	11	2	36
	9	13	37	27
emersion ..	20	8	20	20
	27	10	55	19
Third Satellite	16	13	6	24

Saturn is too near the Sun to be visible. 28d 20h 45m—in conjunction with the Sun.

5d 6h 30m—Uranus in opposition, and in its most favourable position for observation.

Deptford. J. T. B.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages; particularly of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A., &c. Part XXVIII. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS No. affords proof of the publishers' diligence, in meeting, with the view to gratify, the public feeling and interest of the time; for besides portraits of Earl Howe and Sir Thomas Lawrence, it contains a capital likeness of Prince Leopold, the now King of Belgium. From the memoir, which is stated to have been communicated to the work "on the best authority," we select a passage or two, which can hardly be read without giving rise to particular reflections at this extraordinary epoch.

"The royal subject of this memoir," observes the writer, "is one of those extraordinary instances of singular fortune, which occur but rarely, even in the widely-spread annals of mankind; and seem to proclaim to us, with an authority not to be mistaken, that

"'..... There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will!'"

The leading incidents of the life of Prince Leopold have not only been remarkable in themselves, but still more remarkable in their coincidence with, and effects upon, the destiny of another exalted individual. We allude to the Prince of Orange, between whom, and two crowns, it has been the fate of His Royal Highness to step; while, as if to render his own career yet more wonderful, a third has been offered to his acceptance. In ancient and in superstitious times, the genius, or ascendant star, of the House of Coburg would have been recognised in these striking events—in our enlightened times they cannot but excite admiration and wonder."

After tracing his birth, advance to manhood, &c.; at the period of Buonaparte's return, discomfited, from Russia, the narrative proceeds.

"The Prince Leopold was among the first to start from an inactivity which was so irksome to him; and, long before the campaign had commenced, he was in the midst of the Russian army, leaving all that was most dear to him at risk, for the great cause of his 'fatherland.' He accompanied the allied army to Silesia and Saxony; was engaged in the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen; and, on the expiration of the armistice, proceeded with the army to Bohemia, and thence to the Saxon frontier; where he particularly distinguished himself with the division of cavalry under his command. For his eminent services on those days, the Emperor Alexander invested him, on the field of battle of Nollendorf, with the Cross of St. George, and the Emperor of Austria subsequently conferred on him the order of Maria Theresa. He was at Leipsic, and throughout the whole of the campaigns which ended in the capture of Paris in 1814. Many of our countrymen formed their first acquaintance with the Prince when he was in the French capital, at this period 'the gayest of the gay.' Hence he passed over to England with the allied sovereigns, in a natural anxiety to witness the land which had aided so greatly the great cause which had been so nobly consummated. At this time the Prince Leopold was a young man, twenty-four years of age, remarkable for his good looks, and distinguished from the crowd of princes with whom he was associated, for great amenity of manners, equanimity of temper, and every accomplishment of good society. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was, at that time, in her eighteenth year, and remarkable, above her years, for great insight into the characters of those with whom she associated. It is not, therefore, surprising that she should have been captivated with the qualities of Prince Leopold; nor is it necessary, at this time of day, to doubt the excellence of her judgment, in her preference of an individual, who made her, without any dispute, the happiest of women, during the short period which she was permitted to call happy, in her short but eventful life. It is well known that her hand had been destined for the Prince of Orange, by the policy of the British cabinet, as well as at the desire of her royal father; and the princess had so far yielded to these wishes, as to consent to appear with him in public at the queen's drawing-room, this year. She was not, however, of a disposition to be willingly made an instrument of others in a matter so near her heart; and when she found a man more suited to her mind, she at once broke off a forced attachment, and loved him alone with all the intensity of a woman's affection. The British people, unaccustomed to marriages of convenience, admired the spirit which influenced her conduct; and she felt encouraged by their approbation, to carry her point with all the resolution she inherited from her family. When, one day, her equerry, Colonel Addenbroke, returned from Kew to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, where the princess at that time resided, and told her the report of the day—that Her Royal Highness was to marry Prince Leopold—she at once evinced the settled determination of her breast, by the reply, 'He is the only man I ever will marry.'"

We pass to the conclusion.

"His last act, upon quitting England, was to announce to the ministry his determination, as sovereign of Belgium, to draw no portion of his parliamentary annuity. A degree of indecent haste has been shewn by the public, relative to his intentions in this respect; and this had even been reflected within the walls of the Upper House of Parliament. His claim to this grant (which, as far as His Royal Highness was concerned, was the unsolicited liberality of the country) was as undisputed and as firm as that of the public creditor: but, in truth, he had been always made to suffer for the sins of those who had been thus prodigal in their desire to obtain his early favour. The man, however, whom his enemies had declared to be the most avaricious and miserly of men, actually relinquished the certainty of the affluence, as well as the comfort, of a private station—before he knew what endowment would be made on a crown which he had accepted—upon public grounds alone. Here, then, we close this rapid glance over a life which, for its duration, has been more than ordinarily eventful. The king of the Belgians is still in the maturity of his life, and in the full vigour of his faculties. He has undertaken a task which must be difficult and laborious, and which many people think is not capable of a successful result. He may, however, reflect, that he occupies a throne, the right to which is less capable of dispute than any one in history—for the hereditary sovereigns of the land renounced their claim to Austria, or to France; and the right of conquest alone, and that not a conquest over Belgium, gave it to the kingdom of the Netherlands. He is one of the few sovereigns who, without even the birthright to the land of his rule, has obtained a crown without the sword having been drawn, or a drop of blood spilled, in the acquisition of it. If he should happily succeed, he will deserve the gratitude of four millions of subjects, and the applause of surrounding nations,—if he should fail, he will lay down a sceptre which he never sought, and return to that private station, the splendid prospects of which few could have had the virtue to have quitted, although the object were to retain the blessings of peace to Europe, and to consolidate the principle of constitutional government."

The Right Rev. William Van Mildert, Lord Bishop of Durham. Engraved by T. Lupton.

THIS is a very fine engraving, after the very fine portrait painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, so late as 1830. We have often had occasion to praise the taste and skill with which Mr. Lupton transfers the likenesses of eminent artists to his plate; but we have not

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before seen a more striking example of his abilities than he has displayed on the distinguished prelate who is the subject of the present publication. For purity of style and execution, nothing can surpass it.

The History and Topography of the United States of North America. By John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts 16, 17, and 18.

It is not so much with reference to the picturesque beauties of American landscape, (although many of these must excite great admiration,) that the plates which illustrate this work are peculiarly interesting, as with reference to the residences of man, and especially to the numerous and splendid public edifices which adorn the various cities of the United States. It is no less surprising than gratifying to observe how rapidly the arts of Europe have extended, and are extending themselves, through that flourishing republic; which, among its other aspirations, evidently aims at rivalling the old world in architectural magnificence.

Patrick Gibson. Painted by Luke Macartan; engraved by Thomas Lupton. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

In our 755th number, together with some circumstances of the life, we mentioned the death of this veteran, which took place on the 1st of July, at the extraordinary age of 111. The print under our notice is an excellent resemblance of him, and is very firmly and well executed. It is engraved from a portrait which appeared in the last Exhibition at Somerset House.

A Tax-Receiver. A Tax-Payer. Designed by H. Alken; engraved by J. Zeitter. Tilt and Co.

Two prints embarking the arts in the cause of Reform. One represents a jolly, well-clad fellow, surrounded with luxuries; the other a ragged starveling: the former declaring that no reform is wanted, the latter clamorous for any change. By the same publisher we see "God save the King," very fancifully and beautifully printed, with emblematic ornaments and superb initials in brilliant colours and gold.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WORLD.

I love to listen to the ocean swell,
And let my spirit muse.—*MS.*

The shadows of Almighty wings advance
Upon the world, that darkens as they come!—
The heart of empires, cradled in the sea,
Or on the earth outspread, doth heave and swell
With wild emotion; for the fate of man
For ages seems to take a colour now.
Amid our streets a solemn murmur rolls—
The gather'd meaning of a thousand hearts!
And in our chambers Levity hath hushed
Her tones, that die away in deeper words
Than youth is wont to utter; times and states,
Or battle-scenes, before them are adjudged;
Wide o'er the universe the hand of Heaven
Is traced; the Present and the Future meet,
And each on each a sad defiance frowns!
When the dark tide of twenty years hath rolled
Away, and tombs are piled o'er living heads
Which now are pond'ring,—what shall Time relate?
The answer sleeps in heaven; but dim the eye
That cannot see portentous shadows veil
The earth around, reflected from above!

* * * *

And thou, my Country! Ocean's darling isle,
Amid the swell of o'er-excited hope,
The rush of mind, and haughty discontent,—
Unmoved wilt never be:—thy soul is stirr'd,
Thy blood is quicken'd, on thy brow is throned
The high intention and the warlike aim;
And when I think how Heaven hath favour'd thee
With one unalter'd smile; how nature moulds
Thy clime to beauty; how the Seasons love
To tint thy vales, and touch thine every scene;—
Some fears of unaffected power are felt,
For what dark cloud may overhang thy doom!
Yet noble hearts and spirits pure are thine!
And what a past, from whence proud Mem'ry fills
Her soul with valour, such as heroes graced!
There high examples of celestial worth
Abound, with all that makes dead ages speak
A spirit-language to adoring thought.
Then let thy past a warning present be;
And should the banners of brave England rise,
Or once again the island Empress hail
Her champion vessels thund'ring o'er the deep!—
The star of glory—shall it not attend
Her might, and shine upon each holy cause?
Thus o'er the shadowy track of things to come
The spirit flies, on wings of fancy borne:
But ere I leave this all unworldly spot,
Whose quiet, like remember'd music, makes
A calm within, the glitt'ring prospect view.—
Alone upon this gray aerial cliff
I stand, and hear the sea-swell load the wind.
A dazzling arch of noon's unclouded heav'n
Hangs o'er me, 'mid whose azure realm of light
The soaring larks invisibly exult
And sing:—behind me, lo! a mingled sweep
Of hill and mead, and lanes of lovely gloom,
Or verdant twilight, shed from arching boughs
That roof the pathway, where the streamlet roams.
But, hark! the glorious and almighty sea!
The miracle of waters!—at yon rock
The maniac surges with incessant foam
Are raving, in a wild and savage glee;
But on the midway, bright and breezy all!
The pomp of billows heaving far and wide
Extendeth, twinkling with the star-like flash
Of beams, that flutter o'er the ocean's face.

Oh, Solitude! how beautifully felt
Thy heaven-like freshness by the weary heart!
Whose martyrdom of dull or fev'rish cares
Is here forgotten, while the spirit frames
A world of loveliness, wherein it breathes
And moves awhile, a disembodied shape
Of peace and glory!—soon, alas! dissolved.
Reality her throne resumes, and Life,
The stern and true, the unethereal life
Of men and things, around us coldly reigns.
In solitude angelic purpose arms
Our better moods, till high sensations throb
Within us, and our spirit godlike grows
In Eden walks, and worships in her bowers;
But action comes, and resolution dies!

Oh! tell me not the lesson'd worldling dares
Each height and depth where proud Experience roves;
While dreamers are but apparitions vain,
Who in their sickliness of soul are lost
To healthful feeling, such as wisdom owns.
Some dreams are truer than realities
Which in the drama of our daily life
Are acted, boasting a substantial form.
For is not life one vast hypocrisy?
Each wears his mask, and tames his nature down,
And sheathes his spirit, lest the world should [mock!
Thou Great Inspirer of the human soul,
Undying! not for this was man endowed
With energies that breathe immortal power:
A spirit chainless, and a heart sublime—
In hallow'd union when shall these arise,
O'erawe the world, and set our natures free?

Society—how oft that word profaned
We find, in scenes where nothing social dwells!
Where numbers mix, but sever'd hearts abound,
Each meanly covered with a mask of smiles.
But when a nature, noble in itself
And gifted, from the throne of greatness falls
Amid the mass, to sacrifice the soul
Round petty altars which the world has reared,
Who does not mourn a prostituted mind?
There was a festival where fairy shapes
Of bright-eyed women, and of courtly men
Convened; and one to whom my fancy knelt
In sympathetic, high, and lonely hours,
Was there, supreme above the glowing throng.
His boyhood was a fiery thirst of fame
Which manhood had fulfilled; and oh, how oft
The page of beauty where his thoughts had burned,
And all the verdure of his soul arrayed
Each word with life and freshness—filled my mind
With ecstasy, till e'en this outward world
A hue of glory from his heart derived!
Love, Truth, and Joy, each varied scene and sound
From him a mystic inspiration caught;
Where'er I went, some intellectual gleam
Or radiance told of his abiding power—
For he had clothed the universe with light
To me, and every where his presence ruled.
And oft in secret had I shaped the form
That shrined a spirit such as I adored.
We met; and never on the cheek of life
Has death a with'ring change so quickly set,
As on my heart fell disappointment's blight!
Society had marred his noble mind;
His thoughts were muffled in unmeaning words;
The stately nothingness of gaudy life
Alone he worshipped; not a tint remained
Of his true nature; not a tone revealed
The lofty music of the soul within.
A thing of artifice, and wooing smiles,
And fawning speeches, rank with falsehood's breath,
Was all he proved, whom wonder had arrayed
With attributes of glory!—seldom past
From light to darkness such a soul as his!

O World! and is it thus thy victims fall!
Then grant me, Heaven, some few confiding hearts
Where truth abounds, and deep affections dwell:
The stern may laugh, or wisdom call it vain;
But life is holy when the heart is free!

July 20th, 1831. R. Montgomery.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CORONATION.

As the coronation of William IV. is now a subject of interest, the annexed may be revived, we fear not, as a precedent, productive of courtly splendour and popular recreation. It is a description, from a contemporary, of the coronation of Charles II. on his restoration.

"A.D. 1661. The entrance of this year was made famous by the magnificent coronation of King Charles the Second. On the 22d of April he made his cavalcade from the Tower through London to Westminster, against which time four magnificent triumphal arches had been erected by the city (as their charter obligeth them) for his majesty to pass through. The first of which was placed in Leadenhall street,

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representing his majestie's happy arrival in England; the second was near the Royal Exchange, being a naval representation; the third in Cheapside, representing the temple of concord; the fourth in Fleet-street, representing the garden of plenty. On the following day, April 3d, and the day of the coronation, his majesty disposed of the regalia unto the noblemen hereafter mentioned, to be carried by them from Westminster Hall to the Abby Church:—Saint Edward's staff to Vice-Admiral Mountague, Earl of Sandwich; the spurs to the Earl of Pembroke; the scepter with the cross to the Earl of Bedford; the pointed sword (born on the left hand of curteyn) to the Earl of Darby; the pointed sword (born on the right hand of curteyn) to the Earl of Shrewsbury; King Edward the Saint's sword, called curteyn, to the Earl of Oxford; the sword of state to the Earl of Manchester; the scepter with the dove to the Duke of Albemarle; the orb with the cross to the Duke of Buckingham; Saint Edward's crown to the Duke of Ormond; paten to the Bishop of Excester; and chalice to the Bishop of London. Then the king, with his nobles, officers, and attendants, made their proceeding, upon blue cloth spread on the ground, from Westminster Hall to the Abby Church, whither his majesty being come, he was received with this anthem—"I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord," &c. Then, after some ceremonies, this anthem was sung by the gentlemen of the king's chapel—"Let thy hand be strengthened, and thy right hand be exalted," &c. Then, after that, the king had offered the pall and a wedge of gold of a pound weight at the altar, and that the regalia were laid thereon, the Bishop of London said this prayer: "O God, which dost visit those that are humble, send down thy grace upon this thy servant Charles," &c. This done, the Bishop of Worcester began his sermon on these words: "For the transgressions of a land many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged." *Prov.* xxviii. 2. And during the sermon his majesty wore a cap of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine. Sermon being ended, the king uncovered his head, and took the usual oath, "To confirm the laws to the people, and namely the franchises granted to the clergy by Saint Edward the Confessor, to maintain the gospel established in the kingdom, to keep peace, execute justice, and grant the commons the rightful customs." Then followed this hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God," &c., a prayer for the king, and the Litany; which being finished, and his majesty seated in the coronation chair, the Archbishop of Canterbury anointed him, first in the palms of his hands in the manner of a cross, pronouncing these words—"Let these hands be anointed with holy oil, as kings and prophets have been anointed, that thou mayst be blessed and established in this kingdom, and among this people whom the Lord thy God hath given thee to rule over." After which the quire sung this anthem—"Sadoc the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king, and all the people rejoyced and said, God save the king." At the end of which anthem the archbishop said, "Look down, Almighty God, with thy favourable countenance upon this glorious king," &c.; and then proceeded to anoint the king's breast, between his shoulders, on both his shoulders, the bowing of his arms, and crown of his head; which being done, the anointing was dried up with fine linen, and two short prayers followed. Then the Dean of Westminster put on the coif with the colobium sindonis, or surplice, upon the king; whereupon the archbishop prayed, saying, "O God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, by whom kings do reign, and lawgivers do make good laws, vouchsafe, we beseech thee, in thy favour to bless this kingly ornament, and grant that thy servant Charles our king, who shall wear it, may shine in thy sight with the ornament of a good life and holy actions; and after this life ended, he may for ever enjoy that life and glory which hath no end," &c. This said, the tissue hose, sandals, and super tunica, were put upon the king; then the sword of state was received by the archbishop from the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Manchester, and laid upon the altar, and a prayer made, "That it might be sanctified to protect and defend churches, widows, orphans, and all the servants of God; and that it might be a fear and terror to all those that lie in wait to doe mischief." The prayer ended, the archbishop and bishops delivered the sword to the king, saying,—"Accipe gladium per manus episcoporum;" whereupon the lord chamberlain girt it about the king, and the archbishop said—"Receive the kingly sword, which is hallowed for the defence of holy church, and delivered unto thee by the hands of the bishops, though unworthy, yet consecrated by the authority of the holy apostles," &c. Then successively the armit and mantle were put upon the king, Saint Edward's crown upon his head, a ring upon the fourth finger of his right hand, into each hand a scepter; all were severally consecrated by the archbishop, as the colobe sindonis and sword of state had been. Then the archbishop and bishops present did their homage to the king, kneeling down before his knees, and promising to be faithfull to him and his heirs kings of England; which said, they kissed the king's left cheek. After them the temporal nobility did their homage at the king's knees in these words: "I do become your liege-man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and of faith and truth I shall bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks, so God me help;" which said, they singly ascended the throne and touched the king's crown, promising by that ceremony to be ever to support it with all their power. Then the king went to the altar, there presented another wedge of gold, received the sacrament; after which an anthem was sung, and the king put off Saint Edward's crown, and had the imperial crown set upon his head, the scepter with the cross put into his right hand, and globe into his left, immediately going back to Westminster-hall, where himself and nobles feasted."

Upon the subject of coronations, we beg to recommend the following letter, addressed to us, to the attention of Ministers, and the country generally. We more than coincide with the writer, that a coronation shorn of its splendour is not only economically, but nationally, a gross miscalculation. We hope there is yet time to amend the programme, and not to condemn truly royal ceremonies to the opening of bridges, instead of their own proper sphere.

"I am a reformer, but not a friend to change for the worse. I have always understood that the ceremony of a coronation was a great national compact between the king and his people, for the security of the latter—the former then swears to govern according to law. And lest any part of this essential compact should be omitted, the ceremony has hitherto been performed in the face of the country, before all ranks and conditions of men, women, and children, that the splendour of the spectacle might make an impression, the recollection of which would ensure its transmission to posterity; the nobles and aristocracy within the walls of Westminster Hall and Abbey, and the people at large without, assembled for the purpose of seeing the procession pass and repass.

"It is now announced, *that a proper regard to economy* has induced his Majesty (who is ever ready to benefit his people) to dispense with the greater part of the publicity of this ceremony, and most of its pageantry. To save the public purse, is, I believe, the most anxious wish of his Majesty, who, as well as his ministers, are only actuated by a desire for the people's welfare; but were any other ministers in power, their sincerity might be doubted, if they had issued such a proclamation in his Majesty's name as has just appeared, which, on the score of economy, is, in fact, making a hole-and-corner business of the solemn administration of the oath which is intended to secure the people of this country their liberties.

"The expense of the coronation of the late King was something under 240,000*l.*, in the first instance; but I would ask you if more than that sum was not returned to the nation in the taxes on the increased expenditure? Did it not give food and raiment to thousands in all parts of the kingdom, and cause a stir in business amongst the manufacturers and tradespeople, which made even the countenance of the poorest cheerful? Why, Mr. Editor, the money does not come out of the pockets of the poor, but the rich man's wealth is made by such a pageant to flow into the hands of the poor, the industrious, and the needy. The plea of economy, therefore, is economy for the rich, which dries up the sources of the poor man's wealth. On these grounds, the miser and the usurer will add his interest to his capital, without expending one penny on the weaver's loom or the smith's forge. The wretch who loves money, and possesses wealth, although he does no act to relieve the wants of others, always extols to the skies the economy which condemns the use of that pageantry which would touch his bags to relieve those wants. He forgets that the rich man's expenditure in equipages, and all other luxuries, which belong to his station, is bread to the poor, and food and raiment to the artisan, the smiths, the builders, the masons, the carpenters, the spinners, the trimmers, the weavers, the curriers, &c. of the nation.

"The bulk of the lower orders of the people are thus directly interested in the luxuries of the upper. And the discontinuance of a ceremony which has hitherto been the means of giving employment to so many poor and industrious persons, is the reverse of economy. Pensions, places, and gifts, bestowed on the unworthy, are a prostitution of the public purse, and we should not complain of their discontinuance; but of the omission of this most ancient ceremony, on the score of economy, we, who are most interested, do complain, and condemn the policy as most erroneous.

"Tradesmen, artisans, mechanics, manufacturers, and all you who live by your labour or ingenuity, for you are all equally interested, join forthwith and petition our kind-hearted and patriotic King, and the best and kindest of Queens, whose heart is ever feelingly alive to your interests, that such an opportunity of conferring a benefit on the poor may not be passed over, especially as the rich have no desire to be spared the necessary expenditure, but are always ready to come forward on occasions of public distress,—that we have a coronation

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suited to the dignity of the nation: for the aristocracy of England are both able and willing to give the expenditure, and to surround their beloved King and Queen at their coronation in a suitable manner."

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We are in such arrear with our musical notices, that we hardly know whether to head our critique *new* music or *old*: we dare-say there is some of both; some now fashionable, some already forgotten.

Of the former we are sure must be, 1. *Characteristic Quadrilles*, by Louisa Sophia Dance (Cramer and Co.), which are charming compositions for the piano-forte (in imitation of the styles of Weber, Bishop, Rossini, Cramer, and Schlesinger), and display a great deal of taste and talent. Though rather late in the season, we recommend them cordially to our fair quadrille-dancers. 2. *The Circassian*, a ballad, by T. H. Bayly, Esq. (same publishers), is sure to become popular, through its sweetness and simplicity. 3. *The Bower* (the same). In the air we recognise our old favourite, with pleasing words by Mr. Bayly. 4. *Popular Waltzes, &c.* (S. Chappell), "performed," says the title-page, "at the nobilities balls;" yet quite simple, and extremely pretty. What is of more consequence, "Meet me by moonlight," and other airs, are here delightfully arranged for dancing: what more can be reported of the agreeable trifles? 5. *O! men, what silly things you are!* (J. Barnett and Co.); a cavatina by N. C. Bochsa, who has contrived to make the air pretty, and capital for practice. 6. *Lord of all Being* (J. A. Novello), the words by R. Montgomery, the music by S. Mathews, M.B. Cambridge. This is a fine composition, and will be heard with much gratification, either in public or private. The music throughout is admirably adapted to the words: perhaps it is rather long; but the beauty of many parts will excuse that blemish. 7. *I'm thine for ever!* (Purday), a ballad, sung by Mr. Wilson, the poetry and melody by W. R. Hayward, Esq. Wilson can make almost any thing pretty; but in others we have found this common-place and monotonous. 8. *Songs for the Grave and the Gay* (Purday), by T. H. Bayly; and, like the generality of his ballads, pretty simple pieces. The first is extremely sweet, both in words and music. Mr. Bayly assuredly excels in the grave and touching. 9. *Songs of the Camp* (Goulding and D'Almaine), written and composed by G. Linley, Esq. A truly beautiful book of songs. We may instance "Sweet Palencia," "Maiden of Seville," and "Friend in the Battle-day," as particularly charming. The latter, indeed, is one of the most harmonious compositions we have heard for a long time.

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

The evenings' miscellanies at this theatre are now running in smooth and gratifying variety; and while still greater novelties are announced, the managers have hit on a capital and very attractive source of amusement, by calling in the aid of Mr. Collins, alias the English Paganini. This musician made his first appearance on Tuesday, and with complete success. Comparisons, it is said, are odious; and therefore we shall refrain from subjecting ourselves to that imputation, and simply state the fact, that Mr. Collins on Tuesday, and every night since, has contrived to amuse a crowded house for half an hour, and to call forth rounds of hearty applause by his performances on the violin. Two novelties seemed especially to delight his auditors; he produced tones like a distant organ, by loosening the hair of the bow, and then passing the stick under, and the hair over, the strings of the instrument. The next was rather a trick than any thing extraordinary,—he placed the bow upright between his knees, and played an air by moving the violin up and down against it; and, in truth, played the tune very well. The air upon one string was beautifully executed, and the performer loudly applauded.

Little Regondi's concert on Saturday, we are happy to say, was well attended, and the audience seemed as much pleased as we were with the extraordinary performances of this interesting boy.

VARIETIES.

French Opera.—The French papers say, that M. Victor Hugo is at work converting *Notre-Dame de Paris* into an opera, of which Rossini is to compose the music; that Taglioni is to have a character in it; and that the part of Quasimodo is to be played by the dwarf of the Cirque Olympique.

New Fossil Crustaceous Animal.—Professor Scouler, of Glasgow, describes, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Geographical Journal*, a very extraordinary fossil crustaceous animal, under the name of Eidothea, it bearing a remarkable similarity to the human skull. The shell is entire, and exhibits no vestiges of any division. It has a tail, consisting of several articulations. The eyes are placed on short peduncles.

New Power Machine.—Mr. Richards, an engineer of Bristol, states, that he has perfected an "Endless Power Machine," which is now in action; and which he asserts will supersede the use of steam in every case. The engine is self-acting, and may be made equal to 250 horse power.

Roscoe.—We observe with pleasure that a subscription for a public monument to the memory of this elegant scholar, has been proposed at Liverpool; a town deeply indebted to his literary and patriotic labours.

Buckingham Palace.—The recent statements in the newspapers of the insecure state of this building, and of the probability that it may suddenly fall into a heap of ruins—a meet termination to an undertaking of such absurdity—induces us at least to postpone the further remarks which it was our intention to make on Colonel Trench's plan for converting it into national picture and statue galleries, and into a college.

Numismatics.—We are glad to learn that the *Institut de France* has liberally corroborated the opinion we gave upon the "Illustrations of Anglo-French Coinage," (see review, *Lit. Gaz.* No. 699,) by awarding to its author, a general officer in the English service, their numismatic prize, the gold medal.

Gin-wine Bread.—In a recent *Gazette* we gave an account of the curious discovery, that bread in the process of baking emits a vapour which, being condensed, proves to be a spirit of great strength. The experiments are still going on, and the results most satisfactory. A quartern loaf yields several drams of pure spirit, with something of the flavour of *noyau*, (it is thence proposed to call it *dough-yau*); and from the general quantity of baking, it is estimated that 800,000 gallons per annum may thus be produced from what has hitherto been utterly wasted. But we are not now going into the scientific history of the discovery, and we only mention it, during the progress of its tests, to record the humorous ingenuity of a baker near the place where the experiments are carrying on, who has placed in his shop-window the following placard, "Bread sold here with the Gin in it!!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXI. July 30.*]

A pamphlet on the (Political) Influence of the Press is announced, from the pen of W. Jerdan.

The Life and Correspondence (embracing nearly sixty years) of the late Mr. Roscoe, are, we learn, in preparation for the press by some of the members of his family.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Stories for Young Children, by Mrs. Marcet, 18mo. 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Woman in her Social Character, by Mrs. John Sandford, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Weiss on Surgical Instruments, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XVI. Part II. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Ottley's Notices of Engravers, Vol. I. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.; large paper, 18*s.* bds.—Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXI. Lives of British Statesmen, Vol. I. fcp. 6*s.* cloth.—Rev. Thomas Dale's Sermons preached at St. Bride's, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. VII. Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon, Vol. II. fcp. 5*s.* cloth.—Wakefield's Facts on the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis, post 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hawkins on Cholera, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—French and Skinner's Translation of the Proverbs, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—George Don's General System of Gardening and Botany, Vol. I. 4to. 3*l.* 12*s.* bds.—Family Library, Vol. XXIII. an Account of a Tour through Holland, 18mo. 5*s.* cloth.—A Bird's-eye View of Foreign Parts, fcp. 5*s.* bds.—A Tale of Tucuman, 18mo. 5*s.* bds.—Manuscript Memorials, crown 8vo. 7*s.* cloth.—Lynch's Law of Elections in the Cities and Towns of Ireland, royal 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Family Classical Library, No. XX. Thucydides, Vol. I. 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Hughes' Divines, No. XV. Jeremy Taylor, Vol. III. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. II. Roderick Random, 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.—The Club Book, by various Authors, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Standard Novels, Vol. VI. the Last of the Mohicans, by J. F. Cooper, 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.—Rev. M. Oxenden's Sermons before a Country Congregation, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Danby's Thoughts on various Subjects, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—General O'Connor's Letter to General Lafayette on the French Revolution of 1830, 8vo. 2*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ While the falsehood and scurrility of low periodicals respecting the *Literary Gazette* are confined to their own small spheres, we leave them to the obscure contempt which alone they have the power to provoke; but having admitted into our pages to-day (in the way of business) an advertisement which will thus afford to such abuse a publicity otherwise unattainable, we deem it right to accompany it with a few words of remark. Belonging to that class of the press which finds it easier to struggle into a narrow and ephemeral notoriety by the shameful means of slander and personalities, than to prefer a wide-spread and permanent claim to the public regard by meritorious efforts in the cause of literature and improvement, we might well leave the Magazine in question, and the impudent lies it has intruded into our own columns, to the degradation earned by the one, and the speedy oblivion which is sure to overtake the other. But we will publicly tell the propagator of these attacks upon us (which he knows to be utterly false, and which are rendered personal by a preceding part of the advertisement), that the individual who can so readily violate the least burdensome, though not the least imperative of human virtues, gratitude to a benefactor, is not the best calculated to inform or benefit mankind as the editor of a periodical work: but his vocation, like that of his fellows, is not to promote any good or useful purpose. Entitled, as we feel we are, to the general confidence, and rewarded by a circulation far beyond any literary Journal that ever was published, we shall continue to despise the base detractions of unsuccessful envy. [To guard against misapprehension, we should say, that a private friend of ours, a gentleman whose name is frequently mentioned as editor of this Magazine, but who denies that responsibility, is not in the slightest degree alluded to in this notice of a stupid and worthless calumny.]

We are sorry to be obliged to postpone a farther notice of Mr. Jacob on the Precious Metals, and Wakefield on the Punishment of Death.

We are not acquainted with any farther particulars of the Mary-le-bone Literary and Scientific Institution than we stated in the *Literary Gazette*. Inquirers must look to the prospectuses or advertisements of the plan.

β is fanciful—but the rhymes, &c. won't do.

We are obliged to S. A. M.; but if he knew the trouble it cost us to make Hofer's letter as correct as it was, he would not ask us to embark on further verbal criticisms.

Wadham Pembroke has no original thought to recommend to the distinction of publication.

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Mr. Pugin begs to acquaint the Subscribers that the Letter-press Description of the Work, which is given gratis, with Two additional Plates, may be had, upon immediate application, at either of the above Addresses, by presenting, signed, &c. the notice which is affixed to the Fourth Number.

OPENING of LONDON BRIDGE by HIS MAJESTY.—The Observer, price Seven-pence, of Sunday next, July the 31st, will contain Two picturesque and accurate Views of this splendid Ceremony, taken from the Southwark and London sides of the Thames; together with Minute Particulars and Programme of the whole of the intended Proceedings.

A Monday Afternoon Edition of the Observer, price Seven-pence, adapted for Country and Foreign circulation, is regularly published, at Four o'Clock, every Monday Afternoon, at No. 169, Strand.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, and ARTS.—The Proprietors of the ATHENÆUM, from their own honest anxiety, and in compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of general Literature and useful Knowledge, have resolved, that on Saturday next that Paper shall be reduced in price from Eight-pence to Fourpence!

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*** Scientific gentlemen and others are invited to inspect the Manufactory, 22, Castle Street, Finsbury.

MUSIC.

This day, for August, 2*s.*

THE HARMONICON. Contents.

Music.

Overture (Le Trésor supposé) Mehul—Adagio, Clementi—March, Pacini—Ballad (MS.) Mrs. Orme—War-Song, Miss Smith—Song, the "Parting," (Bellini) arranged by S. D.—Arietta, Verini—Shawl-Dance, Auber.

Musical Literature.

Memoir of Muzio Clementi—Metropolitan Concerts—On Vocal Music—Paganini—Hummel at Manchester—Melodists' Club—The Good Old Dance—Diary of a Dilettante—Concerts—Review of New Music—Foreign Musical Report—The Drama, &c.

London: Longman and Co.; and sold by all Booksellers.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

With an Engraving by Cosmo Armstrong.

On the 1st of August will be published, No. VII. of

THE LIBRARY of the FINE ARTS.

Contents.—I. Memoir of J. Northcote, Esq. R.A.—II. Life of Piranesi, with an Engraving—III. Sketches by a Travelling Architect, No. 2—IV. Dogmas on Art, No. 5; Criticism on Fine Arts—V. Essay towards Establishing the Principles of real Beauty—VI. Letter, by the late J. Flaxman, Esq. R.A. (now first published), on a Naval Monument—VII. Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery—VIII. Exhibition of Painters in Water Colours, No. 3—IX. Critical Notices—X. Ancient English Architects—XI. Miscellanea—XII. Sir J. Reynolds's Discourses continued.

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On the 6th of August will be published,

NO. XXIII. of the FAMILY LIBRARY; being a Family Tour through South Holland, up the Rhine, and across the Netherlands, to Ostend. Illustrated by a Map of the Route, and Ten Views taken on the Spot, etched by Lieut.-Col. BATTY.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most celebrated Persons of his time. 4to. pp. 660. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

As this massive tome only sees the light to-day, and has been but a short while in our *pre*-possession, we may be excused from going into any detail of its multifarious contents, or giving any decided opinion of its merits. That such a collection must embrace much of intelligence and amusement is obvious; and that a good deal of matter not of much interest, but which it was yet difficult to separate from the rest, should be mixed up with what is more worthy of publication, is another feature that might readily have been anticipated. A biography of Garrick, of sixty-four pages, precedes the Correspondence, which is brought down from his first start from Litchfield to London, with letters of recommendation, in February 1736, to August 1774, when he was manager of Drury Lane theatre: the memoir itself is but indifferently written as to style. It tells us, what the Correspondence amply proves, that Garrick had a numerous and very miscellaneous body of correspondents, whose letters he preserved, and also kept copies of his own; so that the whole presents a curious picture of dramatic history and criticism.

From these sources we shall now trace some of the features; beginning with the Memoir. Garrick's predilection for acting was evinced at an early age, and he had acted Sergeant Kite in his eleventh year, at school (1727), previous to being sent to Lisbon to his uncle, a wine-merchant resident there.

"His stay at Lisbon (says his biographer) was not a long one, for the next year saw him returned to Mr. Hunter's care, and his time was spent between the school and the capital. In the one he advanced his classical acquirements, and in the other indulged his passion for the theatre. In these visits to town he had opportunities of studying the art as it was exhibited by Quin and Cibber, and Macklin. The houses he could frequent were then, as now, Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres; that in Lincoln's-inn Fields; that in Goodman's Fields, which he soon enriched *himself;* and Aaron Hill's rooms in Villier's Street, where the *Zara* was first tried, of which he afterwards became the enchanting Lusignan. But notwithstanding the interruption given to his studies by these trips to London, there is full evidence that his progress in the school had been far from a slow one. Johnson had assisted in his studies but a few months, and therefore to Hunter much praise is due for fixing so mercurial a spirit. In his eighteenth year his friend Walmesley writes of him, that he was not only an amiable young gentleman, but a 'good scholar;' in other words, the grammar-school had done him justice. As his father could not afford to send him to the University, he was to study philosophy, the mathematics, and polite literature, under Mr. Colson, then residing at Rochester, in Kent. To shew at once all that was required; 'Few instructions,' says Walmesley to his friend, 'on your side will do, and in the intervals of study he will be an agreeable companion for you.' Thus we see Colson was to be to Garrick, what Johnson, less calculated for tuition, had recently been, and the master and the scholar were to live in a friendly intimacy together. And this leads us to the celebrated journey to London, by Samuel Johnson and David Garrick, from the same place, with views, however, widely different; the scholar to work his way ultimately at the bar, and the master to produce his genius upon the stage. The result is well known to the reader; Johnson acquired the degree of Doctor of Laws, and the intended lawyer became the sovereign of the stage;—happy both of them in this, that in their respective walks they were alike transcendent; Johnson the first name in *literature* of his age, and Garrick the first *actor* of his own, if we may *not* rather think of *any* age. The opportunity may be here taken of offering a very few remarks upon the objects of Garrick's fellow-traveller, as they are described by Gilbert Walmesley: 'Mr. Johnson,' with that most forlorn of all hopes to a stranger, 'to try his fate with a tragedy' upon the stage; 'and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French.' He goes on without the slightest affectation:—'Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should any way lie in your way, I doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman.' Regard for the profound critic and moralist may induce us to regret that his rewards should have fallen so far short of his friend's. The sage, like another Cato, gives laws to a little senate of his admirers, and struggles through life, almost in vain, to be above want. The actor is the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the 'observed of all observers,' the man to welcome whom the proudest rank drops its barrier, and intreats an intimacy as a boon. He is, almost at his outset, patentee and proprietor of the first theatre in Europe; and living a life of splendour, more valuable by its liberality, bequeaths at his death property considerably beyond one hundred thousand pounds!"

It is amusing to us, after having so recently followed the revived biography of Johnson, to be thus called upon to study a contemporary, elevated by the partiality of his historian to so superior a station: in Boswell's Johnson, Garrick is but a secondary figure, and even lower, the Punch who has no feelings: here he is the hero, and Johnson sinks into the comparatively poor and obscure personage. It is true, however, that Garrick's career was from the beginning a brilliant and successful one, from his *début* at Ipswich, as Aboan, under the name of Lyddal, in 1741,* and subsequently in London, where he appeared as Richard III. on the 19th of October, in the same year, to the final closing of the scene on the 20th of January, 1779. In 1749 he married the celebrated Miss Viollette or Violletti, who, his biographer assures us, was in no way related to the Burlington family, her great patrons and the munificent donors of a wedding portion of 6000*l.*; but the daughter of a person of the name of Veigel, at Vienna, from which capital this *violet* was sent by Maria Theresa, in consequence of attracting too much of the notice of the Emperor by her beauty and grace as a dancer. With her, Garrick appears to have enjoyed a state of uninterrupted felicity:* but we pass over that, and all the familiar points of his theatrical life, and select a passage or two from a later date. 1774.

"Mr. Garrick's health had continued sufficiently good to enable him to enjoy the society of his friends at Hampton in the fine weather, and in the Adelphi during the winter. He occasionally visited the House of Commons; and one night, during a stormy debate, the standing order was enforced to clear the gallery. Mr. Garrick kept his place by acclamation of the whole house; and the member for Shropshire, who moved it, underwent the castigation of Burke, who there called Mr. Garrick the great master of elocution, by whose lessons they had all profited. Garrick avenged himself of the tasteless member by some verses, which reminded him of that unlucky animal, whose *bray* every hearer of delicacy and refinement instinctively flies. He does not seem to have troubled himself with the theatre in any remarkable degree. He wrote a prologue or two, gave the younger Bannister some instructions in *Zaphna;* and his pupil acted it with great applause to Mrs. Robinson's Palmyra. That beautiful and fascinating woman has long quitted us: but Bannister is living happily and vigorously, and would be *young* Bannister still, but for a lameness in one of his feet, that affects his gait, it is true, but spares his gaiety."

"Two incidents call for notice, and for reprobation of very different strength. At a dinner of the Actors' Fund, Mr. Garrick, to do them honour, visited his former friends, elegantly dressed, and expecting both to give and receive pleasure by his company. As to himself, Mr. Garrick saw no signs of cordiality; as to each other, the actors were split into parties; and where it had been a virtue to practise the dissimulation of the stage, they indulged themselves in exposing their natural infirmities. Tom King's explanation and apology to Garrick are at least well intended. The mortification felt by Mr. Garrick he in fact shews by his letter to that gentleman. The other occurrence is of a graver die. At the very time that a fatal malady was dragging him to the grave, the villanous enmities that persecuted him were threatening his moral destruction, and endeavouring to practise upon his solicitude for his reputation. The weapon

* Where he also performed Chamont, Captain Brazen, Sir Harry Wildair, and Harlequin, with the greatest éclat.

* She survived him 43 years, and died October 1822, in her 98th year.

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of the assassin is preserved in the 'Correspondence;' the villain himself has escaped the infamy to which we should joyfully have consigned him." [As the Correspondence does not come so far down, we are left in the dark respecting this allusion.]

"As an actor," (the writer observes, in summing up his character), "Mr. Sheridan has done him justice. As a manager, he appears to have been liberal to his authors, and friendly to his actors. The profits to the first, greatly exceed what they can now obtain; when the theatre, too, held at most 330*l.* His performers had weekly salaries that seem now moderate, but were at that time sufficient; he besides wrote for their benefits, and never refused to act for them. He only could fill the house. He encouraged of either authors or actors such talent as he could find, and cherished it, until they alike tried to invade his province as a manager. The authors were for subduing his judgment to the fellow-feeling of their brethren, and the actors were for choosing their own nights for performing, and would discard or resume whatever characters became obnoxious or desirable from their whims or their jealousies. As a man, perhaps he was not equally perfect. He saw his object singly, and perhaps too fondly. Sir John Hawkins, we believe, tells us that he once gave Mr. Garrick some intelligence very material to his interest, but he could not secure his attention; a new pantomime engrossed every moment of his time. He paid great regard to the press, he even meddled with newspaper property, he anticipated attack sometimes, was irritated by it at others, and never practised the policy of being silent. But his self-love as an actor was not alone to account for this. He was a proprietor of a concern, that flourishes but by the 'popular breath;' to engage the public mind, therefore, about himself and his theatre, was essential to the triumph of both. He had writers who were engaged in his interest in such vehicles, and he wrote in them himself. Such was his avarice of fame: but his love of money seems to have been more disputable; or rather, he loved affluence for its independence, and the power it bestowed of obliging the great, and relieving the humble."

We could cite some very curious proof of Garrick's use of the press—his anxious preparations of the public for his reappearances or for new characters; and his puffs collusive, preliminary, &c. &c. &c.—even the actors' arts in our day fall short of these elaborate contrivances.

"As a writer," (continues the summary we have been quoting), "we can hardly tell what to say of his powers: we do not know, touching either character, thought, or expression, how much was really his in the plays of others. The two-act comedy at least was his own. Prologue was his chief province, and his fertility in such compositions inexhaustible. Epigram he made vigorous court to; and Epitaph, in some instances, owned no superior. In the light measures of Prior, he frolics that poet himself, or Voltaire, or Gresset, in the enchanting *Ver-Vert*. To sum up his character:—when we consider the space he occupied in life, his fame in other countries, his predominance in his sphere, the numerous circles of which he may be said to have been the idol, the illustrious men who mixed his talents with their own; that he was never subjected to a single reverse of fortune, never involved in any touching calamity; that he was spared the *pangs* of family connexion, and rejoiced that he was without children; in spite of severe annoyances from the malignant, and some chronic disorders, that clung equally to him in his course;—we cannot but regard him as having enjoyed one of the happiest lots that ever gratified the ambition, or rewarded the energy of a human being."

It is now our business to select a few of the letters which appear to us most likely to interest readers of the present time.

Mrs. Frances Sheridan, the wife of Thomas, and the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a lady of great acquirements and striking ingenuity. Garrick acted in her *Discovery*, and every body has read her *Nourjahad*. The following is a very spirited and clever letter from her to a Mrs. Victor:

"Blois, Nov. 16, 1743.

"Dear Madam,—I am much obliged to you for your punctuality in writing to me under the chastisement of two blisters. You did it, I am sure, with a design to deliver me from a very disagreeable sensation, called suspense; under which, I must nevertheless assure you, I laboured not at that time; for I was very sure that had the comedy been even approved (about which you know I was not over sanguine), it was too late to be received; and the only thing with which I flattered myself was, that perhaps between this and next season there might be time to mend what should be thought most to want amendment; and it was with this view you may remember I told you I should (and indeed I endeavoured to) send it over as early as possible. I am very sorry that you and your good man have had so much ineffectual trouble about it; but I know you neither of you begrudge to take a little pains for your friends. Thank Mr. Garrick in my name for delivering his sentiments so frankly; it shews, at least, that he has some opinion of my philosophy, though he has none of my genius. I thank you for transmitting them to me so faithfully; and must now, in my turn, beg you will be so kind as to let him know what I have to say on the subject. It is but a disagreeable task to defend one's own writing, but in the present case I think my honour at stake, and that I am bound to justify myself to you and Mr. Victor, for having put (as it appears upon the face of the evidence) a worthless stranger under your care, with no other recommendation than that of its own natural parent, and who, upon trial, has had so unfavourable a verdict returned, that perhaps you may condemn the poor culprit according to law, to return from whence it came, and thence to the place of execution (the fire), without vouchsafing it a second hearing. I have the utmost deference for Mr. Garrick's opinion; I think extremely well of his wit, and still better of his discernment in judging what will or will not succeed with the public; and for his abilities in his own profession, you know how highly I rate them: yet notwithstanding all this, and that I live too at present in a Roman Catholic country, I allow not infallibility to mortal man. People of the best understandings may differ widely in their sentiments of one and the same thing: we have all a certain perception which, for want of another name, goes by the general one of taste, and which if the subject to be decided on does not hit, we are apt sometimes to withhold the suffrage of our judgments, and to confound one with the other, though they are in fact distinct things, however one (to be perfect) ought to be founded on the other. I have heard Johnson decry some of the prettiest pieces of writing we have in English; yet Johnson is an honourable man—that is to say, he is a good critic, and in other respects a man of enormous talents; but the works I speak of have not been to his *gout*, and he has indiscriminately condemned the whole, which, though perhaps not perfect, had still merit enough to save them from general condemnation. From what I have here said, I would be only understood to mean, that I believe Mr. Garrick, not having leisure to give more than a very hasty perusal to my play, and not finding himself pleased upon the whole, could not allow himself the time to separate the good from the bad; but, in the warmth of his disappointment, passed at once on it such a sentence, as put me in mind of your husband's ever-memorable description of Rantavan, viz. that he found there neither meat, drink, washing, nor lodging, which reduced our friend B.'s house to a desert, as my poor comedy is, to something worse than the desert island. There are four heavy accusations laid against it: any one of which being sufficient to weigh the stripling down, I think it a maternal duty to exculpate my child, as far as it is in my power, from so many complicated faults, more especially as these vices have not been acquired by evil communications, but were born with it, and consequently take their rise originally from myself. Imprimis, the play is without fable; secondly, all the scenes are detached; thirdly, there is nothing to interest the audience; and lastly, it has no humour. Tell Garrick I have thrown my gauntlet down, and am going to defend myself. To the first charge I plead not guilty, and will maintain that the fable is fully sufficient to build a series of events upon,—that there is as much as most of our comedies have, and more than in many which have been well received. For the second, I cannot pretend to say (contrary to the opinion of so good a master of his art) whether the scenes are laid with that rigorous exactness that theatrical architecture may require; but thus much I will venture to assert, that their succession is regular and natural, and that they all tend to the main purpose of the drama, which is comprised in the two or three last lines of the play. For the third objection, perhaps, I may be singular in my opinion; but I own, I do not think it absolutely necessary to interest the passions in a comedy; in a tragedy it is indispensable; but if the comic muse can excite curiosity enough to keep up the attention of the audience, she has, in my mind, acquitted herself of her duty; and I think this seems to be the general style of some of our most entertaining comedies, and the one in question, I should hope, is not entirely void of this merit; as the fate of an unworthy project against two innocent young people, artfully carried on, on one side, by a designing pair, and ridiculously supported, on the other, by an absurd pair, is not decided till the very last scene. As for the fourth charge, I shall leave it as I found it; for unless I were to use Bayes's expressions, I should be at a loss for words to defend it—I promised you but pleasantry, and if I have utterly failed in that, I am more unfortunate than I expected to be. Just give me leave to add, what I think will not be denied me, that there is a good moral, and some character, in this piece. The latter of these two articles seems to be growing fast out of fashion: the late writers treating the taste of the times as physicians do the stomachs of their sick patients, which, finding too weak for substantial food, they supply with slops. But the reason of this is obvious: our present race of poets not abounding with invention of their

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own, have taken stories they found ready to their hand, which never having been intended for representation, the authors did not think themselves tied down to rules with which the stage ought not to dispense; yet I thought that Mr. Garrick, who himself knows so well how to support this grand requisite of dramatic works, would willingly have encouraged every effort which had the least pretensions to merit of this kind. I have but just room left to thank you for the verses on the Mummy, which I think an excellent epigram. Mr. Sheridan joins me in best wishes to you and Victoribus. I am, dear Mrs. Victor, yours sincerely, F.S."

The following passages occur in a letter of Lord Rochford's to Garrick, about 1745:

"My lady desires her compliments, and is obliged to you for the trouble you have been at in getting her the tincture. She continues to ride, and is in [good] spirits, which, I agree with you, are the essential happiness, not only of Easton, but to every place else. I don't know why, but when I see a man of a gloomy disposition, I am apt to suspect he has done something wrong; and I have made it my observation, that men of a cheerful, gay disposition, seldom turn out very great villains. Give me, as Cæsar says, men that sleep a'nights. I make a great difference, though, between men that are naturally gloomy, *sans savoir pourquoi*, and those who have met with distresses and accidents in life: they indeed are to be pitied. I can't help, since I am upon this subject, describing to you a sort of men that I have met with in my lifetime, that are my utter aversion; and such are they who are not melancholy enough to hate society (for then one should at least be rid of them), but when they are in it, become observers of one's words and actions, and never communicate any thing they know themselves, not even to those they call their dearest friends. Such men are born natural spies, and I believe the devil had a hand in their creation; but to describe more strongly to you the sort of man I hate, I must, without flattery, tell you he is the reverse of you."

In 1746 (Nov. 3), Mr. Walmesley writes from Bath to Garrick as if Dr. Johnson were in London, for he says—"When you see Mr. Johnson, pray [give] my compliments, and tell him I esteem him as a great genius—quite lost both to himself and the world." This is, it will be remembered, the period of Johnson's life which it has been found difficult to account for. The editor adds, in a note—

"This, we know, was exactly the fact. His attachment to Savage had done him great injury. Between the years 1745 and 6, he literally wrote nothing. The rebellion, that was then raging, perhaps inspired him with the hopes that attached to his political principles. He loved the house of Stuart, and in the success of the Pretender might anticipate his own independence. The reader will be delighted with this letter from the venerable Walmesley. He returns upon Johnson, like the mighty shade of Denmark, to admonish him in his course and stimulate his exertions—

'Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.'

It is obvious that Walmesley had been anxiously expecting from his friend performances adequate to his powers; but at length almost despaired that he could ever be roused to activity, and useful strenuous occupation of his time."

From Garrick to Hogarth about 1755.

"Dear Hogarth,—Our friend Wilson hinted to me the last time I saw him, that I had of late been remiss in my visits to you—it may be so, though upon my word I am not conscious of it; for such ceremonies I look upon as mere counters, where there is no remission of regard and good wishes. As Wilson is not an accurate observer of things, not even of those which concern him most, I must imagine that the hint came from you, and, therefore, I shall say a word or two to you upon it. Montaigne, who was a good judge of human nature, takes notice that when friends grow exact and ceremonious, it is a certain sign of coolness, for that the spirit of friendship keeps no account of trifles. We are, I hope, a strong exception to this rule. Poor Draper, whom I loved better than any man breathing, once asked me smiling,—'How long is it, think you, since you were at my house?' 'How long? Why a month, or six weeks.' 'A year and five days,' replied he; 'but don't imagine that I have kept an account; my wife told me so this morning, and bid me scold you for it.' If Mrs. Hogarth has observed my neglect, I am flattered by it; but if it is your observation, wo betide you! Could I follow my own wishes, I would see you every day in the week, and not care whether it was in Leicester-fields or Southampton-street; but what with an indifferent state of health, and the care of a large family, in which there are many froward children, I have scarce half an hour to myself. However, since you are grown a polite devil, and have a mind to play at lords and ladies, have at you. I will certainly call upon you soon, and if you should not be at home, I will leave my card."

Dr. Warburton, in one of his letters to Garrick, speaks thus irreverently of editors:

"When every religion, and even every trade, has its mysteries, it would be hard to deny it to the worshipful company of editors. Besides, these dealers in other men's sense should give a sign, at least, that they have some of their own: like your haberdashers of small wares, who have always a back-warehouse of their own manufactories."

Of Dodsley—"Dodsley is a wretched fellow, and no man ever met with a worse return than you have done, for your endeavours to serve him. I deny your position, that scholars and men of ability applaud his trumpery; for, take my word for it, a learned blockhead is a blockhead still. I think the applause given to it by Spence, Lowth, and Melmoth, was very sincere; and though I hardly think the same of Sir George's, who is certainly as great a critic as politician, yet I excuse him, for he is like Enobarbus in the play, 'he will speak well of any body who will speak well of him.' As to Master Robert Dodsley, I rate him at his worth; and he being worth nothing, we shall hardly come to a bargain."

The Bishop of Gloucester to Mr. Garrick.

"Prior Park, Feb. 17, 1761.

"Dear sir,—Before I left town, I talked very seriously with Millar concerning that scoundrel poem, and more scoundrel subject of it. He appeared truly concerned; and, as he told me, spoke to Wilks with great resentment of the injury done him, by incurring your displeasure, through his perfidy. But do such wretches as the writer of the poem and the hero of it deserve a serious thought from you? I think you and I have all the standard dunces of the kingdom on our hands: you the rhyming, and I the prosaic dunces. Yours have most of the nature of that sort of vermin Dryden speaks of—

'So little and so light,
One could not know they live, but that they bite.'

Mine, most like that which Sir Hugh, in the play, calls 'a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.' On this account I must tell you a story. Two English soldiers, travelling through the Highlands, were one night in particular most miserably lodged, and, before morning, half eaten up with these two sorts of vermin. As day-light approached, they resolved to make an ample sacrifice for the violated rights of *Jupiter hospitalis*; but the first attack was so ill-planned, that a great part of the enemy had escaped, had not one of these commanders, observing the absurd manœuvres of his fellow, called out, 'What the devil, comrade, are you about? Let us first secure the light-horse; the heavy-armed foot lie at our mercy.' And now, should you and I, think you, be better employed than these two brave sufferers, did we seriously set about revenging ourselves on the worthless vermin that molested us? I was pleased to see you in sentiments more characteristic of you, the last time we were together, when you hinted to Mr. Berenger and me your inclination of being the means of diverting some rays of the king's favour, to shine on the other house. I said nothing to you then, but you will pardon me for giving you my thoughts now. Were the king's using your house intended as matter of mere favour to you, your modesty and generosity would be well employed to serve your neighbour. But since the king, in this consults only the gratification of his own amusement, which your acting is necessary to, modesty and generosity would seem to be misplaced in hinting any thing in behalf of the other house. * * *

"I had not seen 'The Fribbleriad.' It is excellent both in the fable, the sentiment, and the wit. Pope, in speaking of the *cock fribble* of his time, compares him to a *gilded bug*. I remember Middleton used to say to me, the description was very faulty, because there was no such thing in nature as a *gilded bug*. I replied, it suited the purpose the better, for a fribble was as much out of Nature. I have my fribbles as well as you. In the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' just published, the author, by the most unprovoked malice, has a fling at your friend obliquely, and puts him in company where you would not expect to find him, (it is vol. i. pp. 106, 107,) with Tom Hearne and Browne Willis. It is about Gothic edifices, for which I shall be *about his pots*, as Bentley said to Lord Halifax of Rowe. But I say it better; I mean the gally-pots and washes of his toilet. I know he has a fribble tutor at his elbow, as sicklied over with affectation as himself. * * *

"I have seen the first edition of the poem you mention, 'The Rosciad,' and I was surprised at the excellent things I found in it; but took Churchill to be a feigned name, so little do I know of what is going forward."

We now make another selection from another sort of correspondent.

"Signor Joseph Baretti to Mr. Garrick.

"Venice, July 10th, 1764.

"Dear sir,—Countess Bujovich, the lady who told me of her miraculous remedy against the sciatica, has been out of town these three weeks, and I know not when she will be back again. But if I recollect well, the plaster is made with some Venetian soap and the yolk of an egg, well mixed together, applied to the painful part on a bit of blue paper. Have you forgot the black hen? Do not neglect that particularity, and abstain from laughing, you incredulous mortal! To be serious, I heartily wish Mrs. Garrick a perfect recovery of her health, and should be very glad to hear her

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bettered by this simple remedy. I was much pleased to hear from more than one friend, that she is much better now than she was when she left Venice, and that she has dismissed her stick, and walks bravely about. Could I absent myself from here, I would certainly come to Albano, and wait daily on her in our Italian character of cavalier serviente, although she wants a stick no more. My best wishes and compliments wait on her instead of me. Now, friend Garrick, give me leave to be a little peevish with you. How could you be such a witless man as to think that you could find Italian literature existing to the sum of thirty sequins? I scarcely think you would find literature in the whole world worth such a sum. I reckon that you have about twenty sequins' worth in England, three sequins' in France, a couple of sequins' in Germany, and another couple in the rest of the world, which sums put together do not fully come up to what you laid out in that of Italy only. Yet, though literature worth money be so very scarce, in my opinion, every where, I am not quite of your mind as to the books you bought, considered as books. Some of them—(for I saw a list of them in Mr. Beauclerk's hands)—some of them are valuable for their printer's sake, some for this, and some for that other foolish reason; and whenever you think of selling them again, I firmly believe that it will not be any hard matter to get you your money again. Mr. Beauclerk, meanwhile, offers you twenty sequins, if you are fully persuaded of having made a very bad bargain. So you see you will but lose ten sequins instead of twenty. I wish I had seen the books themselves—I could be more positive, in all probability, as to your having done yourself no harm; for I firmly think that you have done by chance what many more people in Venice would likewise do deliberately. Be comforted, then, and do not consider yourself as a great sufferer for a trifling loss that you may make, at the very worst. The great sufferer is your lady, who is obliged to stop in a sorry place, physicking, instead of rambling about merrily in cheerful places."

A letter from Burke:—

"My dear David,—We have now got a little settled in our new habitation. When will you and Mrs. Garrick come and make it comfortable to us by your company for a day or two? You have promised us, and we are a sort of persevering folks, and will not easily let you off. You shall have fowls from our own poultry-yard, and such beef and mutton as our next market-town yields; and to make it complete, we will assure you it is our own feeding, and then you will find it very good. In all sadness we wish, Madam Burke, all with us, and myself, most hugeously to see you, and will take it ill if you go and see the new paymaster before us starving proscribed folks. You know the unfortunate are always proud and touchy. We only wish you would give us a day's notice, that we may not ramble. Adieu, my dear Garrick, and believe me most sincerely and affectionately, EDMUND BURKE.

"Mrs. Burke desires her compliments to Mrs. Garrick. If you bring your neighbour, the *Thames*, with you, it will be quite agreeable."

We conclude with one which relates to characters always of public interest.

Mr. Samuel Sharp to Mr. Garrick.

"Geneva, Aug. 18th, 1765.

"Dear sir,—I am just come from Mons. Voltaire's, and can give you the fullest assurance that neither your letter nor any other part of your conduct has given him the least umbrage. There was no company at dinner but myself: his nieces and nephews talked more and louder than other men and women usually do in France; however, I every now and then, as I sat next to him, got hold of his ears, and our chief topic was our English actor. When I signified to him that I should write this evening to Mr. Garrick, and that it would be the greatest pleasure I could do you, to say he was in good health; 'No, sir,' said he, 'do not write an untruth, but tell him, *Je suis plein d'estime pour lui.*' When I represented how mortified you was in having lost the opportunity of paying him your respects, his answer was such, that I am persuaded you never offended. All the conversation turned on a tragedy, represented at his own theatre last Friday evening: unfortunately for us, the night of our arrival. Mademoiselle Clairon, the subject of their applause, left him this morning to visit some friends, so that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing her: in about six days she sets out for Provence: Antonio, however, waited on her yesterday, and made some proper apology, in answer to her complaints against you for not writing. I confess to you, though I am conscious of her merit, I never was so fatigued with panegyric; the women screamed, and acted, and stared so violently in repeating the fine passages; Voltaire sat placid, every now and then either nodding or speaking his approbation. At length one of the ladies asserted, in contradiction to the other, that it happened in the course of five acts, that Madem. Clairon was not equally excellent, and an appeal was made to their uncle; he turned to me, and said, his answer should be the same that Madame Dacier gave to a critic who pointed out to her a real *sottise* in Homer: 'Ah, Monsieur, dit-elle, ce n'est que divin.' The story is not the best Voltaire ever told; but I will tell you one: he wept in recollecting and repeating Clairon's manner of asking, '*Où est ma mère?*' To conclude, he had been all the morning busy in composing an *epître* to Madem. Clairon, which he read in the rough draught with wonderful vigour and emphasis, but at the same time with a tone and accent so different from those of the English, that I have no doubt that was you to repeat any passage of Shakspeare before the same assembly, they would feel but little pleasure from your recital. Sick as I was of all the praise I heard this afternoon, it revived my spirits to be told by Voltaire, that when Madem. Clairon was sent to prison, you made her an offer of five hundred louis; and I was not a little flattered to see him turn round to the company and ask them if there was a duke or a mareschal in France, generous and honourable enough to do such an action. Wilkes is here, very busy, writing and printing some things, which I hope his friends will prevent him from publishing. I am his well-wisher, and could wish he was not quite so zealous; such zeal may tend to the good of mankind, as martyrdom advances religion; but I should be sorry that my brother or David Garrick were the instruments in either case. Antonio continues to be an honest, worthy, and sensible conductor to my daughters and me. He flatters us you may possibly give us a rendezvous at Paris next May. I will not attempt to tell you how much such an event would delight us. Should the scheme take place, we will endeavour to accommodate our return to your arrival at Paris. I happened at dinner to assign as one reason why you would act no more, that our theatre was overrun with sing-song. His eyes sparkled at the indignation I expressed, and I found afterwards it was from the similarity of the two nations; for this charge makes the subject of some lines in his *epître* to Madem. Clairon. Voltaire thought his theatre would hold but 50 persons, and they crowded in 120; he is going to enlarge it so much as to admit an audience of 200 or 250."

Unimore: a Dream of the Highlands. By Professor Wilson. Blackwood's Magazine.

ONE day the beautiful princess Margaret, (she who was afterwards Queen of Scotland) as she was passing through the hall, saw Alain Chartier, the most celebrated minstrel of his time, asleep on one of the benches. Pausing for a moment at his side, she bent down and kissed him. Some of her attendants, not entering into her enthusiasm, marvelled greatly that she had not bestowed her favour on some fairer face. "Nay," replied the princess, "I did not kiss him, but the mouth from which proceeds so many beautiful things;"—thus, says the old chronicler, justifying an extraordinary action, on the plea that it had an extraordinary motive. Now we are about to commit an action quite out of our common course—and we, in like manner, plead that its motive is quite enough out of the common course to justify it. There is, and there can be, no just criticism passed by one periodical on another; censure is too often the expression of rivalry; and still oftener is praise only given for "value received." When periodicals are polite to each other, it is on a mercantile system of reciprocation; and when they deal in abuse, the public are apt to remember that a pseudo judge is in reality a contending advocate. Beyond, therefore, the mention of a new beginning, we have always abstained from passing any species of judgment on our contemporaries; but the present departure from our general rule will, we think, be its own excuse. So much of change has taken place within the last few years, that the poets of whom Wilson is one, rather belong to the past age than to the present. The men who broke up the sweet waters of poesy, and made the desert of English imagination blossom like the rose, are still among us—but they walk with eyes that look back, and with sealed lips. Of all lands that of literature is the last of which we can say, that there

"The voice of the nightingale never is mute;"

on the contrary, we may rather address song in Shelley's words—

"Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of delight."

Actual, calculating, and looking to the outward world, to-day has none of the characteristics of a poetical age; and the poetry which still remains is like the crimson of evening, that lingers

"To shew that sunshine has been there."

But Wilson belongs to

"The golden hour of morning prime;"

when a thousand fine influences were abroad, and the success of one aspirant encouraged another; and the Isle of Palms, and the City of the Plague, have long passed to fame through "the gate called the Beautiful." *Unimore* is their worthy companion. Perhaps Wilson's poetry may be best characterised by saying, it is of that species which seems especially to deserve the term "inspired." Creative and fanciful, it apparels earth in the "glory and the freshness of a dream," but a dream that has all the depth and tenderness

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of life. It is a spirit that pours itself over the land like a summer shower, refreshing and brightening all that it touches, and giving to the commonest leaf and flower a beauty belonging to them, and yet not of themselves. Wilson delights in taking the beauty of nature, and identifying it with human love and sanctifying it with human sorrow. But to the proof; and with regard to our criticism, we must observe, that it will be confined to pointing attention to some of our favourite passages. The same poet, in the Isle of Palms, says —

"Oh many are the beauteous isles
Unknown to human eye,
That sleeping mid the ocean-smiles
In happy silence lie.
The ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the main."

Beautiful passages in a poem are like these "beauteous isles" in the ocean—and the critic's task is to discover and draw attention towards them. What a Claude-Lorraine picture is the following of sunrise!

Morven, and Morn, and Spring, and Solitude!
As yet it is scarce sunrise, but the sun
Sends dawn before him, while his dazzling disk
Is soaring from the sea, a gentle light,
Tender and delicate exceedingly,
'Neath which, as if it were a glittering veil,
Lies the new-woke and undisturbed earth,
Conscious once more of the sweet hour of Prime.
No object in creation now looks dead.
Stones, rocks, knolls, heather, broom and furze, and fern,
Have all a life-like semblance in the hush,
So strong is the expression of their joy;
Alive appears each solitary tree,
Half tree, half shrub, birch with its silver stem,
And hazel azure-hued; with feeling smiles,
The feeling of its own fresh loveliness,
That budding brake; and these wild briers enwreath'd
With honeysuckles wild, brimful of life,
Now trail along, and clamber up and fill
The air with odours, by short-sleeping bee
Already visited; though not a bird
Within the nested foliage more than stirs,
Or twitters o'er the blissful wilderness.
Life breathes intenser beauty o'er the flowers.
There within one small round of greensward set
Dew-diamonded daisies, happy all,
In their own sweetness and simplicity;
With lustre burnishing yon mossy nook
An inexhaustible board of primroses,
Heaped up by spring for the delight of morn,
Miser at once and prodigal: here steep'd,
And striped and starred in colours manifold,
Mosses that 'twould be sin to tread upon."

How much of natural tenderness is in the ensuing description of a mother pining for her absent child, of whose fate she is uncertain!

"Then came long years of hope, of dismal hope,
Dying one day, and on another bright
As madness; for Imagination dreams
Of wild impossibilities, and Love
Will borrow for a time the eagle's wings
To sweep the isles and rocks, and finding not
What she seeks there, the long-lost beautiful,
Goes down into the caverns of the sea,
Commanding them to render up their dead.
So fared it with this lady — and a ship
Sometime she saw come sailing up the loch,
And call'd on all the castle to behold
Her Unimore's return. Then with a smile
Pressing her pale hand on her forehead wan,
Of God she asked forgiveness, and knelt down
Into a sobbing prayer.
"On tales she fed
Of battle and of shipwreck, and of boats
Like insect-covered leaves for weeks afloat
On the wide sea, all dropping one by one
The famish'd sailors, some delirious,
From the frail bark — and of more horrid dooms!
In all his shapes she madly cursed the sea."

Summer—

"The woods have burst
Into their full effulgence; all the glens
With green light overflow; the heather-bloom,
Anticipating autumn, purples faint
The moors and mountains; in the forest-chase,
Never in such deep herbage dipped their hoofs
The red-deer, nor the goats along the cliffs
On such profusion of wild flowerage browsed;
Fed by night-rain not heavier than the dew,
Enlivening all the river'd solitudes,
Steep water-falls, for ever musical,
Keep dinning on; the hunter on the hill.
In some short pause of pastime underneath
The cliff, cheer'd as he listens unawares
Far off the hollow noise; the eagle's self,
Along with his wild bark had ne'er been seen
Floating aloft so frequent, in wide rings
Seeking the sun as he would circle it;
For never in the memory of man
Had reign'd so many blue days without break,
O'er the still vastness of the unclouded sky."

Or, by way of contrast to these landscapes, take two portraits of the orphan sisters:

"One face is pale
In its own pensiveness, but paler seems
Beneath the nun-like braidings of that hair
So softly black, accordant with the calm
Divine that on her melancholy brow
Keeps deepening with her dreams! The other bright,
As if in ecstasies, and brighter glows
In rivalry of all those sun-loved locks,
Like gold wire glittering, in the breath of joy
Afloat, on her smooth forehead momently
Kindling with gladder smile-light. Those dark eyes!
With depths profound, down which the more you gaze,
Stiller and stiller seems the spiritual world
That lies sphered in their wondrous orbs, beyond
New thoughtful regions opening far beyond,
And all embued with the deep hush of heaven.
There quiet clouds, there glimpses quieter
Of stainless ether, in its purity
There a lone star! But other eyes are swimming
With such a lovely, such a loving light,
Breathed o'er their surface, imperceptible
The colour of the iris lost awhile
In its own beauty, and then all at once
Perceived to be, as some faint fleeting cloud
Doth for a moment overshadow them,
Of that same hue in which the heaven delights,
And earth religious looking up to heaven
In unwill'd happiness."

The rainbow —

"Oh! look ye on the rainbow, in its first
Exceeding faintness, like a rising thought,
Or a fine feeling of the beautiful,
An evanescence! so you fear must be
The slight-tinged silence of the showery sky,
Nor yet dare name its name; till breathing out
Into such colours as may not deceive,
And undelusive in their heavenliness,
O'er all the hues that happy nature knows
Although it be the gentlest of them all
Prevailing the celestial violet,
To eyes by beauty made religious, lo!
Brightening the house by God inhabited,
The full-form'd rainbow glows! beneath her arch
The glittering earth once more is paradise;
Nor sin nor sorrow hath her dwelling there,
Nor death; but an immortal happiness
For us made angels! swifter than a dream
It fades—it flies—and we and this our earth
Are disenchanted back to mortal life;
Earth to its gloom, we to our miseries."

This description is linked to humanity by an exquisite passage.

"Oh mourn not, that in nature transitory
Are all her fairest and her loveliest things;
And frail the tenure as a web of dew
By which they hold to life. For therein lies
The might of the refulgent rose, the power
Of the pale lily's leaf. The sweetest smile
That glides along the face of innocence
Is still the saddest, and the sadness comes
From dim forebodings of an early death.
Those sudden goings-down into the grave
Of the young beautiful, do sanctify
The light surviving in the precious orbs
Of eyes permitted yet awhile to shine;
And fathers seeing in their daughters' eyes
A cloudless heaven of sweet affection,
Sometimes will shudder, as they think upon,
They know not why, a maiden's funeral!"

It is its connexion with life that makes the interest of natural loveliness: we take the following lines to witness:—

"Oh! if our eyes could look into the hearts
Of human dwellings standing quietly
Beneath the sunrise in sweet rural spots,
Far from all stir, and haply green and bright
With fragrant growth of dewy leaves and flowers,
Where bees renew their murmuring morn, and birds
Begin again to trill their orisons,
Nature and Life exchanging their repose
For music and for motion, happier both,
And in their happiness more beautiful
Than sleep with all its dreams,—Oh! if our eyes
Could penetrate these consecrated walls
Whose stillness seems to hide an inward bliss
Diviner than the dawn's, what woful sights
Might they behold! hands clasp'd in hopeless prayers
By dying beds, or pale cheeks drench'd in tears
Beside cheeks paler far, in death as white
As the shroud-sheets on which the corpses lie;
Or tossings of worse misery far, where guilt
Implores in vain the peace of penitence,
Or sinful passion, struggling with remorse,
Becomes more sinful, in its mad desire
To reconcile with God's forbidding laws
A life of cherish'd vice, or daringly
Doubts or denies eternal Providence!"

One fine reflection, and we must conclude:

"No pity needeth penitence, for soft
And sweet, like distant music, are her dreams;
But all the tears that pity hath, too few
To give unto remorse, that swalloweth up
Its own, nor in them any blessing knows
Though pour'd in floods, all falling fruitlessly
As tropic torrents on the desert sands."

Our "pleasant task is done;" and we beg to congratulate Mr. Wilson and the public, that they have still left so much beautiful and touching poetry.

Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXI. Eminent British Statesmen, Vol. I. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

A VERY delightful volume, and on a subject likely to increase in interest as it proceeds. The pages before us contain the lives of Sir Thomas More, Wolsey, Cranmer, and Burleigh. All embody much information, and that of Burleigh is especially well written. We quote the following, it being one of those passages of the past which may apply to the present.

"But the measures which the state of public affairs obliged him to pursue were not always so evidently beneficial, or so generally acceptable. Aware, however, that the nation, if convinced that the plans of government were for their advantage, would concur in them far more certainly than from a dread of authority, he was anxious to secure the public opinion, and procure obedience rather by persuasion than command. He advised Elizabeth, as the first act of her reign, to summon a parliament. Here he introduced his proposition for religious reformation, and called on the catholics to reply freely to the arguments which he advanced. In the succeeding period of the reign, however, the bold doctrines of the puritans, and the queen's exceeding aversion to any discussion which might touch her prerogative, prevented him from employing this channel for the defence of his measures; yet he seems occasionally to have adopted the practice of bringing political transactions before parliament. There is still preserved a very clear exposition of the designs of Philip II. of Spain, which he delivered on one occasion in the house of lords, and the heads of which he afterwards transmitted to the speaker, for the information of the commons. In the press he found a more constant and effectual method of influencing public opinion. As he never undertook any political measure without due deliberation, he concluded that the same reasons which weighed with him would weigh with the nation at large. Though involved in a vast maze of public business, he did not fail to bestow a portion of his time in justifying to the world both the measures of his government, and his own private conduct. Among the salutary effects of his political writings, it is mentioned, that they contributed much to retain the people in their allegiance during the dangerous insurrections which succeeded Norfolk's first conspiracy. There are still extant several of his pieces on that occasion, in which he paints the folly and danger of the rebels, the profligate characters of their ringleaders, and the miseries which must inevitably overtake them in the event of defeat. To the many defamatory libels which the Jesuits published, during his administration, against Elizabeth and her ministers, it was his constant practice to publish replies. He knew too well the impression made by uncontradicted calumnies to let them pass unexposed. Silent con-

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tempt, he perceived, might be represented as proceeding from conscious guilt; and to suppress the propagation of slanders by force, would seem to betray both an inability to refute them, and a dread of their effects. He knew that better arguments could always be found in support of truth than of falsehood, and that it was the fault of the reasoner if the cause of right did not appear to the greatest advantage. The great facility of composition, which he had acquired in the earlier period of his life, proved of infinite importance to him in these voluminous apologies."

There is also a remark in the life of Wolsey very characteristic of the British public.

"The cardinal soon experienced, that oppressive taxation was the only grievance which the people of England, during the reign of the first two Tudors, complained of and openly resisted. So extremely tenacious were they of their money, that the same people who saw arbitrary outrages on their national privileges pass without remonstrance, and who saw innocent men of all ranks led to the scaffold without a murmur, actually broke out twice in rebellion against the king's commissioners for levying loans and benevolences."

We again cordially commend this work, both for its design and execution.

London Pageants. 1. *Accounts of Fifty-five Royal Processions and Entertainments in the City of London; chiefly extracted from contemporary Writers.* 2. *A Bibliographical List of Lord Mayors' Pageants.* 8vo. pp. 121. London, 1831. Nichols and Son.

It is a treat to be enjoyed, when any temporary and remarkable occurrence tempts the well-read antiquary to recede upon his stores of knowledge, and refresh the memory of the living generation with an account of all their ancestors have done under similar circumstances. Such is the character of the present publication, elicited by the royal opening of New London Bridge on Monday last. It is curious, "upon such an occasion," as city and other orators, at convivial meetings, anniversaries, &c. &c., usually say, at least oftener than once in every address,—it is curious and entertaining, "upon such an occasion," to see what has been done at any time during the last six hundred years, when our sovereigns visited London, and pageants were got up for their reception. Except the ascent of the balloon, it will be gathered that there is absolutely nothing new; nothing that has not been exhibited with far more splendour too in days of yore. But what is still more remarkable is, that it would seem as if identical events returned in a sort of cycle, to render the coincidences more striking. For example, who, with the story of the last Lord Mayor's day before him, can fail to smile at the *following precedent* (we hope this is almost a bull)?

"In 1662," says Ogilby, in writing of the entertainments of Charles II., "on Lord Mayor's day the king forbore to go to the place prepared for him in Cheapside, 'being advertised of some disturbance;' but he was shortly afterwards entertained by the Lord Mayor at the hall of his company, the cloth-workers."

One might imagine that 1830–31 might be substituted for 1662, and London Bridge Committee for Cloth-workers' Company, and William IV. for Charles II.

From so well-condensed and short a work as the present, which is so well calculated to pass rapidly into every hand, we need not swell our extracts; but when we are threatened with so shabby and mean a coronation, we will quote a few passages to shew how much more magnificently and wisely we used our national riches in less enlightened times, when no school of economists existed to (mis-)inform us that the circulation of money by the rich, giving employment to the artisan and mechanic, producing a large demand for merchandise and manufactures, and cheering the breasts of the poor generally, was a piece of extravagant waste and folly! Our author, we are glad to see, is of a different opinion; for, speaking of our Augustan age of pageantry, he observes, "Elizabeth, beyond all our English sovereigns, possessed the arts of popularity, and this was one of them." In the procession of James I. there were seven triumphal arches and devices, from the description of one of which, it may be surmised how many artists, workmen, &c. were beneficially employed at such a show.

"The second pageant was erected in Gracechurch Street, by the Italian merchants. Its ground plan was a square ornamented with four great columns; in the midst of which was cut one arch, twenty-seven feet in height. Above the arch was represented King Henry the Seventh, seated, approached by King James on horseback (as he was usually seen), to receive the sceptre from his ancestor. Between the columns were also four allegorical paintings. On the roof, on a pedestal, stood a female figure holding a crown which she seemed to stoop to bestow upon the king. At the four corners were naked figures with trumpets; and over the gateway, on one side, were palm-trees, and on the other, a vine, with angels."

At the entry of Charles II., "the lord mayor and aldermen met the king at St. George's Fields, in Southwark; and the former, having delivered the city sword to his majesty, had the same returned with the honour of knighthood. A very magnificent tent was erected in the Fields, provided with a sumptuous collation, of which the king participated. He then proceeded towards London, which was pompously adorned with the richest silks and tapestry, and the streets lined with the city corporations and trained bands; while the conduits flowed with a variety of delicious wines; and the windows, balconies, and scaffolds, were crowded with such an infinite number of spectators, as if the whole collective body of the people had been assembled to grace the royal entry. The procession was chiefly composed of the military. First marched a gallant troop of gentlemen in cloth of silver, brandishing their swords, and led by Major-general Brown; then another troop of two hundred in velvet coats, with footmen and liveries attending them in purple; a third led by Alderman Robinson, in buff coats, with cloth of silver sleeves, and very rich green scarfs; a troop of about two hundred, with blue liveries laid with silver, with six trumpeters, and several footmen, 'in sea-green and silver'; another of two hundred and twenty, with thirty footmen in gray and silver liveries, and four trumpeters richly habited; another of an hundred and five, with gray liveries, and six trumpets; and another of seventy, with five trumpets; and then three troops more, two of three hundred, and one of one hundred, all gloriously habited, and gallantly mounted. After these came two trumpets with his majesty's arms; the sheriffs' men, in number fourscore, in red cloaks, richly laced with silver, with half-pikes in their hands. Then followed six hundred of the several companies of London on horseback, in black velvet coats, with gold chains, each company having footmen in different liveries, with streamers, &c., after whom came kettle-drums and trumpets, with streamers, and after them twelve ministers (clergymen), at the head of his majesty's life-guard of horse, commanded by Lord Gerrard. Next the city marshal, with eight footmen in various colours, with the city waits and officers in order; then the two sheriffs and all the aldermen in their scarlet gowns and rich trappings, with footmen in liveries, red coats laid with silver and cloth of gold; the heralds and maces in rich coats; the lord mayor bareheaded, carrying the sword, with his excellency the General (Monk) and the Duke of Buckingham, also uncovered; and then, as the lustre to all this splendid triumph, rode the king himself, between his royal brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester. Then followed a troop of horse with white colours; the general's life-guard, led by Sir Philip Howard, and another troop of gentry; and last of all, five regiments of horse belonging to the army, with back, breast, and head-pieces; which, it is remarked, 'diversified the show with delight and terror.' The anniversary of this day was appointed by the parliament as the day of thanksgiving for the restoration of the royal family, as which it has continued to be observed by the Church of England."

Will any one believe that such doings were not calculated to benefit rather than impoverish a people?—and even, in our fiscal days, the revenue too? It is short-sighted policy to confine the money in the rich man's purse; and a niggardly nation is as bad as a niggardly individual. Either being misers is a loss and a calamity. Better let us return to the good old times and fashions, when

> "'Twas merry in the hall,
> And the beards wagged all,"—

though now we may only hope for chin-tufts and mustaches.

The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, &c. No. XII. February, 1831; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

We have had many misgivings as to the success of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, and have watched it sedulously through the hands of different editors; but it has always continued in a gradual train of improvement, supported by a nation fond of the scientific and theoretical part of agriculture, and by the Highland Society of Scotland, whose Prize-Essays and Transactions are ably edited, we believe by Mr. Magillivray. The journal has not confined itself to agricultural subjects alone; the quarterly report always embraces a variety of topics connected with statistics and political economy — such as the revenue, the corn-laws, the attacks on farming property, to the latter of which it has been the melancholy duty of the editors to revert in this Number.

As we make a point of giving an analysis of all important essays, or a brief notice of their contents, in another part of the *Gazette*, we shall do little more than allude to the contents of this Number.

"On the navigation of the Rhine," is an essay on the question *jusqu'à la mer*, as expressive of *to* the sea, or *into* the sea; a question which promised lately to involve others of greater importance. Mr. Macnab on the transplantation of large trees, and Mr. Cruickshanks on planting, are continuations of a discussion of a very limited interest; and as the practical results are now generally known, we think it hardly worth while to investigate whether the individual who first puts the improvement in execution, or he who bases it upon physiological and scientific principles, is

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entitled to priority in the discovery. Mr. Dick has contributed a series of generally able dissertations on the diseases of domestic animals, which are not however always faultless; and Mr. James Wilson, who is an elegant and accurate writer, a series of essays on the origin and natural history of the same animals, which are characterised by much minute research and interesting details. Two papers are occupied in the consideration of the manufacture of sugar from the beet-root, principally as connected with the commercial system of France; each taking an opposite view of a subject, in which one party gains additional applause by connecting it with the great question of humanity. The essay on the reduction of the import duty on barilla, as affecting the manufacture of kelp, is written in very strong language. We know, from our frequent visits to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, how important, on a very large population, would be the effect of such a measure; let us say 60,000 persons, scattered over 4,224 square miles, would be injured in their property: but when we also mention, that the ashes of *fuci*, commonly called kelp, contain scarcely more than 3 parts in the 100 of soda, while the Spanish barilla affords 25 parts in the 100, and the Smyrna barilla about 40 in the 100—it will be seen that, as in many other cases, our wish to benefit a part of the population must sooner or later give way to the force of circumstances and for the common weal.

The editors notice the Italian rye-grass (*Lolium perenne Italicum*) as a plant whose introduction into this country might be valuable. We have no doubt but that this grass is a mere variety of the common rye-grass (*Lolium perenne*), which we have seen attaining a very considerable height in the southern latitudes of the continent, and its glumes seeming almost to promise corn. Its leaves also become larger; and it then answers in all points the description given of the Italian rye-grass. It is evident, therefore, that this variety would, in England, dwindle into the common rye-grass. The specification and designs of the different classes of farms is an important communication; and, upon the whole, the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* is a valuable work, embracing in its objects practically useful details and discussions, which are of importance to the national prosperity of the United Kingdom.

Jacob on the Precious Metals.

[Second Notice.]

HAVING generally characterised this very luminous and able work, we shall, we are sure, gratify every reader of intelligence by going somewhat more at large into those ancient data, upon the view of which Mr. Jacob applies his reasoning to our own times. In our hands, indeed, they will look like insulated facts, chosen for their intrinsic curiosity; but in the author's they all bear upon the important questions he has set himself to investigate and illustrate. Before the time of Augustus, Mr. J. observes:

"The hoarding of treasure for purposes of general defence, which began in the patriarchal state of mankind, was continued when larger communities were formed, and was, perhaps, universally practised by all who governed states or kingdoms, whether under the monarchical form, or under any of the several varieties of aristocracy which prevailed in the ancient world. As it is probable that the far largest portion of the gold and silver of the ancient world was thus kept from circulating through many hands, there would be none of that consumption of them by friction by which coined money is now constantly suffering a loss. Such loss, as will in a future stage of this inquiry be particularly examined, would be almost wholly avoided in the period of the world which we are now considering. The coining of money upon a small scale had been commenced at an early period, and had been considerably extended in Rome after the great influx of gold and silver which followed the conquests of the three centuries before the reign of Augustus; but except after that accession, it is not probable that coins were found in large quantities; for though they were current at fixed rates for small transactions, yet in large payments they always passed by weight, thus making the ascertainment of their country or tale a matter of little importance. Pliny says: 'In ancient time it was the practice to weigh out brass by the *as* or pound, which was thence called *as libralis*, and now *libella*, as the weight of two pounds is called *dipondius*. Hence a fine is called *æris gravis*, that is, brass in mass. Hence what is stated in an account as laid out is called *expensa*,—because all payments were made by weight. The paymasters in the army were called *libripendes*, because they weighed out the pay to the soldiers; and the pay itself was called *stipendium* for the same reason. All buying and selling at this day are usually performed by means of the balance, which alone serves to verify the bargain or contract.' The earliest gold, the darics of Persia, have been already noticed. The next to them were of some of the reigns of the tyrants in the island of Sicily; of Gelo, 491 years before Christ; of Hiero, 478; and of Dionysius, 404 years before that era. Some of them circulated in Rome before any had been coined in that city; specimens of those of Gelo and Hiero are still preserved in modern cabinets; but none of Dionysius that are free from suspicion. There was no gold coin in Greece till Philip of Macedon had put the mines of Thrace in full operation, about 360 years before Christ. They are said by Diodorus to have yielded gold to the value of a thousand talents yearly, which was coined into pieces called Philippi, and became the common name for coins of the same size. The most ancient silver coins of Greece are those with an indented mark on one side, and the figure of a tortoise on the other. The earliest of all have no letters on them; but those of a later period have AIΓI, which Pinkerton thinks means Ægina, but which other medallists have supposed means Ægium in Attica, and that the tortoise is the sign for the Peloponnesus. Silver is said to have been first coined in Rome in the year of its building 485, or 266 years before our era, which seems to be confirmed by no coins having been found of an earlier date; though, according to Pomponius, a mint had existed there which, twenty-three years before, had been placed under the direction of the quæstor. That establishment was, most probably, only used at its earliest erection for coining brass money. The first gold coin of Rome followed that of silver, but not till after an interval of sixty-two years. Thus silver coin in Rome had existed about two hundred years, and gold coin about one hundred and fifty years, at the time of the accession of Augustus."

* * *

"There are no indications of the ancients having attained the art of drawing wire of gold and silver so as to apply it, like the moderns, to the fabrication of gold and silver lace, though it has been thought they had some means of using it for the purposes of embroidering. This is inferred from a passage in Propertius, where he speaks of interweaving gold (*aurum intexere*), and where he calls the garments made with it *vestes Attalicæ*, from Attalicus, or Attalus, who has been supposed to have invented them. As the luxuries of the East were introduced into Rome, the practice of using gold for some ornaments and for domestic purposes accompanied or followed them. Thus the *lectica*, or chair, which was brought from Asia, and was composed, according to Curtius, of solid gold, was imitated in Rome in wood; but, as Athenæus says, had feet of gold. These lecticæ, or sedan chairs, became at length so common, that Cæsar prohibited the use of them except to persons of a certain age or rank, and on certain days. The bits of the horses' bridles and the collars on their necks were of gold; and the covering for their backs (*strata*) were adorned with gold and purple. Their carriages were ornamented with decorations of precious stones, as well as of gold and silver. The art of enamelling, though it was known in the time of Pliny, seems to have made but little progress. The operation is described by that writer in the following words. 'The ancients contrived to paint silver, that in drinking they might be more devout from seeing their deities painted in their cups. This fashion is become so prevalent, that even the statues which are carried in the triumphs are scarcely valued unless they are enamelled and painted black; and it is really surprising to think how much more valuable they are considered when the natural brilliancy of the metal is hidden and extinguished by such painting.' From the description given by our author of the mode of preparing the enamel, it seems clear that no other colour but black was adopted, and that it was used only for ornamenting drinking vessels, statues, vases, urns, and other large articles of furniture. At the present day, one of the greatest causes of the consumption of gold is the use of it in the smaller personal ornaments, and in a variety of trinkets, whose bases is gold, but whose chief value is the enamelling, which is wrought by skilful artists upon it. These, when the fashion changes, or the work of the artist becomes obliterated, the gold being in very minute portions, are lost or destroyed, or at least the same care is not taken to preserve such fragments as is applied to the larger pieces of ornamental furniture. In the present day it is supposed, both in England and in France, that the quantity of the precious metals applied to these minor purposes by far exceeds that which is converted into larger objects, and that the loss in them is increased in some degree in proportion to the small size of the articles. The consumption of silver in our age and country has been vastly increased by the application of the mechanical powers to the construction of flatting-mills. By these machines a wedge of copper or tin, and another of silver, may be converted into a substance homogeneous to every sense but the sight, exhibiting on one side the most brilliant silver, and on the other an appearance of a different metal. This plated matter when rolled into sheets is converted into those beautiful pieces of domestic furniture which ornament the tables and sideboards of the middle classes of society, and enable them to rival in brilliancy those of the richest families, at a cost more proportionate to their means. There are no traces in any of the writings of antiquity of such an application of silver; and now, owing to the great surface which is exposed to friction, and our neat

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and decent habits, which require frequent cleaning and polishing, an enormous consumption of silver is produced in this way. From the difference in these several modes of consumption, which have arisen in part from our increased knowledge in the working of metals, and from the diffusion of wealth into smaller, but not minutely small, portions, which have had a vast influence on the fashions of mankind, a degree of destruction of gold and silver which was scarcely felt in the ancient world, has in modern times been steadily, but of late rapidly advancing, and by its continuance must at length produce a sensible effect on the value of all commodities, when measured by these metals."

The precious metals were accumulated to a prodigious amount in Rome.

"During the long reign of Augustus, regular tribute in silver continued to be drawn to Rome from Gaul; nor do the slight insurrections which occasionally broke out in that country seem to have suspended the transmission of it. Spain, notwithstanding the disturbances which occurred among the Cantabrians and Asturians in the early period of his reign, paid a tribute to Augustus, which was stored up in the two cities he founded—Cæsar Augusta and Augusta Emerita, now known to us by the more modern names of Saragosa and Merida. Africa, including Egypt, and even Carthage, which had begun to revive since its last fatal struggle with the Roman power, furnished a proportion of its wealth in the form of tribute. * * *

"Governments which chiefly depend on a military force are compelled to store up large sums of ready money to meet emergencies that may suddenly occur. This was the case with the more provident of the Roman emperors, some of whom owed their elevation, and most of whom were indebted for the retention of it, to having always at command the means of gratifying or preventing the clamours of their troops for pay or for donations. The same necessity existed among the several princes of India, till the overwhelming power of our East India Company released the greater part of them from the fear of attacks and incursions, so sudden as to leave no time for defensive preparations being collected. Even in recent times, Buonaparte is said to have kept a great mass of treasure in reserve; and it is commonly believed, that up to the present day the military monarch of Prussia, the only one of the European sovereigns supposed to be exposed to sudden attacks, has deemed it necessary to keep in his treasury a large sum in ready money, amounting, according to some accounts, to near two millions sterling."*

Speaking of the waste in coined metal, Mr. J. says:—

"It is found that the loss by friction is very far greater on the small than on the large pieces of coin; thus the loss on our present sixpenny pieces in the same space of time is found to be more than three times as great as that on the half-crowns, and nearly double as great as on the shillings. With regard to the ancients, we are in utter ignorance of the proportion which the larger and smaller coins bore to each other. The loss by abrasion too is found to be much greater on silver than on gold coins; and of the proportion of the latter which was circulated in ancient times to that of the former, we have no means of judging; for their relative value varied frequently in the space of time we are contemplating; gold being sometimes of not more than nine times the value of silver, and at other times twelve or thirteen times that value. If the relative values of the two metals had remained constantly the same, supposing that of gold to have been ten times the value of silver, it would by no means be a fair inference that there was ten times the weight of silver in the form of circulating coin than there was of gold. The two metals may be demanded for other purposes than that of coin, and the superior adaptability of one for such purposes may have determined the relative value of one to the other, in as great or greater degree than the demand of it for coin."

[To be continued.]

* "These reports from various quarters, which corroborate each other, though none are strictly official, yet are entitled to credit. It has been said that a part of this treasure has been lately drawn forth to buy up some of the funded debt, and thereby to raise its prices, and enable the government to reduce the interest on the remainder of the debts."

History of the County Palatine of Lancaster. By Edward Baines, Esq. Parts V. and VI. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

Among much other curious matter in the fifth Part of Mr. Baines's work, is a narrative from one of the Harleian MSS., entitled "The Originall of Herebawghtes," of the memorable quarrel and combat between the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, in the reign of Richard the Second. The following is an extract from it:—

"At the daye appoynted, the 2. valiaunte dukes came to Coventree, accompaignied with the nobles and gentiles of theire linages, which encouraged them to the vttermoste. At the daye of combate and fighte, the Duke of Aumarle, that daye highe marshall, entred into the lyste with a greate compaignie of men, apparailed in silke sendale, embroudered with siluer both richly and curiouslye, euery man havinge a tipped staffe to keepe the field in order. About the tyme of prime, came to the barriers of the liste the Duke of Hereford, mounted upon a white courser, barbed with blewe and green velute, embroudered sompteouslye with swannes and anteloppes of goldesmithes woorke, armed at all pointes. The constable and marshall came to the barriers, demaundinge of him what he was, who answered, 'I am Henrye of Lancaster, Duke of Hereforde, which am come hether to doe my deuoyre againste Thomas Mowbraye, Duke of Northefolke, as a traitor vntrewe to God, the kinge, his realme, and me.' Then incontinente he sware vpon the Holy Evangeliste, that his quarrel was iuste and trewe; and therupon, he desired that he myghte enter the liste. Then he put vp his sworde (which before he helde naked in his hande), and put down his viser, and made a crosse in his foreheade, and, with speare in his hande, entred into the liste, and descended from his horse, and set him downe in a chaire of greene velute, which was set in a traues of greene and blewe velute, at thone ende of the liste, and there reposed himselfe, expectinge the cominge of his aduersarye. Soone after him entred into the field, with great pompe, King Richarde, accompaned with all the pieres of his realme; and there came with him also the Erle of St. Paule, who came in poste out of Fraunce to see thys challenge performed. The kinge had aboue ten thousande men in harnesse, lest some fraye or tumult myghte rise amongest his nobles by parte takinge or quarrellinge. When the kinge was set on his stage, which was richely hanged and pleasantly adourned, a kinge of armes made open proclamation, prohibitinge all men, in the kinges name, and the high constable and marshalls names, vpon paine of deathe, not to enterprise, to approoche any parte of the listes, excepte suche as were appointed to order and marshall the fielde. Whiche proclamation ended, another harauld cryed, 'Beholde here Henrye of Lancaster, Duke of Hereforde, appealante, which is entred into the lystes royall, to doe his deuoyre againste Thomas Mowbraye, Duke of Northefolke, defendante, vpon paine to be proved false and recreante.' The Duke of Northefolke houered on horsebacke; at the entrye of the lyste his horse beinge barbed wth crimson velute, embroudered with lyons of syluer and mulbery trees. And when he had made his othe before the constable and marshall, that his quarell was iuste and trewe, he entered the fielde manfully, sayinge aloude, 'God ayde him that hathe the right;' and then he dismounted from his horse, and sate downe in his chaire, which was crimson velute, curtened aboute with white and red damaske. The L. Marshall vewed theyre speares to see that they were at one equall lengthe, and deliuered thone speare himselfe to the Duke of Hereforde, and sent thother speare to the Duke of Northefolke by a knighte. Then the haraulde proclaimed, that the tranesses and chaiers of the champions shoulde be remoued, comaundinge them, on the kinges behalf, to mounte on horsebacke, and to addresse themselues to the battayle and combate. The Duke of Hereforde was quicklye horsed, and closed his bauier, and cast his speare into the reste, and (when the trompet sounded) set forwardes courageouslye towarde his enemy .6. or .7. paces. The Duke of Northefolke was not fully set forwarde, when the kinge caste downe his warder, and the haraulde cried 'Ho! ho!' The kinge then caused theire speares to be taken from them, and comaunded them to repaire vnto their chaires, where they remained .2. longe howres, while the king and his counsaile deliberately consulted what waye was best to be taken in so waighty a case. Then the haraulde cried Silence, and Sr John Borcye, secretary to the kinge, reade the sentence and determination of the kinge and his counsaile, in a longe rolle, pronouncinge it in this manr:—'My lordes and masters, I intimate and notifie vnto you by the kinges majestie, and his honorable counsayle, that Henrye of Lancaster, appealante, and Thomas, Duke of Northefolke, defendante, have honorably and valiantly appeared here with in the liste royall this daye, and haue bene ready to darraine to battaile, like .2. valiante knyghtes and hardye champions; but because the matter is greate and waighty between those .2. greate prynces, the kinge and his counsaile haue taken this order: Firste, that Henrye, Duke of Hereforde, for diuers considerations, and because he hath displeased the kinge, shall, with in XV. dayes next followinge, departe oute of the realme for terme of X. yeares, with oute retourninge, excepte he be by the kinge repealed againe, vpon the paine of deathe.' The harauld then again cryed 'O yes!' and then the secretary pronounced, 'That Thomes Mowbraye, Duke of Northefolke, by thordinaunce of the kinge and his counsaile, becanse he had sowen sedicion in this realme, by his woordes wherof he coulde make no profe, shall anoyde the realme of Englande, and dwell in Hungrye, Boeame, Pruce, or where he like, and neuer retourne againe into England, nor approche the borders or confines of the same, vpon paine of deathe, and that the kinge wolde stay the profites and reuenewes of hys landes in his owne hand, vntill he had recsaued suche somes of money as the Duke had taken vp of the kinges

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treasourer for the wages of the garison of Callyce, which weare styll vnpaied.'"

Part VI. of this valuable topographical work also contains much highly curious and interesting information. We subjoin a brief extract from it, describing the origin of counties palatine, and the peculiar form of legal proceedings in the county palatine of Lancaster.

"Counties palatine are so called *à palatio*, because the owners thereof, the Earl of Chester, the Bishop of Durham, and the Duke of Lancaster, had in those counties *jura regalia* as fully as the king had in his palace, *regalem potestatem in omnibus*. The peculiar jurisdiction and form of proceedings of the courts of law in the county palatine of Lancaster, are the result of those privileges which were granted to its early earls and dukes, to induce them to be more than ordinarily watchful against the predatory incursions from the Scotch border, and to prevent their tenants from leaving the territory defenceless and exposed to hostile aggressions, while seeking redress at the more distant tribunals of the realm. Law was to be administered by the officers and ministers of the duke, and under his seal; and anciently all offences were said to be against his peace, his sword and dignity, and not as now 'against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity.' The king's ordinary writs for redress of private grievances, or the punishment of offences between man and man, were not available within the county palatine, such writs then ran in the name of the duke; but in matters between the king and the subject, the palatine privileges could not contravene the exercise of the sovereign power, and the prerogative writs were of force, lest injuries to the state should be remediless. Since 27 Henry VIII. all writs have run in the name of the king, and are tes'd before the owner of the franchise. Hence it is that all ordinary writs out of the king's court at Westminster, for service in this county, are addressed to the chancellor of the duchy, commanding him to direct the sheriff to execute them, and that all processes to that officer, out of the chancery of the county palatine, are not tes'd before the king or his justices at Westminster, as in other counties. The franchise and revenue of the duchy being under different guiding and governance from those of the crown, all honours and immunities, and all redress within this county, with very few exceptions, must be derived from the chancellor of the duchy, as the principal minister of the king, in his capacity of Duke of Lancaster. Justices of assize, of goal delivery, and of the peace, are, and, ever since the creation of the county palatine of Lancaster, have been made and assigned by commission, under the seal of the county palatine, and the sheriffs for the county of Lancaster are appointed in the same way."

Aldine Poets, No. XV. Poems of Pope, Vols. II. and III. Pickering, 1831.

THESE volumes have all the external grace of their predecessors, and are both acquisitions and ornaments to either library or bookcase. But we have one very serious objection to make, and one to which we would direct Mr. Pickering's attention: these very neat tomes are peculiarly adapted to female perusal and possession; now we do say there are several poems in this collection of Pope's works which no woman of even common decency should read. The system of republication without selection, is equally injudicious and offensive. The Wife of Bath, January and May, &c. &c., really ought to be omitted in pages which are supposed to have general circulation; and, we must add, Pope himself would be a gainer—for they are as dull as they are offensive.

A Mother's Present to her Daughter. Dublin, 1831. J. M. Leckie.

A VERY pretty little volume, which reflects credit on the Dublin press, and, what is a still higher recommendation, a very judicious selection of compositions in prose and verse, excellently adapted for the perusal and moral improvement of the youthful female.

The Gift; or, Literary Selections in Prose and Verse. Pp. 234. Carmarthen, 1831. J. Brigstoke.

ANOTHER and a provincial appropriation of fugitive pieces, which has found its way to us from Carmarthen. It is a nice little book, with much variety.

Narrative of a Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders, between 1803 *and* 1809. By E. Boys, Commander; then a Midshipman in H. M. S. Phœbe. 12mo. pp. 258. London, 1831. Dove.

A SECOND and enlarged edition of this interesting narrative, from which we made copious extracts on its first appearance. The miraculous escape of our young middy from Valenciennes, and his subsequent adventures, surpass the inventions of the novel-writer.

Family Classical Library, No. XX. Thucydides, Vol. I. London, 1831. Valpy.

A FIT continuation of this well-conducted Library. What ancient can instruct or interest the reader more than Thucydides?

Divines of the Church of England, No. XV. Taylor, Vol. III. Valpy.

CONTAINS ten of the sermons of that great ornament of the church, Jeremy Taylor.

Cabinet Library. Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon, Vol. II. Longman and Co.

WE have already expressed our opinion of this unnecessary work: we see no cause for retraction.

Family Library, XXIII. Tour through South Holland. J. Murray.

EMBELLISHED copiously with characteristic views by Col. Batty, this volume, at a glance, strikes us as being quite worthy of the *Family Library*; though the ground traversed presents little of novelty. We would judge the literary portion, however, to be from a young and clever pen: a more leisure perusal will enable us to determine whether we shall prove this by quotations.

Théâtre Classique des Français — Molière, 7 tom. *Œuvres Choisies de P. Corneille*, 4 tom. Paris et Londres, 1831. Treuttel et Wurtz.

WHEN this work commenced, we noticed it in those terms of high praise which its cheapness and beauty so well deserved. Molière is now completed, and Corneille is continued through four vols.; so that the public, like Garrick, may choose between tragedy and comedy. If they follow our advice, they will do like our great actor, and take both. An elegantly-written life, a judicious preface, and some critical notes, are prefixed to the edition. The first volume of Corneille contains Le Cid, Horace, and Cinna. In this economical age, we should omit the chief attraction were we not to dwell on the low price of these books — three shillings and sixpence a volume: why, to use the bargain-shops' phrase, "It is giving it to you."

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. II. Roderick Random. Illustrations by G. Cruikshank. Cochrane and Co.

HERE G. Cruikshank is in his glory. Roderick, Weazel, and the whole *dramatis personæ* of this novel are just fit for his comic pencil; and they flourish in full humour accordingly. The volume altogether is excellently got up, and exceedingly cheap.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

(June 27th.) THE NIGER.

HAVING accidentally omitted to report the last meeting of the season of this interesting Institution, we shall now endeavour to make amends for our deficiency by a more ample account of it than we could have supplied at the time. Mr. Barrow was in the chair; and it was agreed that his Majesty's donation of fifty guineas should be presented to Richard and John Lander at the first general meeting in November next, in compliment to their memorable geographical discoveries. Some extracts from their Journal were also read; of which we annex the substance. The travellers, as we have previously mentioned, passed overland through the Yarriba country from Badagry to Kiáma, their route varying a little from that pursued by Captain Clapperton, and lying through forests of large trees, morasses, and a wilderness of stunted wood, interrupted at intervals by patches of cultivated land. Near Kiáma the country was rich, and covered with fine trees and luxuriant grapes; abounding with deer, antelopes, and wild asses, as well as with more ferocious animals — lions, leopards, and elephants. Buffaloes were not seen; but their lowings were heard. Anthills were numerous; and as they approached the town, the little cone-shaped huts in which the natives smelt iron ore became frequent. They were met and escorted to the king by a body of horsemen; and the narrative tells us,—"After passing Bennikenni, our course still lay through the forest, whose trees, shrubs, and plants, spread around a delicious fragrance; and, as night came on, the polished spears and silver-topped caps of our escort, with the luminous firefly, a brilliant firmament of stars, and the bright moon, animated the scene around us, till, at about eight o'clock P.M. we reached Kiáma, and were immediately conducted to the king's residence."

From Kiáma they travelled through the city of Wouwou to Boossà, which they reached on the 17th of June. Here they touched the far-famed Niger, or Quorra; and one of the brothers says, "I was greatly surprised at its reduced breadth. Black rugged rocks rose abruptly from the centre of the stream, and its surface was agitated by whirlpools. At this place, in its widest part, (the end of the dry season,) it was not more than a stone's throw across. The rock on which I sat overlooks the spot where Mr. Park and his associates met their unhappy fate." The king afterwards exhibited to the travellers one of Mr. Park's books, which is described as a nautical book, containing tables of logarithms. On the 23d June, they set out from Boossà for Yáoori.

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Only one of the branches of the river which meet at Boossà flows by Kagogie, a small village about six miles north of Boossà: yet this of itself is a mile in width; but large sand-banks are in the centre of the stream; and it is so shallow that, except in one very narrow place, a child might wade across it without difficulty. "*June* 26.—We had passed the island whereon we had slept last night but a few minutes, and had just entered the main river, when we came to a spot where it spreads again; and each channel was full of dangerous rocks, sand-banks, and low islands covered with tall rank grass. We were conducted up the main channel, but were soon obliged to get out of the canoe to lighten her. During the greater part of the forenoon our canoe was continually striking against concealed rocks, or running on sand-banks, which obliged us to be constantly getting out and in. On the 27th of June we arrived at Yáoori."

Yáoori is nearly due north of Boossà. There is, it is said, no dangerous rocks in the bed of the river above Yáoori, or below Boossà. The Quorra is called the "*Great Father of Waters*;" and in the wet season, *i. e.* after the *malca*, (fourteen days of incessant rain), all the rivers, which are dry during the rest of the year, pour their waters into its bed.

It then, "by the depth and velocity of its current, sweeps off the rank grass which springs up annually on its borders. Every rock and every low island are then completely covered, and may be passed over in canoes without difficulty, or even apprehension of danger. Many years ago a large boat arrived at Yáoori, on a trading voyage from Timbuctoo; but when they had disposed of their merchandise, the boatmen returned to their country by land, because they asserted that the exertion of working their vessel back so long a way against the stream was too great for them, and therefore they left it behind at Yáoori. The journey from hence to the city of Soccatoo, when no stoppage is made on the road, may easily be accomplished in five days; and this is the regular time the natives take to go there. Coulfo is two days' journey from Yáoori. Yáoori is a large, flourishing kingdom. It is bounded on the east by Haussa, on the west by Burgoo, on the north by Cubbie, and on the south by the kingdom of Nouffie. The crown is hereditary; the government an absolute despotism. The former sultan was deposed by his subjects for his violent measures and general bad conduct; and the present ruler, who has succeeded him, has reigned for the long period of thirty-nine years. The sultan has a strong military force, which, it is said, has successfully repelled the continual attacks of the ever-restless Falatahs: it is now employed in a remote province in quelling an insurrection, occasioned partly by the inability of the natives to pay their accustomed tribute, and partly from the harsh measures adopted by the sultan to compel them to do so. The city of Yáoori is of great extent, and very populous. It is surrounded by a high and strong wall of clay, and may be between twenty and thirty miles in circuit. It has eight large entrance gates or doors, which are well fortified after the manner of the country. The inhabitants manufacture a very coarse and inferior sort of gunpowder; which, however, is the best, and we believe the only thing of the kind made in this part of the country: they also make very neat saddles, cloth, &c. &c. They grow indigo, tobacco, onions, wheat, and other varieties of corn and rice, of a superior quality, and have horses, bullocks, sheep, and goats; but, notwithstanding their industry, and the advantages which they enjoy, they are very poorly clad, have little money, and are perpetually complaining of the badness of the times. A market is held in the city daily, under commodious sheds; yet it is but indifferently attended, and the articles which are exposed for sale have been already mentioned."

On the 20th of September our countrymen left Boossà to descend the river. They passed the boundaries of this kingdom, and entered those of Nouffie. The Quorra was now a noble river, rolling grandly along, "neither obstructed by islands, nor deformed with rocks and stones. Its width varied from one to three miles, the country on each side very flat, and a few mean, dirty-looking villages scattered on the water's edge. Just below the town of Bajiebo the river is divided by an island. At this town, which we left on the 5th of October, we for the first time met with very large canoes, having a hut in the middle, which contained merchants and their whole families." A little lower down, they saw "an elevated rocky hill, called Mount Késey by the natives. This small island, apparently not less than 300 feet in height, and very steep, is an object of superstitious veneration amongst the natives." Lower down still, is the large and flourishing town of Rabba. "Rabba market is very celebrated, and considered by traders as one of the largest and best in the whole country, of which it may be styled the emporium. A variety of articles, both of native and foreign manufacture, are sold there; and it is generally well supplied with slaves of both sexes. Yesterday one of our men counted between 100 and 200 men, women, and children, exposed for sale in ranks. These poor creatures have for the most part been captured in war; and it is said, the Falatahs rarely treat them with unkindness, and never with brutality. The price of a healthy, strong lad is about 40,000 cowries (8*l.* sterling); a girl fetches as much as 50,000, and perhaps more if she be at all good-looking; and the value of men and women varies according to their age and abilities. Slaves are sometimes purchased at Rabba by people inhabiting a country situated a good way down the Quorra; and from thence they are delivered from hand to hand, till they at length reach the sea. Ivory is also sold here; and large tusks may be had at 1000 cowries each, and sometimes cheaper. We had eleven elephants' tusks of our own, which were presented to us by the kings of Wouwou and Boossà; but we were unable to dispose of them at Rabba, because no strangers were then in the city." On the 19th of September, it is stated, "we observed and passed a river of considerable size, which entered the Quorra from the north-west. (This was the Coodoonia, which Richard Lander had crossed on his former return-journey from Soccatoo; and it may be observed, as a remarkable instance of the accuracy of the present and former route, that the coincidence falls within a mile or two.) Very elevated land appeared on each side of the Quorra, as far as could be seen. Egga, the next town we came to, is upwards of two miles in length; and we were struck with the immense number of bulky canoes which lay off it, filled with trading commodities and all kinds of merchandise common to the country. The course of the river was here about E.S.E. Benin and Portuguese clothes are worn at Egga by many of its inhabitants; so that it would appear some kind of communication is kept up between this place and the sea-coast. The people are very speculative and enterprising, and numbers of them employ all their time solely in trading up and down the river. They live entirely in their canoes, over which they have a shed, which answers completely every purpose for which it is intended; so that in their constant peregrinations they have no need of any other dwelling or shelter than that which their canoes afford them. Cocoa-nuts are sold about the streets in great quantities, and various little parcels of them were sent to us; but we understood that they are imported from a neighbouring country. Egga is of prodigious extent, and has an immense population. Like many other towns on the banks of the river, it is not unfrequently inundated; and a large portion of it was at that time actually overflowed. The soil in the vicinity of the town consists of a dark heavy mould, uncommonly productive; so that, with trifling labour, all the necessaries of life are obtained in plenty, and cheaply. The inhabitants eat little animal food, but live principally on fish, which are sold at a reasonable rate. Hyænas are said to abound in the woods in great numbers, and are so bold and rapacious as to have lately carried away nearly the whole of the sheep in the town. Near this place is a considerable market-town on the opposite side of the river. A few miles below Egga the dominion of the chiefs or kings of territories is no longer acknowledged, and each town or city has its own ruler.—Oct. 25th. At five in the morning we found ourselves nearly opposite a very considerable river entering the Quorra from the eastward."*

The next town mentioned is Bocqua, where "some iron hoops were found, and staves of casks. Bocqua possesses four markets. The chief of Bocqua told us to avoid his enemy, the chief of Attà, and that in seven days we should reach the sea. Both banks of the river below Bocqua still continued hilly and well wooded. At eleven A.M. we were opposite a town, which, from the description that had been given of it, we supposed to be Attà. It was situated close to the water's edge, in an elevated situation, and on a fine greensward, and its appearance was highly beautiful. The town appeared clean, of great extent, and surrounded with fine trees and shrubs. A few canoes were lying at the foot of the town; but we escaped observation, and passed on. Afterwards, the margin of the river became more thickly wooded than before; and, for upwards of thirty miles, not a town or a village, or even a single hut, could any where be seen. The whole of this distance our canoe passed smoothly along the river: every thing was silent and solitary; no sound could be distinguished, save our own voices and the splashing of the paddles, with their echoes. The song of birds was not heard, nor could any animal whatever be seen; the banks seemed to be entirely deserted, and the magnificent Quorra to be slumbering in its own grandeur. At noon to-day we passed the end of the high hills which had commenced above Bocqua. They were also at some distance from the banks of the river, and changed their direction to the S.S.E. The course of the river this day was nearly S.W., and the breadth varied from three to five miles.—Oct. 27. At Abbazacca, about forty-five miles below the junction of the Tschadda with the Quorra, and the first town to the southward of the mountains on the left bank, we saw an English bar of iron; and, for the

* "This is the celebrated Shar, Shary, or Sharry, of travellers; or, as it is more commonly called than either, the Tshadda;—indeed, it is universally so called throughout the country."

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first time since leaving Jenna, in Yarriba, we beheld the graceful cocoa-nut tree, and heard the mellow whistling of grey parrots. The chief wished to know from whence we had come; and having told him we came from Yáoori, a great city on the banks of the river, he expressed surprise, never before having heard of the name. The banks between Attà and this place are low, and in some parts inundated. No towns or villages are to be seen on them for many miles, particularly on the western bank. Below Abbazacca, villages are seen every three or four miles on the eastern bank, but little cultivation. At Damuggoo, the natives have European muskets of English manufacture: the king had six small swivels. The natives are expert in the use of fire-arms, and shoot buffaloes, which, however, are not very numerous. The Quorra fell two feet in as many days, but was still overflowing the town. Here we saw a man dressed in a soldier's jacket, and others partially clothed in European apparel,—all of whom have picked up a smattering of English from the Liverpool palm-oil vessels in the Bonney river. Bonney is said to be four or five days' journey from hence.—Oct. 30. A great part of the population of Damuggoo left the town this morning for the Bocqua market: they take thither powder, muskets, soap, Manchester cottons, and other articles of European manufacture, and great quantities of rum, or rather rum and water: for not more than one-third of it is genuine spirit, and even that is of the worst quality. These are exchanged for ivory and slaves, which are again sold to the European traders." Near Kirree a disaster befell the travellers on the morning of the 5th November, at a place about forty miles further down the river, the details of which do not come within the purpose of the present memoir. It will be sufficient to observe that they were attacked by large parties in war canoes, some of which had forty paddles, containing fifty or sixty men. Their canoe was run down, and many of their effects lost. Kirree is a large town and slave mart, frequented by people from the Eboe country for slaves and palm-oil. Eboe is said to be three days' journey down the river. A small stream runs into the Quorra from the eastward, opposite to Kirree; but it is not improbable that it may be merely the re-union of a branch which runs off at Damuggoo. At Kirree also, a considerable branch of the Quorra turns off to the westward, which is said to run to Benin. Being now on the great delta of the river, a change in the climate had been experienced at a short distance above Kirree. The nights were very cold, with heavy dews, and a considerable quantity of dense vapour covered the face of the country in the morning. The banks of the river were cultivated in some places where they were high, but in most places they were low, and the few villages that were seen were nearly concealed by thick jungle. Below Kirree the river is not so serpentine as above it: the banks are so low and regular that not even a simple rising can any where be distinguished; they are assuming a degree of sameness little different from that which prevails on many parts of the sea-coast in the bight of Benin; and here, for the first time, the fibrous mangrove was seen interspersed amongst the other trees of the forest. Both banks, however, are pretty thickly inhabited; and there are many scattered villages, which, though encompassed with trees, and invisible from the river, could easily be distinguished by the number of their inhabitants, appearing on the beach to trade with the canoe-men.—"Nov. 6. Having embarked long before sunrise, a fog prevented our progress; and from fear of mistaking our way, it was agreed we should return to the land. In pursuance of this plan, we hung on by the shore till the gloom had dispersed, when we found ourselves on an immense body of water like a lake, having gone a little out of the bed of the main stream; and we were at the mouth of a very considerable river flowing out of the lake to the westward, being evidently an important branch of the Quorra. Another branch also ran hence to the S.E., whilst our course was in a south-westerly direction, on what we considered to be the main body,—the whole forming, in fact, three rivers of no small magnitude. We wished to be more particular in our observations of this interesting part of our journey, but were compelled to forego this gratification on account of the superstitious prejudices of the natives, who affected to be displeased with the attention with which we regarded the river. The opposite shores of the lake were not seen from our position, nor was the branch which runs to the S.E. Several small rivers are also said to fall in on its N.E. shore. Eboe is a large straggling town, one mile W. from the river. The branch of the river on which we had now to proceed is narrower than above the lake, and at its issue from the lake is not more than two miles wide. The banks in many parts are low, swampy, and thickly wooded. At Eboe, which we reached on the 12th November by a shallow canal, we found many large canoes from the coast, with palm-oil puncheons in them, housed over, and each containing about fifty or sixty persons.— Nov. 12. At seven in the morning we left Eboe. King Boy and his wife also embarked. Our canoe, which was heavily laden, was paddled by thirty-eight men and two steersmen—one in the bow and the other in the stern. We had three captains with speaking-trumpets to give orders, one drummer, the king's steward, and his lady's waiting-maid, a cook, and two fellows for baleing the boat. At seven A.M. we started;—the captains calling out, with all their might, through their speaking-trumpets, to their *fetish*, for a prosperous journey. We soon glided along at a great rate, passing towns and villages at every two or three miles, and more cultivated land than we had seen for fifteen days past. It contained large plantations of yams, bananas, plantains, Indian corn, but no rice; nor did we see any kind of grain after leaving Kacunda, although the soil on the banks of this river would grow all kinds well. The river was not very wide, and narrowed fast: the widest part, I do not think, was more than two miles, and the narrowest not quite half a mile. At three P.M., its beauty was mostly gone. In many places it had overflowed its banks, through trees and thick underwood, and in the widest part was not more than a mile and a half across. Saw a small branch running off to the west.—Nov. 14, seven P.M. We turned out of the main river, and proceeded up a small branch, towards Brass Town, which runs in a S.E. by E. direction from the main river. Our course this day was due south, and the river continued to run in the same direction when we left it, overflowing its banks, but much diminished in volume. In the widest part it was not more than half a mile across, and the narrowest about 300 yards. As usual, we passed many towns and villages during the day, and where the banks were not overflown they were cultivated. At half-past eight P.M. we found ourselves influenced by the tide, and at every ten or twenty miles we were either on a bank or stuck fast in the underwood; so that the men, as on former occasions, were obliged to get out and lift the canoe over. Our track was through avenues of mangroves: in many places the trees were arched over so thickly, that we could see no light through them. We continued on, winding in and out, through small creeks, until nine A.M. on the 15th, when we met three large canoes. In one of them was the old King Fourday, and several *fetish* priests; in another were the brothers of King Boy, and in the third those of Mr. Gun. They had been to the town of Brass, and had brought old King Fourday and the *fetish* priests to escort us into their country. A short time after our arrival at Brass we made fast to the trees, when the tide ebbed, and left us high and dry on black mud half an hour after. After leaving Eboe we passed two small branches running to the west, and also two running in the east. The country through which the river winds is low, without a rising ground for many miles. The banks are for the most part swampy: where they are at all habitable, villages are seen, with patches of cultivated ground. On the 13th we passed a village on the right bank, where the stillness of the water and much white foam we imagined to be the effects of the tide. This place is about seventy or eighty miles from the sea. Near the mouth of the river, and in our way up to Brass Town, the banks were so much overflown, that the trees appeared to be growing out of the water."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ASHMOLEAN LIBRARY.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Black is now employed in making a catalogue raisonné of the books and MSS. in the Ashmolean Library. This collection, we understand, is valued at 10,000*l*. In the course of his labours Mr. B. has already discovered many very curious and important MSS. not heretofore known to the public. It is expected (as he has not hitherto entered upon the most valuable part of the collection) that many tracts highly interesting to the antiquary and the world at large will be brought to light; and such as are of sufficient value will probably be printed. We trust that this excellent example will be followed, and a good explanatory catalogue given of all the MSS. in Oxford; and the one which has been so long desired, that of the Bodleian Library, be speedily completed.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in the East. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part XI. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"Macao," (rendered peculiarly interesting at the present moment by the absurd conduct of the Portuguese government with respect to that colony), "A Ruin on the Banks of the Jumna," and "Singham Mahal, Torway, Bejapore," are the picturesque embellishments of the ninth part of Captain Elliot's publication. It is impossible to contemplate the last-mentioned plate without acknowledging the justice of the gallant captain's remark:—"The ruined cities of Greece and Italy may boast of temples and palaces of a more refined and classic style of architecture; but they by no means compare with the grace and elegance, and sometimes with the solid grandeur, of the mosques and

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mausoleums of eastern kings. The extreme beauty of some of the architectural remains, both Hindoo and Mahomedan, that cover the plains of India, are little known and little appreciated in Europe. There is no portion of the world where the painter's skill might be exercised with more advantage to himself, or more pleasure to others, than amidst the ruined cities of Hindoostan."

Mr. Essex is, we observe, the first artist in the field, with a View of the Ceremony of the Opening of London Bridge.

Miss H. Gouldsmith has again opened an exhibition of her paintings in Bond Street. Since our former notice, we rejoice to learn that her talents have been rewarded by considerable patronage; and we trust this new appeal to the public taste will suffice to complete her projected lottery.

Mr. Scrynegeour, of whose spirited sketch of Aaron's Serpent swallowing up the Serpents of the Egyptian Magicians, we also spoke some time ago, has finished a large and much-improved picture on the same noble and sacred subject; which is forthwith to be shewn at the Egyptian Hall. It is a performance of the highest class, and does honour to the ambition and the abilities of the artist.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE VOICE OF THE TIMES.

A VOICE has gone forth over mountain and river— [may,—
The sounds of foreboding, and wrath, and dis-
As the blasts, on the face of the waters which quiver, [day.
Ere the tempest sails dense o'er the sunlight of
Aroused are the hopes of the ruthless and daring, [baring;
And the arm of the spoiler the blue steel is
And the monarchs of earth, at the signal preparing,
Are gathering the ranks of their banded array.

There is strife in the city — the swart brow of labour
Frowns stern through the smoke-drift of death on its foe; [sabre;
The serf has arisen with his grasp on the
The cannon yawns dark by the ford's guarded flow;
And the steed starts from rest at the trumpet's shrill warning,
And the drum blends its note with the breezes of morning;
And the sails of proud fleets, the hoar sea-wave adorning,
Gleam pale o'er the arming of hundreds below.

Wild spirit of hate and unchecked desolation!
The fields, where thy standards unnumbered were set, [nation,
When nation came forth in its might against
And earth was one battle-plain — who may forget? [crested —
Asperne, thy dim turrets — Eylau the pine-
And Leipsic's gray wall, with its dun mist invested,
And the strife, at whose closing war's eagle arrested,
Sank scorched on the dust where his legions were met.

Yet, scorning the past, with its lesson of sorrow,
Though tenfold the waste, and as deep were the wo, [borrow
Still seeks the blind impulse of frailty to
New strength for its scourge, and fresh powers to bestow:
Morn smiles on the harvest of peace freshly springing,
Noon's warmth round the ear its bright influence is flinging;
But eve the loud storm and the whirlwind is bringing— [know?
And who the sealed scroll of to-morrow shall

J. F. HOLLINGS.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

IRISH ECCENTRICITY.*

A GOOD many years have elapsed since Charles James Fox visited Ireland, and some venerable friends of mine still recount the delight my country-folk felt at his frank and *Irish* manners. A portion of his time, during his sojourn, was spent at the palace of the Bishop of Waterford,—a churchman of the old school, with a cauliflower wig, a gold-headed cane, and as much importance of appearance and address as any one attached to dignity and formality could possibly require. One of his lordship's intimates, or, as he used in brief moments of relaxation to denominate him, "his familiar," was a merry, jovial fox-hunting squire, of large hospitality and small fortune — one of the genuine six-bottle school, with more heart than head, and more wit than judgment—and Dermot O'Dwyer by name. It was, in truth, a strange companionship; to which I can liken nothing, except a species of regard that once existed between a grave Newfoundland dog of my own (Neptune he was called) and a mischief-loving ring-tailed monkey of my cousin's. The great dog would sit for hours, blinking his eyes in the sunbeams, and watching with a sort of sleepy interest Jocko's manifold tricks and capers; and when the skipping thing was tired, permit him to nestle in his thick coat, and submit to the pushing and scratching he exercised to form a bed to his own taste, with extraordinary good nature.

When the worthy bishop succeeded in obtaining a promise from Mr. Fox that he would visit his country residence, it will be easily believed that the reception he purposed giving the great M.P. was in keeping with his usual pomposity. Cards of invitation were duly sent forth, and one of the first despatched to his eccentric friend Dermot. On the appointed day, his tenants were drawn up on each side the avenue, his servants drilled into new stiff liveries glittering with gold and embroidery; even his wife's lap-dog had its little throat garlanded with true blue riband; and every servant maid in the house was compelled to wear shoes, which at that period were an extraordinary novelty, and occasioned much stumbling and more confusion. All things, however, were at length in proper order, every thing arranged *comme il faut:* my lord bishop complimented his lady on the taste and judgment of her dress (stiff flowered satin and high pinners), and she declared that his lordship looked as handsome and far more portly than when he led her to the hymeneal altar. During these old-fashioned courtesies (husbands are not particularly famous for complimenting their wives now-a-days), Dermot O'Dwyer, attended by his favourite hounds, Fan and Freelove, burst into the state drawing-room. "Come an hour earlier than dinner-time, my boy, to have a long chat with the parliament man. Saw him driving down the hill, threw him clean out at the corner, and, egad, got here first. An't I a buck?—quite the thing, eh?" "Boots!" "Why, what the devil! have me ride without boots? We'll make a night of it. Ay, here's Charlie, black-muzzled as a terrier — fine face, though. I wish he hadn't come so soon, for I wanted to read you a speech I intend to make after dinner." The poor bishop was terrified at his friend's oratorical talents: for an entire month he had been lecturing O'Dwyer on the greatness and importance of Charles James Fox, and the necessity for "proper behaviour in his presence:" how was he petrified when, on presenting his friend to the M.P. "as one of the free and independent landholders of the county," Dermot unceremoniously interrupted him, and, shaking Fox by the hand until his very arm ached, exclaimed, "It's part of my lord bishop's trade to blarney the people: you, I suppose, are Charles James Fox, M.P., a sturdy independent fellow; and I am Dermot O'Dwyer, a hater of ceremony and Tories: so there now, my worthy friend in the glorious wig has an acre of breath saved for the next oration." This originality was highly entertaining to a man of Fox's disposition. The party separated at about four the next morning, neither wiser nor better, that I could learn, for having met, which I believe is generally the case at gentlemen's dinner-parties. Certainly the hair-dresser occupied a most unusual time next day in arranging his lordship's wig.

Mr. O'Dwyer lived bachelor fashion, in the dilapidated home of his ancestors, about three miles from the bishop's abode. The house was spacious, and, in one sense of the word, well furnished, for there was no lack of inhabitants; a family of favoured pigeons occupied the attics, and reared their young in undisturbed tranquillity amid the ruin of old bedsteads and mouldering furniture. Whenever there was need of provender, Denis O'Hay, huntsman, footman, head groom, and valet, mounted the once handsome but then decayed staircase, and making his way over piles of broken balustrades and recumbent trophies of field and chase, brought down, to use his own phrase, "two or three dozen birdeens wid the end of a stick, though sorra a mouthful on each, the craturs." The middle rooms were sadly off for want of entire windows, and other little conveniences deemed matters of absolute necessity in English houses; the oak flooring was only partially concealed by tattered carpets, and venerable tapestry hung in fragments from the mildewed walls. Below, indeed, with all my fastidiousness, I confess there was much to interest the lovers of animated nature. Large folding-doors, leading from the great hall to the dining-room, remained hospitably open, the hinges positively refusing to perform the office for which they had been designed some eighty years previous to the date of which I write.

O'Dwyer's miscellaneous favourites had here ample space to range in—various perches were stuck in the painted walls; the principal and largest was occupied by an old white-headed eagle—a noble fellow, who looked with calmness and contempt on the bipeds and quadrupeds which passed beneath his stand. Three or four hawks, a buzzard, and innumerable stuffed birds, skins of foxes, horns of deer, fishing tackle, and fowling pieces, completed the motley garniture. Graceful stag-hounds, wary terriers, stately yet gentle house dogs, and very many litters of puppies, were scattered in various attitudes and astonishing harmony on the ground; two or three magnificent cats also shared the territory, though their most luxurious haunt was their kind master's bed, which, in one of his usual whims, he had conveyed to the dining-room, where he usually cooked his own dinner after his own fashion.

* In rather dullish literary times we acknowledge our obligation to Mrs. S. C. Hall for this authentic Irish Sketch, wherewith to vary our columns.

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The morning succeeding his interview with Fox, he arose at his customary hour of six, partook of a stir-about breakfast, traversed the farm, returned home, and suspended by a woollen line, in front of a roaring, sparkling turf fire, a fat and lusty goose—his intended dinner; and leaving it in charge of his nephew (a young collegian, who bore with his uncle's whims for the sake of his inheritance), went to superintend some other matters either in the kennel or stable. The youth twisted and twirled the string, basted the savoury bird with one hand, and held a volume of Homer in the other—meditating on his uncle's oddities one moment, and on the heroic deeds of Achilles the next—when suddenly both his reveries and employment were interrupted by Denis, who, advancing half his unwieldy person beyond the door, ejaculated, "Master Jack! Master Jack! here's the great parliament man and his valet coming riding up the steps: where's master?" Death and destruction! the young tyro to be detected in the vile act of goose-basting!—it was "quite too much." In an instant the dinner was deposited, string and all, in the dripping-pan, and thrust unceremoniously under the bed, the only hiding-place he could at the moment discover. Master Jack then advanced, with shining face, "to do the honours," and despatched Denis to summon his uncle. Dermot O'Dwyer entered, but his eye unfortunately rested on the spot "where once a goose had been;" and, without the slightest notice of the M.P., the exclamation burst forth: "Blood and thunder and turf! where's my goose?—where's my goose, I say?" When espying a small portion of the embrowned string which strayed from its resting-place, he bent on one knee, drew forth the hidden treasure, carefully replaced it, twirled the worsted with skill and dexterity—then, and not till then, cordially welcoming his guest to his hospitable but eccentric abode, saying: "Now, as I've found my goose, the Fox will not, I am sure, refuse to partake of it." How the invitation was accepted as frankly as given—how a merry party joined them in the evening—how the blind piper played, and how light feet and bounding hearts echoed his music until the gray beam of morning warned them homewards—I cannot now describe; but this I can assert, upon unquestionable authority, that all parties were pleased with each other—a thing of rare occurrence at costly and fashionable entertainments.

A few years after this event, O'Dwyer was sadly annoyed by his nephew's wedding a low and inferior person, and resolved to punish his heir presumptive by taking a wife to himself. He judiciously fixed upon a young lady whose father had much influence in the county, and was, moreover, to receive a *real* fortune of a thousand guineas on her wedding-day. The ceremony over, bride and bridegroom prepared to depart for their abode, which, I must say, had been "illigently fitted up," to the discomfiture of beasts and birds. The thousand guineas, which were literally told down, were thrown, *à l'Irlandaise*, into an ancient trunk, amongst other sundries appertaining to Mr. and Mrs. Dermot O'Dwyer. This trunk was strapped at the back of a nondescript gig (rather an uncomfortable machine, of the "makeshift" species), two fine spirited horses were harnessed to it, and so the fair bride was conveyed to her future dwelling. The next morning the bridegroom wanting some money, thought he would go to his black trunk for it; but on counting the sum over—not of his own free will, but by the advice of the afore-named Denis O'Hay—into what he called his cash-box, he was dismayed at the discovery that the sum was minus three hundred and sixty guineas! "Plaze ye'r honour," says Denis, "that's no way strange, seeing that the mice, or maybe the rats, the beasts! have, by way of employment, eat as good as seven or eight holes in the heart's blood o' the thrunk, bad cess to 'em for a pack o' Tories!"

It was quite true—plenty of holes there certainly were; and now nothing could be done, except trying to get the money back again. In those days there was but one way of effecting this—sending for Father Dillon, the kind but illiterate parish priest, and inducing him to "speak of it from the altar."

"And sure I'll do that same, honey, with all the veins of my heart," he said; "there's not one of them shall dare even to drink a drop of it this warm weather. I'm glad I heard it before the confessions; for in them we're bound, ye understand." Next Sunday Father Dillon* from the altar made the following proclamation:—"Good people—(though, upon my conscience, that's more nor I can say to ye all)—but good, bad, and indifferent, then—just as ye now stand before me—(Mrs. Dacy, ma'am, stuff something into that child's mouth, to hinder him from kicking up such a bobbery)—as I was saying, just as ye are, I want to discoorse ye. My good friend and parishioner, Dermot O'Dwyer, Esq., who has lived man and boy in the one place for more than three hundred years, without ever spending cross or coin—(Jerry, Jerry Finan Agra! just clap ye'r wig into the broken pane that's at the back o' my head;—Tim Dooly, you that call yerself glazier, it's astonishing to me, coming to this holy house as ye do every Sunday, that ye havn't had the grace to stick a bit of glass in the window for the love of God and ye'r priest)—cross or coin, as I said, in foreign parts, but spends every farthing he has, and ten to the back of them, amongst you—(ye unruly pack of devil-sarving creatures)—like a gentleman as he is, seeing he could not be otherwise. Well, Mr. O'Dwyer has had the misfortune to drop out of a blaguard hole in his thrunk a matter of about—but the sum's no concarn of yours—*I know what it is;* and, what's more, *I know who's got it;* and if every farthing o' the money isn't returned by to-morrow morning either to me or to his honour, I'll publish ye, and penance ye, and excommunicate ye;—and it's the devil 'll have nice pickings then, when none *dare* say God save, or God speed ye! And sure it's the black shame has come over me, to think that the minute ye see the temptation the ould boy threw in yer way, ye didn't come straight to me, and let me know the rights of it. Oh, you in the blue cloak"—(about sixty women wore no other garb)—"'twas ill luck took ye so soon from yer own hearth-stone last Tuesday!—but if ye repent and return the money, I'll contrive a penance that will clear ye once more, for yer poor soul's sake. O! O! O! to think how busy the old one was in my parish—easy known I was sleeping at the same time. There's fresh holy water at the door—take plenty of it—sure I never begrudged ye; for, God save us! poor ignorant craythurs like you can't see how the very air is full of evil spirits—things that go buzzing about like blue-bottles, and whisper ye to forget yer God, and yer duty, and yer priest. (Martin Doyle! is the horse gone lame, that ye never sent a sod o' turf to my poor place, and yer own rick built up as high as the hill o' Howth! Oh! Martin, Martin, yer a bitter sinner, and so was yer father before ye.) And in regard, as I said, of Mr. O'Dwyer's money: look to it, I say, directly, or else—(and ye'll have reason to think o' my words)—every guinea will be changed into a torch o' fire and brimstone to scorch the flesh off yer bones—look to it, I say, onct more—FOR IF YE DON'T!——there, be off with yerself, every mother's son of ye; and no blessing from me 'ill any of ye have this day:—take care, you with the white stockings and bran new beaver, how you got them! Pack, I say."

It is no less true than extraordinary, as shewing the power possessed by an illiterate but truly honest priest, that before the next morning dawned the money was returned, with the exception of ten or twelve guineas, which were doubtless lost, as some heavy rain had fallen during the night. Our friend O'Dwyer, I must tell you, boasted that he kept regular accounts as long as the guineas lasted; *for he never took one out of his cash-box, "that he did not cut a notch in the lid."* So much for Irish eccentricity. A. M. H.

July 30, 1831.

* It is only justice to state, that the priests of the present time are very superior to the Father Dillons of bygone days.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

AT the Haymarket Theatre has been produced a three-act drama, by Mr. Poole, founded on the French piece of *Madame du Barry*. To avoid the moral disgust of representing a parent as the attempted seducer of his own daughter, he has judiciously made the heroine the child of a faithful old friend of the king; and he has been obliged, in consulting English theatrical taste, to omit the predicting poet who cut such a figure in the original, to the great amusement of Parisian audiences by whom he is understood. Still, ably as Mr. Poole has overcome the difficulties of his choice, we fear that the choice itself is not a very happy one. The play suffered, too, by some of the characters being ill cast: we mean by having parts assigned to good performers, but not parts congenial to their talents. Under these disadvantages, *Madame du Barry* has not been so entirely successful as some of the other productions of Mr. Poole, being, indeed, somewhat heavy. But it was, nevertheless, well received throughout, and has since been acted nightly to approving houses.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

ON Thursday evening, near about which time we were putting the finishing hand to our weekly sheet, *the Sorceress*, a new serio-comic opera, the music composed by F. Ries, was performed at this theatre. Of so elaborate a work, comprehending so much for critical notice and approbation, we have not now time to say much;—indeed, it must be heard oftener than once to be understood and appreciated. Suffice it to state, that the lovers of music will have a real treat in many of these compositions; and that H. Phillips, Miss Betts, and Miss H. Cawse, especially, exert great talents in the support of the opera, being ably seconded by Miss Ferguson, Miss Novello, Russell, Reeve, T. Millar, and J. Bland.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Ornithology.—We have been very highly gratified by a superb exhibition of ornithology just opened in Bond-street. The indefatigable collector, though yet a young man, has for many years devoted himself to form this fine

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and extensive museum, chiefly of birds belonging to the northern parts of Europe. There are hundreds of them in the finest state of preservation; and neither the scientific naturalist nor the mere student can visit them without experiencing much pleasure and delight. Since the dispersion of Mr. Bullock's interesting collection, we have seen nothing like this for the instruction of the young, and the gratification of every age and class of sight-seers.

Another exhibition, just opened, consists of a very complete model, by M. C. Moulin, of the Théâtre Française. It is on a large scale, and as perfect as the theatre in the Rue Richelieu itself. By laying its recesses bare, the whole mystery of scene-shifting, &c. is made familiar to the spectator. It has been, we were told, the work of eight years.

VARIETIES.

Poland: Anecdote. — The Swiss historian, Johannes Müller, once met at Vienna with a document of the secret archives, relating to the first division of Poland. That great princess, Maria Theresa, had inscribed on this sketch of the projected division, with her own hand:— "*Placet*, because so many great and learned men desire it; but after I have been long dead, men will learn the consequence of this violation of all that, till now, was held just and sacred."

M. Bonpland. — As very important results are justly expected from the researches of M. Bonpland during his long residence in Paraguay, it is much to be lamented that he did not, immediately after his liberation, repair to Buenos Ayres, since, by remaining on the frontier of Paraguay, he incurs the risk of a second detention by Dr. Francia, the dictator. That extraordinary person detained M. Bonpland in his former durance, notwithstanding an autograph letter of intercession from Louis XVIII., and equally urgent solicitations from the Emperor Don Pedro and General Bolivar. The order which he at length issued for the release of the celebrated naturalist, was an arbitrary and unexpected act of clemency, which may have been as arbitrarily revoked.

Mr. Roscoe. — A medal of the late Mr. Roscoe, is, we observe, about to be issued at Liverpool. We wish our die-sinkers would recollect how high this art has stood in former ages, and even in our own time in some foreign countries. Really we have very few works of this class of a superior order to shew to the honour of this country. The London Bridge medals are but poor affairs.

Public Monuments.—During Guizot's administration, an office was created in favour of a man in every way competent to give the intentions of the minister complete effect—inspector-general of historical monuments; perhaps guardian would have been a better title. It is his duty to protect from the effects of *tempus edax rerum*, and the more destructive hands of modern Vandalism, the remains of antiquity of every kind—Celtic, Roman, and that of the middle ages, ecclesiastical as well as baronial — all over France. He has appointed inspectors for each department, which are divided into districts, under the charge of deputy inspectors, who correspond through the inspector with M. Ludovic Vitet, the inspector-general. On all proper occasions government comes forward with pecuniary assistance from the public purse in aid of the municipal or private funds, according to the locality of the monument requiring aid. M. Vitet's first report to the minister of public works is a masterly production. I wish we had some such protection in England; for the race of "Gothic knights" of Guthrie the geographer, is far from extinct in our islands, and many an "Arthur's oven" is yearly sacrificed to mend mill-dams.*

The Rev. G. Croly. — It is always with pleasure we hear of rewards or honours conferred upon literary merit; of which tributes to genius there are far too few examples in this country. We are led to the remark by learning that the University of Dublin has done credit to itself by conferring the degree of LL.D. on Mr., now Dr., Croly; one of its sons so highly distinguished in various branches of literature. This voluntary act cannot be the less acceptable to the gentleman in question, from its proceeding under the auspices of so profound a scholar and master of science as Dr. Lloyd, and of the present board of fellows, who are doing so much to exalt the character of the University.

Cholera Morbus. — Among the thousand-and-one different modes of averting this dreadful malady which are offered to the world, is a girdle invented by a M. Champion, rue Grenetat, at Paris, who styles himself, "fabricant de tissus hygiéniques." It is said that Dr. Larrey strongly recommends the use of these girdles, especially to the inhabitants of cold and damp climates; and that their effect is to excite an abundant perspiration, which suffices to prevent the malady.

Literary Impostor.—Towards the end of last century, Sicily exhibited an instance of literary imposture that has rarely been equalled. A man named Vella, who came from Malta, pretended to an intimate acquaintance with Arabic, though he knew not a word of that language, nor so much as the alphabet. It happened that the government was just then solicitous to inform itself on the subject of the history of the kingdom in the time of the Saracens; this was a point of some importance in the disputes with the Sicilian barons, in regard to their feudal rights and claims. Vella contrived to play his cards so skilfully, that he was employed to translate an Arabic manuscript found in the old archives; and he performed his part for a length of time with such consummate address, as to obtain honours, dignities, and even the professorship of the Arabic language and literature in the university of Palermo! His translation of the Arabic manuscript was nothing but a tissue of his own inventions. He even went so far as to bring forward a Norman manuscript, which he gave out that he had found in an ancient collection. The Sicilian literati, however, began at length to smell a rat, and strove to tear the mask from the impostor. This proved to be no easy task—for the juggler had found means to gain powerful protection. At last he was brought before the regular tribunal on a charge of fraud, convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.—*Desultory Foreign Reading.*

Agricultural Colonies. — M. le Baron de Silvestre, the perpetual secretary of the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture in France, has proposed a plan, founded on various similar institutions in Holland and Belgium, of establishing agricultural colonies throughout France, in order advantageously to employ the numerous manufacturers of all kinds who are destitute of work. It is calculated that one-sixth of the ground in France capable of being cultivated is not so; and that the diffusion of the colonies in question, while it would relieve the manufacturing population from the existing pressure, would materially add to the strength and resources of the French empire.

Göthe. — Some of the friends and admirers of the poet Göthe, at the Literary Union, have set on foot a subscription to present him with a seal on his approaching birth-day. The seal itself, though very beautifully executed, and inscribed with a sentence from his own works, will be more acceptable to the illustrious and venerable bard, as a testimony of the high estimation in which he is held in England. The cost is about thirty guineas.

* We copy this from the letter of a friend in Paris: both the example and the hint are well worthy of public attention.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXII. Aug. 6.*]

Mr. Alaric Watts is about to publish a volume of his poems, to be entitled Lyrics of the Heart, the Glass of Agrippa, and other Poems. The work will be illustrated by from thirty to forty highly-finished line engravings, from paintings and drawings by Lawrence, Stothard, Howard, Leslie, Newton, Chalon, Pickersgill, Turner, Etty, Collins, Edwin Landseer, Stanfield, Bonington, Haydon, Bone, Cattermole, Henry Thompson, Boxall, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Fletcher's Hymns for Children, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Rustic Excursions, 12mo. 5s. hf.-bd.—Law's Forms of Ecclesiastical Law, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XV. Pope, Vol. III. fcp. 5s. cloth.—Andrews' Guide to Southampton and the Isle of Wight, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Salmon on Prolapsus of the Rectum, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Hymer's Integral Calculus, Part I. 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Miller's Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—The Origin, Science, and End of Moral Truth, post 8vo. 7s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

July.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 21	From 51. to 69.	29·59 to 29·69
Friday 22	—— 45. — 67.	29·75 — 29·78
Saturday .. 23	—— 45. — 65.	29·77 — 29·73
Sunday.... 24	—— 53. — 70.	29·75 — 29·91
Monday .. 25	—— 45. — 73.	29·87 — 30·03
Tuesday .. 26	—— 46. — 80.	30·09 — 30·13
Wednesday 27	—— 48. — 82.	30·16 — 30·14

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Cloudy, with frequent rain, till the 23d; since, generally clear, and more seasonable weather.

Rain fallen, ·3 of an inch.

July.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 28	From 55. to 80.	30·10 to 30·09
Friday 29		
Saturday .. 30	—— 51. — 82.	30·05 — 30·08
Sunday.... 31	—— 50. — 81.	30·11 — 30·12
August.		
Monday .. 1	—— 51. — 78.	30·10 — 30·04
Tuesday .. 2	—— 56. — 75.	30·01 — 29·97
Wednesday 3	—— 60. — 72.	29·93 Stationary

Wind variable, N.E. prevailing.

Except the 30th and 31st ult., generally cloudy, with heavy rain at times. On the afternoons of the 29th ult. and 3d inst., this neighbourhood was visited with a violent thunder-storm, particularly on the latter day, when the thunder was remarkably loud, and, by the shaking of the houses, bore more resemblance to a slight earthquake. These flashes of lightning, from ten minutes before, till five minutes after three, were particularly vivid. The continued thunder in the N. and E. from fifteen to thirty-five minutes after two, is also deserving a particular remark.

Rain fallen, ·85 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Grove, of the Pavilion Theatre, is, we have no doubt, a very clever young actress; but we cannot insert O. P. Q.'s anonymous notice.

We do not remember having seen the Trip to Paris.

We shall give our attention to Mr. Ryan's medical case hereafter: it belongs to an important subject, which ought to be considered on a general, rather than a particular view.

We are not aware of the Essays on Museums, Sculpture, &c. &c.

We are very sorry to be informed of the misfortunes of Mr. Mass, the Editor of the *Fleet de Londres*, and will cheerfully not only recommend the case of this distressed foreigner to the literary world, but subscribe our mite to his relief. His abode in the King's Bench will, we presume, satisfy his creditors!

We shall be happy to promote the useful and benevolent institution for the benefit of French Teachers in England; but we cannot insert long advertisements to forward that object.

Many communications are too late for this week; and the length of our Review of Garrick has superseded some other notices.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The Professorship of Surgery is vacant. Candidates for it are requested to send their Applications and Testimonials forthwith to Mr. Coates, at the University, in order that the announcement for the next Session may not be delayed.

The Medical School will open on the 3d October next, and the General Classes on the 1st November.

The Chair of Mathematics is vacant. Candidates are requested to send their Applications and Testimonials to Mr. Coates, at the University, on or before the 18th August.

Particulars of both Schools will be advertised in due time.

THOMAS COATES.

23*d July*, 1831.

TO LADIES who have neglected taking advantage of an early Education, Two Vacancies have recently taken place in an Establishment of the first respectability, for the reception of Parlour Boarders, who, with all the Comforts of Home, may combine the Advantages of a superior Education. The House is situate in the finest part of the Regent's Park.

Address, post-paid, to L. S. D., Mr. Dawson's, 40, High Street, Marylebone, where Cards may be had.

EDUCATION.—A Clergyman of the Church of England, who is educating his Son with the assistance of a Tutor, intends to take into his Family Two Boys, as Companions in Study, to educate with him. His Residence is on the South Coast of Devon, and has many local advantages.

For further Particulars apply to Mr. Upham, Church Street, Hampstead, or (by letter) at the House of Lords, Westminster.

The most respectable References will be given.

The New London Bridge.

To be published in the course of the ensuing Week, by J. Dickenson, 114, New Bond Street, a

LITHOGRAPHIC PRINT of the NEW LONDON BRIDGE, from Trafalgar Wharf, Southwark, as it appeared at the Ceremony of Opening, for His Majesty, William IVth, on the 1st of August, 1831. Drawn on the Spot, by R. H. Essex, and Lithographed by G. Scharf.

Price 3*s.* plain, and 5*s.* coloured; Proofs on India paper, ditto.

Will be published on Monday next, by R. Ackermann, Strand, and W. Mason, Cambridge, a beautiful

PRINT of the OPENING of NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

Price 5*s.* India paper; and 7*s.* coloured.

FRAUDS in PATENT PENCILS.—S. MORDAN and CO. respectfully solicit the public attention to the Frauds which are daily practised upon them, as regards their Pencils, and the Leads for refilling the same. To guard the Public against impositions, the Patentees are induced to make the following remarks:—

1st. Look for the London Hall mark on each silver pencil-case.

2d. S. Mordan and Co. Patentees and Makers, on the body of the case.

3d. The genuine Leads in boxes have a yellow belt, bearing S. M. and Co.'s seal.

Cedar Pencils.—These pencils contain the same quality of pure Cumberland lead as their silver patent pencils.

Warranted Protection.—The Lock with seven guards is the most secure and the most durable one in use. The key cannot be copied, nor can an impression be taken from it: neither can a skeleton or other substitute key be made with success. The key admits of infinite variety, so that duplicates are entirely precluded, and dishonesty and curiosity equally guarded against.

"S. Mordan and Co. Makers, London," is stamped on each Lock.

*** Scientific gentlemen and others are invited to inspect the Manufactory, 22, Castle Street, Finsbury.

TO COLLECTORS of ENGLISH PORTRAITS.—The late WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq.—To be disposed of, by Private Sale, a capital original Portrait of this justly celebrated Character, representing him in the middle period of life, and finely executed by the elder Williamson, of Liverpool. It has never been engraved.

Also, a fine Portrait, in Oil, of Prince Charles (Second) in Armour, by Dobson, (styled the English Vandyck), in an elegant old carved frame, admirably painted.

A capital and well-known Portrait of Dobson, painted by Himself, which has been engraved, both in Walpole's Painters, and the Physiognomical Portraits; but in neither very successfully, as far as regards the likeness.

A very curious Portrait of the celebrated Countess of Nottingham, by Marc Garrard. She is represented in her widow's weeds, and holding in one hand a sprig of laurel,—no doubt allusive to her husband's victory over the celebrated Spanish Armada. The costume, which is very remarkable, is most elaborately painted.

An undoubted Portrait of Sir Thomas Ryves, by Sir Peter Lely. This eminent man was the long-tried confidential friend and upright counsellor of Charles First, and upon all occasions during his troubles his undaunted advocate and defender, both by his eloquence and his sword, being Chancellor of the Exchequer and a General in the Army, in which latter capacity he is here represented, being in Armour. This fine Portrait came from Bryanston Hall, in Dorsetshire, his then residence, and was purchased from the Heir-at-Law, from whom there is a letter relative to its history, (in the present Proprietor's possession), which will be delivered with the Picture to the Purchaser.

The Collection contains also many other fine original Portraits of eminent Characters, in Oil, which have never been engraved, and may be seen at the place of Sale; together with many very fine and rare engraved English Portraits, by Faithorne, Vandubanc, and other eminent Masters. By the former, there is one of the finest of his Works, namely, a Portrait in Armour, of Charles II. with six verses under, beginning—"The Second Charles, heire of the Royall Martyr," &c. It is a most brilliant impression, and of the greatest rarity. Also, Sir Thomas Allen, by Vandubanc. G. Hoot, an Amateur, (afterwards altered to the Earl of Mar), by the same, extremely rare. And many others, by Marshall, White, Hollar, &c. too numerous to mention in an Advertisement.

Letters, post-paid, addressed to M. D., the care of Mr. Colling, Carver and Gilder, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool, will receive immediate attention.

Medal of Roscoe.

Shortly will be published, by Subscription,

A MEDAL of the late W. ROSCOE, Esq. to be engraved by Mr. Scipio Clint, Medallist to the King, from the Medallion by Gibson.

The Medal will arrange with Parker's Series, designed to perpetuate the Memory of the Great Men of the present Age. Price, in Bronze, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Silver, 2*l.* 2*s.* The size of the Medal, one inch and seven-eighths.

Published by W. Clements, Engraver, &c. 57, Bold Street, Liverpool.

Subscriptions received in London, by Messrs. Treuttel, Würtz, and Co. 30, Soho Square.

PICTURE GALLERY.—To Let, a large Gallery, well known to the Nobility and Gentry, situated at the West End of the Town, suitable for a Painting Exhibition or Lecture Room, with large Warehouses attached, and a separate Entrance.

For Particulars, apply to Mr. Holmes, House and Estate Agent, 2, Panton Street, Haymarket.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire.

On the 30th of July was published, the Third Number of

THE BEAUTIES of the COURT of KING CHARLES the SECOND.

Edited by the Authoress of "the Diary of an Ennuyée."

A Series of Portraits of the beautiful and celebrated Women of the court and reign of Charles the Second, forming a splendid illustration of the Memoirs of De Grammont, the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, and other works connected with that gay and interesting period; with Biographical and Critical Notices, which the editor has been collecting for many years, from the most authentic sources.

Lord Orford observed, fifty years ago, that "the Beauties at Windsor ought to be engraved to illustrate the Memoirs of their charming historiographer, Count Hamilton." It is singular that since that time no attempt has been made to produce these lovely portraits in a style worthy of the beauty and interest of the subjects. Of the fourteen pictures at Windsor, six only have hitherto been engraved; it is therefore hoped that the present work will supply what has long been a desideratum in the fine arts.

The size of the plates is six inches by four and a half; engraved by the most distinguished artists from the original pictures in the Royal Gallery at Windsor, and elsewhere. Royal 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.*; imperial 4to. Proofs on India paper, 2*l.* 2*s.* each No.

The First No. contains the Portraits of the Queen, Lady Castlemaine, the Countess de Grammont (La Belle Hamilton), and the Countess of Ossory; all after Sir Peter Lely.

The Second No. contains the Portraits of the Duchess of Richmond (La Belle Stewart), the Duchess of Somerset, Nell Gwyn, and Mrs. Lawson.

The Third Number contains the Portraits of the Countess of Chesterfield, Lady Denham, the Countess of Rochester, and Lady Southesk.

The whole Work will be shortly completed in Five Numbers.

Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE for August contains a Portrait of "Spaniel," Winner of the Derby, engraved by Scott, from a Painting by Herring; and also a Picture of "Black Game," engraved by Raddon, from a Painting by A. Cooper, R.A.; and also the following original Articles:—Pedigreeand Performances of "Spaniel"—Game Laws and Woodcocks—Description of a Fox-Hunter of the last Century—Reform—Tipping Boys at School—The Road, No. 2, by Dashwood—Sporting Reminiscences; Fishing—On riding over Wheat—Archery in Flanders; Shooting at the Popinjay—Nim South's Tour; Sir John Cope's Hounds—A May Trip to the Thames—A Day with the "Surrey;" the Find and the Finish—Black Game—Anatomy of the Horse, by R. Lawrence—Letters on Hare-hunting, No. 2. By Dashwood—Songs of the Chase—The Last Day of the Season—The Hunter's Cry; by Sylvanus Swanquill—Editor's Scrap-book—General Monthly Miscellany—The Turf; Races to come, Races past—Newcastle—Wells—Lancaster—Guildford—Ludlow—Liverpool—Bridgwater—Ipswich—Newmarket—Taunton—Preston—Cheltenham—Kendal—Enfield—Stamford—Laws of the Mary-le-bone Cricket Club—Cricket, Pigeon, Rowing, and Sailing Matches—Stud Sales—Horses gone Abroad, &c. &c. &c.—Bettings—Hay and Corn Markets—Racing Calendar.

Notices of No. III.

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HALF a column of title-page ought to save the reviewer at least the pains of stating the nature of the work in hand; and such is the case here. By Mr. Ranking's preceding publication we were prepared for curious and interesting researches on the new subject he had undertaken to investigate; nor have we been disappointed, for his volume is full of entertaining matter, collected from many sources. The theory he maintains is, that Mexico, Peru, &c. were conquered and planted by part of a Mongol expedition driven by a storm from the coast of Japan in the thirteenth century;* and he shews, by resemblances in natural history, customs, traditions, fossil remains, and other proofs, that such an event was not only probable in itself, but is corroborated by a multitude of identifications. Nearly 200 degrees on the equator is, it is true, a long voyage to have been performed by Chinese junks, however large, in the state of navigation six hundred years ago; but it is difficult to imagine either the limits or extent of the colonisation which may have been effected on the vast Pacific during centuries of our earth's duration; and we are not the sceptics to deny the possibility of that of which the means are not readily obvious. Allowing, therefore, the first step, the multitude of coincidences which the author brings to bear in support of his hypothesis are, at all events, staggering and remarkable, if not certain and conclusive. How little, even at this day, we know of the world which we inhabit, may be seen from the statement: "At the present period the space in Africa, from lat. 10° north to 30° south, is a blank to the civilised world. An immense territory, between Thibet and Siberia, is imperfectly described. In America, both north and south, there are vast districts which may be termed undiscovered; and if we add to this New Holland, Borneo, and other unexamined regions, it appears, even now, that half of the surface of the earth has not been visited by any one who was qualified to communicate the knowledge of its productions or history to the learned portion of mankind; although the whole extent of the land is not more than about a third of the superficies of this planet. Thus, if we consider that half of the land, besides the depths of the ocean to a still greater extent, are yet hidden from the eye of science; and the natural convulsions that the earth has undergone, how imperfect must be our knowledge of the history and description of man, of animals, and of plants!"

It will be granted, that in a notice such as we can afford to a work of this kind, it must far exceed our limits to enter into even a tithe part of the arguments adduced, and the comparisons made, by the author. The historical fact of the invasion of Japan, the size of the Chinese ships, the periodical winds in the Pacific, the remains of the Asian elephant found in America, and all the annals of the Incas, are referred to, and treated of with great ingenuity: these are fortified from the writings of the earliest Spanish navigators; and the whole offers a *mélange* of uncommon interest. We will quote the commencement, merely as a specimen of the manner.

"In the year 1257 of the Christian era, Kublai, grandson of Genghis Khan, on the death of his brother Mangu, was proclaimed Grand Khan of the Moguls and Tartars. At the conquest of Eastern Bengal, and all the provinces eastward of the Burrampooter, he captured numerous elephants, and subjected many sovereigns to deliver to him numbers of those animals as a part of their tribute; and, from the year 1272, always employed elephants in his armies. We find from Marco Polo that he possessed five thousand of these animals at the period we now treat of. The wars in which the emperor was engaged before his attempt on Japan, were those in Mangi or South China, and against his rebellious relation in Siberia. In the year 1280, in a most terrible conflict by land and sea at Canton, the imperial family of the Song dynasty were destroyed; on which Kublai became master of all China, and first emperor of the Ywen dynasty, under the name of Shi-tsu. At this epoch, Kublai was in possession of a more extensive domination, and infinitely greater numbers of subjects than were ever controlled by any monarch recorded in history, his empire being much more considerable than that of Augustus. The continent of Asia, except Hindostan and Arabia, was under his sway. Of him, it may be said with more truth than the British king is made to say of Cæsar, 'His ambition swelled so much, that it did almost stretch the sides of the world.' As soon as Kublai found himself possessed of the whole power of the Chinese empire, he resolved on the conquest of Japan, and 'gave orders to his subjects of Kiang-nan, Fokien, Honan, and Chantong, to construct six hundred vessels.'"

Out of the dispersion of this fleet the whole theory is constructed; to which we beg to refer, not merely as singular in itself, but as most agreeable miscellaneous reading; while the Supplement furnishes us with a more sterling condensation of matter for illustration.

It is entitled, "'Confirming the Origin of the Toltecs and Guatemalans from Tula, and the Aztecs from Assam. Also proving that the Egyptian Sphinxes, &c. found in Mexico, are derived from the Birman Empire.' From the resemblance of many objects of the arts found in America to those of the ancient Egyptians, the first impression on the mind of any one who has not examined the history of the ancient Americans would naturally be, that a connexion had existed between the nations of the New World and Egypt. It, however, admits of satisfactory proof, that such similitudes have been brought to Mexico and other places from Tangut and India extra Gangem, the very regions in Asia from which the writer of these notes ventured (in 1827) a conjecture, was the country of Montezuma's ancestors. It is therefore indispensable, in the first place, to identify the Toltecs and Aztecs of America with the people of those countries, and then to shew the existence of Egyptian sphinxes, &c. in that part of Asia, similar to those found in America. * * *

"That the Americans are Asiatics cannot admit of doubt. The following comparisons prove many of them to be from India extra Gangem and Tangut.

"*American History.*

"1. Motezuma (Purchas), to which zin was added (Gomara, in Purchas, iii. 1126), was a priest.

"2. The number of priests in the great temple in Mexico was five thousand. (Clavigero, i. 270.)

"3. Montezuma was tawny, as all the Indians are; he had long hair on his head, and six little hairs upon him as though they were put in with a bodkin; his thin beard was black. (Gomara, in Purchas, iii. 1126.) The Indians pluck out their beards with a kind of tweezers made of brass wire. (Mr. Jefferson's Notes, 270.) 'When Montezuma approached, three nobles preceded, each holding up in his hand a golden rod. He was in a litter covered with plates of gold, which four nobles bore upon their shoulders; and shaded by a parasol of green feathers and gold embroidery. His mantle was adorned with golden jewels and precious stones; on his head was a thin crown of gold, and upon his feet shoes of gold, tied with strings of leather worked with gold and gems. He was accompanied by two hundred lords, richly dressed, barefoot, two by two.' (Clavigero, ii. 64.) 'The manner of salutation is to touch the earth with the right hand, and to kiss that part of it wherewith they touch the earth, in token of reverence. The brother of the king, and the lord of Istapalapa, taking Montezuma, drew him by the arms, so to reverence him, that he might seem to be upheld and supported by the strength of the nobility.'

* "The opinion of the writer is, that Magno Capac, the first Inca of Peru, was a son of the Grand Khan Kublai, and that Montezuma's ancestor was a Mongol grandee from Tangut, very possibly Assam."

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(Peter Martyr, Decade v. ch. 3, in Hakluyt, iv. 557.)

"4. Montezuma's palace was so large that the Spaniards and their allies, in all about seven thousand, were accommodated in it. The walls had rich hangings of cotton. 'At dinner Mutezuma was seated behind a *wooden trellis-work*, and served by the lord steward, barefoot, and in profound silence.' (Gomara, in Purchas, iii. 1126.) 'When the king of Acolhuacan prayed to the Creator, at certain hours, men struck plates of fine metal. When Montezuma dined, there was music of kettle-drums, *snail-shells*, flutes, fiddles, and other strange instruments.' (Clavigero.) Cymbals were much used by the Incas; Vega names them atabals.

"5. A skeleton of an elephant was found in a tomb in the city of Mexico (founded in 1324), and in tombs which appear evidently to have been made on purpose. (Clavigero, i. 84; Vega, ii. 394.) 'A king of Mexico was buried with great pomp. They killed his chaplain to serve him in the next world, and some of his wives; the number of victims sometimes amounted to two hundred.' (Clavigero, b. vi.) They bury with the deceased Inca all his vessels of gold and silver, his clothes, jewels, and furniture. The domestics and women most attached were buried alive. It often happened that so many offered themselves by voluntary immolation, that their superiors were obliged to limit the number. (Vega, b. vi. ch. iv. v.) In a tomb of a Peruvian prince, massive gold, value five millions of francs, was found. (Humboldt, i. 92.)

"6. The American Indians suspended themselves by the arms, legs, or sides, to shew their devotion. A boy drew two buffaloes' heads a few hundred yards by cords fixed in the fleshy parts of his sides. (Brackenridge, Missouri, 160.) The slippers (described by Peter Martyr, Decade iv. ch. 9), sewed with gold thread, are exactly such as are made at Dacca.

"7. The festivals of the sun, performed by the Incas at Cuzco, were named Raymi and Citua. (Vega, l. vi. ch. xx.)

"8. There are gipsies in Pernambuco. They lead a vagabond life, buy and sell horses, and gold and silver trinkets; and have no regard to religion. (Southey's Brazil, iii. 787.)

"9. The Aymores or Botocudos are found by the river Sertam, near Minas Geraes. (Southey, iii. 600.)

"10. The Tapuyas ate their own dead, as the last demonstration of their love. (Southey, ii. 379.)

"11. The Caribs pluck out their beards with pincers, bore their ears and nostrils, and deck them with jewels of gold. They chew leaves and nuts in either cheek all day. They make lime of shells, and mix it with leaves, which they put up close in *maunds* in baskets, and sell for jewels and maize. They chew fresh leaves every hour. (Peter Martyr, who died in 1525, Decade viii. ch. vi.) In Olmedilla's great map of South America there are *Caribes* marked in south lat. 27° 30′, and *Mongolas* in south lat. 24° 40′. The Araucans of Chili, in person, courage, arms, and military music, are Mongols. (See Choris's folio, Vega, vol. ii. 229.) 'The Araucans have a year (*Sipantu*), which exhibits a greater analogy with the Egyptian year than that of the Aztecs. Three hundred and sixty days are divided into twelve months, to which we added five complimentary days at the winter solstice. It is possible that they have received this division from Eastern Asia. (Humboldt, ii. 234.)

"12. At the small town of Cowe ('the capital of the Cherokee Indians, on both sides of the Tenesee, by the Jore mountains,' Morse), at the close of evening, I accompanied Mr. Galahan to the Rotunda, where there was a grand festival, to rehearse the ball-play dance, this town being challenged to play against another the next day. The people being seated in order, and also the musicians, an aged chief makes a long oration in commendation of the manly exercise of the ball-play, recounting the victories the town of Cowe had gained over the other towns; not forgetting to recite his own exploits and those of other aged men present. The musicians then began, both vocal and instrumental, when a company of girls, hand in hand, dressed in clean white robes, ornamented with beads, bracelets, and gay ribands, entering the door, began to sing their responses in a low sweet voice, and formed themselves in a semicircular line in two ranks, back to back, facing the musicians, and moving slowly round and round; after a quarter of an hour, a shrill whoop was uttered by a company of young fellows, who came in briskly with rackets or hurls in one hand. They were well dressed, with silver bracelets, gorgets, and whampum, neatly ornamented with mocassins and high plumes in their diadems. They then formed themselves in a semicircular rank in front of the girls, who formed a single opposite rank; the step or motion began at one end of the semicircle, gently rising up and down upon their toes and heels alternately; when the first was on tiptoe, the next began to raise the heel, and by the time the first rested again upon the heel, the second was on tip-toe, thus, from one end of the rank to the other, so that some were always up and some down alternately, without the least confusion; they then moved on sideways, so that the circle formed a complex or double motion in its progression, and at stated times exhibited a grand or universal movement instantly, by each rank turning to right and left, taking each other's places with inconceivable address, accompanied with an elevation of the voice and short shrill whoop. All their dances or musical entertainments seem to be theatrical, varied with comic and lascivious interludes; the women, however, conduct themselves with a becoming grace and dignity, insomuch that, in amorous interludes, when their responses and gestures seem consenting to natural liberties, they veil themselves; just discovering a glance of their sparkling eyes and blushing faces, expressive of sensibility. (Bartram's Travels in Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, in 1773, p. 367.)"

Next follow the resemblances in

"*Asiatic History.*

"1. Moti was emperor of China A.D. 910. (Du Halde.) Tsoum means venerable. (D'Herbelot, iv. 349.) Zin means great. (Gibbon, vi. 290.) The Chinese name of Mango, Kublai's brother, and supposed uncle of Mango Capac, was Hien-Tsoum. (D'Herbelot, iv. 278, Canon Chronologique.) The proper name of the Delai Lama, in 1606, was Mo-tçem-na-ria. (D'Herbelot, iv. 316.)

"2. Seven hundred priests were attached to the Lama's person for daily offices. (Turner's Journey to Thibet, Sir W. Jones, Sup. vol. i.)

"3. The Bramas (Burmans), in Pegu, wear no beards; they pull out the hairs with little pincers made for that purpose. Some of them will let sixteen or twenty hairs grow together upon his face. (Fitch, in Hakluyt, ii. 262.) The boys in Sumatra rub their chins with a chunam (quick lime), which destroys the roots. If any remain, they are plucked out with tweezers. 'The Engy Teekien, heir-apparent to the throne of Ava, was preceded by a bodyguard of four or five hundred men in uniform, in regular files, with muskets, twenty or thirty men holding long gilded wands, eighteen officers with gilded helmets, civil officers in robes and caps of state, then the prince, in a very rich palanquin, without any canopy, screened from the sun by a large gilded fan, supported by a nobleman on each side, and six Cassay astrologers of the Braminical sect, in white gowns and white caps studded with stars of gold. Close behind, his servants carried his water flagon and gold beetle-box. The display was solemn, and dignified, and orderly.' (Symes, iii. 40.) Whoever has obtained admission to the royal presence is said to have been at the golden feet. (Symes, ii. 226.) The procession of the *king* would probably be more similar to that of Montezuma. The writer has seen the Nabob of Dacca led by the arms precisely as Montezuma. The touching the ground is well known in India, exactly as Peter Martyr describes.

"4. The public saloon of the Raja of Assam is one hundred and fifty cubits long, and forty broad, supported by sixty-six wooden pillars. His seat is adorned *with lattice-wood and carving;* within and without are polished plates of brass, which reflect the sun like mirrors. Three thousand carpenters and twelve thousand labourers constructed it in two years. When the raja sits in this chamber they beat the *dhol*, a drum beaten at each end, and the *dand*, a kind of kettle-drum. The rajas of this country have always displayed ostentation and vain glory; they have a numerous train of attendants and servants. (Sir W. Jones, Sup. i. 236.) In Thibet they use the gong, cymbal, drum, hautbois, trumpet, and *sea shells*, at their devotions. (Turner.)

"5. 'When a raja or magistrate dies, they bury him in a large cave, in which they inter his women, attendants, magnificent equipage, and furniture, such as elephants, gold and silver, fans, carpets, clothes, oil, and a torch-bearer. They construct a strong roof over the cave, upon thick timbers. The value of 90,000 rupees was found in an old cave.' (Desc. of Asam, Sir W. Jones, Sup. i. 235.) Some of the tombs of the grandees in Thibet are pyramidal and very high; great quantities of gold are buried with their corpses. (Sir W. Jones, Sup. i. 311.) Elephants have been found in tombs in Siberia. (Bell of Antermony, 8vo, 154; Coxe, iii. 170.) 'The gold plates, chessmen and boards, and other riches found in the tombs in Siberia, are almost beyond belief.' (Wars and Sports of the Mongols and Romans, ch. v.) The Grand Khan Mango was buried with his horses, and more than ten thousand attendants. (See Marco Polo, b. i. ch. xliv.; Petis de la Croix, p. 382; Barrow's Travels in China, p. 483.)

"6. The writer of these notes resided at Dacca, in Eastern Bengal, many years. He one day found his torch-bearer suspended by a thick hook through the flesh of his back. He has seen Hindoos of the *shoemaker* caste run along, with a tightly stretched cord fastened to posts, inserted in the flesh of each side.

"7. 'The plot of the drama performed this evening was from the sacred text of the Ramayan. It represented the battles of the holy Ram and the impious Rahwaan, to revenge the rape of Seeta, the wife of Ram, whom he forcibly carried away, and bound under the spells of enchantment.' (Symes's Emb. to Ava, 8vo, ii. 43.)

"8. The gipsies in Europe are, undoubtedly,

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outcast Hindoos; their language is Sanscrit, scarce changed in a single letter. (Sir W. Jones, i. 119.) An *immense* number of prisoners were taken to Samarcand from India, by Timur, in 1399. Many gipsies are now in Persia and Russia. (Wars and Sports, ch. iv.)

"9. A man and woman of the Botocudos were exhibited in Bond Street; their persons were completely Malay.

"10. The Battas of Sumatra consider the practice of eating their own relations as a pious ceremony. Herodotus (b. iii. 99) alludes to *them*, as having that custom, according to Dr. Leyden (Rees's Cyc. 'Sumatra'), and the same still exists.

"11. The use of the word *maund* is very remarkable, as the first ship from England to India was the *Rere Admiral*, in 1591. All these customs of the Caribs are *precisely* Asiatic. They are Calmuks 'qui ont une grande affinité avec les Mongols par leur langue, leurs mœurs, et leur figure.' (Voyage de Pallas, i. 485.) Their country is north of Ava, in lat. 45 deg. by Du Halde's map.

"12. This description of a *nautch* in America in the year 1773, it is surprising, has never attracted notice, as far as is known to the writer. Any one who had seen that kind of dance in India, had he been present at a Cherokee entertainment, must at once have pronounced the Americans to be of East Indian origin. With the exception of the men who are engaged for the *ball game*, it is an exact description of the nautches at Dacca! The northern half of the province of Dacca is named Dacca *Momensing:* and there are grazing pastures in Pennsylvania called *Moyomensing*. (Bartram, 188.) Were this a solitary instance, it certainly would not be worthy of notice; but the first Toltecs having named their new city Tula, after their native country (a beautiful region near Lake Baikal), it may have been often done. Thus the river *Chenessee*, which runs into Lake Ontario, has falls of 40 feet, 75, and 96 feet. The *Jenesei* signifies rocky river, where there are waterfalls, and having a rapid current. (Strahlenberg, Hist. of Siberia, p. 385.) The Tungusis inhabit these parts; and the Canadian Indians are exactly the same in person and customs, says Bell of Antermony. 'When the Toltecs fled from Tula in Anahuac, in 1052, they named the extreme land *Yukatan;* and when they abandoned Asia in the sixth century, *Yakutsk* was conquered by the Turks, and was named Northern Turquestan."

The Sporting Magazine. No. XVI. New Series. August, 1831. London. Pittman.

We are tempted by our own aberration: we will never transgress our good old rules again. Here were we last week finding an excuse for reviewing Professor Wilson's poem, published in a contemporary periodical; and now, such is the ease with which we lapse from one offence to another, we are, without an apology at all, about to notice a second effort of genius in a similar publication. The *Sporting Magazine*, No. XVI., must, if need be, plead for us. Not the picture of Erymus at full speed—not even the portrait of Venom—(not an illiterate critic, as the name might suggest, but a white bull-terrier bitch, classically "bred at Oxford")—have misled us on this occasion; but the pure literary merits of the text, and the originality and spirit of its prose and verse. To exemplify this, our first extract shall be from an admirable and spirited production, entitled "*Newmarket July Meeting.*" The introduction is worthy of Byron:

"On the 9th July, when all London was smoking
With a Midsummer sun and the broils of the world,
When the lads of St. Stephen were dismally croaking
Round the flag of reform, now broadly unfurl'd:
Quite sick of the town, and of the humbug afloat
'Bout the Bill, its schedules, its wond'rous intentions,
And to see a whole people confidingly doat
On this cure for all ills, the bran-new inventions:
As the best luck would have it, I met an old friend
Who was going to Newman's to order the prads,
And to leave all such stuff for the d-v-l to mend,
And be off to Newmarket 'mongst the sporting lads."

Full of this wise resolve, leaving the House, with its dog-day atmosphere augmented into cholera temperature by six or seven hundred human breaths, &c., an atmosphere so tainted that it will require all the taste and talent of Colonel Trench to purify it, however ingenious his plan may be;—leaving, we repeat, the super-heated heat of politics, and the exhausting fatigues of business, to the ambitious and avaricious slaves of the world, "for the d-v-l to mend,"—our bard wisely dashes off, to seek recreation and life at Newmarket. Thither, without stopping by the road, we will follow him, and get upon the course. Never was description finer: Homer! Who was Homer?

"The clock had tolled two, within half-hour of the start,
And Newmarket, with all its disposable force,
Were now busily seen preparing to depart [course.
For the grand scene of action, the well-known race-
There, the first on the list, was a three-year-old go,
For ten sovereigns each, on the two-year-old line;
Which was won very easy, with but little to do,
By a lanky-like d-v-l, Sir Mark Wood's Camarine.
'Tis true, for an instant, Lord Egremont's filly
By Whalebone looked well, like that good race of clippers;
But the best of good jockeys, Jem Robinson, slyly
Stole a length, and made safe the last of the Junipers.
Now the great race approached, the stakes of July,
Like the same days in Paris, all the world awake
To note the great actors in the scene passing by;
And if old data will do any longer to take.
Out of twenty-eight entered, but seven could be found
Sufficiently good, all sound, all right, and quite fit
For their trainers that day to produce on the ground,
And for the July stakes be able to compete.
As first favourite there stood a Middleton colt—
His dam by Merlin, but beyond of no great kind,
That was to go like a flash from the thunderbolt,
And leave all the others God knows how far behind.
A crowd was around him while in saddling he stood,
To see what they'd heard of the great stable's thunder,
His performances unknown, but they must be good,
Though 'twas whisper'd he'd but make another Blunder.
He's a large colt, with magnificent middle-piece,
But no liberty forward, a shocking bad mover,
With no point like his sire but the white on his face—
Indeed, the very image of his dam all over.
Then next was the Miss Cantley colt, christen'd Beiram,
By Sultan, and much like him, though hardly so strong;
More leggy, with rather more day-light below him,
But magnificent quarters to send him along.
The flies made him fractious, and all in white lather—
But it could not conceal his good actions so true,
Though it put all his friends in a desperate pother
Till the event came off, and he carried them through.
The next was Non Compos, a well-made little pet,
By Bedlamite, to my mind the best of his year;
And if his mares have been good, they'll be some of the get
Of this sire before 'tis long in splendour appear.
Last named was a coarse stumped-up Emilius filly,
Rode by that best of jockeys, most honest of men;
'Twas Chifney's, and so to back it all were so silly,
Though they have paid for it over and over again.
The others were the good Duke Grafton's Destiny,
By Centaur, out of Dervise's dam—a pretty creature;
But race-horses require, in order to *festina*,
Other powers than those possessed by sweet feature.
Brother to Nessus, and one said to be growing,
Lord Verulam's colt, by Truffle, out of Tredrille,
Handsome and strong; and if he but takes to going,
For now being about last may make amends still.
And now for the grand gala climax, the race;
Bang off they went forward at the very first start,
And were seen scudding along at a thundering pace,
All yet well together, as if never to part.
Can there aught be more thrilling in life's wide expanse,
Than when first this gay crowd of young striplings appears,
And towards the great goal all unbending advance,
At once to decide the cares and labours of years!"

Shakespeare's celebrated description of Theseus' hounds is by no means superior to our author's description of the Middleton colt and Beiram; and then the burst of poetry at the close—it is perfect inspiration; our heart pants while fancy presents the racers to the eye of imagination,

"*All well together, as if never to part,*"

and we go along in full tide with the bard in his sublime apostrophe—

"Can there aught be more thrilling in life's wide expanse?"

We are tempted to tell which won—but we will not. The glorious uncertainty which usually affords such excitement before and during the race, shall by our skilful critical management in this instance be prolonged after it; and unless our readers consult the sporting calendars, they shall never know—at least, they shall never have their curiosity determined by us. All we shall disclose is, that "Non Compos was a middling second;" and we shall next endeavour to match the verse with the prose of this No.—as fair a match, we think, as ever was run at Newmarket. The passage occurs in an account of "the Hounds and Hunting Men in the West Countree;" where the writer tells us he will commence with Mr. Bulteel's hounds; and thus continues:—"He hunts the country in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. Give me power, great Diana of Ephesus! thou goddess of the hunting-field—thou, the only chaste one of the whole Olympus company of performers—give me power to pay a just tribute of praise to those noble hounds! They are of the largest size—of beautiful symmetry—of the most fashionable and best breed in the kingdom—and do an honour to the humble county of Devon." We love the phrase "most fashionable," applied to these fine hounds; how much more deserving than the puppys on whom it is commonly bestowed! And how natural is the sequent desire expressed by the author to immortalise them by name!—how affecting his moral reflections on the impossibility of doing so, and their consequently obscure fate! We have heard of jokes that might make a horse laugh; but there is a pathos in this which might make a dog cry.

"I wish I could give to the public the names, birth, parentage, and pedigree of every one of them; but I cannot get hold of the kennel-book. This I am sure of, that the noble blood from the kennels of the Dukes of Beaufort and Grafton, Marquess of Cleveland, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Lambton, flows in their veins. Their noble pedigrees will now probably sink with their bodies into dust: like many a merry, stirring mortal, they will be forgotten before they are half rotten."

Alas! poor canine Yoricks!—But we will not exceed our bounds farther than to justify what we have done by one more congenial quotation from a poem called "Fugitive," but which is calculated to last for ever. The subject is more general, but the execution in keeping with the character of the work, and the whole perfect. *Ecce signum!*

"Thus, thus is life—e'en man's probation here,
Composed of hope, love, fox-hunting, good cheer!
But as the fairest is the first to die,
So, like a good fox, joy is first to fly."

"Say, what is love? Alas! but few, I fear,
Will have the courage to step forward here.
You who've been coupled twice two years or more,
Say, if love now is what love was before?
View the fond lover—tender, ardent, kind,
To one thing constant, and to all things blind;
Talking of love eternal—fadeless, fond
Of two extremes—the parchment or the pond!
Then see the husband, distant, cold, severe;
The freezing look, the now-and-then 'my dear!'
Self ever uppermost!—Oh! where is now
The fawning tone, the look, the cringing bow,
That mark'd the other? Happier woman's lot,
If lovers lasted when the name did not!"

Any additional eulogy would be impertinent.

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Journal of a Tour in the State of New York in the year 1830, *with Remarks on Agriculture in those Parts most eligible for Settlers; and Return to England by the Western Islands, in consequence of Shipwreck in the Robert Fulton.* By John Fowler. 12mo. pp. 334. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

DEDICATED "to Thomas Attwood, Esq., the liberal and enlightened advocate of reform, and the founder of political unions, those great moral engines, which, by concentrating public feeling, sentiment, and energy, have contributed to produce such glorious results throughout the country;" and every opinion of the author expressed in a certain tone, are sufficient indications that he was not one of the ultra-Tory breed, who are accused of visiting America with jaundiced eyes, and writing about that country with prejudiced minds. Whether his acuteness and the briefness of his tour, his previous information, and access to the best opportunities for improving his judgment, were such as to entitle him to publish his opinions at all, is another question; and for ourselves, we confess that we have not discovered any very valid reasons for the making of a book. The Journal, no doubt, had the usual approbation of friends, whom the details of a voyage to New York—all the details too—might interest; but we hardly suspect that the general reader will care much about them. What gratifies the private circle does not, of necessity, please the world; and, with all due respect to Mr. Fowler, we think he has added so little to our stock of intelligence, that he might quite as wisely have confined his lucubrations to Liverpool and his relations and acquaintance. As there is, however, no great pretence about his literary and statistical claims, we shall lend a short space to illustrate his volume.

He travelled, it seems, from New York to Buffalo, saw the Niagara, &c. and returned; re-embarked for England, and was shipwrecked on one of the Western Isles. On his land journey, near Utica, he favours us with a fine bit. "I noticed a peculiarity in the toll-gates as we passed along (which *articles* are much less frequent than in England), namely, their drawing up in portcullis fashion, instead of opening as ours do; a custom in eastern countries referred to by that beautiful and sublime passage in the Psalms, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates!' &c. Another and a very convenient dissimilarity (he adds) relates to the coachman, who does not expect the slightest fee or remuneration. There is no eternal opening of the door, and 'Please, sir, I stop here;'—'Please, sir, I don't go any further;'—'Please, sir, remember the coachman,' which is not always quite so pleasing as they would kindly desire it to be. Here, the fare paid, generally without opposition, about four cents a mile, you have done with all demands relative to the coach. At the end of every stage the man retires with his horses, which he has to attend upon himself, though this is a much less onerous duty than in England, brushes, curry-combs, &c. being but little in request. I do not, in any instance, recollect seeing him at all assisted even in taking out or putting in. Pretty soon after he has cleared himself away, the driver, who is next to proceed, appears with his team, and though this changing is not quite so expeditious an affair as you may sometimes witness when running opposition with us—I think I have known it performed in twenty seconds—you are off again in as little time as under the circumstances you would suppose possible." Twenty seconds! why it is reckoned a great feat to do in sixty seconds on our best-coached roads, with a man at the head of every horse; so that in America it must be accomplished by magic.

Our next quotation also refers to the travelling in New York. "For the benefit of future travellers, I shall here (says Mr. Fowler)—[the information being for the benefit of future travellers, it would have been as well, after all, to tell of what the dinner consisted]—put on record my bill of fare and charges at Avon. There are two inns, and I think not more than a dozen other houses; but the one I have to do with is kept by a person of the name of Douglas, and stands on the left side of the road from Geneseo to Rochester. It was about eleven in the morning when I arrived, and, previous to commencing our sporting, I took a slight lunch. At a late hour I returned to dinner, which was introduced, with many apologies, as being past its best, &c.; but, without particularising, I wish it may never be my lot to sit down to a worse. To this I was supplied with a pint of tolerable port wine, half of which I *might* drink; and before retiring I took a glass of negus. My lodging, to be sure, was not superb, since the house being rather unexpectedly filled with company at a late hour, and it being inconvenient to accommodate me with a single-bedded apartment, I preferred my cloak and the parlour floor to occupying a room with strangers, according to custom here, careless who or what. This morning (August 28) I am just risen from a breakfast which, if I was to say a good one, is but giving it very moderate praise. The whole and entire charge for the entertainment from beginning to end, amounts to 81 cents (3*s.* 4½*d.* English); waiter, 0; chambermaid and boots, ditto; and civility and thanks into the bargain. Will this be credited in England? It will be some time before it is practised, at all events. We should dub ourselves not a little favoured, after such accommodation, sleeping excepted, to be let off with five or six times the sum I have paid." They say comparisons are odious; for our parts, we can see little either fair or applicable in this, as the whole depends not on the cost, but on relative circumstances. Substitute spirits for wine, and there are many parts of Britain where as much accommodation may be had at as low a charge. We say nothing of the bugs, vermin, &c. which are not charged in the American bills, though enjoyed in the utmost abundance.

We have lately alluded more than once to Temperance Societies. In England, where every speculation and project is carried to an extreme, the promoters of such institutions proscribe all kinds of drink; in America, it seems, the operation is directed against the demoralising and deteriorating bane of ardent spirits.

"Great good," says the author, "has been effected in various parts of the state, and I believe I may say states, though much still remains to be done, by the very laudable exertions of what are called Temperance Societies, notwithstanding the unmeaning ridicule and ill-judged sarcasm which some have been disposed to direct towards them. They have been expressly formed to correct what had become a serious and even alarming national evil and disgrace; more or less pervading all ranks, and sapping the moral as well as the civil usefulness and respectability of thousands,—the too free use of ardent spirits. Since they were first established, the consumption of these deleterious articles, which, from their extreme cheapness, are within the reach of almost every one wishing to purchase them, has been greatly diminished. One or two respectable innkeepers have assured me that they have found it less by one-half, and almost in an inverse ratio has the demand for malt liquor increased, and I trust there is fair reason to hope that this more natural and wholesome beverage, with cider and light wines, will so far supersede the use of the other as to become the common drink of the country."

On the next piece of information Mr. Fowler seems incompetent to speak: we quote it for the initiated, who will wonder at his ignorant remarks.

"Batavia has been further conspicuous as the residence of the notorious William Morgan, the great masonic apostate, and whose revelation of the secrets of that would-be all mystic fraternity not long ago threw the whole neighbourhood into a most violent and disgraceful state of excitement, which even yet has not wholly subsided. What a theme to distract the mind of a rational being, much more to disturb the harmony of any portion of an enlightened republic! I heard the relation with sorrow and disgust."

We may observe on this, that though the author may be *free*, he is certainly not *accepted*.

In consequence of the abundance of water-conveyance, the roads throughout New York (if they deserve the name) are deplorably bad. No system is observed in repairing them; and notwithstanding the regular appropriation of sums by the legislature for that purpose, their being made passable at all seems to depend on the fortuitous exertions of adjoining farmers, when parts became too bad for further passage. As for the inns, we shall now give the author's account of them: he tells us—

"By this time I have seen something more of the routine of affairs at inns, &c. than at the close of my first day's stage travelling, which has but tended to confirm the observations I was then about to have made. They are not the comfortable, do-as-you-like public or private sort of places which the English hotels are; and though the fare may be quite as good, oftentimes in greater profusion, few Englishmen, with the system pursued, would relish it half so well. Suppose a roomy bar, as heretofore described, full of strangers, and residents of the town, who half live at the hotels, standing about, ten minutes before dinner, as impatient as a throng at a theatre, until the ringing of a bell announces the repast ready to be pounced upon. Forthwith one simultaneous rush takes place to the dining, or general, or only eating-room, and each, as near as may be, seating himself in the vicinity of his favourite dish, the dire attack commences. A novice would be apt to conclude, that all had a heavy bet depending upon the quantity devoured in a given space of time; 'tis an affair in which each one is concerned exclusively for himself, carving, or cutting, and cramming down whatever he pleases, leaving his neighbour at liberty to do the same, or to do nothing at all,—all alike to him,—except, as I am pleased to do the Americans the justice to say upon these, as all other occasions, the utmost deference and most respectful attention is ever paid to the ladies. But few words, perhaps, are spoken by the whole company; as each individual clears, or rather dismisses his plate, for it is rarely half cleared, 'another, and another, and another' succeeds, until he has gone the whole round of soup, fish, flesh, pudding, pastry, and dessert,—all frequently upon the table together,—and brought the performance to a close; which is no sooner effected than up he starts, as if some

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contagion were spreading round the table, or there were a greater merit in bolting than in properly masticating a meal; in devouring with precipitancy than in eating with decent deliberation; and, hurrying off to the bar, addresses himself to smoking, chewing, &c.—spitting every where, of course, with most perfect freedom: who would suffer restraint in a land of liberty? In the intervals between meals there is usually as much taken in the way of drams, tossed down with equal expedition, as would serve an Englishman at his meals twice over. The difference is, that the one enjoys it, relishes it; the other takes it because it is habitual to him; and, without a moment's reflection in any way about it, is satisfied, for the time, if the act be only performed. I do not give this merely as a specimen of coach travelling—there haste and helter-skelter are often unavoidable—but I consider it a fair outline of these proceedings at hotels, in any part of the country where I have been, as much upon one occasion as another. At private houses, and in good society, there is no want of courtesy, and the most genuine good-breeding and hospitality; but even here I think I have noticed a system of despatch neither necessary nor quite agreeable; a confusing and intermixing of courses, &c., for instance; ever understanding that it is heresy itself not to vanish with the cloth, and what to an Englishman would very much give the idea of hurrying over a meal to start a journey."

To a fellow who "likes to have every thing comfortable," all this, the roads breaking your neck at two miles an hour, the beds filled with bugs, the air with musquitos, and the manners of your companions coarsely enough indicated as extremely offensive to our ideas of cleanliness and decency, must be very delightful. But there is always something to compensate evils; for instance, the beau-ideal future of Buffalo, &c.

"The situation of Buffalo, however considered, is commanding and important beyond most. Standing at the foot of Lake Erie—now connected with Lake Ontario by the Welland canal—it has a direct communication with the Canadas; is open to the mighty lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, and an almost limitless extent of western continent; and, on the other hand, at the head of what is justly termed the Grand Canal, it is equally connected with the Hudson river, New York, as well as all intermediate places, the eastern states, and, in fine, with the shores of the Atlantic. It is, as it were, the rallying point for the agricultural produce of the west, and the migratory population, the commerce and manufactures of the east, the connecting link of the varied interests of a great portion of this vast empire, and embracing within itself most of the advantages which, separately, may attach both to inland towns and seaports, but which are rarely united as in Buffalo. Spafford, alluding to Rochester, has well, if I mistake not, portrayed the future prospects and destiny of this place:—'Looking forward,' says he, 'a few centuries, or half centuries,—weighing all the balances of probabilities, the changes likely to be produced by steam navigation, by canals, and the march of population, and capital, and business westward,—not to Florida and the shores of the Mexican gulf, but to the shores of the great lakes of the west, extending a line of navigation through Michigan to the Mississippi, and pushing it through the Missouri, and across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific ocean,—I see a line of perspective so extended, so wide-spread in the sphere of its action, that it seems boundless almost as the fields of imagination into which the contemplation conducts me."

There is a sublime prospect for you, and mighty well spoken is the view. We are glad our Liverpool man of letters does put forward some things to qualify his unfavourable pictures—for, as a rather professed admirer of the United States, we do not think his descriptions will be altogether relished by his friends in that country. He proceeds:—"I do not know that it remains for me in this general, though very limited survey, to notice more than the religion of the country, and the character, manners, and customs of the people. Of the first, I may say, that although there is no established religion, as we term it, all religions being free alike, and the conscience of every man amenable only to his Maker, yet I must confess, with regret, that I have too often witnessed an unbecoming degree of warmth, and party spirit and feeling, frequently not unconnected with politics, on this momentous subject; a disposition to introduce it as a topic of general, and sometimes light conversation, and much divested of that conciliatory spirit, that reverence and humility, which, as they are its highest ornaments, are no less its distinguishing and vital essence. Far be it from me to judge any one: the foregoing remarks are forced upon me by what struck me, as an unprejudiced stranger, as unpleasantly contrasting with much that I admired, and wholly without seeking for. I have no wish to enlarge, and shall merely observe, that the ministers of all denominations (Friends excepted) are supported by the voluntary contributions of their respective flocks: the odious, iniquitous, and unchristian extortion of tithe is unknown amongst them, nor can any priest or clergyman hold an office under the government."*

With this we consign Mr. F. to his public glory. We dare-say he has done his best, according to his talent; but we do not think him specially cut out for an author.

Tales of the late Revolutions: with a few others. By F. W. N. Bayley, author of "Four Years in the West Indies." 12mo. pp. 359. London, 1831. Dalton.

A VERY pleasant volume, mingling poetry and prose, the gay and the grave, in agreeable variety. The plan itself is a good one. Our author says: "It struck me, that the eventful occurrences of the last few months afforded ample scope for such fictions; and that a romance of present times, involving in some degree their spirit and politics, would prove more interesting than a romance of past history. I accordingly sat down to make the experiment;—and the following Tales are the results." Among these, "Potoski and Luwarrow," "Edith," and "Land and Sea Incidents," are our favourites. We have a most grave objection to urge against the one called "the Incendiary, a Tale of the Days of Swing;" its principal incident is a gross and absurd falsehood: what rector of the Church of England ever did, or could, take away the sow from a litter of young pigs by way of tithe? Mr. Bayley allows, in a note, that he has stretched the fact for the sake of his story. We do not consider this an admissible excuse: he is quite clever and various enough in his inventions, without having recourse to common and vulgar cant, as untrue as it is ridiculous. We proceed to quote part of the history of "Old Pobo," as a lesson to those abolitionists who would plunge at once into the general emancipation of slaves, without providing for their future care and maintenance.

"The last time I visited the cottage of Pobo, was soon after his recovery from the fever, and he then seemed to be enjoying himself as much as it was possible for one of his condition to do. His little hut was furnished with every comfort he could desire. There was a table, chairs, bedsteads—with posts, and blue curtains, too—a wooden sideboard, covered with a various medley of calabashes, cups, plates, glasses, sugar-cakes, and oranges. In one corner of the room lay a heap of yams, taniors, and okros; on the table a weighty bunch of plantains; and in a tray under the sideboard, about fifty heads of large, ripe, yellow, Indian corn. All these eatables were the production of his provision ground, and destined for sale in the town market. Outside the door of the hut lay three large bundles of Guinea-grass, which Pobo was that evening to carry to three regular customers in George Town. A long hen-coop, well stocked with fowls, turkeys, and Guinea birds, was fastened to the front of the building; and by the side stood a pig-sty, containing a large sow, and three or four grunters of small dimensions. Two kids were tied to a plantain-bush near, and amused themselves with rubbing their heads against its stem; while Pobo's daughter, a young and good-humoured black girl, sat on the grass, milking a goat into a sort of bottle-gourd. Her old mother, a stout, unwieldy personage—and the lady-love of Pobo—sat on a three-legged stool before the door, and was busily employed in frying jack-fish on a sort of stew-pan, which is very convenient, and in the West Indies forms a substitute for stoves. These persons and things, added to the garden at the back of the cottages, and the full right and title to the produce of the fruit-trees that surrounded it, formed the whole of Pobo's establishment; and when we consider that he had neither rent, tithes, nor taxes, to pay for his property, we think we may aver that his condition was infinitely superior to that of the majority of the English poor; and yet it was little, if at all, better than the condition of the generality of the slaves all throughout our West Indian possessions."

His master dies.

"Pobo, who loved his master, took his death much to heart, and made a point of getting drunk every day for a month afterwards, in order, as the poet hath it,

> 'To keep his falling spirits up,
> By pouring spirits down.'

It was at the expiration of this season of sorrow that the old man discovered that he had not been forgotten in his master's will. M. had left him his freedom, and bestowed the same boon upon his wife and daughter. I was with the manager of the estate when he walked down to Pobo's hut to inform him of this fact; and the old negro, when he heard it, actually danced with joy, and laughed and wept by turns in a most ludicrous manner. 'Oh, massa, him good massa; bery good massa, for make Pobo free. Pobo free man now; Pobo no dam black rascal. Me wife too she be free—me daughter free—bery good massa for gib a we mancipa-

* "Whilst in Orange County, an elderly farmer, with whom I fell into chat, mentioned to me a rebuff which a gentleman of this order experienced the other day on applying to President Jackson for an appointment to civil office. When introduced, the President's first inquiry was after the nature of his present avocation, and being informed that he was exercising the profession of a minister of the gospel, he briefly replied, 'Then, sir, I have nothing better to offer you; go, and faithfully discharge the duties of your calling.' I cannot wish any trader in religion better success."

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tion. Daddy Wilbyforce say mancipation bery good ting for poor nigger, eh, massah? Ky! you sabe wha Pobo do now; he lib bery well in him lilly house. He hab wife—he hab daughter—he eat harty—he sleep all night—he drink plenty good rum—he no worke—oh! no; no work for buckra now; he sing—he play—he dance. Ah, Pobo happy fellow now he free!

Me da free!
Me da free!
Bery good massa make me free!
Me no worke—me drink rum,
Me da go, me da come;
No one call me, no one send me,
If me want ting, massa lend me—
Bery good massa make me free!'

Poor Pobo would have given us a dozen of such extempore ditties; but it was evident that he was wofully mistaken in his notions of freedom, and it was high time for the manager to undeceive him. 'Stop, Daddy Pobo, not so fast, my man; you are all wrong in that tune.' 'No, no, massa, de tune go right; listen, massa.' 'No, Pobo, you must listen yourself; I have something to tell you. Now you know you are free, and you must not live any longer in that house. I expect you to get your traps together, and be off with your family, in less than a week. Daddy Quashie is to get your provision grounds; but I will give you leave to take away whatever you have planted in them yourself. You had better find some little hut in town, and become a fisherman. I think you are a good fisherman; and now that you are free, you will have to work for your living, and clothes, and all those little things; but take care of yourself, Pobo, and don't get sick—for you know, 'no money, no doctor;' and 'massa' can't pay for you now. Don't drink too much rum, Pobo; a free man ought always to be sober. Take my advice—and now good bye; come to me before you go, and I will see what I can muster for a little present.' The poor fellow, who had seemed almost bewildered with astonishment during this announcement, at its conclusion burst into tears. 'Oh, massa! don't be hard upon poor nigger; do, massa—don't drive me from me house; me no want free; massa good man for make me free—but Pobo bery happy for be slave again; he lobe ebery ting here; he hab all he want—house, wife, fowl, pig, goat, good rum, plenty clothes, doctor when he sick. Oh, massa, me lose all dis den. No make me free; me no want free—me quite happy—what me go do in a town?—how me get money for house?—how me lib?—oh, me go dead if me free—no one care for Pobo den. Oh, massa, let poor nigger be slave—no turn him off;' and the faithful fellow still wept at the idea. But it was utterly out of the manager's power to comply with his request; his manumission had been already registered, and Pobo was a free man in the eye of the law. He was therefore told once more to prepare for his departure. The thoughts of Pobo on the subject of freedom are precisely those which actuate the whole slave population in their conceptions on this subject. They imagine that liberty is synonymous with idleness; and that by a cessation of slavery, is meant a cessation of the labour which devolves on that state, without any deprivation of the accompanying comforts and enjoyments provided for them by their owners. In a word, they conceive that emancipation will furnish them with a full right and title to the negro-huts, provision-grounds, clothes, eatables, and medical attendance on the properties where they reside, without the tedious necessity of balancing the obligation, either by the payment of rent, or the exercise of bodily labour."

He takes up his residence in a hut by the bay.

"For some time Pobo continued to catch fish, and Pobo's lady to fry the same; but he nevertheless found his occupation far more laborious, than his work as a slave had ever seemed to him. His comforts were less numerous—and more hardly got; he had to pay rent for his hovel, and he did not find that either food, clothes, or his own favourite beverage of old rum, were to be got without working for them. His moments of leisure were fewer—and we may say, his moments of happiness, for he now seldom found time to play on his fiddle, or sing his famous parodies. Upon the whole, he was any thing but gratified with the change, and often looked back with regret upon former times, remembering his cottage, his grounds, his good massa, his domestic comforts, his merry moonlight evenings, his old negro companions, and a thousand other nameless incidents, that made him wish himself a slave again. Besides, he was getting old now, and was no longer so strong as he had once been. On M.'s estate he would have been provided for, as all the old people are, and have had no work to do. Now he must provide for himself, although he was getting almost too feeble to do much; and while his necessities increased, his means of subsistence rather diminished than otherwise. Thus his affairs were in a bad way, and unluckily nothing transpired to make them better. At last the old man fell sick, and then it was that he felt, more than ever, the difference between slavery, such as he had known it, and the state of liberty to which he had succeeded. Bodily illness, indeed, was one of the greatest misfortunes that could have befallen him, inasmuch as it reduced him to a state of poverty, from which even the recovery of health would not deliver him. He could afford no doctor, and the luxuries of soup, cordial, wine, &c. which he would have procured on his master's estate, were now not to be thought of. His wife, indeed, was his only attendant, and on her exertions he now mainly depended for the prolongation of life. She, poor woman, did her utmost; but having no fish to fry, she had therefore no fish to sell; and the consequence was, that money was scarce, and without money nothing was to be got. At length she was reduced to the necessity of selling the canoe, then the fishing tackle; and when the little funds derived from these sources were expended, she disposed one by one of every article of furniture, until at last she had nothing left in the hovel but the bed on which the sick man lay, and one other movable, which she also proposed to sell. This was Pobo's fiddle; but as it had been the gift of his young mistress, he would not listen to her request, being determined to die rather than part with it."

However, he recovers, and his wife dies.

"Old Pobo, on his wife's death, being tired of his life in Grenada, had determined to try his fortunes in the mother country; and for this purpose (knowing he could procure a passage by no other means) had, with the connivance of the cabin boy, concealed himself in the hold of the Dandy Lion, and succeeded in remaining undiscovered until she had proceeded thus far on her voyage, and certain promptings of hunger urged him to step forth from his hiding place, as above described. We shall say nothing of the captain's danger, nor of the sailor's enjoyment of a good joke:* it is enough to narrate, that old Pobo obtained his passage to England, earning his salt by sundry useful avocations on board, and the tuning of his fiddle to particular ditties for the 'grave and gay,' which alternately amused the lords of the quarter-deck and the forecastle. For some time, too, after his arrival in London, this same source of all his music was the only means of his subsistence. In fact, he was a strolling fiddler; and by this occupation contrived to pay for a lodging in Thames Court—a court at the back of Old Drury, doubtless unknown to many of our fair readers; and to earn pence enough to get a dinner by diving into the beggar's cellar, and a breakfast by walking into the baker's shop."

We must curtail the end of the narrative, and simply mention that the poor old negro dies in London of neglect and want. There are some amusing parodies scattered through these pages.

* Referring to another part of the story, which we have not room to quote.

A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages; including the Words used by Old and Modern Authors in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities, &c. By John Britton, F.S.A. Illustrated by numerous engravings by J. Le Keux. Part II.

To those who have any taste for the beauties and varieties of architecture, this able publication, which will put them easily in possession of all the elements and principles of what Mr. Britton has very aptly denominated "Christian Architecture," will be invaluable. It is singularly copious and interesting in its details. The plates are neatly engraved; and the text abounds with information, conveyed with Mr. Britton's usual perspicuity. A specimen of the former we cannot exhibit to our readers; but the following elucidation of "Pointed Architecture" will give them a notion of the latter.

"Pointed architecture includes a peculiar and very numerous class of buildings, which branches into many varieties, both in its general form and extent, and in its diversified adornment. Commencing about the middle of the twelfth century, it continued to prevail in almost every nation of Europe till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the neglected Roman orders were revived and adopted. The term pointed architecture applies to a great variety of buildings, and several names have been given to each variety. The earliest specimens of the pointed style occur, intermixed with the semicircular, in the Anglo-Norman church of Barfreston, Kent; in the church of Buildwas Abbey, Shropshire, founded in 1135; at St. Cross, near Winchester, in progress at the same period; and in the west front of the priory church of Dunstable, Bedfordshire. A rapid advance in this style took place in the reign of Henry II., as exemplified in the pointed arch and vaulting of the choir of Trinity Chapel, and of Becket's crown in Canterbury Cathedral, erected between 1175 and 1184. Other specimens of the same period are observable in the Inner Temple Church, London; and in Lincoln and Durham Cathedrals, than the latter of which no edifice is better calculated to display the transition from the Anglo-Norman to the pointed style. In the reign of Henry III. this style attained its highest perfection in the cathedral of Salisbury, and in the eastern part of the Abbey Church at Westminster. The former is remarkable for uniformity and symmetry of proportion, and arrangement of parts, and is the only large church completed from one design in this country. Westminster Abbey Church, from its eastern extremity to the entrance of the

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nave, was entirely rebuilt by kings Henry III. and Edward I., and exhibits the pointed style more graceful in its proportions, more ornamental in its details, more scientific in its principles, and lighter and more impressive in its effects, than at any former period. From the beginning of the reign of Edward I. to that of the long reign of Edward III., pointed architecture attained its climax of excellence. During that period it abounds with grace, beauty, and almost endless variety. Richness of decoration, without exuberance, is its character, whilst science and skill are manifested in every part of a construction. The form of the arch then principally used, admitted of an equilateral triangle being inscribed between the crowning point of the arch and its points of springing. Examples of this class may be found in the Chapel of the Virgin, built between 1308 and 1326, at St. Albans; at Exeter, commenced in 1280, and completed 1369; at Ely, in the Priory Chaple, erected between 1321 and 1340; and at St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, constructed by Edward III. between 1330 and 1348. In the reigns of Edward I. and II. a great advance, both in intricacy and elegance of design, is evident, particularly in the richly sculptured corbels, in the diversity of subjects ornamenting the key-stones or bosses, and in the variety of patterns in the tracery of the windows: those in Exeter Cathedral are peculiarly diversified. Within this period the spire was very generally adopted. Of corresponding time and class are the beautiful monumental crosses in honour of Queen Eleanor, at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham cross. The sepulchral memorials of the same era exhibit many fine examples of the richness which distinguished the pointed style. Another period (advancing in decoration) carries us to the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., and exhibits a complete alteration both in the prominent features and in the ornamental forms of this style: it is generally called the Tudor style, and by Mr. Rickman the perpendicular. Striking parts in the buildings of this era are the horizontal lines of the door-ways, the embattled transoms of the windows, and the vast pendants 'hanging in the air,' which, from their immense weight, seem calculated rather to draw down than to support the vaults they ornament. One of the first examples is the north front of Westminster Hall, erected between 1395 and 1399; and the next is King's College Chapel, Cambridge, commenced by Henry VI. about 1443—'one of the most magnificent triumphs of architectural science in the kingdom.' The Collegiate Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, completed about the tenth year of Henry VIII., and Henry VIIth's Chapel at Westminster, then follow, and exhibit a profuse increase of masonic and sculptural decoration. The latter chapel is styled by Leland the 'miracle of the world;' and however extravagant that eulogium may appear, there is probably no other edifice on the globe in which such profound geometrical skill has been displayed, mingled with such luxuriancy of ornament. 'It would seem, indeed, as though the architect had intended to give to stone the character of embroidery, and enclose his walls in the meshes of lace-work,' so profuse and delicate is the tracery throughout the exterior and interior of this royal chapel and mausoleum. After this period pointed architecture declined; of which Bath Abbey Church is, though not wholly a departure from the character and forms of preceding buildings, an evidence. To investigate the peculiarities of Christian architecture below this period would be foreign to the present work; but all its beauties were superseded by the heterogeneous forms of a debased Italian or Roman style, which prevailed in the time of Queen Elizabeth."

Killarney Legends; arranged as a Guide to the Lakes. Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. 18mo. pp. 294. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

Most charmingly illustrated, this unique Guide to the Lakes is a re-modification of Mr. Croker's delightful *Legends of the Lakes*, in two volumes, published about three years ago. It is now a portable volume, with many interesting engravings, and the literary portion of it replete with the drolling of the author; while at the same time it is as good a guide as it is a pleasant companion to every picturesque beauty, striking character, and local curiosity, about Killarney. Having reviewed the former work, all we shall do for this is to quote its preface.

"Dear Killarney, region there is
None like you so formed for fairies;
From the cliff where dwells the eagle,
In his palace high and regal,
To the depths thy blue waves under,
Thou'rt a little world of wonder!
Every glen of calm seclusion
Has its tale of dim delusion;
Every rock and every mountain,
Every bower and every fountain,
Has its own romantic story,
Or its legend old and hoary;
Thou'rt a land of dream and vision,
Like no land, save the Elysian.

Hope and fancy, in an attic,
Can make all things look prismatic;
But amid the mountains round thee,
That in strong enchantment bound thee,
Hearts of lively thought and feeling
Know a wild and strange revealing;
Mighty forms of mist and vapour
Charge and wheel, curvet and caper;
O'er thy lake, in furious courses,
Gallop billowy white horses;
While the spray, in moonlight beaming,
Seems the steel-clad warriors' gleaming;
And the waterfall's hoarse foaming
Voice unearthly gives the gloaming;
Shapes and sounds the mind will cherish,
Till in morning's light they perish.

Once again, on fancy's mission,
To thy storehouse of tradition
Quicker far than thought I travel,
All its secrets to unravel.
I would dive into the mystery
Of O'Donoghue's dark history,
And the tranquil home discover
Of that maiden's airy lover,
Whose heart-touching tale of sorrow
Needs no aid from fancy borrow—
(Worthy theme for gentle Landon.)
Breast more stern than holy Brandon
Must be his, who feels not pity
At that maiden's plaintive ditty.

How I love thee, dear Killarney,
With thy boatmen's endless blarney;
Monkish tales of Innisfallen,
Put to flight by Master Callen,
Back return in pleasant vision;—
Not that I hold in derision
Pious fathers, who, with praying,
Cloister'd walls grew grave and gray in;
From whose eye the soul was laughing,
On whose nose was mark of quaffing.
They were fellows wise and merry,
Who loved books, nor hated sherry.

Then thy reeks, Mac Gilla Cuddy,
In the sunset looking ruddy—
How I long their heights to clamber,
To find echo's secret chamber,
Where, secure from noisy calling,
Save when shivered crag is falling,
Silence reigns sublime and lonely,
Broken by the tempest only.

O, sweet Mucruss! how I love thee,
From the hills that rise above thee;
I have seen thee, dark and darker,
In the lake a pointed marker;
With thy woods and caves fantastic,
And thy solemn walls monastic;
While from rock to rock the dashing
Of the torrent's ceaseless plashing,
Made a rude and worldly riot,
To oppose their blessed quiet.
These are sights and sounds impressive,
Which could make me grow digressive;
But the limits of a letter
Are a kind of mental fetter.

Dear Killarney—thy well-wisher
And admirer, Mr. Fisher,
For the pocket most compactly
Has thy legends framed exactly.
Let me offer my petition
On behalf of his edition:
Be a patronising creature;
To thy guests 'twill serve as teacher;
For no doubt the merry summer
Will bring many a new-comer,
Who'll about wish to be guided;
Just as once, you know, that I did,
In the full and true conviction,
That of pleasure half is fiction."

The Family Library, No. XXIII. A Family Tour through South Holland, up the Rhine, and across the Netherlands, to Ostend. London, 1831. Murray.

We find we cannot do better with regard to this volume, after the due consideration promised in our last, than make a brief extract from the preface, explaining the nature of its contents.

"In the autumn of 1828, a family party of six persons, with a male servant, set out from London, with the intention of making the tour of the southern provinces of Holland,—of ascending the Rhine as far as Mayence,—thence paying a visit to Francfort,—returning by the Rhine to Cologne,—from thence crossing the Netherlands by Liége, Waterloo, Brussels, and Ostend, to London. They gave themselves, or circumstances rather obliged them to dedicate, just one month to the performance of this tour, which they accomplished in twenty-eight days, travelling very much at their ease in the carriages of the different countries (*not diligences*),—in treckschuyts and steam-vessels,—saw whatever they considered to be interesting,—put up at the first hotels,—dined sometimes at tables-d'hôte, and at others in their private apartments; and were finally set down from the Ostend steam-vessel on the Tower-hill, having expended on the whole journey just one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. Every one of the party returned with the pleasing recollections of what they had seen, and with invigorated health."

To this we think it but justice to add, that, simply and pleasantly written, the pages now before us will agreeably refresh the memory of those who have travelled the same road; while much information will be conveyed to those who are strangers to a part of Europe well fitted to attract the summer tourist. Miscellaneous extract is the best criticism for a work of this kind, and we select a few which possess, besides their permanent, a temporary interest from the circumstances of the times.

The Dutch.—"Rotterdam, like all the sea-port towns of Holland, will yet require time to regain its former state of activity and prosperity. Before that luckless hour in which the sober-minded and calculating Dutchman was seized with the frenzy of *Vryheid en Gelykheid*—liberty and equality—which ended in driving away the *Oude Stadthouder*, and receiving the fraternal embrace of the French, that is to say, before the year 1793, the number of ships that annually cleared out from Rotterdam is stated to have been about one thousand nine hundred; from that year to 1814, the number had dwindled down to something less than two hundred. They have now again gradually advanced to about one thousand five hundred; and when they shall have reached that point in the scale from which they descended, the citizens of Rotterdam will probably once more build new houses, and renovate some of the once splendid establishments, particularly those connected with their East India

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trade and possessions, that have fallen into decay. In the midst of their decreasing prosperity, however, it does not appear that any of their charitable institutions have been neglected or abridged; and absorbed as the Dutch are generally supposed to be, in the ways and means of accumulating 'filthy lucre,' they cannot justly be accused of any disinclination to relieve the distresses of humanity, or to promote the moral and intellectual advancement of their countrymen. They have their Bible Societies and their Missionary Societies; they have a Society of Arts and Sciences, instituted for public benefit; they have a Philosophical Society which takes the name, or rather adopts as its motto, the words 'Variety and harmony'—'*Verschiedenheit an Overrenstemming*'—words that, to an English ear, are not well calculated to convey the idea of harmony. But there is still another society for experimental philosophy, with a name that almost frightens one to look at it—'*Genootschap van Procfondervindelyke Wysgebierte.*' Its objects are highly important to society, but to this singular country in particular—the improvement of agriculture, navigation, hydraulics, and highways."

Rotterdam.—"To almost every house in Rotterdam, and sometimes to every window of a house on the first floor, there is fixed a single or double looking-glass or reflector, by means of which a person in the room, sitting before the window, can see by reflection the whole length of the street, the passengers, the trees, the canal, and the shipping. When two of these reflectors are placed at right angles, and the right angle pointed towards the window, thus, ∆, a person within directing the eye to that angle will see the whole street both to the right and to the left. In some of the towns of England one may now and then observe one of these reflecting glasses, which is generally supposed to be intended to put the inhabitant on his guard against unwelcome visitors, and on that account they have been whimsically called *dunner-scopes*. In Rotterdam they are universally adopted for the amusement of the ladies, more especially those of the upper classes, who appear but seldom in the streets."

Villas.—"As there is no want of water in any part of Holland, the flower-gardens attached to these villas have generally a fish-pond in some part of them, and when they happen to face the road, the pleasure-house is frequently placed on a hillock in the middle of the garden, and is accessible only by a bridge, or a flight of steps. Each villa has its name, or some motto inscribed over the gateway, the choice of which is generally meant to bespeak content and comfort on the part of the owner, and they afford a source of amusement to the stranger as he passes along. Thus, among others, we read, 'Lust en rust,' Pleasure and ease; 'Wel to vrede,' Well contented; 'Myn genegentheid is voldoen,' My desire is satisfied; 'Myn lust en leven,' My pleasure and life; 'Niet zoo guaalyk,' Not so bad; 'Gerustelyk en wel to vrede,' Tranquil and content; 'Vreindschap en gezelschap,' Friendship and sociability; 'Het vermaak is in't hovenieren,' There is pleasure in gardening. And over the entrance to one of the tea-gardens, near Rotterdam, was inscribed, 'Het vleesch potten van Egypte.' Some of the larger gardens abound with fruits and vegetables, and beds and borders of flowering shrubs and plants are laid out in all the grotesque shapes that can be imagined. It must be confessed, however, that an air of comfort presides over these villas. Most of the dwelling-houses are gaily painted in lively colours, all the offices and outhouses are kept in neat order, while the verdant meadows are covered with the finest cattle, mostly speckled brown and white."

Walking Newspaper.—"One cannot walk the length of a street in Amsterdam without meeting a certain gentleman dressed in black, with a crape depending from his hat, and a sheet of paper in his hand. He is known by the name of *aansprecker* (announcer or reporter), whose business it is to go round to the relatives and acquaintances of a deceased person to announce his death. To give notice to the friends of a birth of a child, a written bulletin is frequently stuck up on the door-post of the house, stating the health of the mother and child to be, as usual, 'as well as can be expected.'"

The Dutch Charitable Institutions.—"The beneficent society and the charitable and disinterested subscribers to the agricultural establishment of Frederick's-oord, is another proof of the active benevolence and humanity which distinguish the people of Holland. It is no speculation founded on the remotest chance of profit, but solely on that of relieving the distresses of their unfortunate fellow-subjects. Of this small canton or district (which *oord* signifies), Mr. Jacob, the comptroller of corn returns, has collected a detailed and most interesting account from the published reports of its progress and condition. This benevolent institution, whose object is to lessen the burden of pauperism and improve the moral habits of the juvenile portion of it, is indebted for its origin and its successful progress to the intelligence, the zeal and indefatigable benevolence of General Van den Bosch. This officer, when in Java, purchased an estate and made the pursuit of agriculture his study. A Chinese mandarin, with a number of emigrants from that country, settled by chance near him. The general soon observed that, with all his labour and care, the crops of his Chinese neighbour greatly exceeded his own. He therefore took lessons of the mandarin; and such was the successful result, that, when he returned to Europe, the estate which had cost him twenty-five thousand rix-dollars, he sold for one hundred and fifty thousand. The general, on his return to his native country, published a little tract on the practicability of instituting a general pauper establishment in the kingdom of the Netherlands. It happened that the good king (for so he may justly be styled) was, in 1817, occupied with a plan for bringing into productive tillage an extensive waste of heath land between Maestricht and Breda. The attention of his majesty was drawn to that of the general. A society was set on foot at the Hague for the intended experiment, under the patronage of the king, of which Prince Frederick, his second son, was nominated president for life. Twenty thousand individuals became members, and their contributions amounted to seventy thousand florins, or 5,833*l.* sterling. The first operation was to purchase an estate near the town of Steenwyk, on the confines of Friesland, Overyssel, and Drenthe, consisting of about one thousand three hundred English acres, together with two thousand six hundred acres of heath land, for which the society paid the sum of fifty-six thousand florins, or about 4,666*l.* The river *Aa*, or *Au*, which runs through it, was made navigable for boats into the Zuyder Zee. Buildings for fifty-two families, to consist of six to eight individuals each, a storehouse, a school, and a spinning-house, were speedily erected. All these operations were commenced early in September, 1818, and ere the 10th of November following fifty-two indigent families sent by the communes entered upon their new habitations. To each family was granted seven morgen, or fourteen acres of land. The whole outfit for each family, made on a minute estimate, was one thousand seven hundred florins, or 141*l.* 13*s.* sterling, which was to be repaid to the society in sixteen years, while the annual rent, with which the colonists were to be charged, was settled to be equal to the interest of the outfit; and such was the success of this small establishment, that, after a few years' experience, it was found that the annual excess of produce over subsistence, of each of the fifty-two families established at Frederick's-oord, amounted to one hundred gilders or florins, or 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling. Loans were now raised for extending the system, to be advanced by the king in his individual character, or by the government, or by the communes, or charitable corporations, or by individuals, each loan limited to five thousand one hundred gilders, or 425*l.* sterling, the exact outfit of three families. The advantage of thus grouping them together was, that two of them were to consist of six paupers each, and the third of six orphans or foundlings, not under six years of age, with a married couple, or a woman only to take charge of the children. For every such sum the contributors had the privilege of sending three such families. Sixty gilders were to be paid back yearly to the contributors, for the maintenance of each child, which in the orphan and poor-houses was found to cost nearly double; and it is reported that these twelve paupers do more than maintain themselves. The first principle of this society is, that no colonist shall, even for the shortest period, be unemployed; and with this view they are under the inspection of the different officers, who exercise their respective duties with the strictness of military precision. General Van den Bosch, as superior director, superintended in person the whole establishment. A sub-director presided over one hundred families; a quarter-master over twenty-four families; a section-master over twelve, who was required to be a practical agriculturist. 'Thus the whole mechanism,' says Mr. Jacob, 'resembles that of an army, divided into sections, companies, battalions, and brigades.' They are employed in various kinds of labour, as the preparation of lime from shells, making of bricks, building dwellings, barns, &c., but the greater portion is employed in field labour: the chief implements are the spade and the hoe, at which they soon became sufficiently expert. Every kind of labour is performed by the piece—nothing by the day. The women are employed in spinning and weaving. The amount of their earnings is regularly kept, and a card given which procures at the public store food and other articles at fixed prices. The labour with spades of six individuals in digging fourteen acres, and repeating the operation when required, the sowing, and harvesting, may be supposed to occupy but a certain portion of the fifty-two weeks; the rest is chiefly employed in preparing the composts for manure, and on this, in fact, the success of the colony almost wholly depends. The subject is a very curious and a very important one, as without it poor soils such as sand and heath can never be rendered productive, and with it we have here incontestable proof that they can. Mr. Jacob has collected all the details, and very remarkable they are, on this subject; the practice is precisely what General Van den Bosch learnt from his Chinese mandarin. The result of the

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experiment is, that the society obtain rent at about twelve shillings the morgen, for the seven morgen, house, and barn; they are repaid the cost of the flax and yarn that has been spun, for the use of the draught cattle, carts, and implements; for the furniture and clothing; and for the provisions consumed before the first crops were harvested; and the seven morgen of land, which cost them originally less than four pounds an acre, will produce a yearly rent of more than that sum. If any proof was wanting of the complete success of the experiment it is this,—that by the last statistical return which Mr. Jacob has received, up to 1825, that is to say, seven years after the first establishment, the number of colonists settled at Frederick's-oord amounted to six thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight individuals, including two thousand one hundred and seventy-four orphans and foundlings; and since then he tells us considerable additions have been made to the loans and to the numbers admitted."

This journey was performed in 1828, and we quote portions of a note relating to the present state of Belgium: much stress may be laid on the opinion of the bystander.

"It is now more than two years since the remarks on Belgium that occur in this little volume were written, and in which no change has been made; but a sad change has taken place in the country itself. We left it under a strong impression of the growing prosperity of every city, town, and village through which we had passed. The anarchy of a few months only has been enough to dry up the sources, and to wither all the branches of that prosperity. From the mild and fostering hand of a beneficent sovereign, the people of this once flourishing country, instigated by a few wicked and designing knaves, have precipitated themselves into the hard and unfeeling grasp of that worst of all tyrannies — the tyranny of a mob; to whose disposal and caprice their lives and properties were for a time surrendered, and placed at the mercy of the will or the wants of that despotic power. * * * To the peaceable and well-disposed, the consequences have been most deplorable. It is admitted by all honest and unprejudiced Belgians, that they had no real cause of complaint against the government. They admit that the commerce and manufactures of the Netherlands had increased threefold since their union with Holland; they admit that Antwerp was yearly rising in commercial importance, and diverting the trade of the less convenient ports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam into its own channel; that the cotton and iron manufactures of Liége were in the most flourishing condition; that the cotton-mills of this district and Ghent had increased fivefold in number and extent; and that Holland alone had taken from them four times the quantity of coal and iron that France had done during the annexation of Belgium to that kingdom. They admit that the king ruled with impartiality; that the officers of state were equally divided between Hollanders and Belgians, and that, on some occasions, the latter predominated; that there was no exclusion, and that no one could be more anxious than the king was to conciliate his new subjects. He could not have given a stronger proof of this than the pains he took to procure a *concordat* from the Pope, and to re-establish the Catholic bishops — to improve the condition of the Catholic clergy — to encourage, by his liberality and example, the establishment of schools for the children of his Catholic subjects. He founded universities and schools for the encouragement of arts, sciences, belles-lettres, and religion, in almost every town of note throughout Belgium. When this country became incorporated with Holland, one of the first steps taken by the king was to lay on protecting duties, which had the effect of excluding our manufactures from Holland, and injured the commerce of both countries for the sake of benefiting the Belgians; and thus he incurred the displeasure of his own people and his old ally, in order to conciliate his new subjects. In short, if there ever was a man thoroughly disposed to meet the wishes of his people, it was William, King of the Netherlands. Of the revolt against such a sovereign, the result has been melancholy for his new subjects, and has conferred a partial benefit on his old ones. On the first burst, as is usually the case in all rebellions, massacres, robbery, pillage, and destruction of property, indiscriminately took place,— but mostly that of productive property. One instance of this madness may be mentioned as a sample of what happened in many other cases. An Englishman of the name of Cockerell had established manufactories of various kinds about Liége, and one in particular on a very extended scale. On the banks of the Meuse, between Liége and Huy, the archiepiscopal palace of Sereign had been purchased or ceded to him for the establishment of an iron foundery, in which the king took a particular interest, and is said to have contributed funds towards its completion, his object being that of furnishing the best means for the instruction of his subjects in the various branches of the iron manufacture, and for the encouragement of its progressive improvement in a part of the country which afforded an ample supply of iron ore, coal, and limestone. In this manufactory every species of iron-work, from the heaviest castings to the minutest articles of high polish, was carried on. Steam-engines of every power, from that of two hundred down to ten horses, were constructed, and not fewer than two thousand men employed in the various works belonging to it; but the king's name being also connected with it, it was, at an early period, marked out as an object for destruction. The senseless rage of the populace, the suspension of all order, and the treacherous conduct of the people of Brussels, soon produced, what civil commotions are almost sure of producing, a total stagnation of commerce, gave a deadly blow to manufacturing industry, and threw multitudes of artisans and labourers out of employment: the consequence was, poverty pervading all classes, bankruptcy and ruin staring in the face the merchant, the banker, and the tradesman, and a total want of confidence between man and man; and, what makes a speedy change for the better almost hopeless, the withdrawal from the country of the honest, sober-minded, and respectable portion of the inhabitants, with the wreck of their property,— leaving the De Potters, the Robaulxes, and the rest of the factious demagogues, to triumph over the ruin which they have been so instrumental in making. It is not to be doubted, however, that this evil, like most others, having reached its height, will cure itself, and that a reaction must shortly take place. The faction is fast losing ground, and it is not the worst sign when the popular discontent begins to vent itself in squibs and epigrams against the authors of their misfortunes. One of these, common in the mouths of the populace, is to this effect: —

'When Orange ruled, as our head,
We butter had to smear our bread;
But since the day we hail'd De Potter,
We've neither tasted bread nor butter.'

It must be confessed, however, that the union of the two nations never augured well. The difference of language and religion was of itself repugnant to such an alliance — more especially when toleration on one side had to contend with bigotry and superstition on the other. In this view, a separation may be of benefit ultimately to both parties."

The work is ornamented with a series of beautiful views from Colonel Batty's designs: they are not of the highest class of engraving, but perfect as specimens of graphic truth.

GONDAR.

In reviewing *Pearce's Abyssinian Travels*, we proposed to make a separate notice of that episode which relates to Mr. Coffin's journey into Gondar; of which our readers will find the following the most characteristic particulars. Mr. Coffin says:—

"Our road lay to-day nearly south, and seldom far from the Tacazzé. The Worari foraged in all directions; and several hundred sheep and goats, and a few cows, were brought in the evening into the camp at Moi Lomin, a beautiful little narrow river, which rises in the different mountains of Samen, and runs very rapidly into the Tacazzé. Moi Lomin signifies Water of Limes; Buckerer Lomin would signify Water of Oranges. Many sour oranges, and vast quantities of limes, grow in different spots of garden-ground, for several miles in its vicinity. It is a deep valley, not in the least affected by the cold from the mountains. A great deal of cotton is cultivated on the banks of this river; it is watered by cuts from above, or small channels about two feet wide, which run along the sides of the mountain, and enable the inhabitants to water the ground with little trouble. In all parts of Abyssinia, indeed, during the dry season, the lands are watered in a similar manner, when near the rivers, and some grounds frequently grow two crops of any sort of grain. The corn that is obtained in the dry seasons by irrigation is called in Tigré *taff agi*; but this corn is not so much esteemed as *taff currumpt*, which is the corn produced after the rains have fallen. We passed our Sunday in this delightful spot, where I shot some monkeys of a beautiful kind, called *warg*. They have a white beard, black face, yellow hairy body, and a long tail, with a brush of white long hair at the extremity, the skin on the belly being of a bluish silver colour. I kept one of these animals for three years, with several other kinds of monkeys; but I found none so cleanly and cunning as the first. The *chillerder*, another native of Samen, is also a very clean animal for a monkey; this is of large size, with a black face, very dark brown hair, and a red bare cross on the breast; and it has a very particular cry when calling to its companions, or to its young when fearful. I kept one of them for a long time; but the continual mischief she did me and my neighbours caused me to grow weary of her; and, after breaking a looking-glass belonging to a lady of Chelicut, an article that could not be replaced in this country, I, in my anger, set my dogs upon her, who devoured her immediately. I did this more to satisfy my neighbours than from any personal motive; for, often before, when I had tied the animal for her mischievous tricks, she would cry out *Humu* for hours together, so distinctly, and look so pitiful, that I could not help letting her loose again out of mere compassion. * * *

"It is a common custom, in all parts of Abyssinia, for the inhabitants of the villages

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to have gudgauds, large pits under ground, plastered within with cow-dung and mud, and having the mouth very narrow, some of which are made to hold forty or fifty churns of corn, between three and four hundred English bushels. These gudgauds are not only made near the villages and towns, but also in the open fields, and, when an invasion is expected, the corn and other valuables are put into them, and the mouths very carefully covered, first with spars laid close together, so that no earth may fall through; after which the part above the spars is filled with earth to bring it upon a level with the adjoining ground. Should the spot happen to be upon ploughed land, then the whole is ploughed over and over again to conceal the mouth of the gudgaud; if upon any other ground, it is made to appear like the ground about it; or, if near the town or village, wood-ashes and rubbish are thrown over it to give it the appearance of a dunghill: but, as this custom has prevailed for many years, and wars are so frequent in all parts, the Worari have become so well acquainted with the mode of finding these hiding-places, that they scarcely ever escape their observation. The way they begin to work is as follows. After destroying a village, or finding it deserted by the inhabitants, they form into different parties, and, keeping in a close body, begin to sing their own warlike songs, stamping and going on in a regular pace, keeping time with their song, and throwing their shields over their heads, and holding their spears close to the end of the shaft with the bright glittering blades in the air, turning about at times in a lively way, as if they were not in search of any thing, but dancing and jumping for their pastime. I always thought this a beautiful sight. In this manner they continue until they find the ground sound hollow under their feet, when they lay their shields in a circle round the spot, and every one sets-to with both hands, as eager as hyænas after their prey: they soon claw out all the earth, break in the rafters, and then begin to fill their skins or bags. If they suspect any danger from the natives being in ambuscade near the place, to come upon them unarmed, they put down two people at a time into the pit, till every one has got his load, those above keeping a good look-out. After all are well loaded they take no farther care for their common safety, but set off to the camp in a disorderly manner, which gives the inhabitants an opportunity to kill those who fall tired by the way. In general there is more blood shed in Abyssinia among these straggling parties of Worari than in their regular battles."

"This mountain, as well as other mountains in Samen, has numbers of the curious trees called genvarar, that appear at a distance like naked men. The people will never cut them, owing to a superstitious prejudice they entertain, that something bad would in consequence befall them. I seldom saw any of these trees above eight feet high. It is as well, foolish as it may appear, for me to explain the superstitious notions they entertain about these trees, or trunks, as they have no boughs. They say that these trees contain evil spirits, which have been cast out of human beings; and while they are not disturbed by being cut down, they neither enter nor trouble any one; but when cut down, they again enter into some person out of revenge, though it is believed not in general into those who cut them down. This tree yields a milky substance, which is used by way of ink, for the purpose of writing charms, to be worn on any part of the body as a cure for those who are possessed by evil spirits, and to prevent their entering those who are not previously tormented with them. I have known people send a person from Antalo and Chelicut, when any of their family has been ill with a lingering sickness, to fetch the milk or a piece of the genvarar from the mountains of Samen." * * *

"A Tigré chief, son to Ito Cofta, had come purposely to kill an elephant, which the youngsters in Abyssinia in general do, to distinguish themselves in their first setting off; and their next exploit is to kill a Galla, or a Shangalla; for until a youth has done this, he has but little to say in company. Cofta having made known his intentions, the gusmati ordered him a guide. Walkayt is the northernmost boundary of Abyssinia west of the Tacazzé. The neighbouring people north and west are Shangalla, or common negroes, who inhabit this country in different tribes far to the north and west; their language differs in almost every tribe; and they are by far the mildest-tempered race I ever saw. Ras Welled Selassé has always near his person a great number of them, who are educated by a schoolmaster, whom he keeps on his premises to teach the slaves of all kinds. The tribes bordering on the territory of the Christians are continually hunted and tormented by them; they inhabit the most desert paths, eat elephants, wild buffalo, camelopard, rhinoceros, rats, snakes, frogs, &c. They are hunted by the Christians, who kill the old men if taken, and make slaves of the young. In and about Walkayt there are numbers of Shangalla who have become familiar with the Christians and Mahometans, and who in the rainy season cultivate spots in the adjoining desert, and sow the grain called marshella, under the protection of the gusmati of Walkayt. Cofta set out in the evening, for the purpose of shooting an elephant, with some gunners. In Walkayt, Ras-el-feel, and Shiré, on the east of the Tacazzé, the elephant-hunters have large and long matchlocks for the purpose, which they lend to those who want to kill, but the owner receives some teeth for the loan. Cofta, being too young to handle the spear, preferred a matchlock. Next morning, the gusmati lent me one of his mules to go with some of his Shangalla horsemen to see them kill an elephant. His nephew, a boy not more than ten years of age, went with us; and we were accompanied by several gunners besides my own servants. The Shangalla were eight in number, with four horses; four of them had spears and shields, the other four had swords such as come from Sennaar, sharp on both edges. On our road we passed through the desert, which is nearly covered with thorny bushes. I observed in several places Shangalla ploughing the sandy earth against the rains, as in general there are a few days' rain in all parts of Abyssinia in the month of April, when they sow the grain. These Shangalla were now preparing for what is called marshella. Two women, naked, with straps over their shoulders, and holding by both hands, dragged the plough, while a man steered it. About three in the afternoon we got sight of a number of elephants and rhinoceroses; when the eight men got upon their four horses, one upon the saddle, with his spear and shield, and another behind with a sword, which is very sharp towards the point. About a span and a half above this they have a piece of hide wrapped round the blade, fitting the right hand, that the edges may not cut them. Some have a cord twisted round the blade, which serves them always when they go a-hunting; if hide is used, they want a fresh piece every time, because, when dry, they cannot get it off without cutting it; and to soak it in water would spoil the blade, though some of them prefer this trouble, on account of the good and secure hold they have of it. We were ordered by the Shangalla to sit down all together, and not to fire a gun or make the least noise. Some of the elephants were eating the trees about two hundred yards below us. The hunters then rode off in different directions, and selected the elephant they found furthest from the herd. The horses being used to the sport, the men ride at full speed quite in front of the elephant they mean to kill, when they bring the horse up suddenly, and if possible the spearsmen will strike his spear into the eye, or as nearly so as he can. Whether he strikes the animal or not, he turns his horse quickly, and keeps cantering round the beast, which turns as the horse goes round him. After some time the poor beast becomes tired and careless about turning round any more, but either stands still or walks straight on; then the swordsman, when close to the elephant's hind legs, drops off over the horse's tail, and with both hands gives the beast a cut a little above the heel. The great sinew, which appears more like fat than sinew, being cut, the animal has no longer the power to stand, when they spear him or cut him with knives as they choose. The teeth they take to their masters, who exchange them with the Mahomedans for articles brought from the sea; and the Shangalla cut the flesh into strings and dry it for quanter. The Walkayt Shangalla, as well as the Tacazzé, are not quite so woolly-headed, flat-nosed, and thick-lipped, as the Abawi Shangalla, beyond the Abawi; neither are they so mild tempered as the former. After the sport was over, we mounted our mules, and rode towards home by the same road we came. * * *

"In the day-time our camp was full of the Amhara women, who used to join in gangs, the girls in one and grown women in another, singing to the sound of a drum, which a woman beat at both ends, and carried slung with a string about her neck. They sang the following song: 'Give the Badinsah breeches, and he is a lion: where is the man that will dare to hold his shield to him?' 'Give him breeches' merely means when he is up and dressed he is ready, and no one dare face him. I had many acquaintances here, who brought me as much wine and brandy as I and my servants could drink; and fine peaches and grapes were very plentiful, it being just the season for them. The wine is very good, but what we make in Enderta is much the same; it will not keep more than three weeks or a month before it becomes sour, arising from the want of proper vessels to keep it in, as they have nothing better than earthen jars for the purpose, and these are not glazed within. I have kept wine the whole year round in English bottles. The brandy they make is very strong, and distilled through a hollow cane, called shambacco, from the husks and stones of the grapes, after the liquor is pressed from them. Great quantities come daily to town at this time of the year from Corder Emfras, the grape country. Grapes are found in almost all parts of Abyssinia; but no country produces so much as Emfras, owing to an ancient custom of the inhabitants following the wine business. Here tribute is paid to the king and the Abuna. Every dass of wine pays a jar yearly to the king, as they enter Gondar to the market; and every other article that enters the market for sale pays likewise a portion to the king's officers—butter, pepper, greens of every kind, wood, corn, and cattle,

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are exempt from duty. It is the same in all other capitals of Abyssinia, such as Adowa and Antàlo. * * * Fish are abundant, especially those called ambazza, an ugly fish, though very good eating, being very fat, having scarcely any small bones, and being without scales like the eel; its skin is very thick. There is another scaly and very good-looking fish, called barki, but not so sweet as the foregoing, and full of small bones. This fish, as well as a smaller one called lombe, and which resembles the English gudgeon, are very good eating; and both are abundant in all the rivers of Abyssinia. The ambazza is also found in most of the large rivers. The inhabitants of Gondar make quanter of them, by drying them with scarcely any salt, in which state they will keep a long time. In the month of August, on the first of which begins the fast called Filsetter, Blessed Virgin, the youths go to Dembea, with large sticks in their hands, and, the lake Tzana being at that time overflowed and the water muddy, they kill great quantities of this fish, which they find in the shoal and muddy water. My acquaintances tell me that one amola, which is a piece of salt worth the ninth part of a dollar, will buy enough ambazza for twenty families' suppers. At that season wine is also very cheap; one amola buys a large jar of about six gallons—from the beginning of March to the end of May, you may buy it at this price. At the same season you can buy three brulys of brandy, which is about three pints, wine measure, for one amola."

Though this is our fifth continuation, we are not sure that we may not be tempted to make still farther extracts from Pearce's second volume, hitherto, notwithstanding our copious Review, untouched.

The Entire Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M.; with a brief Memoir of his Life, and a critical Estimate of his Character and Writings. Under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 524. Vol. I. London, 1831. Holdsworth and Ball.

WHAT the title-page states, has to be fulfilled hereafter; for, unlike the usual course, this first volume of a work (of which the extent is unknown) enters boldly at once, without memoir, preface, or note of introduction, into Mr. Hall's Sermons and Charges. Of these it gives us eight, in 369 pages, which have, we believe, been already published; and the rest consists of circular letters on three religious subjects of much interest, and an unpublished sermon "on the Substitution of the Innocent for the Guilty." We can of course have little of critical remark to offer on this fragment; and reserving ourselves for the next volume, or volumes, we shall merely remind our readers that the author attained, and not without eminent desert, a very high character for ability and piety. His works are well worthy of being printed entire for the benefit of the Christian world.

New Illustrations of Prophecy, &c. &c. By William Vint. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 472. London, 1831. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

THE Rev. J. L. Towers, at the close of last century, published the largest portion of this work; and Mr. Vint, with certain alterations and additions, conceives that his explanations are applicable to the present agitated state of Europe. We confess that we never yet met with any work of this kind which did not prove to us the folly of human judgment pretending to interpret what was incomprehensible;—nor do Mr. Vint's labours apply one iota more clearly to the events of our own times than any other enthusiast's who has preceded him. We therefore refer his book to those who take interest in such discussions,—who wish to learn the grounds on which Buonaparte is held to be, or not to be, the dragon; and not only to ascertain the precise date of the millennium, but whether there is to be any millennium at all,—the expectation of which Mr. Vint contends is founded on a grammatical misconstruction.

Nature Displayed, in her Mode of Teaching Languages to Man. Adapted to the French by N. G. Dufief. Twelfth edition.

IN the very front rank of those to whom the world is indebted for a relief from that stultifying system of pretended instruction by which it was formerly attempted to possess the mind of a learner with the theory of a language previously to any acquaintance with its practice, stands, undoubtedly, M. Dufief; and we rejoice to see that his most useful work has arrived at a twelfth edition. The destruction by fire of the stereotype plates of the first volume, has enabled the author to make some alterations in his various vocabularies, &c., calculated to forward the attainment of the object which he had in view; and his two volumes in their present shape certainly afford facilities for obtaining a rapid, extensive, and at the same time correct knowledge of the French language, which we do not know where to find elsewhere in so comprehensive a form.

Remember Me: a Token of Christian Affection. 24mo. pp. 180. London, 1831, Simpkin and Marshall; Colchester, Filer and Totham.

A NEAT moral and religious miscellany of original pieces, prose and verse; some of them of a superior, and others of an inferior order. Among the former are contributions by Bernard Barton, Miss Jewsbury, &c.; among the latter we would class "the Sigh," beginning,

"A *sigh* is the *purling* of sorrow when flowing
In rivers of tears down an innocent cheek."

And, still more extraordinary, it is

"A *glance* of the *eyes* when in anguish they roll!"

A little criticism would have kept such nonsense as this out of a book which is otherwise, generally, very well adapted to its moral purpose.

A Vindication of the South Sea Missionaries from the Misrepresentations of Otto Von Kotzebue, Captain of the Russian Navy. With an Appendix. By William Ellis. 8vo. pp. 163. London, 1831. F. Westley.

AN able pamphlet, as might be expected, from the pen of Mr. Ellis. It exposes and confutes many errors and mistatements of the Russian navigator; and possesses great attractions for the friends of missionary labours, and especially those in the Pacific Ocean. As in all controversies, some of the arguments are not so conclusive as others; but the whole is extremely satisfactory.

The Garrick Correspondence, &c.
[Second notice.]

WE have now had time to wade to the end of this ponderous volume; and though we shall probably afford another illustration of it by extracts, we must honestly state our opinion, that it contains an immense quantity of matter which never could have possessed public interest, and the revival of which, after the era of squabblings among theatrical managers, writers, and players, has passed half a century, is ridiculous. The consequence attempted to be attached to such miserable trifling adds to the burlesque; and printing the volume to match with Evelyn and Pepys, completes a farce such as Garrick never acted.

Standard Novels, Vol. VI. The Last of the Mohicans. Colburn and Bentley.

THE Last of the Mohicans, and the first, as well as one of the best, of those novels in which Mr. Cooper began to portray the customs and feelings of the American Indians. It is a most interesting volume, and the frontispiece and vignette beautiful. With such productions, at such prices, this series must be widely and deservedly popular.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.*

MONDAY, John Barrow, Esq., V.P., in the chair; read minutes of the previous meeting, and list of donations since made to the Society's library, viz., two original Chinese maps (one of the empire, the other containing plans of cities in it), presented by Captain Clarence Dalrymple, Hon. E. I. C. S.; an original map of Russia in 105 sheets, published at St. Petersburg by authority; and El Derottero de las Costas de España, por Don Vincete Tofiño; both presented by Francis Baring, Esq., to whom, and to Captain Dalrymple, the thanks of the Society were accordingly voted. Balloted for the following gentlemen, candidates for admission into the Society: Captain Sir J. S. Brook Pechell, Bart., M.P., R.N.; Captain Fitzroy, R.N.; Rev. E. Hankey; J. W. Russell, and J. Deville, Esqrs.; who were unanimously elected. And proposed C. T. Ramage, Esq. to be balloted for at the next meeting.

Subsequently read a very interesting communication made to the Society by Mr. Nind, who was two years surgeon of a small settlement maintained by the colonial government of New South Wales at King George's Sound, near the south-west point of Australia, and now annexed to the Swan River district. During the whole time, he paid great attention to the peculiarities characteristic of the aborigines in that quarter; and his account of them, as thus communicated, exhibits both great patience and sagacity of observation. The land in the immediate neighbourhood of King George's Sound, Mr. Nind observes, is poor; and although susceptible of improvement by cultivation, as was demonstrated by the success with which the English settlement raised garden crops, with the aid of a little manure, the natives are not yet so far advanced as to profit by this; and their whole social existence is affected by the original poverty of the soil which they occupy. They are thinly scattered; erratic in their habits, as the necessity of seeking food compels them to move about; minutely subdivided into families rather than tribes; acknowledge no supreme chief; even their language extends but a little way into the interior; and, whether in peace or in war, they exhibit little or no concert with each other. Some of their peculiar customs are, at the same time, more generally diffused; and some would even seem to indicate a period when some great

* This paper is the only one read during the past season of the Royal Geographical Society to which we could not do justice at the time: we now insert it to complete the series of our reports.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

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national feud was stanched by a solemn treaty, which remains now only as an immemorial rule. There are two castes in particular among them, called Erniung, and Tem or Taàmanman, into which they are all divided; the distinction, however, being merely nominal, as there is a law that they must intermarry in every generation, the children following the mother; so that an Erniungman has all his children Taàmans, and *vice versa*. The young men seldom marry until past thirty; neither do they eat indiscriminately of all sorts of food until the same age, certain meats being forbidden them at different periods, under pain, as they believe, of becoming unlucky or unskilful in the chase. Their greater freedom from incumbrance, however, at this period, and consequently their greater wealth, added possibly to a greater recklessness of enterprise, corresponding to their age, give them now great weight in their several little communities; and the nearest approach which Mr. Nind was able to detect to chieftainship was in the influence possessed by certain individuals of this description. After thirty they generally marry several wives; and it is a maxim to choose them from as great distances as possible, in order to obtain the privilege of hunting over a great variety of grounds. The women are betrothed very young, are sometimes even promised before they are born, are courted by presents made to their father, and are delivered to the husband as early as twelve years of age. Without being positively jealously watched, they are yet looked to with some care; and instances of adultery are consequently rare. When discovered, the woman is punished by thrusting a spear through her thigh, while with the man the quarrel is mortal. Nevertheless, if the parties can escape, and live together till the woman is pregnant, they are usually forgiven, and not separated. And a man may court another's wife, by presents to the husband, so as to obtain the reversion of her after his death; but his attentions to herself must not be such as to excite scandal or suspicion of present intimacy. In general, indeed, the two sexes do not associate much together; they hunt separately, unless when numbers are wanted to surround a covert: in these encampments they are lodged separately, the women and children apart; and Mr. Nind was unable to ascertain whether the women joined in the national dances or not; he never saw them do so in two years. The dress of these people is merely a skin looped up over the right shoulder, so as to leave the arm at liberty; and the largest skins are reserved for the women. They grease and paint themselves a brick colour, smearing their hair especially, as they allege, to protect them alike from the sun and rain. Green boughs are their pledge of peace. Their weapons are rude, and they are not so dexterous in the use of them as the nations on the eastern coast. They seem almost incapable, indeed, of striking a severe blow; and, as they are at the same time extremely alert and agile in escaping the course of a spear, their combats are rarely fatal to more than one or two individuals of either party. When surprised at night, they seem altogether helpless. Flesh-wounds they bind up loosely with a reddish coloured earth, and they soon recover. They are superstitious, and fear to name the recently dead, lest they should see their ghosts; whence it would appear that they have some notion of a future, or at least a separate, state. These, however, seem very indistinct; and when the idea was suggested to them, that perhaps their deceased friends went to the moon, they eagerly caught at and adopted it. They bury with some ceremony in a deep pit about four feet long, the knees bent up on the chest; and the arms and ornaments of the deceased are deposited with him. During the period of mourning, his relations smear their bodies and faces with large blotches of white paint. His wives reside with his family, and must not be approached even by those to whom they may devolve; and when no specific arrangement has been made regarding them by the husband during his life, they seem to pass, as heritage, to his next of kin. Their domestic arts exhibit a remarkable mixture of skill and rudeness. They are dexterous fishermen, yet can neither swim nor have they any description of boat. They can, on occasions, steal, without being observed, so close to a kangaroo, as to be able to kill it with their spears; yet, excepting rude pit-falls, with which they have not much success in catching some of the larger animals, their general mode of hunting is inartificial, consisting chiefly of firing districts of the country in succession, and eating every thing, even to snakes and reptiles, which they thus secure, of the former excepting only those which have undigested food in their stomachs, which they consider unwholesome. Their modes of cooking are equally simple; but we cannot at present follow Mr. Nind into the minute details which he gives on this and many other points. (We hope soon to see his Narrative at full length in the Society's Transactions.) Thanks were voted to him for its present communication, and the meeting adjourned at half-past ten.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

NUMISMATIC DISCOVERIES.

Kertch.

A VERY interesting discovery in numismatics was made last year in the island of Taman. A landowner, living at the farther end of the gulf of the same name, found, after a heavy rain, a small silver medal, of the second size according to the scale of M. Mionnet, representing on one side the bust of Hercules, covered with a lion's skin, and on the reverse, in a hollow square, a horse's head, with the legend, ΣΙΝΔΩΝ, that is to say, coin of the *Sindi*.

This precious coin, which is finely executed and in a perfect state of preservation, belongs therefore to the *Sindi*, a tribe of the Caucasus, who, according to the ancient geographers, inhabited the banks of the Black Sea, and the foremost mountains of the Caucasian chain, in the environs of Anapa, from the mouth of the Kuban to Sudjuk Kalé. Some Greek colonies were established in the country of the Sindi, such as Gorgippia, Hermonassa, Apaturam, the Portus Sindicus, &c.; and it was probably in one of those towns that our medal was struck. History and paleographic monuments prove that the ancient kings of the Bosphorus, as well as the great Mithridates, possessed the country of the Sindi. Paerisades styles himself on the monuments, Archon of the Bosphorus and King of the Sindi, the Toretes, the Dandari, and, lastly, of all the Meotians and Thateans (probably inhabitants of the banks of the Thates, otherwise Thapsis,* a river mentioned by Diodorus Siculus). It seems that in the interval of the great break of 170 years, which exists in the history of the Bosphorus, and during which the power of the princes of this country had greatly declined, the Sindi were governed by kings of their own. Polyænus speaks of one of these kings, whom he calls Hecatæus. Our medal seems to prove, that in times perhaps anterior to the conquest of the Sindica Regio by the kings of the Bosphorus, which may be inferred from the beauty of the die, the Sindi were governed by their own laws. But as we also meet with medals of the Odrysæ, struck under the monarchical government of the kings of Thrace, it is possible that the princes of the Bosphorus may have left the same right to the Sindi, after having conquered them. However this may be, this unique medal of the Sindi is a more important novelty to antiquaries, as there could be but little hope of finding so beautiful a one struck by a savage tribe of Mount Caucasus.

On this occasion we may mention another medal, equally interesting, lately found at Anapa, in the country itself of the ancient Sindi. It is a silver coin of Rhescuporis V., king of the Bosphorus in the time of Alexander Severus. It bears the date Α Φ 530 of the era of Pontus. This medal is unique; for those of Rhescuporis V., which are extremely rare, have hitherto afforded us only the date of the year 531. This king probably possessed but for a moment the throne of the Bosphorus, and perished in some political convulsion; for the medals of his predecessor, Cotys IV., are also of the years 530, 531; and the first medal of Ininthimeous, his successor, is also of the year 531.

* Out of three MSS. of book xx. of Diodorus Siculus, which are in the library of the king of France, in Paris, only one has Thapsis. In the other two it is Thates; a reading which the beautiful inscription of Comosagre seems to confirm, by mentioning a people called Thateans, of whom, however, geographers make no mention: but since we find in Diodorus a river called Thates, it is more natural to suppose that there was also a people called Thateans, than to look for a fault in a public monument. There were Tyrites, Boristhenites, and Axiases, inhabitants of the banks of the Tyrus, the Boristhenes, and the Axiasis, why should there not have been Thateans, inhabiting the banks of the Thates?

FINE ARTS.

ENGLISH ARTISTS IN ITALY.

SIR,—The duty of defending absent friends is one of the best-defined and most generally acknowledged duties of society. I therefore confidently hope your readers will not think the following statement an unnecessary occupation of your paper and their time.

In the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Mr. Williams, page 285, vol. i., it is thus written: "Horace's *genus irritabile vatum* conveys no idea of the feelings existing between rival painters. It would seem almost as if each artist's palette had been put into his hand from Pandora's box; and the *vates* are gentle turtle doves compared to painters. It is, I suppose, for this reason, that, at the Roman Academy of St. Luke, two lectures are annually delivered to the students and artists against 'envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness.' It is to be imagined that these lectures have a salutary effect upon the catholic audience, or upon the Italian temperament, and on these alone; *for I am credibly informed, by English residents and students at Rome, that the pupils from our own country are remarked for envy, detraction, and over-reaching, more than those from almost any other part of Europe.*"

With so much of this as relates to the whole body of the profession, it would be impertinent for me to interfere. The English artists here can defend themselves; indeed, their characters are too well known and too much respected for them to be touched by such a libel. The calumny will defeat itself. Not so with my friends in Rome. The poison will long have circulated before it reach the gates of the Eter-

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nal City, and much injury may be done by it to many most excellent and unoffending persons. I beg, therefore, to advance my testimony in opposition to Mr. Williams' informers. I have been nearly seven years in Italy, two winters of which have been passed in Rome, besides occasional summer visits; and, during the time of my residence in other parts of Italy, I have been in constant communication with the artists of Rome, sometimes receiving them at my house, and always corresponding with them. The sentiments this long and intimate connexion has left on my mind are, gratitude for kindness conferred on me personally, and admiration for the manly, simple, respectable characters that our countrymen, united in the pursuit of the arts in Italy, maintain in the eyes of surrounding nations. The British students are men having like passions with others, and liable to the same errors. They are, moreover, Englishmen, with English feelings and English habits. They do not congregate like rabbits in a warren, as the Germans do; nor do they dance, and caper, and play the pranks that are played by the more lively Frenchmen: but they do associate for the purposes of mutual improvement and good fellowship; and they do live in the exercise of every kindly feeling, and in the interchange of good offices and brotherly love, ready to afford to each other, on all occasions, professional or unprofessional assistance, and really happy to see the interests of others advancing with their own.

In all this, sir, I speak my own experience, and I confidently appeal to the oldest residents in Rome who are in the habit of associating with, and receiving the artists at their houses, as well as to the majority of those students who, after a long sojourn in the Eternal City, are now returned and settled here, for the truth of what I say. Had the biographer of Lawrence been himself in Italy,—had he seen how the English artists live there,—had he witnessed their quiet, patient, and persevering studies—studies animated by the love of art and by the desire of excellence,—and had he seen, as I have, their conduct guided, in all relations with others, by the most honourable feelings, I am sure he would have been forward to record some marked testimony of his admiration and praise. His book is devoted to the delineation of the life of an eminent painter, and is destined to the hands of the class of persons on whose minds false statements about the character of artists are calculated to make a mischievous impression. How much then is it to be regretted, that he should have allowed such things to creep into such a book! For myself, I rely so entirely on the author's good intentions, that, should his work come to a second edition, I feel confident he will expunge the exceptionable passages, and not allow to go down to posterity, tacked to the name of Lawrence, calumnies which must have had their origin in private pique or personal prejudice.

Yours, &c.

THOMAS UWINS.

25, Percy Street, August 10.

SIR T. LAWRENCE'S COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS.

WE are informed, and every lover of the fine arts must be gratified by the intelligence, that a subscription is about to be immediately formed, with a view to the purchase and preservation, in the British Museum or National Gallery, of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence's unrivalled collection of drawings of the old masters. The council of the Royal Academy, after inspecting the drawings, have voted 1000*l.* towards the subscription, in the event of its being completed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Watering Places of Great Britain, and Fashionable Directory. Part III. Hinton.

"SOUTHAMPTON," from the River Itchin," "St. Leonard's Hotel, Hastings," and "Eastbourne," are the illustrative plates of the third Part of this useful publication. It may suggest one means for the entertaining, and not altogether uninstructive, occupation of an hour, to those who are occasionally devoured by ennui when in the comparative solitude of the coast, if we extract from a note the following description, taken from Bishop Watson, of a simple and ingenious mode of determining the proportion of salt in a given quantity of sea-water. It can scarcely be necessary to premise, that the proportion of salt in sea-water varies greatly in various places.

"Take a perfectly clean cloth, dry it well in the sun or before a fire, then weigh it accurately, and note down its weight; dip the cloth in sea-water, wring it slightly till it will not drip; weigh it in its wet state; then dry it, and when perfectly dried, weigh it again: the excess of the weight of the wetted cloth above its original weight, is the weight of the sea-water imbibed by the cloth; and the excess of the weight of the cloth, after being dried, above its original weight, is the weight of the salt retained by the cloth; and by comparing this weight with the weight of the sea-water imbibed by the cloth, the proportion of salt contained in the given specimen of sea-water will be found."

Visits of William the Fourth, when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth, in the year 1827. No. IV.

THE present No. we believe completes, and if so, worthily completes, this little nautical publication. One great charm of Mr. Moser's shipping plates, in addition to their technical accuracy and character, is, that there is in them no straining after effect; no violent contrasts of any kind; but the various scenes appear as in nature when viewed under the mild and unaffected influence of ordinary daylight.

Illuminated Ornaments, selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages. By Henry Shaw, Author of "The History and Antiquities of the Chapel at Luton Park." Part VI. Pickering.

THE plates in the sixth Part of Mr. Shaw's beautiful publication are all from articles in the British Museum. That from Queen Mary's Psalter is exceedingly curious and entertaining.

The Costumes of the French Pyrenees; drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from original Sketches by J. Johnson, Esq. Part IV. Carpenter and Son.

IF not quite so picturesque as some of the preceding Parts, still pleasing and amusing.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XVI. Tilt.

THIS elegant little work is approaching to its termination; but there is no falling off in its interest. In the present Part the View of "High Street, Edinburgh," is especially valuable. It is engraved from a picture by Stothard, and displays all the peculiarities of that tasteful and veteran artist's pencil. "Nidpath Castle," from a drawing by W. Westall, is also very pleasing.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST FRIENDSHIPS.

"The voices of my home, I hear them still!"
Mrs. Hemans.

WHEN the heart hath been darken'd by sorrow or wrong,
When the false hopes have fled that beguiled us too long,
How soothing, how welcome, how sacred to hear
The soft tones of some voice that our childhood held dear!

New friendships may bless us, and love may requite
Our passionate vows with a smile full of light;
But the looks and the accents that kindly recall
The sweet dream of our childhood, are blandest of all.

O, when such ties are broken, we soothly may say, [away!
That a bright page is rent from life's volume
And our lorn hearts acknowledge how cold is the doom [tomb.
That consigns all the lovely of earth to the

But though we may shed, with the fervour of truth, [youth;
The warm tear of regret o'er the friends of our
Let us cherish more fondly the few that remain,
As we treasure the last flowers of summer's brief reign.

CATHERINE G. GODWIN.

Burnside, Westmoreland.

SILENT GRIEF.

Soft as the memory of buried love.—*Byron.*

THERE is a charm in silent grief
That none may feel, that none can know,
Who from the cold world ask relief,
Or deem its gauds a balm for wo.
Oh! rather on some mountain-brow
Awhile thy lonely vigil keep,—
Where the soul's flood may freely flow,
And sorrow, unforbidden, weep—

Till Time his glass relenting turn,
And softer, brighter sands appear,
And memory's consecrated urn
Yield forth her treasures deep and dear!
Oh! then shall steal the grateful tear,
Sweet as the dew of summer-falls;
While fancy to the eye, the ear,
The lost, the lovely one, recalls!

And who such angel-form may trace,
Nor feel a sacred impress given,
Of nobler beauty, purer grace—
A blending dream of earth and heaven?
Or whose the heart that thus hath striven
To win from love its best relief,
But owns in thought sublimed and shriven,
The holy charm of silent grief?

PARAPHRASTIC LINES.

"Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et amicos,
Et genus, et formam regina Pecunia donat,
Ac bene nummatum decorant Suadela Venusque."
HOR.

I SUED and sighed to win a bride; yet so long
my wooing tarried, [married.
I really did begin to think I never should get
With ma' and miss I ever failed, though no man's morals sounder;
Till wealth came in, and then I got a thirty thousand pounder.
When formerly I needed tick—e'en the tailors wore blank looks—
Now all are but too proud to have *my* name upon their books;
My lonely doors no friend approached,—I heard but single knocks;

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Now I want beds for those who crowd their dear friend's sporting box.
My family? O no one knew,—all the lip in scorn would curl,—
Now my family's grown old, and I'm third cousin to an earl.
Bull-necked and bandy-legged was I; now the Belvidere Apollo
In form is but a fool to me—I'm told I beat him hollow.
Each painter wants to paint my face, sculptors to cast my noddle;
The academicians, too, have all besought me for a model.
Of yore, if e'er I rose to speak, loud coughing dinned my ears;
"Great cheering" welcomes now my words, with frequent "hears" and "cheers."
The women once were wont to call me bilious, dark, and yellow;
Now e'en the men allow that I'm a "d——d good-looking fellow."
Such do the changes prove, I ween, in this life's mottled span,
Between one when one's not, and when one is, a monied man.

DRAMA.

Dull times for the drama as well as for literature, and every liberal pursuit, except that which in politics is called "liberal."

Haymarket Theatre.—A farce, under the savoury name of *Fricandeau*, has been produced with fair success. It is a translation of the French piece, with Bouffé's personation of *Quoniam*, in which we were so highly amused at the French Theatre. In the English version Harley sustains the same part; but, we know not how it is, we have not the lightness so pleasing in casts of this kind. We generally exaggerate and enforce too much: we are not content with the touch and go, but must dwell and make out every lineament and feature. A sketch is almost unknown to the English stage; every actor labours to make a finished picture, and too much labour mars the effect.

English Opera, Adelphi.—Here the houses have greatly improved; and good audiences encourage, as far as the limits of so small a theatre allow, the spirited exertions of the manager. Ries' music, as we foretold, grows, upon a better acquaintance, more and more into public favour; many parts of the *Sorceress*, indeed, are eminently beautiful. The English Paganini, Collins, has, we believe, finished his engagement, or finishes it to-night, and has fully answered the expectations formed of him. Having established a fame which will carry him through other quarters with considerable emolument, we have no doubt we shall hear of him, like his foreign prototype, long after all his advertised nights are over, performing "by particular desire," "by very general desire," and by all the other desires which induce a man to pocket the money of Master John Bull.

At the King's Theatre, on Tuesday, we enjoyed an hour's hearty laughing at the *Petits Danaides*. We know not whether we were most indebted for this delectable refreshment to Potier or Laporte. The comedy of both was most admirable.

VARIETIES.

Cow-Pox.—M. Lucien, of the Agricultural Society of Turin, some time ago presented a paper to the Society on the rot, and on the origin of cow-pox. He shews that inoculation for the rot, which has been tried on numerous flocks, produces the same results as inoculation with the variolous virus on man; and he concludes by an examination of the origin, still disputed, of cow-pox; maintaining, in opposition to Dr. Jenner, that the fluid which oozes from the disease called the grease, in horses, has no analogy to the vaccine virus.

Opening of London Bridge.—Any imposing spectacle of this kind is not only apt to encourage the arts and industry of the country, by giving rise to various speculations, but also to revive inquiries of considerable antiquarian interest. We have already noticed engravings, &c. of this ceremony; and have now to mention that, besides Mr. Stanfield, who was so justly introduced to make drawings, (for a painter of higher talent could not have been preferred to the task), Messrs. Fishers were authorised to employ an artist to take a view of this gay and striking scene. Admitted to a favourable position for this purpose on the bridge, we learn that Mr. T. Allom is preparing a beautiful lithographic print for publication, and that it will be ready for delivery early in the ensuing week.

A little weekly contemporary, called the *Casket*, has also devoted its entire No. to illustrate this popular subject. We are sorry that we cannot, at present, do more than allude to the curious remarks it contains on Pennant's long-received statement relative to the turning of the course of the Thames; but we shall notice it next week, and, in the mean time, beg to recommend our authority for controverting that *dictum*, and its wood-cuts, to the attention of readers.

Education, Crime, and Lunacy.—In a recent French publication, the number of educated persons, of criminals, and of lunatics, as compared with the whole population of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is thus stated:—

Kingdoms.	Educated Persons.	Criminals.	Lunatics.
England	1 in 20	1 in 900	1 in 783
Scotland	1 in 17	1 in 3093	3 in 652
Ireland	1 in 35	1 in 469	1 in 941

Egypt.—Ibrahim Pasha, who is still at Alexandria, frequently amuses himself by driving in his *tilbury* about the European quarter of the place.

Decline of Science in Great Britain.—Captain Herbert, assistant surveyor-general of India, &c. has published a work at Calcutta, entitled *Gleanings in Science*, in which he states that, "If to the labours of the officers of La Chevrette we add those of MM. Diard and Duvancel, of M. Dussoumier, and of a gentleman well known in Calcutta, now busily employed in investigating the natural history and physical geography of India; we shall be forced to confess, however humiliating the acknowledgment, that France will have done more in the short period of the peace for making India known to the scientific men of Europe, than England has in the whole period during which she has held the country."

Atoles Frontalis, a new species of Spider Monkey.—At a late meeting of the Zoological Society, Mr. Bennett gave this name to a species which he considers to be new, and an individual of which is at present living in the society's gardens. The whole of the hairs, with the exception of a white frontal patch, are jet black; the naked parts of the skin are also black, except a flesh-coloured space on the face, including the eyes, nose, and lips.

Gleanings from Börne's Works.—"Liberty is set before foxes in narrow flasks, and before storks in flat basins. The cunning fox knows his remedy, and snaps off the neck of the flask; but what hope is there for the silly stork? He suffers himself to be persuaded that the best cure is to allow his bill to be trimmed!

"Civility is the national bonds of the heart, which frequently bring in an increase of interest proportioned to the insecurity of the capital."—"Morality is the grammar of religion: it is easier to be just than generous.

"A constitutional throne is an elbow-chair, but an absolute monarchy is a stool without a back. Princes are by nature, as well as from the pinnacle on which they are placed, liable to dizziness of the head; and a constitution provides equally for the security of the governed and the governors. Had Napoleon, instead of Lewis the Eighteenth, bestowed a charter on the French, he would not have fallen, when he became dizzy, but have remained emperor of the French to the present hour.

"Napoleon was the high-priest of the revolution, but being impolitic enough to overturn the worship men paid to it, the sacerdotal garment fell from off his shoulders, and his power set for ever."

"Whether we laugh or cry, creep or hop, tremble or rage, hope or fear, believe or doubt, we shall all meet in the grave. But there is one thing that will profit us—a clear prospect; and one thing that will endure—justice; and one thing which mediates for us—love."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIII. Aug. 12.*]

The Amulet for 1832, the sixth volume of the series, is announced for early publication, with engravings from four of Sir Thomas Lawrence's most celebrated paintings, that of the Marchioness of Londonderry and her Son being the frontispiece;—prints from Pickersgill's Greek Girl, Haydon's Death of Eucles, the Death of the First-born, by Hayter; Corinne, painted for the Amulet by Gerard; landscapes by Stanfield and David Roberts, &c. —The fifth volume of the Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1832, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is also announced to appear as usual, with a considerable number of fine engravings on steel and wood; the literary contents from the pens of the most eminent writers for youth.—A third edition of Dr. Ryan's Manual of Midwifery, enlarged.—Dr. Morton is about to publish Remarks on the Subject of Lactation, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Gerald Fitzgerald, by Anne of Swansea, 5 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.—The Private Correspondence of David Garrick, Vol. I. royal 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Fowler's Tour in New York, 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.—Mudie's First Lines of Zoology, 18mo. 6*s.* bd.—Todd's Book of Analysis, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Statutes at Large, Vol. XII. Part II. 1 William IV. 1831, 4to. 5*s.* bds.—Morell's Family Memorials, 1*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

August.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday 4	From 54. to 75.	29·76 to 29·73
Friday 5	—— 51. — 75.	29·74 — 29·64
Saturday 6	—— 54. — 75.	29·68 — 29·64
Sunday 7	—— 57. — 76.	29·64 — 29·68
Monday 8	—— 51. — 79.	29·76 — 29·94
Tuesday 9	—— 50. — 78.	29·89 Stationary
Wednesday 10	—— 52. — 71.	29·94 — 29·99

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Mornings generally cloudy—frequent sunshine during the day—rain on the evenings of the 4th, 7th, and 9th. Storms of thunder and lightning on the evening of the 5th and afternoon of the 7th; by that of the former day several lives were lost, and much damage done, at Kingsland and Haggerstone, about 5¼ miles S. by E. of this place.

Rain fallen, ·725 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 33″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notwithstanding the space allotted to our Review, in the absence of other heads of temporary interest, we are still obliged to defer the further notice of Mr. Wakefield's volume.

The plant sent us from Wales we find on examination to be the Epilobium hirsutum.

Lines by a Youth of Sixteen are immature.

B. F. S. is under consideration.

Amicus seems very obtuse, not to know that the matter he alludes to is altogether apocryphal—quite a hoax.

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Contents: Private Correspondence of David Garrick—Tour through South Holland, the Netherlands, &c.—Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—The Club-Book—History of London Bridge, &c.—Letter from the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles—Reading the Stars, by Miss Jewsbury—Letter from Spain—Prima Facie Misfortunes—Bird's-Eye View of Rome—French National Workshop—Meetings at the Zoological and Horticultural Societies—Mr. Reid's Etchings and Pictures, with Goethe's Criticism and the incomprehensible Judgments of the British Institution—Theatres: La Somnambula—New Lessee—The English Paganini—Rubbi the Prompter's Concert; Six Persons present!—Poole's New Play, Madame du Barry—The Sorceress—Octogenarian Reminiscences—Miscellanea, &c.

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MUSIC.

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Forsake Thee! Oh, no!

The Broken Heart.

"An affecting ballad, founded on a melancholy occurrence in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, has been set to music by Mr. E. Merriott in a style equally chaste and appropriate, adding to the touching words of the song, a melancholy strain of melody, in perfect unison with the subject."—*Berkshire Chronicle*, 1831.

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Falkner, 3, Old Bond Street; and Goulding and Co. 20, Soho Square.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire.

On the 30th of July was published, the Third Number of

THE BEAUTIES of the COURT of KING CHARLES the SECOND.

Edited by the Authoress of "the Diary of an Ennuyée."

A Series of Portraits of the beautiful and celebrated Women of the court and reign of Charles the Second, forming a splendid illustration of the Memoirs of De Grammont, the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, and other works connected with that gay and interesting period; with Biographical and Critical Notices, which the editor has been collecting for many years, from the most authentic sources.

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Preface by the Editor.

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Narrative of the Ashantee War; with a View of the Present State of the Colony of Sierra Leone. By Major Ricketts. 8vo. pp. 221. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall; Egerton; Ridgway.

THE only surviving officer who witnessed most of the events here related on the Gold Coast, it is a melancholy task to follow Major Ricketts' narrative of barbarities and massacres. A long resident in that fatal climate, he saw all his brother Europeans perish around him; and his account of their fate, and of the war waged for years with great loss and little success on the part of the colonists and their native allies against the Ashantees, contains much to interest the reader.

The history begins with 1822, when Sir Charles Mac Carthy arrived as governor of the western coast of Africa; soon after which, the disputes with the Ashantees led to blows. It is not worth our while to enter into the minutiæ of the quarrel—the demand of tribute, the murder of a sergeant of our colonial regiment, and the feud with the Fantees;—suffice it to say, that every attempt at reconciliation failed. Among other measures, Sir C. Mac Carthy went to Annamaboe, whither his journey is thus described:—

"He and his suite were conveyed in carriages drawn by natives, six to each vehicle, which accommodated two persons: the carriages were drawn by these men at the rate of six miles an hour, which, considering the unfinished state of the road, was astonishing,—and the more so, as they were not at all fatigued on their arrival at Annamaboe. Neither horses, donkeys, nor mules, thrive on the Gold Coast. These animals have frequently been brought there from other parts of the coast, but always died in a short time after being landed. At Accra, where the ships of the squadron are chiefly supplied with live stock, consisting of a small breed of cows and bullocks, with sheep and turkeys, obtained near the river Volta, they answer much better than at any other of the European possessions of the Gold Coast; and horses have been known to live there for several years. The manner in which the Europeans travel in the vicinity of the forts where the road will allow of it, and they possess the means, is that which has been just described; and where the paths are narrow, they are carried in what is called a hammock, which is a piece of board about two feet in length, and half as broad, having two holes at each end fastened to a bamboo pole, very tight but strong, leaving sufficient room between to enable the traveller, who sits sideways on the board, with his feet resting on a smaller board below, dependent from the other, leaning his chest against the pole, and resting his arms on it, which is carried alternately on the shoulders and heads of two men. The native chiefs travel in this manner, and also in baskets made like a child's cradle, in which they can recline at full length, or sit up; the basket is also carried on the heads of men. * * *

"It appeared that the King of Ashantee had sent messengers to the Governor of Elmina, thanking him for all favours, and saying that Governor Mac Carthy was wrong in his palaver; and he advised that Cape Coast Castle should be enlarged, as he intended to drive the English into the sea: he also recommended that they should arm the fishes of the sea—for all would be of no avail against the army which he intended to bring against them."

Poor Sir Charles put himself at the head of a force of cowardly Warsaws who would not fight, with a brave fellow called Cudjoe Cheboe, king of Dinkera, and such troops as his own government supplied; and, through the failure of ammunition, was defeated by the enemy. The escape of Captain Ricketts, wounded, from this disaster, affords a horrid picture of the state of the country. He is wandering through the woods with a party of about fifty Warsaws, and he tells us:—

"About one o'clock there was an alarm of the enemy having discovered them; but it turned out to be only two stragglers of the Ashantees, who, perceiving a light, were induced to approach, thinking they might be some of their own people. They were immediately seized, and they insisted for a long time that they were Dinkeras; but a few of that tribe happening to be with the Warsaws, they without hesitation pronounced them to be Ashantees—on which every knife was drawn; and after getting from these two unfortunate persons all the information they could give, they immediately cut their throats. They then sounded their horns, and proceeded by another direction to the river Pra. About six o'clock they fell in with a party of the enemy, and a kind of running fight ensued, and many of them were killed. The Warsaws recovered several of their wives, and many of their children were found in the woods, some of the young infants in a dying state, and others with their brains dashed out; the Ashantees having obliged the women to throw away their children, in order to enable them to carry their plunder. At last the whole party arrived at a deserted village on the banks of the Pra."

The fate of Mac Carthy was more deplorable.

"It appeared by Mr. Williams's statement, that he left the field of action in company with Sir Charles Mac Carthy, Mr. Buckle, and Ensign Wetherell; and after proceeding a short distance along the track to Assamacow, they were suddenly attacked by a part of the enemy, who fired, and broke one of Sir Charles's arms; and that he immediately after received another wound in the chest, and fell. They then removed him under a tree, where all remained awaiting their fate, which they perceived to be inevitable. Immediately after, Mr. Williams received a ball in his thigh, which rendered him senseless; previous, however, to his falling, he saw Ensign Wetherell, who appeared also to have been wounded, lying close to Sir Charles, cutting with his sword at the enemy, as they were tearing the clothes off his friend and patron. Mr. Williams, upon recovering his senses, perceived that some Ashantees were attempting to cut off his head, and had already inflicted one gash on the back of his neck; luckily, however, at this crisis an Ashantee of authority came up, and recognising Mr. Williams, from whom he had received some kindness in the African company's time, withheld the hand of the savage: on Mr. Williams recovering his senses, he saw the headless trunks of Sir Charles Mac Carthy, Mr. Buckle, and Ensign Wetherell. He was then taken prisoner and marched to Assamacow, where the Ashantee army was encamped. During his captivity he was lodged under a thatched shed in the day-time, and locked up at night in the same room with the heads of Sir Charles, Mr. Buckle, and Ensign Wetherell, which, owing to some peculiar process, were in a perfect state of preservation. Sir Charles Mac Carthy's presented nearly the same appearance as when he was alive. Mr. Williams was only allowed for his daily food, during his cruel confinement, as much snail-soup in the morning and evening as could be contained in the palm of his hand. Whenever they beheaded any of their prisoners, they obliged Mr. Williams to sit on one side of the large war-drum, while they decapitated the unfortunate captive on the other. It was said that Mr. Jones, a merchant and captain of the militia, fell into their hands alive; and because he had received five wounds, he was sacrificed to the fétish. It seems that every person, whether Ashantee or prisoner, who may be so unlucky as to receive that number of wounds in one action, is considered as belonging to the fétish. It was also reported that Mr. Raydon, captain in the Cape Coast militia, was taken prisoner; that he was deprived of his clothes; and because he could not keep pace with them, they put him to death. It was the intention of the Ashantees to have sent Mr. Williams to Coomassie; but he not being able to walk that distance, the ball still remaining in his thigh, they endeavoured to extract it by tying the thigh tight with strings, both above and below the part where it was lodged, so as to force it out. Mr. Williams declared that the pain was most excruciating; but not succeeding, he had reason to be apprehensive that they intended to put him to death, when the welcome intelligence of their intention to send him to Elmina was made known to him, after a captivity of two months."

A Fantee prisoner added, "that the heart of Sir Charles Mac Carthy was eaten by the principal chiefs of the Ashantee army, that they might imbibe his bravery; that his flesh had been dried, and with his bones divided among every man of consequence in the army, who constantly carried his respective proportion about with him, as a charm to inspire him with courage."

It is dreadful to be informed, that these barbarians were enabled to wage the war and commit these monstrous acts in consequence of being supplied with gunpowder from an American vessel, and from the Dutch factory

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at Elmina. In 1826, however, in another attempt against the coast, the Ashantees were signally defeated.

"Sir Neil Campbell arrived at Sierra Leone on the 22d of August, and sailed again in the Lively, early in September, for the Gold Coast. The Lively arrived in Cape Coast roads on the 19th of September, when his excellency learnt that an action with the Ashantees had taken place. The spot where the battle was fought is a plain, with small clumps of trees and underwood at intervals, about twenty-four miles north-east of British Accra, and nearly four miles south from a village called Dodowah, by which the natives distinguish the action. The King of Ashantee had pitched his tent there that morning. It was expected by every person who was acquainted with the Ashantee customs, that they would attack our lines on Monday, that being their prosperous day; accordingly some scouts brought intelligence about eight o'clock in the morning, that the enemy were in motion, and the king's drum was distinctly heard beating the war-march. Our line was in consequence formed with all possible expedition, extending about four miles east and west, which made a very picturesque appearance, from the various dresses and numerous flags, British, Danish, and Dutch, which waved in the air. Our men were decorated with large sea-shells suspended from their necks and shoulders before and behind, or were decked with a stripe of white calico to distinguish them from the enemy. Many of them fought with the cloth hanging from the barrels of their muskets, which added to the novelty and singularity of the scene. A dispute had taken place for several days previously among the kings of Akimboo and Dinkera and the queen of Akim, who should attack the king of Ashantee hand to hand: it was at last agreed, that the former should take up a position on our extreme right, and the two latter on our extreme left; but they were perhaps fortunately disappointed in this arrangement, as it was afterwards known that the King of Ashantee had received intelligence that there were white men in the camp and in the centre; he therefore selected that position to gain more honour. The officers and gentlemen in the battle were Lieut.-Col. Purdon, commanding the whole; Captains Hingston and Rogers; and Lieutenant Calder of the royal African corps; Dr. Young of the staff; Mr. Henry Richter, merchant, of Danish Accra, with his own men, amounting to about one hundred and twenty; Mr. J. W. Harrison, merchant, of British Accra, with his men, in number nearly the same; Mr. John Jackson, merchant, of Cape Coast, with Mr. Bannerman's men, about the same number—Mr. Bannerman being absent in England in bad health; and Mr. Hutchinson, merchant, of Annamaboe, with the Cape Coast artificers, volunteers; part of the townspeople; and Bynie, the native chief, whose people, with the others, amounted to one hundred and fifty men. These formed the centre, and were drawn up in line with the royal African corps, as a reserve on the position previously taken by Captain Hingston. The attack commenced from right to left, at about half-past nine o'clock. Several of the natives came insulting and abusing the centre as cowards; which being represented to the commanding officer, he directed them to advance about four hundred yards, when a heavy and effective fire took place. They went steadily forward amid the work of death, the enemy slowly and sulkily giving way. No prisoners were taken by the natives, but as they fell they were put to death. Happy were they whose sufferings were short; in vain the gentlemen implored them to hold their hand, or at least to kill them outright; some were ripped up and cut across the belly, when, plunging their hands in, they took out the heart, pouring the blood on the ground as a libation to the good fortune of the cause; others, when they saw their own friends weltering in their blood, would give them a blow on the breast or head, to put an end to their misery. In many instances they dragged each other from the opposite ranks, and wrestled and cut one another in pieces; and fortunate was he whose knife first found out the vital part in his foe during the deadly grapple, though perhaps in his turn to be laid low by the same means. So hard were the enemy pressed at this moment, that a captain of consequence blew himself up, nearly involving some of the Europeans in destruction. The number of the various articles taken from the enemy was very great; but as none were allowed to leave the field, and as they had no spare hands, like the people of the native chiefs, they were thrown aside, when a cry arose that the Ashantees were getting between the centre and the left, which was the fact, as one party from the Dutch town, who supported the right of the Cape Coast people, had given way, and the enemy had rushed into their place. Besides this, the whole of the Danish natives, with their caboceers at their head, had fled early in the action, and the swallow-tailed banners of Denmark were seen safely flying in the rear. The centre were now obliged to fall back and relinquish every advantage, sustaining a galling fire in flank, and closely pressed with the mass of the enemy, who evidently were making a bold push to seize or bring down the whites. Capt. Rogers, who was advancing with a small piece of artillery, would have been taken, had he not very promptly distinguished them as the enemy. This was the crisis of the battle; Colonel Purdon advanced with the reserve and the rockets, a few of which thrown among the Ashantees occasioned the most dreadful havoc and confusion: the hissing sound when thrown, the train of fire, the explosion and frightful wounds they inflicted, caused them to suppose that they were thunder and lightning, called *mowman* in Fantee, by which name they are now known among the natives. Another party of Ashantees having attacked the left of King Cheboe of Dinkera, the Winnebahs fled at the first fire, nor halted till they reached Accra; but a few rounds of grape-shot, thrown over the heads of our people, restored the battle there also, Cheboe being already in advance with part of his people driving back his opponents. On the right, the battle was not for a moment doubtful; the King of Akimboo drove all before him, and penetrating to the King of Ashantee's camp, took them in flank; his path was marked by the column of smoke that rose in front, the short grass being dry, from our forces having bivouacked at the roots of the trees for two nights, together with extreme heat, caused it to take fire. The explosions of some Ashantee captains, who at intervals blew themselves up in despair, which was known by the smoke that arose over the trees, the shouts and groans of the combatants, with the burning grass, and the battle raging all around, formed no bad idea of the infernal regions. Fancy may indeed imagine, but it cannot describe such a scene of havoc and destruction, more resembling the wild fiction of an oriental tale, than one of absolute reality. The Danish natives, who had fled at nearly the first onset, now perceiving the enemy to be repulsed by the rockets and grape-shot, advanced, and taking possession of the plunder, which was immense, deliberately walked off the field; they sent to request more ammunition, saying they had only received twenty rounds each from their own government; and when upbraided with their bad conduct, they said it was against their fétish to fire on a Monday. About one o'clock, the heads of the Ashantee chiefs began to be brought in. Several of the blood royal and principal captains were known by the residents; when the deaths of any of them were reported to the king, he offered up human sacrifices to their manes in the heat of the battle. Among the sad trophies of the day was supposed to be the head of Sir Charles Mac Carthy, which was sent to England by Lieut.-Col. Purdon—it was taken by the Aquapim chief. The king carried it along with him as a powerful charm, and on the morning of the battle he poured rum upon it, and invoked it to cause all the heads of the whites on the field to lie beside it. The skull was enveloped in paper covered with Arabic characters, and a silk handkerchief; over all was a tiger-skin, the emblem of royalty. The whole of the Ashantee camp was taken, together with their baggage and gold; the amount of the latter was said to be very considerable, but the whites never could ascertain what the natives obtained. Towards the end of the day, a great many slaves or prisoners were taken by the natives, who subsequently sold them to slave-vessels to leeward of Accra, being satiated with the multitudes they had killed in the early part of the fight; and until it was dark, parties were coming in with plunder from every quarter. The troops lay on their arms all night, as it was not known but that the king, with his surviving friends, might make an attack upon us in despair, having been seen in front, wandering over the scene of his blighted ambition. Through the night, at intervals, some of our native allied chiefs struck their drums to some recitations, which were repeated along the line, and, as they died away, had a most pleasing effect, but were generally succeeded by deep wailings and lamentations from the glades in front of our position, apparently from some unhappy Ashantee women looking for their friends among the fallen. The loss of chiefs on our part was but small: Mr. Richter was wounded in the thigh early in the action, and obliged to leave the field, but his men did not follow the flying portion of their countrymen. Narbeah, the captain-general of the Akimboos, the chief captain of the Queen of Akim, and Quashie Amonquah, chief of Esseecoomah, were the only persons of rank that we lost. The latter was regretted by every one, as several of the natives were always accusing him of treachery, and he was determined to shew in the day of battle his sincerity; he therefore made a bold attempt to seize the king's person, and to take him dead or alive, and even had his hand on the royal basket to pull him down, when he was shot in the neck and secured. The king upbraided him for his treachery, and ordered him to follow, which he refused; order was then given to decapitate him; a party of Cheboos attacked the king, but Amonquah was already killed, and his head, if they have preserved it, is the only trophy which they can exhibit. His brother Abaggy was wounded in the thigh, or, as he says, 'he would have made the king pay dear for his brother's head,' which none doubted. The number of our forces, from the best information, amounted to eleven thousand,

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three hundred and eighty with muskets; that of the enemy was estimated at ten thousand; and much of the fighting was with the knife. We calculated our loss at about eight hundred killed, and one thousand slightly wounded. The enemy, it is supposed, must have lost full five thousand men: a great many of their chief men were killed. * * *

"The Queen of Akim, who evinced much activity in the war, is about five feet three inches in height, with an infantine look; her voice is soft, evidently modulated to interest her audience, but cracked, as a singer would express it, from constant use. She is an excellent beggar for munitions of war and distilled waters. Just before the attack she went along the line with a massive necklace of leaden bullets, and in her hand a gold enamelled cutlass, and she was afterwards in the hottest part of the action. To some of the gentlemen who called on her the day before, she said, among other things, 'Osai has driven me from my country because he thought me weak; but though I am a woman, I have the heart of a man."

This decisive battle led to a treaty, which was finally concluded in April last, when the humbled King of Ashantee paid several hundred ounces of gold as a pledge for his future good conduct, and also sent hostages to Cape Coast Castle.

Having finished the war, our author gives us a succinct view of the present state of the colony of Sierra Leone, of which the leading particulars shall appear in our next *Gazette*.

The Principles of English Composition; illustrated by Examples, with Critical Remarks. By David Booth, author of the "Analytical Dictionary." 12mo. pp. 351. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

To blend pleasure with instruction is a most desirable object—an object seldom attained to so great a degree as it is in the little work before us. Grammar is a dry study, and composition one which demands much attention; yet Mr. Booth, while displaying a sound and rational knowledge of both subjects, and placing them clearly within the comprehension of his readers, has contrived, by means of well-selected examples and illustrations, to make his volume a very attractive literary miscellany, which may be perused with gratification, and remembered with advantage. Several of the chapters are reprinted from his excellent *Analytical Dictionary*; the rest is new—and every portion is deserving of high commendation.

Of the early and initiatory pages, we need say nothing farther than that they explain, in an able manner, the chief rules of syntax, construction, accent, emphasis, grammar, arrangement, metaphors, figures of speech and thought, and indeed all the branches into which language must be resolved, together with some of the phenomena of mind, which must be understood in order to constitute, not merely an accomplished, but an intelligible writer.

He then glances over the various kinds of poetry, and discusses them in a brief but masterly manner; but, again, we are at a loss to exhibit any specimen of the talent thus displayed; and we are, as it were, compelled rather to diversify our columns with one or two quotations of his quotations, than to shew the value of his original remarks and criticisms.

Treating of lyric poetry, he says: "Simple thoughts chanted to simple melodies are, no doubt, indigenous in every age and country; and we may cite, in evidence, that what modern musicians understand by harmony was unknown to the Greeks, as it yet is to the Chinese. Song, as distinguished from duets and glees, is the effusion of an individual. The music must be adapted to a single voice; and if other tones are introduced, they must be completely subservient; otherwise 'the auditor is tempted to say as the Chinese did, (when 'God save the King' was played in parts), that the air might be very good, if the accompaniments would let it be heard.'"

Again, on pastoral poetry:—

"The truth is, that the poet lives in a region of his own creation. He takes his fictions for realities, and his imaginations for truths. The train of his thoughts are the illusions of his fancy; but they are powerful illusions, which lead his auditors spell-bound through enchanted ground, forgetful, for the moment, of that world to which they must return. The true poet, like the Pythian priestess, is in a state of frenzy while under the inspiration of the god; and it is only in the shortness of the fits of his delirium that he differs from the insane. Whatever may have been the previous stores of his mind, the reverie of the maniac is too long continued to be coherent; and his lucid intervals are too few to enable him to mould his tale and correct its incongruities; in consequence of which his flights of fancy are lost to the world. The following stanzas, 'written at the York Retreat, by a young woman, who, when composing them, was labouring under a very considerable degree of active mania,' are strikingly illustrative of what we have here advanced:—

'To Melancholy.

Spirit of darkness! from yon lonely shade
Where fade the virgin roses of the spring,
Spirit of darkness! hear thy favourite maid
To sorrow's harp her wildest anthem sing.

Ah! how has love despoil'd my earliest bloom,
And flung my charms as to the wintry wind!
Ah! how has love hung o'er my trophied tomb
The spoils of genius and the wreck of mind!

High rides the moon the silent heavens along;
Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground;
Soft steals the lover, when the morning song
Of waken'd warblers through the woods resound;

Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine altar take my lonely stand;
Again my lyre unstrung I sadly sweep,
While Love leads up the dance with harp in hand.

High o'er the woodlands Hope's gay meteors shone,
And thronging thousands bless'd the ardent ray;
I turn'd,—but found Despair on his wild roam,
And with the demon bent my hither way.

Soft o'er the vale she blew her bugle horn—
'Oh! where, Maria,—whither dost thou stray?
Return, thou false maid, to the echoing sound!'
I flew, nor heeded the sweet siren's lay.

Hail, Melancholy! to your lonely towers
I turn, and hail their time-worn turrets mine;
Where flourish fair the nightshade's deadly flowers,
And dark and blue the wasting tapers shine.

There, O my Edwin! does thy spirit greet,
In Fancy's maze, thy loved and wandering maid;
Soft through the bower thy shade Maria meets,
And leads thee onward through the myrtle glade.

Oh! come with me, and hear the song of eve,
Far, sweeter far, than the loud shout of morn;
List to the pantings of the whispering breeze—
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.

We have a tale and song will charm these shades,
Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind,
Where Sorrow's captives hail thy once-loved maid,
To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.

Edwin, farewell! go, take my last adieu:
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more!
Here, parted here, from love, from life, and you,
I pour my song as on a foreign shore.

—But stay, rash youth! the sun has climbed on high,
The night is past, the shadows all are gone;
For lost Maria breathe the parting sigh,
And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn.'

The inaccuracy of some of the rhymes of the preceding poem might easily be amended; but, what is more to our present purpose, the confusion of ideas is apparent. Nevertheless, a poetical enthusiasm breathes through every stanza, which probably was never felt by this unfortunate lady in her better days. Wildness of manner, however, is not inconsistent with the occasional flights of the soundest intellect."

And last of all, we think the following may possess novelty for ninety-nine out of a hundred readers.

The Empire of Poetry, by Fontenelle.—"This empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries on the continent, into the higher and lower regions. The upper region is inhabited by grave, melancholy, and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall, having their tops among the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being fleeter than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day. The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the trouble to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of Epic, and which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen. The Mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous precipices; and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities, and, from time to time, the materials are carried lower down to build new cities; for they now never build nearly so high as they seem to have done in former times. The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amidst stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from the dunghill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth. Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot; but it is too near to Burlesque, and its trade with this place has much degraded the manners of its citizens. I beg that you will notice in the map those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the Deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country, and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile; but you need not wonder that there are so few who choose to reside in it, for the entrance is very rugged on all sides, the roads are narrow and difficult, and there are seldom any guides to be found who are capable of conducting strangers. Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be very agreeable, and saves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the province of False Thoughts. Here we always tread on flowers,—every thing seems enchanting. But its greatest inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid,—the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the capital. Here the people do nothing but complain; but it is said that they find a pleasure in their com-

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plaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitant walks alone, making them the confidants of his secrets,—of the discovery of which he is so much afraid, that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray them. The Empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers. One is the river Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the Mountains of Reverie. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated that they pierce the clouds: those are called the Points of Sublime Thought. Many climb there by extraordinary efforts; but almost the whole tumble down again, and excite, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are called the Terraces of Low Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking upon them. At the end of these terraces are the Caverns of Deep Reverie. Those who descend into them do so insensibly, being so much enwrapt in their meditations that they enter the caverns before they are aware. These caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet with men walking in easy paths, which are termed the Paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule, equally, those who try to scale the Points of Sublime Thoughts, as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right if they could keep undeviatingly in the Paths of Natural Thoughts; but they fall almost instantly into a snare, by entering into a splendid palace which is at a very little distance,—it is the Palace of Badinage. Scarcely have they entered, when, in place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had, they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar. Those, however, who never abandon the Paths of natural thoughts are the most rational of all. They aspire no higher than they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with sound judgment. Besides the River Rhyme, which I have described as issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another, called the River of Reason. These two rivers are at a great distance from one another; and as they have a very different course, they could not be made to communicate except by canals, which would cost a great deal of labour. For these canals of communication could not be formed at all places, because there is only one part of the River Rhyme which is in the neighbourhood of the River Reason; and hence many cities situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad, could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains might be taken for that purpose. Further, it would be necessary that these canals should cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the map; and that is almost an unknown country. The Rhyme is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and, on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to navigate. On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and regular, but it does not carry vessels of every burthen. There is in the Land of Poetry a very obscure forest, where the rays of the sun never enter. It is the forest of Bombast. The trees are close, spreading and twined into each other. The forest is so ancient that it has become a sort of sacrilege to prune its trees, and there is no probability that the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest and we lose our road, without dreaming that we have gone astray. It is full of imperceptible labyrinths, from which no one ever returns. The Reason is lost in this forest. The extensive province of Imitation is very sterile,—it produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighbouring provinces; and some even make fortunes by this beggarly occupation. The Empire of Poetry is very cold towards the north; and, consequently, this quarter is the most populous. There are the cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a similar description. Finally, in that sea which bounds the States of Poetry, there is the Island of Satire, surrounded with bitter waves. The salt from the water is very strong and dark coloured. The greater part of the brooks of this island resemble the Nile in this, that their sources are unknown; but it is particularly remarkable that there is not one of them whose waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the Archipelago of Trifles: the French term it L'Archipel des Bagatelles; and their voyagers are well acquainted with those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in sport, as she did those of the Ægean Sea. The principal islands are the Madrigal, the Song, and the Impromptu. No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float upon the waters."

Again we warmly recommend this volume to the English student, and indeed to every class of readers.

Introductory Lectures on Political Economy. By Richard Whately, D.D., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 238. London, 1831. B. Fellowes.

WE recollect the surprise that was excited when Dr. Whately was appointed to the chair of political economy. "He is eminent," said every body, "perhaps pre-eminent, in logic, rhetoric, and theology; but what does he know of the balance of trade, or the expansiveness of paper currency? Oriel College is a very good place to study syllogisms, metaphors, and texts; but who ever saw there a bill of exchange, or an invoice? The learned Principal has, without doubt, read many catechisms; but was the 'Catechism of the Corn-laws' among them? We do not question his knowledge of Aristotle; but can he pass an examination in Ricardo?"

To these and similar questions, the volume at the head of this article is a satisfactory answer. Not that it contains a great deal on political economy that is new or that is recondite; but it certainly does imply a perfect acquaintance with that science, so far as it is now understood. At the same time, the whole work is full of proofs that other and very different subjects have been the principal objects of the author's attention. The moral associations of a divine, and the intellectual habits of a logician, shew themselves throughout; and it is curious to contrast political economy in the hands of an author so qualified, with her form when dressed by piety without logic, or by logic without the appearance of any deep-seated feelings. Mr. Ricardo's great work is eminently argumentative—the reader always feels that he is within the province of reason; but it is mere reason. Society, under his hands, seems an oak stripped of its leaves; the ramifications are distinctly apparent, but the bloom and the verdure are wanting. His pictures seem to have been all painted in January, when, melancholy, they resemble

"The bleak wintry scene,
Sad, though unclouded—dismal, though serene."

When more cheerful—

"Then gaily shines the wealthy land,
But all is glist'ning show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow."

Dr. Whately has, besides his own fervour, all the acute reasoning of Ricardo; and he has, moreover, a fertility of illustration and a force of exposure, a power to clothe a truth and to strip naked a fallacy, equalled by scarcely any writer whatever. The following passages, taken almost at random, will illustrate many of our remarks.

"Men are so formed as (often unconsciously) to reason, whether well or ill, on the phenomena they observe, and to mix up their inferences with their statements of those phenomena, so as, in fact, to theorise (however scantily and crudely) without knowing it. If you will be at the pains carefully to analyse the simplest descriptions you hear of any transaction or state of things, you will find that the process which almost invariably takes place is, in logical language, this; that each individual has in his mind certain major premises or principles, relative to the subject in question; that observation of what actually presents itself to the senses supplies minor premises; and that the statement given (and which is reported as a thing experienced) consists in fact of the conclusions drawn from the combinations of those premises. Hence it is that several different men, who have all had equal, or even the very same, experience, *i. e.* have been witnesses or agents in the same transactions, will often be found to resemble so many different men looking at the same book; one, perhaps, though he distinctly sees black marks on white paper, has never learned his letters; another can read, but is a stranger to the language in which the book is written; another has an acquaintance with the language, but understands it imperfectly; another is familiar with the language, but is a stranger to the subject of the book, and wants power, or previous instruction, to enable him fully to take in the author's drift; while another again perfectly comprehends the whole. The object that strikes the eye is to all of these persons the same; the difference of the impressions produced on the mind of each is referable to the differences in their minds. And this explains the fact, that we find so much discrepancy in the results of what are called experience and common sense, as contra-distinguished from theory. In former times men knew by experience, that the earth stands still, and the sun rises and sets. Common sense taught them that there could be no antipodes, since men could not stand with their heads downwards, like flies on the ceiling. Experience taught the King of Bantum that water could not become solid. And (to come to the consideration of human affairs) the experience and common-sense of one of the most observant and intelligent of historians, Tacitus, convinced him, that for a mixed government to be so framed as to combine the elements of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy, must be next to impossible, and that if such a one could be framed, it must inevitably be very speedily dissolved.

'Sed quid sequar? aut quem?'

In points wherein all men agree, they may possibly be all in the right; but where they are utterly at variance, some at least must be mistaken. The illustrations, however, which I have given from other subjects are extremely inadequate; for I know of none in which so much theory, and that most paradoxical theory, has been incorporated with experience, and passed off as a part of it, as in matters concerning political economy. There is no other

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in which the most subtle refinements of a system (to waive, for the present, the question as to its soundness) have been, not merely admitted, but admitted as the dictates of common sense. Many such paradoxes as I allude to (whether true or false, we will not now consider), you may meet with in a variety of authors of the present, but much more of the last and preceding centuries; and may not unfrequently hear in conversation. That a state of war is favourable to national prosperity—that it is advantageous to a nation to export goods of more value than it receives in return—that we are losers by purchasing articles where we can get them cheapest—that it is wise for a people to pay, on behalf of a foreign consumer, part of the price for which he purchases their commodities—that it is better to obtain the same results by much labour than by little—that a man is a benefactor to the community by building himself a splendid palace—and many other doctrines that are afloat, may be truths, but they are at least paradoxical truths; they may be abstruse and recondite wisdom—at any rate, they are abstruse and recondite—they may be sense, but at least they are not common sense."

We have room for only another extract, in which perhaps more is meant than meets the eye.

"It will be sufficient for our present purpose to have merely pointed out to you the considerations which deserve your attention, and to have slightly hinted at the circumstances which may occasion one community to avail itself better, and another worse, of the advantages which wealth and civilisation afford, with a view to moral improvement. It is plain, that if of two communities equal in wealth, the one were to make the wisest, the other the most unwise, use of this advantage, their moral conditions would be immensely different; though it would be not the less true, that a real advantage had been placed within the reach of both. Let it be supposed, for instance, that in the one the higher classes were anxiously occupied in diffusing the blessings of education among the people, and had provided adequately for the instruction both of children and adults; taking care that the most essential points of education should occupy the foremost place, and the next to them the next; and exercising the judgment of a cultivated understanding as to the relative importance of each, and as to the best modes of conveying instruction in each:—let us suppose their wealth to be employed in making an adequate provision for a sufficient number of respectable religious teachers, and of places of worship, to meet fully the wants of their population:—let the schools, again, for the education of the children of their own class, be conducted on a similar principle; making sound religious instruction, and the cultivation of sincere and practical religious habits, the primary object of attention, and placing every other branch of education in its proper order; taking especial care not to let showy accomplishments become a readier path to distinction than substantial cultivation of the understanding; and guarding most sedulously against that besetting danger, the introduction into their schools of a wrong code of morality—a *false point of honour*, distinct from, or at variance with, Christian principle:—let their universities, again, and other institutions for ulterior education, be so regulated as to exhibit in the disposition of their endowments the full efficiency of well-directed wealth in carrying on a plan of manly instruction, of which the foundations should have been laid in earlier years; not sending forth into the world, to assume the office of legislators and directors of public affairs, such as shall have completed their education without having ever even begun the study of the subjects with which they are to be conversant, except so far as they may have taken upon trust some long-venerated prejudices; but men qualified for the high profession they are to follow, by a preparation analogous to what is required even of the humblest artisan:—let these objects, and such as these, occupy the attention, and employ the resources, of an enlightened and opulent community—let them be, I do not say perfectly attained (since perfection is not to be expected of man,) but at least sedulously aimed at, proposed as objects—thought of—(and this surely is no impossibility);—and let the other community, perversely or negligently, pursue, in all or in many of these points, an opposite course; and it is easy to pronounce which of the two is employing its wealth with the better prospect of success, in attaining superior objects;—which is likely to improve, and which to stand still or to fall back, in respect of true national greatness;—which is the more advanced, and has the fairer prospect of advancing, towards a higher and better kind of civilisation than any nation has hitherto exhibited. And yet each party shall have received perhaps the very same number of talents, though the one promises fair to double them, and the other is in danger of having them taken away."

THE GARRICK CORRESPONDENCE.

[Concluding Notice.]

We hinted that we might probably, out of compliment to the bigness of this book, bestow upon it another notice; and the dearth of novelties induces us to do so, ere we lay it on the shelf to rest. A rather lively letter from Dr. J. Brown, dated Newcastle, Oct. 27th, 1765, besides other matter, gives us intimation that Garrick's contemporary correspondents entertained some idea of the future publication of their letters, from the habits and character of that gentleman.

"My dear sir,—Visits and engagements have prevented me from sooner answering yours. I am glad to hear of your recovery from your illness, and hope you will have no occasion for your epitaph these fifty years, except to give your friends the pleasure of reading it, which I desire you will do the next time you write to me. I think you were a little quick two or three times in your last letter, which I do not much dislike in a friend, by the by, especially when there is not much reason for it, as I look upon it as a proof of his regard—at least it is so with me. I have now and then a little anger in reserve for my friends; I have always contempt in abundance for my enemies, whether they be mock patriots at Stowe, or ballad-makers in Grub Street. I had seen the ballad long before in a newspaper, and looked upon it as one of those many honours of late conferred on me by the scribblers of the times. On some future occasion, I will write to you more particularly about the affair of Stowe, and will desire you to lay by the letter, to be put into a collection which will hereafter appear in print. * * * I have seen some extracts from Johnson's preface to his *Shakespeare*. In my humble opinion, he is as improper a critic for that great poet as any that have yet appeared. No feeling nor pathos about him! Altogether upon the high horse, and blustering about imperial tragedy! How is this work relished by the public?"

We find several other of Garrick's correspondents expressing similar opinions upon Johnson's work.

There is a long dispute between him and the elder Colman, respecting their relative shares in the Clandestine Marriage. In one of his letters, the latter says—

"I understood it was to be a joint work, in the fullest sense of the word; and never imagined that either of us was to lay his finger on a particular scene, and cry, 'This is mine!' It is true, indeed, that by your suggestion, Hogarth's proud lord was converted into Lord Ogleby, and that, as the play now stands, the levee scene at the beginning of the second act, and the whole of the fifth act, are yours; but in the conduct as well as dialogue of the fourth act, I think your favourite, Lord Ogleby, has some obligations to me. However, if that be the part of the play which you are desirous to rest your fame upon, I would not have differed with you about the glory of it; but cannot help being hurt at your betraying so earnest a desire to winnow your wheat from my chaff, at the very time that I was eager to bestow the highest polish on every part of the work, only in the hopes of perpetuating the memory of our joint labours, by raising a monument of the friendship between me and Mr. Garrick."

There may be some interest in preserving the literary history of a sterling joint comedy; but what, at the distance of more than half a century, could render it advisable to publish such rubbish as the following?—it is from Colman at Paris:—

"I have not been well since I left you, and yesterday se'nnight had so serious an attack of a very bad sort of fever, that Dr. Genn's melancholy face looked ten times more melancholy than usual. The fever is off; but the devil has got into my bowels, as well as poor Thomas's, and makes a little hell of my inside. Add to all this, I have had another boil, which, falling on my thigh, was inflamed by my breeches, and has brought me under the hands of a surgeon. Such is the present state of your friend."*

In a subsequent letter we have two facts stated, which we quote; the first, as shewing the Gallic propensity to pillage and disguise English works of art; the other, as mentioning a publication, a copy of which we should like to possess.

"There hang out here in every street pirated prints from Reynolds's picture of you, which are underwritten *L'homme entre le Vice et la Vertu*." (Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy!!)

"Do you know any thing of the quarrel between David Hume and Rousseau? It makes a great noise here. Baron d'Holbach has had three letters from Hume about it, who, it seems, is to publish a pamphlet containing the whole story. Suard seems vastly hurt at Smollett's letters, and I suppose will give a suitable account of them in the *Gazette Littéraire*."

We have observed that a too considerable portion of these letters is occupied with angry theatrical squabbles, which are now of no consequence, except it may be to shew that the stage and its professors are always the same,—torn by rivalry, jangling, and intrigue. Some of the most characteristic epistles are from Gainsborough the painter; and it is a striking proof of the manners of the age to see that not

* That this may not be thought singular in its elegance, we quote the beginning of a letter from Garrick himself to his brother. "In the first place, I am grown as fat as a hog; and you may measure with me at my return without tucking in your guts till your face is as red as bull-beef."

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only this rough artist, but Dr. Hoadly,* as well as Colman and Garrick, (whose style we have already exhibited), and others, were guilty of the most gross and vulgar language, only to express not less gross and vulgar ideas. We cite Gainsborough:—

"Bath, July 27, 1768.

"Dear sir,—I, as well as the rest of the world, acknowledge your riches, and know your princely spirit; but all will not do; for, as I told you before, I am already overpaid for that shabby performance; and if you have a mind to make me happier than all the presents London can afford, you must do it by never thinking yourself at all in my debt. I wished many years for the happiness of Mr. Garrick's acquaintance, and pray, dear sir, let me now enjoy it quietly; for, sincerely and truly, I shall not be easy if you give way to any of your romantic whimsies: besides, d—n it, I thought you knew me too well, you who can read hearts and faces both at a view, and that at first sight too. Come, if you will not plague me any more upon this frightful subject, I will tell you a story about *first sight*. You must know, sir, whilst I lived at Ipswich, there was a benefit concert in which a new song was to be introduced; and I being steward, went to the honest cabinet-maker, who was our singer instead of a better, and asked him if he could sing at sight, for that I had a new song with all the parts wrote out. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I can.' Upon which I ordered Mr. Giardini of Ipswich to begin the symphony, and gave my signal for the attention of the company; but behold, a dead silence followed the symphony instead of the song: upon which I jumped up to the fellow: 'D—n you, why don't you sing? did not you tell me you could sing at *sight*?' 'Yes, please your honour, I did say I could sing at sight, but not *first* sight.'"

"Bath, 23d August, 1768.

"Dear sir,—I doubt I stand accused (if not accursed) all this time for my neglect of not going to Stratford, and giving you a line from thence as I promised; but, Lord! what can one do such weather as this—continual rains? My genius is so damped by it, that I can do nothing to please me. I have been several days rubbing in and rubbing out my design for Shakspeare, and d—n me if I think I shall let it go or let you see it at last. I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple portrait way, and had a notion of shewing where that inimitable poet had his ideas from, by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for the purpose; but G—d d—n it, I can make nothing of my ideas, there has been such a fall of rain from the same quarter. You shall not see it, for I will cut it before you can come. Tell me, dear sir, when you purpose coming to Bath, that I may be quick enough in my motions. Shakspeare's bust is a silly smiling thing, and I have not sense enough to make him more sensible in the picture; and so I tell ye, you shall not see it. I must make a plain picture of him standing erect, and give it an old look, as if it had been painted at the time he lived; and there we shall fling 'em, dam' me. Poor Mrs. Pritchard died here on Saturday night at eleven o'clock; so now her performances being no longer present to those who must see and hear before they can believe, will, you know, my dear sir.—But I beg pardon, I forgot—Time puts all into his fob, as I do my time-keeper—*watch* that, my dear. Who am I but the same, think you? T. G.

"'Impudent scoundrel!' says Mr. G——k. 'Blackguard!'"

There is a good deal of curious portraiture in the following from Murphy, touching the Westminster election, 1769.

"Next Thursday, it is expected, will be a busy day. Large sums are actually insured upon Lutterell's life; but he is game, and will face the danger boldly. Tiger Roach (who used to bully at the Bedford Coffee-house, because his name was Roach) is set up by Wilkes's friends to burlesque Lutterell and his pretensions. I own I do not know a more ridiculous circumstance than to be a joint candidate with the Tiger. O'Brien used to take him off very pleasantly; and perhaps you may, from his representation, have some idea of this important wight. He used to sit at a table all alone, with a half-starved look, a black patch upon his cheek, pale with the idea of murder, or with rank cowardice, a quivering lip, and a downcast eye, which, if it was ever raised, was raised only like poor Dido's (I do not mean Reed's Dido, but Virgil's)—

'Quæsivit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque repertâ.'

So far for the description of my hero. In that manner he used to sit alone; and his soliloquy, interrupted now and then with faint attempts to throw off a little saliva, was to the following effect: 'Hut! hut!—a mercer's 'prentice with a bag wig; d—n my s—l, if I would not *skiver* a dozen of them like larks! Hut! hut! I don't understand such airs!—I'd cudgel him back, breast, and belly, for three skips of a louse! —How do you do, Pat? Hut! hut! God's blood—Larry, I'm glad to see you—Prentices! —a fine thing indeed!—hut! hut! How do you do, Dominick? D—n my s—l, what's here to do?' These were the meditations of this agreeable youth. From one of these reveries he started up one night, when I was there, called a Mr. Bagnell out of the room, and most heroically stabbed him in the dark, the other having no weapon to defend himself with. In this career the Tiger persisted, till at length a Mr. Lennard brandished a whip over his head, and stood in a menacing attitude, commanding him to ask pardon directly. The Tiger shrank from the danger, and with a faint voice pronounced, 'Hut! what signifies it between you and me?—well! well! I ask your pardon!' 'Speak louder, sir; I don't hear a word you say.' And indeed he was so very tall, that it seemed as if the sound sent feebly from below could not ascend to such a height. This is the hero who is to figure at Brentford. Some dreadful consequences, I fear, will happen there. I this moment see an advertisement in the papers, requesting votes for my friend the sergeant; being a person every way qualified to make the Bill of Rights perfectly easy, and let it sleep in its bed, as it has done ever since the revolution. I do not mean that these are the exact words of the advertisement. I have not seen him; but if he is in earnest, I most heartily join with you in wishing him success. Your letter to the reverend elector of Middlesex went by the post the very day I received it. Shall I tell you a piece of bad news? I was counsel last Saturday at the Old Bailey against a man who stood indicted for publishing a libel, in which it was most virulently said, that Lord M———d had long disgraced the public justice of this kingdom. The law and the fact were clear; and yet in three minutes a London jury came into court and most deliberately brought in a verdict, not guilty. Baron Smith, who tried the fellow, was amazed. 'Pray, gentlemen, do you collect from the evidence that he did not publish the pamphlet?' 'My lord,' says the foreman, 'we have considered the whole, and that is our verdict.' Pleasant times these are! the brightest talents are no security against calumny and malice."

By way of variety, we conclude with a rhyming application for a loan.

"*Mr. Bickerstaff to Mr. Garrick.*

Still, dear sir, so much good-nature
You have shewn to me your creature,
That 'tis now a thing of course,
And you are my first resource.
Fifty times, as I suppose,
I have troubled you in prose;
Let me, if I can, a while
Strive at least to change my style:
Change of style is all my aim,
For my subject is the same;
And in prose or verse a craver,
I must write to beg a favour.
'Well!' cry you with peevish brow,
'What the plague's the matter now?
Teas'd and worried at this rate:
What's enclosed here—after date?
Promise in six months to pay
Griffin—ay, this is his way;
Every now and then to send me:
To these Irishmen commend me!
But if in again I'm drawn,
Next he'll send his brogues to pawn,
And expect me at his need:
Fifty pounds!—not I indeed.
Hark'e, George, come hither quick,
Give this paper back to Bick;
Tell him that I gladly wou'd
Do him any sort of good;
But demand upon demand,
Forces me to stop my hand;
And in short—(but don't be rough)—
Say I can't, and that's enough.'
Thus, dear sir, however I
Your good-nature mean to try,
'Tis not but I know in fact
How your judgment ought to act;
And whatever my success,
I am not obliged the less;
But while memory endures,
Shall remain for ever yours."

Wakefield on the Punishment of Death.

[Second Notice.]

We return to this volume, with some degree of regret at having been obliged to postpone our review of its contents so long.

The scene of the recorder's report is well described, and the painting of a condemned sermon masterly. We select a portion of each.

"Generally, the recorder's report reaches the prison late at night. If there be any convicts in the school under sentence of death, all the boys in that ward are made to sit up during the night when the report is expected. About midnight the ordinary, attended by some officers of the sheriff, enters the school, dressed in his canonicals, and calls over the names of those under sentence of death. They step forth from the crowd, three of them, let us suppose, of the respective ages of fourteen, twelve, and ten. The ordinary, in his most solemn tone, says—'I am happy to inform you, A. B., and you, C. D., and you, E. F., that your cases have been taken into consideration by the king in council, and that his majesty has been mercifully pleased to spare your lives.' Instantly the boys fall on their knees and recite a thanksgiving to God and the king for the mercy graciously vouchsafed to them. To an uninstructed observer this sight might be very edifying; but to those engaged in the scene it is, in truth, only a mockery. The whole scene is got up betwixt the ordinary, the schoolmaster, and the boys,—the ordinary instructing the schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster instructing the boys, as to the part which these last are to play in the farce. The boys, amongst themselves, will recite the whole scene beforehand; sometimes giving it a different turn, by causing one of themselves, who plays the ordinary, to say, that the king has

* Refer to p. 525 for a very severe, but very coarse epigram, by this divine.

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ordered the law to take its course; when those who play the convicts will act the most violent distress. Of course, the idea of what they are always made to profess, viz. gratitude to God and the king, never enters their heads; since every one is convinced that, as to these children, there never has been a question of danger. It is curious, however, to observe the satisfaction of the boys who are distinguished by taking a part in this ceremony. Their pride appears to be gratified by the distinction; and they have just the same air of agreeable excitement and self-importance, for days before the scene takes place, as marks a Westminster boy when he is about to be distinguished by acting in public. The other boys, waiting for trial or sentenced to transportation, envy those who are to kneel and give thanks to God and the king; whilst the whole party look forward to the midnight mockery as likely to be very amusing,—'to make,' in their own language, 'a good bit of fun.' That they should be so easily amused is not surprising, when one considers the monotony of a prison life."

But the ceremony of the condemned sermon is the most horrid mockery in all this fatal drama.

"In the centre of Newgate there is a chapel, which will contain all the inmates of the prison. The duties of the chapel are performed by the ordinary, a clergyman of the established church. Every prisoner, except those who are sick and those who act as servants in the prison, attends the chapel once a-day during the week for about half an hour, and twice on Sundays, when the ordinary church service is performed, and a sermon is delivered to the prisoners. In the chapel, as elsewhere, there is some classification of the prisoners. A gallery to the south is given to the women, who are screened by a curtain. The opposite gallery is usually filled by capital convicts, whose sentences have been remitted, and others under sentence of transportation. Beneath the two galleries sit the mass of prisoners for trial; and between these, in the body of the chapel, other prisoners for trial, of what is called 'the more respectable class'—that is, persons who, arriving at the prison well-dressed and strangers to the keeper, are placed in a yard by themselves—as well as the schoolmaster and his boys, who sit round the communion-table opposite to the pulpit. In the midst of the chapel is a large pew painted black, which is called the condemned pew. Those who sit in it are visible to the whole congregation, and still more to the ordinary, whose desk and pulpit front the centre of the condemned pew, within a couple of yards of it. On either side of the pulpit is a small gallery, one called the sheriff's and the other the keeper's, both of which are occasionally occupied by strangers. The condemned pew, it will be understood, is the seat of prisoners under sentence of death. It is more or less filled by the results of every Old Bailey sessions, and is emptied by each decision of the council, which consigns some of those who had occupied it to the hulks, and the rest to the gallows. Let it be supposed that the condemned pew has been lately emptied, and that a new batch of convicts has just been sentenced to death. On the following morning all the inhabitants of the cells attend the service, and sit in the condemned pew. Their demeanour on the occasion, as well as that of the other prisoners, is highly instructive. In that of the mass of prisoners, one observes an expression of pity and respect towards the convicts; but that of the convicts shews many differences of feeling. Some tremble, and sigh or weep; some swagger to their places, tossing their heads, smiling, nodding to their friends, and pretending to glory in the distinction of their danger; others appear stupified, creeping into the pew, looking around them vacantly, as if unconscious of their state; and some, again, really behave with the most perfect, I mean with real composure, appearing, as they really are at the time, proud of the distinction of being amongst the condemned, but without any admixture of fear,—since these last are either boys whose youth they know protects them, or men convicted of offences, such as returning from transportation, which are never punished with death—or criminals so hardened by constant contemplation of death by the hangman, that they can look forward to it as their own fate with comparative indifference. The entrance of a new batch of convicts into the condemned pew creates some sensation amongst the other prisoners, and produces a display of various feelings amongst the condemned themselves. But after the day when the condemned pew is refilled, a stranger visiting the chapel would be at a loss to distinguish the capital convicts from the great mass of prisoners for trial. If, however, he were to attend the chapel after an interval of some weeks, he would observe a striking change in the physical condition of most of the capital convicts. In several instances I have seen brown hair turned gray, and gray white, by a month of suspense such as most London capital convicts undergo. In the same short period the smooth face of a man of twenty-five becomes often marked with decided wrinkles on the forehead, and about the eyes and mouth; and, in certainly three cases out of four, one month of the cells of Newgate causes a great diminution of flesh over the whole body. 'How thin he grows!' is the common remark of the other prisoners, when speaking of one who has passed a month in the condemned pew. But except these changes in the physical state of persons under sentence of death, their appearance in the condemned pew presents nothing remarkable after the first day or two, when the novelty of their situation has worn off. At length the suspense of the majority is ended by the decision of the council; and these on the following day appear in a gallery of the chapel, placed in the front row, for the purpose, I conclude, of more fully seeing and being seen by their late comrades, who still remain in the condemned pew. On first meeting in the chapel after their separation, the two parties generally regard each other with fixed attention, and are closely watched by the rest of the congregation. What their respective feelings may be on the occasion, I pretend not to divine; but having witnessed the scene more than twenty times, I can form some guess at the feeling which it excites in the other prisoners. My own strongest sentiment on these occasions was one of anger—of that sort of anger which is commonly produced by witnessing gross injustice. One sees twenty-five fellow-creatures, who yesterday were all under sentence of death—twenty of them are saved, and five are utterly condemned. Are the five the most guilty? By no means. Perhaps two or three out of the five are within a degree of being the least guilty, whilst half of the twenty are the most guilty. But guilty in what respect?—in the eye of the law? No—for in the eye of the law they are all equally guilty. How then?—why, in respect to the degree of injury which the crime they have committed inflicts on society; by which rule alone ought to be measured, and in point of fact is measured, the anger of society towards criminals. *Here*, then, we see left for execution an ignorant creature, who, in some measure pressed by hunger, has stolen a sheep; or a broken tradesman, who, in the hope of retrieving his affairs, has passed a forged acceptance for 20*l*., firmly intending to 'take up' the bill, and therefore not to commit a robbery; whilst *there* is snatched from death a notorious hardened burglar, a criminal by trade, whose every crime tended to murder. By whom was the selection made? Look back, reader, to the account of the fourth trial, and then say whether a sight like this would not rouse your indignation? Just, I do believe, as there is gross injustice in every decision of the privy council, so every separation of capital convicts who are to be saved, from those who are to be hanged, produces in the minds of those who witness the separation, a strong feeling of anger—a feeling which, considering who the persons are in whose breasts it is excited, soon becomes desperation; the very worst state of mind for any one, and the last, therefore, which it is the true object of punishment to excite amongst the criminals of society. In a desperate mood the prisoners in Newgate are called to pray for all their fellow-creatures, and 'especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law.' These words are introduced into every morning service between the decision of the council and the execution of those whom it has condemned. I would not undervalue the power of religion for the reformation of criminals, if it were used in conjunction with a rational and just system of punishment; but used as it is, in conjunction with gross injustice, and even as part of an act which that very religion describes as the greatest of crimes, the whole scene becomes a mockery equally of reason and religion. Murderers about to be executed do not pass through any religious ceremonies; they are not prayed for by their fellow-prisoners; and if they have the benefit of religious offices, that consolation is bestowed on them in the strictest privacy! And why? The answer I have always received is, that it would be wrong to *shew* the least tenderness towards a murderer, and still more wrong to excite in his fellow-prisoners a sentiment of compassion and sympathy, by causing them to pray for him. Then why show tenderness, and excite the sympathy of criminals generally towards certain other criminals on whom you inflict the punishment awarded to the murderer? What is the object of your distinction? It has no object. From the moment that a prisoner enters the cells of Newgate, no pains are spared to excite in him a strong sentiment of religion; and this course is pursued towards all, without distinction, who are considered to be in danger. I doubt very much whether the attempt ever succeeds until after a prisoner is ordered for execution. The Rev. Mr. Cotton, the ordinary of Newgate, who has been chaplain of the jail for more than a dozen years, has often acknowledged to me, that he does not remember an instance of what he considered sincere conversion to religious sentiments, except in prisoners who were executed. A very great show of religious fervour is often made by prisoners even from the moment of their entrance into Newgate, still more after they enter the cells; but in such cases, when the punishment is finally settled at something less than death, the prisoner invariably behaves as if all his religion had been hypocrisy. Still there can be no doubt that a considerable number of those who are executed, die with a firm expectation of

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happiness in another world. I cannot explain the contradiction—let the reader judge for himself. Two persons, say A. and B., are ordered for execution. They both display the liveliest faith in the doctrines of Christianity. Apparently the minds of both are equally filled with religious thoughts, to the exclusion of what belongs to this world. And the sincerity of both is equally manifest; for any one who watches them, may be sure that they have *ceased to think of their own situation*, otherwise than as they look forward to the approaching execution 'as the happiest moment of their lives.' I quote the words which are frequently uttered by persons ordered for execution, and to all appearance with entire sincerity; for it is an indubitable fact, that nearly in all such cases of religious fervour, the bodily health of the enthusiast is excellent, his sleep sound, his appetite good, his pulse steady, and his skin moist; whilst, speaking generally, he who goes to the scaffold scoffing at religion is full of bodily disease, of which the main symptoms are want of appetite and sleep, a rattling or fainting pulse, and a skin hot and dry, as if he were in a burning fever. Now in the supposed case of A. and B. the physical symptoms are precisely alike, whilst the language and conduct of the two men indicate the same degree of religious fervour. A. is hanged, blessing the executioner, and lost to all but one sentiment—that of confidence in his own salvation by faith. B. is spared, and within a week is heard laughing and railing at all religion. I have said before, that it is chance which generally decides who shall be hanged and who spared. Consequently, we are not to suppose that A.'s greater criminality was the cause of his greater enthusiasm; nor can we, indeed, presume that his religious feelings were more profound than those of B. Judging from several actual cases of this kind, I should say, that if B. had been hanged and A. spared, the same conduct would have attended the same circumstances, without regard to the person concerned. It is not often that much religious fervour is displayed by convicts until after they are ordered for execution; nor are the same pains taken to imbue them with religious feelings previously to the decision of the council. As soon as a man is ordered for execution, the great increase of his danger produces extraordinary exertion on the part of those who administer the offices of religion to the inmates of Newgate. These are the ordinary, a Catholic priest, and one or two dissenters, who volunteer their services, but who do not confine their offers of service to persons of their own sect. The Catholic priest attends the cells only when a Catholic is in danger. As soon, then, as the council has selected from a body of Old Bailey convicts those who are to be executed, the ordinary and his assistants visit the press-yard frequently every day, and indeed almost live with the condemned men, exhorting them to repentance, prayer, and faith. In about half such cases the exertions of religious teachers are most successful, and are attended, undoubtedly, with the happiest effects on the prisoners—the effects described above, as produced by religious sentiments. In about one case out of four no religious impression is produced; but the prisoner goes through all the ceremonies of his situation with an air of indifference, being occupied to the very last moment with the hope of a reprieve. In the fourth case, not only do the teachers fail in their endeavours to produce a religious feeling, but those very exertions have an effect directly opposite to the one intended, causing the prisoners to rail, I may say to rave, against religion, in terms of ridicule, scorn, and violent hatred. I should but shock the feelings of many, and without any countervailing advantage, by repeating the language, or particularly describing the conduct, of those prisoners who take offence at the anxiety of the chaplain and others to imbue them with religious sentiments. But I may add, that on almost every execution day on which several are hanged, the chaplain is subjected to the most outrageous insults from one or more of the doomed men. He will readily confirm this statement. And it may be further proper to say, for the information of religious persons amongst those who make our laws, that every year several of their fellow-creatures are cut off in front of Newgate in the very act of scoffing at God, and Christ, and the Holy Sacrament. Let us return to the condemned pew, supposing it to contain four persons ordered for execution. The rest of the congregation, I have said already, pray for the condemned during each morning's service; but on the Sunday preceding the execution, there is a grand ceremony, usually called 'the condemned sermon,' when, besides the sermon, which is of course made for the occasion, appropriate hymns are sung—such as 'the lamentation of a sinner;' and if the execution be to take place next day, part of the burial service is performed. The condemned service is conducted with peculiar solemnity, being attended by the sheriffs in their great gold chains, and is in other ways calculated to make a strong impression on the minds of the congregation, who may be considered as representing the criminals of the metropolis. Whether the impression be a good or a bad one, I leave the reader to decide: but in order that he may have the necessary materials for deciding justly, I lay before him the following description of a condemned sermon, premising only this—that not a circumstance is stated which I have not witnessed. The sheriffs are already seated in their own pew, accompanied by their under-sheriffs, and two friends drawn thither by curiosity. Not far from them appear two tall footmen, swelling with pride at their state liveries. The ordinary is in his desk; his surplice is evidently fresh from the mangle; and those who see him every day, observe an air of peculiar solemnity, and perhaps of importance, in his face and manner. The clerk is busied searching out the psalms proper for the occasion. The tragedy begins. Enter, first, the schoolmaster and his pupils; then the prisoners for trial; next the transports, among whom are the late companions of the condemned men; and then the women. Lastly, come the condemned: they are four in number. The first is a youth, about eighteen apparently. He is to die for stealing in a dwelling-house goods valued at more than 5*l*. His features have no felonious cast;—on the contrary, they are handsome, intelligent, and even pleasing. Craft, and fear, and debauchery, have not yet had time to put decided marks on him. He steps boldly, with his head upright, looks to the women's gallery, and smiles. His intention is to pass for a brave fellow with those who have brought him to this untimely end; but the attempt fails—fear is stronger in him than vanity. Suddenly his head droops; and, as he sits down, his bent knees tremble and knock together. The second is an older criminal, on whose countenance villain is distinctly written. He has been sentenced to death before, but reprieved, and transported for life. Having incurred the penalty of death by the act, in itself innocent, of returning to England, he is now about to die for a burglary committed since his return. His glance at the sheriffs and the ordinary tells of scorn and defiance. But even this hardened ruffian will wince at the most trying moment, as we shall see presently. The third is a sheep-stealer, a poor ignorant creature, in whose case there are mitigating points, but who is to be hanged in consequence of some report having reached the ear of the secretary of state that this is not his first offence; and, secondly, because, of late, a good many sheep have been stolen by other people. He is quite content to die;—indeed, the exertions of the chaplain and others have brought him firmly to believe that his situation is enviable, and that the gates of heaven are open to receive him. Now observe the fourth—that miserable old man in a tattered suit of black: he is already half dead. He is said to be a clergyman of the church of England (Rev. Peter Fenn), and has been convicted of forgery. The great efforts made to save his life, not only by his friends but by many utter strangers, fed him with hope until his doom was sealed. He is now under the influence of despair. He staggers towards the pew, reels into it, stumbles forward, flings himself on to the ground, and, by a curious twist of the spine, buries his head under his body. The sheriffs shudder; their inquisitive friends crane forward; the keeper frowns on the excited congregation; the lately smirking footmen close their eyes and forget their liveries; the ordinary clasps his hands; the turnkeys cry 'hush;' and the old clerk lifts up his cracked voice, saying, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God.' People of London! is there any scene in any play so striking as this tragedy of real life, which is acted eight times a-year in the midst of your serene homes? They sing the Morning Hymn, which of course reminds the condemned of their prospect for to-morrow morning. Eight o'clock to-morrow morning is to be their last moment. They come to the burial service. The youth, who, alone of those for whom it is intended, is both able and willing to read, is, from want of practice, at a loss to find the place in his prayer-book. The ordinary observes him, looks to the sheriffs, and says aloud, 'the service for the dead!' The youth's hands tremble as they hold the book upside-down. The burglar is heard to mutter an angry oath. The sheep-stealer smiles, and, extending his arms upwards, looks with a glad expression to the roof of the chapel. The forger has never moved. Let us pass on. All have sung 'the lamentation of a sinner,' and have seemed to pray, 'especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law.' We come to the sermon. The ordinary of Newgate is an orthodox unaffected church of England divine, who preaches plain homely discourses, as fit as any religious discourse can be fit for the irritated audience. The sermon of this day, whether eloquent or plain, useful or useless, must produce a striking effect at the moment of its delivery. The text, without another word, is enough to raise the wildest passions of the audience, already fretted by an exhibition of gross injustice, and by the contradiction involved in the conjunction of religion with the taking away of lives. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken heart: a broken and contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise.' For a while the preacher addresses himself to the congregation at large, who listen attentively—excepting the clergyman and the burglar, of whom the former is still rolled up at the bottom of the condemned pew, whilst the eyes of the latter are wandering round the

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chapel, and one of them is occasionally winked, impudently, at some acquaintance among the prisoners for trial. At length the ordinary pauses; and then, in a deep tone, which, though hardly above a whisper, is audible to all, says — 'Now to you, my poor fellow-mortals, who are about to suffer the last penalty of the law.' But why should I repeat the whole? It is enough to say, that in the same solemn tone he talks for about ten minutes of crimes, punishment, bonds, shame, ignominy, sorrow, sufferings, wretchedness, pangs, childless parents, widows and helpless orphans, broken and contrite hearts, and death to-morrow morning for the benefit of society. What happens? The dying men are dreadfully agitated. The young stealer in a dwelling-house no longer has the least pretence to bravery. He grasps the back of the pew; his legs give way; he utters a faint groan, and sinks on the floor. Why does no one stir to help him? Where would be the use? The hardened burglar moves not, nor does he speak; but his face is of an ashy paleness; and, if you look carefully, you may see blood trickling from his lip, which he has bitten unconsciously, or from rage, or to rouse his fainting courage. The poor sheep-stealer is in a frensy. He throws his hands far from him, and shouts aloud—'Mercy, good Lord! mercy is all I ask. The Lord in his mercy come! There! there! I see the Lamb of God! Oh! how happy! Oh! this is happy!' Meanwhile, the clergyman, still bent into the form of a sleeping dog, struggles violently; his feet, legs, hands, and arms, even the muscles of his back, move with a quick jerking motion, not naturally, but, as it were, like the affected part of a galvanised corpse. Suddenly he utters a short sharp scream, and all is still. The silence is short. As the ordinary proceeds 'to conclude,' the women set up a yell, which is mixed with a rustling noise, occasioned by the removal of those whose hysterics have ended in fainting. The sheriffs cover their faces; and one of their inquisitive friends blows his nose with his glove. The keeper tries to appear unmoved; but his eye wanders anxiously over the combustible assembly. The children round the communion-table stare and gape with childish wonder. The two masses of prisoners for trial undulate and slightly murmur; while the capital convicts, who were lately in that black pew, appear faint with emotion. This exhibition lasts for some minutes, and then the congregation disperses; the condemned returning to the cells; the forger carried by turnkeys; the youth sobbing aloud convulsively, as a passionate child; the burglar muttering curses and savage expressions of defiance; whilst the poor sheep-stealer shakes hands with the turnkeys, whistles merrily, and points upwards with madness in his look. Of what use are the religious ceremonies in which persons about to be hanged are made to play a part? The question should not give offence to the most religious, since it applies only to the *ceremonies*. These, it would appear, are of no peculiar service to the condemned—that is, all the good which he derives from religion might be bestowed on him without any public ceremonies. The object, then, of the religious ceremonies in which he shares, is to make a useful impression on the other inmates of the prison. Is this object effected?"

We never read a more graphic sketch than this; but its extent precludes us from offering a few remarks, as we purposed, in this Number, on the matters of which Mr. Wakefield treats. These being deferred, we shall now only add one recent instance of the worse than folly exhibited on the execution of capital convicts. Motley, hanged at Lincoln for arson, says the *Lincoln Times*, "had obtained the comforting assurance of pardon from Him to whom the cry of a broken and contrite heart was never raised in vain; and never do the rays of Divine mercy appear so resplendently beautiful as when reflected from the tear of repentance on the cheek of the dying culprit"!!

Jacob on the Precious Metals.

(Third Notice.)

CONTINUING our review of the interesting matter contained in these volumes, we now come nearer home.

"It has been supposed that in the present day, in this country, the quantity of gold and silver in actual existence, including utensils, ornaments, jewellery, trinkets and watches, is three or four times as great as the value of those metals which exists in the form of money. In case circumstances should arise to induce the conversion of plate into money, there would be a resource which could furnish a supply: but in the Roman empire, the plate and jewels of two thousand wealthy families would have been but a feeble aid to the money circulating in that powerful empire, which comprehended within its limits the most populous and extensive parts of the known world. The cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried by an irruption of Vesuvius about the year 79, when the Roman power and prosperity had shewn no visible tokens of that decline which began a few years afterwards. The latter was one of the most industrious and populous cities on the coast of Italy. Within the last century their ruins have been examined. Pompeii was covered with ashes and cinders, rather than with lava, and the investigators have been more successful in their examinations there than at Herculaneum. In some of the houses skeletons of the inhabitants have been discovered; in all, domestic utensils and personal ornaments. But among the utensils none have been found either of gold or of silver; but those for which in our day silver is almost exclusively adopted by the middle class of persons, are composed of iron or brass. These antiquities give a correct idea of the domestic arrangements of the people, such as they were at the period when the catastrophe occurred, and they shew most clearly that gold and silver were not to be found in the dwellings of the inhabitants; though the size of the houses, the paintings, the statues, the books, and other objects, sufficiently prove that the proprietors of them were persons at least in easy circumstances. From their durable nature, if gold and silver had been in these houses at the time of the calamity, they would have been found there, as the iron and bronze have been, of which their spoons and forks were made; and which retain their original shape after a lapse of more than seventeen hundred years."

The following is a curious superstition, which we must copy in its insulated position.

"The inhabitants of Pesquare," says Dr. Belon, "and of the borders of the lake of Gard, and also of Salo, are firmly persuaded that the carp in those lakes are nourished with pure gold; and a great portion of the people in the Lyonnois are fully satisfied that the fish called humble and emblons eat no other food than gold. There is not a peasant in the environs of the lake of Bourgil who will not maintain that the laurets, a fish sold daily in Lyons, feed on pure gold alone. The same is the belief of the people on the lake Paladron in Savoy, and of those near Lodi. But," adds the doctor, "having carefully examined the stomachs of these several fishes, I have found that they lived on other substances, and that from the anatomy of the stomach it is impossible they should be able to digest gold."

Our next extract is a historical view, in which much of important research is compressed into a wonderfully small compass.

The Middle Ages.—"It is further to be observed, that the coinage of the middle ages was conducted with little skill and still less taste. The operation had been rendered hereditary in certain families who were answerable for the intrinsic value of the pieces they issued, but troubled themselves very little about their beauty, being only compelled to stamp on them the name of the reigning sovereign. On account of the scarcity of silver about the year 1213, the Emperor of Germany established numerous mints in several cities; and, that the moneyers might practise no deceit, a number of persons were placed in each, under the title of *adjoints*, whose duty it was to buy and receive the metals, to watch carefully all the transactions regarding the real value of the coins, and especially of those of inferior standard; but, above all, to superintend the securing those emoluments to the emperor to which he was entitled for his seigniorage. Those precautions were found, however, so ineffectual, that it became necessary to issue penal ordinances, by which the punishment of the galleys in some cases, and of death in others, was decreed. Without further mention of the productions of the mints in the middle ages, it is sufficient to observe, that the coins of that period being clumsily formed, were thicker than those of more recent date; and as they thus exposed a much less surface to friction, there was proportionably less loss on them than on modern pieces of money. There is good reason to conclude, that during the period we are viewing, a very small part of the produce of the mines of gold and silver was permanently applied to other purposes than that of money. A portion of it was undoubtedly used for domestic utensils, for religious institutions, and for personal decorations: but it would appear that such portions were small, and dispersed among the higher classes of society, including the ecclesiastical communities, in very small quantities. We should be justified in concluding, that whatever existed in other forms than that of money, was, with the money, held to be at the disposition of the government whenever the necessities of the public required it to be put in requisition. Thus, when Richard, king of England, was a prisoner in Austria, Louis of France in Egypt, and John of France in England, their redemption was effected by placing in requisition, as has been already noticed, the plate of noble individuals and of religious houses in all parts of their dominions. The gold and silver articles, of whatever kind, so collected, would be converted into coin, either by those who delivered or those who received them, and become a part of the general mass of current money. In more tranquil seasons, when peace gave a breathing time for the indulgence of luxuries, the coin might and probably would be reconverted into objects of gratification. These changes might increase the waste of both metals. As far as relates to silver, there is a small portion of waste at every melting; and though gold suffers no loss by that operation, yet, in its application to objects of personal decoration, it is divided into such small particles, that some of them, from their very minuteness, become insensibly mixed up

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in other substances, from which they are only separated at an expense of time and labour which exceeds their value. In some of the ancient chronicles, notices are to be found which would give a higher value to the stock of silver and gold in the possession of some individuals than appears to be justified by a more rigid examination. In the gold, silver, and jewels, taken from Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II., it is said by Rymer, that some of the silver articles in his collection had cost four times the value of the metal in workmanship. The workmen on the precious metals, except, perhaps, on the inferior parts of the work, were not mere mechanics, but men of a superior order, like artists, such as Cellini in Italy at a later period. Among the operators on gold and silver in England, we find several ecclesiastics noticed, especially one Alan de Walsingham, a monk of Ely, who, as well as others of his class, were celebrated for their superior skill in the goldsmith's art. Whilst the fabrication of any articles is confined to artists, they must necessarily be rare; and when they become subjects of extensive demand and use, the labour will be executed by common mechanics or manufacturers. In that now usual appendage to the dress of almost every decent person, the watch, though it had been introduced as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, only the outer case was made of silver and the inner one of copper, and a gold watch was not known till a period long subsequent to the first invention. As far as is known of the jewellery of that day, it appears to have derived its great value from the precious stones, and in a very small degree from the gold or silver in which it was fixed. Thus, when our Henry the Third pawned his jewels for five thousand marcs, or ten thousand pounds, to the King of France in 1261, the gold of the rings, in number three hundred and twenty-four, however heavy they may have been, could have borne no proportion in value to the sum borrowed, the security for which must have been founded on the precious stones. From the great value thus created in articles of which gold and silver bore a part, we infer that great care must have been taken of their preservation, and that the articles of silver whose value was increased by the costly workmanship, and those of gold by the stones imbedded in it, were rarely used, and that consequently there was but little loss occasioned by that degree of friction to which they were exposed. The art of gilding and plating had been carried to some considerable extent, and the metal which was thinly coated with gold or silver was fraudulently sold for those metals. To prevent such frauds, and also to prevent the use or waste of too much gold and silver, as the preamble recites, the act of the fifth Henry the Fourth, cap. 13, was passed, which enacts 'that no artificer or other man shall henceforth gild or silver any locks, rings, beads, candlesticks, harness of girdles, chalices, hilts, nor pummels of swords, nor covers for cups made of copper or latten, upon pain to forfeit to the king one hundred shillings; but that the said artificers may work (chalices excepted) ornaments for the church of copper and latten, and gild or silver the same; so that always on the foot or some other part of the copper or the latten shall be plain, to the intent that a man may see whereof the thing is made, for to eschew the deceit thereof.' We conclude, therefore, that during the period in question, there could be but little consumption of the gold and silver which composed the money; or of that used as utensils or ornaments in an unmixed state; but that, up to passing the act quoted, in the year 1403, there must have been a considerable quantity consumed by gilding and plating on the inferior metals."

With this we conclude Vol. I.

An Original Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul; founded solely on Physical and Rational Principles. By Samuel Drew, A.M. Fifth edition. 8vo. pp. 364. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

A LITTLE-MINDED, querulous sceptic having annoyed Ugo Foscolo with a number of frivolous questions upon matter and mind, asked him, among other queries, Whether he believed in the immortality of the soul—or, in fact, whether such an essence had any existence or not? Foscolo, calling to mind the individual insignificance of him who put the question, answered, "I do not know whether *you* have any soul—but I am quite sure *I* have." We have related this anecdote for the benefit of all those who are anxious to ask similar questions to that put to Foscolo by his sceptical companion, in order that we may refer them for a number of satisfactory answers to Mr. Drew's able work on this subject. If plain writing and straightforward reasoning carry with them any claim to recommendation, we can vouch for the present volume being entitled to attention, and secure of well-deserved popularity; if, indeed, that need be predicated of a volume originally published in the country, which has of its own merit, without quacking or puffery, run through four large editions, and is now ultimately improved by the last affecting and important touches of the admired and venerable author. The train of argument throughout the essay is perspicuous and forcible—the result of a clear-sighted and clever mind dedicating to its object that unwearied earnestness which so momentous a point of inquiry demands from all who venture upon its discussion. We give the following chapter relative to the soul in sleep. We do not wish it to be considered as a favourable specimen; this would be unfair—for we have quoted, not selected.

"Another argument urged against the immateriality of the soul, which is as specious as it is unsound, is generally stated thus:—'If the soul be a thinking immaterial substance, and consciousness be essential to its nature, it must follow, that the soul must always think: but this is contrary to what every man experiences. We have no recollection of what passes in sleep; and having no recollection, we are left destitute of all proof that consciousness at that time existed. And to suppose an immaterial substance to exist, and to allow consciousness to be essential to its nature, and yet to admit an interval in which this consciousness can afford no evidence of its existence, is to admit as certain, a consciousness of which we have no evidence;—it is to suppose a man to be conscious and not to be conscious at the same time.' To combat theory with fact and incident must always be forcible, and sometimes conclusive; and when theory can be fairly confronted with such incidents, as its design was to invalidate and overcome, fact and incident must always be decisive in favouring the point in debate. But when theory is established on the firm and immovable basis of solid and conclusive reasoning, fact itself must be presented fairly to the mind, to counterbalance the efficacy of such arguments as it has to oppose. The phenomena of appearance are no proof of reality. Speciousness may dazzle the eye, but it cannot produce conviction. The inquiring mind investigates with accuracy, and moves with slow but steady steps, from link to link in the great chain of causes and effects. To give to the objection that solidity which it claims, it is necessary that it should be made to appear, that every man, or some individual man, is not always conscious. And when this is established, the conclusive part of the objection must be admitted; and it will then appear, that it is contradictory to suppose consciousness to be essential to the nature of an immaterial principle, while an interval can be proved in which this consciousness has no existence. Of every fact which we attempt to establish, we must have some conception; without this, we cannot be certain that it is fact; and every idea which we have of any fact, supposes the existence of this fact. But for any man to prove, or rather attempt to prove, that the mind is not always conscious, is to prove the positive existence of a negation. Should it be asserted, that man is not always conscious, I would ask, How can that fact be known? It must be deduced from reasoning, must be self-evident, or must exist in common experience. And, if I mistake not, it is not difficult to prove that it can be in neither. To prove by reasoning, the reality of what is supposed to have no existence, is proving exactly the reverse of what is wanted to establish the supposition—it is proving the existence of a nonentity; it cannot, therefore, be known by reasoning. To suppose it to be self-evident, is also to admit the existence of what is presumed to have no existence; and which, could it be once granted, would necessarily destroy the very supposition it was designed to establish; it would prove exactly the reverse of what it ought. It would prove that an individual is sometimes conscious that he is unconscious. What, therefore, is presumed to have no existence, cannot possibly be self-evident. Neither can it be by common experience. Of whatever we admit on the ground of experience, we must be conscious; without this, the very term is done away. It is preposterous to suppose that we experience the absence of consciousness, while the very supposition itself, wherever it exists, establishes the fact which we attempt to deny. And for any man to suppose himself destitute of consciousness, is in effect for him to suppose, that he is conscious of the absence of all consciousness—that he now experiences what he does not experience—and that he now knows what he does not know. It is proving the non-existence of a thing by the existence of the thing itself. A nonentity, therefore, cannot be proved; and the fact which was necessary to support the conclusive part of the objection, has vanished into air. To assert that a continuation of thought may be inferred from a continuation of life, may probably be deemed more presumptuous than conclusive, because it seems to assume the point for which proof is demanded. But though this inference should be declined, the regularity with which animal life proceeds, during the recess of nature, cannot but furnish us with some striking analogies. The man who is asleep is as insensible that he is alive, as he is that he is conscious; and should we appeal to him for proof, he would find it equally as difficult to furnish evidence in the former case as in the latter. But, however insensible he may be of his condition, we well know that his lungs heave, his breathing continues, his heart beats, his blood circulates, and his pulsation goes on. And yet when he wakes, he has no knowledge whatever of these facts, and nothing can induce

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him to admit them as such, but information and analogy. If, then, the functions of animal economy may be, and actually are, carried on in the hours of sleep, without our knowledge or sensibility, why may not the mind continue its operations also, even though we never could know the manner in which it is employed? We well know, that frequently while we are asleep, the mind is occupied with dreams, many of which so far engage the attention as to leave an impression which continues when we are awake. Nay, some of these are recollected with pain or pleasure after a series of years, and even continue through life. Among these dreams a great number are totally forgotten when we first start from sleep; and sometimes it is the case, that some occurrence which happens in the day recalls the impression, and brings it to our memories in all its vividness. Sometimes days, and even weeks, elapse, before these sleeping impressions are recalled; and yet when they return, no person can convince us that our minds were unconscious through the whole of that night on which they were first made. But should any person, during the interval which passed between the dream and our recollection of it, assert, that our consciousness was suspended, that the mind did not operate, and that all our mental powers were destitute of activity, we should have no means of contradicting the assertion, until a recollection of the impression returned. But whenever this took place, we should want no arguments to convince us that his opinion was unfounded. In like manner, it may with safety be admitted, that we have no reason to conclude that the mind is unconscious either when we sleep or when we wake, merely because we do not recollect what passed through our minds during these questionable hours. No doubt a multitude of dreams occur to the mind, to which even then we pay little or no attention, and which we never recollect afterwards. Though, could these be collected in the regular train of succession in which they occurred, it is highly probable that they would leave but few intervals in which the perpetual consciousness of the mind could be questioned. These considerations are sufficient to silence objections against the perpetual consciousness of the mind during the hours of sleep, even though they may be deemed insufficient to prove that consciousness does actually and unremittingly exist. But it would not affect the immateriality of the soul, although it could be proved that there were intervals in which the mind paid no attention to its own operations, even at the time that it was engaged. This fact, the occurrences of our waking hours will sufficiently prove. And every instance in which the attention is suspended, whether sleeping or waking, will demonstrate the fact. That men do not always attend to their own consciousness, I readily admit; but it does not follow from hence, that consciousness during these intervals has no existence. It proves that we have no apprehension of the thing, but it does not prove the non-existence of the thing itself. The existence of a faculty of the mind and of its actions, and our apprehension of their existence, are distinct ideas. The former may exist independently of the latter, but the latter cannot exist if the former cease to be. The existence of a faculty must necessarily precede, in the order of nature, our apprehension of its existence; and the action of this faculty must, for the same reason, precede our knowledge of it. If, then, the existence of consciousness and thinking must necessarily precede our apprehension of them, our apprehension of them can in no way whatever be essential to their real being. It is, therefore, not only possible that the soul may think during the hours of sleep, though we may be totally ignorant, when we awake, of those objects which then approached the mind, as well as insensible of the manner of our intellectual operations; but it appears absurd to suppose that the operations of the mind, and our apprehension of them, should be co-existent with one another. And, consequently, where recollection fails, those subjects which occupied our thoughts must be totally unknown. Although the faculty of the soul be always the same, it may, nevertheless, vary in the manner of its operations. Thinking may diverge itself into a thousand directions, and consciousness may be employed about as many different ideas; but it does not follow from thence that we must always understand the manner in which the former operates, or that in which the latter is employed. Hence, it is no more necessary to our idea of thinking, that we always understand the manner in which the faculty operates, than it is necessary to the operations themselves, that we should always comprehend the secret springs by which they move. In like manner, it is no more necessary to the existence of consciousness, that we always recollect the manner in which it was employed, or the ideas about which it was occupied, than that we should be acquainted with those mysterious laws by which consciousness is governed, or that both should be supposed to depend for their existence upon our knowledge of them. Our being conscious of any given fact, is a simple action of the mind operating upon that fact, while our attention to what is passing is a reflex act of the mind operating upon its own operations. The former must precede the latter in the order of nature, and therefore must exist independently of it; while the latter, founded on the former, is dependent on it for its existence. But whether the latter exist or not, it implies neither contradiction nor absurdity."

We strongly advocate Mr. Drew's work, not only from its obvious utility in supplying the means of defence against the assaults of scepticism, but as a source at once of gratification to the mind from its matter, and of beneficial exercise from the clear tone of reasoning which pervades its pages.

The Prospect of Reform in Europe. Pp. 55. London, 1831. Rich.

A PAMPHLET re-edited from the *North American Review*, published at Boston six weeks ago. *Fas est ab hoste doceri* should be its motto, for it contains much important matter, on which the English reader should chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought. In favour of reform, it disguises none of the mighty effects now in progress, and discusses many of the topics connected with this engrossing question so ably, as to be well calculated to open the eyes of the public to the real bearings of the case.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW AND DESTRUCTIVE ENGINE OF WAR.

WE have this week been favoured with the sight of some experiments made with a newly invented pistol, for which a patent has been taken out.

This important invention, which appears destined to produce a new era in modern warfare, is decidedly the most destructive weapon, in all its forms, that has ever been offered to the consideration of any government. Its extreme simplicity, the facility with which it can be cleaned, its prodigious and varied powers, render it peculiarly applicable to every purpose of naval and military warfare to which fire-arms can be applied.

1st, A pistol, either for cavalry, for the defence of breaches, or for boarding, which can be loaded and fired ten times in one minute, projecting at each discharge 12 missiles in one horizontal line, diverging laterally from 12 to 18 feet, and within an elevation of 6 feet, at the distance of 30 or 40 yards. Each man discharging 120 missiles per minute, 100 men in ten minutes are enabled to discharge 120,000 missiles, each equal in effect to an ordinary pistol-ball. Suppose that a squadron of 100 men charge an enemy's squadron of equal numbers, and that 75 direct their aim so badly that not one of their missiles took effect, there still remain 300 well-directed missiles at the first discharge; or, even imagine it possible that only 1 in 100 was efficient, 100 men in ten minutes could put 1200 *hors de combat.*

2d, A short carbine, capable of being discharged with the same rapidity as the pistol, but propelling 16 instead of 12 missiles, and particularly applicable to naval warfare, as 50 men, directing their fire on the enemy's deck, while the fire of 50 more was directed against the men on the masts and rigging, would in one minute pour a shower of 16,000 missiles over the whole vessel; thus rendering her defenceless, and the boarding and capture consequently easy and almost instantaneous.

The Marquess of Clanricarde, who has taken a great interest in the perfection of this instrument, was present at the experiments, together with Colonel Buller, and several other gentlemen. They were conducted by Mr. Wilkinson, the eminent gun-maker in Pall Mall, and completely succeeded in producing all the effects we have enumerated. The pistol was about 3¼lbs. in weight, with an elliptical muzzle, and loaded with great ease and simplicity at the breech. The specimen was admirably finished as a piece of workmanship, and the balls were thrown with such force that they rebounded from a brick wall, at thirty yards, more than half-way back. It seemed to us impossible that any military force could exist in the face of so terrible an engine; and for the protection of houses from burglars, we never saw so irresistible a weapon. The invention, as improved by Mr. Wilkinson, is applicable to cannon as well as smaller arms; and as it is about to be tried by our public boards, we have no doubt it will soon become well known to the world.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL CLARENCE VASE.

WE have seldom been struck with more surprise and admiration than we felt on entering the apartment of the Queen's Bazaar in Oxford Street, in which this magnificent specimen of human ingenuity, perseverance, and taste, is exhibited. The form of the vase is classical and beautiful, the size stupendous, the execution rich and varied beyond conception. When illuminated by numerous gas-lights, the effect is in the highest degree splendid and brilliant, and realises the wonders of the Arabian Nights. This unique and extraordinary work of art is fourteen feet in height; its diameter is twelve feet; its weight upwards of six tons; and it is capable of containing eight pipes, or about five thousand four hundred bottles of wine,—a tolerably sufficient provision for a small convivial party. The inventor of this striking novelty (the value of which is estimated at ten thousand

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guineas) is Mr. John Gunby, of Birmingham; and we extract the following passages from a sketch of its origin, history, and character, which recently appeared in a Birmingham journal:—

"It is now nearly four years since Mr. Gunby invented and executed two small vases, about eighteen inches high, the first specimens of the art, which he shewed to some of his friends; and by their recommendation he was induced to procure an introduction, through Sir Frederick Watson, to his late majesty George IV., who was pleased to express his unqualified approbation of the invention and execution, and commanded Mr. Gunby to execute a vase on a much larger scale, suitable for one of his palaces. Thus encouraged by the countenance of so distinguished a judge, Mr. Gunby returned to Birmingham, and in a few hours finished a rough sketch of a vase of the purest Grecian form, and of the prodigious dimensions of the one now exhibiting at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, London. This original sketch, though produced in the incredibly short time of a few hours, has undergone few or no alterations either in the outline or in the detail; and the boldness of the conception is no less creditable to Mr. Gunby, than the great taste he has shewn in the rich variety and harmony of the colours, and the extraordinary mechanical ingenuity displayed in the general adaptation of the parts, forming a mass of glass-work hitherto unequalled in magnitude, and presenting a combination of beauty and magnificence altogether unexampled in the arts. The prevailing colour of the exterior of the vase is gold, which for the most part has the appearance of being richly embossed, and which is very agreeably relieved by a vivid emerald green and scarlet. The different compartments of the exterior are judiciously diversified,—not irregularly and without system, but exhibited in tiers continued round the bowl, and forming distinct patterns of the most dazzling beauty. This effect perfectly astonished us, and is certainly a new era in the art of glass-cutting; but on a nearer inspection, we perceived it was produced by the most elaborate cutting either on the upper or under side of the glass; and by the skilful management of a variety of gilding and colouring all *underneath* the surface, a richness and brilliancy is produced equal to the most finished specimens of enamel, possessing at the same time the rare merit of being equally durable, the gold and colouring being securely protected from the action of the atmosphere. The interior surface possesses less brilliancy than the exterior; but we think it is calculated to please the general spectator by the contrast it exhibits in its subdued colouring. The colour of the ground is a warm lavender, with the vine-leaf of vivid green flowing gracefully from the upper lip to the centre of the vase. The arms, which are in bronze and highly finished, were modelled by Mr. William Hollins, of this town, from a design of his own. Each of the arms consists of two griffins' heads, grasping a massive chain between the teeth, and supported by a scroll, from which flows the elegant and classical acanthus leaf, embracing the bowl on either side, and, being of bronze, forms a fine relief to the general character of the work."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The First Sign in Egypt. Painted by J. M. Scrymgeour.

THIS picture is now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall; and if an effort to accomplish a production of art of the highest class, and distinguished success in so noble an aim, are deserving of patronage, then will M. Scrymgeour meet with no stinted share of public encouragement. The subject is the evidence of the divine mission of Moses and Aaron, given to Pharaoh by the serpent-rod of the Hebrews swallowing up the rods of the Egyptian magicians. The artist has presented us with Pharaoh in splendour upon his throne, the magicians discomfited and enraged, Moses looking upwards for heavenly assistance, and a multitude of people variously affected by the miracle. The architecture, covered with hieroglyphics, has a superb effect; and a distant view of the pyramids, together with an extraordinary and powerful light, which is introduced with great effect, add wonderfully to the general beauty of the design. The colouring throughout is brilliant;—the whole a work of genius, the more to be admired, when we reflect on the difficulties to be encountered by the aspiring painter of any picture of this exalted order.

Richmond, and its Surrounding Scenery. Engraved by, and under the direction of, W. B. Cooke; from Drawings by eminent Artists. With Descriptive Letter-press by Mrs. Hofland. Part I.

No work that we can conceive, of a similar character, could come before the public associated with more pleasing sentiments, or exciting a more classic interest, than this. Few dwellers in the metropolis, and few occasional visiters to it, but are well acquainted with the picturesque beauties of Richmond and its neighbourhood; and there is scarcely any foreigner by whom they have been seen, who does not allow that their claims to admiration equal those of the richest pastoral landscape of his own country. The representation of such delightful scenery, treated by such artists as those who are engaged in the present undertaking, cannot fail to be favourably received by the public in general, as well as by the lovers and encouragers of the fine arts. The publication will be comprised in two Parts, each containing twelve plates. In this, the first Part, the drawings, with the exception of four by his able pupil Mr. Barnard, are from the pencil of Mr. Harding, whose high rank among our water-colour painters is well known; and the plates, with the similar exception of four by his able pupil Mr. Frederick Smith, are from the graver of Mr. W. B. Cooke, to whom we have too often paid the just meed of approbation in the *Literary Gazette*, to render any further eulogium on his powers necessary. The subjects have been selected with great taste and judgment; and the fidelity of the delineation of them is unimpeachable. There are also several clever little wood vignettes, which ornament a letter-press illustration of the work by Mrs. Hofland, whose literary talents, whose love of the beauties of nature, and whose former residence at this enchanting spot, eminently qualify her for the task.

Mr. C. Davis, His Majesty's Huntsman, on his favourite Mare Columbine. Painted by R. B. Davis, Animal Painter to His Majesty; engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE title of this beautiful print gives but a very inadequate notion of its variety. It is not only a portrait of Mr. Davis on his mare, both painted in fine and spirited action, but it represents a pack of hounds in full chase through a rich and picturesque country; the whole executed with great vigour and taste, and with that striking intelligence and discrimination of animal character by which Mr. Davis's pencil is distinguished. The plate is charmingly engraved.

William the Fourth. Dobbs.

A FINE profile resemblance of his Majesty, embossed on tinted paper. The name of the artist by whom the die was sunk ought to have been introduced, that he might not, like one of Ossian's heroes, be "defrauded of his fame."

View of the New London Bridge, from Trafalgar Wharf, Southwark. By R. H. Essex. On stone, by Scharf. Dickinson.

ANOTHER view, in which we see more of the structure of the bridge and the boats, &c. on the river below. Mr. Essex is, we believe, a young artist; but he belongs to a family eminently gifted with taste and talents, especially in music, and he shews himself to be worthy of his kin.

Ceremony of opening London Bridge. Procession on the Bridge. Drawn by Thomas Allom. Fisher and Co.

THIS print affords a true and lively idea of the gay scene which presented itself upon the new bridge when the royal party promenaded it. Though on so small a scale, the likenesses of the principal personages are well preserved; and the *tout ensemble* is at once accurate and pleasing.

Christ crowned with Thorns. Painted by L. Caracci. Drawn on stone by F. Wilkins, Esq.

RISING from human to divine, Mr. Wilkins has here exercised his lithographic powers on a head, the size of life, from the fine painting of an ancient master. The execution is very skilful, and the delicacy with which the Man of Sorrows is represented does infinite credit to the art. The original partakes of the pathetic rather than of the sublime, and the engraver has faithfully caught the expression. Indeed, we have seen nothing on stone of this kind more honourable to the English school.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. PETER NASMYTH.

THIS distinguished and extraordinary painter died on Wednesday, at his lodgings in South Lambeth, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His death was occasioned by his ruling passion. Not recovered from the influenza, under which he had been some time suffering, he went to Norwood to make a study of one of those scenes on which he especially delighted to exercise his pencil, and in the execution of which he stood alone. A severe cold was the effect of this exposure. He was thrown back upon his bed in a state of weakness that nothing could restore. The most skilful professional aid, in the kind attentions of Mr. Wardrop, and the affectionate care of his relatives, were of no avail.

Peter Nasmyth was the eldest son of Alexander Nasmyth of Edinburgh, whose talents as a painter of landscape have been known and estimated through half a century, and who still lives in the vigorous exercise of his powers, surrounded by a numerous and gifted family. The earliest recollections of Peter tell of his devoted attachment to nature. Nature was in truth his school; for this the schoolmaster was neglected,—and the truant boy was found, not robbing orchards, nor indulging in sensual gratifications, but with a pencil in his hand, drawing some old tree, or making out the anatomy of a hedge-flower. To lash him into the study of books was impossible—the attempt was given up in despair. He was allowed to take his own

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course, and to follow out in his own way the dictates of his powerful genius. A remarkable circumstance occurred at a very early age, which proves how strongly his imagination was impressed with the objects of his study. He was going on a sketching excursion with his father. In making some preparations the evening previous, his right hand was disabled, and it was thought his part of the undertaking would be abortive. His friends did not know his powers. Peter set off—his right hand was disabled, but he had another; and with this left hand he made sketches which are sought after now by collectors for their truth and fidelity. His ingenuity suggested many contrivances to facilitate the study of nature in the stormy atmosphere of his native mountains. One of these was a travelling tent, which may be recollected by his companions as more creditable to his enthusiasm than to his mechanical skill.

At the age of twenty he came to London, where his talents were soon appreciated, and he got the name of the English Hobbima. Hobbima and Ruysdael seem to have been his favourite masters. Without being a copyist of their manner, he may be said to have infused their spirit into his works; but Peter was still original. His pictures have been sought after, and will continue to be collected, for their own intrinsic excellence. The most distinguished amateurs of the day may be ranked amongst his patrons; and there is scarcely a collection in England that does not boast the possession of some of his works. Sickness found him in the midst of employment; and he may indeed be said to have "felt the ruling passion strong in death." In the late thunderstorm, when too weak to support himself upright, he wished the curtains to be drawn aside, and begged his sisters to lift him up, that he might register in his memory the splendour of the passing effects. In these breathings after his favourite art his life passed away: death seemed mere exhaustion, without pain or visible disease.

In his habits Peter Nasmyth was peculiar. Deafness, which had come upon him from sleeping in a damp bed, at the age of seventeen, robbed him of many of those advantages which others enjoy. Shut out, in some measure, from society by this affliction, he was too apt to indulge, in his solitude, in excesses, from which many of his most distinguished countrymen have not been entirely free. It must not be disguised that his constitution was undermined by these habits. Illness, when it came, found a frame unprepared to resist it. Happily for mankind, these habits are no longer considered necessary to talent; and let us hope that Peter Nasmyth may be the last man of genius who shall be named as having followed Burns in other things besides his enthusiasm for poetry and his love of nature.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Mr. Mason, who has become the lessee of the King's Theatre, at a rent of 16,000*l.*, for next season, is the gentleman whom we mentioned in a former *Literary Gazette* as the author and composer of an Italian opera, on a stirring subject in Irish history. He is, therefore, though new as a manager, possessed at least of qualifications which eminently fit him for an undertaking of this kind. His plans and projected improvements are, we learn, of great variety and novelty. A constant succession of new operas hitherto unknown to the English public; morning promenade-rooms for ladies, with refreshments and accommodations for taking boxes, &c. &c.; the whole pit divided into seats, which may be secured for individuals at the usual price; a spirited opening of the season, instead of waiting till near its close for exertion; the engagement of new and excellent singers—are among the arrangements contemplated. We believe Mr. Mason will make the Opera in this country what it ought to be, for its own credit, and for the expense bestowed upon it.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

On Monday, after the *Sorceress*, in which Miss H. Cawse continues to sing and play delightfully, and the fine organ of H. Phillips is heard with increase of admiration, we were amused with a lively operetta, part and parcel of a piece performed at the Queen's Theatre, called *Arrangement*, from the pen of Don Telesforo de Trueba. The rise of this writer in our literature may be estimated by the quantum of scurrility which he provokes in that division of the periodical press of which personality and scurrility are the staple; and we dare-say *Arrangement* will obtain its due share of abuse. Much, however, would be thrown away upon it,—like putting an elephant's castle on the back of a kid,—for it is a mere lively and playful little trifle, made sufficient for half an hour's entertainment by the bustle and vivacity of Wrench. This clever actor is quite in his element as *Tom Trim;* a fellow who, in arranging every thing, counteracts not only all his friends' projects, but his own—procures the marriage of his intended to a rival, and at last finds himself the only unit in the drama for whom there is no arrangement whatever. The idea is pleasant, and it is wrought out in a light and laughable fashion, with a few pretty songs by Mrs. Keeley and Mr. Bland, to diversify the scene. It was very favourably received.

On Thursday a new romantic musical drama, called the *Evil Eye*, was produced here with complete success. The music, by Mr. Rodwell, is effective and pleasing: the acting, by Miss Kelly, O. Smith, Reeve, Miss Poole, Miss H. Cawse, and other less prominent characters, is all that an author could wish. On Thursday performances we have, however, no time to dilate; and we can only congratulate the frequenters of the English Opera upon a new source of great gratification and amusement.

VARIETIES.

Benevolence.—A work, entitled "Original Compositions in Poetry and Prose," illustrated by a few original drawings, and some pieces of music, is announced by a union of accomplished young ladies for the benefit of a most respectable family in reduced circumstances. The Queen has graciously patronised this undertaking, the nature of which induces us to wish it all possible success. We love to see literature engaged in the cause of charity.

Medal Engraving.—A Society for the encouragement of Medal Engraving in Great Britain is about to be formed. It is to consist of an unlimited number of members, at a small annual subscription; its object being to promote and encourage the art of medal engraving, by publishing continually medals commemorative of eminent men or remarkable events, and employing none but native artists to execute them.

Orphan House.—Among the most distinguished institutions of Greece must be placed the Orphanotrophium at Ægina, under the able direction of A. Mustoxidi, its president, who has superintended it for nearly two years. Such children of Grecian families as were wandering about friendless and alone, and were adopted by the state, and provided for first in Poros, and afterwards in Napoli, found at length a permanent asylum in the new Orphan House in Ægina. At the end of 1829 their number amounted to 495, of whom 145 were from the Peloponnesus, 175 from Greece Proper, 25 from the islands of the Archipelago, and 155 of Greek families who had been obliged to abandon their country. In the year 1830, when many Greek parents who had been parted from their children by slavery, or other accidents of war, returned to their country, and found their long-lost offspring in the Orphanotrophium, many expressed a desire to remove them to their native place. The government consented, and ninety-eight went back with their parents.

Grecian Antiquities.—The Greek government some time since issued a decree, commanding all antiquities found in the interior to be brought to the national museum, in order to preserve them from future destruction, and also to prevent their exportation. It already consists of 1090 painted vases, of various forms and descriptions; 108 lamps, and 24 smaller statues, of terra-cotta; 16 small earthen vessels, 19 glass vases, 34 alabaster vases, 137 copper utensils, comprising paterae and other sacrificial vessels; 71 stone tablets, with inscriptions; 24 statues, 14 bas-reliefs, 53 fragments of sculpture, and 339 coins and medals.

Schools in Greece.—Though the internal administration of the new Grecian state has hitherto been prevented, by the want of proper teachers, and the requisite funds, from establishing an adequate number of public schools for the instruction of youth, it has nevertheless succeeded in founding elementary schools in the principal district towns. Unremitting exertions are making in the different provinces to obtain collections of pecuniary and other resources for the establishment of public schools; and, besides those already in operation, the building of twenty new ones has been commenced, and will soon be completed.

New Island.—The *Semaphore*, of Marseilles, states, on the authority of the captain of a brig, sailing between Trafani and Girgenti, that an island was formed by a volcanic eruption in the middle of July, in that part of the Mediterranean. The phenomena are represented as being very striking. An immense mass of water was thrown up to the height of sixty feet, accompanied by a sulphureous smoke and great noise. The result of the submarine explosion is an island, in 37° 6′ north lat. and 10° 26′ east long. from the meridian of Paris. It is an active volcano, with a crater in its centre, whence lava flows. The sea all around is a hundred fathoms deep.

Divinity in Greece.—To supply the want of well-educated clergymen, the convent of Saint Moni, in the island of Poros, was erected into a theological seminary at the end of October 1830. Two professors are to instruct the scholars in ancient Greek, the catechism, and in the duties of the ministerial office.

Lakes of Killarney.—It was only last week we noticed Mr. Croker's admirable little Guide to the pleasure-tour of Killarney; and we consequently perused the following newspaper paragraph a few days after, with feelings of greater compassion. "The most awful thunder-storm ever recollected within the memory of the oldest people in the neighbourhood of

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Killarney, took place on Thursday last at Glanfleak, near that town, about two o'clock after noon. The peasantry in that romantic glen were astounded with its frightful peals, which were succeeded by several water-spouts pouring from the heavens until the whole glen was deluged; and occurring, as it did, on a sudden, assailed a number of humble habitations, which, together with the unfortunate inmates, thirty-eight in number, were, without a second notice, hurried literally off the face of the earth, and at once consigned to an endless eternity. The unfortunate sufferers were the tenants of O'Donoghue of the Glens; and in every instance whole families have been swept away altogether."—*Western Herald.*

The Casket.—The following is the account relating to London bridge, which we noticed last week in the *Casket*; against which periodical, by the by, we have a reclamation accusing it of having pirated its woodcuts and much of its letter-press (without the slightest acknowledgment) from *The Chronicles of London Bridge*; a very interesting work, of which we spoke highly in our review at the time of its publication.

It is stated that "Canute, king of Denmark, when he besieged London, was impeded in his operations by a bridge, which, even at that time, must have been strongly fortified, as it obliged him to have recourse to the following expedient. He caused a prodigious ditch to be cut on the south side of the Thames, commencing at Rotherhithe, and which he continued, at a distance from the south end of the bridge, in the form of a semicircle, opening again into the western part of the river. Through this he drew his ships, and effectually completed the blockade of the city. Evidences of this great work were found, and are still to be seen, in the place called Dock Head, at the end of Tooley Street, where it was first commenced. Fascines of hazels and other brushwood, fastened down with stakes, were discovered in digging that dock in 1694; large oaken planks, and numbers of piles, have also been discovered in other parts of its course. So far the above account, as related by Pennant and other historians; but, with due deference to them, without resorting to speculative arguments on the great improbability of such a gigantic canal having been made, so as to alter, artificially, the course of the river, and completed in so short a space of time, and under such circumstances as those antiquarians relate, the author of this paper personally observed one fact, in 1827, that was more convincing than a thousand such speculative arguments as Pennant's can be, to account for all the oak, timber, piles, and hazel-wood, &c. found at different times, in digging about that neighbourhood, which goes to prove that they were deposited there by *natural*, not *artificial*, causes. In 1826–7, an excavation was made the whole length of Bermondsey Street, into Tooley Street, for the purpose of building a new sewer; and the following is a correct description of the ground cut through; viz. the first few feet of course, were made ground, merely rubbish; then came a thick close sedementary deposit, of alluvial clay and Thames-river mud, averaging about seven to ten feet thick, which evidently had its origin in the tidal and sedimentary matter from the adjacent river; below this mud and clayey deposit was a close stratum of peat, tightly compressed, varying materially in thickness in different places along the street, but averaging from two to four and five feet in thickness. This peat was chiefly composed of vestiges of hazel-trees, hazel-nuts (in beautiful preservation), fragments of oak, beech, and other trees, and leaves and stems of various plants confusedly intermixed, the wood and hazel-nuts and the oak differing in no respect in their character from what might be grown at the present time in the same neighbourhood. This peat and wood had undergone no apparent chymical change; it was highly saturated with moisture, had rather an agreeable odour, of a light brown colour; and fragments of the hazel and oak wood, on being kept in a dry situation for two or three months, shrunk into about one-tenth of their original size by the evaporation of the combined water, but left the outside bark in its original shape, while the remaining inside ligneous fibre of the hazel or oak became (on cutting it with a knife) nearly as black and as hard as ebony. Below this stratum of peat came the usual angular fragments, called by geologists diluvial gravel; consisting of fragments of flint, reposing on the great argillaceous deposit of the blue London clay. The writer of this paper has also distinctly traced a continuous formation of the above peat stratum, and the alluvial mud and clay reposing on it, along the banks of the Thames at Limehouse, and at the new entrance now digging for the London Docks, as well as at the excavation of the East India Docks, Blackwall, and in that neighbourhood. From the above statement of facts, one or two interesting inferences or deductions may be drawn. First—that, at the time when the above hazel-trees and wood were growing (at the depth now of ten or twelve feet), the relative level of the height of the water in the Thames must have been at least twelve feet *lower* than it is at present. Secondly—it is highly probable that, even long anterior to the time of the Romans, this forest or wood must have become submerged by the vast accumulation of the Thames' sedimentary mud and clay, thereby accounting for the progressive rise in the relative level of the river to that which we at present witness at high water."

Memorial to George III.—About eight or ten years ago, a subscription was entered into for the erection of a monument to the memory of the father of his people, our venerated sovereign George III. The design was supplied by Matthew Wyatt, Esq. (whose monument to the Princess Charlotte, at Windsor, is one of the finest works of art of which England can boast), and consisted of a full-length figure of his Majesty in a car, drawn by four horses: these horses were much admired as noble specimens of animal sculpture. The subscription, however, owing to some misunderstanding in a high quarter, did not amount to a sufficient sum to enable the artist to execute the proposed work; and the expense necessarily incurred in models, advertisements, &c. still farther diminished it. At length a general meeting was called, and it was resolved that whenever 3000*l.* was realised, it should be employed in the erection of such a suitable monument as that sum could command, in a fitting site in the metropolis. The period having arrived, another general meeting was held yesterday, pursuant to public advertisements; and the above resolution was confirmed. Lord Kenyon, Colonel Trench, M.P., J. Ramsbottom, Esq. M.P., Sir John Campbell, Colonel Gaitskell, Mr. C. Bleaden, and Mr. Jerdan, were chosen a committee, with full powers to complete the design.

Quære!—The following advertisement appears in a shoemaker's window in the Strand; what it means we cannot tell; it is simply this, "*Women's men wanted.*"

Duke of Saxe Weimar.—The commander of a division of the Dutch army is a literary character, and has written a volume of travels in America. He is a very large man, and, though full of activity, is more like a Falstaff on horseback than a Percy.

French Journals.—*Le Globe*, which is the organ of the Saint-Simonians in Paris, recommends the publication of the names of the writers in the various French journals; and, by way of example, has published the names of its own editors and contributors.

A Dramatic Sketch.

Dramatis Personæ.

I, is the first person.
Thou, is the second person.
He, *She*, or *It*, is the third person.

Scene—*The residence of Lindley Murray, Esq.; the entrance occupied by* Mutes.

I. Those sentinels, in sable clad,
Why stand they there supinely sad?
Thou. To mimic sorrow they convene,
And mark the door where death has been;
But vain it were if I should ask
For whom they speed their mournful task,
Since he, whose door they have surrounded,
Has said that mutes cannot be sounded.
He, *She*, or *It.* Death, then, if I have rightly
Was so irregular a word, [heard,
That Murray, though he might define it,
Was quite unable to decline it.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIV. Aug.* 20.]

We observe, from a prospectus sent to us, that the Works of the late Rev. R. Hall are to consist of six volumes; the Memoir of his Life, by Dr. Gregory, to be in the last.

An improved edition of Ellis's Polynesian Researches, with the fourth and concluding volume.—The Greek Testament, with English Notes by the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D.—Rough Sketches of the Life of an old Soldier, during a service in the West Indies, the Peninsula, France, &c., by Lieut.-Col. J. Leach, C.B., is announced.—The Topography and Antiquities of Rome, by the Rev. Richard Burgess.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alice Seymour, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, Vol. III. finishing the Session of 1830-31, royal 8vo. 2l. bds.; 2l. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Rev. J. Knight's Discourses on Miracles, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Malcolm's Dictionary of the Bible, 12mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Bayley's Tales of the late Revolutions, &c. fcp. 8s. cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. July 1831.

Thermometer—Highest	79·50°
Lowest	42·50
Mean	58·77822
Barometer—Highest	30·09
Lowest	29·36
Mean	29·72322

Number of days of rain, 10.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 3·4625.

Winds.—3 East—5 West—8 North—0 South—2 North-east—0 South-east—9 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—With the exception of last year, the month was hotter than since 1827, and the minimum of the thermometer was above any in the same month for the last eight years; the barometer was also high, and bore the same similarity to the year 1827, as respects the mean and both the extremes: upwards of an inch more rain than in last July, and it fell chiefly in thunder-showers, of which there were six during the month; some very heavy, particularly on the 16th and 28th, when the thunder was very loud, and the lightning vivid: during a great part of the month the air was in a highly electric state—the wind chiefly from the north and north-west. The evaporation 0,70025 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The morbid feeling in B. F. S.'s lines recommended them to our attention; but the composition is not such as to warrant publication.

We cannot insert the young (very young) lover's complaint of his mistress's unkindness, beginning—

"Oh! why do I gaze with such rapture on thee?
And why do I foolishly sigh?"

And the "why" thus accounted for:

"Oh! why, like the thorn, dost thou kill the young rose?"

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.
The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters of the various Schools of Painting, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

FRAUDS in PATENT PENCILS.—S. MORDAN and CO. respectfully solicit the public attention to the Frauds which are daily practised upon them, as regards their Pencils, and the Leads for refilling the same. To guard the Public against impositions, the Patentees are induced to make the following remarks:—
1st. Look for the London Hall mark on each silver pencil-case.
2d. S. Mordan and Co. Patentees and Makers, on the body of the case.
3d. The genuine Leads in boxes have a yellow belt, bearing S. M. and Co.'s seal.
Cedar Pencils.—These pencils contain the same quality of pure Cumberland lead as their silver patent pencils.
Warranted Protection.—The Lock with seven guards is the most secure and the most durable one in use. The key cannot be copied, nor can an impression be taken from it: neither can a skeleton or other substitute key be made with success. The key admits of infinite variety, so that duplicates are entirely precluded, and dishonesty and curiosity equally guarded against.
"S. Mordan and Co. Makers, London," is stamped on each Lock.
*** Scientific gentlemen and others are invited to inspect the Manufactory, 22, Castle Street, Finsbury.

Gothic Ornaments in York Cathedral.
Complete, in extra cloth boards, lettered on morocco, 6l. 6s.
THE GOTHIC ORNAMENTS in the CATHEDRAL CHURCH of YORK.
By JOSEPH HALFPENNY.
A new edition, printed from the original Plates, and Letter-press verbatim.
*** This work consists of 175 Specimens, together with Four General Views of the Interior; faithfully drawn, and etched on 106 Copper-plates.
☞ No single Number will be sold separately.
Some account of the destructive fire in the Choir and "Chapelle of our Ladye," in 1829, is given in the last Number.
York: Published by John and George Todd, Stonegate; and sold by Messrs. Nichols and Son, Longman and Co., and Baldwin and Co., London.

MEDALLION of the KING.—Messrs. DOBBS and CO. have just published an embossed Medallion of His present Majesty, which, for correctness of likeness, and elegance of workmanship, they trust will be found to equal that of his late Majesty, to which it is intended as a Companion.
To be had of Messrs. Dobbs and Co. 134, Fleet Street, and 18, Soho Square. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, on Eligible Terms, the BUSINESS of a BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, in a large and populous Town in the West of England. The Business has been carried on by the present Proprietor during a period of Twenty-four Years, who, being on the spot, would render every assistance to a person unacquainted with the business, in the way of information and introduction to a connexion of the highest respectability. Coming in, about £1,500.
Apply, if by letter, post-paid, to Mr. F. M'Pherson, Bookseller, 4, Middle Row, Holborn; Messrs. Brown and Reid, Booksellers, Bristol; Mr. Upham, Bookseller, Exeter; and Mr. Curtis, Bookseller, Plymouth. A letter, post-paid, may be addressed to W. W. care of Messrs. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

MUSIC.

New Music.
On Monday will be published,
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Count Lavallette. Written by Himself. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THE last half century, so interesting in its events, so important in its results, cannot be too minutely displayed. Every work, whether of history or biography, that gives either a new or more accurate account than has yet been given, has a value independent of its intrinsic merits. The volumes now before us ought to rank high in their class, as the result of the experience of one who had the best opportunities of observation, and time also to reflect on those observations. The name of Lavallette is familiar to all English readers; and as we usually like those we have served, a sort of national interest seems to attach to him, whose life was saved by our own countrymen. Our glance has been a hurried one; but what we have seen of these pages, we like much: they are very French—that is, full of party spirit, using expressions that seem extravagant to our colder, insular ears; but containing much matter, and giving a correct idea of the feelings of the body to which their writer belongs.

We shall now proceed to our extracts, which give the justest notion of the work itself.

"The royal family remained, therefore, surrounded by [redacted] hundred noblemen, whom duty, or the most noble and courageous fidelity, still retained in France; but this fidelity was accompanied with so much hatred of the patriots, and so much foolish presumption, that it proved more dangerous than useful to their master. They were jealous of the National Guards, who did duty in the palace; their everlasting derision and threats disgusted all the citizens honestly attached to the king. As soldiers, the National Guard undoubtedly were not undeserving of some little ridicule; but ought they to have been thus irritated whilst they were giving such disinterested proofs of fidelity, and when they might have been so extremely useful? The commander-in-chief of the Guards was more particularly the object of their bitter satires. This soured our temper, and I observed with regret, that many honest men who would have laid down their lives for the king, took the fatal resolution of abandoning him. I must say, however, that the royal family were far from approving the conduct of their pretended friends. The king and queen always shewed the greatest affability to the National Guards; but their example was not followed, nor were even their remonstrances listened to. I may quote one instance, of which the consequences were fatal. The Duke of Orleans had for some time felt that he stood in an equivocal light, and that his position at court was unworthy of his name and character. He wished to come to a reconciliation with the king and queen. A negotiation, prudently managed, succeeded completely. It was agreed that the first prince of the blood should come publicly to pay his respects—I think it was on Easter Sunday. The apartments were crowded. The prince appeared at the moment dinner was being served up to the royal family. Immediately some silly young men, thinking themselves very clever, cried out—'Take care of the dishes! Here comes the Duke of Orleans!' Another imagined he was doing some wonderful achievement in brushing by the prince, and saying insolently—'That was a kick!' The prince, seeing himself thus insulted in the king's presence, left the palace abruptly, convinced that the queen had drawn him into an odious snare. From that moment he joined the most violent of the factions; and the fatal and shameful consequences of that step are but too well known."

Speaking of the massacre at La Force—

"The massacre was already raging in all its force. Being less known than my friends, I flew to the prison. Before the wicket that leads to the Rue des Ballets, I found about fifty men at most. These were the butchers; the rest had been drawn there by curiosity, and were perhaps more execrable than the executioners; for though they dared neither go away, nor take part in the horrid deed, still they applauded. I looked forward, and at sight of a heap of bodies still palpitating with life, I uttered a cry of horror. Two men turned round, and, taking me abruptly by the collar, dragged me violently to the street, where they reproached me with imprudence, and then running away, left me alone in the dark. The horrible spectacle I had witnessed deprived me of all courage: I went home, overwhelmed with shame and despair for humanity so execrably injured, and the French character so deplorably disgraced. The particulars of the massacre having all been recorded in the memoirs of the time, I need not repeat them here. I was moreover no spectator of them. They lasted three days, and, I blush while I write it, at half a mile from the different prisons, nobody would have imagined that their countrymen were at that moment butchered by hundreds. The shops were open, pleasure was going on in all its animation, and sloth rejoiced in its vacuity. All the vanities and seductions of luxury, voluptuousness, and dissipation, peaceably swayed their sceptre. They feigned an ignorance of cruelties which they wanted the courage to oppose. And still there existed an assembly, the organ and supreme protectress of the laws, ministers entrusted with the executive power, a paid guard and magistrates. The unfortunate prisoners that were slaughtered had friends and relations, on whom they could not bestow a last look. They perished, after horrible agony, in the midst of the most cruel torments. Twelve hundred persons were killed in those three days."

How thankful ought we to be that such horrors are only known to us by name! Lavallette sets out with some friends to enlist in a free corps attached to the army, the adventure *en route* is so characteristic, that we quote it at full length.

"There were five of us; young, well educated, possessing some fortune, desirous to fight, but, above all, to leave Paris. M. d'Hilliers received us very well; he gave us orders for our route, and next morning, the 7th of September, at five o'clock, we were on the road to Fontainebleau, our knapsacks on our backs, military caps on our heads, and perfectly well disguised by a sort of sailor's dress called a Carmagnole. * * *

"We arrived at Auxerre on the third day after our departure, delighted with having quitted Paris, but full of anxiety for the dear friends we had left there. The Revolution had also passed through that town, and had left bloody traces behind it. The inhabitants were full of consternation, and deploring several young clergymen, sons of the most honourable citizens, that had been slaughtered. We lodged with the uncle of one of these victims, the corpse of whom had been left for three days on a dunghill, his parents not being suffered to bury him. We thought that we ought not to remain long in that city. We set off in consequence for Autun, and we arrived next day at a village, not far from Vermanton, situated amidst woods, and the inhabitants of which got their livelihood by making wooden shoes. Two days before, a bishop and two of his grand vicars, who were escaping in a post-coach, had been arrested by them. The coach was searched, and some hundred louis-d'ors having been found in it, the peasants thought the best way to gain the property would be to kill the real owners. Their new profession being more lucrative than their former one, they resolved to continue it, and in consequence set themselves on the look-out after all travellers. Our sailors' dresses were not very promising, but we carried our heads high,—our manners seemed haughty; and so, a little hunch-backed man, an attorney of the village, guessed we might perhaps contribute to enrich them.—The inhabitants, being resolved not to make any more wooden shoes, applauded the hunchback's advice. We were brought to the municipality, whence the mob followed us. The attorney placed himself on a large table, and began reading with emphasis, and in a loud voice, all our passports: Louis Amedée Auguste d'Aubonne, André Louis Leclerc de la Ronde, Maria Chamans de Lavallette. Here the rascal added the *de*, that was not in my passport. On hearing these aristocratical names, a rumour began: all the eyes directed towards us were hostile, and the hunchback cried out that our knapsacks ought to be examined. The harvest would have been rich. I was the poorest of the set, and I had five-and-twenty louis in gold. We looked upon ourselves as lost, when D'Aubonne, whose stature was tall, jumped on the table and began to harangue the assembly. He was clever at making verses, and knew, besides, at his fingers' ends the whole slang dictionary. He began with a volley of abuse and imprecations that surprised the audience; but he soon raised his style, and repeated the words—country—liberty—sovereignty of the people,—with so much vehemence and such a thundering voice, that the effect was prodigious. He

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was interrupted by unanimous applause. The giddy-headed young man did not stop there. He imperiously ordered Leclerc de la Ronde to get upon the table. La Ronde was the cleverest mimic I ever saw. He was thirty-five years old, of a grotesque shape, and as dark as a Moor. His eyes were sunk in his head and covered with thick black eyebrows, and his nose and chin immeasurably long. D'Aubonne said to the assembly: 'You'll soon be able to judge whether or not we are republicans coming from Paris.' And turning to his companion, he said to him: 'Answer to the republican catechism. What is God? What are the people? What is a king?' The other, with a contrite air, a nasal voice, and winding himself about like a harlequin, answered, 'God is nature; the people are the poor; a king is a lion,—a tiger,—an elephant—who tears to pieces, devours and crushes the poor people to death.' It was not possible to resist this. Astonishment, shouts, enthusiasm, were carried to the highest pitch. The orators were embraced,—hugged,—carried in triumph. The honour of lodging us grew a subject of dispute. We were forced to drink, and we were soon as much at a loss how to get away from these brutal wretches, now our friends, as we had been to escape out of their hands while they were our enemies. Luckily, D'Aubonne again found means to draw us out of this scrape. He gravely observed, that we had no time to stop, and that our country claimed the tribute of our courage. They let us go at last.'"

Picture of Paris in 1794:

"I arrived in Paris towards the middle of August. When I left that city in 1792, the people, freed from the wholesome restraint of the laws, intoxicated with fury, and elated with their abominable triumphs, were madly enjoying a savage licentiousness, and, ever threatening, ever oppressive, set no bounds to their tyranny. What a change did I not find after the short space of three years! Scarcity was terrible, misery at the highest pitch, and the dethroned sovereign scarcely dared to complain. The people were no better than a vile rabble, devoid of energy, shrinking under the rod that chastised them, but having not even the thought of resistance. In the morning, the city presented a deplorable spectacle: thousands of women and children were sitting on the stones before the doors of the bakers' shops, waiting their turn for receiving a dearly bought bit of bread. More than one-half of Paris lived on potatoes. Paper money was without value, and bullion without circulation: this lasted nearly a year. A still stranger sight struck the observer's eyes. The unfortunate prisoners had recovered their liberty, and having escaped almost certain death, they enjoyed their good luck with a sort of ecstasy. The dangers to which they had been so long exposed excited a lively interest in their favour; but vanity, so ingenious in France, discovered the means of turning their situation to advantage. Each person pretended to have suffered more than his neighbour; and as it was the fashion to have been persecuted, a great many people who had remained safe in their hiding-places, or had bought their security by base concessions, boasted of having languished in prison. An immense number of innocent persons had, in fact, perished on the scaffold; but if credit could have been given to the accounts propagated by hatred and vanity, one might have thought that one-half of Paris had imprisoned or butchered the other half. Confusion was at this period at its highest pitch in society: all distinctions of rank had disappeared; wealth had changed possessors; and as it was still dangerous to boast of birth, and to recall the memory of former gentility, the possessors of newly-acquired wealth led the ton, and added the absurdities of a bad education to those of patronage devoid of dignity. The class of artists, more commendable, acquired consideration through the general thirst for amusement, and through the necessity many persons were in of seeking a livelihood in the arts of imagination. This same taste for the fine arts so universally diffused, caused in the fashions, and even in the morals of the metropolis, a most inconceivable licentiousness: the young men dressed their hair *en victimes*—that is to say, raised up at the back of the neck as if they were going to suffer on the scaffold. The women, on the contrary, imitated in their dresses the costume of ancient Greece. It is scarcely credible to those who have not seen it, that young females, well-bred, and distinguished by their birth, should have worn tight skin-coloured pantaloons, sandals on their feet, and transparent gauze dresses, while their bosoms were exposed, and their arms bare up to their shoulders; and that when they appeared thus in public places, instead of making modesty blush, they became objects of universal admiration and applause. The palaces and private gardens were changed into scenes of riotous pleasure, called Elysium, Paphos, Tivoli, Idalia, &c. where crowds of people, boisterous diversions, bad manners, and an utter contempt for decency, created both shame and disgust."

These are among the blessings of a revolution. The deduction made from the following account of the state of government is very just.

"The assembly had been loaded with an enormous burthen. The king had been precipitated from his throne, and the monarchy existed no longer. The republic had been established without consulting the people: and the king had been put to death because his existence was troublesome to the assembly. The members soon became few, and they were composed of elements too hostile to one another to be able to direct affairs securely and rapidly; they enacted therefore among themselves a government called the committee of public safety, that was to superintend the general administration of the country, and to direct the exertions of France against her foreign enemies. They instituted also a committee of general safety, that was to suppress the attacks of interior foes. The successes of the Vendeans and of the allied armies carried these two committees beyond all reasonable ideas, and made the Convention feel that it must conquer or die. Defence was maintained with all the force and energy that personal safety and revenge can inspire. The excellent direction given to the armies, which they followed with admirable courage, preserved France from a foreign yoke; but the progress of civil war, and the secret exertions of the royalists, could scarcely justify the massacres and the horrible tyranny under which the country groaned for so long a period. The rulers of the assembly will remain for ever loaded with the odium which their barbarous government (of which history does not present another instance) will excite among future generations. Of all the lessons given by the history of human passions, there is one especially on which the moralist must insist with force—I mean, the impossibility, which the most honourable men will ever experience, of stopping, if once their passions draw them into the path of error. Surely, if a few years before so many crimes were committed, they could have been pictured before the eyes of the most barbarous among their perpetrators, I fear not to say that all, even Robespierre himself, would have recoiled with horror. Men begin by caressing theories, heated imagination presents them as useful and easy of execution; they toil, they advance unconsciously from errors to faults, and from faults to crimes, till the contaminated mind corrupts sensibility, and adorns by the name of state policy the most horrible outrages."

Madame de Staël.—"Madame de Staël, already celebrated for her superior mind, and a passion for fame, united to kindness of heart that has not been sufficiently appreciated. To say the truth, it was a little her own fault. I am convinced that she did not foresee the cruel proscriptions that oppressed the vanquished party; but I certainly never witnessed so much warmth of persecution. She undoubtedly saw nothing more in the struggle than the triumph of her political opinions,—I should rather say feelings; but still it must be acknowledged, that an absence of all reflection could alone have led her to embrace so openly the part of men who trampled on liberty and national representation, the two most cherished objects of her worship. All that time she carried to enthusiasm her admiration of General Buonaparte. I saw her for the first time at M. de Talleyrand's. During dinner the praises she lavished on the conqueror of Italy had all the wildness, romance, and exaggeration of poetry. When we left the table, the company withdrew to a small room to look at the portrait of the hero; and as I stepped back to let her walk in, she said, 'How shall I dare to pass before an aide-de-camp of Buonaparte?' My confusion was so great, that she also felt a little of it, and our host himself laughed at us. I went to see her next morning. Her reception was kind enough to make me return often to her house; and I do affirm that her lively imagination and her incredible activity continued unceasingly the same up to the catastrophe. She had nothing before her eyes but the counter-revolution, the return of the Bourbons, the revenge of the emigrants, and the loss of liberty."

Wounded vanity in after-years converted the admirer into the enemy: it is really quite extraordinary to think how much in this life is effected by a few civil words. Count Lavallette justifies the Austrian government from all participation in the murder of the French plenipotentiaries: he thus accounts for it.

"A regiment of hussars of Szeckler, a sort of pandiers, recruited on the frontiers of Turkey, already surrounded Rastadt, when the French ministers received an order to leave the place. The Baden commander of the town had in vain advised them to set off in the morning, that they might cross the Rhine before night-fall. Their preparations caused delay: they were encumbered with papers they wished to keep, and they were, besides, convinced that their sacred character of ambassadors would shelter them from insult. The day was far advanced when they departed. At a few leagues from Rastadt they were stopped and murdered. I am persuaded that the Austrian government did not give an order for murdering them, but only for seizing their papers; while the soldiers, finding a great deal of money about them, urged by avarice, and probably intoxicated, thought the best way would be to stifle their complaints by murdering them."

Surrender of Malta.—"The grand master, fancying that the Order of Malta was irretrievably lost, and forgetting that from one

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moment to another an English fleet might arrive and deliver him, resolved to sign a capitulation with General Buonaparte. The treaty was soon concluded; and, two days after our arrival, the army was master of the city and forts, and the fleet at anchor in the fine harbour of Valetta. General Caffarelli, on examining more minutely the fortifications, said to the general-in-chief; 'It is very lucky for us that there were people in the place to open the gates for us; for if it had been deserted, the army would never have got in, notwithstanding all our exertions."

Sudden Effort of Memory.—"The first billow nearly submerged us. One more effort was necessary; and while the sailors, pale as death, continued rowing with vigour, one of my travelling companions, an officer in the guides, fell on his knees and began the Lord's Prayer, of which he did not omit a single word. When the danger was over, his courage returned, and, ashamed of an act he could not himself comprehend, he whispered to me: 'I am now thirty-eight years old, and from my sixth year I never said a prayer in my life. I cannot conceive how I recollected that one; and I do declare, that at the present moment I should not be able to repeat a single word of it.'" A little allowance for after-affectation will, we think, account for the mystery.

Destruction of the French Fleet.—"It was then that the general-in-chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news was brought to him by an aide-de-camp of General Kleber. The officer's horse being unable to go any farther, he had written some particulars in an open letter, which I found in the hands of a peasant to whom he had entrusted it. I read the letter, and advancing towards the general-in-chief, I begged him to withdraw for a moment from the group of staff officers which surrounded him. I then gave him the note. When he had read it he said to me, 'You know its contents; keep the secret.' We returned to Belbeys, where we found breakfast on table. Every body was in good spirits, and particularly the troops, who had retaken from the Mamelukes the spoil of the caravan. They were going to sell the goods for almost nothing; but the general-in-chief forbade the officers to buy any of them there, and ordered the soldiers to dispose of them on their return to Cairo. All of a sudden, while breakfasting, the general-in-chief said to his guests: 'It seems you like this country: that is very lucky, for we have now no fleet to carry us back to Europe.' He then acquainted them with the particulars of the battle of Aboukir, and they were listened to with as much earnestness as the general had related them. Every one soon appeared reconciled to the event, and nobody talked any more of it."

The Plague.—"All the physicians died successively; the overseers of the infirmaries went away, and it was no longer possible to enter the hospitals with impunity. We were obliged to take Turks to nurse the sick, and to pay a very great price for their services; while the superintendence over them was so relaxed, on account of the danger with which it was accompanied, that the most flagrant misconduct was not to be prevented. At Gen. Marmont's lodgings we had been obliged to do without table-cloths or sheets; all our clothes were fumigated; the out-door servants had no connexion with those of the interior. The carriage gateway was nailed up; while every thing that was brought to the house from out of doors, and even the meat, was thrown through a wicket into a tub of water. With a view to avoid the infection among us, we divided ourselves into two brigades; and during the night we pursued each other from room to room, throwing water in our faces, which was the only ammunition we possessed. Among the few soldiers who consented to nurse the sick, there was a gunner who had been in Constantinople, where he pretended that he had escaped the plague. According to his assertion, he possessed an infallible preservative against the infection, which was, to keep his face and hands perpetually moistened with water. But it was discovered that he washed his hands in oil. Indeed, it had been observed in Cairo, that the lamp-lighters never caught the plague."—This latter is a curious fact.

Instance of Courage in a Physician.—"General Buonaparte felt convinced that that fever was really the plague; the physician-in-chief, Desgenettes, alleged, on the contrary, that it was nothing more than a common fever. His opinion and arguments served to tranquillise the soldiers; but they had one bad effect,—that of disposing them to neglect the caution necessary in all contagious diseases. He wished, however, to add practical demonstration to his arguments by inoculating himself with the plague. In the middle of the hospital, and in the presence of all the sick, he plunged a lancet into the bubo of one of the patients, and pricked himself with it in his left side. This act, which was the more courageous, as he afterwards acknowledged that the disease had really all the characteristics of the plague, excited the admiration of the whole army, and insured to the physician lasting glory with posterity."

Poisoning the Sick at Jaffa.—"I must here say a few words on an odious imputation made long since against Gen. Buonaparte,—I mean, the pretended poisoning of the soldiers sick of the plague. It is so contrary to truth that General Buonaparte proposed to poison the unfortunate men, that M. Larry, first surgeon to the army, never ceased to pronounce it an atrocious calumny; and he several times, in the last fifteen years, pressed M. Desgenettes to declare publicly with him the fact through the medium of the press. The latter, having been ill-used by the king's government, recoiled probably at the thought of a declaration which might make his situation still more painful. It is, besides, impossible to name any person to whom the proposal should have been made. Finally, the calumny was spread by the English while they were in Egypt, and propagated by a writing of Sir Robert Wilson, who was then extremely young, and who in maturer age has openly declared that he had been mistaken."

Among the absurdities of that grandiloquent love of simile which distinguishes the French, we must particularise one. The mob forced the king to put on the red cap, then liberty's symbol. "His fate must be deplored, and the barbarous insult of the red cap must be considered in the same light as the crown of thorns placed on the head of the Christian Lawgiver."

We shall resume this work next week; but before we now leave it, we must bestow well-merited praise on the translator, who has executed his task with much spirit and good taste, and has corrected several strange blunders of M. Lavallette.

Crayons from the Commons; or, Members in Relievo: a Poem, Satirical and Descriptive. By Peregrine Palette, Esq. 12mo. pp. 107. London, 1831. Cochrane and Co.

We have before encountered the effusions of this writer, and done justice to his talents. He is a close observer, and a clever man: his Crayons are portraits of some of the most conspicuous members of the House of Commons; and it must be confessed that he has very seldom flattered his sitters. Indeed, except in the case of Daniel O'Connell, there is nothing like panegyric: the agitator himself is, however, extolled to the skies.

The author, we should surmise,—from his evident knowledge of the personal appearance, peculiarities, manners, habits, and style of speaking, of the various persons whose pictures he paints,—is connected with the daily press, and engaged in reporting the debates. He appears on this occasion to have dipped his pen into ink with gall enough in it, and his satire is bitter accordingly. We differ much from him in his estimate of several of the characters; but as we are neither called upon to pronounce an opinion or enter into a controversy, but simply to allow the author to exhibit himself through the medium of a few selections, we shall make these, and leave them to the public without a comment.

There is a poetical dedication to the ex-member for Galway, our old friend Dick Martin, which is followed by a whole-length of the Speaker; and he, in turn, by Lord Althorp, Lord Palmerston, Mr. C. Grant, Sir James Graham, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Powlett Thomson, Lord Howick, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir F. Burdett, Sir R. Peel, Sir C. Wetherell, Mr. Herries, Mr. Bankes, Sir J. Scarlett, and Mr. O'Connell.

We quote the first and a few other lines of Lord Althorp, as both general and particular.

"When royal William's civil list provoked
Discussion fierce, and Whigs with clamour croak'd—
When pamper'd Tories found their doom decided,
As greedy Whigs triumphantly divided—
When sundry Peels their offices resign'd,
And countless Greys stood gaping close behind;
Both parties then their wonted ground exchanged,
And right and left were hostile forces ranged.
Behold! the victors station'd in their van,
A steady, grave, deliberative man,
Pretensionless in manner, air, and tone,
But to the world most favourably known,
As one whose word each promise must ensure,
Which probity and honour could secure.
In simple garb his person stands array'd,
Discarding fashion's adventitious aid;
His temper placid, equable, and kind,
Bespeaks extreme serenity of mind;
Ne'er, in the warmest moments of debate,
Involving questions of the utmost weight,
Does fervid passion kindle A———p's soul,
To need prudential caution or control.

* * * * *

"Embarrass'd, awkward, labour'd, and constrain'd,
His style of speech our ears has ever pain'd;
And with a voice of harsh and husky note,
His accents come half-smother'd from his throat;
While sentences, deliver'd oft before,
With faltering sounds again are stammer'd o'er.
Wanting decision where 'twas needed most,
As minister much moral weight he lost;
Adopting measures vigorous and bold,
But which his spirit failed him to uphold."

Of Mr. C. Grant it is said:—

"This minister is but a convert new
To that grand scheme which Grey had long in view;
Nor, like new converts, does he seem to feel
His spirit heated with increasing zeal:
Reform in him no ardent champion finds—
No fervent passion his attachment binds:
Though he and P—lm—rst—n support the 'Bill,'
They do so from expediency, not will;
And both, we think, (though all the world may doubt it,)
Would gladly wish the Whigs could stand without it.
Frigid and formal, Gr—nt's reluctant aid,
Like some exacted penalty, is paid;
His colleagues claim, what in his feeling cold,
If power permitted, caution would withhold.
But with the Question now, since one and all
Committed have resolved to stand or fall,
Emergency determining the case,
He reconciles his scruples to his place:
If for his views Reform proceeds too far,
He still must follow its triumphant car."

Mr. Stanley:—

"If 'outward signs' should aptly harmonise
With lineage proud, and shew what birth implies,

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Then St—nl—y would all human optics mock,
Viewed as the scion of a noble stock.
Mean, vulgar features, stinted, sharp, and sour,
In peevish mood disclose strong mental power;
His intellect, precociously matured,
Official station speedily secured;
Advanced to place, the young aspirant made
Old practised statesmen own his useful aid;
With aptitude deservedly admired,
He ne'er was found deficient when required.
But suddenly his rising ground he lost,
When Wellesley drove his party from their post.
* * * *
St—nl—y has talents qualified to sway
The nation's councils at some future day;
Nor doubt we that he may be destined yet
To guide and rule the British cabinet."

Lord Howick (like Mr. Herries, Mr. Thomson, Sir J. Graham, and Sir J. Scarlett) is more unmercifully treated.

"A scraggy stripling of the middle size,
With pallid face, and small contracted eyes,
With nose that points a most plebeian tip,
With teeth protruding o'er his nether lip,
Presents himself upon a bench that backs
The row in front with accessory hacks—
That place he takes (too good a one to miss),
Where Horton left a vacant seat for Twiss.
Sometimes he sports a red morocco box,
Which in the pomp of office he unlocks,
To fix the eyes of Sibthorp, or Leigh Keck,
Upon the noble sub-deputed sec.
Horton's old mantle H——k makes his own,
Across his shoulders whimsically thrown;
And vapid lingo finds a hackney'd theme
In emigration, as a social scheme,
Destined to render th' English nation blest,
By getting rid of paupers as a pest;
If starving hinds and all their tribe will go
Where hungry cravings none can ever know;
Where Indian mothers, and their sucking squaws,
Find ceaseless practice for their copper jaws;
Or where th' Australian to the stranger yields,
In savage sulk, his boundless woods and fields;
Where culprits that escaped the gallows-tree
Become possessors of estates in fee,
And those estates, from genial option, choose
In districts stocked with thieves and kangaroos."

Sir R. Peel:—

"Few public men from fortune more have won,
Than Oxford's cherish'd, now discarded son;
Cradled in wealth, and finding in his sire
Ambition that could teach him to aspire,
He wander'd, in the morn of early days,
Along those banks where Isis calmly strays,
And with the Muses pass'd unnumber'd hours,
Where Alfred's temple rears its classic towers.
Hence, in due time, with cultured mind he sped,
Pitt's footsteps marking where young Peel's should tread;
And ardent Tories hail'd, with loud acclaim,
The brilliant prospect of his future fame.
To power he rose, and Ireland was the field
Where first that power he stood prepared to wield.
Long was he deem'd most faithful to a cause
That cursed a nation with unequal laws—
That spread distraction and fierce rancour rotrid,
While horrid compacts adverse factions bound;
On him high Tory zealots, in their pride,
With bold exulting confidence relied.
But time advanced, still bearing on its wings
A warning strong to ministers and kings:
The quondam Irish secretary now
Was forced to state the 'wherefore' and the 'how;'
His former policy he must abjure,
The safety of this empire to secure."

These specimens must suffice: we have made them with reference to their poetical merits, not to their opinions; they will shew what sort of a production this is, and our critical duty requires neither less nor more.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. III. Part I. 4to. pp. 189. London, 1831, Parbury, Allen, and Co.; Paris, Dondey Dupré and Sons.

THIS new Part of the Transactions of our Royal Asiatic contains much to interest the reader, and is very creditable to the Society and its members. The first paper consists of letters from Sir W. Jones, and is hallowed by the name of that distinguished orientalist, besides possessing many illustrations of the literature and science of India. The second presents us with extracts from the *Mualiját-i-Dárá-Shekohi*, by Major David Price: the third, by Captain James Low, treats of *Budd,ha* and the *Phrabát*, and is altogether so curious that we will bring some portions of it before the general public.

The *Phrabát* is supposed to be a footmark left by *Budd,ha*; which has been converted into a tabular altar, covered with figures and symbols, and worshipped with great piety by the professors of that religion. Captain Low goes over all the emblems on one of these, and explains them very skilfully. Of it he says:—

"In an impression of a divine foot of *Budd,ha*, given in Captain Symes's Ava, the five toes are represented by five chank shells. But in the one in which the emblem we are now investigating occurs, five flowers of the *Dák mont,ha* (of the Siamese) form the toes. The number alludes manifestly to the five *Budd,has*: while the five flowers may allude to those flowers which appeared when the world had been created; and which, having been deposited in safety by a Brahman, were afterwards distributed, four to the *T,hakurs*, and one to *Sacya*. The Bali account of the *Phrabát* does not describe the types which form the toes; which accounts for the variation found in several *Phrabáts*, and favours the supposition that it was originally a mere hieroglyphical table."

"The more," he adds, (speaking of the interpretation of the legends commemorated in these types), "the more we penetrate into the mythological writings and traditions of the natives of Hindustan, or into those of the extra-Gangetic nations who have adopted kindred schemes of religious belief, the more shall we be satisfied that very few indeed of their legendary narratives are entirely destitute of some foundation in history. It is not therefore advisable to reject what may wear the aspect of pure fable; for such may often lead us to results to which we could not have arrived by any other route."

One of the figures on the *Phrabát* is a dog, and the writer observes: "Thus we have Sirius, the celestial barker, whose heliacal rising announced in Egypt the beginning of the new year, and who is otherwise Anubis with a dog's head; supposed by Mr. Maurice (from whom these two remarks are taken) to have typified the god Bud,ha, or to be the horizontal circle personified. Terrestrial dogs are mentioned in the account of the mysterious rites of Isis in Egypt. Maurice imagines that T,hot,h, who went from Phœnicia, in the earliest ages of the world, to Egypt, and there erected a great empire, was the true Anubis, who was afterwards raised to a conspicuous station in Sirius, the brightest constellation, who was also one of the eight greater gods. The Kouwas, or watch-dog of the skies, is worshipped in Abyssinia, according to Bruce. Sir W. Jones supposed, that the Gymnosophists of Ethiopia professed the doctrines of Budd,ha; and, subsequently to these authorities, further reasons have been adduced (I think by the late Colonel Wilford) in support of the supposition that Budd,ha was worshipped in Africa. There are in that country the mountains of Soma, or the moon: and we know that many accounts make Budd,ha to have sprung from Soma; which title is still retained in Sanscrit. Recent travellers have favoured the supposition that Ethiopia gave its religion to Egypt; and we may believe that it was received into Ethiopia from Chaldea, or some central country of Asia: but whether the Buddhist and canine superstitions were co-existent or not, it would be no easy task to shew. The dog has howled over the guilty in the infernal regions of Indian, Grecian, and Roman mythology. In the hells of the Hindus, the Burmans, and Siamese, he yells in the ears of the guilty shades, and tears them to pieces. Wilford has shewn, that the Cerbara of Hindu mythology, one of the dogs of Yama, is indubitably the Cerberus of the Greeks: but Yama himself, Budd,ha observed, is merely a name, and has no existence but in the mind's eye. The dog is a sign of dignity both in China and Siam. It appears so, at least, with respect to the former, from the badge which the portrait of Van-ta-gin, in Barrow's Travels in China, wears on his breast. And, with respect to the latter, Siamese writings shew that the *Sunak,hanám*, or 'dog general,' is an honourable title in the field. In Japan the dog is, according to Kempfer, held in high estimation; the cause does not appear to have been entirely of a religious nature. Kempfer says it was owing to one of their kings having been born under the sign of the dog."

The research crowded into this short extract is sufficient to shew the value of Captain Low's communication. We will now copy from him a description of an Eastern hell.

"It only remains (he says) to describe the infernal regions of Siamese mythology, as derived by them from the Bali; and hence we may judge of the checks which the religion of Siam would give to the passions of the multitude, if perfectly operative: it certainly works greatly on their fears. For this purpose I have extracted the following descriptions from the *Milinds*: 1st, Of the *Maha Narakan-atha*, or eight great hells, and the punishments of the wicked in them. Murderers go into the hell *Sanchiwa*. Five hundred years of mankind are equal to a day and night in the mansion of heaven *Chattu Maha Rachéka*, which lies in the latitude of the constellation of the Alligator; and five hundred years of this heaven are equivalent to a day and night of this hell. When the suffering spirits have endured the torments of this immense period, they return to the earth, and animate the bodies of vile reptiles, or ferocious animals. Thieves are precipitated into the hell *Kalasutte*. One thousand years of man are equal to one day and night in *Tawatinga Sáwan* (the heaven of Indra); and one thousand years in this last form a day and night in the hell *Kalasutte*. When the guilty have been punished for this period, they return to the earth, and animate the bodies of miserable wretches and loathsome animals. Adulterers pass into the hell called *Sanghatta*, where they remain for two thousand ages. Two thousand earthly years are equal to a day and night in the heaven *Yama*; and two thousand years in *Yama* are equivalent to a day and night in *Sanghatta Naraka*. Adulterers again ascend to the earth, and animate the bodies of women, to all appearance, but deprived in reality of the sexual distinction. Liars fall into the hell called *Roréwa Naraka*, and there are tormented for four thousand *yoges*. Four thousand years of man form a day and night in *Dutsida Sawan*; and four thousand years in this last are equivalent to a day and night of *Roréwa Naraka*. The guilty soul, when it again visits the earth, becomes a devil, or animal of hideous aspect. Drunkards and sots are precipitated into the *Maha Roréwa*, or the great hell. Eight thousand earthly years equal one day and night in the heaven *Nimmaratté*; while eight thousand of its years are the measure of a day and night in *Maha Roréwa*. *K,hama*: here the guilty remain for sixteen hundred of its years. *Maha* (or great) *K,hama*, where the wicked dwell one half of a *kalpa*. *Maha Awéché*, where the guilty dwell for the period of one *kalpa*. The punishments in all of these hells are proportioned to the crimes of the sinners. There is the *Loha*

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Kúmb,hé, or the *iron cauldron hell*, in which the sinner is boiled. The *Samp,halé*, where there are high trees, on which grow long spikes, and upon which sinners are transfixed; while huge birds gnaw their flesh and tear them with their talons. The *Asítot,haka* and *Asínak,ha*, where are great lakes and reservoirs of freezing water, and fields of inextinguishable fire; and where the guilty are punished by being suddenly transported from one of these to the other. *Tamp,hot,haka*, where there are iron pots with liquid fire; and *Pítsaka Baphata*, where immense grinding stones and hills roll over and crush the wicked. *Asíad,ha Naga*, the hell of snakes; *Sunak,ha*, that of dogs. *Yantapatsana*, where the damned soul is hurled down from awful heights, and dashed on rocks. *Kusa*, where there is fire, from which no flame proceeds. *Ayotuva:* balls and bars of red-hot iron are here prepared for the guilty to grasp in their hands and bear on their shoulders. Each of the eight great hells is surrounded by sixteen lesser ones; and each of these again by forty still smaller ones: making fifty-seven in all for one group. Each group is enclosed by a massive iron wall, nine *yojanas* thick. In this are four gates, one at each face of the square. The whole of the hells, composing one *Maha Naraka*, amount to four hundred and fifty-six. The rulers in hell are in number sixty-four, and they sit in judgment at the gates; that is, thirty-two remain on the judgment-seats for six infernal months, when they are relieved by thirty-two others. From the corners of the iron square extend four lines of hells, joining with the great one. They are,—1st. *Wetaráné Naraka*. In this hell are famous *lotos* flowers, which swim on the surface of the cold lakes. They are furnished either with sharp spikes to catch the falling sinner, or with downy cups to receive the souls of those who, although sinners, have yet committed more good than bad actions, and are entitled to pardon. 2d. *Asépata Wanaraka*. 3d. *Kokkula*. 4th. *Ut,ha Naraka*. In certain spaces betwixt these hells lie iron mountains, dazzling and resplendent, but not hot: they are termed *Katiéka banp,hot*. Above the infernal regions is the abode of evil spirits, who often ascend amidst the mountains of *Hémawa*. This passage points out the site of *Meru*."

Some of the ensuing details are very remarkable, but more fit for a scientific work than a periodical for all eyes. We pass therefore to some notes of common interest.

"Mankind in the Siamese, as well as the Burman cosmography, become extinct at the destruction of a world. They are reproduced by the descent of certain deities from the abodes of the *T,ihewátda*, who are allured from their starry habitations by the sweet scent arising from the crust of the new-born earth. The *Devatas* are believed to be spirits which have formerly animated mortal frames; and when the periods, during which they have been judged worthy to enjoy bliss in heaven, on account of their virtues, have respectively drawn to a close, they must again return to the earth to undergo probations in new states of existence."

Moore might frame new Loves of the Angels out of this strange, but frequently beautiful and highly imaginative mythology. The serpent, it may readily be supposed, figures in the Buddha creed, as in all ancient systems of religion.

"When *Garuda* stole the *Amrita*, or water of immortality, from *Kailás*, some of it fell from his mouth upon some grass. The serpents licked it up, and have ever since had forked tongues. The *Seshanága*, or prince of the serpents, is also said to tenant the southern hemisphere, or nether world. The serpent was also called the Malignant Serpent; the Evil Genius; the Dragon of the Hesperides, and the Polar Dragon; and *Azacha*, the principle of good and evil, was represented by two serpents contending for the mundane egg. The king of the *Assúrs*, in Hindu mythology, was also the prince of the *Nágas*, or snakes." * *

"The *King of Snakes* and *Indra* are great agents in Siamese mythology; and also in history, when any great event is to receive the embellishments of fiction. The former is stated, in the Siamese history of Ligor, to have been one of the means of inducing Tampasukkarát, Prince of *Awadí*, to settle and people that country. *Bádan* (*Patala*) is his residence. According to Wilford he lived in *Chaciagiri*. *Naga* signifies either a mountain snake, or an elephant."*

The following is another and a very poetical symbol:

"*Satta Maha Sara*, in Siamese *Sa Yai Chet*, or the seven great lakes of *Himala*, abounding in every variety of the *lotus* or water-lily, and filled with wonderful fishes. Their shores are fringed with flowers of exquisite fragrance and brilliant hues: while the forests are tenanted by the rarest and most formidable species of animals. Below a wide-spreading tree, in these regions, lives the mighty *Elephant King*, who has a retinue of 8,000 followers, elephants like himself, and of four different colours. His wives are three in number, viz. 1st. Maha Supatsa; 2d. Machéma Supatsa; and 3d. Chumla Supatsa. These were, no doubt, either queens, or perhaps kings at some former period: for it may be remarked, that spirits migrate into either sex after death. Sangermano tells us, the Burmans suppose that from the seven lakes of *Hemavunta* spring five rivers; the chief of these lakes being *Anondát*. The Burman and Siamese geography of *Himala* is nearly the same. In the *Ratana Kalapa* is noticed a great lake called *Sidhantara*, in which nothing will swim." * * *

Another remarkable feature is "*Walahako*. The Siamese *Ma P,halahok*, said to have been the famous horse of *Himala;* termed likewise the 'Horse of the sky.' This seems to allude to the white horse of the *Kali Avatar*, which is yet to come. We cannot help being struck with the coincidence of a white horse being also conspicuously described in Holy Writ. He figures in Hindu chronology as the deity who watches over the seven [it ought, perhaps to be eight, unless he himself forms the eighth] parts of the globe, which were guarded by the *Avataras*, or guardian angels. Perhaps this is a type of the famous white horse of sacrifice at the *Aswameda Yug*, or at the sanguinary rites of the Druids, who, according to Maurice, were obliged to substitute a white steer in place of so rare an animal as the other then was in Britain."

Again: "*Erawanno*. The Siamese *Chang Erawan*. This elephant appertains to *Indra*, the god of the firmament, or *Jupiter Tonans*. In an extract from a Bali work, named *Intrapati*, given to me, he is described as having thirty-three heads. In each head are seven tusks; and in each tusk seven ponds of water. In every pond are seven lotus plants; each of these plants has seven flowers; every flower seven leaves; and each leaf supports seven princesses, each of whom is waited upon by seven slaves. These nymphs incessantly surround the throne of *Indra*, softly gliding through the dance to the melody of the spheres. This is an additional instance of the great antiquity of the partiality shewn by various nations for the number seven. *Erawanno*, according to the *Bali Mílinda*, is described as being one hundred and fifty *yojanas* high; and his body is proportioned thereto. He seems to be the same as the *Aravata*, or one of the precious things procured by the gods by churning the ocean with the mountain *Mandár*. * * *

"The woods of the Indo-Chinese countries shelter a species of cattle much larger than the *Yák*. In the woods of the coast of Siam, the bison is a very powerful animal, and seems not yet to have been accurately described. I have only seen its horns, which measure twenty-four inches in length, and nineteen in circumference at the base. The termination of the black part of the horn is twelve inches from the tip, and nine in circumference."

We are glad to find a useful notice of modern natural history in an explanation of ancient superstitions. To the latter, however, we must return.

"*Watta Sang,ho*. The Siamese *Háe Sang*, *i. e.* the shell *Sang*. It is the chank shell, or *buccinum*, with the involutions turned from left to right. It is also termed by the Siamese *Sang T'hák,hinnówát*. It is most valued when it can be found with this, I imagine, unusual conchological conformation. It is highly prized all over India, and venerated more or less by all classes of Hindus. These shells form a considerable branch of traffic betwixt Ceylon and

* "In Lieut.-colonel Francklin's interesting researches on the Jeynes and Booddhists, published since the foregoing remarks were written, he has given an interesting account of the *Serpent Worship*. He observes, that it was mixed with the Jewish ordinances; that the dragon, or great serpent, was worshipped in Babylon, in the reign of Cyrus, as recorded in the Apocrypha. Bryant observes that, in the orgies of Bacchus, the persons who performed the ceremony carried serpents in their hands, calling with horrid screams upon Eva, or the Serpent. Thermutis, or Ob-oub, or Basileus, was the royal serpent of Egypt. The Cuthites had always some legends of a serpent. At Colchis, Thebes, and Delphi, the same worship prevailed. The serpent, according to Montfaucon, was a symbol of the sun: and Eusebius has observed that a serpent within a circle, touching it at the two opposite extremes, signifies the good genius, the *Eudaimon* of the Greeks. Vossius, in his 63d chapter, on Pagan Idolatry, details the origin of the serpent worship, affirming that it commenced in Chaldea. Pythagoras brought the worship from Egypt to Greece, and thence it passed into Italy. The serpentine pillar of the Hippodrome, and the temple at Delphi, were erected in honour of Apollo, in commemoration of his victory over the great serpent Python. Esculapius, the Grecian god of physic, has a serpent emblem amongst his attributes. In Persia, Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, is represented as girded by a serpent: and in one hand of the figure, which represents the planet Saturn, is the serpent. In India the serpent Vasuka, whom the *Surs* and *Asurs* used as a rope in churning the ocean, is too well known to need description. In the time of Pausanias a statue of Minerva was to be seen at Argos made of marble, and which exhibited two serpents unfolded at her feet, and protected by her shield. Colonel F. further notices that the serpent worship prevailed in Russia, and other northern nations, and also in Mexico and Peru. Faber describes the *Vitzliputuli*, or deity of Mexico, as holding in his right hand a staff, cut in form of a serpent; while the four corners of the Mexican ark terminated in carved representations of serpents' heads. Here also was the *Cihnácohuatzitl*, or 'woman of our flesh,' who was represented with a great serpent. The *Evil Being* of the Goths is said to have had two children, Death and an immense serpent; the latter of which winded himself round the whole globe of the earth. The Goths were a branch of the Cuthites, who came from the Indian Caucasus; and Thor or Woden, is the Budd,ha of India, the great father of Scandinavian mythology, who dragged the serpent Midgard from the bottom of the sea. In Stonehenge the serpent Hu was venerated: and the circle at Abury enclosed two other circles, and was attached to an enormous snake formed of upright stones, with a fourth circle for its head. This god is represented with wings. In conclusion, he observes, that it would appear that the royal sacred serpent of Egypt, the serpent Canophis, or Cneph, as seen in the temples of Thebais;—the serpentine deity of Persia, as represented on the walls of Persepolis, and at Nakshi Rustam;—the serpentine devices of the Chinese;—the globe and winged serpent of the Chaldean *Magi;*—the great serpent Ananta Sesha Naga, and Vasuka, of Hindu mythology;—the Mexican serpent;—and the Midgard of Scandinavia, all spring from one and the same source."

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Bengal, being exported from the former. When the number of convolutions of a shell amounts to ten, the Siamese prize it most, because this is the number of the *Chiát*, or states of existence of *P,hrá Budd,ha*, which he had passed through previous to his last appearance. Maurice also informs us, that the nine valves of this shell allude to the nine incarnations of *Vishnu*. The *Shaphar* of the Jews seems to accord with this shell, both being applied to religious uses." * * *

"*Khrut* is a favourite bird with the Siamese. But they evidently connect him with some dynasty of kings. I will, therefore, briefly describe one of their legends respecting him, which they told me has been extracted from the Bali *Nípat,ha*. It is wrought into a romantic legend in their own language, and termed *Ru-ríng P,hría P,hrommat,hat* of *P,haranási* (or Benares), and *Nang Kaki* his queen. The Bali designations of the king and queen are *P,hramad,hat,ha Raja*, and *Kaki Narí*. This princess had a lovely countenance, with a frame of exquisite symmetry, which possessed likewise such a heavenly fragrance, that the senses of ravished man were overpowered to a distance from her of seven *yojanas*, or about sixty-three miles. The king had a prime minister, K,hon Than, who had the faculty of being able at any time to transfer his soul into the body of any animal, or to change his own body into the likeness of one. He was likewise a skilful musician. It so happened that Garuda, in shape of a handsome youth of polished deportment, visited the court of King P,hrommat,hat, and was invited to play a game at chess (the *len saka* of the Siamese) by his majesty. While at play, the ladies of the palace, with their attendant maidens, beheld Garuda; and instantly, from gazing on his beautiful countenance, forgot the duty they owed their lord and king. Garuda soon perceived the impression he had made on the affections of the accomplished queen, and determined in his mind to carry her off. Accordingly, at night he assumed his bird-like form, and approaching the window of her apartment he placed her on his back, and then flew towards *Símp,halí*. The minister, K,hon T,han, was aware of the elopement, and devised a scheme to recover the lady. When Garuda next played at chess with the king, and was departing, the minister reduced his body to the size of a mite, and fastening himself on the back of Garuda, he was in the evening transported by him to his abode. He remained here seven days unknown to Garuda, and endeavouring to persuade the lady to return, to which she at length consented. K,hon T,han, therefore, on the next visit of Garuda to the king, and while they were busy at their favourite game, serenaded them with his voice, accompanied by his violin or guitar—singing these words:—'How elevated is the lover when smiled on by his mistress. Even here my sinking senses are refreshed and delighted by the fragrant zephyr—the breath of that lovely one, whose dwelling-place is in the forest of *Símp,halí*.' The quick ear of Garuda caught the tormenting sounds. He speedily returned to his abode; and upbraiding Kakí Narí for her coquetry and fleeting attachment, conveyed her back to the palace of her husband."

With this we shall finish what we have to offer from Captain Low's notes upon the *Phrabát*; and while speaking of these divine footmarks, will suggest an inquiry, whether the common practice (visible on every spot visited by travellers—such as church-roofs, mountain tops, rocks, &c. &c.,) of shaping a foot on which to carve initials of names and dates, can have any connexion with these very ancient traditions?

Among the remaining papers are two very circumstantial and curious descriptions of the Marriage Ceremonies of the Hindus and Mahometans; communicated by Sir Alexander Johnston. The former is particularly novel and interesting.

Love; a Poem. By the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes." 8vo. pp. 131. 3d edition. London, 1831, Steill; Sheffield, Blackwell and Pearce.

THERE are many Napoleons among books—one favourite of fame who emerges from obscurity, and forthwith casts the light of its renown over its less successful elder brethren. This is the case with the volume before us. The *Corn-Law Rhymes*, a singularly original and often beautiful composition, attracted public attention, which extended itself to its predecessors. We have reason to believe that the term assumed, by "a mechanic," was only a poetical license, such not being really the author's calling: but this is not our business, which lies with the volume before us. Modelled on a school long since past, *Love* resembles in form the *Pleasures of Imagination*; and Akenside is evidently a favourite author. There is a fine eye for the beauties of nature, and much of poetical feeling; but as a whole, it does not escape the usual destiny of a didactic poem, being both long and dull. It is a composition which gives you a higher idea of the writer than it does of itself; but it is one to furnish some favourite extracts. We shall make a brief selection.

Invocation:—

"Love! eldest Muse! Time heard thine earliest lay,
When light through heav'n led forth the new-born day.
The stars, that give no accent to the wind,
Are golden odes and music to the mind;
So passion's thrill is Nature's minstrelsy;
So, to the young heart, Love is poetry.
God of the soul! illumination, caught
From thy bright glance, is energy to thought;
And song, bereft of thee, is cold and tame—
The bard a cinder, uninstinct with flame.
But when the heart looks through the eye of Love
On Nature's form, things lifeless breathe and move;—
The dewy forest smiles—dim morning shakes
The rainbow from his plumage—music wakes
The dimpled ripple of the azure wave—
In fiery floods green hills their tresses lave—
And myriad flowers, all bright'ning from the dews,
Day's earth-born stars, their golden beams effuse:
Transported passion bids rocks, floods, and skies,
Burst into song, while her delighted eyes
To all they see their own rich hues impart,
And the heart's language speaks to every heart."

The following is beautiful:—

"Bless'd is the hearth when daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While Love and Hope inspire his wordless pray'r,
Oh, from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know!
Them may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye,
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die—
The generous heart, the independent mind;
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!
May pity come, Love's sister-spirit, there!
May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!
Sweet peace be their's, the moonlight of the breast,
And occupation, and alternate rest,
And, dear to ease and thought, the rural walk!
Their's be no flower that withers on the stalk,
But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain,
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again!
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the tread of little feet;
Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,
And heirs, oh, love! of thine eternity!"

We conclude with the ensuing description:—

"Dost thou mourn with me
The year's autumnal spring?
Sigh'st thou this second wreath to see,
Of woodbines blossoming?
So late, so pale, with scentless breath,
Like lingering Hope, that smiles in death,
And, e'en when life is o'er,
Leaves on Misfortune's ice-cold face
The sweetness of its last embrace,
To fade, and be no more?
Lo, June's divested primrose sports
A silken coif again;
And, like late-smiling sickness, courts
The coy morn—but in vain!
Lo, half the elm's rich robe is gone!
The ash, a living skeleton,
Deplores his yellow hair;
Yet, while the beech-leaf rustles red,
And while the maple bows her head
In mournful honours fair—
Methinks the armed gorse appears
More golden than when May
Left April dying in her tears
Beneath the plumy spray;
And, for her lover's triumph won,
Danced with her blue-bell anklets on,
And bless'd his burning eye.
Come, Laura, come! and hear the thrush,
O'er autumn's gorse, from budding bush,
Pour vernal melody!
Come! and beneath the fresh green leaf
That mocks the aged year,
Thy bard, who loves the joy of grief,
Shall weave a chaplet here;
Not pluck'd from summer's wither'd bowers,
Not form'd of autumn's hopeless flowers—
Yet sad and wan as they:
Here, still, some flowers of Eden blow;
But deadly pale and stain'd with wo,
Like guilt, they shun the day.
While Folly treads beneath his feet
The daisy of the vale;
Love's rose, though sick at heart, is sweet—
Joy's leaf is fair, though pale.
And worth admires, resign'd and meek,
The tear-drop on the violet's cheek,
And Hope shall death survive."

The narrative parts are the worst; all the characters talk too much: people in utter despair never make long speeches.

Major Ricketts on the Ashantee War.

[Second Notice.]

WE reserved some of Major Ricketts' statements relative to the colony of Sierra Leone itself for our present Number, and with them we conclude our notice of his intelligent volume.

"At intervals during the day in the rainy season, the action of an intensely hot sun on the earth, covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and saturated with moisture, produces a disagreeable sickening smell, which is probably one of the causes of the fever that prevails at this period of the year, as persons recently arrived are generally taken ill in July or August; some, however, have been known to reside in the colony above two years without having been affected by it. If they remain beyond this time, they are certain not to escape much longer, and when at length they take the fever, it generally proves fatal to them. It is considered the more favourable symptoms for a stranger to be seized with the fever soon after his arrival. The havoc which this dreadful disease has made among the Europeans who have gone out, or have been sent to the colony, is well known. On the first arrival of European troops in 1825, they died in greater numbers than at any subsequent period. * * The coast is now garrisoned by three companies of the royal African corps, consisting of one hundred men each, stationed at Sierra Leone, at the Gambia, and at Fernandez Po; there are also recruiting parties of the first and second West India regiments at Sierra Leone. These regiments have been very successful in obtaining recruits among the liberated Africans, from the villages, who voluntarily enlist, and cheerfully embark for the West Indies. All the European troops have been sent home, and the whole of the coast is now garrisoned by native soldiers. * * * The population of the colony is about twenty-six thousand. Freetown is inhabited by European merchants, who have built houses for their stores and

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residences, Maroons, Nova Scotians, blacks (called settlers), discharged soldiers from the West India regiments, exiles from Barbadoes, and liberated Africans who have obtained lots of land in the town. It is well and regularly laid out, and the streets, most of which lately have been properly constructed, are sixty feet wide. Notwithstanding the money which has been expended on public buildings, there are none in the town with the exception of the jail, the barracks, the commissariat, and the buildings of the liberated Africans, that are worthy of the name. The houses, from the destructive nature of the climate, require annual reparation; even iron, unless well painted, will not withstand its effects long. The buildings are erected with a red clay-stone, which is found in quarries in the neighbourhood. * * * Many persons belonging to the surrounding tribes have taken up their temporary residence in the colony, and the Mahometan religion, which many of them profess, allowing a man to have several wives, is in that respect making much progress. With the exception of the most respectable of the Maroons and Nova Scotians, the native inhabitants have not advanced much in European civilisation, not being so refined in this respect as a domestic slave in the West Indies; but they are fond of dress, and newly liberated Africans soon follow their example to the extent of their means. The Maroons still retain a dialect peculiar to them in Jamaica. Some of the Maroon lads, by being employed in the Europeans' shops, improve themselves much, particularly in their writing. They occasionally give parties, at which there are young ladies who figure away in a country dance, copied from the Europeans; some of whom give a ball and supper, but to which none of the males of colour are invited, except one individual, a merchant, who is often a guest at the dinner-table of the Europeans. * * * * The liberated Africans are now supported by government only for six months after liberation in the colony by the mixed-commission courts, at the rate of two pence per day for each adult, and three halfpence per day for children: a piece of cloth sufficiently large to wrap round the body, and a blanket, is given to each individual, or one blanket between two children, on landing. The men are not located until three months after they are received by the liberated official department, being employed on light work during that time, for the good of the public. When I assumed the government, I adopted the plan of sending half the newly arrived African males to clear land and build huts for themselves, and the remainder was kept in Freetown, and employed in the manner above stated. Thus they were provided with houses and provision-grounds when their time of working for the public had expired. During the six months they have also issued to them two shirts and two pair of trousers each, and when located, provided with implements of agriculture and cooking utensils. The government provide for them, as already stated, during six months, at the expiration of which they are put on their own resources, and are usually assisted by their own country people until they are well able to maintain themselves. Some of the men are occasionally apprenticed to the merchants who are engaged in the timber-trade up the rivers, and favourable reports have been made of them. They will readily hire themselves, but they require much looking after. Many of them, after having resided some time in the colony, acquire a small capital, principally by traffic in European articles. None of these people hire themselves as sailors on board of ships, nor do they serve as boatmen, owing to their incapacity; but a few of them possess canoes, in which they employ the neighbouring natives, and trade to the adjacent rivers with European merchandise, which they exchange for rice, to retail again in Freetown. Some of the discharged soldiers employ themselves also in this manner. This is the kind of occupation which these people like; and as soon as any of them acquire some capital in another line, they speculate in traffic. Some of them also saw boards, and split shingles, which they sell at Freetown. The women get married, as they are not allowed to be taken otherwise by the men, almost immediately after being landed. Some of the girls and boys are apprenticed to the inhabitants on liberation, and the remainder sent to school in the villages, where they are supported and clothed until they are either apprenticed or able to provide for themselves; some of the girls are also disposed of from thence in marriage."

There are seventeen liberated African villages in the colony; and at "present, except those who are tied to the villages by possessing good houses in them, the liberated Africans move from place to place as their fancy leads them; and as no regular allotment until lately had been given to them, they sit down as they call it wherever they like. Ideas of perfect liberty have too soon been given to these people, considering their utter ignorance. If one of them were now asked why he does not repair his house, clean his farm, mend his fence, or put on better clothes, he replies, 'that king no give him work this time, and that he can do no more than burn bush and plant little cassada for yam' (to eat). The trade in slaves is carried to a greater extent than formerly in the neighbouring rivers; the vessels that frequent them carry for this purpose Spanish dollars and doubloons, which subsequently find their way to Sierra Leone for goods. Many of the liberated Africans have been enticed from the colony, and others kidnapped by the vagabonds already mentioned, who reside in the suburbs of Freetown: they are resold as slaves; some of them after a few months have been recaptured in slave-vessels, and brought back to the colony to be liberated. The numerous creeks in the immediate vicinity of Sierra Leone, which communicate with the rivers, afford great facility for carrying them off. * * * *

"The Portuguese and Spaniards impress on the minds of the slaves that the English are anxious to destroy them; in consequence of which the poor creatures are just after capture much dejected; but as they are generally immediately released from their confinement, and every possible attention paid to them, they soon become cheerful, and although totally unacquainted with one another's language, shortly become familiarised by signs or motions, and when anchored in Freetown harbour, awaiting their adjudication, their countrymen located in the colony visit them; and from being acquainted with their approaching delivery, they indulge in merriment and pleasure. Should there be any disease among the slaves on board the ships, they are landed as soon as the necessary legal forms are gone through. Many of these poor creatures arrive in such a deplorable state from want and disease, that it is difficult to preserve their lives. It is really shocking to humanity to see a cargo of children arrive sometimes mere skeletons, in a complete state of exhaustion. The small pox and measles often break out on board the slave-vessels, as well as the ophthalmia. Slaves are purchased from the natives on an average for about four pounds each, and are paid for in gunpowder, arms, tobacco, ardent spirits, &c. Those taken in the latitude of Sierra Leone might reach Fernandez Po in fifteen or twenty days."

These extracts not only convey much information, but as the author evidently writes without prejudice or partisanship, his statements are eminently entitled to attention, beyond the mere interest which is to be found in their curious details. The work is unambitious, and the style not very polished; some lithographic prints illustrate it; and, upon the whole, we consider it to be a production of merit and value.

Medical Zoology and Mineralogy; or, Illustrations and Descriptions of the Animals and Minerals employed in Medicine, and of the Preparations derived from them, &c. &c. With Figures coloured from Nature. By J. Stephenson, M.D., F.L.S. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. London, 1831. Wilson.

THIS work (to be comprised in twelve Numbers) promises to be extremely useful to the medical, and interesting to the general reader. The author acquitted himself so very well in his former undertaking, entitled *Medical Botany*, that we augured favourably of the present since its first announcement; and the Numbers which have appeared justify the anticipation which we had formed. The following extracts will shew the manner in which the work is executed, and the general as well as professional interest which it is calculated to impart.

"That the beaver (*Castor fiber*) was once indigenous to different parts of Britain, particularly to Wales and Scotland, is certain upon the credit of the most authentic records; and the fact of its having been one of the native quadrupeds of Scotland, has received the most ample confirmation from the occurrence of the fossil remains of the animal in Perthshire and Berwickshire. The earliest written authority we have of the existence, in former times, of the beaver in Wales, is contained in a remarkable document of the ninth century, the Laws of Howel the Good, where the price of the beaver's skin is stated at no less than 120 pence. The latest account of this subject is contained in the *Itinerarium* of Sylvester Giraldus, who travelled through Wales in 1188, or about 300 years after the date of Howel Dha. He gives a brief history of their manners, and adds that, in his time, the beaver, distinguished by the descriptive and appropriate title of *llosdlydan*, or 'broad tail,' was only found on the confines of the river Teivi, in Cardiganshire. In their natural state they subsist entirely on vegetable food, such as roots, young wood, and the bark of trees: they are very partial to the roots of the *magnolia glauca*, which, in America, is known by the names of white laurel, swamp sassafras, and beaver-tree; the poplar, aspen, and birch, are the favourite food of the European beavers. During summer, when these are to be obtained in great abundance, the beavers wander about the meadows and thickets that border the lakes and rivers which abound in North America. On the approach of winter, they quit their roaming way of life, form themselves into companies, and, instructed by instinct, begin to provide for the wants of the season, and set about constructing those habitations which have so long excited the wonder and admiration of mankind."

After noticing the opinions of Sonnerat,

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Temminck, Leach, and others, on the origin and races of the domestic cock, the author remarks:—"The origin of cock-fighting is lost in the periods of remote antiquity; yet even the polished Athenians allotted one day in the year to this barbarous sport: the Romans seem to have borrowed it from the Greeks, and the ancient Britons from the Romans. So addicted was Henry VIII. to this inhuman spectacle, that he caused a commodious house to be built for its exhibition, and which still retains the name of the *cock-pit*; and the practice was perversely promoted in our public schools. In China the rage for cock-fighting is still more prevalent than in this country; and in Sumatra a man will hazard, not only his property, but his wife and children, on a favourite bird."

Dr. Stephenson has given a detailed account of the different poisonous reptiles, and of the effects of, and modes of treating, their bites. Respecting the species of asp which Cleopatra employed to commit suicide, he remarks:—"It has only been since the expedition of the French to Egypt that the true species of the aspic has been ascertained. During the period of that expedition, the French philosophers attached to the army observed a species of ophidian, regarded as harmless by Linnæus and most herpetologists, but considered as extremely venomous by the traveller Forskal. This ophidian is called *hajé* by the inhabitants; and recent travellers have incontestably proved that it is the true aspic of the ancients, which never inhabited Europe; for the reptile which some years since infested the forest of Fontainebleau, and was called by this name, was nothing but a variety of the common viper; and the *aspig* of the Swedes is quite another species from the one in question. The ancients entertained a notion that the poison of this serpent is more deadly than that of any other venomous creature inhabiting the East; that its bite, though inevitably mortal, produced no pain or violent symptoms, and merely occasioned the gradual diminution of pulsation, which was followed, within twenty-four hours, by a profound sleep, terminating in death. Galen assures us that, in Alexandria, to shorten the punishment of criminals condemned to death, they were bitten in the breast by an asp; and Dioscorides asserts that the wounds occasioned by the bite of this reptile are unaccompanied by any local tumefaction, and that they are so small that they appear to have been made with a very fine needle."

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters, &c. By John Smith. Part the Third. Smith and Son.

We are glad to find that the encouragement afforded to the earlier portions of Mr. Smith's most useful work has encouraged him to proceed. The volume before us comprises the works of Vandyke and David Teniers; and, while it is interesting to the general reader, must be invaluable to the connoisseur and collector. Besides a preface, containing a sketch of the history of portraiture, from Raffaele to Sir Thomas Lawrence, there are brief biographical and critical notices of the two celebrated artists whose productions are immediately in question. From those notices we extract the following passages:—

VANDYKE.

"His historical productions, although few in number compared with his other works, are amply sufficient to shew that he possessed the genius requisite to have continued that course with honour, had he made it his exclusive pursuit: that he did not do so, may be imputed to two causes; the utter hopelessness of competing successfully with Rubens, and a decided predilection for portraiture. In the various historical subjects treated by his pencil, he has evinced most genius in those of a solemn nature, which excite sympathy and commiseration; such are his Pietas and Crucifixions. In the latter, the countenance of the suffering Saviour is always indescribably affecting; and in both subjects the agonising grief of the Virgin is depicted with a power of expression which strikingly exemplifies the pathetic appeal, 'Were ever sorrows like unto my sorrows?' still there is a dignified calmness in her demeanour, differing from that of the Magdalen, whose more violent grief arises from grateful attachment: the latter is always weeping and embracing the hands and feet of her Lord. The apostles and holy women are characterised by sentiments of sorrow and devout attachment; and the piety of religious persons is also given with suitable effect and propriety. In the various pictures representing the Holy Family, the Virgin is never devoid of appropriate dignity; and occasionally a look of inspiration beams in her countenance. The same happy choice of intellectual expression does not, however, accompany him in his other figures, as may be observed in his infant Saviour and St. John, which seldom appear to be more than comely children of an ordinary stamp. The subordinate persons in his groups are frequently still more defective. In his compositions he has too often borrowed from Rubens, to be entitled to much credit for invention: witness his pictures of 'Samson and Delilah;' 'St. Ambrose and Theodosius;' and 'St. Martin dividing his cloak.' In many other of his productions may also be detected groups taken from his master's works. Still, it must be admitted that the correctness of his drawing, and a certain air of elegance in the figure, compensate for the plagiarisms. As a colourist he deservedly ranks with the first masters; he could imitate to deception the brilliancy of Rubens, as is instanced in many of his early works; or assume the rich and mellow tones of Titian, as is exemplified by the numerous pictures painted by him when in Italy. If some of his works are censured for the predominant brown tints, it should be recollected that they were not so originally, but have become dark from the protrusion of the ground colour, or from being slight and hasty productions. No painter was ever more skilful or dexterous in his art; his rapid execution was governed by a mastery of touch, accompanied by a lightness and spirit peculiar to himself, and which are frequently the distinguishing characteristics between his works and those of Rubens. In comparison with that illustrious artist, as an historical painter, he was immeasurably inferior; not so in portraiture: in this he rises superior, and may almost claim an equality with Titian. If he has less dignity in expression than the great Venetian, he has infinitely more elegance and grace, as well as natural animation, superadded to chaste and correct drawing, the agreeable art of giving action to his figures, and a more pleasing air to the heads. These excellencies he had acquired by studying the peculiar beauties of the best Italian masters, on which he formed a style entirely his own, and admirably adapted to portray persons of every class and character, which is not the case with the severe and solemn style of Titian. To those who have not attentively considered the works of Van Dyck, it may be useful to observe, that those pictures which he painted in Italy have more of the Venetian colouring than those of a subsequent period: such are the portraits of a Genoese senator and his lady, in the collection of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel; John Count of Nassau, in the collection of Alexander Baring, Esq.; and others already enumerated. Soon after his return to Antwerp he incorporated more of the Flemish mode of colouring into his pictures, perhaps in deference to the taste of his countrymen: amongst the numerous examples of this class may be adduced the portraits of the Chevalier Roy and his lady, now in the Prince of Orange's palace at Brussels; Jacob le Roy, in the possession of Lord Brownlow; the Duke of Nassau and family, in the collection of Earl Cowper; and the Gevartius in the National Gallery. The same delightful colouring glows in his early productions in this country; but in proportion as his sitters augmented, his pictures became slighter or less finished; and many of them were done with such despatch that little more than a day sufficed to begin and complete a portrait: for it is asserted, that he frequently kept his sitter to dinner, and, by working afterwards, finished it the same day. By these means, and the aid of assistants and pupils, he executed an incredible number of pictures, many of which are painted in a very slight and negligent manner; but though thus hurried, they are never devoid of that elegance and grace which give a charm to all his female portraits, nor deficient in that gentlemanly air and style which is no less attractive in those of the other sex."

TENIERS.

"The artist whose life and works form the contents of the succeeding pages, being a pupil of his father, naturally imitated his manner; but, possessing a very superior genius, he gradually abandoned the brown and heavy tones of colour used by him, and adopted those of a clear and silvery kind. His handling is also infinitely more spirited and free than that of his instructor. He could, doubtless, have invented a style of his own, had he been so disposed; but he chose rather to improve upon the one he had attained, as he found it so well suited to express with facility whatever he desired to represent. No painter ever exercised the pencil with greater freedom and address—a few hours sufficing for the production of a picture containing several figures, perfectly formed and full of animation. With these capabilities, aided by a lively imagination, he was enabled to execute an incredible number of pictures, many of which contain from twenty to one hundred figures, and a few of his productions have triple that number. The subjects which he usually represented were the familiar scenes of peasants or artisans, recreating either with the social pot and pipe, at a *cabaret*, or at their festive and joyous meetings on a village holyday; or in *kermiss* time. His genius was not, however, confined to these subjects—it embraced almost every branch of the art. His conversational and musical parties, of persons of distinction, shew that he was well acquainted with the customs and manners of polished society; and whenever he represented himself and family, or his patrons and friends, which he frequently did, in his village feasts, and other subjects, each person was designated by a suitable character of gentility. His grotesque representations of the 'Rich Man in Hell;' of 'Pandemonium;' of the 'Temptations of St. Anthony;' and of other subjects that admitted the vagaries of fancy, evince the playfulness of his humour, and the fertility of his invention. His landscapes, particularly

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those of a small size, please by the light and airy effect which pervades them, and by the animating charm of rustic happiness depicted in the enjoyments of the peasantry. It appears that Teniers was, at one period, so attracted by the energetic and powerful style of Brouwer, that he painted a great number of pictures in imitation of that master; of these the prominent tint is a rich brown, doubtless become more opaque from time. It may also be observed, that the figures in these pictures are usually much larger than in those of his ordinary works, being frequently from twelve to eighteen inches high: this, however, is not a general rule; but they are always painted with a broad, free pencil, full of character and expression. Teniers, like many others in the profession, not content with the orbit in which he moved with splendour, attempted the higher and nobler stations of the art, and produced several historical and even poetical subjects. To accomplish these successfully required something more than the knowledge of common nature, or the blandishments of colour and facile execution; his lofty attempts ended much like the ambitious soaring of Icarus: although the subjects just noticed must have cost him infinitely more time and labour than his usual pictures, they are of much less value in public estimation. There is yet one branch of the art in which the versatile genius of this artist manifested itself with admirable success, namely, in *pasticci*, or imitations of the Italian masters, chiefly those of the Venetian school. In this endeavour he seems to have taken a peculiar delight, having left many examples in the style of Titian, Bassan, Tintoretto, and Giorgione. These possess much of the breadth of handling, richness of colour, and force of effect, peculiar to the works of those masters; their principal deficiency is in expression, and in this may be traced their Flemish origin. The writer has taken considerable pains to ascertain, identify, and authenticate the early works of this master; and, so far as he has been able to learn, they invariably partake of a brown tone of colour; and such appear to have been painted previously to his 30th year, about which period he gradually quitted these predominant brown tints, and adopted a much more clear, and what is termed silvery manner of colouring. Many of his finest works are dated 1647. In his latter time his handling became feeble and tremulous, and his colouring less transparent, with a tendency to a yellow brown. The vehicle, or medium, used by him, in painting, was evidently of the same kind as that with which Rubens, Breughel, and other artists of that school, worked; and, whatever this medium may have been, it is plain that it possessed two very important qualities, namely, of giving transparency to the colours, and being a convenient texture for its application; for nothing short of these, in conjunction with a perfect knowledge of the principles of the art, could have enabled him to produce such an incredible number of pictures, many of them filled with a multitude of figures, displaying the most lively animation and an infinite variety of action. The pictures most esteemed by connoisseurs are those painted on a light ground, formed with a preparation of chalk, or plaster of Paris; over which he scumbled his various tints of brown and pearly grays; the figures, and some of the accessaries, were, at the same time, spiritedly sketched in with bistre, and the principal shadows thrown in; these were succeeded by the half tones, taking always especial care to preserve delicacy and transparency: in the finishing, all the higher lights, and whatever required solidity, were charged with a body of colour; a few sparkling and spirited touches, and occasional glazing tints, completed the work. Some idea may be formed of the extraordinary number of pictures produced by this expert painter, by a quotation of his own words, 'that it would require a gallery two leagues in length to contain all his pictures.'"

Gerald Fitzgerald; an Irish Tale. By Ann of Swansea, author of "Uncle Peregrine's Heiress," &c. &c. 5 vols. London, 1831. Newman and Co.

After all, a novel of the old school is the real El Dorado; gold and jewels are as plentiful as reasons; and heiresses distribute their wealth as if it were advice. The pages before us are venerable, at least, for their antiquity; and we could as soon say any thing disrespectful of our grandmother as of Ann of Swansea. Of the contents we need only observe, that wealth, titles, and beauty, abound: there is also a mystery, a murder, and an elopement; together with a very perfect heroine, who, at fifteen, declaims against idle pleasures, weeps at going to a ball, and is unhappy at having diamonds to wear. Marvels enough, our readers will grant, for one work.

A General System of Gardening and Botany, containing a complete Illustration and Description of all Plants hitherto known; with their Generic and Specific Characters, Places of Growth, Time of Flowering, Mode of Culture, and their Uses in Medicine and Domestic Economy. Preceded by Introductions to the Linnæan and Natural Systems, and a Glossary of the Terms used. Founded upon Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, and arranged according to the Natural System. By George Don, F. L. S. 4to. (in 4 vols.), Vol. I. pp. 818. London, 1831. Rivingtons; Clarkes; Longman and Co.; and most of the principal publishers.

This ample title-page so accurately describes the laborious, scientific, and most useful work, of which the first volume has just appeared, that we have little to say, except that it excellently fills up a great desideratum in the gardening and botanical world. Mr. Don is possessed of that practical experience which has enabled him to add the latest information to all the vast stock previously systematised, and his talent and diligence are equally deserving of our highest praise. The Introductions are intelligent, and the following of Jussieu judicious; the newer matter, derived from the Lambertian Herbarium, very valuable. The multitude of wood-cuts are well executed; and the text, though it looks cramp and difficult at first sight, from the number of contracted signs, is yet, after a slight attention, quite easy and plain. The mass of instruction conveyed is prodigious.

Bible Letters for Children, by Lucy Barton: *with Introductory Verses*, by Bernard Barton. pp. 269. London, 1831. J. Souter.

We think this little volume does infinite credit to the youthful writer: the selections are very judicious, and told in as near the words of Scripture as possible,—the very words themselves used where of peculiar import; and the lesson dwelt upon and explained in a simple manner, obvious to the most juvenile capacity. Some very sweet verses by her father, Bernard Barton, an old and favourite friend of the public and ourselves, are fitting introduction to this modest and deserving little work.

First Lines of Zoology, by Question and Answer, for the Use of the Young. By Robert Mudie. London, 1831. Whittaker.

A useful and well-arranged catechism, going through the various branches of zoology in a clear and simple manner, well adapted for the instruction of youth.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXXI.

Wilson and Lucien Buonaparte's American Ornithology, Vol. IV. edited by Professor Jameson, is the last-published portion of this long-continued and well-conducted Miscellany. The original work is so highly prized, that we need say nothing to commend this neat and cheap reprint of it.

The Waverley Novels, Vol. XXVIII. Peveril of the Peak, Vol. I. Edinburgh, Cadell.

With a preface explanatory of the origin of this novel, and several notes of considerable interest, the present is a pleasant continuation of the series. An appendix, too, contains a good deal of the genealogy of the family of Christian, which their descendant, the actual Deemster of Man, has thought necessary to redeem the realities of his ancestors from the stigma attached to them by fiction.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VEGETABLE STRATA.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—You have mentioned in your last *Gazette* some interesting facts connected with the strata found in excavating near the Thames: but you seem not to be aware that along the whole of the eastern coast of the kingdom, and, I am inclined to believe, from such opportunities of observation as have occurred to me, at about the same level, there is found a stratum of vegetable deposit very similar to that which you have described as found in Bermondsey Street. How far inland this stratum has been discovered, I cannot tell: but along the coast of Norfolk and of Lincolnshire, to the mouth of the Humber, it may be seen, at intervals, in the sea-cliff, with occasionally more than 200 feet of superjacent clay and sand. In digging a canal, also, a few years since, to render the small river Ant navigable to this place, the same stratum, or a similar one, and at much the same level, was found, but with numerous large trees of different kinds, among which the oak was still quite sound. Numerous stags' horns were also dug out, together with one human skull, and one of some large animal of the ox kind, now deposited, I believe, in the museum at Norwich.

The hazel-nuts, also, were very perfect, and very abundant; and it is to a circumstance connected with these, that I wish to call the attention of your geological readers. All these nuts—and, indeed, all such as I have observed to be dug up elsewhere—had arrived at *one and the same period of their growth*; viz. that in which the kernel was not quite large enough to fill the shell. My inference from which is, that this stratum of vegetable remains, mixed with animal spoils, was not a gradual deposit, but the result of some single and overwhelming catastrophe, that took place at the present season of the year.—I am, sir, &c.

W. T. Spurdens.*

North Walsham, August 21st, 1831.

* A little time since, I had occasion to remove some of the peat in Kingsedgmoor; this I found to be about

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER. 23d 7h 46m—the autumnal equinox. The Earth in its circle round the Sun attains that point of its course wherein every part of its surface, from pole to pole, receives an equal proportion of the solar influence. After this period the arctic regions will gradually sink into the darkening gloom of their long and dreary night; and the northern nations of the globe have, in sure succession, the misty morn, the fleeting cloud, the moaning gale, the ice-bound stream, and the snowy mantle of winter. The Sun, verging towards the south, will daily contract his course and diminish his meridian height—his rising and setting occasionally diversified with a splendour peculiar to the autumnal season. During the long absence of the Sun, the atmosphere, refined by frost, will reveal the beautiful and unimaginable depths of ether, glowing with myriad stars, and those mysterious phenomena which lie far beyond, where the stars of Orion and their bright companions send forth their keen scintillations—

> The blue Pacific of infinity,
> Gemm'd with the sacred islets of the skies—
> Each isle a world upon a sapphire sea,
> And every world, perchance, a paradise.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Leo	5	20	33
☽ First Quarter in Ophiuchus	13	16	42
○ Full Moon in Aquarius	21	9	55
☾ Last Quarter in Gemini	28	4	28

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	5	8	30
Mars in Leo	6	8	0
Mercury in Virgo	7	22	20
Venus in Virgo	8	18	45
Jupiter in Capricornus	18	0	40

13d—Mercury stationary. 25d—in conjunction with Mars. 26d 6h—inferior conjunction with the Sun.

17d—Venus stationary near 68 Virginis. 26d—in conjunction with 53 Virginis. Towards the end of the month this planet will appear with a delicate crescent.

24d 3h—Mars in conjunction with the Sun.

The Asteroids.

	D.		H.	M.		°	′
Vesta	1	R.A.	7	22	N.D.	20	54
	9	.....	7	35	.....	20	36
	17	.....	7	48	.....	20	15
	25	.....	8	0	.....	19	54
Juno	1	.....	8	5	.....	11	6
	9	.....	8	20	.....	10	12
	17	.....	8	35	.....	9	16
	25	.....	8	50	.....	8	16
Pallas	1	.....	19	12	.....	11	59
	9	.....	19	11	.....	10	23
	17	.....	19	11	.....	8	48
	25	.....	19	13	.....	7	17
Ceres	1	.....	20	49	S.D.	30	53
	9	.....	20	45	.....	30	57
	17	.....	20	42	.....	30	51
	25	.....	20	41	.....	30	37

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	4	11	42	1
	13	8	6	23
	20	10	1	57
	27	11	57	36
	29	6	26	29
Second Satellite	3	13	30	25
	21	7	56	31
	28	10	34	0
Third Satellite	21	9	13	22
Immersion	28	9	41	29

Saturn is too near the Sun to be observed.

2d—Uranus in conjunction with 9 Capricorni.

Telescopic Objects.—The following telescopic objects will be in favourable positions for observation during the month:—

In the girdle of Hercules, between two stars of the eighth magnitude, is a nebula round and bright in its centre; between the knee and left leg of Hercules is another beautiful nebula, 5′ in diameter, surrounded with great nebulosity; near κ in the same constellation is another bright nebula:—each of these is resolvable into stars. In the breast of Hercules is a planetary nebula. α Herculis is a double star—the large star red, the small of a bluish-green colour. ζ Herculis is a double star—the large star bluish-white, and the small of a fine ash colour:—these stars revolve about their centre of gravity. δ Herculis is a double star.

Between γ and β Lyræ is a round mottled nebula. Near α Lyræ is a very faint and small star. ε Lyræ with a telescope of low power appears only double; with a higher power, each star is seen to be double: under peculiarly favourable circumstances, a fifth star is visible—constituting ε Lyræ a quintuple star. β Lyræ is a variable star:—period of variation, 6d 9h; maximum and minimum brightness, third and fifth magnitudes: it is also a variable star—three of the combinations are white; the fourth, of a red colour.

Beneath γ Cygni is a mass of seven or eight stars. Near 16 Cygni is a perfectly round planetary nebula, with a bright central point a little extended, like two points close to one another. Near 34 Cygni is a double star, with a faint milky ray united to it. υ Cygni is a triple star—the large star white, the others red. 61 Cygni is one of the most remarkable objects in the heavens; it is found to have a progressive motion, the nature of which is not yet satisfactorily explained—it is probably of the same class with ζ Ursæ Majoris, which is found to complete a revolution in less than fifty-seven years.

Between ε and δ Cassiopeiæ is a mass of stars. 6 Cassiopeiæ disappears periodically. Near d Cassiopeiæ is a mass of stars, like a solid ball, mixed with nebulosity.

In the right foot of Andromeda is a collection of nebulous stars. 14 Andromedæ is a round, bright, well-defined, planetary disc, 15″ in diameter. γ Andromedæ is a double-double star, and one of the most beautiful objects in the heavens—the larger star is red, the smallest of a sky-blue colour. The nebula in the girdle of Andromeda is visible to the unassisted sight: it is of considerable extent—40′ in length, by 15′ in breadth; the centre has the appearance of the undefined disc of a comet.

Near β Persei is a bright star, from which proceeds two faint nebulous branches. ζ Persei is a beautiful triple star. Near 21 Persei is a double star—the large star yellow, the small blue. The clusters of stars in the sword-handle of Perseus is one of the most splendid telescopic views in the heavens—when the atmosphere is very pure, it suggests the idea of a hemisphere of stars. In Perseus there are no fewer than eight nebulæ.

Four and a half degrees due north of α Piscium, in a barren space near the feet of Aries, is a double star—the large star of an intense ruby colour, the small star green. ζ Piscium is a beautiful double star.

In the head of Aquarius is a nebulous star. α Capricorni is double to the unassisted sight; with the telescope each star will appear to be double. Above the shoulders of Capricornus are three nebulæ, one of which exhibits a planetary disc. In this part of the heavens are the planets Jupiter and Uranus, the former of which is at all times an interesting telescopic object: a remarkable configuration will occur of his satellites, 28d 8h; only the fourth satellite will be visible—the first will be on the disc, and the second and third in the shadow of Jupiter. Uranus may be seen about 2° west of Jupiter, appearing like a star of the fifth magnitude with a bluish-white light. The asteroid Pallas may be traced from 28 Aquilæ (a star in a branch of the Via Lactea) moving southward in the direction of β Aquilæ, a double star—it shines with a faint rosy tint.

Deptford. J. T. B.

twenty feet thick, and to rest on a fine alluvial soil. On this alluvial soil it was evident that trees and bushes once grew—for their stumps were found standing in their natural position, with the roots sticking in the ground. Upon this soil, and beneath the peat, the workmen found fragments of pottery, similar in shape and texture to that which we find in the ruins of the villas, wood which had been divided by some cutting instrument, and charcoal. With these remains was a squared piece of bone, whereon was cut the word APRIXI, which completely identified the remains to be Roman. The letters of the inscription are shaped like those which were in use during the latter period of the Roman empire. Another fact is this:—at Bartle, on a sandy ridge a little elevated above the adjoining moor, there are the remains of a Roman pottery: a part of the foundations of this ruin runs towards the peat, and is covered with it. While making the new cut for the River Brue, at eighteen feet below the present surface, the workmen found many fragments of Roman pottery. In none of these cases did the soil appear ever to have been disturbed; therefore these antique remains could not possibly have been buried in it: nor, in the first instance, can they be supposed to have sunk through the bog from their greater specific gravity, because the accompaniments, wood and charcoal, have not that property.

At whatever date it happened that this dry land was changed into a stagnant pool of water, (for such must the aquatic plants which compose the peat have grown in), it is evident that it was occasioned by a sudden, and not a gradual alteration; since the branches, their leaves, and fruits, remained together; also that it must have occurred in the middle of summer—for the nuts were half filled with kernel—a degree of ripeness they would attain about that period of the year.

It may be said, that had a catastrophe so widely extended as this is guessed to have been, happened during the Roman empire, it would have been recorded by their historians. Gibbon says, from the account of Ammianus: "That in the second year of the reigns of Valentinian and Valens, on the morning of the 21st July, 365, the greatest part of the Roman world was shaken by a violent earthquake. The impression was communicated to the waters. The shores of the Mediterranean were left dry by the sudden retreat of the sea: great quantities of fish were caught by hand, and large vessels were stranded in the mud. But the tide soon returned with the weight of an immense and irresistible deluge. Large boats were transported and lodged on the roofs of houses, or at two miles from the shore; the people, with their habitations, were swept away by the waters; and the city of Alexandria annually commemorated the fatal day, on which 50,000 persons lost their lives."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ACTUAL STATE OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.

It is only for these few years back that the excavations of Pompeii have been carried on with any kind of regularity, though still with a degree of supineness that is extremely despairing to the curious. Pompeii was, with the town of Herculaneum, buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79, and discovered in 1760. The extent scarcely exceeds that of the garden and court of the Tuileries, and the fifth part is hardly laid open, though it is more than a century since the labours of excavation have been carried on. Twenty men, at the most, are at present engaged in these excavations. We are indebted to M. Raoul Rochette for some details on their present condition, which were read at one of the meetings of the united four academies of the Institute. It appears that the labours are at present carried on with great care; attention is paid to the preservation of the frail walls and delicate pictures, and even a sieve is made use of, that no precious relic of antiquity may escape. At the same time precautions are taken for the preservation of the ancient habitations, by propping up the walls and giving new roofs to the houses; and some old places have been transformed into guard-houses, where some old soldiers ensure the safety of the ancient town. This extreme attention paid to objects of antiquity is common

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throughout Italy; and more money is expended in repairing the Colosseum or the Forum of Trajan at Rome, than for the palace of the chancellor of the modern capital; and the temple of Vesta is supported by the friends of the apostolic chamber in a much better condition than ancient basilicums of the first Christians.

The street by which we enter Pompeii is called the street of Tombs, and was discovered in 1812. It is a kind of suburb, where half country and half urban habitations were formerly found, mingled with sepulchres. At present the habitations have generally disappeared. On four green hills, which have not yet been excavated, the tombs alone have remained untouched; they shew themselves isolated, and arranged in two parallel lines, most of them in a state of preservation that is really extraordinary; and men carved on little monuments of charming proportions, of beautiful workmanship, and exquisite taste, some elevated by steps, the others simple cenotaphs, altars, or chapels, almost all built of marble, which has lost nothing of its primitive polish or whiteness, shaded with young trees or old cypresses, which grow spontaneously among these ruins, form a picturesque and unexpected *coup-d'œil*.

The effect, on entering the town, is that of disappointment; it is not without trouble that we represent to ourselves the polished Greeks and powerful Romans walking through such narrow roads and living in such small houses. It is true that the inhabitants of Pompeii were neither Greeks nor Romans, but a little of one and the other, and that Pompeii was a provincial town; but, as at Rome itself, it does not appear that the houses or the furniture of the generality of citizens were in relation with the ideas which we figure to ourselves of the great names of Rome and of Romans.

An amphitheatre, two theatres, two places surrounded with porticos, a forum, a basilicum, thermal baths, eight temples, and a great number of edifices, even on the small scale on which these constructions have been erected, the forum of Pompeii, three hundred and forty-four feet long by a hundred and seven broad, bordered with porticos, surrounded with temples and public edifices, covered with marble or bronze statues, whose pedestals with honourable inscriptions have remained in the same condition.

Among the ancients every thing related to public life, and the private life was almost entirely sacrificed to the political life. Almost all the houses consist of one or more open courts, often surrounded with porticos or colonnades, and round which apartments are disposed, but so small and so obscure, that we are astonished how people could have resided there. They scarcely afford room for a bronze bedstead, a lamp, and a seat of the same metal; so that it is very evident that the citizens of Pompeii only retired there for sleep, and that their life was principally passed in the forum or at the basilicum, in temples or at theatres. Their senate-house had a part called *atrium*, which may appear spacious, and which is also the best decorated of the house: friends, clients, &c. were received here; and in the same place were hung the portraits of their ancestors, and, in the absence of these monuments, they surrounded themselves with voluptuous, or agreeable, or sometimes philosophical illustrations.

The eruption of Vesuvius, which succeeded an earthquake whose effects had hardly been repaired when the city became buried under cinders for eighteen centuries, was attended with the most sudden and fatal effects: parts of skeletons and human bones are found in almost all the private or public edifices which they have laid open; the number of victims that has been found already exceeds one hundred and seventy, in the fifth part of the ancient town. Pompeii lost much in the form and decoration of its edifices; all the houses had their tops destroyed, their roofs driven in, and the lower parts disfigured by the falling in of the upper stories; yet the brilliant aspect of the walls, and the magical effect of pictures which appear to have lost none of their original freshness, surpasses every expectation; and this is more particularly the case in the vicinity of the forum, where the excavations are at present carried on. Every thing is painted in Pompeii in conformity with the importance of every habitation and the destination of the apartment. The floor is paved with mosaic; and in seeing this profusion of colours, of stuccos, of mosaic, and of painting, we should be almost tempted to inquire what became of the poor; and yet poor there must have been, even in a city so richly decorated; though the most miserable condition must have had its charm, in the midst of these magic colours and luxury of art.

WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

On Thursday evening Dr. Wood delivered the first of two lectures on Moral Philosophy in the theatre of this Institution, Leicester Square. In a few well-written introductory observations, the lecturer stated that his intention was more to indicate the nature of the subject, and designate its relation to the other sciences, than to notice in detail every point embraced in the term "moral philosophy." He then, in very appropriate language, pointed out the connexion between mind and the senses, those "portals of the mind;" observing, that it was not at all probable, a proper understanding of the constitution of the former could ever be attained. The lecture throughout was listened to with great attention, and considering that it was not illustrated by any striking experiments, was calculated to make a useful impression on the understandings of his numerous auditors.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New London Bridge, August 1, 1831. Sketched on stone by T. S. Cooper. Ackermann.

There is no end to London Bridge! This is a gay coloured affair, of which the *coup-d'œil* is flashy enough; with, as the peep-showmen say, "all the boats and barges sailing backwards and forwards upon the river."

The Battle of Palm Sunday (from the Fair Maid of Perth.) H. Andrews. London, Dickinson and Co.

A lithographic embodying of the splendid description of the conflict on the North Inch. It is a work of mind, but the difficulty of representing such a scene to the eye is insurmountable.

Monument in Memory of the Princess Charlotte. Drawn by F. Mackenzie. Engraved by H. Winkles and W. Greatbatch.

This engraving, though only now published, is a print of the high feeling and affecting monument erected by Mr. Matthew Wyatt, in the chapel which he also designed, in St. George's, Windsor, to the memory of the Princess Charlotte. This tribute of a nation's regard continues to be the admiration of foreign visitors, as well as a boast of British sculpture, and we are glad to see a representation of it from a sister art which may adorn the portfolio of every individual. It is ably engraved, and has a very touching interest.

Sketches in Italy. Drawn on Stone by W. Linton.

The fifth Number of this superb work has just reached us, and contains, "Il Ponte della Trinità, Florence;" "Il Lago d' Orta;" "Convent of St. Scholastica;" "Nessi;" "Cavi;" "The Temples of Pæstum;" "Subiaco;" and "The Convent of S. Cosimato, at Vico-Varo." Independently of the variety and interest of its subjects, this publication evidently advances in depth of tone, brilliancy of effect, and powers of execution. In examples like these, lithography appears to have reached a climax beyond that which could have been calculated upon.

Paganini: on Stone. By H. T. Bulmer.

This is a vivid and striking likeness of the god of the bow. It is full of character, and altogether a fine production. The caricatures of Paganini must *bow* before it.

Part II. completing a Series of Coloured Views of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. From Drawings by Mr. T. T. Bury. Ackermann.

Six Views, completing the series, and certainly superior, both in execution and in interest, to those which appeared in the First Part. The representation of Parkside, where the unfortunate accident happened to Mr. Huskisson, excites melancholy recollections. At the present critical moment it is impossible not to feel deeply the loss which the country has sustained from the sudden deprivation of so able a public man.

Views in the Mauritius or Isle of France. No. 3. Carpenter and Son.

Of the four Views of which this Number consists, "Baie du Tombeau" is the most remarkable and picturesque.

The Watering Places of Great Britain. Part 4. Hinton.

"Torquay," "Dover," and "Rottingdean," are the embellishments of the fourth Part of this pleasing publication.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A NEW VIEW!

Unappreciated Excellence; or, an Article on "Miscellaneous Poems" and "Political Pamphlets."

"I summon ye, from silence and from shade!"

There are two great motives which stimulate men to action—the desire of praise, and the desire of reward: it would be difficult to say which is the most powerful of the two; but to one or other of these, or sometimes to a mixture of both, may all human acts be traced. Unfortunately—and this puts one out in an argument—there never yet was rule so general as not to admit of an exception; and two large classes there are at this moment certainly unactuated by the two stimulants to which we have referred exertion. There are two opposite sets of writers, who are influenced neither by hope of praise nor by love of gain: we allude to the authors of political pamphlets and miscellaneous poems. Their pages are neither purchased nor perused. The individual who ever bought a political pamphlet, or read a volume of miscellaneous poems, would be shewn

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about for a show—a wonder exhibited at a shilling a-head, and sixpence for servants and children. The pamphleteer and the poet have nothing in common—one being composed of facts, the other of fancies; and yet the line of conduct is the same in both. What motive can actuate them — the Curtiuses of literature thus leaping into the gulf of oblivion—and for what? At first we thought there might be a little lurking vanity; for when the poet wrote—

"None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair—
But love will hope where reason would despair,"

we always felt convinced he meant self-love, and literary self-love in particular. But there are some things, like Lord ——'s disinterestedness, or Mr. ——'s religious fervour—too impossible to be believed. Yet even the very writers themselves must admit, that the only inscription fit for their booksellers' shelves would be the one which Dante describes as being written over the gates of hell—

"Here hope comes not."

It is very much the fashion to talk of authors as an ill-used, ill-requited, unhappy race—from Molière's

"Pégase est un cheval
Qui mène les grands hommes à l'hôpital,"

down to Lord Byron's

"Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And folly loves the martyrdom of fame;"

or to Moore's

"In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brains of the elk to his very last sigh;
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die."

These are great names against our own peculiar opinions; and we all know that a great name is like the sun—it dazzles one's sight; yet, in spite of these "most high authorities," we consider authors a very fortunate race. They have the pleasure of seeing themselves in print—a pleasure only to be estimated by those who have enjoyed it. To see one's mental self in print is like seeing one's bodily self in the mirror; and the letters are so many looking-glasses, reflecting the attitudes of our mind. They have proof-sheets too, and proof-sheets are as good as love-letters. Then comes the enjoyment of being reviewed. Good, bad, or indifferent, a review has something satisfactory in it to its object—if it praise, there is the delight of belief; if it censure, there is the luxury of complaint; and, let us tell you, that newspapers are interesting when you have always a latent hope that they will contain something about yourself. Then there is, to use the modern phrase, "lionisation,"—a custom, however, derived from the ancients. What was the name of the Scythian who came from his deserts to have a good stare at Plato? Now, it rounds a phrase very prettily for popular authors to declaim about the heartlessness of society, the want of feeling, and the waste of time—to say nothing of the gentle insinuation of their being superior to such low flattery: but though we do not deny, you will permit us to doubt. Half our fine feelings originate in fine phrases; and indifference sounds well in a period. Vanity is the true alchymy which extracts its gold from the most worthless materials; and we must again say, we doubt whether the small flatteries, the "Who is she, or he?" the curiosities, and the introductions, are not, to use an American phrase, "so awfully despiscable after all." But what part have the two unknown classes we now commiserate—what part have they in the very smallest of these pleasures? who has any curiosity to see the author of a pamphlet? or who asks to be introduced to the author of a volume of miscellaneous poems? They may take up reviews for ever, and newspapers till doomsday; but their works will be like the statue of Isis, whose veil mortal hand hath never yet raised; or, to repeat the assertion with which we commenced, that no rule is without an exception, a pamphleteer may take up a review and see the title of his work at the head of an article, from which, however, all mention of its contents is carefully excluded; while the author of a volume of miscellaneous poetry may see a quotation in a newspaper, accompanied with a wonder at his folly, and a sneer at his trash—small encouragement, in either case, for these "written troubles of the brain." We perfectly understand why we ourselves are writing about them:—to be very candid, our motive is ostentation. We are all proud of uncommon actions; and we quite pique ourselves on the seventy-two pamphlets and the fifty-nine poetical volumes we have just read—we feel all the pride of a traveller who has penetrated into unknown countries—

"Where never human foot before had trod."

We have traversed the Africa of the literary world, and we put forth our discoveries in the spirit of a Bruce or a Clapperton. But though we understand our own motive for writing about them, we are not a bit nearer their motives for writing at all; these, like Sir ——'s principles, or Mr. ——'s meaning, must remain mysteries—no one has ever yet ascertained what they are. Were a parallel to be instituted between the poets and the pamphleteers, the balance would be greatly in favour of the latter. Self-deception is the moral principle most developed in poetry; while invention, imagination, simile, and metaphor, have gone over—like deities abandoning an ungrateful country, or rats deserting a falling house—to the once drier and didactic ranks of politics. Allow us to explain why we use two images—the one of the deities has *l'air noble*, and may persuade; the other is common and actual, and therefore may convince.

We shall dismiss the miscellaneous poems first: verily they have been the sandy deserts of our way. It was a belief among the ancients, that mental blindness was a curse from the gods on those whom they predestined to destruction. The fate must surely be sealed of the writers of such passages as the following. A Mr. Henry Martin states, that

"Before the glance of beauty's eye
Trouble and pain the bosom fly;
And what mere mortal can withstand
The gentle squeeze of beauty's hand?"

We own we scarcely consider the last line "quite correct;" but, Young Ladies, we quote it as an example to be shunned—not a pattern to be followed. From Mr. D. Corkindale's *Sketches of Genius*, we select Lines to * * *. We quote the verse on the same principle as we ask a riddle—to see if its meaning can be found out.

"When cold is now my darling's heart,
Whose throb was rapture's spell to thee,
Dear lady, aged as thou art,
O! thou art all to me."

From *Russet Rhymes* we take one verse: we beg to submit the resolution it contains to all unpopular members about to address their constituents:—

"Their hints may not be slighted—
Less hard I'll screw my pegs;
They else, as they one night did,
May *pelt*er me with eggs."

We will proceed with Mr. T. Cornish, a gentleman of most energetic and poetic patriotism: he dedicates to "his country," and to his "king he tenders an undivided allegiance;" and our modern Tyrtæus sets out by declaring,

"I sing the tree of liberty:
Believe me, 'tis no joke, sir."

Lest we should make it one, we go on to a "fashionable melody:" one verse will suffice:

"I go, I go, to drive dull care
Away from this crazy head;
I go—yes, I'll go every where,
By fashion still I'm led!"

We continue with a most pathetic farewell:—

"So, Rosa, kiss me ere I rove;—
One smack—ah! that was well done!
Adieu, sweet girl! my only love—
I'll think of thee—in London."

We can only find room for two lines from Mrs. Thomas's *Serious Poems*. They were written on the death of a lovely infant, who was born with a tooth.

"This little tooth was thine, 'twas born with thee,
Which, being rare, is a curiosity."

We leave Mr. D. Moore to the "breeze," which, as he kindly informs us, "makes love upon the bosom of the seas." Mr. William Bennet may continue his meditations on—

"How pleasant to think that my bridal is nigh;"

or he can linger with the

"Wife of my friend, at thy piano string"

or he may stay with the flower which a young maiden gave an acquaintance of his; of which he thus sings:—

"This evening, at tea,
I'd the pleasure to see
It fresh in the window as ever."

And of the remainder of the small volumes now piled up beside us, we can only quote Wordsworth, and say—

"There are forty feeding like one."

We now proceed to make good our assertion, that more of invention, imagination, &c. &c., and all poetical requisites, are to be found in the pamphlets than in the poems. In good truth, these pamphleteers may be divided into two classes;—the followers of Coleridge, and the followers of Wordsworth. The anti-reformer exclaims, in the language of the first—

"I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.
For of the wholly common man is made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe, then, to them
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates!
And what is gray with age becomes religion."

In this spirit writes the author of a *Letter to a Friend*. "As a corollary to this state of things, it is not difficult to foresee that democratic anarchy will succeed; which, again, after rivers of blood have flowed through the land, and a universal desolation swept over its remotest corners, will yield, in its turn, to an iron military despotism." The reformers, on the contrary, take their motto from Wordsworth, and say—

"Of old things all are over-old;
Of good things none are good enough;
We'll help to shew that we can frame
A world of other stuff;"

or, to quote the words of a *Letter to Lord Althorp*; the writer says of reform—"From that most important measure, I should expect to find such a mass of intelligence and energy thrown into public affairs, as would speedily carry the country out of its present difficulties, and enable us as a nation to spring again into fresh manhood." It is quite delightful to a person of a domestic way of thinking, *i. e.* one who considers contradiction to be the essence of mental development, that so much may be said on both sides of the question. There is also a pleasant diversity between Mr. Foster, author of *England's Liberty and Prosperity*,

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and the author of the *Question of Reform Considered.* The first apostrophises "the old times of British hospitality, when the landlord had always good cheer for the tenant on festive days; and when the peasantry were happy, because their rights were respected, their hearts united, and their cares and troubles solaced by a religion taught to every child as soon as it could lisp, by a kind and fatherly priesthood: when cowardice and pride had not sapped the virtue of the wealthy, nor its re-action appeared in the vulgar insolence, insubordination, and discontent, of the poor." Now for the other side:—"To praise antiquity, and to extol the superiority of former times, is a natural, and it is a useful tendency of the human mind. If it were possible, by plunging into the dark abysm of time, to retrieve some lost model of political wisdom, which we knew had once existed, the success might reward the hazard of the attempt. But is there any rational ground to believe that such a thing ever was?—or that by going back to the dust and cobwebs of ancient records, we are likely to recover it?" We own we agree with the last opinion. Though Goldsmith asserts, that

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man,"

we never could ascertain when that time existed. Certainly not in the present day; Goldsmith witnesses that it was not in his time; to go back a little further, it was not co-existent with the civil wars of the times of the Stuarts, nor during the religious persecutions and risings under the Tudors; still less during the wars of York and Lancaster, or under the Plantagenets, when the English were treated as conquered enemies. The Saxons must have found the Danes a "perpetual grief;" they themselves were but invaders: the ancient Britons had to fight with, and succumb to, the Romans;—so that if a time ever did exist "ere England's griefs began," it must have been in her antediluvian days; and of these, most unfortunately, we have no record. We are sorry we have not room for the allegory of the horse-chestnuts, in "the papers picked up at sea." The said horse-chestnuts pass for money; would to Heaven they did, and that we had an avenue in full bearing! But we cannot omit a "Free-born Briton's" idea of a Christian duty. He says—and to this we do not object—that "if any man offer violence to my person, or to my dwelling-house, I am a man who would quietly draw a pistol from my pocket, and shoot him on the spot:" but to this he puts a note, stating, "*This is a Christian duty.*" But we must confess we are most amused by a threat held out in *An Address from a Mr. William Hussey to the Men of Hawkhurst, in Kent.* After having set forth the fatal and inevitable consequences of their late riotous conduct, he puts the climax to denunciation by the following threat:—"For myself, I tell you that I am already thinking of one day quitting a country where I have been surrounded by such scenes: I do not say I shall go, but *I am thinking about it.*" Next we come to a *Letter to the People of England*, whose self-appreciation is magnificent. Two shillings for four pages of ill printed and wretched paper! Why, my good sir, (the author,) two shillings would now-a-days pile a whole shelf with books. By its side we place an epistle to *Mr. Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland.* The writer dwells on the intellect which the *Edinburgh Review* has disseminated, and gives to the ex-editor the gratifying assurance that it has formed even "the mind which now addresses him." But, as the Greek sage most wisely admonishes, *μηδεν αγαν*—which being put into English, means, that even in this world it is possible to have enough,—we shall proceed to a quotation from Mr. Charles Buller's pamphlet on reform: "I will not deny, indeed, that the notions of history entertained by some of those who talk of past periods of good government, and call for a restoration of parliamentary purity, are somewhat confused; that a hundred errors prevail among those who think and speak on this subject, as on every other on which nonsense is engendered by human reflection and discussion."

We may leave off here—for this paragraph is delightfully descriptive of the efforts of human reflection and discussion: and both time and space, those autocrats of life and periodicals, forbid further development of these unappreciated performances. Now we must say, works that can never hope to be bound, or published in family libraries, ought to be very thankful for what Mr. Galt calls the "amber immortalisation" of an article in the *Literary Gazette.*

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

On Wednesday evening was performed the comedy of the *Road to Ruin*; and we must say we consider the character of *Old Dornton*, as played by Mr. Farren, a great comfort to those who lament over the decline of histrionic talent. *Old Dornton* is not merely a rich citizen and a fond father, but a character which, for truth and originality, has few equals in dramatic delineation. He is a man to whom credit is another word for morality, and whose very existence is routine; all the tenderness and energy of whose nature have found vent in affection for an only child: he has to forgive the yielding to temptation, for which his own experience furnishes no allowance, because it furnishes no parallel—and he has to excuse extravagance, which flings away in a moment what it has cost him years to accumulate—and his parental love is placed in opposition equally to his habits, opinions, and principles. Such is the moral outline which Farren so exquisitely fills up. He looks so respectable; a man to whom a dishonoured bill would be somewhat between murder and sacrilege; the powdered curls of whose wig and whose actions are equally regular. Accustomed to see him in characters of dry *brusque* humour, we were hardly prepared for the touching pathos he threw into the kind old merchant. After having, in conformity with his sterner resolution, and his partner's advice, parted for the first time in their lives from his son in anger, on which the sun had gone down, the manner in which he returned to say, "Harry, good night," was one of those affecting things it is impossible to describe. But the whole part was eloquent with these slight touches. Farren's performance of the elder *Dornton* is a fine contrast to his *General Lumleigh*; it is scarcely possible to believe the same person can represent individuals so utterly opposed. The general, with his air of high and military breeding, his erect figure, his violent temper, his love for, and his pride in, his son, whom he nevertheless deems it proper to abuse;—*Old Dornton*, not exactly gentlemanlike, but, as we said before, respectable, with the stoop contracted at the desk, and a manner overflowing with native kindliness; and both characters so fine, so entirely finished, that actor must be first-rate who performs them both as Farren does. He was supported with spirit. Vining made the serious parts very effective; the lighter ones are rather laboured; but a "gentleman" is a difficult part to play in real life, particularly if he is to be lively. Miss Sydney made her first appearance in *Sophia*, which we prefer much to her *Amelia* in the *School for Coquettes*: she is utterly unfitted for sorrow or sentiment; but she has a very pretty figure, a foot and ancle which ought to turn the head of any youth under five-and-twenty, and a face which has no expression but that of vivacity; even the other night, as *Sophia*, she looked more inclined to laugh than to cry at the loss of her lover. Harley, as *Goldfinch*, over-acted his part at first; buffoonery may be too much of a good thing. Messrs. *Silky* and *Sulky* were respectably sustained by Messrs. Gattie and Webster; and Mrs. Glover was, as usual, the most natural of actresses: we have only one fault, her dresses were ludicrously shabby for the rich and extravagant widow. *My Wife or My Place* increases in attraction. Farren at the *écarté* table is amusement enough for one piece. *No Song, no Supper*, followed, and nothing could well be worse; certainly there was no song; that is to say, if singing constitutes a song.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

The *Picturesque*, an agreeable little piece by Mr. Haynes Bayly, and with pretty music by Barnett, was brought out here successfully on Thursday. The English Opera keeps up the character of its management by continual novelty and merit. Our charming little friend Regondi, also, with his guitar, has followed the English Paganini at this theatre, and won great applause.

VARIETIES.

French Academy.—At a sitting of the French Academy on the 9th inst. M. Montyon's prizes for virtue, eloquence, and poetry, were adjudged, if we may believe the caustic remarks of some of the Parisian journals, very unsatisfactorily. The Academy has offered two prizes for 1832; the first for the best Dissertation on the Operation of the Laws on Morals; the second for the best French Tragedy.

New Statues.—The statue of Mr. Pitt, by Chantrey, has been opened to view in Hanover Square; that of Mr. Canning, by Westmacott, in Palace Yard, is not yet upon its pedestal.

Paganini.—The best description we have heard or seen of this extraordinary musician's performance is in the *Last of the Mohicans.* Mr. Cooper gives the following account of an Indian war song. "The notes were in the extremes of human sounds; being sometimes melancholy and exquisitely plaintive, even rivalling the melody of birds, and then, by sudden and startling transitions, causing the auditors to tremble by their depth and energy."

Artillery: New Invention.—A custom-house officer at Milan, of the name of Console, has invented a machine which entirely supersedes, in the artillery, the matches, &c. necessary for the discharge of cannon; and does the same service in all weathers, by night or by day, and at the same time precludes all the dangers to which men loading guns are frequently exposed in the field, from too great haste or carelessness in the use of those burning substances. It has the advantage that the enemy perceive nothing till the piece is discharged, that the firing is more rapid, (one shot every four seconds); and, what is peculiarly worthy of attention, the saving of expense, in comparison with

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other modes of firing, is very great. The machine consists of an iron cylinder, within which there is a ramrod; which being drawn and pressing on a case, or cap, in front, with fulminating powder, recoils with great force, and thus effects the discharge of the piece. The importance and the ingenuity of the contrivance are in the case. The secret is known to nobody, and the inventer will not disclose it till his improvement is adopted by the artillery in general. The machine is so light, that one man can use it without inconvenience like a common ramrod; at the same time it is so durable that 5000 shot may be fired in succession without weakening its power. The experiments fully satisfied all those who witnessed them.—*Foreign Journal.*

China.—"The present empress mother is not the parent of the reigning prince, though she has two sons, who at the death of their father were more than twenty years of age. These are superior in personal appearance to the emperor, who is thin and toothless; and the youngest of them is tolerably well educated; but the eldest is a drunkard. The second is also extremely immoral, and fond of plays, for which purpose he entertains a number of young companions. Though the emperor, their father, united in his own person all the vices of these his sons, he preferred his present majesty for a successor, as being the most virtuous. Some, however, attribute this preference to the good conduct evinced by Taou-kwang in the rebellion of 1813, when with an arquebuse he slew two or three of the rebels, and intimidated the remainder, who had already penetrated within the precincts of the palace; for which he obtained due eulogies from his father in the public decrees."—*Padre Serra's Notices of China, in Trans. of Asiatic Society.*

The Reguli, or Nobles of China, are "allowed 100 pieces when they marry, and 120 for a funeral; from which they take occasion to maltreat their wives, because when one dies they receive the allowance for her interment, and the dowry of the second wife, whom they take immediately"!!—*Ib.*

Concubines and Servants of the Palace.—"Every third year the emperor takes a review of such of the daughters of Tartar officers and men of rank as may have reached the age of twelve (twenty years ago, the daughters of all the Tartars living about the court were reviewed); and from among these, of all whose families he is reputed the common father, he chooses wives or concubines. Those who are not chosen at the third review, become exempt. The servants, who amount to about 5000, are chosen from the three tribes; the girls of fourteen present themselves at a review taken by the emperor annually; and those who after the third review remain unchosen, are exempt. Those who have been selected are restored to liberty when they have reached the twenty-fifth year of their age, unless the emperor shall have had children by any of them, in which case he disposes of them as he pleases, making them illegal concubines; the legal, those acknowledged by the observatory, being only seven. Hence the late emperor, when congratulated by his father-in-law on the birth of a son (born of a servant), banished him with a nominal appointment. The present monarch refused to recall one of these servants who had been expelled with public disgrace when pregnant, through the jealousy of a favourite concubine; but at length, being apprised a second time by the magistrate that she had given birth to a son, he ordered her to be admitted into the palace with her child."—*Ib.*

Russia: Petersburg.—De L. Eschscholtz, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Dorpat, who twice went round the world with Captain Kotzebue, as naturalist, died in May last, at the early age of 37.

Allan Cunningham.—The old saying, that a prophet is never honoured in his own country, has found an exception in the person of Allan Cunningham, on a recent visit which he paid to his native county, Dumfriesshire. We observe, from the *Dumfries Courier*, so ably edited by a brother author, Mr. Macdiarmid, that a public welcome dinner was given on the occasion, at which Mr. Macdiarmid presided, and which was attended by about sixty of the neighbouring gentry and principal townspeople of Dumfries. The toasts, and compliments paid, must have been very gratifying to the meritorious individual, as a tribute to whose talents and worth the meeting was "*convened*:" the freedom of Dumfries was presented to him, and the day was spent in much social harmony.

Steamers.—Captain Basil Hall has published a very sensible letter in the newspapers, in which, by pointing out a way for elevating the steersman, and an improvement in the mode of steering, many of the accidents which constantly occur from the present navigation of steam-boats would easily be avoided.

Pimlico Palace.—Report says that Mr. Blore, the architectural draughtsman and architect, is to have 75,000*l.* placed at his disposal as the expense of rendering the palace habitable.

Hassuna D'Ghies.—This individual, who was suspected by some of our contemporaries of being implicated in the disappearance of Major Laing's papers, has arrived in London, and challenges inquiry.

Apologue of Saadi.—Two friends went into a garden of roses; both enjoyed the fragrance; but one, as he departed, filled his bosom with the leaves, and for days afterwards both he and his family rejoiced in their odour. Which of these two spent the summer-day most wisely?

The Lyonese.—"I do not recollect having seen, in any of the manufacturing towns of England, so much to remind one of the fatal vicissitudes of trade, in the spectacles of poverty and wretchedness that every moment presented themselves; and it struck me, that, among the lower orders of this city, there seemed to exist, in a remarkable degree, the elements of turbulence and civil commotion. The look, air, and expression of the unemployed workman of Lyons, has nothing in it of uncomplaining sufferance. He carries an air of defiance in his countenance; and solicits alms in the manner of one who thinks he has a right to partake the purse of another, who wears a better coat than himself. Three years before I visited Lyons, 28,000 persons were employed in the silk manufactories; and three years later, in the year 1829, when I again visited it, not more than one-fourth part of this number was required."—*Conway's Switzerland, France, &c., in* 1830.

Archæology: Russia.—Dr. Sjogren, associate of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, announces that he has discovered among the archives of the municipality of Wybourg an extremely interesting collection of very ancient authentic documents, and unknown to most of the authors who have written on the history of this province. The oldest of these MSS., bearing the date of 1316, is quoted by Northaan, in his *Sylloge Monumentorum ad illustrandam historiam Finiæ pertinentium*, but from inaccurate copies, which led him to doubt the existence of the original. Dr. Sjogren has made an accurate copy of all the unpublished MSS., collated with care those that have been printed, and corrected their inaccuracies. This collection will be very valuable in the history of the province of Wybourg, as also in that of Ingria and Esthonia, particularly from the period when they fell into the power of Sweden; the documents presenting highly interesting illustrations of the ancient state of these last provinces, and of their commercial relations.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXIV. Aug. 27.*]

The publishers of Constable's Miscellany announce, that the seventy-second volume of the Miscellany will contain Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, by Dr. Memes, the translator of Bourrienne's Napoleon.

A Conspectus of Butterflies and Moths, with Descriptions of all the Species found in Britain, amounting to nearly 2000, by J. Rennie, A.M.; who has also in a state of forwardness a Translation, with Notes and Synonymes, of Le Vaillant's Birds of Africa, Birds of Paradise, and Parrots, uniform with Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary.

Russian Literature.—Among the most recent literary announcements, are—1. Harald und Elsbeth; or, the Times of John (Ivan) the Terrible: an original picture, taken from the history of Russia in the sixteenth century, by M. W. von Oertel, 2 vols. 8vo. (in the German language): an edition in Russ is in the press. 2. The Extraordinary Man (in Russ), a novel, by M. Yakoleff, 5 vols. 3. A Russian translation, from the German, of the novels of Henry Yschocke, 3 vols.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Neander's Church History, translated by the Rev. H. Rose, Vol. I. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dr. Ryan's Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Memoirs of Count Lavallette, written by Himself, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Lucy Barton's Bible Letters, 12mo. 3*s.* hf.-bd.—Scenes in Scotland, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.; 5*s.* hf.-bd.—Winckworth on the Teeth and Gums, 4to. 10*s.* bds.—Dr. Thomson's System of Inorganic Chymistry, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Bernays' Key to the German Exercises, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

August.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 11	From 49. to 75.	30·00 to 30·09
Friday 12	—— 46. — 76.	30·08 — 30·05
Saturday .. 13	—— 49. — 74.	30·00 — 29·97
Sunday.... 14	—— 46. — 76.	29·95 Stationary
Monday .. 15	—— 44. — 73.	30·01 to 30·03
Tuesday .. 16	—— 44. — 74.	30·07 — 30·05
Wednesday 17	—— 50. — 75.	30·00 — 29·91

Wind N.E. and N.W., the latter prevailing.

Generally clear, till the 16th, when a little rain fell; the afternoon of the 17th was distinguished by a storm of thunder and lightning, which was awfully grand: in the immediate neighbourhood no particular damage was done by the electric fluid.

Rain fallen, ·025 of an inch.

August.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 18	From 47. to 73.	29·69 to 29·75
Friday 19	—— 48. — 72.	29·66 — 29·65
Saturday .. 20	—— 52. — 69.	29·67 — 29·82
Sunday.... 21	—— 53. — 69.	30·02 — 30·15
Monday .. 22	—— 50. — 69.	30·21 — 30·16
Tuesday .. 23	—— 53. — 76.	30·09 — 30·02
Wednesday 24	—— 53. — 73.	29·92 — 29·72

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Except the 18th, 22d, and 23d, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, ·225 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to say N. N.

In our last we accidentally omitted to mention that the sketch of Mr. P. Nasmyth was communicated to us late on Friday by an anonymous correspondent.

The notice of Mr. Seryngeour's picture of the First Sign in Egypt, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, was also accidentally put under the head of "New Publications in the Fine Arts." It is well calculated for that place when it shall have been well engraved; and in the meantime the lovers of high efforts in our native school of painting may gratify themselves by visiting the original.

The Casket.—We acknowledge the Editor's letter, in which he reclaims against the imputation of pirating from the *Chronicles of London Bridge* the prints to illustrate his periodical. It is far from our wish to impeach the character of any of our contemporaries; but it does appear to us that two of the woodcuts are copied from the volume referred to, and that only one of these could have a common origin in Scott's old engraving. It is not worth while to go farther into the matter: we recommend to all editors the honest practice of quoting their authorities much more than is generally done.

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Morbid Anatomy—Dr. Carswell; Fee for Session, 3*l.*

Demonstrations and Dissections—Mr. Richard Quain; Fee for Session, 5*l.*

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These Fees where they exceed 4*l.* may be paid in two divisions—viz. in October and January.

Particulars of these Courses may be had at the University; at Mr. Taylor's, 30, Upper Gower Street; and all Medical Booksellers.

* Dr. Quain and Mr. Cooper have consented to accept their appointments, subject to the decision of the Proprietors on the 3d of September concerning Professor Pattison's appeal.

By Order of the Council,

24th August, 1831. THOMAS COATES.

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Shares may be had of the Bankers, Messrs. Snow, Paul, and Paul, 217, Strand; of whom, and of the Secretary, every information may be obtained.

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THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE, No. VI. for September, will contain the following, among other Articles of diversified interest:—Sir Henry Vane's Scheme of Parliamentary Reform. By the Author of "Our Early Patriots"—What is the Aristocracy? An Essay, by the Author of "Atherton"—Peter's Net, No. I. By Elia—The Bhattee Robber. By a Retired Indian Officer—Crosses. By Charles Lamb—African Woodlands. By Thomas Pringle—Old Adventures. By J. S. Knowles—Sir Henry Parnell's Financial Errors—The Last of his Race. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton—Anticipation. By Thomas Hood—True Tales of Poland. By a distinguished Foreigner—Moore's Life of Lord E. Fitzgerald—Walk from Rome to Naples—African Colonisation Society, &c. &c.

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No. 763. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poland; a Poem. By Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of "the Pleasures of Hope." To which are added, *Lines on the View from St. Leonard's.* 12mo. pp. 27. London, 1831. Cochrane and Co.

How much depends upon the choice of subject is evinced by the two poems before us, "extracted from the *Metropolitan Magazine*," and now published in a pretty little separate volume. The poet was stimulated by the same, or perhaps a superior, enthusiasm in the cause of Poland; but excitement is not always the parent of beauty in poetical progeny. Strong feeling has been awakened in the author's breast on behalf of a struggling people; but the everlasting sea has proved a far higher source of inspiration than the turmoil of human passions—the picture, however vivid, to the imagination of human wrongs and sufferings. We may therefore be excused if we pass over the first of these compositions, intended, as if in mockery, to be "inscribed in the new edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*;" and confine our attention to the last, which contains, within the compass of from 130 to 140 lines, several passages worthy of the utmost fame of Thomas Campbell.

Our personal pleasure in reading this poem may have been increased by seeing the bard in the full enjoyment of the scenery he describes; inhaling the refreshing breezes of St. Leonard's, musing along the sounding shore, and almost unconsciously (as it would appear to the common observer) gathering those deep impressions of external objects, which he has combined so finely with poetical images and associations. The verse opens delightfully:—

"Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great, beauteous being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though, like the world, thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose."

We will not indulge in hypercritical carping; but merely to shew that our admiration is not indiscriminate, we notice that there are slight points in this poem liable, in our opinion, to censure. For example, in the ensuing five lines—

"Ev'n gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
With all the *darling* field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the *nightingale's*
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's *clang*;"—

we disapprove, 1, of the pet-like epithet, "darling;" 2, of the possessive ending of the line,

"nightingale's
Long trills;"

and, 3, of the final word "clang" applied to the scream of the sea-mew. It does not convey a true idea of the sound; [illegible] that it does not, is curiously enough [illegible] its proper application in [illegible] in this short pro[illegible]

[illegible], Ocean has
[illegible], but where 's the element
[illegible]ers not its usefulness to man
[illegible]n casual terror? 'Scathes not Earth' sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last *clang*
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes—silent as the grave?"

But we will not utter another word in the way of our vocation: it is far more agreeable to us to quote such charming lines as the following:—

"With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!
I long not to o'erlook Earth's fairest glades
And green savannahs: Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine.
The eagle's vision cannot take it in;
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird:—
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.
* * * *
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between gray parallel and leaden breadths—
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor!
Mighty Sea!
Cameleon-like thou changest—but there 's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky, thy mistress; from her brow
Thou takest thy moods, and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve,
And all thy balmier hours, fair element!
Have such divine complexion—crisped smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings—
That little is the wonder Love's own queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—
Creation's common! which no human power
Can parcel or enclose: the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee, that couldst subdue the earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone,
For marshalling thy waves.
Yet, potent Sea!
How placidly thy moist lips speak ev'n now
Along yon sparkling shingles! Who can be
So fanciless, as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking ev'n the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child?"

To us these extracts breathe the true spirit of song. Nothing can surpass the magnificence of the general view of Ocean, which the lightning's wing cannot sweep without sinking half-way like a wearied bird: nor is the more particular glance less beautiful, where we are presented with the meteor-like sea-bird between the varying belts of the ever-changing expanse of water. The exquisite thought, too, and so exquisitely expressed, of Love's own queen rising from Nature's common, is of the noblest class of poetical conception. But such writing requires no comment—it must reach every heart worth touching; and we now leave it to that proud effect of genius, quoting only the concluding lines:—

"Old Ocean was,
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence; and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiring winds:
But long as man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea!"

A System of Geology, with a Theory of the Earth, &c. By John Macculloch, M.D., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

This work can hardly be said to impugn Dr. Macculloch's character as a geologist—for he states that it was written in 1821; and, therefore, it is not more than ten years behind the present state of the science: but it impugns his judgment—nay, even his veracity—to say that during that period no new facts have been added to the science,—a statement which occurs in the learned doctor's preface, and is in that preface surpassed by the assertion, that this little island contains every geological fact in the world, except volcanoes. There are two volumes, and the matter in them should have been condensed into one. The first contains some mere general essays; the second, a scanty supply of facts, not sufficient for an elementary work, and a still sorrier foundation on which to erect a system. This, in the doctor's own dogmatic style, would, for any ordinary work, be enough; but we shall to facts. The general objects of geological science are knowledge and utility; and geology is an accurate science. It would be inaccurate only, if the author's statement in chap. 2 was true, that the positions and mutual relations of the accessible portions of the globe are irregular and intricate. The constancy of position and of mutual relation is the science of geology. The revolutions which the crust of this globe has undergone, are contained in a few, but striking phenomena, which Cuvier has endeavoured to enumerate; they are, according to our author, "a thousand fold." "The present duty of a systematical inquiry is to describe objects and actions which cannot all yet be classed under general divisions and laws." The objects, like all natural objects, must be capable of classification to a certain extent; and the laws, if physical, will be appreciated in proportion to the scientific attainments of the individual. If that individual cannot classify his objects, he must be unacquainted with them or their relations; if he cannot expound the laws of their actions, he must be unacquainted with science, and therefore unfit to be a systematist. We do not allude to inferences which constitute the results—they are retrospective, and imply a theory of the earth.

The third chapter embraces the form of the globe: geologically, this should not be deduced from observations on gravity, which regard an ideal surface, but from the harmony which is offered between the heights of the present continents and mountain chains with the depths of the ocean's waters, and then we are able to appreciate the aid which geology can be made to give to astronomy. Had the author been aware of this fact, he would not have asserted in his chapter on the general disposition of the surface of the globe, that the height of mountains is a mere object of curiosity; and the same remark applies to the well-established fact, of the distinction existing between the equatorial and polar regions in the general height of their

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mountains; a distinction which our author says can lead to no useful geological result. Unstratified rocks are not those in which the forms are irregular, but rocks which observe no parallelism in their beds; as changes of the absolute quality of the rock in a stratum are not only rare, but we suspect unexampled.

The classification adopted by Dr. Macculloch is arbitrary and unscientific. Brogniart, like the first geognosts, has attempted a mineralogical classification of rocks; but he acknowledged its inadequacy to the purposes of geology. Dr. Macculloch has pursued a system which is somewhat of a mineralogical character, as he puts sandstones and limestones apart; but he does not assist the student by any specific distinctions, nor does he bring the very groundwork of his arrangement to elucidate the method adopted, or exhibit that method in its only favourable light—namely, the advantage of well distinguishing different rocks. In geology there should be no arbitrary classification—it must be a table of superposition, as far as regards stratified rocks; and with respect to the unstratified, it must be founded on their mineralogical characters, or the period of their appearance on the surface of the earth;—a subject which might involve some discussion, but which discussion would be attended with benefit to the science. In what concerns the sedimentary deposits or stratified rocks, the work is lamentably deficient; and not to enter into particulars, where the author is unacquainted with the labours of the Germans and the French, and with the important researches of Messrs. Sedgwick and Impey Murchison,* which have assisted in throwing so much light on what have been called the secondary and tertiary rocks,—we shall comprise our critique in stating that the details given do not even make an approach to what is at present known of the differences which they exhibit in various countries, (a fact which is denied by the author in his preface), and even in the same country;—of the variety in organic remains in contemporaneous formations, in various geographical situations;—of the relation of the secondary with the tertiary formations, and of these with each other;—of the relation of the sedimentary deposits to the rocks of plutonic origin; and in fact of that which embraces the most marked features of the science, and constitutes the brilliancy and glory which have characterised the progress of geology when other sciences remained almost stationary.

There is no such thing as a primary red sandstone,—a sedimentary deposit, alternating with primitive crystalline rocks. Why so tenacious in error? We more than doubt the transition of old red sandstone into granite. At the only place quoted by our author, the Ord of Caithness, we have excellent authority that it is not the case: "As the mountain limestone is conspicuously the next stratum in England, while sufficiently constant in Scotland,—and as an analogous one is similarly found on the continent, this must be esteemed the natural succession." If it had not been proved by the occurrence of mountain limestone between the rock in question and all other secondary rocks, we doubt very much if geologists would have admitted its natural succession, from reasoning like that presented in this quotation. It is extraordinary that an author who proposes to write a system, should not know what a system is. "Should I," he says, "attempt to describe accurately the several geological connexions in which the rocks of this division exist, (alluding to the sandstones), it would lead to geological histories of the whole series of the secondary strata in every part of the world." Now, either strata are the representatives of one another, or they are not; if not, there has been accident in the formation of the earth, and there is no such a science as geology; but if, as is the case, there is a similarity either in superposition in mineralogical characters, or in organic remains in the same formation all over the globe, is it not the systematist's duty to ascertain and to describe them accurately? The sandstones of the coal formation have a paragraph occupied in their description! The red marl comes next in order. It is divided into three beds, separated by vast deposits of limestone, themselves distinguished by important mineralogical characters, and their application to domestic uses. It would hardly be believed, that out of these Dr. Macculloch describes only the red marl with saliform deposits.

Not only in the practical part of the science have we to complain of a want of labour and method, but in the very essays which comprise Dr. Macculloch's elementary and theoretical notions, one would be led to suppose that the principles of geological science had never been laid down. "Whatever analogies," he says, "may be found all over the world, not only among the natures of the strata, but in the relative order of their stratification, there is no where that resemblance which can authorise us in supposing that they have either been simultaneous, or under the influence of a universal law." Again, "The order of succession is only general, and very far, indeed, from being so particular as it has been imagined." Geology, we would answer, is a science of observation, not of imagination. Our author further remarks, "All successions are analogous, and not identical." Now, positive geognosy, or the order of succession of the various strata of the earth, and the succession of the different terms of the series, has been established from observations made in the two worlds. If by the term identity the author means identity of composition, his assertion would be correct; but if he means identity of formation, which is the only identity we can recognise in geology, then such is not to be found. The mineralogical characters of the rock may vary in different countries; even the organic remains may vary in their species or their genera, but their superposition is supposed never to vary. As mineral masses, they are, then, either similar or dissimilar; but when we consider them as terms in an ascending or descending series, their identity becomes almost certain. We shall here quote De Humboldt: "When geognosy was raised to the rank of a science, when the art of interrogating nature was improved, and when journeys to distant countries furnished a more exact comparison between different formations, great and immutable laws were recognised in the structure of the globe, and in the superposition of rocks; the most striking analogies in the position, composition, and the included organic remains of contemporary beds, were then observed in both hemispheres; and in proportion as we consider formations under a more general point of view, their identity daily becomes more probable." The hypothesis advanced as "a sketch towards a theory of the earth," is founded on the radiation of heat, and differs very little from that of Professor Cordier. We shall here terminate our unpleasant labour of pointing out the inadequacy of the present work to occupy in our literature the important station of an accredited system of geology. Only last year an anathema of a similar kind was pronounced within the walls of the Geological Society on a work of similar pretensions, and gladly shall we avail ourselves of the first opportunity of awarding due merit to the author who may be the first successful representative of a profound, important, and interesting branch of science.

Looking at some of his more miscellaneous remarks, we agree with Dr. Macculloch—

"That the water in stones is actually saturated with earths, and probably with silica or lime, appears to be also proved by certain appearances which take place on breaking and drying some of these. In marbles raised very wet from the quarry, a whitish dusty surface soon follows from the deposition of the carbonate of lime; and a similar deposition of silica will account for that gray tarnish which is produced on pitch-stones within a very few hours after the specimens are broken from the rock, during which process of drying they become far less tender and more compact."

This fact is no less interesting in a geological point of view, than it is important as connected with the arts; for it shews the propriety of squaring and working stones for the ordinary purposes of building and ornamental architecture as early as possible after their excavation from the quarry. Independent of the heavy expense of carriage in transporting large blocks of granite, sandstone, or oolite, in mass, a considerable portion of which is subsequent waste—if such blocks were worked for all the ordinary purposes of building-stone at the quarry before removed, an immense saving would result both in carriage and labour. What, for instance, can be more absurd than the accumulation of a vast mass of freestone, sandstone, and granite, to lie hardening by the sun and air, for several years, on Ramsgate pier, in order to make extra work in finishing that fine structure, which has been already thirty years in progress!

In the latter sections of the work, "on the Theories of the Earth," the Dr. is not over nice in attacking the different views of other geologists. But whether the views he puts forth as a "Sketch towards a Theory of the Earth" be exempt from the charges he advances against contemporary geologists, we shall not take upon ourselves to offer any opinion. From the very diffuse style of the author, it is by no means an easy matter to arrive at his conclusions. So far as we can collect his meaning, the planet we now inhabit was a mass of gaseous matter, as it emanated from the fiat of its Almighty architect. That it became successively condensed into the liquid and solid form now constituting the terrestrial globe, through the radiation of heat from the surface; while the central portion of the mass still retains its igneous fluidity. But since the origin of things, the crust of this globe, or spheroid, has undergone no fewer than *eight* different eras or "conditions," easily distinguishable by geological evidence; such as the interruptions or change in the chemical nature of the rocky series, through the agency of fire, or water, or both [illegible]. "I know of no mode (says the [illegible] the surface of a fluid globe could [illegible] by the radiation of heat. The im[illegible] of this must have been the formation of rocks

* "The evidences of geology," Dr. M. ventures to assert, "have indeed been multiplied, yet through identical facts only; since I do not perceive that a new one has been added to the science. This ought not to have been." Without appealing to foreign authorities, we shall leave Messrs. Buckland, Conybeare, Sedgwick, Murchison, Scrope, Webster, Lyell, &c. to answer these sweeping charges.

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on that surface; and if the interior fluid does now produce the several unstratified rocks, the first that were formed must have resembled some of these, if not all. We may not unsafely infer that they were granitic, perceiving that substances of this character have been produced wherever the cooling was most gradual. The first apparently solid globe was therefore a globe of granite." Now, although the above is perfectly intelligible, we have some doubts whether our readers will consider the following section of the sentence in the same light: — "And though we have not as yet even conjectured the causes of what is, nevertheless, a fact in evidence, we ought to admit *it* on the doctrine of final causes, or of a directing Power; seeing that *it* is necessary for that disposition, or management of the earth, the consequences of which are essential to *its* ends." Again: "If such is this view of the first, or truly primitive solid globe, I need not dwell on the quality of the evidence; since, be it what it may, it is apparent. But under the same evidence, there is now a second condition; or, from the presumed original one, a fourth, and that a terraqueous one, or an earth analogous to the present, however differing in many essential particulars; some obvious, and others only to be conjectured!" Need we adduce any farther instances to justify our remarks as to the obscurity with which our author has overlaid his subject in order to make out a system? Dr. Macculloch is unquestionably a man of profound science; but honesty obliges us to say, that he is also a skilful book-maker.

The Waverley Novels, Vol. XXVIII. Peveril of the Peak, Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1831, R. Cadell; London, Whittaker.

We last week noticed this new volume of the *Waverley* series, and the novelties it contains. From these novelties we now think it but justice to offer an extract or two: the first is from the introduction, where the author says—

"If I had valued my own reputation, as it is said I ought in prudence to have done, I might have now drawn a line, and remained for life, or (who knows?) perhaps for some years after death, the 'ingenious author of Waverley.' I was not, however, more desirous of this sort of immortality, which might have lasted some twenty or thirty years, than Falstaff of the embowelling which was promised him after the field of Shrewsbury, by his patron the Prince of Wales. 'Embowelled? If you embowel me to-day, you may powder and eat me to-morrow!' If my occupation as a romancer were taken from me, I felt I should have at a late hour in life to find me out another; when I could hardly expect to acquire those new tricks which are proverbially said not to be learned by those dogs who are getting old. Besides, I had yet to learn from the public, that my intrusions were disagreeable; and while I was endured with some patience, I felt I had all the reputation which I greatly coveted. My memory was well stored, both with historical, local, and traditional notices; and I had become almost as licensed a plague to the public as the well-remembered beggar of the ward, whom men distinguish by their favour, perhaps for no better reason than that they had been in the habit of giving him alms as a part of the business of their daily promenade. The general fact is undeniable—all men grow old, all men must wear out; but men of ordinary wisdom, however aware of the general fact, are unwilling to admit in their own case any special instances of failure. Indeed, they can hardly be expected themselves to distinguish the effects of the Archbishop of Granada's apoplexy, and are not unwilling to pass over in their composition, as instances of mere carelessness or bad luck, what others may consider as symptoms of mortal decay. I had no choice save that of absolutely laying aside the pen, the use of which at my time of life was become a habit, or to continue its vagaries, until the public should let me plainly understand they would no more of me; a hint which I was not unlikely to meet with, and which I was determined to take without waiting for a repetition. This hint, that the reader may plainly understand me, I was determined to take, when the publication of a new Waverley novel should not be the subject of some attention in the literary world. An accidental circumstance decided my choice of a subject for the present work. It was now several years since my immediate younger brother, Thomas Scott, already mentioned in these notes, had resided for two or three seasons in the Isle of Man, and, having access to the registers of that singular territory, had copied many of them, which he subjected to my perusal. These papers were put into my hands while my brother had thoughts of making some literary use of them, I do not well remember what; but he never came to any decision on that head, and grew tired of the task of transcription. The papers, I suppose, were lost in the course of a military man's life. The tenor of them, that is, of the most remarkable, remained engraved on the memory of the author. The interesting and romantic story of William Christian especially struck my fancy. I found the same individual, as well as his father, particularly noticed in some memorials of the island, preserved by the Earl of Derby, and published in Dr. Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*. This gentleman was the son of Edward, formerly governor of the island; and William himself was afterwards one of its two dempsters, or supreme judges. Both father and son embraced the party of the islanders, and contested some feudal rights claimed by the Earl of Derby as king of the island. When the earl had suffered death at Bolton-le-Moors, Captain Christian placed himself at the head of the roundheads, if they might be so called, and found the means of holding communication with a fleet sent by the parliament. The island was surrendered to the parliament by the insurgent Manxmen. The high-spirited countess and her son were arrested, and cast into prison, where they were long detained, and very indifferently treated. When the restoration took place, the countess, or by title the queen-dowager of the island, seized upon William Dhône, or Fair-haired William, as William Christian was termed, and caused him to be tried and executed, according to the laws of the island, for having dethroned his liege mistress, and imprisoned her and her family. Romancers and readers of romance will generally allow, that the fate of Christian, and the contrast of his character with that of the high-minded but vindictive Countess of Derby, famous during the civil wars for her valiant defence of Latham House, contained the essence of an interesting tale. * * *

"The character of Fenella, which, from its peculiarity, made a favourable impression on the public, was far from being original. The fine sketch of Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre, a celebrated work from the pen of Goëthe, gave the idea of such a being. But the copy will be found greatly different from my great prototype; nor can I be accused of borrowing any thing, save the general idea, from an author, the honour of his own country, and an example to the authors of other kingdoms, to whom all must be proud to own an obligation. Family tradition supplied me with two circumstances, which are somewhat analogous to that in question. The first is an account of a lawsuit, taken from a Scottish report of adjudged cases, quoted in note to chap. vi. p. 129. The other—of which the editor has no reason to doubt, having often heard it from those who were witnesses of the fact—relates to the power of a female in keeping a secret (sarcastically said to be impossible), even when that secret refers to the exercise of her tongue. In the middle of the eighteenth century, a female wanderer came to the door of Mr. Robert Scott, grandfather of the present author, an opulent farmer in Roxburghshire, and made signs that she desired shelter for the night, which, according to the custom of the times, was readily granted. The next day the country was covered with snow, and the departure of the wanderer was rendered impossible. She remained for many days, her maintenance adding little to the expense of a considerable household; and by the time that the weather grew milder, she had learned to hold intercourse by signs with the household around her, and could intimate to them that she was desirous of staying where she was, and working at the wheel and other employment, to compensate for her food. This was a compact not unfrequent at that time, and the dumb woman entered upon her thrift, and proved a useful member of the patriarchal household. She was a good spinner, knitter, carder, and so forth, but her excellence lay in attending to the feeding and bringing up the domestic poultry. Her mode of whistling to call them together was so peculiarly elfish and shrill, that it was thought by those who heard it [to be] more like that of a fairy than a human being. In this manner she lived three or four years, nor was there the slightest idea entertained in the family that she was other than the mute and deprived person she had always appeared. But in a moment of surprise, she dropped the mask which she had worn so long. It chanced upon a Sunday that the whole inhabitants of the household were at church excepting Dumb Lizzie, whose infirmity was supposed to render her incapable of profiting by divine service, and who therefore stayed at home to take charge of the house. It happened that, as she was sitting in the kitchen, a mischievous shepherd boy, instead of looking after his flock on the lea, as was his duty, slunk into the house to see what he could pick up, or perhaps out of mere curiosity. Being tempted by something which was in his eyes a nicety, he put forth his hand, unseen as he conceived, to appropriate it. The dumb woman came suddenly upon him, and in the surprise, forgot her part, and exclaimed, in loud Scotch, and with distinct articulation, 'Ah, you little deevil's limb!' The boy, terrified more by the character of the person who rebuked him, than by the mere circumstance of having been taken in the insignificant offence, fled in great dismay to the church, to carry the miraculous news that the dumb woman had found her tongue. The family returned home in great surprise, but found that their inmate had relapsed into her usual mute condition, would communicate with them only by signs, and in that manner denied positively what the boy affirmed. From this time confidence was broken betwixt the other inmates of the family and their dumb, or rather silent, guest. Traps were laid for the supposed impostor, all of which she skilfully eluded;

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fire-arms were often suddenly discharged near her, but never on such occasions was she seen to start. It seems probable, however, that Lizzie grew tired of all this mistrust, for she one morning disappeared as she came, without any ceremony of leave-taking. She was seen, it is said, upon the other side of the English border, in perfect possession of her speech. Whether this was exactly the case or not, my informers were no way anxious in inquiring, nor am I able to authenticate the fact. The shepherd boy lived to be a man, and always averred that she had spoken distinctly to him. What could be the woman's reason for persevering so long in a disguise as unnecessary as it was severe, could never be guessed, and was perhaps the consequence of a certain aberration of the mind. I can only add, that I have every reason to believe the tale to be perfectly authentic, so far as it is here given, and it may serve to parallel the supposed case of Fenella."

We will not trouble our readers with the justificatory papers to rescue the memory of the real Christian family from the imputations cast upon the demi-ideal Christians in the romance; but conclude with a note on the eleventh chapter, which affords an interesting account of popular pastimes in the Isle of Man, &c.

"Waldron mentions the two popular festivities in the Isle of Man which are alluded to in the text; and vestiges of them are, I believe, still to be traced in this singular island. The Contest of Winter and Summer seems directly derived from the Scandinavians, long the masters in Man, as Olaus Magnus mentions a similar festival among the northern nations. On the first of May, he says, the country is divided into two bands, the captain of one of which hath the name and appearance of Winter, is clothed in skins of beasts, and he and his band armed with fire-forks. They fling about ashes, by way of prolonging the reign of Winter; while another band, whose captain is called Florro, represent Spring, with green boughs, such as the season offers. These parties skirmish in sport, and the mimic contest concludes with a general feast. *History of the Northern Nations*, by Olaus, book xv. chap. 2.—Waldron gives an account of a festival in Wales exactly similar:—'In almost all the great parishes, they choose from among the daughters of the most wealthy farmers, a young maid for the Queen of May. She is drest in the gayest and best manner they can, and is attended by about twenty others, who are called maids of honour. She has also a young man, who is her captain, and has under his command a good number of inferior officers. In opposition to her, is the Queen of Winter, who is a man drest in woman's clothes, with woollen hoods, fur tippets, and loaded with the warmest and heaviest habits, one upon another; in the same manner are those who represent her attendants drest; nor is she without a captain and troop for her defence. Both being equipt as proper emblems of the beauty of the spring, and the deformity of the winter, they set forth from their respective quarters; the one preceded by violins and flutes, the other with the rough music of the tongs and cleavers. Both companies march till they meet on a common, and then their trains engage in a mock battle. If the Queen of Winter's forces get the better so far as to take the Queen of May prisoner, she is ransomed for as much as pays the expenses of the day. After this ceremony, Winter and her company retire and divert themselves in a barn, and the others remain on the green, where having danced a considerable time, they conclude the evening with a feast; the queen at one table with her maids, the captain with his troop at another. There are seldom less than fifty or sixty persons at each board, but not more than three or four knives. Christmas is ushered in with a form much less meaning, and infinitely more fatiguing. On the 24th of December, towards evening, all the servants in general have a holyday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock; prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren, and after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her and lay her on a bier with the utmost solemnity, bringing her to the parish church, and burying her with a whimsical kind of solemnity, singing dirges over her in the Manx language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins. There is not a barn unoccupied the whole twelve days, every parish hiring fiddlers at the public charge; and all the youth, nay, sometimes people well advanced in years, making no scruple to be among these nocturnal dancers.'—*Waldron's Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, 1731."

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. (Useful Arts.) No. XXII. A Treatise on the Origin, &c. and present State of the Silk Manufacture. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

INDEPENDENTLY of the mechanical processes here minutely described, there is a great deal of curious information in this little volume; so that while the former must recommend it to every manufacturer and workman, the latter will secure it the approbation of the more general reader.

Among the properties of silk, the following are stated:—

"Neumann found that but few materials afforded an equal quantity of volatile alkali. Tournefort observes that it contains more than hartshorn, as he obtained from fifteen ounces of silk two drachms of volatile salt: this, which was called the spirit of raw silk, when rectified with some essential oil, was the medicine formerly celebrated under the name of "Guttæ Anglicanæ," or English drops. The volatile alkali obtained from silk was then supposed to be of a different nature from that contained in any other substance, and it consequently was held to possess different virtues peculiar to itself. So, salt of tartar, and subcarbonate of potass, were for a long time considered to be, and were used as two separate substances. The chemical philosopher had not then learned to generalise, and could not understand that the same substance, differing in no one particular as to its nature and properties, could be obtained from many apparently wholly dissimilar bodies. • • •

"A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence and of neutralising the effects of malaria. If, as is supposed, the poisonous matter is received into the system through the lungs, it may not be difficult to account for the action of this very simple preventive. It is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison, that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now, it is probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth; although it may be equally true that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a non-conductor, and prove an impediment to the transmission of the deleterious substance. We learn from Pomet's history of drugs, that silk was in his time used as a medicine, by reducing the pure part of the cocoon into a powder. His volume contains many copious directions for preparing this powder, and for duly and carefully separating the chrysalis from the part which he considered medicinal. Silk thus prepared has, as he affirmed, 'the virtues of cleansing the blood, making the spirits brisk, and the heart pleasant.' Lemery, the editor and commentator of Pomet, adds, that the silkworm itself likewise possesses medicinal properties. According to his information, silkworms that had been dried into a powder and applied upon the head, which should be previously shaved for the reception of this plaster, were esteemed extremely efficacious in curing vertigo."

The work is both embellished and elucidated by about forty wood-engravings.

Examples of Gothic Architecture, selected from various Ancient Edifices in England, &c. &c. By A. Pugin, Architect; the Literary part by E. J. Willson, F.S.A. First Series. 4to. with plates. London, 1831.

To those who are acquainted with Mr. Pugin's former work, entitled *Gothic Specimens*, it will be ample recommendation of the present one to say that it forms a continuation of the same plan, and is executed with equal fidelity and taste;—or rather, exhibits a superior degree of research, and that fuller intelligence of the subject arising from continued study and experience. Like that publication, these "Examples" consist of plans, elevations, sections, and parts at large, so judiciously selected, as to furnish a series of highly instructive lessons; and, in fact, supplying, as far as can be so supplied, all the instruction to be derived from the edifices themselves,—nay, in some cases even more, since the drawings exhibit every particular, most carefully made out from the data supplied by the remaining parts, wherever the dilapidated state of the original structure has rendered such a process necessary.

In this and his former publication Mr. Pugin has effected more for the practitioner in this style of architecture than all his predecessors together, having given us its anatomy, and completely exhibited its *osteology*; in saying which, it should be observed, we are far from wishing to disparage the very tasteful and masterly graphic works produced by others. Yet these latter being merely pictorial, give only the general effect, and that from particular points of view; while Mr. Pugin's delineations are so complete, exact, and intelligible, even as to the minutest circumstances, that they are tantamount to so many models of the respective structures. His new volume, moreover, differs from the "Specimens," inasmuch as the subjects of which it treats consist, for the most part, of domestic architecture, and consequently offer the most suitable forms for adaptation to modern residences.

Independently of their positive merit, these studies are the more valuable, because the information they supply is not only highly useful and interesting in itself, but such, also, as we can obtain from no other sources. Some few of them, indeed, have been represented before —unsatisfactorily, it must be added, and imperfectly; yet others are now edited for the first time; and these latter may be said to open fresh and almost inexhaustible sources of architectural composition in this truly beautiful style; and that, too, of every degree of character, from the simplest to the most ornate. Wide as is the difference between this class of buildings and the ecclesiastical structures of the same periods, there is the same national

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physiognomy, the same taste, the same feeling, only varied and modified according to actual circumstances; for this difference, it should be observed, is only such as arises from an *extension of*, not a *departure from*, the genius of one and the same style of art. This versatility of power is to architecture what copiousness of words and flexibility of expression are to a language; and in plasticity and ductility, Gothic architecture is inferior to no other style whatever.

Hitherto our modern *soi-disant* Gothic houses have been, almost without exception, either the most paltry and ridiculous erections that can well be conceived; or, if tolerably correct in some of the individual features, those features have been borrowed from churches and chapels, and, what is still worse, put together without the least attention to character. Such abominations as sash-windowed castles, with the windows themselves crammed as closely together as those in a Cheapside house, or designs of such gingerbread-maker's Gothic as we behold in the front of Guildhall,—are truly deplorable, and now almost incredible. Of such flagrantly vile taste, little danger (one might hope, if we did not witness the contrary in a multitude of instances) is to be apprehended at the present day; there is, however, a fault of an opposite description to be guarded against, and the more so, as it assumes the appearance of a merit,—we mean that of exclusively copying even the best examples of a former period; for even the very best are not without some defects, nor utterly incapable of all further improvement. Admirable as East Basham is,—and of its exquisite beauty no verbal description can convey an idea,—some of the windows are far from being elegant in themselves, or in unison with the other features. The same remark applies to those of Thorpland Hall, which, however suitable they may be for a grange or parsonage-house, where unpretending simplicity is all that we expect, are of too homely a character for a mansion, unless so introduced as to relieve and set-off other parts. The windows of the parsonage-house at Great Snoring are, on the contrary, of particularly handsome, yet chaste design, although not altogether applicable upon a large scale without undergoing some modification, and the addition of transoms.

Collegiate architecture, of which there are many admirable examples in this work, all taken from buildings at Oxford, presents numerous features, such as entrance gateways, oriel windows, towers, turrets, pinnacles, cloisters, &c.—all of which may be brought into play in an extensive residence; and it is from these and similar sources the architect will be able to derive abundant materials for almost every purpose of a modern habitation. While, however, he forms his taste upon these and similar models, let him beware of falling into the error of supposing that mere copying will suffice. He who thoroughly comprehends the spirit of the originals, who feels all their beauties, who has analysed both causes and results, and who has stored his mind with the ideas they furnish, will be in little danger of deviating from the path pointed out by his guides, because he does not happen to place every step in the impressions they have left. Such a one will endeavour to imitate—not be satisfied with copying; and between the two processes the difference is immense; for the plodding copyist will, at the best, produce but a tame fac-simile as to form; the imitator will extend and develop the ideas of his predecessors; the imperfect hints they may occasionally have thrown out, he will pursue and carry forward, still keeping in the same direction. This is, of course, not to be attempted unadvisedly and rashly; nor ought it to be attempted by any one who does not both perceive the obstacles he has to encounter, and feel conscious that he possesses energies which will enable him to surmount them.

The species of imitation we here recommend, is countenanced by what Mr. Willson says in the introductory remarks to this volume; and he will hardly be suspected of advocating any practice that would be likely to lead to capricious innovation, and thereby tend to degrade and barbarise a species of architecture whose charms few persons can better appreciate than himself. To those *purists* who demand that we should strictly conform to precedent, we would submit this simple question—"Do you suppose that had no causes intervened to occasion a marked change in the style of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, it would not have gone on gradually receiving new accessions of homogeneous forms, and have kept pace with increasing refinement and opulence?" If this be answered in the affirmative, as we think it must, we are surely at liberty to do that now, which, but for accidental circumstances of the times, would have been done before;—to set out afresh from the point where our ancestors broke off. That we should first of all qualify ourselves for so doing, by understanding the whole of the previous progress, is, of course, an indispensable condition; but that precaution being taken, little apprehension need be entertained as to the result; and that we have artists among us who thoroughly conceive the spirit of their models, and can enter into the feelings of the architects of former ages, we have a tolerably convincing proof in several magnificent structures lately erected at Cambridge.

What Mr. Pugin has already performed will prove of material assistance towards the attainment of the object at which we have hinted; for while his publications furnish the most valuable practical instructions, they also supply standards of taste, to which we can constantly refer. We will not say that either himself or the public ought to be satisfied with what he has now accomplished; for much as has been done, still more remains to be effected in so wide a field; and we sincerely hope he will prosecute his interesting labours with unabated zeal.

Among other examples that we are anxious to see thus delightfully elucidated, would be some specimens of interior domestic architecture of the same period; also one or two of the best models of the Elizabethan style: for although we do not maintain so high an opinion of this latter as the writer of an article in the last No. of the *Quarterly Review*, entitled "Old English Domestic Architecture," deeming it in many respects inferior to, and less extensively applicable than, the genuine Tudor; yet it is highly curious both in itself, and as a connecting link between the latest Gothic and the Italianised English of the seventeenth century.

Even here, again, fresh modifications might easily be obtained: much that is merely quaint or impure might be expunged, without detriment to the rest, its place being supplied by details equally picturesque, and equally in character with its leading traits. We are of opinion, also, that our architects would do well to look at some of those singular and highly enriched specimens of domestic buildings to be met with in the north-west of France, several of which have been delineated by Mr. Pugin himself in his *Antiquities of Normandy*. Although of a very distinct character from either our Tudor or Elizabethan styles, they offer a variety of details capable of being adapted to, and blended with, the one or the other.

Before terminating this notice, we may observe, that Mr. Pugin has published a series of Views illustrative of the principal buildings given in his Examples, accompanied with interestingly written descriptions from the pen of Mr. Leeds. He has also more recently produced another work, entitled *Ornamental Wooden Gables*, which has been commended as it deserves, and spoken of at considerable length in the 5th No. of the *Library of the Fine Arts*,—a periodical which we take this second opportunity of mentioning with approbation, especially on architectural subjects, though we sometimes differ from it on these, and still oftener on general art. Nevertheless it is a publication well worthy of the patronage of an intelligent public; for which patronage it will yield light and information in return, upon topics of common interest to all refined society.

Harper's Family Library, No. X. The Life of Mohammed, Founder of the Religion of Islam, and of the Empire of the Saracens. By the Rev. George Bush, A.M. 18mo. pp. 261. New York, 1830. Harpers.

This very neat American edition has hitherto consisted of reprints from Mr. Murray's publication; but the present volume is an original work, and one that does much credit to the author, the Rev. Mr. Bush. The plan is so clearly and well detailed in his own words, that we cannot do better than insert them—though they will strike the English reader as full of *Americanisms*.

"The present work lays claim to no higher character than that of a compilation. This, indeed, must necessarily be the character of any work attempted at this day upon the same subject. All the accessible facts in the life and fortunes of the Arabian prophet have long since been given to the world. New theories and speculations, moral and philosophical, founded upon these facts, and many of them richly deserving attention, are frequently propounded to the reflecting; but they add little or nothing to the amount of our positive information. All therefore that can now be expected is such a selection, and arrangement, and investment, of the leading particulars of the impostor's history, as shall convey to the English reader, in a correct and concentrated form, those details which are otherwise diffused through a great number of rare books, and couched in several different languages. Such a work, discreetly prepared, would supply, if we mistake not, a very considerable desideratum in our language, one which is beginning to be more sensibly felt than ever, and which the spirit of the age loudly requires to have supplied. How far the present sketch may go towards meeting the demand, it becomes others than the writer to judge. He has aimed to make the most judicious use of the materials before him, and from the whole mass to elicit a candid moral estimate of the character of the founder of Islam. In one respect he may venture to assure the reader he will find the plan of the ensuing pages an improvement upon preceding memoirs; and that is, in the careful collation of the chapters of the Koran with the events of the narrative."

We extract the account of Mohammed's illness and death, as a specimen of the style,

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which, as we have hinted, is certainly not free from the peculiarities of Transatlantic *English*.

"And now, having arrived at the sixty-third year of his age, and the tenth of the Hejira, A.D. 632, the fatal effects of the poison, which had been so long rankling in his veins, began to discover themselves more and more sensibly, and to operate with alarming virulence. Day by day he visibly declined, and it was evident that his life was hastening to a close. For some time previous to the event, he was conscious of its approach, and is said to have viewed and awaited it with characteristic firmness. The third day before his dissolution, he ordered himself to be carried to the mosque, that he might, for the last time, address his followers, and bestow upon them his parting prayers and benedictions. Being assisted to mount the pulpit, he edified his brethren by the pious tenor of his dying counsels, and in his own example taught a lesson of humility and penitence, such as we shall scarcely find inculcated in the precepts of the Koran. 'If there be any man,' said the apostle, 'whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of any Mussulman? let him proclaim my faults in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I possess shall compensate the principal and the interest of the debt.' 'Yes,' replied a voice from the crowd, 'thou owest me three drachms of silver.' Mohammed heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor, that he had accused him in this world rather than at the day of judgment. He then set his slaves at liberty—seventeen men and eleven women; directed the order of his funeral; strove to allay the lamentations of his weeping friends, and waited the approach of death. He did not expressly nominate a successor, a step which would have prevented the altercations that afterward came so near to crushing in its infancy the religion and the empire of the Saracens; but his appointment of Abubeker to supply his place in the function of public prayer and the other services of the mosque, seemed to intimate indirectly the choice of the prophet. This ancient and faithful friend, accordingly, after much contention, became the first caliph of the Saracens, though his reign was closed by his death at the end of two years. The death of Mohammed was hastened by the force of a burning fever, which deprived him at times of the use of reason. In one of these paroxysms of delirium he demanded pen and paper, that he might compose or dictate a divine book. Omar, who was watching at his side, refused his request, lest the expiring prophet might dictate something which should supersede the Koran. Others, however, expressed a great desire that the book might be written; and so warm a dispute arose in the chamber of the apostle, that he was forced to reprove their unbecoming vehemence. The writing was not performed, and many of his followers have mourned the loss of the sublime revelations which his dying visions might have bequeathed to them. His favourite wife, Ayesha, hung over her husband in his last moments, sustaining his drooping head upon her knee, as he lay stretched upon the carpet, watching with trembling anxiety his changing countenance, and listening to the last broken sounds of his voice. His disease, as it drew towards its termination, was attended at intervals with most excruciating pains, which he constantly ascribed to the fatal morsel taken at Chaibar; and as the mother of Bashar, the companion who had died upon the spot from the same cause, stood by his side, he exclaimed—'O, mother of Bashar! the cords of my heart are now breaking of the food which I ate with your son at Chaibar.' In his conversation with those around him, he mentioned it as a special prerogative granted to him, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked of him his permission,—and this permission he condescendingly granted. Recovering from a swoon into which the violence of his pains had thrown him, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with faltering accents exclaimed, 'O, God! pardon my sins. Yes, I come among my fellow-labourers on high!' His face was then sprinkled with water, and that by his own feeble hand, when he shortly after expired. The city, and more especially the house of the prophet, became at once a scene of sorrowful, but confused, lamentation. Some of his followers could not believe that he was dead. 'How can he be dead, our witness, our intercessor, our mediator with God? He is not dead. Like Moses and Jesus, he is wrapped in a holy trance, and speedily will he return to his faithful people.' The evidence of sense was disregarded; and Omar, brandishing his cimeter, threatened to strike off the heads of the infidels who should affirm that the prophet was no more. The tumult was at length appeased by the moderation of Abubeker. 'Is it Mohammed,' said he, 'or the God of Mohammed, whom ye worship? The God of Mohammed liveth for ever—but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves; and, according to his own prediction, he hath experienced the common fate of mortality.' The prophet's remains were deposited at Medina, in the very room in which he breathed his last, the floor being removed to make way for his sepulchre, and a simple and unadorned monument [was] some time after erected over them."

In the Appendix all the Scripture prophecies supposed to have reference to Mohammed and the progress of his religion are carefully pointed out and collected; but their examination would be ill fitted for our pages. A list, explaining oriental names and offices, will be useful to the more juvenile reader: there is also (principally compiled from Prideaux) a list of the authors, with a brief account of each, who have written on the subject of Mohammedism. Yet a fair proportion both of industry and of judgment has been bestowed on this little volume.

Memoirs of Count Lavallette. Vol. II.

[Second notice.]

We shall forthwith proceed to our task of extract, reserving our own remarks till the conclusion. Lavallette enters into full detail of Mallet's extraordinary attempt, which took place during the Russian campaign.

"The disasters of that campaign are known. While they were going on, the city of Paris witnessed a prodigy such as is often seen on the eve of the great convulsions of nature. What all Europe in arms had not dared to plan for the last twenty years, namely, the conquest of Paris, a single man, in prison, without friends, money, or reputation, was bold enough to attempt, and almost succeeded. I had served with Mallet as staff officer in 1793. He was a man of an extraordinary turn of mind; his manners were eccentric, and he was tormented with a deep melancholy, that made him morose and disagreeable to his comrades. The accession of Buonaparte to the throne had displeased him, and he had not attempted to hide his feelings. The loss of his liberty, added to the grief of seeing his career stopped when so many officers of younger standing than himself rose to the highest rank and acquired great reputation, made him take a part in an ill-conceived conspiracy, consisting of those old remains of brawling Jacobins, who take no counsel but their rage, and have no means of realising their wretched projects. Mallet was discovered; and the particulars of the plot having been laid before the eyes of the emperor, he shrugged up his shoulders through contempt. After some years' imprisonment, Mallet obtained leave to remove to one of those private hospitals (maisons de santé), which surround Paris, and which were for the police a sort of seminaries, where they kept, subject to a severe supervision, all such persons who could not be convicted, but whom, however, it would have been dangerous to set entirely free. We had remained during twenty-six days without any accounts from the army. Sinister reports were beginning to circulate, when Mallet, after having combined his plan with the Abbé Constant, a companion of his captivity, found means to get out of prison, dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and went at four o'clock in the morning to the barracks of the Municipal Legion. Having called up the colonel, who was still asleep, he told him with an air of dismay that the emperor was dead; that the senate was assembled to restore the republican government in France; and that he, Mallet, who had been appointed commander of Paris, wanted six hundred men of the regiment, to go to the Hôtel de Ville and protect the senate, that was assembling there. At this fatal news the colonel was at first seized with alarm, and his grief for the death of the emperor made him shed tears. The disorder of his mind did not permit him to reflect on the news he had heard, nor cast his eyes on the suspicious person that stood before him. He ordered the guard to assemble, and, overwhelmed with consternation, left Mallet master of his forces. The name of a republic, which recalled to mind licentiousness, was a counterpoise to the death of the emperor. The most brilliant promises and temptations were held out; the officers all believed what Mallet chose to tell them. Each soldier was to be rewarded by advancement and double pay; the officers were to get drafts on the treasury, of twenty and even fifty thousand francs,—for Mallet had provided against every difficulty. He soon got together four hundred men, at whose head he went to seek his accomplices, and the future ministers of France, in the prison of La Force. In that prison there had been in confinement, for some time, an adjutant-general, named Guidal, and General Lahorie, of whom I have already spoken. Both had served with Mallet, but had heard nothing more of him, and were totally ignorant of his plans. Mallet entered the prison, claimed his two old comrades, and told the great news. The jailer refusing to deliver his prisoners, he signed their liberation, introduced two hundred men, and went to Lahorie's chamber. The first words Mallet said to him were, 'You are the minister of police. Rise, dress yourself, and follow me.' Poor Lahorie, who now saw, for the first time during a lapse of twelve years, a man whom he had never looked upon as quite *compos mentis*, imagined all he heard was but a dream, and rubbed his eyes while looking at him. At last the assurance of the death of the emperor, of the assembling of the senate, of the re-establishment of the republic, convinced him that he once more witnessed another of those revolutions so common in modern history. He rose, dressed himself, and found

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six hundred men at the gate. With Guidal by his side, he immediately went to the minister of police, who was still in bed. The soldiers entered quietly, and without any obstacle; when, finding the door of the minister's chamber locked, they broke it open with the but-ends of their muskets. The minister, waking at the noise, jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress himself, rushed upon the murderers. He was seized, and treated in the most brutal manner; but at last, at sight of the prisoner Lahorie, and the intelligence of the death of the emperor, he began to comprehend that he was the victim and the dupe of a revolution. He obtained, not without some trouble, leave to dress; and Guidal led him, escorted by a detachment, to the prison of La Force. On the Pont Neuf he jumped from the cabriolet, but was retaken. When he arrived at the prison, the jailer burst into tears. Savary whispered to him, 'Place me in your darkest dungeon, and hide the key of it. God knows what is the meaning of this; but it will all clear up.' A few moments later, the prefect of police was also brought to the prison: a detachment had gone to fetch him, and had dragged him along. Whilst the heads of the police were thus treated, Mallet went to General Hullin, commander of the military division and of the city of Paris. The general was just getting up to receive an order from the minister of the war department, which could be delivered into no hands but his own. Mallet was accompanied by some officers of his troop. On seeing the general, he said to him, with the greatest coolness, and with an air of gravity, 'I am very mortified, general, to have so painful a commission to execute; but my orders are to arrest you.' Hullin remonstrated; and looking at Mallet, whose face he knew, he said, 'How! Mallet, is it you? You arrest me—a prisoner? How did you come here? What is your business doing here?' 'The emperor is dead.' These words struck Hullin dumb, and Mallet repeated the fable he had invented. However, the arrest and the order to go to prison appeared wondrous strange to the general. He continually spoke of the death of the emperor and his own imprisonment:—at length asked Mallet to shew him his order. 'Very willingly,' replied the other: 'will you step with me into your closet?' Hullin turned round, and as he was entering the closet, he fell, struck by a bullet that touched his head. While lying on the ground, he saw his murderer looking coolly at him, and preparing to fire once more; but thinking him dead he left the place. He crossed the Place Vendôme, and went to the staff, whither he had sent before him a letter, acquainting the adjutant-general, N***, that he was advanced to the rank of major-general. The latter, when he saw Mallet, could not disguise his doubts. Struggling between his duty and his ambition, he was perhaps at the point of yielding, and entering into arrangements, when one of the heads of the military police, the old Colonel Laborde, came into the apartment. The appearance of that man shewed sufficiently that he could be neither deceived nor seduced. Mallet was therefore going to blow out his brains, when Laborde seized him abruptly by his arm, called for assistance, and had him arrested. This Laborde was an old soldier, who, having long retired from active service, had chosen Paris for his camp and the scene of his observations. Attached to the police under all possible governments, no one could impose upon him by illusions. His youth had been passed in vice, and he now felt pleasure in pursuing it in its last holds. He made use of his privilege with all the despotism which subalterns of that class love to exercise upon the rabble. Rank, titles, glory, virtue, crime itself, is sacred to them as long as it remains prosperous; but as soon as the day of misfortune arrives, they trample upon every thing, and neither respect nor pity must be expected from them. Laborde had seen Mallet in prison. At the first report of the minister of police being arrested, he set himself at the head of a platoon of infantry, went to the office and found Lahorie calmly seated at his desk, writing orders, after those he had given at the Hôtel de Ville. He had him immediately seized and tied to his arm-chair, while he addressed to him reproaches that opened the unfortunate Lahorie's eyes to the madness of Mallet. He then went to the staff, where he arrested the latter, and flying to the prison, he delivered the minister and prefect of police. The prefect went home; but his hotel being still full of the soldiers who had arrested him, they pursued him, and he was glad to find a refuge in a neighbouring house. All these scenes, well deserving of a place in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, happened between five and eight o'clock in the morning. By nine all was over; and the happy inhabitants of Paris, when they awoke, learned the singular event, and made some tolerably good jokes upon it."

Certainly never did princes, to whom conciliation was of such paramount necessity, so neglect it as did the Bourbons.

"The following circumstance has been related to me by Count d'Erlon. The Duke de Berri was one day reviewing some regiments garrisoned in the province of which Marshal Duke de Treviso was governor, and Count d'Erlon commander. An officer came out of the ranks and asked the prince for the cross of St. Louis. 'What have you done to deserve it?' 'I have served thirty years in the French army.' 'Thirty years' robbery!' replied the prince, turning his back on him. It is true, that the marshal having remonstrated, the officer obtained the next day what he had solicited; but the words were reported about, and I leave the reader to judge of the effect they had among the troops. * * *

Valuable Library.—"The day before the emperor left Paris for the fatal campaign of Russia, he kept me with him at the close of the evening; and after giving me all the necessary orders for his journey, he said to me: 'Go to the grand marshal; he will give you drafts on the treasury for 1,600,000fr; you will convert them secretly into gold, which the minister of the treasury will procure you the means of doing; and you will wait my orders to send it me.' So much gold was difficult to hide. I addressed myself to the keeper of the ordnance depôt, (M. Regnier), who was a very ingenious mechanic, and who made for me, in a very clever manner, several boxes which looked exactly like as many quarto volumes. Each of them contained 30,000 fr., and I placed them in my library. When the emperor came back from the Russian campaign, he seemed entirely to have forgotten the money, and he returned to Germany for the campaign of Leipsic without giving me any particular orders on the subject. The only reply he made to my question respecting it was, 'We shall speak of that when I come home.' At last, when, a few months afterwards, he was going to leave Paris for the campaign of France, I insisted on his relieving me from the charge of a treasure, for which I might perhaps not be able to answer in the midst of the important events that might threaten Paris. 'Well, then,' he said, 'hide it at your country seat.' It was in vain that I remonstrated, observing, that the castle of La Verrière, situated on the road leading from Versailles to Rambouillet, might be plundered by stragglers of the enemy; that my occupation in Paris never permitted me to remain long in the country, and that chance and the slightest imprudence might make me lose the money. He would listen to nothing, and I was forced to obey. My steward was an honest and intelligent man. He made, in my presence, during several nights, a hole under the floor of a closet on the ground floor. There we deposited the fifty-four volumes of Ancient and Modern History. Never would any work have been read with more eagerness, nor appreciated nearer to its real value. The inlaid floor was carefully replaced, and nothing was suspected. The taking of Paris threw the emperor into Fontainebleau. I most ardently wished to share his fate, or at least to receive probably his last orders. But he sent me word by the Duke de Vicenza, that it would be dangerous if I were to come to see him; that he wished me to remain in Paris, where I might act as I pleased; and that he would let me know at some later period how I was to dispose of his money. That circumstance was one of the motives that made me keep so carefully at a distance from government. My attachment to the person of the emperor, the oaths of allegiance I had made to him, my gratitude for his kindness and generosity, made me shudder at the idea of not devoting to him the remainder of my life; but, on the other hand, honour forbade me to embrace the party of the Bourbons, when I was placed in the necessity of maintaining a correspondence with him. What punishment would I not have suffered and deserved, if the king's government, after having received my oath, had discovered that I had in my possession a part of Napoleon's fortune, and that I disposed of it according to his orders? At the time I was making those painful reflections, three hundred Prussians occupied the castle of Verrière. Fifteen slept in the very room where the treasure was hid. These soldiers were far from suspecting that they would have had only to raise with the points of their swords two boards of the floor, to fall upon heaps of gold. They remained there nearly two months. During all that time, I was in continued agony. I expected every day to learn that all had been discovered. Fortunately the Prussians went away at last, and I was easy, at least in that respect."

The details of Napoleon's return from Elba abound in curious matter, but they should be read as a whole; we select, however, one anecdote very characteristic of the manner in which Louis was served by his officers.

"The conduct of the ministry in those last days, and especially that of M. Ferrand, was inexplicable. The king, before he went away, had issued a proclamation, wherein he exhorted the Parisians, and consequently all France, to submission. This proclamation was inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 20th. Its aim was to make all the royalists lay down their arms, and still one of my crimes was stopping the departure of the *Moniteur* and other journals. But if such great importance was attached to the publication of that last will of the king's, why did not M. Ferrand despatch it the day before by expresses? It might have travelled sixty leagues in twenty-four hours, in all directions, except on the road to Lyons, and the prefects would, at least, have known how to

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act. I always suspected that the reason why M. Ferrand did not send it off was because it did not please him. The man has so publicly acknowledged his wishes and his opinions, that I do not think I speak ill of him in saying that he wanted a civil war to break out, which the proclamation might prevent. As for the rest, I own I did wrong in stopping the journals; they could do no harm. Besides, the proclamation was stuck up in all the streets; and whoever wished to read it might do so. Though I wish to be sparing in anecdotes, I cannot, however, omit one that paints admirably well the men who at that time had so fatal an influence over our affairs. The proclamation I mentioned had been digested by the Chancellor d'Ambray; but the order for its insertion in the *Moniteur* had not been delivered. The editor of that journal went at ten o'clock in the evening to M. de Vitrolles, secretary of the council, to ask for the order. M. de Vitrolles sent him to the chancellor. After having repeatedly rung the bell, the porter appeared at a small window, and said that no one could then see his master, who was asleep. M. M***, vexed at not being able to obtain an audience even of the porter, made a great noise, saying that he came by order of the king, and at last they were obliged to let him in and walk up stairs. There he had a fresh ceremony to go through before he could penetrate to his excellency. The valet-de-chambre was to be awakened and dressed, and afterwards the master himself roused from the arms of Morpheus. At last M*** found himself in the presence of the head of the law, whom he asked for an order of insertion in the *Moniteur*. 'Oh yes, to be sure, the proclamation! Have you seen it?' Then, without waiting for an answer, my lord took it from under his pillow, and began to read it slowly, complacently, and with pauses and inflexions of his voice, which shewed all his paternal affection for that masterpiece of composition. 'This is,' said he, 'one of the things I have written most correctly, and I fear not to say that it is one that will make the greatest sensation. Yes, you may print it.' So saying, he laid himself down again on his pillow and closed his eyes."

Change at the Tuileries.—"In the apartments, the two sisters-in-law of the emperor, the Queens of Spain and of Holland, were waiting for him, deeply affected. Soon after, the ladies of the household and those of the empress came to join them. The fleurs-de-lis had every where superseded the bees. However, on examining the large carpet spread over the floor of the audience-chamber where they sat, one of the ladies perceived that a flower was loose: she took it off, and the bee soon re-appeared. Immediately all the ladies set to work, and in less than half an hour, to the great mirth of the company, the carpet again became imperial."

The conduct of Fouché is thus described by Lavallette.

"Fouché had been far from wishing the return of the emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had besides undertaken another plan, which Napoleon's arrival had broken off. I shall, perhaps, resume this part of his history another time: I suppress it at present without any scruple, because it has nothing to do with mine. The emperor, however, put him again at the head of the police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a skilful man was wanted there. Fouché accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of deposing the emperor, to put in his place either his son, or a sort of a republic with a president. He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich; and if he is to be believed, he had tried to persuade the emperor to abdicate in favour of his son. That was also my opinion; but, coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it was the duty of the minister either to think no more of his plan, or to resign his office. Fouché, however, remained in the cabinet, and continued his correspondence. The emperor, who placed but little confidence in him, kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the emperor had a great deal of company at the Elysée; he told me not to go home, because he wished to speak to me. When every body was gone, the emperor stopped with Fouché in the apartment next to the one I was in. The door remained half open. They walked up and down together, talking very calmly. I was therefore greatly astonished when, after a quarter of an hour, I heard the emperor say to him gravely—'You are a traitor! Why do you remain minister of the police, if you wish to betray me? It depends on me to have you hanged; and every body would rejoice at your death!' I did not hear Fouché's reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, always walking up and down. When Fouché went away, he bade me cheerfully good night, and said that the emperor had gone back to his apartments. In truth, when I went in he was gone; but the day after, he spoke to me of that conversation. 'I suspected,' he said, 'that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker's clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouché from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bâle, where a man was to wait for the bearer on the bridge. I sent for Fouché a few days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping that in the course of a friendly conversation he would mention that letter to me; but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject.' (Here the emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before—'You are a traitor,' &c.) 'He acknowledged, in fact,' continued the emperor, 'that he had received such a letter; but that it was not signed, and that he had looked upon it as a mystification. He shewed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer declared over again, that he would listen to nothing more concerning the emperor, but that *his* person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest.' I expected that the emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouché; but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him. Two days afterwards, I went to Fouché to solicit the return to Paris of an officer of musketeers, who had been banished far from his family. I found him at breakfast, and sat down next to him. Facing him sat a stranger. 'Do you see this man?' he said to me, pointing with his spoon to the stranger; 'he is an aristocrat, a Bourbonite, a Chouan; it is the Abbé M***, one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*—a sworn enemy to Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons: he is one of our men.' I looked at him. At every fresh epithet of the minister, the abbé bowed his head on his plate with a smile of cheerfulness and self-complacency, and with a sort of leer. I never saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouché explained to me, on leaving the breakfast-table, in what manner all those valets of literature were men of his; and while I acknowledged to myself that the thing might be necessary, I scarcely knew who were really more despicable,—the wretches who thus sold themselves to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as if their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging that the emperor had spoken to me of the scene I described above, Fouché said to me, 'The emperor's temper is soured by the resistance he finds, and he thinks it is my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To-morrow I might hang before my door twenty persons who have that opinion against them, though I should not be able to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it.' As I am never in a hurry to speak, I remained silent; but, reflecting on what the emperor had said concerning Fouché, I found the comparison of their two speeches remarkable. The master could have his minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang—whom? Perhaps the master himself, and with the same approbation. What a singular situation! and I believe they were both in the right: so far public opinion, equitable in regard to Fouché, had swerved concerning the emperor."

There is a curious account of a letter, the truth of the contents of which, though then doubtful, have been somewhat strengthened since.

"Napoleon had undoubtedly expected that the empress and his son would be restored to him: he had, at least, published his wishes as a certainty; and it was, in fact, the worst thing the Emperor of Austria could have done. His hope was, however, soon destroyed. About a month after his arrival, the Duke de Vicenza called upon me, and presented to me a letter without address, which a courier, just arrived from Vienna, had delivered to him among several others, saying that it had been sent to him by M. de * * *, who had not dared to put the direction on it. I was not intimate enough with M. de * * *, to suppose he could have written to me, so I refused to take the letter. Caulaincourt said: 'Be not too hasty; I am convinced it is for you. You would perhaps do well to open it; for if you persist, I shall give it to the emperor.' 'You may do so,' I replied; 'I have no interests in Vienna, and I wish the emperor may read it.' In the evening I was summoned to the palace. I found the emperor in a dimly lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fire-place, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. 'Here is a letter,' he said, 'which the courier from Vienna says is meant for you; read it.' On first casting my eyes on the letter, I thought I knew the handwriting of * * *; but as it was long, I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the empress, as she did not even attempt to conceal her hatred of the emperor, and was disposed to approve of all the measures that could be taken against him; that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it, in case it should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation; that the empress, wholly enamoured of * * *, did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for that man, who had made himself master of her mind as well as of her person. The handwriting of the letter was disguised, yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found, however, in the manner in

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which the secret was expressed, a warmth of zeal and a picturesque style, that did not belong to the author of the letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the emperor. I communicated my idea to him, and the danger I perceived in this fraud. As I grew more and more animated, I found plausible reasons enough to throw the emperor himself into some uncertainty. 'How is it possible,' I said, 'that * * * should have been imprudent enough to write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connexion with him? How can one suppose that the empress should forget herself, in such circumstances, so far as to manifest hatred to you, and, still more, to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young—whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, has nothing agreeable in it?' 'But,' answered the emperor, '* * * is attached to me; and though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you.' The following words were in fact written at the bottom of the letter: 'I do not think you ought to mention the truth to the emperor; but make whatever use of it you think proper.' I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the emperor then said to me: 'Go to Caulaincourt. He possesses a great many others of the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine.' I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me: 'I am sure the letter is from * * *; and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The best thing the emperor can do, is to be comforted: there is nothing to be expected from that side.'"

[To be continued.]

Rapport à M. le Ministre de l'Intérieur sur les Monumens, &c. des Départemens du Nord. Par M. L. Vitet, Inspecteur-Général des Monumens Historiques de la France. Paris, Imprimerie Royale.

THIS is at least one of the good effects of a ministry composed of men of letters and study; such as, under the name of *doctrinaires*, formed the first cabinet of Louis Philippe. Even amidst all the difficulties of his position as minister of the interior, M. Guizot found time to attend to the interest of the arts. He appointed M. Vitet inspector of the historic monuments of France.* The opposition journals instantly clamoured, that the minister was creating sinecures for his literary friends. The inspector has sufficiently answered them by this, his first report, being the produce of six months' research employed in the north of France. Although unpublished, and not circulating beyond the ministerial offices and the scientific establishments of France, we have procured a copy, and proceed to render a brief account of its contents.

The reason assigned by M. Vitet for first directing his attention to the north, is, that this portion of the kingdom is most essentially French, or Frankish; and that there, if any where, were to be discovered whatever relics existed of architecture under the Merovingians, or descendants of Clovis. The result of this search was, that no such vestiges remained, although the more ancient ones of Roman architecture were frequently to be met with. This nowise surprises us; it corroborates what history, if carefully examined, indicates, viz. that the Franks were the most barbarous of all the barbaric tribes that settled on the ruins of the empire. Throughout the north of France, M. Vitet found nought anterior to the year 1000; and even of the eleventh century he can cite but part of the church of St. Remi, at Rheims. From the twelfth century truly dates the resurrection of architecture.

"In another work," says the inspector, in his Report—"I shall endeavour to demonstrate that the history of architecture in the west, from the sixth century to the close of the twelfth, is nothing else than the history of the successive importations of that taste which reigned during this period in Greece, and throughout the coasts of the Mediterranean, from Constantinople to Alexandria. These importations—more or less happy, more or less welcomed, according to the circumstances of times and places—form a study full of variety and interest. Wherever there was river navigable from the sea, wherever there were riches with the people, or genius in the sovereign,—you may be sure that there the exotic taste made rapid progress. Wherever, on the contrary, want of communications, absence of commerce and prosperity, prevailed, there the art of building remained confined to old Roman ideas, disfigured by barbaric rudeness. Hence it happened, that in the same country the Oriental taste appears and disappears, as circumstances invited or repulsed it. Thus in France it was unknown during the sixth century, at which epoch it dawned in Italy under the auspices of the Exarchs of Ravenna. Later, on the other hand, it was banished from Italy by the barbarism of the Lombards, and welcomed in France by Charlemagne. It became extinguished, indeed, soon after the death of this great man, and gave way, towards the tenth century, to a rude and bastard system; whilst at the close of the same age it flourished in Germany under the reign of Otho. But a prodigious event occurred to put a term to these oscillations"—the Crusades.

These, according to the French inspector, spread oriental taste no longer partially, but generally and equally over Europe, in the several regions of which it was differently modified—on the Rhine, for instance, and in Normandy.

"But by the side of these remains, where the oriental style bears the marks of its naturalisation in different regions of the west, there are to be found some in which this oriental style is pure, unalloyed, and as if directly imported from Greece or Ionia—so perfect and untouched is its native character. These buildings, executed by Byzantine architects, or by those immediately from their schools, are rare and precious, and belong chiefly to the twelfth century. This is the style of architecture which I call *pure Byzantine*, without any Roman or barbarian alloy."

Specimens of this architecture M. Vitet declares to have been found at Soissons, in some ruins of the old church of Notre Dame, in the church of St. Pierre, in that of St. Martin at Laon, and in that of Coucy le Château.

"As to that other style of architecture," continues the Report, "generally esteemed oriental, that of the *ogive*, improperly called Gothic, I will try to prove, that it is no relic of oriental origin, that it is essentially indigenous, and has never flourished but in the west."

Another part of the Report is devoted to the sculptures of the middle ages, and to such specimens of it as M. Vitet could discover in his tour. We have not space to follow him in these researches, and shall indulge in but one more extract.

"I remarked at Laon a piece of sculpture, interesting in its kind: it is a tomb at the entrance of the church of St. Martin, representing Enguerraud I. lying in his armour. The story of the tomb is singular. Enguerraud, dying, ordered that his body should be interred in the abbey-church. The monks, resentful against their old enemy, refused to receive his remains, and erected his tomb outside of their church, before the portal. The descendants of Enguerraud were indignant, and war ensued betwixt the counts and the abbey. It lasted, with intervals of peace and accommodation, for a century, when the monks were obliged to yield. But how? They threw down the old front of the church, and erected another further, including the tomb of Enguerraud, which thus was inside the church. But the monks, in despite, never consecrated the part lately taken in; so that Enguerraud still slept out of holy ground."

This anecdote is fully confirmed by the architecture of the church.

* We have already noticed this matter, on the authority of another valued and impartial correspondent:—our friend, the writer of the present critique, had probably not yet seen that Number of the L. G. in Paris.—*Ed. L. G.*

Mythological Fictions of the Greeks and Romans. By Charles Philip Moritz. Translated from the fifth edition, in German, with Improvements. By C. F. W. J. 12mo. pp. 276. New York, 1830. G., C., and H. Carvill.

WHAT! is Saul also among the prophets? we exclaimed on seeing this ultra imaginative publication from the Transatlantic press: we mean nothing uncivil to brother Jonathan; on the contrary, we congratulate the editor on the accomplishment of his task, who thus expresses himself:—"Well aware of the importance of making them the groundwork of a *thorough education*, I cannot but indulge the hope, that this little work of Moritz may be of use in advancing among us a department of literature, which, it must be confessed, is not estimated as its importance merits." We echo these laudable sentiments, and indulge a hope that, with a taste for the elegant fictions of the ancient mythologists, the arts also may come in for a share of their regard; as, by way of illustration and embellishment, the translation has the designs belonging to the original work. These are taken for the most part from antique gems, which is not only in good taste, but also in good keeping, as it gives to the little volume a truly classic appearance. And no where could have been found a more ample store applicable to the purpose of such publications, embracing, as they do, subjects of imagination, rites and ceremonies, effigies of ancient divinities, heroes and philosophers, and especially objects connected with heathen mythology. It might have been wished that these embellishments had been of a higher order of art. As it is, they serve rather (as tokens where better coinage is not at hand,) to convey some idea of the forms and designs of these relics of antiquity, whence Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other great masters, have frequently enriched their finest compositions.

The preliminary remarks point out the view in which mythology ought to be considered:—"Mythological fictions (observes the author) are to be considered as a language of imagination: viewed in this light, they are taken out of the connexion of realities, and constitute, as it were, a world by themselves." After which a poetic effusion in praise of Fancy, from the pen of Goethe, is very aptly introduced;

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and the volume ends with the beautiful allegory of Cupid and Psyche, in which the story is concisely, though efficiently told; and we are surprised that among the multitude of beautiful gems on that subject, none of them should have been introduced among the embellishments.

The language throughout is highly poetical, and the fabulous stories are given like fairy tales. Care has also been taken that nothing offensive to delicacy, or detrimental to the morals of youth, should be introduced.

How far a work of this kind may be calculated to refine the minds of the Americans, or, indeed, the youth of any other civilised country, may by some be questioned. Certainly it should not, we think, be put into the hands of very young pupils, without some more plain preparatory remarks than it offers. Upon the whole, we would say this book contains much information on the subjects of classic lore, conveyed in figurative but suitable language, and is calculated to excite the attention of youth to elegant and polite literature, in connexion with what is termed a liberal education.

The Family Library, No. XXIV. The Life of Sir Isaac Newton. By D. Brewster, LL.D. F.R.S. London, 1831. Murray.

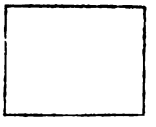
THIS is a plain, sensibly written, and scientific memoir of one of the greatest men that ever lived. It was difficult to produce any new facts, or throw any new light upon the biography of one so well known to the public, and whose labours have, for more than a century and a half, fixed the attention of the civilised and philosophical world; but Dr. Brewster has shewn much industry in both respects. His efforts are particularly worthy of examination where he refutes the opinion that Newton was for a period in a state of insanity, and where he investigates the question of his Scottish descent. We are sorry we can only refer to these points, in consequence of the space they occupy; but the whole work is so deserving of being perused, and so readily within the attainment of all classes, that our regret is qualified by the assurance that they will be generally read in the original. We do not think Dr. B. mentions the circumstance, that the last representative of Newton, Mr. Newton, bequeathed his property to that truly excellent charity *The Literary Fund*; the source of relief and comfort to multitudes of suffering authors and their dearest connexions.

The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations proved, by a Comparison of their Dialects with the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Teutonic Languages. By J. C. Prichard, M.D. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 194. London, 1831. Arch.

THIS volume is a supplement to the learned philologist's *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*; and a man must be a curious linguist to be able to follow its arguments not only through learned tongues, but through Welsh and other dialects far less generally understood. As an analysis of languages is unquestionably an important key to the earliest annals of our species, though the comparisons are too often fanciful, and the conclusions uncertain,—we always refer with pleasure to productions of this class. With regard to Dr. Prichard's labours in particular, we shall only notice that he has here thrown considerable light upon the subject, by applying to its elucidation an able inquiry into the grammatical forms of the Celtic, as still extant in the Welsh, Cornish, Armoric, Irish or Erse, Gaelic or Highland-Scottish, and the Manks; and especially into the suffixes of the verbs. That this branch of philology has not been previously explored, is ascribed to the German authors, who have principally cultivated the science, being less acquainted with the Celtic than with other languages.

Almanach auf das Jahr 1831. Carlsruhe.

WE have opened the book, we have examined its embellishments, we have scanned its literature and criticised its arts,—and we set out under great difficulties and apprehension to endeavour to do justice to the *immense* task before us. Far be it from us to confine the measure of our eulogy to the measure of the *Almanach auf das Jahr* 1831; or to stint ourselves by any relative proportion of notice (merely because it is a foreign production) to the size of this gem of Carlsruhe. It is a genuine almanach, replete with almanachial information, slips into a handsome cover like one of our most showy annuals, is gilt edged, and adorned with many engravings of high merit, though small bulk; and these are its dimensions:—



Having by its silken riband drawn the ponderous volume from its case, we proceed to examine its embellishments and contents. On the external covers we find full-length figures, excellently cut, of "*Algiererin*" and "*Algierer*;" the former a long-bearded old, the latter a middle-aged man. We open the tome itself, and discover that it is the produce of the lithographic "institut" of C. F. Muller; and, certes, it does credit to his types and stones. Useful intelligence, reigning kings and their ages, quarters of the year, months and their particular days, &c. &c. &c., follow throughout some twenty leaves; but the grand merit of the book (we must call it so, for want of a better name) lies in the portraits. We have Sontag, Paganini, "Franz Napoleon" (*i. e.* young Nap. in an Austrian uniform, with two stars), Diebitsch who is dead, Paskewitsch who is living, Hussein Pascha Dey von Algier, —all as like as life, if not of the life size. In short, this is a literary curiosity: we are obliged to our German friends for sending it to us; and we think our English publishers might pick up a few £'s, which none of them are loath to do, by making it a pattern for a London bijou. To the same kindness we are indebted for the Göthe autograph, of which, thinking it might be a pleasant variety, we purpose giving a fac-simile in an early No. of the *Literary Gazette*.

A Professional Survey of the Old and New London Bridges, &c. Pp. 46. London, M. Salmon.

THERE is no end, as we said, to London Bridge. The present survey censures Mr. Rennie for making a job of a new, instead of altering the old bridge, which, it contends, was both practicable and cheap, and would have been sufficient for all needful purposes, and not so injurious as its removal is likely to be, by the increase of tides up towards Chelsea and all the low lands on the banks of the river. It also contends that Mr. Joseph Gwilt was ungenerously treated in respect to the plan he sent in; though Mr. Rennie's plan is preferred, and the bridge, as finished, declared to be the finest in the world. The publication is adorned with a number of very clever wood-cuts; and besides its popular intelligence, contains some good practical remarks on bridge-building and the science of hydraulics generally. It is a neat, cheap, and meritorious performance.

The Monastic Annals of Teviotdale. By the Rev. James Morton, F.S.A.E., &c. Part I. 4to. pp. 48. Edinburgh, Lizars; J. Hamilton: London, Longman and Co.

MR. MORTON, advantageously known as the editor of Leyden, has here conferred, or rather begun to confer, another obligation on the literary public. The Monastic Annals of Teviotdale must be replete with interest; and the specimen before us, confined to Jedburgh and its abbey, gives promise of a valuable work, whether we look to its research or its embellishments. The latter are executed in a very fine style by W. H. Lizars, and consist of—1. a beautiful view of the old abbey from the south-west; [plate 2. is not in our copy—we know not whether from accident in this instance, or from being generally deficient]; 3. a highly ornamented Norman door-way; and 4. a ground-plan of the building.

The letter-press offers a frightful picture of border outrage and barbarism. Truly the

> Men of pleasant Teviotdale,
> Fast by the river Tweed,

however picturesque their country, led no very pleasant lives in these olden days. Foray, robbery, murder, and desolation, *pro* and *con*, filled up the turbulent measure of their existence; and it was, indeed, a boast if their residences

> "Had not been burnt for a year, and mair."

We have been so charmed with Sir W. Scott's writings on the same subject, that it causes Mr. Morton's work to appear rather dry; but its system and *entirety* are great recommendations; and we can only wish that he would throw us a little of legendary and anecdotical interest into its historical worth.

A Topographical History of the County of Leicester. By the Rev. J. Curtis. 8vo. pp. 227. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, W. Hextall; London, Sherwood.

THE first of a proposed series of the counties of England and Wales. This is rather an index than an history; but it is an index eminently useful, and comprehending almost every particular which the topographer can need to refer to. The ancient intelligence is compiled from public documents, the modern from actual survey; and the whole does great credit to the industry of the reverend head master of Ashby-de-la-Zouch Free Grammar-School.

Family Classical Library, No. XXI. Thucydides, Vol. II. London, 1831. Valpy.

THE continuation of the Peloponnesian war, the version of Dr. W. Smith, Dean of Chester.

A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, &c. &c. By Michael Ryan, M.D. 8vo. pp. 309. London, Renshaw and Rush.

THE contents of this volume originally appeared in the popular form of contributions to a medical periodical. It consists of the ethics of the medical profession; of charters and statutes relating to the faculty; and of decisions, &c. on medico-legal cases; and is altogether full of valuable information. There is a little too much of political dash for a scientific work;

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but medical jurisprudence is so little understood, that the usual uncertainty of the law is doubled wherever the question is connected with it; and we cannot be surprised at Dr. Ryan's denouncing the ignorance and folly which prevail.

Divines of the Church of England. No. XVI. By the Rev. Dr. T. S. Hughes. London, 1831. Valpy.

THIS, the fourth vol. of Jeremy Taylor, contains some of that eminent divine's most striking sermons, and the "Contemplations on the State of Man." It is a powerful and interesting volume.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. III. Peregrine Pickle, Vol. I. London, 1831. Cochrane and Co.

THE frontispiece of "the three black hairs," is a genuine bit of illustration à la George Cruikshank, and "Davy Jones" is also worthy of his characteristic and humorous pencil. We do not think so well of the other subjects chosen; but still the volume is worthy of the series — very ably got up, and very cheap.

The Commercial Vade-Mecum. Glasgow, 1831. T. Allan and Co.

A TOM-THUMB of a book, but as full of commercial knowledge as if it were a giant folio. Here are interest tables, travelling routes, lists of cities, &c. calendars, tables, fairs; and, indeed, almost every kind of information which mercantile men may seek. Tables of the comparative value of coins throughout the principal countries of the world, are among the useful references; but, indeed, the whole is well deserving of its Vade-Mecum title.

Key to the Familiar German Exercises, adapted to the Compendious German Grammar. By A. Bernays, Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College. pp. 110. London, 1831. Treuttel and Co.

WE are glad that Professor Bernays has so promptly complied with our suggestion to publish this Key. This book, in a great measure, completes his series of works on the German language, and will much facilitate the labours of those who, during their residence in the country, may wish to continue their study of this beautiful and useful, but certainly difficult, language.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The New Planetarium, for accurately finding the true and apparent Places of the Planets on any Day during the present Century. By T. G. Bunt, Bristol. London, 1831. Fauntleroy and Burton.

MOST of the modern engravings illustrative of the solar system, though superior as works of art, are far inferior to many of their predecessors in conveying correct ideas of the planetary phenomena, being in general merely a number of concentric circles representing the paths of the planets, which are out of proportion to their true distances from the sun—very rarely of their true elliptical form, without any reference to the ecliptic, and, consequently, conveying no information relative to the positions of the nodes, perihelia, and aphelia of the bodies of the system. The principal features of the *New Planetarium* are, its simplicity, varied utility, and the introduction of several particulars not in general found in similar publications; among others that are interesting may be mentioned the following:—it accurately points out the places of the planets during a period of two centuries, ending at the year 1940; the sun's entrance into the signs, and the variations of his apparent diameter; the time of Mercury and Venus making their transits over the disc of the sun; the relative velocities and distances of the planets, and the changing appearances of Saturn's ring—open, closing, and invisible, marked in their true places round the orbit. We do not hesitate to say, that this diagram (which is accompanied with a book explanatory of the uses of the New Planetarium) will be found superior, in point of accuracy, to any orrery hitherto constructed; that the youthful astronomer will find it of extensive utility, and an excellent companion to the celestial globe; and that those who are engaged in laborious astronomical computations will, with its assistance, be enabled to dispense with an ephemeris.

COTI RIVER.

THE *Singapore Chronicle* of the 31st of March contains a portion of a journal written by a Mr. Dalton, of a tour up the Coti River, on the east coast of the island of Borneo. Mr. Dalton's progress is traced as far as Marpow, a distance of 600 miles from the fall of the river into the sea. The following is an extract of the editor's remarks on the subject:—"With the exception of the unfortunate Major Mullen, who was murdered, with the most of his party, three days' journey beyond Marpow, no European that we have heard of has ever penetrated so far into this unknown but interesting island. It appears that the Sultan of Coti, whilst at Marpow, (where he was then residing, for the purpose of carrying on a war against the Diak chief, Sedgen,) sent for Mr. Dalton, for the purpose, as Mr. Dalton himself stated, of making him taste of poor Mullen's fate; and though strongly advised against going by his Bugis friends at Tongarron, the capital of Coti, he nevertheless placed himself under the guidance and protection of Saib Abdullah, the Bandarre, and proceeded to Marpow, in company with him. His description of the journey we consider to be highly interesting, as it opens to us new, and in many parts beautiful scenes, along the banks of a river in a country hitherto unknown and shut up to European eyes. During his short stay at Marpow, he informs us that he made that fictitious, but in his peculiar case excusable, contract with the rajah, to supply him with money and goods from Singapore, by which alone he saved his life, and obtained permission to leave the country." — *Times.*

ROYAL PORTABLE FILTERS.

ALWAYS desirous of giving public intimation of such clever and ingenious contrivances as are calculated to promote the comfort and health of the community, we feel rather ashamed at not having sooner noticed Mr. George Robins' excellent filters. Custom has familiarised the residents of London so much to filthy and impure water, that the majority, perhaps, scarcely feel that nicety of taste which would prefer a pure beverage; and, from indolence or custom, go on imbibing a slow daily poison, merely because it does not affect them at the moment, but imperceptibly produces painful diseases and death. One would suppose that to know a remedy for this evil would be sufficient to lead to its general adoption: but this is far from being the case. These very handsome and effectual filters, it is true, are widely used; but the wonder is, that any person who can afford to drink wholesome instead of deleterious water should be without them. They are very simple and very convenient. We recommend them cordially.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Etchings. By C. Read. Close, Salisbury.

GREAT as is the skill requisite in the arrangement of lines, and in what is technically called "tooling," in a finished engraving, and beautiful as the result is when such skill has been judiciously exerted, there is a charm in the free outpouring of an artist's conceptions, when the etching-needle is in the hands of taste and feeling, which far transcends that arising from mere mechanical excellence. The difference is as great, and is of the same nature, as the difference between soul and body. This truth is strikingly exemplified in the spirited little productions under our notice, which do Mr. Read the highest credit. Some of them are wonderfully fine, and may fairly be ranked with the similar works of Rembrandt and Worlidge.

National Portrait Gallery, &c. With Memoirs by W. Jerdan, Esq. F.S.A. &c. Part XXIX. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE Part for the present month contains fine portraits of Lord Bexley, after Lawrence, by Dean, of Sir Ralph Abercromby, after Hoppner, by H. D. Cook, and of William Gifford, after the same painter, by Freeman; which latter is from the picture in the possession of John Murray, Esq. The financier, the soldier, and the man of literature, form an excellent trio; and the fine arts are illustrated in this preservation of their lineaments. The Part is therefore well calculated to increase the great popularity of this publication.

The History and Topography of the United States of North America. Edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts 19 and 20.

IN these Parts the History of the United States is completed. The succeeding Parts will contain their Topography, &c. The interest and value of the plates remain undiminished; of which the "View of the Cattskill Mountain House," and the "Timber Raft on Lake Champlain," are very satisfactory proofs.

Lithographic Views of the Cinque Ports, and Watering Places from Hastings to Broadstairs. Drawn by G. Rowe. Wooll, Hastings.

PLEASING reminiscences of beautiful scenery.

The Right Hon. Mary Elizabeth, Countess Grey. M. Colnaghi.

DIGNIFIED, matronly, and interesting. The 81st of the Series of the Female Nobility, in *La Belle Assemblée.*

Fac-Similes from Drawings of Portraits, by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. made at different periods of his life. In nine plates. Engraved by Mr. F. C. Lewis, Engraver of Drawings to the King. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

A CHARMING little collection of engravings, from the drawings of this great master; and not the less interesting from their being a family party. They consist of himself, at the age of thirty-five, from a drawing in the possession of Mr. Keightly, his executor; his parents, from drawings made in the year 1797; his sister Lucy, from a drawing taken at her request in 1813, when she was very ill; and three of his nieces, and two of his nephews, from drawings

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produced at various periods. They are all full of delicacy and taste, and bear the unequivocal impression of Sir Thomas's peculiar style of handling the porte-crayon; and several of them possess an additional value from shewing that that style was adopted by him at an early age. Mr. Lewis has transferred the drawings to copper with his usual faithfulness and felicity.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PHYSIC AND POETRY; OR, A MIXTURE.

KNOW ye Gradus, the doctor *sui generis solus*,
Who handles by turns knife, pestle, and lyre;
Who will cook up a sonnet, or roll up a bolus,
As the demons of poesy or physic inspire?

Some men are contented with one claim to glory, [than one kind;
But the claims of our Gradus are of more
For with physic, prescriptions, and verses in store, he
Administers *drugs* to both body and mind.

Thus armed at all points, 'tis clear, and the curse is,
He meets with a *patient* wherever he goes;
Those that won't take his nostrums must needs read his verses, [*dose.*
And they ne'er forget either, for either's a

And with certain effect each acts to the letter,
And so true in result to their nature they stick,
That not one of his patients can ever get better,
Whilst all his poor readers are sure to get sick.

Nor can we well wonder at these reversed motions, [enough;
For this double effect there is reason
Since whoe'er has to swallow his rhymes or his potions, [stuff.
Is obliged to confess they are made of sad

Thus, while letters and physic alternately claim him, [hacks,
As for death and the muse he successively
All proud of his fame exult and proclaim him,
The quack of the poets, the poet of quacks.

G. V. D.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SIERRA LEONE.

Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Native Tribes in the vicinity of the Colony of Sierra Leone. By Major Ricketts.*

THE natives who inhabit countries in the neighbourhood of the colony, are designated Bulloms, Temanies, and Sherbros. These people are extremely well-formed, their skin is sleek and soft; they are lively, and of a pleasing countenance. The manners of the young females, in particular, are rather graceful than otherwise; they wear, until they are married, a slip of cloth about two inches in breadth attached to a girdle, two inches wide, composed of various coloured small beads neatly strung together, and hanging down behind and before nearly to the ancle. After marriage they wear a cloth which they twist round the lower part of the body, in the form of a petticoat; they have also a second cloth, or handkerchief, to throw over the shoulders. They wear silver ornaments, a kind of bracelet, of native manufacture, made out of Spanish dollars. Generally, they are extremely partial to coral beads, the red nature of which form a pretty contrast with their sleeky black neck. Both males and females plait and braid their hair very neatly, in various forms. The females bathe every day, and often several times in the day, and anoint themselves with oil, to preserve the smoothness of the skin. They are here slightly tattoed, which is not general among them. The men dress generally with a check shirt and trousers.

Their houses are built with clay, plastered over laths, built in a circular form, and comprising, in general, but one apartment; the roof is neatly covered with grass thatch, projecting a few feet beyond the building, forming a piazza, the floor of which is a circular bank of clay, under which the men swing in their hammocks. They have seldom more than one or two entrances to the house, which close with a mat.

In every town of consequence a building called a palaver-house is erected in the centre: it is composed of high posts, which support a roof made of sticks covered with grass; round the building is formed a bank of clay for seats: in these places the public business of every description is openly transacted.

There are blacksmiths, architects, and weavers, in their way, among them: some of them employ themselves in cultivating the soil, shooting, and fishing in the canoes. They weave, in the Sherbro, cotton cloths, six inches broad and five feet long. The women in general occupy themselves in sewing, reaping and cleaning the rice, cooking, and in other domestic affairs.

The men, however, pass much of their time in talking palavers, as they style it; and they will undergo any toil to obtain tobacco and ardent spirits.

During the heat of the day, every thing is still in the villages, but in the cool of the evening the people become animated, and the towns resound with merriment. The natives who reside further up the country are much more simple in their manners, more devoid of art, and more free from suspicion, than those on the coast: they are mild in disposition, but possess more pride, and are easily insulted. The natives, in general, are hospitable to strangers; and when a message is sent from any of them, it is accompanied with a present, and the answer is also accompanied with one in return. They are very superstitious, and believe in witchcraft.

The calo, which is produced by a beautiful large tree, is the size and shape of a chestnut when cleared of its shell, and is used by the natives in fever cases as bark; it is of an astringent nature, and has a pungent bitter taste: after chewing a bit of it, a draught of water is taken with delight. They are a token of hostility or amity between the tribes. Two white caloes announce peace and friendship, and two red ones indicate the contrary. The women do not eat with their husbands, but attend them at their meals, and partake of what they leave.

A man may have as many wives as he can maintain; they are never jealous of each other, and the first wife generally has the management of the others. When a young female is given in marriage, her choice is never consulted, and many of the children of that sex are betrothed from their birth. Courtship is carried on by presents to the girl's friends, which, if accepted, denote the approbation of the suitor's purpose; and marriage is celebrated by the distribution of presents of cloth, tobacco, and rum to the bride, and some to the relations of the bride. The match, however, can be broken off by the presents offered being refused.

The chief Delamoody on the Bullom married the whole of the wives of his brother who had died, amounting to above forty. No other ceremony was observed except drinking, dancing, and singing, which was kept up for nearly a week.

Those who profess the Mahomedan religion are not permitted to have more than four wives; but they may at the same time have as many other ladies as their means will allow them to maintain; and these latter usually live with their wives, but are considered as slaves or menials.

These men copy the dress of the Foolahs and Mahomedans, which is a white shirt like a surplice, and very wide drawers which reach as far as the knee, with sandals, and a blue or red cap of woollen: if he wears a turban, which is formed of muslin, and calico rolled round the bottom of the cap, he assumes the air and is looked upon as a man of consequence.

* We have to express our thanks to Major Ricketts, whose volume on the Ashantee war, &c. was reviewed in our last two Numbers, for this communication.—*Ed. L. G.*

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Songs of the Days of Chivalry. The Poetry by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq.; the Music by T. H. Severn. London, C. J. Farn.

A PLEASANT volume, though without any thing very striking to recommend it to such high favour as many of the author's delightful songs deservedly enjoy.

Songs of the Old Chateau. The Poetry by the same; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by H. R. Bishop. London, Goulding and D'Almaine.

WE can justly allow a much warmer tribute of praise to this truly beautiful set of songs, with not one of which can we find fault; though, of course, some of them *are* more to our taste than others. "Those joyous village bells" is an especial favourite; the air sweet and melancholy. "I've heard my own dear mother sing," is also a delightful ballad; and altogether we most cordially recommend this volume to our fair friends. A portrait of the author adorns the first page. We quote the words of the composition already specified, as one to which we listen with feelings of gentle gratification.

"Oh! I cannot bear the sound
Of those joyous village bells,
Mournful music should be found
In the halls where sorrow dwells.
Once for me those bells were rung,
And the bridal song was sung;
Wretched is the bride that hears
Sounds like those with tears.

Now I see the laughing train,
Youths and maidens dancing forth;
I'll not look on them again,
Eyes like mine would mar their mirth.
Once for me those bells were rung,
And the bridal song was sung;
Wretched is the bride who hears
Sounds like those with tears."

Britannia's Wreath. Written by Agnes and Susanna Strickland, and composed by J. Green.

DEDICATED, by permission, to the King. Even if the other songs were indifferent, the "Lifeboat" would be sufficient to give this volume popularity. We might remark, fond of simplicity as we are, that the music is in general too simple: to several of the songs there is scarcely any accompaniment.

The Sicilian Lover's Serenade. By G. C. Davids. Composer, Louisa Pyne. Davids.

WE are pleased with the talent displayed in this song, which is sung with much applause by the father of the youthful composer. We formerly noticed, with merited approbation, Miss Pyne's variations on "Cease your funning:" this new effort is equally clever.

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Drawing-Room Lyrics. Seven Songs, written by F. W. N. Bayley. Composed by J. Green.
A PRETTILY got-up book of songs, and well fitted for the drawing-room table. For playing or singing our report must be unfavourable.

Hast thou known what 'twas to smile, Love? Words by a Lady; Music by R. Sutton. Clementi and Co.
A PRETTY composition, and by a very deserving composer.

Favourite Airs for the Harp. Part II. By C. Egan. Barnet and Co.
To beginners we could not recommend a more agreeable or easy selection. The airs are simple and pleasing. We have not seen the first Part.

Melodies of the Singers of the Alps of Styria. Carl Fischer. Johanning and Whatmore.
A SET of old favourite airs, pleasingly arranged as waltzes, and well worthy of ladies' favour.

Strike, oh strike those Chords again. A Ballad. The Poetry by C. Greville. Music by C. Eulenstein. Chapell and Co.
A SIMPLE, pretty, and easy ballad; composed by our excellent acquaintance Eulenstein, the extraordinary performer on the Jew's harp.

I'm the merry little Drummer. Alex. Lee.
COMPOSED for Miss Poole in the *Legion of Honour;* a nice rattling tune, and already as familiar as household words, in consequence of the naive singing of Miss Poole.

The Stranger's Bride. A Ballad; written and composed by George Linley, Esq. J. Duff.
ONE of the sweetest ballads of the season; the *Stranger's Bride* is both touching and melodious. It need only be known to be very much liked.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

VARIETY is charming, says the old song; and we are now enjoying that rare and agreeable variety in a critic's life—being in a good humour. The performances for the last week at this theatre have been very lively and varied, always leaving out the conclusion; for the Haymarket seems resolved on reversing the proverb, "All's well that ends well;" on the contrary, every evening ends badly. There's Mr. Bianchi Taylor, a musical walking-stick, and not very musical either; Mr. Hacket, who enacts the sturdy and independent English farmer, very much after one's *idéal* of a bailiff; and as for the feminine stock, the manager may quote Shakespeare and say, "'tis a commodity lies fretting by me." It is quite amusing to observe how the first song clears pit and boxes. But now to return to the beginning and our good humour. The principal novelties have been, *She would, and she would not;* with Miss Taylor as *Hippolyta*, whose leg and foot, at least, defy criticism, and who acted with great animation: so did Vining, who really looked so well in his monk's cowl, that we did not wonder at the young lady's taste who chose him as her confessor: it was quite enough to give the catholic faith female popularity. Of Mrs. Ashton's face we can say something civil, but of nothing else. Farren's acting was, as usual, such as to make Othellos of critics, and let them find that their "occupation's gone." The scene where he takes leave of his daughter—his delight at her marriage, softening into sorrow for her loss, was at once ludicrous and touching: the audience did not know whether to laugh or to cry, and so some did both.

On Thursday a comedy, founded on Cibber's *Double Gallant*, was produced, and was completely successful. Love, jealousy, and stratagems, produced some most dramatic situations. Vining's universal lover was very good; we have rarely seen him enter into a part with more spirit. We beg to congratulate Mrs. Glover, first on her excellent *Lady Sadlife*, and secondly on her new dress: her matrimonial shrew, and her full-blown coquette, are true to the very life. We shall take the words out of her own mouth, and say as she says, in an intended quarrel with her husband, that she may safely leave the issue to "tears and nature." Of Miss Sydney we shall only repeat what we said last week, and what we suspect we shall always have to say, that she looks rather pretty, dresses beautifully, and smiles in precisely the same manner. Miss Taylor improves, is improving, and will improve; she has the talent and the feeling in her: *Clarinda* was not a part of much importance; its only incident was her appearance as a midshipman; but we suppose the appearance was to be what appearance often is in this world—every thing. We have kept Farren to the last for the sake of climax: *Sir Solomon* is one of those citizens in which the old school of comedy delighted—jealous, yet easily duped; rich, yet mean, cowardly, and cunning: it is a caricature, but one copied from nature; and every line of this is filled up by Farren with that exquisite finish, which he of all actors carries to its perfection. Two new characters were introduced—failures both: the dastardly Bully belonged to the old school, and the refined Exclusive to the new, a heterogeneous mixture, and both of them overdrawn and absurd.

My, Wife and my Place continues its course of popularity. We mention it again—first, to say how very sweetly (though without much voice) Miss Taylor sings the pretty ballad of "May thy lot in life be happy!" and secondly, to remark on the costumes. Vining, for example, wears a full-dress evening coat, with loose white morning trousers; and Miss Taylor sits at work the next day in the ball dress of the night before. Now it is one of the great merits of the French stage, that such inconsistencies of costume are never tolerated. The propriety of Farren's dress, which is always perfect, is a good example to his fellow-comedians.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Exhibitions.—We have already noticed the splendid Clarence Vase in Oxford Street, which must be seen by those who have any curiosity to learn what can be done in glass: till we saw it, we confess we could as readily have imagined what a mountain in the moon really is. *Ergo*, we advise a visit to this Brobdignaggian specimen of glass manufacture, and not less beautiful than extraordinary for size—the Gustavus Vasa of art. Upon a smaller scale, we must anticipate that chimney-ornaments, candelabras, lustres, and a hundred other articles of ornament and luxury, will soon spread the fame of this parent vase, of which it was aptly said, that it was fit for St. Peter's church at Rome.

Another of the spectacles of London, at this late hour of the season, with which we have been much gratified, is a glass window, executed for Lord Dudley by Mr. Egginton, and now to be seen in Bond Street, where Mr. Collins's fine sculpture (already noticed in the *L. G.*) is open to inspection. The stained glass represents St. Thomas Aquinas performing high mass before Louis IX. (we believe); at any rate, it is a copy from a picture by Mabeuse, and admirable for its execution. Being an interior, it has few of the positive and gaudy tints which give richness and effect to ancient glass windows; but it is a charming composition, with every colour in keeping, and altogether an honour to the modern school in a department of art which is distinctly reviving.

VARIETIES.

Selected from American Periodicals.

A Curiosity.—An ingenious piece of workmanship was lately manufactured in Philadelphia. It is a pitcher or cream jug, which holds about half a pint, made of wooden staves, hooped with silver, and a glass bottom. The staves were taken from the tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. We expressed some surprise, says the editor of the *Democratic Press*, when we were told that the pitcher had been taken to pieces to decide a wager of twenty dollars, and that *one thousand and six staves* were counted in it! It was made by Mr. Joshua Peddle, and is the property of Mr. John Johnson.

March of Intellect.—A person reading a quotation from the *London Literary Gazette*, respecting the consumption of oil, found the usual abbreviation, *London Lit. Gaz.* Upon asking the meaning of a neighbour, he replied, it means that *London is lit with gas.*

Underbidding.—A Frenchman assured one of our friends that his countrymen never buy an article at the seller's first price. "For instance," said he, "one of them came into my store the other day, and priced a pair of silver buckles. I asked seven dollars. 'Eleven! I give you nine.' 'Seven is the price, sir, not eleven.' 'Seven! I give you five!'"

Bull and no Bull.—"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' said I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well,' said he, 'I thank you, Donnelly.' 'Donnelly!' said I, 'that is not *my* name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' said he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us,—and sure where's the bull in *that* now?"

Original Anecdote.*—A few years ago, a couple of Dutchmen, upon the high hills of Limestone, though very friendly, had a dreadful falling out about one killing the other's dog, for which he sued for damages. They were called into court, and the defendant in the case was asked by the judge, if he killed the dog? "Pe sure I kilt him," said the Dutchman; "but let him proof it." This being quite satisfactory, the plaintiff in the case was called on to answer a few questions: he was asked by the judge, to what amount he estimated the damages? He did not understand this question so well; so, to be a little plainer, the judge asked him what he thought the dog to be worth? "Pe sure," said he, "the dog was wot noting; but since he was so mean as to kill him, he shall pay de full value of him."

Reasons for discontinuing a Periodical.—The publisher of a Scottish periodical, which recently went the way of all things, gives, in his expiring number, two reasons, which he terms "cogent" ones, and they certainly are so, for the demise of his journal. The first is, "that all his contributors left him;" and the

* Query!—*Ed. L. G.*

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second is, "that all his subscribers, in obedience to the scriptural injunction, went and did likewise."

Speaking Asides.—A diffident lover going to the town-clerk to request him to publish the banns of matrimony, found him at work *alone* in the middle of a ten-acre lot, and asked him to *step aside* a moment, as he had something particular for his private ear!

Short Correspondence.—Mr. Brown's compliments to Mr. Smith; thinks it unnecessary his piggs should go through his grounds.—*Reply.* Mr. Smith's compliments to Mr. Brown; thinks it equally unnecessary to spell *pigs* with two *gees*.

Flattery?—As the sun in all his splendour was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say, dear, if I had my silk gown on?"

The New Island.—Further and interesting accounts have been received, and published in the newspapers, respecting the new volcanic island, of which we described the appearance in the *Literary Gazette* of the 20th ult. On the 18th of July it was observed *creating itself* by Captain Swinburne, of H.M.S. Rapid; and was again visited, landed upon, and taken possession of by planting the British flag, at the end of the month, by Captain Senhouse, flag captain of the St. Vincent. The phenomena, altogether, are described as wonderfully grand. To the latest, the island had increased in height and extent; and there is every appearance of its becoming a permanent fixture on the face of the globe; though one of the letters expresses an anticipation, that this as yet nameless isle may sink, as Sabrina did a few years ago. It is a remarkable circumstance, of which we are just informed by a letter from Gibraltar, that simultaneously with this volcanic eruption on the Sicilian coast, there was, at that great distance, a considerable agitation of the sea, and an unprecedented rise of the tide.

Wilson the Ornithologist.—We observe, with sorrow, an account of the death and burial of poor Wilson, somewhere in the state of Philadelphia, even while the Edinburgh journals are anticipating his return laden with scientific treasures. We have now before us No. I.* of his Illustrations of American Ornithology, on a reduced scale, to sort with Professor Jamieson's edition—a pretty and attractive publication. The coloured prints are extremely correct and well done.

Coronation Medals.—Orders have been sent to the Mint to strike a handsome coronation medal, in gold, for every member of the House of Commons. The peers have them of course; but this is, we believe, a new royal compliment.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVI. Sept. 3.*]

Literary.—A monthly American journal of natural science has been projected at Philadelphia, and was to appear on the 1st of July. We have not yet seen the opening No., but from the prospectus, we can gather that a well-conducted periodical of this description must be very acceptable to "the other hemisphere." After alluding to the efforts of European naturalists, the announcement says:—"Amidst these general contributors to science, it is painful to perceive what conspicuous blanks are yet left for America to fill up, and especially in those important branches, American geology and American organic remains. This feeling is greatly increased by the occasional taunts and sneers we see directed against us in foreign scientific works. They are aimed, it is true, against individuals insignificant enough to elude them, and, therefore, the larger body, the nation, is hit and wounded by them. Neither is there any defence open to us. We send abroad gigantic stories of huge antediluvian lizards, 'larger than the largest size;' and we ourselves are kept upon the stare at our own wonders, from Georgia to Maine, until we find out we have been exulting over the stranded remains of a common spermaceti whale. At this present moment, a huge animal, dug out of the Big-bone-lick, sixty feet long, and twenty-five feet high, is parading through the columns of the European newspapers, after making its progress through our own. This is, what every naturalist supposed it to be, also a great imposition. Within these few days, drums and trumpets have been sounded for other monsters. A piece of one of our common coal plants is conjured into a petrified rattle-snake; and one of the most familiar fossils solemnly announced all the way from Canada, under a name exploded, and long forgotten by naturalists. All these jibes and reproaches we ought to have been spared. There ought to have been the ready means amongst us, together with the independence and intelligence, to put down these impostures and puerilities as they arose. It is for this object, as well as for the diffusion of the love of science at home, that this monthly journal is about to be established." If it put an end to the sea-serpents alone, it will deserve favour. Since writing the foregoing, we have received No. I.; which, without possessing any remarkable feature, is a fair specimen of the work.

We are requested by a friend, who will act a prominent, and we hope a successful part in the London world, by and by, to notice with favour a new critical journal, to be called the Literary Spectator, and published weekly, at twopence. Such an appeal we are too liberal to resist, and therefore we hail our promised twopenny contemporary with the welcome of kindness; though we do feel a little the difficulty of standing by "our order," if our order will demean itself to such prices. All we can say is, that periodicals may be sagacious enough to appreciate their own public value; and from a whole shilling to eightpence, sevenpence, sixpence, fourpence, threepence, twopence, yea, to a penny, we wish them well.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

August.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 25	From 52.	to	70.	29·64	to	29·78
Friday 26	—— 43.	—	71.	29·66	—	29·89
Saturday .. 27	—— 54.	—	76.	29·90	—	29·98
Sunday.... 28	—— 49.	—	70.	30·09	—	30·11
Monday .. 29	—— 47.	—	72.	30·13	—	30·16
Tuesday .. 30	—— 47.	—	73.	30·09	—	30·00
Wednesday 31	—— 53.	—	70.	29·89	—	29·92

Wind N.W. on the 25th; since the 25th, S.W. and W. Generally clear; a little rain on the mornings of the 25th and 31st.

Rain fallen, ·025 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A pamphlet on the alleged decline of science in England, by a foreigner, merits more mature consideration than we can this week bestow upon it and its important subject: we trust to be able to give it due attention in our next.

Though we have resigned so many of our columns today to the notice of monthly publications, we are still in arrear with that class, which has now become the leading source of literary employment. We continue to speak of the volumes individually as we find them; but, as a whole, we cannot but regret the prevalence of a fashion which tends so decidedly to make literature indeed a trade and manufacture—put an end to original works, and discourage all the higher efforts of genius.

ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 544, col. 2, line 21 from bottom, *for* "variable" *read* "quadruple."

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THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, No. V. for September.

Edited by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.
Author of "the Pleasures of Hope."

Contents: 1. Lines on the Camp-Hill, near Hastings. By Thomas Campbell, Esq.—2. The present Condition of Ireland—3. An Indian Story. By the Author of "the Kuzzilbash"—4. House of Recovery for the Young and Beautiful—5. Journal of the Reform Bill in the House of Commons—6. A Retrospect of Literature, from the Earliest Period to the Thirteenth Century of the Christian Era; No. III. By James Montgomery, Esq.—7. A Tale of Trafalgar; a Poem. By Delta—8. Scientific Letters to a Lady of Quality; No. I. The Study of Physiology—9. Biography of Odd Fellows; No. II. The Long Lawyer—10. Sonnet; Ugo Foscolo—11. Club Colloquies: Cormorants; Scene, Athenæum Club-House—12. William the Fourth and the New Bridge—13. Poland: Sketches of the Civil and Military Characters of the Revolution (derived from authority); Skrzynecki the Hero, and Niemcewicz, the Walter Scott of Poland—14. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—15. National Gallery; Mr. Holwell Carr's Pictures—16. The Garrick Correspondence—17. Moore's Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—18. The Italian Opera, containing the whole of the Prospectus of the New Lessee, Thomas Monck Mason, Esq. (exclusively)—19. Sir Arthur Brooke's Sketches in Spain and Morocco—20. Huskisson's Speeches and Biographical Memoirs. With original Articles, by distinguished Writers, on the Drama, Music, and the Fine Arts, &c.—Reviews of New Publications—and a great variety of Useful Information.

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Portrait of Lord Normanby.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE and LITERARY JOURNAL, for Sept. 1, is embellished with a striking Likeness (accompanied by a Memoir) of Lord Normanby, now Earl of Mulgrave.

Since the 1st of January last, this popular Periodical has been published under a new and highly active management, which has brought to its pages the aid of several very distinguished authors, in addition to those whose contributions had already secured to this Magazine a firm and permanent hold on the favour of the Public. Among other novel features lately introduced, is a series of engraved Portraits of Living Literary Characters, accompanied respectively by Critical and Biographical Notices. The following Portraits have already appeared: January, Sir Walter Scott, after the Bust by Chantrey—February, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Author of "the Undying One," &c.—March, Author of "Paul Pry," after a Painting by Pickersgill—April, Mr. Cooper, Author of "the Spy," "the Pilot," &c.—May, E. L. Bulwer, Esq. Author of "Pelham"—June, T. H. Bayly, Esq.—July, T. C. Grattan, Esq. Author of "Highways and Byways"—August, R. P. Ward, Esq. Author of "Tremaine." For the information of those unacquainted with the character of its general contents, it may be sufficient to state, that this Periodical is not only distinguished by powerful efforts of the imagination, and by interesting personal narratives, but may be considered as the depository of the thoughts and opinions (grave and humorous) of the first living Writers on all subjects, more particularly on those which are of current interest.

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THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE for September, contains a Portrait of "Camel," engraved by Webb, from a Painting by A. Cooper, R.A.; also a Portrait of "Gadfly," a favourite Hound, the property of His Majesty, engraved by Webb, from a Painting by R. B. Davis; and (amongst others) the following original Articles:—Pedigree and Performances of "Camel"—The Blank Day—Archery, by Toxophilus—Irish Hunting—Moryson's Itinerary—Shooting Hunters—Fishing in Wales—Nim South's Tour; the Hambledon Hounds and Mr. Villebois'—Trout Fishing at the Blythe—Fine Arts; Sporting Subjects in the British Institution—Remarks on Riddlesworth and the Leger Favourites—Expedition against the "Moors"—Goodwood Meeting—"The Newspaper," by Sylvanus Swanquill—The New Game Bill—General Monthly Miscellany: Shooting—The Turf: Races to Come. Races Past: Exeter, Chelmsford, Hereford, Plymouth, Oxford, York, Brighton, Lewes, &c. &c.—Cricket—Aquatics—Pigeon Shooting—Bettings—Hay and Corn Markets—Racing Calendar.

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No. 764. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Phrenological Journal and Miscellany, Vol. VII.; No. XXIX. Edinburgh, 1831, J. Anderson, jun.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

We trust that, at the end of seven hundred and sixty-three weekly sheets, containing the compass of about two hundred and fifty 8vo. vols., we need not profess our love for the literary efforts, our regard for the scientific progress, or our ardent desire for the general improvement of our country. Every idea suggested, every opinion given, every syllable printed, in the *Literary Gazette*, has had no other view but to encourage the labours in these various paths, and to advance the people of England in refinement and intelligence. In taking this high and lofty line, with such means and abilities as we possessed, we have considered it not only below, but inconsistent with, our aim to nibble at every petty error or offence which might be detected by a microscopic eye, and a determination to pry for faults, rather than to look for beauties; to impute unworthiness, rather than to acknowledge excellence; to carp at, rather than to praise, aught done by our living or recently dead contemporaries; and we have accordingly acted on the opposite principle, that even apparent mediocrity may be cherished into estimable worth; and that to be a little blind to early indiscretions, can do no injury to the sterling interests which it was our object to strengthen and promote.

We know full well how easy it is to find fault, and how delightful too, to weak and ill-constructed minds, is the pleasure of picking out little holes. We know full well, that to attract an ephemeral notoriety, abuse and personality are engines more effectual than good offices and kindly expressions. We know full well that impertinence is often allowed to pass current for cleverness; and that to impose upon many, it is a common and successful trick to proclaim the facilities of slander and prostitutions of censure to be impartiality and independence. We know full well that all this is in the power of the most contemptible ignorance; while to be simply judicious and just, is without the *éclat* of folly, and at the same time surrounded by difficulties.

Having the different paths before us, we have preferred the least clamorous, but, if we may judge by the sure test of public approbation, the most respectable, prosperous, and permanent; and we hope we shall be judged by this averment of our motives and chosen course, when we proceed to denounce our utter abhorrence and detestation of the publication before us.

This No., the only one we have seen—at least, for a long while—of the *Phrenological Journal*, sets out with a letter to the conductors of the periodical press (for that reason, we presume, sent to us), calling upon them to advocate the "*utility of phrenology as a system of moral improvement.*" We will not argue the question, or animadvert upon the absurd lengths to which the apostles of phrenology, as a science, carry their dogmata; but we will at once go to the *fourth* paper, that which has provoked our indignation, and ask if the detail of such abominable cruelties, under the name of experiments, instead of procuring allies to the cause of phrenology, is not sufficient to revolt human nature against it and its atrocious professors?

The paper is entitled "Bouillaud's experiments to discover the functions of the brain, concluded;" and so cold-blooded a narrative of barbarities, perpetrated on a worthless plea, it never has been our painful duty to peruse. We doubt that man has a right to inflict such tortures on the animal creation, under any pretext whatever;* and we stretched the principle to the utmost when we only slightly reprehended the publication of M. Magendie's experiments, justified as they were upon the ground that by them the alleviation and cure of the severest maladies which afflict mankind would be facilitated. Even then and in that case the general voice of the community condemned the unguarded promulgation, not confined to medical men, but addressed to all classes of readers, of experiments necessarily so repugnant to the feelings, and so evidently calculated to blunt, if not to destroy, the best sympathies of humanity. But if those experiments, and especially their minute publicity, were hardly defensible, when so important a good was aimed at, what shall we say of these phrenological butcheries for the sake of gratifying a foolish curiosity respecting the functions of peculiar portions of the brain?

"The 16th experiment," we are told, "consisted in the entire removal of the cerebral lobes from one pigeon, the removal of the cortical substance from the convex surface of the brain of a second, and the removal of the anterior part of the central hemispheres of a third. In the first the operation was performed gradually, one lobe being first removed. In this stage it preserved all its intelligence; not recognising objects, however, when presented to the eye on the side opposite to that of the destroyed lobe. After partially removing the other lobe, it walked about, extending its wings, but without any design—both being completely removed, it remained motionless. It continued in the attitude of sleep, and made no rational movement; but when disturbed, as by placing it in an inconvenient position, it made automatic efforts to disengage itself and resume its ordinary attitude. It did not digest, and frequently attempted to vomit; it perfectly regulated the various motions of which the act of vomiting consists; it displays no intelligence; it opens its eyes and shakes itself when disturbed; it neither eats nor drinks. On examining the head after death, it was found that the whole of the cerebral lobes, with the exception of a thin shred, had been subtracted. It is evident that this pigeon had lost, with the cerebral lobes, the faculty of recognising external objects and the other intellectual powers which originate in this knowledge; that it at the same time performed many simple and compound motions which do not depend on any such knowledge, and displaying no determined end or motive. We ought, consequently, to conclude, that the brain is the seat of the different intellectual powers concerned in the knowledge of external objects, and that from it emanate those acts of volition necessary to the gratification of those wants and desires which are excited by these objects."

Again:—

"Experiment XVII.—A hen was deprived of the anterior part of the brain. The phenomena exhibited were precisely the same as in former instances, with the following more striking particulars—it did not recognise another hen, formerly its companion, nor follow it as before the operation; it frequently lost its equilibrium, and fell from its perch; it walked,

* The following, from a correspondent, has lain by us for some time: we cannot take a better opportunity for inserting it than now.—*Ed.*

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

Stunned and sickened with the eternal repetition of "the wonderful march that intellect has made, and is making, towards perfection," how was I astonished and horrified on reading in a periodical publication, under the title "Spirit of Discovery," the following recipe for killing insects for preservation in cabinets:—"Enclose the insect in a paper, or thin wooden box (a pill-box, for instance), and expose it for one or two seconds to heat, near the fire: the heat immediately kills insects the most tenacious of life. This process does not alter the most delicate colours; but if the heat be continued too long, the wings and other parts of the body begin to wrinkle." Is this discovery one of the blessed fruits of the march of intellect? In describing locusts, we are told that the Bedouins of Egypt roast them alive, and devour them with the utmost voracity. The Bedouins of the desert have, then, made as much progress in the intellectual art of killing insects, as the scientific entomologist of England!—unless we make some allowance for the voracity with which they devour them, which philosophers may perhaps attribute to instinct. But what is the motive, instinctive or intellectual, that induces our refined and sensitive dandies and (forgive the term) dandiesses to inflict such infernal cruelty upon the most harmless and helpless of God's creatures? Is it any thing more or less than the vanity of having a scientific, a fashionable, and withal a very cheap pursuit? That the insect world is well deserving the attention and admiration of the larger worm that arrogates to itself the title of "lord of the creation," I am most willing to allow—I am even of opinion that the study of natural history in all its branches is one of the most useful, moral, and entertaining, for children of all ages;—but collecting specimens is not study—let them be taught to study living nature. It is the wonderful adaptation of the powers, instincts, and habits, of the living world, that fills the mind with deep reflection, and lifts it from the creature to the Creator, that may teach us lessons of wholesome humility, and excite a spirit of useful inquiry. View insects in a microscope, make drawings of such as are extraordinary, and then restore to them their liberty; or, if you want to ascertain their habits, confine them in pairs or families, with strict attention to their appetites and accommodation, till your curiosity is satisfied: always bear in mind that your own mortal remains will in all probability be first revivified in the insect or reptile state of existence; and do as you would be done by. But to roast them to death in a pill-box, or pin them through the body to a board till they die of pain or hunger!—good God! is it credible, at this enlightened period, when butchers and carmen are punished for unnecessary cruelty to oxen and horses, that men of science! ladies of the order blue! should be found so inhumanly cruel, or so un-humanly stupid—(stupid as beasts, if they are unconscious of the torture they inflict)—as to torture to death the objects of their darling pursuit. Is there no second Lord Erskine, no Mr. Martin, whose eloquence might call down shame, if not punishment, upon the roasters of live insects, and the dissectors of living animals? "Not a sparrow shall fall on the ground without God."

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but without object, and destitute of its former cunning; it did not avoid those who approached to seize it, although it cried and struggled when seized; it fled when it was struck; it did not follow the flock of fowls to which it belonged, and when attacked by another hen, did not comprehend the signs of anger she displayed, but neither fled nor defended itself; it sought for corners, and tried to escape by every opening that offered. On one occasion it rained violently; it sought shelter, and when it found a place where the rain did not reach it, it remained there; but it was accident and not intellect that conducted it—it did not, *a priori*, know that this place was sheltered, for before going there it frequently took refuge where the rain fell in torrents. What proves that it did not distinguish between external objects is, that entering the kitchen, it approached the fire, advanced upon the hot irons, and did not retire until severely burnt. It continually traversed the same space, following closely the circuit of the walls of the court, sometimes running as if deranged, stopping, again beginning to run, but without any other cause or motive than the instinct of moving and change of place. When pursued, or struck with a handkerchief, it fled, but no longer avoided what might obstruct its progress. Placed on a table, it advances to the edge, stops, retires, returns, and at last descends, rather by a kind of fall than a true leap. It seems, from these facts, that it preserved some feeble knowledge of distances, the height of objects, &c. But, at the same time, it did not recognise external objects; we might have exposed it to various dangers without alarming it: it would not have felt dismay if placed beside a fox. It died in consequence of another experiment."

Shocking as were the seventeen mutilations of wretched birds, &c. of which we have quoted these two examples—distressing as it must have been to see the poor pigeons and hens with their brains scooped out, shivering, and their helpless wings flagging extended—trying to vomit for relief to an agony, the seat of which no remedy could reach—crying, struggling, and seeking shelter from ruthless persecution in vain,—distressing as this must have been, it was mercy and compassion to what follows.

"Experiment XVIII.—March 8th, I forced a thick gimlet into each of the anterior lobes of the brain of a young dog, about two months old, and very intelligent. In withdrawing the instrument I carried with it, on one side, a small portion of cerebral substance; this gave rise to considerable hæmorrhage. The animal walked immediately after the experiment, but soon lay down as if to sleep. At the end of an hour it ate and walked.—9th, It eats, walks, and even plays with another dog.—10th, I forced a burning iron into each anterior lobe, and removed a small portion of cerebral substance that lay adjoining the openings made in the cranium: the animal remained for a moment as if dead, but soon roused itself and uttered plaintive cries: its head turns to one side, and retains that position as if spasmodically; there succeeded a comatose lethargy, accompanied by plaintive cries.—11th, Respiration stertorous; a gangrenous smell proceeds from the wounds, from which a portion of cerebral substance has escaped: the head is turned forcibly to the right, and returns mechanically to this position when displaced: the animal cannot hold itself up: placed on its back it struggles with its feet, but in vain attempts to get up: it cries less than yesterday, is still in a comatose state, and gives no sign of intelligence.—12th, Nearly in the same state; it barks when irritated, when I, for example, pour chloride of soda on its head to clean the wounds: it is very sensible of the smell of this liquid, and in some degree resists its effects by strong expirations and sneezing.—13th, the respiration is more and more laborious; it resembles that of an animal affected with peripneumony. It shakes its head when water is poured on it, tries to rise, but cannot; all its motions seem automatic, independent of all intellect and reflection: it barks occasionally, although still plunged in the same comatose state.—14th, If we attempt to raise it, its legs cross each other, and cannot support it, the left appears most feeble; nevertheless, on pinching them, it draws them back, and expresses its pain by cries more or less acute according to the violence of the injury. It recognises no object, not even its aliments: it sees, notwithstanding, and hears, and even appears to turn its head mechanically towards the person who calls it: it swallows milk when poured into its throat, but never seeks to drink spontaneously. A piece of flesh being placed in its mouth, it made some attempts at mastication, but soon discontinued these, and retained the meat betwen its teeth, without attempting to swallow it.—15th, The head is more movable, less inclined to the right: it cannot walk nor stand: respiration very laborious: it exhibited no power of recognising external objects; cried or groaned continually, and died in the evening."

We declare before Heaven, that we think the barbarian who could, during a whole week, thus inflict unendurable torments upon an animal, and calmly count its writhings and agonies, deserves to be put out of the pale of society as a monster. Hamlet says, "Hang up philosophy:" we say, "Hang up philosophers who dare commit such outrages as these." The next trial was equally horrid, and prolonged during sixteen days. We quote on, marking in italics some of the most obnoxious points of heartless cruelty it was ever our misfortune to read.

"On the morning of the 28th of June, *I transfixed the anterior part of the brain of a young dog, which possessed the reputation of being lively, docile, and intelligent:* the instrument, in making its way from the right to the left side, inclined slightly in an oblique direction upwards and backwards. Immediately after the operation, the animal struggled, cried, fell, and could not raise itself. It continued to hear and see: at the end, however, of some minutes it presented all the symptoms of cerebral compression, arising very probably from the internal hæmorrhage produced by the operation.—June 29, 30, July 1, 2. Is plunged in a profound lethargy: it sometimes cries and shakes its limbs: if placed in a constrained posture, it relieves itself by automatic and instinctive movements: water is poured down its throat, and it eats a little softened bread: its eyes are inflamed and suppurate.—3d. The comatose sleep continues: if we irritate with the view of awaking it, it cries, and attempts to bite the objects with which it is touched. It was made to take 50 grains of camphor (it had previously taken 20); almost immediately after, *it raised itself for the first time, and walked, but very unsteadily:* it sometimes gets up on its hind legs, but falls on its back; at other times it bends its head, supports itself upon it, and throws a sort of somerset; it then lies down and sleeps.—4th. It walks, and begins to eat: its walk is still, however, staggering, disordered, and without design. We repeated the camphor, but the greatest part of it was rejected.—5th. Its attitude and walk are somewhat wild: its legs embarrass each other and cross: *it staggers as if drunk*, and with difficulty avoids objects placed before it: it carries its head low, so as almost to touch the ground. It, however, still hears when called on, and even wags its tail when caressed. The sense of smell remains perfect, and it licks its food before eating it. Its eyes are still covered with pus: when touched briskly, it cries, and turns to bite.—6th and 7th. I set it at liberty; *it goes, comes, and runs to and fro, as if it were insane;* licks every object, and does not appear to recognise any by means of vision: *its walk is somewhat ridiculous;* it raises its fore feet too high. It does not know how to mount a staircase, and if it leaps up a few steps, will very ill regulate its movements; it experiences the same difficulty in descending. It with difficulty avoids obstacles placed before it; sometimes attempts to pass through holes much too small to admit its body, and, when placed in such a dilemma, it extricates itself mechanically and awkwardly. *When menaced, it crouches as if to implore mercy, but does not in consequence obey.* It, on the contrary, *utters cries which nothing can repress*, similar to those of a young uneducated dog, *whose intellect is undeveloped.* It eats with great voracity, and is in good health. I watched it attentively for the remainder of this and for the first *fifteen days* of the succeeding month. It enjoyed the perfect use of its external senses. By a kind of instinct of imitation it walked when it saw any one else walk, following the individual wherever he went. Its want of docility was remarkable: when called, it did not come, but lay down and wagged its tail with an air of stupidity. When we tried to lead it, it resisted, rolled upon the ground, and cried, but at last walked, again stopped, drew back, and cried anew. *When confined, it cried continually in spite of all correction.* It appeared astonished at every thing; and its air of stupidity was remarked by all those who were not aware of the operation which had been performed, and strangers to physiological observations. It was easily alarmed; *and when menaces were succeeded by blows, in place of flying or acting so as to avoid them, it merely lay down in a supplicating posture and cried. It did not caress us on our return, although absent for many days.* It lived with another dog, which it frequently licked, but never played with: *nor did it resent the bites which its companion, a witness, so to speak, of its idiocy, rarely failed to inflict when it approached.* It did not keep itself clean, and became singularly fat. It had a strong inclination to remain in the kitchen; we pretended to chase it from thence, but it always returned. Its voracity, as we have already said, was extreme: its maintenance became expensive. It applied itself on one occasion, for instance, to eating the boiling fritters, overturned the frying-pan, and scalded its muzzle, lips, and feet severely. It did not want cunning, when urged, to obtain food: it was often observed to watch the rabbits that ran about the court, and to approach the place where they concealed themselves. It often amused itself in the same way as other dogs, in snapping at the flies that flew about, but was exceedingly awkward in this as in every other kind of exercise. I one day carried it into a wood in the vicinity of the country-house which I then inhabited, and left it there, in order to ascertain if it could retrace the road; but it could not do so, nor did it return until I went for it. Some days afterwards, *I led it to the river, and, regardless of its terror, threw it in;* on this occasion it quickly swam on shore, and returned to the house. I sometimes put it

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out at the door, menacing to make it go away, but it remained, or, if it did go, it was only for a few steps, when it returned, uttering slight cries, as if entreating us to re-open the door. It looked at strangers with a dull stupid air, sometimes went to them, especially to children; but when they caressed it or wished to play with it, it merely lay down and wagged its tail. It did not bark, either to testify its affection, or to prevent strangers from approaching the house; upon one occasion only did it attempt to bark, I cannot say that it actually did bark, at some one passing. *All its docility consisted in coming when, after caressing it, we called upon it in a tone of kindness; or, if we had menaced, beat, or called upon it in vain, in going away, holding down its head and tail, and in crouching down as if in the act of supplication.* Its eyes became animated, its ears were erected on the slightest noise, but it still preserved a look of imbecility. *It was sacrificed, August* 15, *in the performance of a new experiment.*"

We will not waste a line in holding up the publication of such villanies to the abhorrence they excite. If the art of refining torments be necessary to science, which we deny, prudence at least might suggest to scientific inquirers by such means, the expediency of not rendering their pursuits odious, by exposing them to the vulgar eye. It is the depraved appetite for dwelling on all manner of unnatural guilt, and beastly details of heinous crimes, and prurient circumstances of infidelities and seductions, and sanguinary executions,—it is the rage for glutting the public with minute descriptions such as these, that makes the press of England so injurious to the morals, and so brutalising to the minds, of the people. We have become so accustomed to it now, that it does not strike us with the astonishment, nor appal us with the horror, it is so pre-eminently calculated to inspire. Yet if we look abroad, we can discover no such continual sapping of the feelings of a country, no such everlasting familiarity with scenes of criminality and blood. A murder of Fualdes lasted France for years: in Germany, we scarcely remember an atrocity since the story of Sand. In England they are our daily and hourly diet; every journal teems with them in all their vile particulars, from the ripping up of pregnant women at Newtonbarry, to the severing of the dead limbs of Mrs. Holloway at Brighton. Lady Macbeth only supped full of horrors,—we have them before us in the morning papers at our breakfast tables, in the evening papers for our dessert, every day of the week, and in the Sunday papers for our Sabbath edification. The stream of pollution flows on for ever; and ribaldry, occasionally sedition, appeals to the worst passions of the multitude; and those literary scandals noticed in the outset of these remarks, are, throughout far too great a proportion of the press, the only varieties of the shameless course. The engine is indeed powerful: would that it were equally respectable! Its perfect liberty is the sheet-anchor of our national freedom and happiness: would that it were more anxious to avoid the commission of evil in its component operations!

But we are digressing from phrenological magazines to periodical literature: we will, however, end with the former. The tortures of dogs, and hens, and pigeons, &c. lead, it would seem, to the following conclusions in that amiable and sagacious science.

"Very young persons ought not to marry, because, by the laws to which God has subjected our physical constitution, the offspring of very young parents are generally deficient in bodily and mental qualities, or both. The municipal law allows males to marry at fourteen, and females at twelve; and the divines take no cognizance of the sin of marrying at an unripe age; whereas Nature, in this climate, is inimical to marriage before twenty or twenty-two in the female, and twenty-five or twenty-six in the male. One consequence of marriages in extreme youth is, that the first-born child, or children, are, in general, deficient in the organs of the moral and reflecting faculties, and have an excess of the organs of the animal propensities. A single illustration of the consequences of such a union will suffice to shew how deeply it may affect the order of the moral world. Suppose a British peer of forty, possessed of ordinary qualities, to marry an immature girl of seventeen, and that the first-born child is a son, he would prove greatly deficient in moral and intellectual powers. The organs of the propensities would be large, and the anterior and superior portions of the brain, which manifest the higher faculties, would be relatively small. In consequence of this combination, his natural inclinations would lead him to prefer animal gratifications to study, and his innate consciousness of a low mind would render him sceptical of human virtue, and proud of his 'order,' as the only mark of superiority in his person over the base-born vulgar. The law would give him the family estates, and a seat in the upper house of parliament, and the customs of society invest him with a vast influence in his native county; but the low formation of his brain would render the high rank, the large property, the legislative voice, and the social influence, so many inlets of temptation to immoral conduct in himself, and so many instruments of perpetrating mischief to his fellow-men. The priest might give his benediction at his father's marriage, and his mother be unconscious of sin; but the Creator's laws being violated, His blessing would not fall on the first-born. The children produced after the mother arrived at maturity would manifest superior qualities. The result would be still more hurtful were old men to marry very young women; for bodily imperfection would then be added to mental imbecility."

We hope few of our peers of forty in the last generation have married too young wives; for if so, their eldest sons in the present house, from "the low formation of their brains," will not be able to understand the Reform Bill about to be sent up to them.

Catalogue of several Hundred Manuscript Works, in various Oriental Languages. Collected by Sir William Ouseley, LL.D. &c. London, 1831. Valpy.

PRINTED for a limited distribution at home and for foreign libraries, we received a copy of this catalogue from its amiable and respected owner, some weeks ago, with a feeling of regret, that the scholar, whose delight during many years must have been great in making such a collection, should be induced by any cause, prudential or worldly, to part with so pure and perpetual a source of enjoyment in his latter years. Sir W. Ouseley was one of the Associates of the Royal Society of Literature; and we have known when even so small a deprivation as that which he, in common with the rest, experienced by the unexpected withdrawal of the royal endowment, has led, with men of moderate fortune, to sacrifices equally poignant as the disposal of a collection of favourite manuscripts. We trust it is not the case in the present instance,—but the bare suspicion of its possibility causes us to lament still more that act of miserable national parsimony.

But whatever reason induces Sir William to part with his collection, certainly the most important which has been seen in England since that of Mr. Rich, happily assigned to the British Museum at a price of five or six thousand pounds, we trust that it will not be allowed to go out of our country. Some of the MSS. are intrinsically of great value, and others are unique. Surely the British Museum is the natural resting-place for such a treasure of literature, amassed by the spirit and industry of a British subject; and it would grieve us to hear of its being transported to a foreign land. We quote a few passages from the preface, both on account of the information they contain, and of their offering grounds for our opinion.

"Those (says Sir W.) engaged in accumulating Oriental MSS. may be gratified by a few anecdotes of this collection. When I began to form it early in life, and long before my Persian travels, London alone furnished so many MSS. that a short time rendered me owner of all those quoted throughout the 'Persian Miscellanies,' published in 1795, (as that work declares, Introd. p. xxv.) Two years after, the number had increased to *nearly four hundred*, (see Oriental Collect., vol. i. p. 300. 1797), of which several were described in a catalogue prefixed to an 'Epitome of the ancient History of Persia,' (1799). During the subsequent lapse of two-and-thirty years, many hundred more have been in my possession; but of those I rejected, perhaps too fastidiously, considerable numbers, often exchanging eight or ten volumes of Indian writing, (duplicates or inaccurate transcripts,) for one handsome, rare, or curious MS. of real Persian execution. The following pages will evince that I have been fortunate in acquiring many books of this class—works transcribed during the best ages of penmanship, and when brilliant illumination and miniature painting had, like caligraphy, attained in Persia the utmost perfection of Eastern art; from which, within the last two centuries, they have most lamentably fallen. Besides splendid and beautiful volumes, this collection possesses numerous works, plain in appearance, but precious for their antiquity, the interesting nature of their subjects, or their extreme rarity, as of some, there is reason to believe, no second copies exist in Europe. It was my object to collect not only the oldest and finest Persian works, but several copies of each, that by collation a perfect and accurate text might be obtained; for among various literary projects that long haunted my imagination, one was to print a complete edition of the Persian classics.

"This Catalogue notices many entertaining works of fiction unknown in Europe (as I have reason to think) beyond the narrow limits of my library. Such compositions have long been the delight of Eastern nations. An old English traveller says, concerning the Persians, 'They have romances of famous heroes and their deeds, among which are pleasant rencounters, huntings, love-intrigues, banquetings, descriptions of flowers and delightful groves, emphatically set down with cuts and pictures represented lively enough,' &c.—*Fryer's Travels*, p. 369. Of those 'lively pictures,' as the following pages will shew, several MSS. in this collection exhibit a considerable variety; and if some are merely ornamental, others (by far the most numerous,) may be considered extremely useful, as they not only explain difficult passages, but faithfully represent the state of many arts at the time when they were executed; for Per-

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sian painters have always delineated with scrupulous accuracy the architecture, domestic furniture, dresses, arms, musical instruments, and other objects, as they existed in their own times, although the text illustrated by their pencils may relate to kings, heroes, and princesses of the earliest ages."

"Respecting (continues the writer, and concluding with, to us, a very affecting statement) the value of Eastern MSS. no just opinion can be formed by those accustomed only to printed books. Of a few articles, this Catalogue states the former prices, which, perhaps, to many will seem exorbitant, and I must acknowledge my own surprise at the considerable sums demanded in various towns of Persia for splendid, rare, or curious MSS., and my still greater surprise at the sums which were refused. A magnificent offering to the triumphant *Nádir Sháh* comprised the vanquished prince's diadem, three hundred camels, two hundred horses, and twenty fine Persian MSS.; and of a single volume brought from India by General Carnac, the price was *one thousand rupees* (125*l.*) That the beautiful *Jámi* (marked No. 91.) had once been estimated at a sum nearly equivalent to 140 guineas, was noticed in the 'Epitome of Persian History,' (1799. Pref. p. xxiii.); and for a handsome *Sháh Námeh*, which I examined at Isfahán in 1811, the proprietor asked 180, but subsequently accepted 120 *tumáns*, (between 80 and 90 pounds,) as a letter from an English gentleman informed me; yet that MS. was not, in many respects, equally valuable as the two copies (Nos. 1 and 2) of my own collection. It is not without some painful efforts that an enthusiast in any line of literature can relinquish those objects which have amused his youth and afforded him solace amid the troubles of mature or declining life. Several times were the names of certain books erased from my list, and again with a reluctant hand inserted as they now appear; and many of these pages had actually passed through the press before I could induce myself to offer for sale the *Nuzhat Námeh Elláiy*, the *Súr al beldán*, the *Mekámát Hamídi*, the *Zein al Akhbár*, and other rare works noticed in the latter part of this Catalogue. But the die is now cast; and they must accompany all the others. I am, however, consoled (for 'even in our ashes live their wonted fires') by the hope that these MSS., transferred from the obscure shelves of a private collection to some great national or royal library, and rendered accessible to the public, may furnish interesting subjects for translation into various languages, and promote throughout Europe a taste for Oriental literature."

A System of Chymistry of Inorganic Bodies. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. 7th edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Baldwin and Cradock; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

CHYMISTRY being in its very essence a progressive branch of science, it follows, that, independent of the regular demand for works of the standard class from each generation of readers, there will be an additional demand, created by the successive improvements and new discoveries in science, for revised editions, which must render former editions of such works comparatively of little value. How far this remark will apply to the earlier editions of Dr. Thomson's *System of Chymistry*, we shall not here undertake to determine. That the doctor's labours have been duly appreciated by the public is manifest from the fact, that the volumes before us virtually constitute the seventh edition of his elaborate treatise, though the author and editor tells us in his preface, that, "instead of a new edition, it might, without impropriety, have been styled a new work; for at least nine-tenths of the whole has been written anew. Though I have given the title of *Inorganic Chymistry* to the present work, yet I thought it advantageous to include in it an account of all the acids at present known, even those derived from the animal and vegetable kingdoms, because I wished to make it a work to which my practical students could apply for information in every department of elementary chymistry; and many of these acids are occasionally employed in chymical researches."

Now, we must break a lance with the doctor, on account of the grave errors he has here committed, considering his high station as preceptor of a numerous class of students, more particularly in the several departments of practical chymistry. First, our author, without any obvious reason, except that of novelty or eccentricity, makes a distinction of title which cannot be sustained during the investigation of at least three-fourths of the whole field of chymical inquiry. And then immediately, as if conscious of the misnomer, tells us "that he thinks it advantageous to include in his treatise on *Inorganic Chymistry*, the acids and other products obtained from organic substances derived from the animal and vegetable kingdoms!" But, to shew that the author still farther stultifies the title he has assumed for the present work, he says: "I intended also to have introduced an account of all the lately discovered *compound* alkaline bodies belonging to the vegetable kingdom; but I found that this could not be done without swelling the size of the second volume too much, or obliging me to omit some part of my account of the salts; which I was unwilling to do, because an accurate knowledge of these bodies is indispensable to the practical chymist." The doctor, therefore, as it appears to us, felt the embarrassment in which he has placed himself by his new coinage, while he takes the opportunity of informing us that he is employed on a second, or separate work, which he intends to publish, "On the Chymistry of Vegetable Bodies."

Now, we are convinced every chymist will agree with us in opinion, that no actual line of demarcation can be drawn between "*inorganic*" and *organic* chymistry; or what our author quaintly denominates the chymistry of vegetable bodies. Vegetable physiology necessarily includes *chymical* combination and decomposition, equally with the formation of mineral masses, or the combination of different gases; therefore it is superfluous to multiply terms which have no distinct meaning. We are the more inclined to notice this coinage, from observing it in more than one or two other instances of Dr. Thomson's present treatise. For instance, in p. 256, vol. ii. sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphuret of phosphorus, &c. are termed *sulphids* of hydrogen, *sulphids* of phosphorus, &c. &c. [The author admits that he "was *frequently* under the necessity of contriving new terms, and of extending or altering the present chymical nomenclature," "though these innovations have been introduced as *sparingly* as possible."] Additions to chymical nomenclature ought never to be made without some obvious necessity, or, at least, some palpable advantage; for the burden it imposes on the memory of the the chymical student is one of the greatest impediments to the cultivation of that beautiful science. We could point out a multitude of other instances in which our author shews himself too much attached to *systemising*, by the unnecessary coinage of terms; while in other cases he pertinaciously adheres to terms which in the present state of chymistry ought to be exploded, as conveying wrong ideas. For example, he still retains the term *affinity*, in lieu of *attraction*. Since the splendid discoveries of Davy in electro-chymical agency, by which the intensity of all chymical action was demonstrated to be dependent on the *opposite* states of electricity of any two substances, it is surely more consonant with scientific accuracy to employ the term *attraction* for that power by which two chymical bodies seek to unite, than to use the term *affinity* between two opposite or dissimilar bodies. There may be an affinity (or kindred) between any two acids, or two alkaline bodies; but voltaic electricity has shewn us that it is the very opposite of affinity, or, in other words, the contrary state of electricity which two bodies relatively possess, that induces chymical attraction and chymical union.

The above-mentioned exceptions to the work on our table, may, however, only be considered as spots in the sun; and we should not have been induced to notice them but for the high authority of their author in chymical science, both as a writer and public teacher. We therefore proceed to the more agreeable task of noticing the meritorious parts of the present volumes.

The Introduction contains the best definition we have hitherto met with of the atomic theory. This, though yet incomplete, may be called the very basis of chymical research; and it is obviously most important that distinct ideas as to the comparative weights and volumes of the ultimate atoms of bodies should be conveyed to the chymical student. We would therefore recommend the doctor's introduction, as a very valuable abstract of the substratum of chymistry, according to the most generally received doctrines of atomic proportion.

In the different chapters under the respective heads of *acidifiable* and *alkalifiable* bases, we find a good deal of new matter; particularly in the latter division, including the alkaline metallic bodies recently discovered.

The *hydrocyanic* (or prussic) *acid* having of late years been very generally kept in the shops, (and improperly, without such precautions as shall prevent its being sold to any but medical practitioners,) we think the following extract may prove valuable to the profession, through the wide dissemination of our journal:—"As hydrocyanic acid is very much employed in medicine, and as its efficacy is very much connected with [dependent on] its strength, it comes to be an object of considerable importance, to be in possession of a method by which it may be easily prepared by a common apothecary, in a state exactly the same in point of strength at all times. The following process, suggested by Mr. Clarke, of the Glasgow infirmary, possesses this requisite. In 100 drachms of water dissolve 8¼ drachms of cyanodide of potassium, and add to the solution 18¾ drachms of crystallised tartaric acid, previously dissolved in 20 drachms of water. A double decomposition takes place. Bitartrate of potash falls down, and about 120 drachms of water will remain, holding in solution 3¾ drachms of hydrocyanic acid, or 2·81 per cent of the solution is hydrocyanic acid. Of acid of this strength, eight drops may be given thrice a day in a glass of water. The only impurity in the acid when thus prepared, is a small quantity of cream of tartar, which, in a medical point of view, is of no consequence whatever. Hydrocyanic acid thus prepared is a colourless liquid, having a strong smell, like that of peach-blossoms. Its taste is sharp, and at first appears cooling;

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but it soon excites a burning sensation in the mouth, and it is very asthenic, and indeed a virulent poison."

But the most valuable portions of Dr. Thomson's system, and those which give it most pretensions to the title of a new work, are the several heads and sections of Vol. II. which include the *saline* compounds, classed by the author under the heads of "oxygen acid salts," "cyanogen acid salts," and "sulphur acid salts." Without questioning the propriety of the infinite latitude to which the doctor carries nomenclature, by way of *simplifying* the science, we have no hesitation in saying, that the practical chymist, dyer, calico-printer, and others interested in the manufacture or use of pigments, will derive a vast mass of valuable information from the latter half of this elaborate treatise. The work is accompanied with an Appendix, containing, among others, two highly interesting tables, exhibiting the "atomic weights of bodies," arranged first in the order of their densities, and then alphabetically. These tables, together with a copious index, render these volumes, containing about 1700 pages, a valuable work of reference; more especially when we take into account the experimental tests, which the author states he has resorted to in every case that admitted of any doubt respecting the atomic proportion, or other properties, of the several substances.

We think the work would have been far more complete as an elementary treatise, had it included the third volume, which the author promises, on Organic Chymistry, and been free from typographical errors. As it is, however, it may be considered a standard class-book, and as a much more condensed (and therefore more valuable) work, than the former editions of Dr. Thomson's *System of Chymistry*.

Standard Novels, No. VII. The Scottish Chiefs. Vol. I. By Miss Jane Porter. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

A VERY prettily written introduction ushers in this popular romance, the beginning of which we shall quote, as far as relates to Sir William Wallace. The story of Jeannie has already been published in one of the Annuals (the *Forget Me Not*), we think; but it is quite interesting enough to be preserved in a less perishable form. We shall, however, confine ourselves to Miss Jane Porter's account of the origin of the fiction itself.

"In seeking to go back, by the traces of recollection, to the period when the first impression of the heroes which form the story of the 'Scottish Chiefs' was made on my mind, I am carried so completely into the scenes of my infancy, that I feel like one of the children old tales tell of, who, being lost in a wood, tries to find her way home again by the possibly preserved track of a few corn-seeds she had chanced to scatter on the ground as she came. To wander in these memories has, however, a pleasure of its own; many pleasant places presenting themselves to stop at, and thence to review with a sweet sadness, through the long vale of past days, some distant, lovely scene, under the soul-hallowed twilight of time. Such scenes are peopled with beloved forms, living there before our heart's eye; but, in reality, long removed from us into an eternal paradise. Born on the border lands of Scotland, my mother, in an early widowhood, took her children thither, then almost infants, to bring them up in good air, and in the future advantage of a good education at a moderate expense. But in Scotland it is not the 'pastors and masters' only who educate the people—there is a spirit of wholesome knowledge in the country, pervading all ranks, which passes from one to the other like the atmosphere they breathe; and I may truly say, that I was hardly six years of age when I first heard the names of William Wallace and Robert Bruce—not from gentlemen and ladies, readers of history; but from the maids in the nursery, and the serving-man in the kitchen: the one had their songs of 'Wallace wight!' to lull my baby sister to sleep; and the other, his tales of 'Bannockburn' and 'Cambuskenneth' to entertain my young brother, keeping his eager attention awake evening after evening, often to a late hour, and sending him to his bed, still asking for more, to see the heroes in his dreams. I remember with delight even now how I was amused for hours in the same way, by a venerable old woman called Luckie Forbes, who lived in a humble but comfortable occupation, near some beautiful green banks, which rose in natural terraces behind my mother's house, and who, often meeting me there when playing about, would walk by me, and talk to me, with her knitting in her hand; or I used to run to her own little home, and sit down on a stool by her side, while she told me of the wonderful deeds of William Wallace—of his fighting for Scotland, against as many cruel tyrants as those whom Abraham overcame when he recovered Lot and all his herds and flocks from the five robber-kings, in the vale that was afterwards called the Kings' Dale because of that victory. My lowly instructress never omitted an opportunity of mingling a pious allusion with her narrations. In like manner, at many a cottar's fireside in Scotland, the seed of the bread for this life and of that which is to come are sown together. From this custom of hers, I often listened to her with an awful reverence, as well as with delighted interest in the events of her stories. She described the person of Wallace from head to foot, as if she had seen him, telling me how comely he was, and how lofty in spirit, and that no temptation from 'bonnie leddy' or powerful prince could ever bribe him from the cause of Scotland. But she seemed to have most satisfaction in talking of the friendship between Wallace and Bruce; and she dwelt on it over and over again, comparing it with that of David and Jonathan, 'whose souls were knit together, and whose love for each other was wonderful, passing the love of women!' 'My bonnie bairn,' said she, '*there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother!*' I never can forget that dear old woman—so shrewd, yet simple-minded, and cheerfully religious: she performed her humble duties with activity and content; her recreation, and 'exceeding great reward,' was reading her Bible, which she did every day. I do not recollect ever seeing any other book in her house, though she knew the history of Scotland, and the biography of its great families, as accurately as if the top of her *muckle kist*, on which her Bible lay, had been filled with historical chronicles. Luckie Forbes was not singular in this simplicity of book-learning and comprehensive knowledge with regard to her own country. I remember to have met much of the same amongst most of the Scotch of the lower orders with whom, whether as a child or in later years, I became acquainted. I do not say that I did not hear of the 'doughty deeds' of her favourite heroes from the lips of our revered school-instructor, Mr. Fulton, of Niddry's Wind, whose lessons were always chosen from the noblest subjects; nor, indeed, from occasional references, made by several accomplished scholars and esteemed friends who visited my honoured mother's unpretending tea-table;—but I must avow, that to Luckie Forbes's familiar, and even endearing manner of narrating the lives of William Wallace and his dauntless followers—her representation of their heart-sacrifices for the good of their country, filling me with an admiration and a reverential amazement, like her own—and calling forth my tears and sobs, when she told of the deaths of some, and of the cruel execution of the virtuous leader of them all,—to her I must date my early and continued enthusiasm in the character of Sir William Wallace, and in the friends his truly hero-soul 'delighted to honour.' * * * *

"Though my earliest associations, it may be seen, were all in favour of 'the Scottish Chiefs' being the first of my writings; yet, having quitted Scotland while still a child, eager to read books, and little dreaming of ever writing one,—the 'Fairy Queen,' 'Sidney's Arcadia,' and other tales of English chivalry, soon took their share in dividing my admiration with the Scottish heroes, whom almost deifying tradition had taught me to worship. Sober history came in in good time to sift the wheat in this mingled growth of weeds and harvest; and my late preface to the Standard Edition of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' shews how the time-honoured names of Sobieski and his followers wrought on me first to dare becoming myself a narrator of heroic deeds. That work was written in London, surrounded by living characters, whose corresponding military fame seemed to hold me examples I need only copy, to produce all I wanted to portray. But 'the Scottish Chiefs' was composed under very different circumstances. Our revered parent had retired with us into the country:—she wisely took us from a world that might have presented too many charms for young and ardent spirits, and which was then opening in many ways before us. In the quiet seclusion she chose, where we had then few acquaintance, recollections of the past could not but be our frequent amusement; and those of dear Scotland often presented themselves. We talked of our walks on the Calton Hill, then a vast green slope, with no other buildings breaking the line of its smooth and magnificent brow, but Hume's monument on one part, and the astronomical observatory on another; then of our climbing the steeper height of Arthur's Seat, and of our awed visits to St. Anton's Well!—all haunted by the ever-inspiring images of William Wallace and his brother heroes; or, the not less interesting, though more modern remembrances, attached to the misfortunes of the house of Stuart, from unhappy Mary to her expatriated descendant, Charles Edward. In these discourses I often found myself again by the side of Luckie Forbes and her spinning-wheel, listening to the delightful hum of her legendary lore; and while I dwelt in recollection on all she had told me of the champion of Scotland, and on all I subsequently had read of him and his associates, whether in history, or in the old native poems of 'Blinde Harrie' and 'Barbour's Bruce,' some of the earliest friends of my youth successively died—persons descended from the bravest and the best of those honoured associates; and, under the impulse of a votive sorrow, I conceived the idea of writing 'the Scottish Chiefs.'"

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The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D. deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells; seen in connexion with the Spirit of the Times, political and religious, particularly those great Events, the Restoration, 1660, and Revolution of 1688: including the Period of fanatical Puritanism from 1640 to the Death of Cromwell. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, M.A. M.R.S.L. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 309. London, 1831. Murray.

THE anticipation of the concluding volume of Bishop Ken's Life, excited by the interesting matter contained in the development of the earlier period of his history, is now fully gratified by the manner in which Mr. Bowles has completed his undertaking. Not only does industrious research, coupled with acute judgment and a graceful style, claim our commendation, but a warm tone of kindred feeling glows throughout these pages, identifying the principles of the author so closely with those of his subject, that the admiration kindled towards the exemplary Ken cannot fail of extending to his biographer. The period in which Ken flourished in power or laboured in retirement, was pregnant with events various and of the deepest importance, not only as stern historical lessons, but from their consequences being still felt. The personal career of one who, although uncontaminated, still mingled in the troubled waters of the times, must necessarily lead us into private and intimate acquaintance with many of the principal actors in the peculiar and more striking *postscenia vitæ* which the broad narration of history as necessarily withholds from our view. Hence arises the deep interest of biography, when, as in the present case, it rests in able and judicious hands. We doubt not but that many of our readers will fully enter with us into the warmth of feeling which drew the following picture of the place where Ken was educated.

"After the business of examination in the election-chamber is over, one of the most affecting sights, if duly considered, is the parting dinner, in the college hall, before the youthful *superannuates* separate from their school-fellows, passing from years of seclusion into the 'great Babel,' the world, the scene of their future fortunes. On this day the wardens of Winchester and New College, the Fellows of Winchester, their visitors, and the parents of boys about to enter, are seated at the high table, 'under the portrait of the pious founder,' on a raised platform in the hall. To those seniors who, for many succeeding summers, have witnessed the same annual spectacle, and who now again, when young and old are brought together, feel as if no time had passed since yesterday, when they were boys, and to-day, now they are old,—and yet feel their time stealing more rapidly away, and that few more years remain—to them, as they look down and around them, and see the well-known groups, and the generous and educated youth on tiptoe to start into untried life—the scene must be doubly affecting. They know, and have long confessed, that, as Christians, they have here 'no abiding* city.' They know, also, that when old age shall have placidly laid down its staff, they shall be succeeded, perhaps, by some of those now seated below them, who, also, in their turn, may live to witness the same scene with the same pensive recollections.

'Stand up, boys!
We'll wave our bonnets—unto the ground!'

Let us drink their health, for the sake of him of the 'old crozier,' and wish they may live many years, to disappoint the hopes of the younger aspirants to their station and honours! In the middle of the hall is placed what is called the New College table, for the younger members of that society, whose road in life is opened, but who have scarce yet turned their thoughts as to where it may lead them. Around the hall are the several tables of the boys, from the youngest to the seniors: and last, near the entrance, is the table set out for those who are to dine with their long-associated friends and youthful companions for the last time, as scholars together. They have lived immured indeed, but happily, through the early years of life; friendships have been formed which will last through all 'the changes and chances' of their future lot. A few remaining on the stage, sober in the vale of years, and gray-headed, whilst many have been separated for ever, and many gone to their graves,—occasionally meet, in after life, and talk of 'auld lang syne.' The number of early friends now lessens every year: Dr. —— is dead; Archdeacon —— is dead; Sir —— is dead! so they count on, till their time comes, and some old friend sighs, 'Poor —— is dead!' Most are decently provided for—few amply—the chief part retired to college livings; but almost all, wherever placed, mingling in society, the lights of scholarlike intelligence and virtuous example. On this day, the day of annual election, all those youths at that table near the entrance of the hall, are about to enter on the same journey of life. The dinner is now ended; and let him who has any feelings of man within him, listen, without emotion, if he can, to that grace, which has been chanted to guests of the same character, in the same place, and to the same words, for nearly five hundred years! 'Agimus tibi gratias, omnipotens Deus, pro fundatore nostro Gulielmo de Wykeham, reliquisque quorum beneficiis hic, ad pietatem et studia literarum, alimur, rogantes ut nos, his donis tuis rectè utentes, ad gloriam perducamur immortalem, per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.' The old song of Dulce Domum, whose origin is so dark, succeeds this grace, sung to most appropriate and affecting music, and friends, among those 'who had been young, and now are old,' shake hands, perhaps never in this world to meet again. And against such foundations, which have done their duty to society in every generation, a more rancorous hostility is now directed, more rancorous and more universal, than in the days of Cromwell!"

We do not marvel at this concluding burst of Mr. Bowles's *sæva indignatio*, nor can we deny that there may be some "soul-ravishing spiritualists" whose hearts could find in such a scene no gratification, and before whose "grace-pouring-down countenance" such foundations as that of William of Wykeham would seem but as rocks of offence; but we differ, *toto cælo*, in thinking that this "rancorous hostility" is or speedily will be even general, much less universal. We give the annexed curious anecdote relative to Nell Gwynne, and then proceed to introduce our readers to the court of Charles the Second.

"The well-known anecdote of Ken, respecting a celebrated female favourite of Charles the Second, is related in this volume, in spirit at least, as the story was told by Ken himself to his biographer Hawkins: but I am informed by my venerable and venerated friend, the Bishop of Hereford, well acquainted with all Wintonian anecdotes, that there wandered, in his early days, another report of this story. That the celebrated lady having taken possession, in the king's name, of the bachelor prebendary's ecclesiastical residence, refused, except *vi et armis*, to move! Possession had been taken in the absence of the owner, who, on his return, finding the unexpected guest deaf to entreaty, was obliged to order a part of the roof to be taken off; when the lady, thus forcibly dislodged, scudded to the deanery, to make her report of the obdurate prebendary to the king! * * *

"To shew the origin of this remarkable transaction we must revert to some prior historical circumstances. In the year 1677, the Prince of Orange came to England to solicit in person a marriage with Mary eldest daughter of the Duke of York, which had been before proposed. William had never seen the lady, but having been introduced, he professed the most ardent admiration, and formally demanded her in marriage. The Duke of York received the proposition with coldness; but his brother the king, only anxious that France, for his own interest, should consent to a peace, sought to detach the young soldier and lover from his political connexions, by promising that the royal maiden should comply, as soon as he (the Prince of Orange) would agree upon the terms of a general peace. This circumstance had nearly prevented the union. The language of Charles was, '*no* wife unless peace be first agreed on.' But William was so much of the Dutch lover, that, struck as he was with the charms of the youthful Mary, then in her sixteenth year, he determined to resign her, and leave England *in two days*, if the king, previously to the marriage, insisted on these terms. But all obstacles were removed when the king found William resolved coldly to relinquish the lady; and he frankly said to Sir William Temple, 'I will trust him; he is honest, I can tell by his countenance. *He shall have his wife*, and you shall go immediately, and tell my brother so.' The day after, the king publicly declared the marriage; which led to William's possessing the English throne. With the Prince of Orange, at this time of the age of twenty, came over his half-uncle, Count Zulenstein, who afterwards was confidentially employed by him, and who, at the battle of Landen, had saved his life. If William was struck with the charms of Mary, Zulenstein was no less struck with a young lady, her attendant, who went in her train, as maid of honour, to the court of the Hague. The gallant William was less romantic than the brave chevalier who came to England with him; and when the beautiful lady with whose charms he was smitten appeared again in Holland, an honourable attachment and engagement succeeded the first impression. He won her heart—he promised marriage; and but for the virtuous Ken, that promise never would have been fulfilled. If we might venture to describe her feelings in poetical language, in such a song as would suit Ken's lute, we might thus imagine her to have expressed them:—

'Young English Lady to the Princess's Chaplain.

Though his words might well deceive me,
Though to earth abas'd I bend,
Christian Guide, thou wilt not leave me
Thus on earth without a friend.

I thought his vows were oaths in heaven,
Nor dare I here my fault deny,
For all my soul to him was given,
God knows how true, how tenderly!

Though wrong'd, and desolate, and dying,
His pride, his coldness, I forgot;
And fell upon his bosom, crying,
'Forsake me not! forsake me not!'

I left my father and my mother,
Whom I no more on earth may see;
But I have found a father, brother,
And more than ev'ry friend, in thee!

* Fie, donc, Monsieur Canon—misquote the Bible! 'No continuing city," if you please.—*Ed. L. G.*

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Though his words might well deceive me,
Though wrong'd and desolate I lie,
Christian Guide, thou wilt not leave me—
Oh! teach me to repent and die.'

This Count Zulenstein was the son of General Zulenstein, natural son of Henry Frederick de Nassau, Prince of Orange and Stadtholder, grandfather of William III. He was in the greatest confidence of King William through his whole reign. We have said that he came with him when he first appeared at the English court, and was sent to congratulate James on the birth of the Prince of Wales, afterwards the Pretender. He was a kind of military Mentor at this time to William, his nephew; and, as we have related, when his disciple was impressed with the charms of the youthful Mary, Mentor himself became no less suddenly enamoured of one of the young ladies who attended Mary in the character of maid of honour from England. But who was the young lady?—for Ken mentioned no name, either of the one or the other. The young lady was Jane, daughter and heir of Sir Henry Wroth, of Durants, Enfield, in the county of Middlesex, descended, on the mother's side, from the 'noble Sidney,' she being the eldest daughter of Robert the great Earl of Leicester. My ideas were unexpectedly confirmed by a passage in a note of Lord Dartmouth, in Burnet's History, where the name is accidentally mentioned: 'Ken,' says Lord Dartmouth, 'had been chaplain to the Princess of Orange, but sent back on some disgust the prince took to him, for the marriage of Zulenstein with Mrs. Wroth,' &c. Jane Wroth was this injured young lady. An English lady of birth and honourable rank, no chevalier in the court of the Prince of Orange need have disdained; and it is no wonder, both from Christian principles as a minister, and from kind and virtuous feelings as an Englishman, that Ken became interested, when the affections of Jane Wroth, under the sacred and solemn pledge of plighted troth, were won by a soldier of thirty-five, so near in relationship to the cold and haughty William of Orange. Ken, in utter disregard of any consequences to himself, appeared the sole friend of a destitute woman, who would otherwise have been an outcast, but who, by the remonstrance of the princess's chaplain, became the honoured wife of Zulenstein, afterwards Lord Rochford, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. The reader will see in Collins, that Count Zulenstein was married to Jane Wroth; Jane Wroth was, in her youth and beauty, maid of honour to the Princess of Orange; and Count Zulenstein and Jane Wroth are the persons of whom Ken spoke so obscurely. [We have now, owing to carelessness in writing or correcting the press, a repetition of a statement already just given.] By Ken's manly remonstrances and interference, utterly regardless of whom he should offend, Jane Wroth thus became the honoured and lawful wife of Count Zulenstein. He succeeded to the domains of his wife's father, the barony of Enfield, as the first Lord Rochford, from whom is lineally descended the present possessor of St. Osyth, William Nassau, Esq. But the indignity done to high Dutch pride, by a private English lady marrying the uncle of the Prince of Orange, was by him never forgiven. This was the secret ground of William's personal aversion to Ken, and Ken's moral dislike of William, besides his political principles."

We have not space or time to follow Bishop Ken through the fluctuations of his life; we shall therefore take our farewell at his grave.

"The Grave of Ken.

On yonder heap of earth forlorn,
Where Ken his place of burial chose,
Peacefully shine, O sabbath morn!
And, eve, with gentlest hush repose!

To him is rear'd no marble tomb
Within the dim cathedral fane;
But some faint flowers of summer bloom,
And silent falls the winter's rain.

No village monumental stone
Records a verse, a date, a name:
What boots it? When thy task is done,
Christian, how vain the sound of fame!

Oh, far more grateful to thy God
The voices of poor children rise,
Who hasten o'er the dewy sod,
'To pay their morning sacrifice.'

And can we listen to their hymn,
Heard, haply, when the evening knell
Sounds, where the village tower is dim,
As if to bid the world farewell,

Without a thought, that from the dust
The morn shall wake the sleeping clay,
And bid the faithful and the just
Up spring to heaven's eternal day?"

These beautiful lines of Mr. Bowles' are a congenial tribute to the author of our morning and evening hymns. We have only to add, that in all controverted points of Ken's character, his memory has found a powerful vindicator in his present biographer.

Memoirs of Count Lavallette. Vol. II.

[Conclusion.]

We continue our extracts from these entertaining Memoirs: and the first thing that strikes us with astonishment is the singular infatuation of security which seems to have pervaded both Lavallette and his companions: what, under their circumstances, could they expect but vengeance? Lavallette consoled himself with the reflection that "the royal resentment would undoubtedly vent itself on those who are absent,"—a surmise very much at variance with all experience. He says of Labedoyère, "Far from having any uneasiness on my own account, my whole anxiety was for the fate of my friends. The Countess de Souza, the aunt of Labedoyère, knowing that he was still in Paris, entreated me to go and see him, to thrust him, if necessary, by the shoulders out of the barriers, and to persuade him to seek refuge with the army of the Loire, from whence he might go abroad. I went therefore at eight o'clock in the morning to Labedoyère. He was still in bed, playing with his child, and his lovely wife next to him. When we were alone, I warmly pressed him to depart, and, by a singular prepossession, I gave him the same reasons, made him the same entreaties, placed before his eyes the same dangers, with which my friends harassed me on my own account. He listened to me with a smile and a yawn, and turned himself round in his bed. I was obliged to put an end to that discourse, and talk of the fate of the Emperor and France, which interested him more than his own. We had already lost more than three hours in useless conversation, when his valet-de-chambre came to tell him that two Prussian officers who were billeted in his house, refused the apartment that had been offered to them, and insisted on taking possession of his wife's. At these words Labedoyère flew out of bed like a madman, and taking scarcely time to slip on his clothes, he wanted to go immediately and cut off the ears of these two insolent fellows. It required considerable exertions on my side to make him keep quiet and wait the result of his wife's mother's remonstrances. He did not set off till the evening. He gained the banks of the Loire. I shall mention hereafter how he returned from thence."

We now give the sequel.

"Having made up my mind to this, I was the more obstinate in my refusal to fly; and I proposed to the Princess de Vaudemont to give her a letter addressed to M. de Talleyrand, in which I should explain my conduct. She consented to lay it before him. In that letter I unfolded to the ministry my whole conduct since the restoration; all the steps I had taken on the 20th of March; and I concluded by soliciting my trial. My wishes in that respect were soon complied with. On the 18th of July I was sitting at dinner with Madame Lavallette and M. de Meneval, when an inspector of the police came to tell me that the prefect, M. Decazes, wished to speak to me. When I stepped into the hackney-coach, I saw that I was surrounded by three or four spies, who were good enough to act the part of footmen, and stepped up behind the carriage. In less than half an hour I was in the registering room of the prison of the prefecture. I was introduced to the jailer, who paid little attention to me, being busy with distributing lodgings to several new comers, among whom I discovered M. de P***, who had been long secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, and appeared to be the person in whom he placed the greatest confidence. He seemed so grieved and mortified to be where he was, that I went up to him, and had already begun to express my pity for his misfortune, when all of a sudden he turned aside, and, pointing to me, said to the turnkey, 'Conduct this gentleman to No. 17;' after which he disappeared. This man, thought I, has very cleverly turned his coat; and I followed my guide, blushing at the mistake I had made. He introduced me into a dirty garret with a window that opened in the roof at twelve feet from the floor. I was permitted, if I could, to open it by means of an iron bar with notches, but so heavy that it was not possible for me to raise it. When one enters into prison, anger always follows the first surprise. I began by throwing out some energetic exclamations against the prefect, who had not deigned to receive me in his apartments, though he had sent for me to come and speak to him. I was not yet acquainted with the code of politeness of the prefects of police; but I soon made great improvement in that branch of knowledge. As there was no bell, I was obliged to wait three hours before I received a visit from the turnkey, who brought me for dinner some disgusting prison ragoût. I made some inquiries respecting the prisoners who lodged on the floor above me. I had seen through a keyhole, men carrying bottles, and all the preparations for a feast. 'They seem to be very merry,' I added. 'They are two aides-de-camp of General Labedoyère.' 'How! is he then arrested?' 'I believe so.' The next day these two officers were set at liberty; and I afterwards learned the following particulars. The unfortunate Labedoyère, after the army of the Loire had been disbanded, had retired to the outskirts of Riom, with several of his friends, among whom was General Flahaut, his near relation. The latter, who possesses a cool head, and unites prudence to much courage, immediately perceived the danger of their position. He was convinced that nothing remained for them to do but to repass the frontiers as quickly as they could. Labedoyère was of the same opinion; but no persuasion could make him alter his plan. He wanted to go to the United States, but on his way to pass through Paris, where he wished to take leave of his family and raise some money. All the exertions of friendship had no power over him. He stepped into the diligence under a false

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name, and found among his travelling companions two wretches in regimentals, who pretended they came from the army of the Loire, and who were scarcely arrived in Paris when they informed against him. These were the two prisoners who were merrily feasting on a part of the money they had received as the reward of their treachery."

A very singular instance of the celebrated V * * *'s skill in putting together the smallest circumstances for conviction is recorded.

"Among the conspirators of the infernal machine was one M. N * * *, an intimate friend of Limoëlan, the first inventor of the plot. He had served among the Chouans, and the police supposed, reasonably enough, that he was in Paris. After being hunted like a fox for several days, he slept at night in the charcoal-boats in the Pot au Bled. When the pursuit had ceased in that part of the town, he ventured to seek a retreat in a miserable garret in a public-house. The next day, the police came back; but he had escaped, and was seen no more. His room was searched, and near the bed was found a scrap of half-burned paper, which he had used to light his pipe. This paper contained, however, some written lines, which seemed to be part of the rough draft of a letter addressed to some general, who was supposed to be Georges. On the last line were the following words: 'I cannot write any more to-day, as I have a great pain in my eyes.' This unfortunate man was afterwards implicated and taken in the conspiracy of Georges, and I had the pleasure of examining him. He was sitting where you are, his face between two wax-candles, as your's is. While I was talking with him I continued writing. He was my countryman. I spoke to him of his parents, of his first affections, of his schoolfellows; and having observed that he began to gain assurance, and that his answers betrayed a little more cheerfulness, I stopped all of a sudden, and said in the most natural tone I could: 'But the light annoys you: you may put out the candles if you choose.' 'No; I have no pain in my eyes.' 'I thought you had.' 'No, not at present; my eyes were bad, it is true, about two years ago.' We continued our conversation. At last I slowly read to him his examination: he was surprised to find I had inserted in it so trivial a circumstance, and asked why I had done it. 'It is my custom.' Now, will you believe that this very trivial circumstance convicted him? The half-burned scrap of paper had been preserved. The writing was compared with his, and his presence in Paris, at the time of the infernal machine, was proved.' 'And what became of him?' said I. 'He was guillotined,' answered V * * *, with a most fiendish look and gesture. He said to me: 'I am fond of my profession: I cannot remain one day out of this apartment. I might go to the play, and divert myself with my friends, my wife, my children. But, no; I must be here.' While listening to him, I observed that by custom he constantly leered to the left side, where the prisoners were placed; and I am convinced that if they had been put at his right, he would have lost half his skill."

Anecdote of Marshal Ney.—"He played tolerably well on the flute, and during several days he amused himself with his instrument. He was, however, deprived of this resource, under the pretence that it was against the rules of the prison. He repeatedly played a waltz, which I long recollected, and frequently hummed in my evening musings. I had never heard it any where else, till once again it struck my ear in Bavaria: it was at a *bal champêtre* on the borders of Lake Starnberg. I had before my eyes young peasant girls merrily skipping on the fresh greensward. The air was sweet and melancholy, and when played on the flute, it immediately recalled to my memory the Conciergerie; and I retired, unable to repress my tears, and repeating with bitter feelings the name of the unfortunate marshal."

The heroic conduct of Madame Lavallette must render the ensuing account of her interesting. During the imprisonment of her mother, Madame Fanny Beauharnais, in the time of the revolution, "young Emilie was intrusted to the care of a governess, or rather abandoned to the vulgar caprice of some domestics who shared the movements and passions of the mob. Born of emigrant parents, the poor child was obliged to assist at the patriotic processions which took place every month on the republican holydays. She often said: 'I was very ill-used on those occasions by my companions, the young girls of the neighbourhood. They could not forgive me my tall stature and genteel features, which contrasted with those of the greatest part among them. The daughter of an emigrant marquess and an imprisoned mother could scarcely share the honour of their company. As for me, the exclusion had nothing disgraceful in my eyes; but my governess, though she had none of the prejudices of my companions, took great care to conduct me to their assemblies for her own interest. The least reluctance she would have shewn for it might have exposed her to be arrested.' At that terrible period of madness and fanaticism, private life was subject to jealous and perpetual supervision. The porter of a nobleman's house was obliged, for his individual safety, to become a spy and an informer. The servants were again the masters, or rather the tyrants, of those who employed them. They were displeased that the daughter of an emigrant was not bound in apprenticeship, and that she maintained in her manners and occupations something genteel and delicate. The two cousins of Emilie were both apprentices,—Hortense to her mother's mantua-maker; Eugene to a joiner in the Faubourg St. Germain. The 9th Thermidor having overthrown tyranny, Madame de Beauharnais got out of prison, and Emilie was sent with her cousin to a boarding-school which Madame Campan had established at St. Germain-en-Laye. There she continued her education, which had been interrupted during two years."

Their marriage was arranged in Buonaparte's usually imperative style.

"All my comrades had obtained advancement: the general wished to reward me also; but not willing to expose himself to a refusal from government, he determined to bring about a marriage between me and Mdlle. Beauharnais. One day, when I had accompanied him to the treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the new boulevards, that he might have at his leisure a conversation with me. 'I cannot make a major of you,' he said; 'I must therefore give you a wife;—you shall marry Emilie de Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her?' 'I have seen her twice. But, general, I have no fortune. We are going to Africa: I may be killed—what will become, in that case, of my poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking for marriage.' 'Men must marry to have children; that is the chief aim of life. Killed you certainly may be. Well, in that case she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of his country. She will have a pension, and may again marry advantageously. Now, she is the daughter of an emigrant that nobody will have: my wife cannot introduce her into society. She, poor girl! deserves a better fate. Come, this business must be quickly settled. Talk this morning with Mad. Buonaparte about it: the mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in eight days; I will allow you a fortnight for your honeymoon. You must then come and join us at Toulon on the 29th.' (It was then the 9th.) I could not help laughing all the while he spoke:—at last I said: 'I will do whatever you please. But will the girl have me? I do not wish to force her inclinations.' 'She is tired of her boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. During your absence, she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed; and you will find her when you come back. Come, come! the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home.' In the evening I went to see Mad. Buonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to shew some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. 'To-morrow,' she said, 'we shall all go to St. Germain.' I will introduce you to my niece. You will be delighted with her: she is a charming girl!' Accordingly, next day, the general, Mad. Buonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped at Mad. Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the court-yard; for they had obtained a holyday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies I sought anxiously her who was to be my wife. Her cousin Hortense led her to us, that she might salute the general, and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming; and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great, that the general could not help laughing at her; but he went no farther. It was decided that we should breakfast on the grass in the garden. In the mean while I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure, grieved me. When we got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added: 'I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good-will of the general; and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul; but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off. I shall depart; you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret.' While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company; and eight days afterwards we went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest, who had not taken the oaths, married us in the small convent of the Conception, in the Rue St. Honoré."

The narrative of Lavallette's escape has all the interest of a romance, but is too long as a whole: we shall only mention Mde. Lavallette's harsh treatment.

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"Madame Lavallette, a little easier after half an hour, began to get the better of her agitation; and she would have enjoyed her happiness, if the brutal turnkeys, who had left her door open, had not uttered against her the most horrible abuse, and assured her it was impossible I should not be retaken in a very short time. The arrival of the procureur-general, Bellart, put an end to their abusive language. He sat himself gravely down to examine her, and addressed reproaches to her that were only ridiculous. By his order she was treated with so much severity, that, in the state of health in which she then was, that usage became the chief cause of the disorder under which she laboured during twelve years, but from which she has at last recovered. They placed her in the chamber of Marshal Ney, where there was no chimney, but a German stove, the suffocating heat of which made her suffer a great deal night and day. The window opened into the women's yard. To hear the noisy cries of those wretches during the whole day, and their vulgar and obscene language, was agony to so delicate a female. No person could come near her; even her maid was excluded, and she was attended by one of the female turnkeys. None of her letters could cross the threshold of the prison, nor could any communication from her friends reach her. She was for ever assailed with a thousand different terrors, especially in the night, when the sentries were relieved. She always imagined it was her husband they were bringing back. During more than five-and-twenty days and nights, she did not enjoy one moment's sleep. I was far from thinking she could be so unhappy. I had been told, with the view of comforting me, that she was lodged in the apartments of the lady of the prefect of police, treated with the greatest attention and respect, and that she would soon obtain permission to return home. My daughter had returned to her convent in an ecstasy of joy, and agitated with so strong an emotion that she could not explain in what manner she had contrived to save her father. But when, next day, the whole business was explained, the superior, who had just succeeded in obtaining the protection of the Duchess of Angouléme for her house, was seized with alarm: my daughter was ordered to hold her tongue; and the nuns and some of the boarders shrunk away from her, as if she had had the plague. Will it be believed when I add, that the parents of several of those boarders declared to the superior, that they would take their children home if Josephine Lavallette remained in the convent? So that a virtuous, generous action, which ought to have been presented as an example to be followed by young persons, was, through fear, personal interest, and perhaps also by meaner passions, regarded as a sort of crime and a cause of proscription. Six weeks afterwards, when Mde. de Lavallette was set at liberty, she hastened to take her daughter from the convent."

We conclude with the account of her present state.

"At last, the health of Mde. de Lavallette recovered sufficiently to permit me to take her home. A deep melancholy throws her frequently into fits of abstractedness; but she is always equally mild, amiable, and good. We pass the summer in a retired country-house, where she seems to enjoy herself."

Our extracts, which of course can embrace only a small part of two thick volumes, will shew how interesting are their contents. Lavallette writes like a man on his defence, and in the spirit of a partisan; but who has written on the subject in any other? Comparison will best extract the truth; and, beside their present attraction, all these contemporary memoirs will be valuable material for the historian. We must again repeat our praise of the translation.

J. Montgomery's Voyages, &c. of Tyerman and Bennet.

[Fourth Notice.]

We resume the thread of this narrative, without circumlocution;—the parts are so distinct, that they speak for themselves, and, we hope, so interesting as to speak well both for our selection, and for the work whence they are selected. By way of change, we shall begin this notice, however, with a few pieces of natural history. The following is the description of an aoa tree, or oro:—

"This grotesque tree (the banyan of India) grows upon one side of a rock, nearly perpendicular, over the front of which (being from thirty to forty feet high, and as many broad) hundreds of its roots descend, singularly implicated, and forming a kind of net-work. The stems of the tree above rise up thirty feet at least from the rock, being supported by multitudes of roots, which find their sustenance in the soil below. These occupy a space nearly a hundred feet in compass, and display various arches and recesses, of most curious appearance. On one side, the impending branches have sent down a root of forty feet, which, having got footing in the ground, has given birth to a young tree. Multitudes of other long fibrous shoots, of a black colour, are growing downward from the horizontal branches above, which, though dangling wildly in the air now, will strike root as soon as they reach the ground, and add their antic columns to 'the pillared shade.' The natives have a tradition that the seed of this gigantic plant was brought by a bird from the moon."

A bird, as remarkable as this tree, is also described.

"A white bird, with a long blue bill, and web-footed, about the size of a dove, was brought to us. The natives call it *pirai*; and this harmless creature was also one of 'the lords many, and gods many,' worshipped here. It was supposed to preside over accidents, and, being often found sitting in the bread-fruit trees, its protection against falls in climbing them was sought. It was believed that when this bird perceived any one thus precipitated by an unlucky slip, it would immediately fly beneath his body, as if to rescue him before he reached the ground, or, at least, lighten his descent. The chief who gave us this curious information assured us that he had proved it to be true by personal experience; for, on a certain occasion, when he was dislodged from a bread-fruit tree, one of these compassionate birds glanced under him so closely as to touch his neck with the flapping of its wings, and he sustained no injury, (as he presumed) in consequence of this happy interference of one of the gods; whereupon he immediately cut a large bunch of bananas, and went and offered them to his deliverer at the marae. This day, in the course of our ramble, we caught a *vivi*, a giant of a grasshopper, which measured nearly five inches in length. The body was green, the wings red."

It is to be regretted, that the most curious creatures are so loosely defined that we cannot ascertain what they are; but our missionaries were intent on other matters, and their notices of animals, &c. are but incidental. Here is another extract.

"While we were exploring the neighbourhood of the cascade, this day, some of the men, whom we had left at the landing-place, caught two very curious fishes of the lobster species. The native name of this animal is *varoo*. The general form is that of the lobster; the length nine inches; the body is covered with a delicate shell, of which the jointed compartments, nine in number, beside the tail-piece, admit of freedom of motion. Under the five central ones there are fringes, like fins, and to that which lies between these five and the tail are attached two flappers, on either side, projecting outward and backward. Under each of these there is a strong, bony, sharp-pointed weapon, with which the creature can defend itself, and probably secure its prey, by clasping the latter beneath its belly, when the forks must pierce whatever comes between them. These are said to be venemous, and the natives are much afraid of being wounded by them. To each of the three plates of the shell, next the head, are fitted two legs, one on either side. The head is an inch and three quarters long, and narrowing in width from an inch and a half, at the hinder part, to three quarters of an inch at the frontage. Towards the middle are the eyes, the mouth, and four antennæ, with a kind of fin on each side. But the most singular and novel characteristics of this animal are its large claws, which grow from the upper part of the body and the neck. These have four joints each, that at the extremity being a fine and almost transparent bone, with ten sharp rays shooting outwards, longer and longer, and stronger also in proportion to the outermost. This ten-toothed appendage closes down into a corresponding groove, or slit, of the inner joint, which exactly fits it as a sheath—the whole resembling a common pocket-comb that shuts into a case. The mouth and adjacent organs are like those of the lobster. The colour, when alive, is pale yellow with lilac and black spots."

These also were objects of worship. Another "strange fish."

"A singular fish, which had been struck with a spear and caught in the bay, was brought to us. It is called *aavere*. It resembles an eel, and is a yard long, with a remarkably projecting snout, one-fourth of its whole length, at the extremity of which is the mouth. The upper part of this proboscis consists of several bones, so exquisitely articulated, side by side, as to be capable of enormous expansion; while below, where these bones seem to unite closely, by an equally curious contrivance, there is a connecting membrane which falls inward and admits of corresponding distension with the cavity above; so that this small snout (in shape like a gun-barrel) might be enlarged enough to receive a substance equal in bulk to the whole body of the animal itself. It has pectoral, dorsal, and ventral fins, of very delicate structure. The tail-fins are finely arched backwards, and from between them, as from the centre of a crescent, shoots out a tapering tail four inches long, and ending in a point. The colour is blue on the back, and grey below; the eyes are large, and the pupil is surrounded by a glaring yellow iris. It is said that this arrow-like animal can dart itself out of the water with such violence as to pierce with its snout the body of a man. This fish is esteemed delicious food."

Our countrymen having sailed for the Marquesas, touched at the Sandwich Isles, informing us, on their way, of "the *nocturnal amenity of the sea*," which is a very fine phrase indeed:

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human beings are not always so susceptible of amenity.

"At the village of Wytiti, about four miles to the east of Honoruru, there formerly lived a chief of singular ferocity; Giant Despair himself, in the Pilgrim's Progress, was not more brutal and reckless. When he had a fancy to offer a human sacrifice, he would set out in his canoe, with a single servant, in the dead of the night, and come down the bay till he got alongshore close by the town. The two harpies would then raise a lamentable cry, as though they were perishing in the water; when the first person who happened to be alarmed, and, from the instinct of humanity, flew to their relief, was pounced upon, his back broken, and his corpse carried off to be presented at the marae. In the year 1804, when the late king, Tamehameha, was on his way from Hawaii, to invade Tauai, he halted with an army of eight thousand men at Oahu. The yellow fever broke out among the troops, and in the course of a few days swept away more than two-thirds of them. During the plague, the king repaired to the great marae at Wytiti, to conciliate the god, whom he supposed to be angry. The priests recommended a ten days' tabu, the sacrifice of three human victims, four hundred hogs, as many cocoa-nuts, and an equal number of branches of plantains. Three men who had been guilty of the enormous turpitude of eating cocoa-nuts with the old queen (the present king's mother), were accordingly seized and led to the marae. But there being yet three days before the offerings could be duly presented, the eyes of the victims were scooped out, the bones of their arms and legs were broken, and they were then deposited in a house, to await the *coup de grace* on the day of sacrifice. While these maimed and miserable creatures were in the height of their suffering, some persons, moved by curiosity, visited them in prison, and found them neither raving nor desponding, but sullenly singing the national *hura*—dull as the drone of a bagpipe, and hardly more variable—as though they were insensible of the past, and indifferent to the future. When the slaughtering time arrived, one of them was placed under the legs of the idol, and the other two were laid, with the hogs and fruit, upon the altar-frame. They were then beaten with clubs upon the shoulders till they died of the blows."

It is curious that the natives, so filthy in most other matters, have a terrible aversion to flies. The authors relate: "Two of the queens dined with us to-day. They brought their own provisions—two raw fishes, and a bowl of poi. Of the latter they sometimes drank, but occasionally employed their fingers to carry the slimy beverage to their mouths. One of the fishes was dressed by their desire; the other they ate raw, just as it came out of the water, scales, fins, and intestines unremoved. This they tore to pieces with their hands and their teeth, as best served their purpose; first one and then the other helping herself to such portion as she liked best, each taking special care that none of the blood which oozed from the mangled fragments should be lost. But, though it excited very inconvenient qualms of stomach in us to see their filthy feeding, when a common fly was found drowned in one of their messes, they seemed at once to grow sick, and turned away their faces with no equivocal expression of utter loathing. Flies, indeed, may be said to be an abomination with these savages,—probably from some superstitious prejudice, for vermin far more disgusting are greedily picked by them from their own bodies—nay, from the very dogs—and devoured."

Some of their superstitions are not only interesting in themselves, but also from their resemblance to the fables of our ancient world. They had an idea of a God who was not "made by any one, as the rest had been, and who was above them all. His name was Taroa. He was the parent from whom all men sprang:—these were, in their view, the population of the islands known to them. He was also believed to be the maker of the land, and they thought he could destroy at pleasure what he had made. This idea was probably suggested to them (if not derived from European information) by the changes which they observed in the coral formations around them. He was represented as living in a shell, which he cast from time to time, and as he did so, the world grew larger and larger, till it had reached its full size. He is said to have made a woman, whom he himself married, and lived with her from island to island, assuming a different form in every one, as though he were another husband, till in each they had a family of children, and thus peopled all the islands. The Raiateans had this tradition of the deluge. One of the gods, of enormous bulk, heedlessly gambolling at the bottom of the sea, got entangled by his long hair among the weeds, and, in his struggles to free himself, caused the waters to overflow the shores, and rise even above the highest mountains. In proof of such a catastrophe, they say there are rocks of coral and shells found on the loftiest peaks, whither they could not have come in the common course of nature. * * *

"Evil spirits, they believed, did not exist formerly, but were miscreated things of modern and corrupted times. This strange idea probably has its foundation in the origin of infanticide, which certainly did not prevail to any great extent till a late era, otherwise the islands must have been long ago desolated. Tamatoa himself had been enrolled among the gods. This impious ceremony, with the particulars of which we must not pollute our pages, took place at the principal marae here, dedicated to Oro. As one of the divinities of his subjects, therefore, the king was worshipped, consulted as an oracle, and had sacrifices and prayers offered to him. There is now, we trust, good reason to believe that the same man is become a humble, self-denying, and devoted servant and disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.—In what follows, we must be merely considered as narrators. Tamatoa assures us that, during the reign of idolatry, he has seen one of the priests, when the fit of demoniac inspiration was upon him, thrust his hand and arm up to the shoulder in the solid ground. And though one of these frantic hierophants could thus plunge his arm into the earth, as though it were water, yet, if the paroxysm went off while it remained there, he pretended that it required the strength of several men to help him to withdraw it. When this was done, the skin was found sound and undiscoloured, notwithstanding the violent friction it had encountered. Tamatoa is of opinion (notwithstanding the incredulity which we evinced) that no deception was practised; for the priest would perform this marvellous feat on any spot of ground, where the people desired him, while they stood around looking on, and some vainly endeavoured to do the like; which indeed he himself could not achieve without his 'enchantments.' Captain Henry (son of the missionary of that name at Eimeo), also states that he has witnessed this prodigy of juggling himself, without being able to detect the fraud. The infuriated priest, on that occasion, foamed at the mouth, distorted his eyeballs, convulsed his limbs, and uttered the most hideous shrieks and howlings. After he had seemingly buried his arm, like a spear stuck suddenly in the ground, he held it there for a considerable time; then, drawing it out uninjured, he rushed towards the shore, and laying hold upon a large canoe, which ordinarily required three or four men to launch, he shoved it before him with apparent ease, and sent it adrift. He afterwards threw himself into the sea, wallowed about in it, and kept his head under water for a long time. When this act of the tragical pantomime was finished, he sat among the waves, and delivered his prophecies in very figurative and hyperbolical language, at the same time sufficiently ambiguous to be fulfilled in one of two senses, whatever might happen. * * *

"There was a tradition here that the sky originally lay flat upon the face of the earth and ocean, being held down by the legs of a huge cuttle-fish. But, at a certain time, a man named Maui dived to the bottom of the sea, and, grappling with the monster, utterly dismembered him; whereupon the sky flew up, and expanded into its beautiful convexity, resting on the horizon, and having the vertical sun as its key-stone. But Maui may have rendered his countrymen a much less doubtful service, as he is said to have invented the ingenious mode of obtaining fire by rubbing a grooved stick with a pointed one, as formerly described. If so, his name must be considered as the most illustrious on record, in this part of the globe, where, over thousands and tens of thousands of square leagues, no authentic account of warrior, legislator, or patriot, can be found of earlier date than the last generation. Indeed, there existed among the people no form of writing, hieroglyphic, or mnemonic (like the Peruvian quippos, or knots, and the Sandwich Islands ropes, for registering population and taxes), but the traditions of past ages were literally oral. * * *

"When a new king was consecrated, by ceremonies too filthy to be detailed, he was invested with the *maro*, or hereditary robe of royalty, of net-work covered with red feathers, and to which an additional lappet is annexed at the accession of each sovereign. This splendid train, which was wont to be wound about the body, and flowed upon the ground, is twenty-one feet in length, and six inches broad. The needle by which the fabric was wrought is still attached to it, and, according to report, no stitch could be taken with it, but thunder was forthwith heard in the heavens. The symbolical marks, which are apparent on the plumage and texture, indicate that many hundreds of human victims have been sacrificed during its gradual making and extension, when the sundry monarchs, by whom it has been worn in succession, wrapped themselves with its folds, as their insignia of authority. This sacred maro has, therefore, never been completed, nor might have been, so long as the ancient system continued; for it was intended to be lengthened to the end of time, or at least to the end of empire in the island. Hence, almost every handbreadth of the patchwork that composed it represented a separate reign, and reminded the national chroniclers of the prince's name, character, achievements, and the main incidents of his time: this robe might be regarded as an hieroglyphic tablet of the annals of Raiatea. Tamatoa has cast off this relic of idolatry, and sent it, as another trophy of the gospel victories here, to the Museum of the London Missionary Society."

Again we must pause; and, though there are

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several matters which court our observation in these volumes, we are afraid it will not be in our power to illustrate them farther.

The Sunday Library. Vol. V. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THE penultimate volume of this work, of which, good as it is, one of the best properties is, that its limits are defined, does so much credit to Dr. Dibdin's editing, that we rejoice to see his labours are not to cease with Vol. VI.; but to be prolonged by a sequel, under the title of "Christian Classics," being a collection of popular treatises on the leading truths and doctrines of Christianity. The volume now before us has a portrait of Dr. Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and contains fifteen miscellaneous sermons by clever and eminent preachers.

The Preacher: containing Fifty-four Sermons by eminent Living Divines. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 440: double columns. London, 1830. Griffiths.

WE do not remember whether we noticed the first volume collected of this periodical; but most probably we spoke of its weekly *début*. Now that we have no fewer than fifty-four sermons in one point of view, we can more properly deliver an opinion. As compositions, few of these sermons claim much praise; and as to the doctrines they inculcate, we, who never take any part in theological controversy, must say that they are as various as sectarianism in this country. They are, we think, of what is called the evangelical school; but even in these the preachers enforce the most opposite sentiments on minor acts and habits of life. Altogether, the volume presents a strange study to the inquirer after truth; from Dr. Grey to Mr. Bulteel—from Dr. Chalmers and Mr. M'Neile, to the Bishop of Chester and Dr. Busfield. The editor seems to have taken due pains to be accurate; for instead of sermons taken in short-hand, as at first, he has recently procured the original MSS., and the corrections of the preachers.

Polynesian Researches, during a Residence of nearly Eight Years in the Society and Sandwich Islands. By W. Ellis. Second edition, enlarged and improved. Vol. IV. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

REPUBLISHING in the form found to be well adapted for general diffusion, viz. in small monthly or periodical volumes, we know of no work better suited to popular reading than Mr. Ellis's interesting productions. We, however, reviewed the original work at such length, that it would be an unjust allotment of our space, upon which there are so many claimants, were we again to enter upon the subject. Suffice it to say, that the account of these missionary labours, mingled as it is with excellent information on other points, the manners and customs of the natives, natural history, superstitions, traditions, past events, present condition, and prospects, &c. &c. affords altogether the most valuable view of Polynesia, rising from darkness and barbarism into civilisation and commercial importance.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Freedom of the Press in Germany during the Thirty Years' War.—In August 1625, the Austrian general, Tilly, who is equally celebrated for his military talents and for the frightful scenes of pillage and massacre which marked the course of his army, sent two plenipotentiaries to the deputies of the circle of Lower Saxony at Brunswick, who, according to Tilly's instructions, urged the deputies of the circle to exert all their authority peremptorily to forbid all writers and printers from speaking in an improper manner of the imperial troops, and inflaming people's minds by such publications; and the resolution of the deputies of the circle, passed on the 30th of August, is literally in the following terms:—"With respect to the alleged libellous publications, the counsellors and deputies here present can do no more than to prohibit all libels, libellous poems,* and the like, on pain of exemplary and inevitable punishment, as is certainly conformable to the constitution of the empire; and they therefore request his excellency not to doubt of the speedy execution of this resolution. But it is a very different thing when events are related historically and *nude*, without acrimony and *violentia verborum*, which cannot be prohibited without injustice; for otherwise it would be necessary to prohibit and abolish all historical descriptions, though it is both necessary and highly useful, *publice* and *privatim*, to preserve *memoriam rerum gestarum*. But to attain this end, there is no means but historical description, which, as all *politice* judge, is *custos virtutum*, and also a *testis malorum facinorum*. If, therefore, his excellency will seriously exert himself entirely to restrain the soldiery from inhumanly wicked actions, on pain of inevitable corporeal chastisement and capital punishment, all such publications will soon die away." It seems that Tilly must have contented himself with this answer; for we do not find that he made any farther complaint—still less that he proceeded to rigorous measures.

* Such publications, as well in Latin as in German, some in prose, some in verse, were very numerous: they represented the conduct of the Austrian court in the blackest colours, and excited much sensation both in and out of Germany. But no publication made in the sequel more noise, and met with more approbation from the learned, than the Latin work of Hippolytus à Lapide. This is one of the most venomous writings ever published against the house of Austria. The name of the author was long doubtful; but it is now well known that it was Bogislav Philip von Chemnitz, who wrote the history of the Swedish war. He was Swedish counsellor and historiographer; the sworn enemy of the house of Austria, whose character it was the aim of his work to depreciate—in which he had considerable success. This work, in twelve books, bears the title of *Dissertatio de Ratione Status in Imperio nostro Romano, Germanico, à Lapide.*

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XVII. Tilt.

A CHARMING number. Nothing can exceed the beauty of "Powis Castle," drawn by Copley Fielding, from a sketch by Lady Lucy Clive, and "Ben Lomond," drawn by G. F. Robson; both engraved by E. Finden.

Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated. No. 26. Fisher, Son, and Co.

WE have seldom seen more picturesque forms of rocks than in "Fowey Harbour," or of ruins than in "Restormel Castle." These are happily contrasted by the polished scenery of "Bicton-House," and "Haldon-House."

History of the County Palatine of Lancaster. By Edward Baines, Esq. Part VII. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

A VIEW of "Halton Hall, near Lancaster," and a portrait, *en profile*, of the celebrated "Duke of Bridgwater," to whose indefatigable and undaunted perseverance in the establishment of canals, the commerce of the county of Lancaster, and of the whole kingdom, is so deeply indebted, are the embellishments of the present Part of this valuable topographical work.

The Napoleon Ladder. W. Cousins.

THE common idea of representing the changes of life by the steps of a ladder, is applied, in this little publication, to the fortunes and misfortunes of Buonaparte. The up-ladder commences with Toulon, where he signalised himself in 1793, and ascends, step by step, through Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, &c., till, in 1804, he was declared emperor. The downhill dates from Moscow, 1812, and as going down is more rapid than rising, we find the steps Leipsic, Abdication, Waterloo, Surrender, very close on each other. He sleeps at the foot, 1821, St. Helena. The sides of the ladder are cannon, on which are prints, of no value, but offering slight designs of the events alluded to on the strands.

The New Costume of the Officers of the British Army. No. I. London, W. Spooner.

THIS Number, besides the King in plain uniform on horseback, consists of, 1. "An Officer of the First Life-guards on his Charger;" 2. "An Officer of the Grenadier Guards;" and 3. "An Officer of the Coldstream." It is a splendid work, and worthy of our splendid army. The men and horses are admirably drawn, and the prints carefully and beautifully coloured. The continent has produced several superb publications of this class; but we are not acquainted with one English work of the least pretension either to accuracy or art. The publisher, therefore, deserves the patronage not only of our gallant soldiers, but of their fair admirers, and of the country they so bravely defend when defence is needed. We could wish that the officers were not made so effeminate as they appear in 2 and 3; for though our exquisites do fight like men, on service and in the presence of an enemy, it would be as well to represent them at home like manly fellows.

Rome, August 18.

THE celebrated engraver, Professor Giovanni Folo, of the academy of St. Luke, has completed his engraving of the famous Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, in a manner which renders it worthy of being esteemed among the most admirable and perfect of his performances. This print is peculiarly valuable, because the artist has had the opportunity of correcting the design after the celebrated sketch presented by Francis I. king of France, to Pope Leo X., (which sketch is still preserved in the Vatican,) so that he could supply, with great ability, many things which are unhappily obliterated in the original painting of Vinci, at Milan. On the 8th instant, Signor Folo had the honour to present a proof of the print to his holiness, who was pleased, not only to express his high admiration of the work, but to honour the artist by a present of two medals, one of gold and one of silver, with his effigy, and by placing his name on the list of subscribers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES ON THE ISLAND OF MAJORCA.

THERE are in the island of Majorca two men of letters, Don Joaquin Maria Bover and Don Antonio de Juria, who have applied themselves from their youth to the study of heraldry, numismatology, &c. They have also been engaged for many years in collecting information respecting the kingdom of the Balearic islands, and their MSS. on this subject fill 200 volumes. Having been indefatigable in making researches

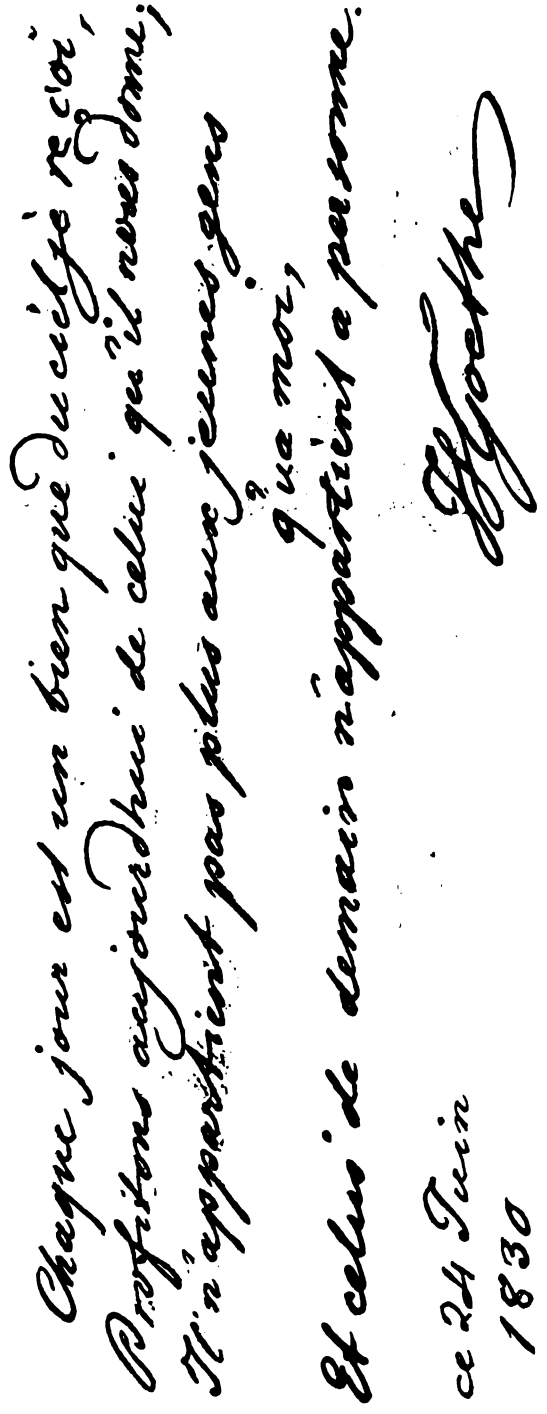
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and excavations in the forests and burying-grounds of the Balearic islands, they possess a highly interesting and rich cabinet of Roman medals and monumental stones. A marble tablet, which was recently dug up, bears an inscription, which positively fixes the site of the ancient town of Palmaria, founded by the Roman consul Quintus Cæcilius Metellus; a point which the researches of the learned had not been able precisely to determine. A portion of the results of their labours is now in the press.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE WRITING AND SIGNATURE OF THE VENERABLE GOETHE.

AGREEABLY to the promise in our last Number (page 570, middle column), we this week present our readers with an interesting fac-simile from the pen of Goethe, authenticated by his autograph. Written only last year, this literary curiosity is a striking example of the vigour still found in the poet's green old age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AGE OF BRASS.

I've sigh'd, but I will sigh no more,
For silver and for golden ore,
And thought 'twould ever pass;
But these their virtues oft have lost,
And I have found that — to my cost —
True virtue 's in the *brass*.

I once adored a maiden fair,
With eyes of blue and auburn hair,
And thought to win the lass;
But soon stept in a rival — who
Came, too, with brazen face to woo,
And won her by his *brass*.

I brandished next an author's pen,
And hoped to be successful — when,
True merit 's all a farce;
But striving here, I found, again,
'Gainst impudence, was all in vain —
I wanted still the *brass*.

Next, as a fop upon the town,
I sought to gain a slight renown,
And dressed by fashion's glass:
But here full soon I was cut out,
And driven to the right-about
By those who had the *brass*.

Rejoice, ye brazen bullies, then,
And laugh to scorn all honest men —
Ye have the magic pass.
Let others wish for baser ore,
Give me, kind Fate! I ask no more,—
Sufficiency of *brass*. F. G.

LINES ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The summer 's gone, and the winter hour
Comes fiercely on with its chilling blast,
And the stricken grove and leafless bower
Proclaim the pride of the year is past.

O, whither is gone the violet-wreath,
That threw its loveliness o'er the spring?
It has sunk beneath the hand of death,
And decayed, like every beauteous thing.

And where is now the bright summer's pride,
The blushing rose with its sweet perfume?
That, too, has shed its flowers and died,
And where they fell they have found a tomb.

Thus all mortal things must stoop to fate:
They may boast awhile of beauty's glow;
But death will approach, or soon or late,
And his reckless hand will lay them low.

Spring will return, and the violet-bank,
With its scented flowers, again be gay;
And the rose bud afresh, when it has drank
Again the enlivening dews of May.

So Man, though he yield his fleeting breath,
And lie awhile in the grave's deep gloom,
Shall waken again and vanquish death,
And in heavenly bowers for ever bloom.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

OLIVER THE DAIN, OR DEVIL.

[We have been favoured by a learned foreigner with a letter addressed to Sir Walter Scott, in which he throws a curious light over the real biography of Oliver, the barber of Louis XI., so famous in the novel of *Quentin Durward*. After an introduction very complimentary to the author, he tells us that]

OLIVER was born at Thielt, a little town in western Flanders, fifteen miles south-east of Bruges, whereof Pontus Heuterus says, "*Oliverius vili pago ac loco juxta Gaudavum natus.*"

It is unknown at this day, he continues, even amongst the most prying of his antiquarian fellow countrymen, whence his primitive name of "the Devil" was derived; whether he acquired it by family inheritance, or from the

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satanic constitution of his inward man. One Dupleix has reported, that his royal master instead of putting an extinguisher on an affix symbolical of the offices on which his confidential agent was employed, dubbed him "le Malin," or the Evil one; but Dupleix is treacherous authority, and proof exists under Master Pierre's own hand, that he once ennobled him by the style and title of "le Mauvais," or the Bad one. By letters patent granted to him in the year 1474, it appears that, in a former grant of letters of nobility, Lewis, reckless of "the stuff that men make knights of," had omitted to assign unto his "trusty and well-beloved valet de chambre, Master Oliver the Bad one, (le Mauvais)," the distinction of armorial bearings; wherefore, by these second letters, his liege and sovereign lord presents him with certain arms, "cypeintes et armoyées," perpetually and for ever to the use of said Master Oliver and his posterity, in consideration of "the good, great, continued, and commendable services, which from day to day he had not ceased to discharge around our person:"—and mark the sequitur, —and "which we hope he will still render to us." It is a curious peroration of this document, that wherein Lewis "takes away and abolishes Oliver's surname of le Mauvais, prohibits any mouth to call him by that cognomen, and declares it to be his will and pleasure, that, in every place hereafter, he should be surnamed 'the Dain,' or Buck."—*Gaudent cognomine molles auriculæ;* and of a truth, Master Pierre and his man must have felt, that neither men nor things ought always to be called by their proper names.

I have not been able to ascertain at what period Oliver entered his master's service; some will, that it occurred when Lewis, as dauphin, fled from the resentment of his parent and found an asylum in Brabant (1456-1461); and others, that his first employment was as one of the swarm of spies whom Lewis maintained in foreign countries, and especially at the court of his personal enemy, Philip of Burgundy. Be this as it may, his original capacity of barber admitted him under the noblest roofs; for at that time of day it was conjoined with the dignity of "chirurgeon;" and there can be little doubt that his medical, no less than his Macchiavellian acquirements, must have been efficient passports to royal favour with a monarch who shuddered nerve and limb at the very idea of dying.

You have not, sir, exaggerated the ascendency into which Oliver had wormed himself with Lewis; for Father Mathieu tells us, that travellers, when quitting France, were perpetually importuned with,—"Prithee, stands King Lewis still in favour with Master Oliver?" But I doubt whether, in speaking of the napkin flung over his arm, which "indicated his menial capacity," the reader will not have imagined it to be that useful appendage, which came into use at a later date. It was the linen cloth mentioned in the constitution drawn up by St. Anégise for the monastery of Fontenelle,—the *linea ad manus tergendus:* or else the cloth, which was thrown over the bread or knife of great personages, and removed when they had taken their seats. This was the purpose for which the two pieces of linen, worked in gold, and enumerated in an old inventory of the ducal house of Burgundy, were designed. The mouth and hands appear to have been cleansed with the *doublier*, or table-cloth, in Master Oliver's times.

The cunning, which served as a ladder to his inordinate ambition, and the humility in which he enwrapped himself as a cloak to either, could not have been depicted with more prominent effect by the most skilful of contemporary chroniclers, than by your arch and natural pen. We have seen that he seated himself on the bench of nobility; but his purse was become well freighted, and he was weary of treading in the shade of petty intrigue. The Duke of Burgundy's death whetted the edge of Lewis's cupidity; it was not to be satiated by the acquisition of St. Quentin and Peronne, and his mind revelled by anticipation in the success of an embassy to Ghent, where Oliver appeared as his representative: the which appointment savoured strongly of his master's humour "in employing small people on large affairs, and working," as good father Mathieu hath it, "great machines by little engines."

In 1477, Master Oliver set forwards with letters of credit to Mademoiselle de Bourgoyne, with the ostensible view of inducing her to throw herself and her fortunes into Lewis's hands; but *sub rosâ*, for the more profitable purpose of goading the malecontent citizens of Ghent into seditious acts, for which, indeed, they had no inconsiderable predilection. Where the fox prowls, caution naturally pricks its ear: Master Oliver's designs were bruited about by the suspicious tongues; and at the end of a couple of days, as he shewed no haste to come to any public explanations, the court called upon him to disgorge them. So "he came into the presence of the said princess. And the afore-mentioned Oliver appeared in better apparel than belonged to him: he laid down his letters credential. The said demoiselle," continues Comines, "was seated in her chair, and the Duke of Cleves stood beside her, together with the Bishop of Liege, and several other great personages, and a crowd of people. She read his letters; whereupon the said Master Oliver was commanded to declare his purpose; to which he replied, that none had been entrusted to him, saving to confer with her in private. He was here made to understand, that such was not customary, and especially with respect to the young lady, who was of marriageable estate; but he continued to allege that he would not speak another word, excepting into her ear. He was then told, that he should be forced to speak out; whereat fear came upon him, and I believe, that before the moment in which he presented his letters, he had not given a thought to that which he should say. For this was nowise the chief duty on which he was sent, as you may have heard. For this time, therefore, the said Oliver took his leave without further opening his mouth.—And no mockeries were put upon him; and he suddenly took to his heels from the town, seeing that he had been warned, had he not so done, that he would be in danger of being thrown into the river; and, in truth, I believe so." To this account, Gaillard adds, in his history of Mary of Burgundy, that she observed—"What can this barber want with me? I have neither a beard to be shaved nor an ailment to be cured." Disguise himself as he would, the Count de Meulan could bring none to forget his pole and basin.

The earldom to which I here allude, was certain waters and sheep-grounds at Meulan, conferred upon him by Lewis in the year 1477; and as late as 1649, his coat of arms was to be seen upon a lodge and two houses in that place. They consisted of a chevron armed en pointe with a buck passant; the escutcheon being accosted on the right by an olive-branch, and on the left by a buck's horn; the whole surmounted by a count's coronet. Besides his earldom, Oliver was captain of Loches castle, governor of St. Quentin, and a gentleman of the king's chamber.

As a peace-offering to the "crafty keeper among wild beasts," as you have pertinently designated his master, Oliver, in his way homewards, fell upon Tournay, though it was a sort of neutral town between France and Burgundy, packed off its magistracy to Paris, and, as our friend Gaillard says, "returned in triumph to shave his master, and court new favours;"—meet brother-tool with the tailor, whom Lewis converted into his herald-at-arms, and the quack, who administered hellebore to his subjects as lord chancellor.

Master Oliver was again summoned in the succeeding year (1478) to fish in troubled waters; for a puritan-cordelier having drawn together a host of female converts, and denounced as traitors to the public weal those by whom Lewis was surrounded, he was despatched to plaster up the reformer's mouth. But he seems to have sagely avoided contact with edge tools, by leaving the preacher in peace within his own convent, to which "a number of women resorted curiously, night and day, who armed themselves with stones, cinders, concealed knives, and other weapons and sticks, to smite such as would have hurt him, or impeded his harangues, and bade him dismiss all fears, and swore to die before aught of mischief should come to him."

It appears that Oliver continued to ascend, step by step, the ladder of royal favour; inasmuch as we find him, in 1780, associating with Cardinal de la Rovère, then cardinal and legate, and subsequently better known as Julius II., "whom he feasted, in company with the Cardinal of Bourbon, and a number of other ecclesiastics and noblemen, as gallantly as could be; and after dinner, he took them to the Bois de Vincennes, to beat up and hunt the deer in the said wood; after which each returned to his own hotel."

The thread of his fortunes was, however, about to snap; Lewis was laid on his deathbed, and the favourite's conduct towards the dying monarch shews how little of gentle blood flowed in his veins, and how eager he was to rid himself of a galling yoke. Out of Oliver's mouth,—from lips that had been used to pour incense into his ears,—the "proud and haughty" was brutally admonished, that the time was come when it behoved him to attend to the concerns of his *conscience*, and to cast away all confidence in physic, or prayers, or relics, as a means of prolonging his lease of earthly days. Yet the infatuated sovereign clung to his barber until his last hour had knelled, and with his dying breath recommended Master Oliver le Dain and Jehan de Doyac to the Dauphin's special favour, saying, that "he would have been nothing without the said Oliver, and that, being a foreigner, he ought to make use of him and maintain him in his service, and the enjoyment of the offices and estates which he had bestowed on him."

But the reign of impunity was at an end; and Oliver found to his cost, that the youthful sovereign Charles VIII. was not disposed to connive at a violation of the laws of God and man, into which his reliance on royal smiles, and a depraved heart, shortly betrayed him. The tale of his last offence is quickly told. The wife of a young nobleman having applied to him to procure the king's pardon for some offence committed by her husband, Oliver made her seduction the price of his promised intercession; and at the very moment she was

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lying in his arms, directed his minions to consign the husband to a watery grave. The next morning the body of the nobleman, which had been drawn to shore by some boatmen, was the first object on which his wife, who was hastening to impart the tidings of his approaching release, cast her eyes. At this sight the unfortunate, horror-struck female called upon the bystanders to condole with her in the calamity which had befallen her; Oliver was arrested and committed to the rack; but before the torture began, he made confession of his crime, under the impression that his sovereign would protect him, and the judge be deterred from visiting him with the terrors of the law. Charles, however, was well pleased with the opportunity, which this tragical event afforded, of evincing his desire to check the atrocities which had stigmatised his father's reign: Oliver and Daniel, one of the executioners, were consequently hung, or, after a softer term, "dubbed knights of the order of St. Patibularius;" and Doyac, the other murderer, who had been formerly called "Lewis's admiral," after losing his ears and having his tongue slit, was expelled the kingdom.

Such, sir, was the ignominious exit of a wretch, whom Tristan himself would have delighted to count among "the acorns hanging on his old, doddered oak." His beginnings and endings are quaintly summed up in this epitaph from the pen of Bouchet, the annalist of Aquitaine:—

Je Olivier qui fuz barbier du Roy
Loys onzieme, et de lui tousjours proche
Par mon orgeuil fuz mis en desarroy
A ce gibet, tout rempli de reproche;
En hault parler, en estat, et approche
Je me fasois aux grands princes pareil;
Mais de malheur on m'a rompu la broche
Par ce piteux et horrible appareil.

DRAMA.

THEATRES.—On the coronation night the theatres and Vauxhall were, by his Majesty's command, opened gratuitously for the entertainment of the people. For Vauxhall 76*l.* were given, for the Haymarket 300*l.*, for the Adelphi 200*l.*, and for Sadler's Wells, 150*l.* The whole cost was between 1500*l.* and 2000*l.* The rule, we understand, is to pay for whatever the house would contain if all the seats were full; and on the same principle with respect to other places of amusement. Had Drury Lane and Covent Garden been open, they would each have had 1000*l.* One of the effects of this royal command is, the sort of recognition it affords to theatres as yet standing in rather an anomalous posture with regard to patents, lord chamberlains' and magistrates' licenses, vested rights, and new claims. Thus, the Queen's theatre, which, (by the by, from the clever pieces it brings forward and has well acted, deserves every encouragement; and the Milton Street theatre; the Pavilion; and, we believe, others, having been honoured by the King's command, the question will probably be, "Who shall shut what his Majesty has opened?"

VARIETIES.

Death of the Baroness de La Motte Fouqué.—On the 21st of July died Baroness Caroline de La Motte Fouqué, one of the most popular of the female writers of Germany: she expired in the arms of her husband, Baron Frederick de La Motte Fouqué, at her paternal estate near Rathenow. Several of her novels, *e. g. Roderick, die Frau des Falkenstein, Feodore*, her Tales, and her Letters on female education, do great credit to the talents of their accomplished author. In her later writings she seems to have taken Sir W. Scott for her model; but, like the recent works of the baron, they have not been favourably received by the public.

Coronation Cards.—Among other coronation productions, Messrs. Reynolds, whose former performances in the way of beautiful card-making we have noticed with praise, have sent out cards, (though they are playing cards,) very fancifully and tastefully executed in gold and coloured devices by Messrs. Howlett and Brimmer. The backs are like fine porcelain, with the letters W., A., surrounded with foliage, and crowns, flags, and other ornaments, printed in gold upon them. They are curiosities, if too handsome for shuffling, cutting, and dealing.

Coronation Medal.—The scramble for the coronation medals flung about in Westminster Abbey was certainly rather *infra dig.* To see gallant officers, dashing gold sticks, pretty pages, the élite of the royal household, venerable judges, sagacious aldermen, &c. fighting and jostling, like rude school-boys for halfpence, threw, while it lasted, an air of burlesque both upon them and the ceremony. The medals themselves are ably executed, with the head of the King on one side, and the Queen's head on the other. The likeness of his Majesty is altogether good; and her Majesty's countenance in profile is excellently adapted to display the art of the medallist: it is marked, and shews to great advantage on a coin.

Coronation Anecdote.—Earl Grey, by accident, in performing part of the coronation ceremony which fell to his lot, let the sword of Justice fall from his hand. What will the augurs from omens say to this? Apropos: at the coronation of George IV. the Marquess of Anglesea slipped, in consequence of his lameness, and almost threw the imperial crown from its cushion: it was only preserved by great activity.

A Bull Advantage!—In a jeweller's window in the Strand, there is an advertisement which would pass for a bull in Dublin: it announces that all the goods in the shop are "selling *off, under prime cost, for the benefit* of the creditors!!"

Very like a Whale! Hamlet.—There is a whale shewing in a large shed at the Mews, Charing Cross, which we see our contemporaries *shy* at, in consequence of the charge for admittance being 2*s.*, and John Bull accustomed to pay only one for any monster. A wag the other day, who had parted with his money, wrote the following impromptu in the whale's album:—

"Jonah and I are alike,
We've both been inside of a whale;
Only Jonah went in at the head,
And I went in at the tail."

But, joking apart, this skeleton is one of the most wonderful specimens of natural history that we ever saw. It is well worth a visit; and if people cannot *stomach* the price, they need not go into the *belly* unless they like. The mighty leviathan ought to be seen by the curious.

Selected from American Periodicals.

Watering Milk.—A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels? The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis is for de *milluk*, and dis for de *watter*, and I will mix dem so as to shute mine self."

Great Age.—In noticing a celebration of the fourth instant, near Raleigh, North Carolina, the *Register* states, that "Mr. Arthur Wall, now in his one hundred and ninth year, was particularly invited; he excused himself on account of being '*busy with his crop;*' but said he would send one of his boys, a lad of eighty-two, with his toast."

Epitaph on a tombstone in a churchyard in Ireland:

"Here lies Pat Steel, that's very true:—
Who was he? what was he?—What's that to you?"

Contradictions of Proverbs.—"The more the merrier." Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.—"He that runs fastest gets most ground." Not so; for then footmen would get more than their masters.—"He runs far who never turns." Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.—"No man can call again yesterday." Yes; he may call till his heart ache, though it never come.—"He that goes softly goes safely." Not among thieves.—"Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes; lack of meat.—"Nothing is hard to a willing mind." Yes; to get money.—"None so blind as they that will not see." Yes; they that cannot see.—"Nothing but what is good for something." Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.—"Every thing hath an end." Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.—"Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.—"The world is a long journey." Not so; the sun goes over it every day.—"It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so; it is but a stone's cast.—"A friend is best found in adversity." Not so; for then there's none to be found.—"The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." Not so; the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVII. Sept. 15.*]

The Forget Me Not, the parent of the British Annuals, announces this year increased claims to public favour; among which are engravings by W. and E. Finden, Graves, Carter, C. Rolls, Engleheart, Davenport, &c. from drawings or paintings by Lawrence, Martin, Prout, Richter, &c.

In Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not the publisher and editor have also studied graphic and literary excellence suitable to improve the tastes and minds of the young.

Miss F. Kemble has announced Francis the First, an historical drama, for publication.

A second series of Dr. Southey's Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, is in the press; and the concluding volume of his Peninsular War is expected early in the ensuing season.

The novel announced from the pen of L. E. L. is called Romance and Reality. It is ready for publication, and will probably appear in a few weeks. The question will therefore soon be tried, whether or not her prose will equal her poetical popularity.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Heurteloup's Lithotrity, 8vo. 1*l.* bds.—Valpy's Ballads with English notes, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d* bds.—James Bennet's History and Prospects of the Church, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Severn's First Lines of Midwifery, with plates, 8vo. 7*s* bds.—Atkinson on Stone in the Bladder, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Purland on the Teeth, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Crayons from the Commons, crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Metropolitan Magazine, Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Wright's Improved Game-Book, for one year, 5*s.* hf.-bd; two years, 10*s.* hf.-bd.; three years, 15*s.* hf.-bd.—Stillingfleet's Tales of the Stanley Family, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Hamilton's Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The publishing world, for the last ten days, might have made a return *Nil* to any order for a list of works of the slightest importance or interest. This idleness affords us an opportunity of bringing up some of our lee-way, of which we gladly avail ourselves. So, GOD SAVE THE KING!

β must acknowledge that "bosom" and "ocean" are bad rhymes.

Vernon is also declined.

ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 572, col. 2, line 8 from bottom, *for* "G. C. Davids," *read* "C. J. Davids."

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

On the alleged Decline of Science in England. By a Foreigner. 8vo. pp. 33. London, 1831. Boosey.

THE distinguished foreigner to whom England is indebted for this most satisfactory and gratifying pamphlet is a German professor, whose name (which we do not know we are at liberty to mention) is sufficient to stamp authority upon his sentiments throughout the literary and scientific world. The MS. was transmitted to Mr. Faraday by the writer (with whom, as with most of the enlightened men in Europe, our distinguished countryman maintains a friendly correspondence on subjects interesting to science), and he has with great judgment laid it before the public, in a very accessible form.

When feuds arise among philosophers, they are like family quarrels, infinitely more bitter than the disputes of common or unconnected parties; and we could desire no better light upon the various animosities and squabbles so rife with our men of letters (literally such as F.R.S.'s, F.S.A.'s, F.A.S.'s, &c. &c. &c.) than that which is thrown upon them by an able and disinterested foreigner. We do not say that all foreigners are competent to the task, for we find that some of them are apt enough to imbibe the partialities of the combatants, and take a side accordingly. Thus we find a French critic upon Mr. Babbage's "Reflections on the Decline of Science in England, and on some of its Causes," following instinctively in the wake of the author.

"While in France (says he) the sciences have produced so many ingenious theories, so many important discoveries, which, in consequence of the inertness of our working classes, have long remained unapplied, they have become, as it were, quite practical in Great Britain, where the knowledge of the practitioners is so much more extensive in proportion than that of the scientific, or those who pretend to that title. Hence it results, that in the latter country the mechanical sciences have made a great progress; and that all those sciences which depend upon observation, and which require long and abstract study, have become stationary. This is the state of things which has struck Mr. Babbage. He attributes it to the absence of a rational plan of scientific education, to the want of national encouragements to distinguished men, and to the injurious influence of a society founded for the purpose of promoting the growth of knowledge. In fact, the sciences are very little, if at all, taught in the English universities. There are no competitions, no examinations to stimulate the scholars, and compel them to shew their advancement. Instruction, when there is any, is confined to vague and general notions, communicated by a professor, without demonstrations or experiments. In order to be able to devote himself to scientific researches in England, a man must have an independent fortune; for no lucrative employments, no honourable posts, are attached to studies of that description. Students who enter with ardour on the career of knowledge are soon obliged to deviate from it, by the necessity of forming an establishment and providing for the future. There remains a class of rich amateurs, desirous of connecting their names with some establishment of public utility; but it is money that creates for them the reputation of scientific men. Our readers will learn with surprise that it costs fifty pounds sterling to be appointed a member of the Royal Society! Men of the greatest merit are not exempted from the payment of that sum; while the facility with which those are admitted who have no qualification but wealth, unreasonably increases the number of members, and for that reason diminishes the importance of the distinction."

Very different is the estimate, and quite opposite are the conclusions, of the learned German, the title of whose pamphlet is prefixed to this notice. "There is," he remarks, "a principle in human nature which prompts almost every individual to consider his own nation as evidently equal, if not superior, to any other. No people, however insignificant, but what has its heroes and its sages, who, in the opinion of their own countrymen, far surpass the boast and pride of other nations. * * The vanity, pride, and self-love, inherent in our species, are the causes of this propensity of extolling to the skies what little good we may discover amongst our nearest neighbours, whilst we evince in general an equal disposition to undervalue and treat with contempt whatever is the product of science in a country separated perhaps from our own by a range of mountains or a branch of the sea. These mutual and very absurd pretensions very often form protracted animosity between neighbouring *nations;* and these quarrels, for being unattended with bloodshed, are nevertheless carried on with the same acrimony and bitterness as those great international quarrels in which kings are parties, and cannon supply the arguments. A striking instance of such a literary warfare was exhibited in the protracted and bitter contest between England and Germany, about the honour of the invention of the fluxionary calculus. But many other instances of similar litigations about the scientific *point d'honneur* might be adduced: and very lately we had the example of a French philosopher denying to the English nation, to the countrymen of Watt and Mandsley, almost every share in the invention of the steam-engine. At present, however, a disposition entirely different is observable amongst some of the most scientific men of England. They appear bent upon undervaluing their own country, and seem to take a secret, and certainly a strange delight in extolling to the skies the scientific excellence of foreigners of every description."

There is too much truth in this. Is it that, every thing being mercantile in this country, the sordid spirit of trade infects with its mercenary meanness the higher and nobler spheres of competition in the arts, in literature, and in science? We fear, from our own observation, that this is one of the master-keys to the disreputable problem; and that the rest of its solution may be found in angry passions, irritated vanities, and over-weening self-exaltation. Let us glance at a few of the publications scattered over our table—publications which have lain about for many months, in consequence of our not wishing to take a part in the contentions to which they severally refer.

Here we find the restoration of York Minster a subject of furious controversy. A Report to the subscribers gives Mr. Smirke's view of the needful reparations; but other opinions are stated in opposition; and like most disputes which turn upon mere taste, there was no chance of reconciling the adverse advocates: the one side insisting on the screen's being replaced exactly where it formerly stood, and the other contending that its removal to another position would be a great and manifest improvement upon the original design. This last proposition emanated from Mr. Smirke, and had the assent of a vast majority of the subscribers; but the dissentients were also a numerous body: and having the sanction of Etty the painter, and other distinguished artists, they objected strenuously to the alteration, not only as a blemish, but as being inconsistent with the terms of the subscription, which were to restore, and not to innovate. Newspapers, lithographic prints, and pamphlets, were poured out, to the annoyance of the public; and the matter ended somewhere as it began.

Then came the warfare about the presidency of the Royal Society; and such canvassing, backbiting, and abusing!—it would have shamed a noisy vestry, by no means select. One writer, and a very clever one, placed England low in the scale—not so much on the ground that science had declined, but on that of its being "without a head;"* and shewed, that the successful application of science to industry had made the English a nation of calculators and economists; and hence *the criterion of value of every thing scientific in England was its marketable price.* Sir James South's *Charges against the President and Councils of the Royal Society*, was a perfect anathema; and Heaven knows how all hands survived to see a new and royal president elected, and apparently to go on together now as if nothing had been wrong, but all right from the beginning. Have we just discovered that sympathy is the only chain that binds philosophers of different nations? It is the duty of the two secretaries of the Parisian Academy to analyse the labours of countrymen and foreigners; and even at Stockholm a careful analytical report is made of the progress of science. A few years back, when Oersted of Copenhagen made his celebrated discovery in electro-magnetism, Arago, Ampere, Savart, and a host of others, supplied to this discovery, *in a few weeks*, a development which gave an entirely new face to the sciences

* Science without a Head; or, the Royal Society Dissected. pp. 122. Ridgway. Dr. Granville was the author.

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of electricity and magnetism. These are the advantages that spring from intercourse, and these the triumphs in which congenial spirits glory!

In recalling the hostile accusations and defences which at the period we are describing vexed the minds of every well-wisher to our literature, we cannot omit Mr. N. H. Nicolas's fierce attack upon the State Paper Office, and the commissioners engaged in arranging our historical documents, &c. &c. These charges, with Mr. Palgrave's vindications, we will not, however, farther rescue from the obscurity into which a rapid succession of important political events has thrown them; and we simply mention them here, to shew that we so justly merit the reproach contained in the concluding paragraph of our last quotation, as to have had (independently of lesser squabbles) at least three regular sets-to within a few months. But we return to our author, who says:—

"An English mathematician of the first order, one of those on whom his country might look with confidence as a strong supporter of her scientific fame, a professor in an English university, informs the public that England has been foiled in the general struggle for scientific renown; that whilst science is in a prosperous state in foreign countries, it is actually declining in England. Satisfied with this assertion, at which many are startled, he does not seem over-anxious for the proof of his proposition, but shews a great inclination to take it for granted, that England is actually far behind her more fortunate rivals. A person, certainly of the highest scientific authority, came to the sad conclusion, 'that there cannot be apprehended much doubt as to the fact of the decline of science in England;' and Mr. Babbage never seems to question for a moment the correctness of an assertion, made perhaps in an hour of spleen and dissatisfaction, but unsupported by proof. Rather than compare the relative state of science in England and other countries, and thus to examine the truth of the general proposition, Mr. Babbage prefers to point out the causes of this disgraceful event, and to suggest the remedies likely, in his opinion, to effect its cure. But before we can follow Mr. Babbage in his long list of complaints, we must pause a moment in the consideration of the assertion, that 'science is declining in England.' This harsh sentence, however, admits of several interpretations,—and Mr. Babbage has not informed us which is that which he adopts. Is it his opinion that science is stationary in England, whilst it is making rapid strides on the continent?—or does he wish to give to understand, that really a retrograde motion takes place in England; and that, although, upon the whole, science is more widely diffused at present in England than formerly, there is a lack of scientific men of the first eminence able to be put upon a par with the most renowned foreigners? Mr. Babbage must excuse me for believing that it is not sufficient thus confidently to assert the inferiority of his own country; he ought, in my opinion at least, to have pointed out distinctly where that inferiority exists. Are only some branches of science affected, or does it spread widely over all the departments of human knowledge? It may be, that England should be found deficient in some particular instance; whilst in others, perhaps, it far surpasses other nations. The scale of merit ought to be carefully handled, to determine with accuracy to which side the balance is leaning. But if the real meaning of Mr. Babbage on a question in which the national honour is so deeply involved, is labouring under an obscurity which we have no means to dispel, we may attempt at least to canvass the authority by which he supports his opinion. The names of Sir Humphry Davy and of Mr. Herschel are of course of the highest authority; but it would appear rather strange that any one should attempt to couple those names with a complaint of a decay of science. This sounds pretty much as if, when speaking of Wellington and Nelson, one would argue on the inferiority of the British army and navy."

Again, upon another interesting point:—

"The praise given by Mr. Herschel to the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, is undoubtedly well deserved; and many of the reports on scientific matters coming before the French Institute, are certainly master-pieces in their kind. Still, it may be justly doubted, whether even-handed justice always presides at the redaction of French journals. It has long been a favourite maxim with French *savans*—

Nul n'aura de l'esprit, hors nous et nos amis.

Those who resided long in Paris, and know how scientific matters are managed there, cannot doubt for a second, that if persons like Sir James South and Mr. Herschel were to arise from the seats of the French Institute, but that matters would be brought to light scarcely less unpleasant than those which now so unfortunately divide the Royal Society of London. Mr. Herschel deals harshly with the scientific publications of his own country. It must not be forgotten that France, with her thirty-two millions of inhabitants, has but readers for one single philosophic journal, which of course has the choice of all the papers which are offered. The twenty-three millions of inhabitants of England furnish a sufficient quantity of readers for a far greater number of philosophic quarterly and monthly publications; and I will venture to affirm, against Mr. Herschel, that many of the numbers of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Journals, the Philosophical Magazine, and Professor Jameson's Journal, contain articles as well written and as interesting as those which fill the pages of Messrs. Arago's and Gay Lussac's publication. If Mr. Herschel and some of his friends have such a poor opinion of the English scientific journals, a different judgment is entertained abroad, as is well proved by the eagerness with which the German journalists seize upon every article issuing from the presses of their British colleagues. The value which is set in Germany upon the scientific pursuits of the English, the rapidity with which translations are made in Germany of whatever English philosophers of some reputation publish, shews abundantly that in that country at least, in *docta Germania*, a far greater value is set upon the productions of English science than is done by Mr. Herschel and his friends."

The following reasons why the knowledge of foreign science and discoveries finds its way so slowly to England are very true, but they are not creditable to our zeal nor to our financial liberality.

"We have no reason to doubt Mr. Herschel's assertion, that in England 'whole branches of continental discoveries are unstudied, and, indeed, almost unknown even by name,' if he means that continental scientific researches are not so rapidly known in England, as English discoveries are in Germany and some other countries; but the same may be affirmed of France, where whatever is done in Germany and elsewhere is slowly penetrating, and even sometimes excluded. This ignorance, however, of foreign science cannot be attributed to want of zeal, but to a defect in English education, which it was, perhaps, the business of the London University to amend,—I mean the ignorance of foreign languages, which prevails both in England and in France. Since the Latin has ceased, very happily in many respects, to be the common medium of intercourse of the learned in every country, the scientific intercourse between different nations has become cramped by the necessity of learning many foreign languages; at least three or four are indispensably necessary. In this respect the natives of England labour under great difficulties. The difference of pronunciation of the English language from all those spoken on the continent, renders the task of learning a foreign tongue particularly troublesome to an Englishman; nor does he generally find in the public schools and academies of his own country many opportunities of receiving, in this respect, regular and solid instruction. The consequence is, that few Englishmen learn enough of a foreign language to enable them to converse freely with the natives, and to read, without great exertion, the writings of continental authors. There are countries in Europe where no young man could think of studying medicine, mathematics, or natural science, with the help of Latin only, and without being prepared, before entering the university, with a sufficient knowledge of German, English, and French. Many, indeed, are masters enough of Italian to read with ease and pleasure any scientific book in that language, whilst I have known others attain a tolerable degree of proficiency in the Danish, Swedish, or Spanish; but in England, the number of those who acquire a smattering of French is very small, and still smaller is the number of those who know enough of German to read a book in that language without considerable trouble. Another cause of the ignorance of foreign scientific labours, is the high price in England of foreign books, in consequence of an importation duty. This real and intolerable impediment to the diffusion of knowledge exists, though not in the same degree, in other countries; despotic Russia, however, is said to be free from it. England may, perhaps, expect from its present chancellor, who likes to 'see the schoolmaster abroad,' the radical reform of so glaring an abuse."

The annexed contrast with one of the most enlightened nations in Europe is favourable to England.

"In France it seemed a constant rule, that no one could usefully and practically apply mathematical science, unless he ascended first, not from 'Euclid's Elements,' for these were long forgotten, but from some modern elementary book on geometry and algebra, to the summit of analytical science. Once arrived there, he might, if he pleased, descend, and take by the way such applications of science as he thought fit; but, accustomed to the pure air and bright sky of these higher regions, it was scarcely to be expected that he would come down to what was considered of infinitely less value. The consequence of this state of things has been, that the calculus has been applied to the solutions of problems for which the Elements of Euclid would have been quite sufficient. No question of optics, astronomy, or mechanics, could be treated without calling in the intervention of the integral calculus; no bridge was built without its assistance; and even sometimes no two thermometers were compared without some pages of analysis. Mechanics, in particular, do not seem accessible, according to the tenets of the French school, to

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any man not well versed in sublime analysis; and when French authors condescend to give some elementary notions on that subject, it is generally done in so unsatisfactory a manner, that it would appear that it was only intended to shew the utmost contempt for the illiterate readers for whom such explanations could be useful. Thus many branches of applied mathematics became inaccessible, and were left unstudied by many who most stood in need of them; and I humbly submit that this method has had a most pernicious effect in France. Hence it arises that many have acquired a profound knowledge of the higher branches of mathematics — that a greater number became more or less versed in the fluxionary calculus — whilst the more elementary part of mathematics, which serves for every day's use, which leads to the most useful applications, is far less diffused in France than in England. In the former country, elementary geometry, algebra, trigonometry, are not considered as important in themselves, and as things fit for immediate application, but only as the necessary steps by which we may arrive at the higher departments of analytical science. In England no one has rendered himself master of the common rules of arithmetic but he thinks of turning his knowledge to some account; and, aided by that ingenuity, of which Englishmen seem to possess a greater share than other nations, his scanty stock of information will often help him to some useful discovery, or some ingenious mechanical contrivance, at which the Frenchman, encumbered with the artillery of his mathematical learning, could never arrive."

Our limits do not permit us to follow the intelligent author through his other arguments: — in some he clearly confutes assertions too hastily hazarded by our English writers — but grumbling is an English constitutional privilege; — and in others he contends very successfully against the principles put forward. On the subject of encouragement by means of rewards and distinctions, he is particularly adverse to the idea of science or literature being promoted by pensions or honours: upon this we differ from him, — and we think that his conclusions, drawn from individual cases, have no weight upon the bearings of the question as applied to the general mass. Although ten of the most eminent scholars and men of science might rather reflect upon, than derive lustre from, a riband or a star; the ambition to earn either would be a stimulus to thousands.

But we must now conclude, by referring our readers to the pamphlet itself: it is enough for us to deprecate unseemly jealousies and quarrels among our distinguished contemporaries, and suggest how much more honourable it is, to elevate than to depreciate the genius of our country and countrymen.

Original Songs. By Robert Gilfillan. 12mo. pp. 152. Edinburgh, 1831, Anderson, jun.; London, Whittaker and Co.; Leith, Burnet.

To publish a volume of songs is the least auspicious way in which a poet can appeal to the public. Wanting the auxiliary and potent aid of music, the lyrist has not only to fight single-handed, but the very effect of his numbers (we mean the number of his compositions) is against him. A hundred of the best songs ever written would tire if read in succession; and Mr. Gilfillan, the gifted Gilfillan of Leith, has exposed himself to this unfavourable ordeal.

In spite of it, however, we are free to say, that, though to speak of Burns in the same breath is very injudicious, he has acquitted himself with much talent. We will be bound for him, he has not his peer in Leith; and we question if even the Modern Athens could produce as good a songster.

We will quote the first, at a venture.

"*Mary's Bower.*

The mavis sings on Mary's bower,
The lav'rock in the sky;
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,
An' a' aboon is joy!
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
Though a' without be gay;
Nae music comes to greet the morn,
Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,
His ship has cross'd the main;
There's waefu' news in Mary's bower—
He ne'er returns again.
A breaking heart's in Mary's bower,
A wasting form is there;
The glance has left that e'e sae blue,
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
The lav'rock quits the sky,
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
For coming winter's nigh.
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
The tempests loudly rave—
The flowers that bloom'd round Mary's bower
Now wither on her grave!"

This is pretty, and song-like: a few verses of another have more of poetry.

"I loved as none have ever loved,
Whate'er their love might be,
Else would not parting with her wrung
Such bitter pangs from me.
Yet, musing on what might have been,
I dream my time away;
'Tis idle as my early dreams,
But, ah! 'tis not so gay.

If aught of pleasure yet is mine—
A pleasure mixed with pain—
'Tis pond'ring on the days gone by,
Which ne'er can come again!
When she, all lovely as she's still,
Blushed when I call'd her fair,
And, if she never bade me hope,
She ne'er bade me despair.

For thee, dear maid, I fondly sigh'd,
For thee I now repine,
Since Fate has sworn in solemn words,
Thou never canst be mine!
Yet fondly do I love thee still,
Though hope ne'er mingles there;
A wilder passion sways me now—
'Tis love join'd to despair.

Farewell, a world whose gayest scenes
No pleasure bring to me;
I'd hate it's smile, did I not think
It may give joy to thee.
But, if thou ever lov'dst like me,
No joy will light thine eye,
Save transient gleams, like wintry suns,
Short glancing in the sky."

"The first Rose of Summer" is, we observe, in this collection; but as it is well known, we shall conclude with another example.

"*O, my Love, Night is come.*

O, my love, night is come, the soft night is come,
And fled is the glory and splendour of day;
The bright flaming sun, with the daylight, hath gone
To his palace of ocean, love, far, far away.
O, night, my love! night, to a lover is dear,
When the wind is all hushed and the moon in the sky;
Then, haste to thy lattice, love, quickly appear
With the smile on thy cheek and the glance in thine eye.

O, my love, ever gay is the clear noon of day,
With the bird's happy song and the bloom of the rose;
But, at night, roses weep, and the little birds sleep
All still as the green leaves on which they repose.
Yet night, my love, night! O! 'tis dearer to me,
Though the flowers are in tears, that the sun does not shine;
For thou art the flow'ret I ever would see,
And the music I'd hear is that sweet voice of thine!"

From these quotations it will be seen that, though neither very powerful, very original, nor very touching, Mr. Gilfillan has made a pleasant use of the familiar elements of Scottish song, and produced a volume much to the credit of his muse.

The Smuggler; a Tale. By the Author of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," "the Denounced," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

In the volumes before us, Mr. Banim has entered a new field, and drawn the English peasantry, as he drew the Irish, evidently from life, but imbued deeply with the bitterness and gloom of his own mind: vigorous paintings, such as we might imagine Hogarth outlined, and Rembrandt coloured; wanting, it is true, the humour of the one, and the grandeur of the other, but with much of the nature and the force. In his Irish stories he was fortunate; the ground was untrodden, and the imagination of his readers sufficiently excited by well-authenticated facts of misery and outrage to allow of considerable exaggeration—especially when great talent, which no one can deny him, threw over all the interest of romance. It is in these delineations (even admitting much of occasional coarseness) that Mr. Banim's great and peculiar merits lie. For intense and horrible interest, the story of the Nowlans, and for natural pathos, that of John Doe, are quite unequalled in their line. When he gets into middle or higher life, his genius deserts him; his "gentlemen and ladies" are equally unnatural and absurd; and his hero is just a vulgar profligate. The present work, *the Smuggler*, has both the merits and the faults of the author of the O'Hara Tales: the story is incoherent and improbable—the higher range of characters, caricatures—while crime and misery are carried to their utmost of atrocity. The use of horrors to a writer is like that of rouge to a woman—"the custom grows upon us;" the rose-pink is gradually deepened into carmine, and the horror which first made you shudder, at last makes you sick. While on the subject of faults, we cannot but protest against the revolting colours in which the English peasantry are depicted; such a set of thieves and prostitutes were never before collected together. We must also protest against the kind of covert cloak of interest thrown by Mr. Banim around smuggling; both his heroes make brief trips in the "Miss Molly," and the smuggler is as respectable a middle-aged shopkeeper as could be found from Hyde Park Corner to Temple Bar. Vitiating the mind by constant deception and frequent excess, confusing that sense of right whose very instinct is a virtue, the contraband trade has the most powerfully demoralising influence. We do not marvel, we can only excuse the poor and the ignorant yielding at once to want and temptation; but we do wonder at those in a class above them, for whose very benefit these laws are made, ever giving the worse than sanction, the delusion of their example — people who, for some paltry gratification of lace, silk, or gloves, encourage courses, the danger of which is their least evil, and equivocate with their conscience by making it a question of personal injury, and saying, "Oh, the king will never miss it!" True enough the king will never miss it; but the industrious and honest tradesman, perhaps in the very next street, will; for it is that very tradesman you are defrauding of his just sale and his fair profit. We ought to apologise for this digression; but as many of our moral defalcations originate in carelessness rather than premeditated wrong, and as we have known the contraband trade encouraged by purchases, made in some instances we hope from thoughtlessness, it may be as well to remind the heedless buyer of the absolute and selfish dishonesty of such conduct.

But to return to the story. We have to make our third and last objection to Mr. Banim's style of narration: he takes some extreme case of hardship, and most unlucky concurrence of misfortune, and sets forth that case as the sample brick of the whole. The principal incidents (for we must use the plural) of

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this tale turn on the fact that the parochial laws oblige

> "The maid whose folly could confide
> In him who made her not his bride,"

to identify the father of the child. On this Mr. Banim has erected a superstructure of oppression, misery, and cruelty, that would rather astonish any country magistrate. We must, even in a fiction, protest against the treatment his heroine meets with at his hands, —and she would have met with it at the hands of no other human being; for the picture is as exaggerated as it is coarse. But certainly Mr. Banim is the first writer who ever thought of sending a heroine in such a situation from parish to parish for a settlement.

And now to the merits of the tale, which has all its author's old power of graphic delineation. The reality with which he invests some of his scenes is that of life; his peasants and smugglers are all identical individuals, and brought out into stronger relief by such non-entities as the Lady Ellens, Mr. Snows, or the raving fool, his hero. His sketch of Martha Huggett is worth them all: we shall endeavour to extract the outline of her history, as the most creditable person we can introduce to our readers: we own it is, however, difficult to give an idea in our limits of the mingled activity, propriety, and shrewdness, which, in an evident connexion with the smugglers, has attracted towards her the hero's attention. The conversation is alluding to a secret passage from the smuggler's house.

"'It is not confided to a great many, Mr. Mutford; along with my wife and daughters, and my brothers, there is but one friend of t'other trade could find out that flower-bed in the garden for you.' 'Martha Huggett?' 'You have a guess, sir.' 'She must be paid well for her fidelity and general good services.' 'Why, yes; but as much out of liking as to bribe her, and the little girl would be true if she gained less — 'tis in her; I call her a downright good un, Mr. Mutford; besides, she has her own reasons for doing her best for t'other trade: she loves none that don't love it.' 'Pray tell me her reasons.' 'With all my heart; but take a chair, sir; and as I keep you from supper below ——' He did not end the sentence in words, contenting himself with extracting a bottle of champagne from a cupboard, laying glasses, untwisting the wire, nicking the cord, touching the cork, and helping me to a glass; and when he had pledged me in another, Mr. Linnock continued, 'Little Martha, you see, sir, kept company, ever since she was a girl of fourteen, with a young man of the village, an honest respectable lad, and one I liked; and I will say for him, as clever a hand on the shingles of a dark night, and plenty of work to do, as ever I had in pay. Well, sir, the Miss Molly was seen too near shore one evening, and though she got off clear, — as has always been her fortune, I thank Providence, — there was a bit of a row between some men-o'-war's men and a few of our lads, and Fred fetched one of the blue-jackets what I call rather a nasty knuckle somewhere between the eyes; and they had him up for it, and the judge said he ought to be hanged, because, d'you see, sir, another man-o'-war's man happened to have been shot at.' 'And as the judge is generally a good opinion in these cases,' I said, 'hanged Master Fred *ours*, I presume?' 'Why no, sir, not out-an-out. Interest was made, and an excellent character — not better than he deserved — given of Fred; and the Irishman — these rough-an'-ready chaps on the coast be almost all Paddies, Mr. Mutford — he recovered from the shot, which was a mere nothing to talk about, and none of Fred's business into the bargain; and so they forgave him the swinging, and sent him to Van's land for fourteen years; and that's why Martha Huggett has no demur to lend a hand, now and then, to t'other trade, sir.' 'And I don't wonder, if she loved poor Fred.' 'Loved him better than her own eyes, and he her the same; they were to have been married the very day he sailed, sir; and 'tis for love to him that Martha has refused many a good offer since, and never goes for a walk with our boys, like other girls of her age; and I'm mistaken if she don't be off after him some day, and soon; only waiting to grow richer, I fancy.' 'Very disinterested of her not to weigh the odium of marrying him against her preference for him.' 'Odium? as how, Mr. Mutford?' 'Why, he is a transported convict.' 'To be sure, as they call it, so he is; but, bless you, sir, we see no odium in that, here on the coast, when it comes only of our lawful business. Had Fred robbed or cheated, or committed any one crime, why then 'twould be another thing, you know; but it isn't his fault, is it, if people *will* punish him, just as if he had.'"

We add the finale: our old acquaintance, the smuggler, is still speaking.

"'And now, Mr. Mutford, tired as you are, you'll excuse me telling Martha two words that she ought to hear; I may have no better opportunity, 'tis such a busy night, in doors, sir, and not expected so soon.' 'A run-in, to-night, again, Mr. Linnock?' asked the attentive and business-like Martha. 'I be blessed, ay, old girl, and, as you know, we didn't reckon on it for a night or two.' 'And all safe, sir?' 'All in the very house, Martha; and so, Mr. Mutford, we be as busy and as merry within as folk can well be — just what I told you; with other matters too to keep us alive; but we shall speak of them presently: and, Martha, 'tisn't that news, alone, I have for you, old girl; but, harkee — and never mind Mr. Mutford; he and I have chatted about you, afore now — harkee, Martha, there's news from *beyond there*, too.' 'Another letter, Mr. Linnock?' 'No, Martha: guess again.' 'I ha'ant got no other guess to make, sir,' answered Martha, her voice faltering. 'Did nobody never write you word, Martha, when you wrote to him of going to see him, that, if he could, he would hinder you; and that, in spite of all the great 'uns and all the sharp 'uns, where there's a will, there's a way, my maid?' 'Bless my heart, Mr. Linnock! what is it as you do mean?' questioned Martha, sitting unconsciously, sinking, indeed, upon a large stone which was behind her, and taking off her little bonnet, and holding it on her knees, in the same absent manner, while her hands shook, and her lips trembled, and her eyes were fixed on her patron. 'Don't you go for to make any great things of a bit of a fuss, now, Martha, for your own sake, and for another body's sake, and you shall soon know what I mean,' continued Mr. Linnock: 'hollaring out in this place, and this night, in particular, or swounding, or such like, wouldn't be the way to keep him safe from the knowledge of one body I don't much like as should be able to tell any thing about him; and that one body I mean is Sam Geeson, who is not turning out a fore-right good 'un, as you shall hear of, too; and so, my maiden —' 'Mr. Linnock,' interrupted Martha, 'hollaring out, or swounding, be not my way, when to have one's mind about one would be a better way; but won't you tell me, sir, in one word, is it of —' she looked round her, stooped her head forward to Mr. Linnock, and ended in a whisper — 'of Fred you be talking?' 'Of Fred, and no other, my old girl: he was seen at t'other side of the briny, this morning.' 'In France, sir?' continued Martha, clasping her hands. 'In France, at Boulogne — and master-mate had a word with him; and Fred only asks you, now, to cross a *short* sea to him — you and old mother together; and there you three can live as safe, and grow as rich, as archbishops, every one doing a hand's turn, now and then, for an old friend — the Miss Molly. I shouldn't be downright glad to lose you for good, at both sides o' the water, Martha, my maiden.' The sagacity and laudable attention to his own interests, of Mr. Linnock, were slightly discernible through the good-feeling and philanthropy of this little speech. 'Poor Fred, poor lad!' said Martha; 'and so, you be in France, so near me; and what a many precious troubles you must have had the heart to face and overcome, to get there. In France to-night!' she repeated, turning her head in the direction of the sea. 'I didn't say that,' rejoined Mr. Linnock. She turned her head round again, quickly, and asking, in a long-drawn manner — 'No?' — her eyes, glittering in the moonlight, again were fixed on Linnock. 'No, Martha; not downright: he may have stolen over to-night, for what I know.' 'But *don't* you know, sir?' 'Why, I be blessed, Martha, but if you do promise —' 'Oh, nons'ns, now, sir, nons'ns,' she stood up and leaned on him, for she trembled more than ever, 'you know you've no call to be afeard of me, in regard of all that; and so, do, Mr. Linnock, pray, pray do, sir.' 'Stop a bit, then —' Mr. Linnock whistled. Young Fred jumped over a fence, near to them, and came on slowly enough, to Martha, his head falling down, and his left hand in his trousers' pocket. Martha, after a little start, parted from Mr. Linnock, and, in her turn, advanced in a regulated pace, though not quite so deliberately, to meet him half-way. It did seem, indeed, that Mr. Linnock's fears and remonstrances were thrown away: notwithstanding her evidently strong and sincere attachment, and the unexpected joy she must have experienced, Mutford only observed that her eyes suddenly filled with tears, and that a spasmodic smile worked her features. They came close to one another, each holding out the right hand, and Fred, looking ashamed of his, although his face denoted deep-felt pleasure. Their hands joined, and Martha said, 'Be it you, Fred?' And Fred answered, 'Ay, old girl, it *be*.' And such was *the scene* of a re-meeting, under the known circumstances, between two real English lovers of humble degree. Martha, indeed, improved it a little, upon second thought. While they still held each other's right-hand, she put up her left to her eyes, and, with the knuckles of it, scooped out the tears that, to her great shame, *would* make way through her closed lids; and in the midst of this occupation, she, all of a sudden, flung down her left hand, opened her eyes wide, stretched forward her neck to Fred, pouted out her lips, and kissed his lips so snatchingly and energetically, that he staggered back a pace, quite taken off his guard. 'There,' said Mr. Linnock, 'there, that will do; and now, my maiden —' 'Mr. Linnock!' interrupted Martha, 'his life be in danger in England to-night!' 'Not if you go by what I'll tell you,' replied Mr. Linnock: 'take him, you know where, for a few hours, and be you ready, then, to run across to France, old mother and you, as I said before, with him, and

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the thing is done, just as you heard me say it would be, Martha, my maid.' "

Never did any person look so resolutely to the darkest side of every thing as Mr. Banim. The following little passage will do as well for an example of spleen as any of its numerous companions.

" And what an unjoyous, solid, rude, suffocating, deafening, head-ache giving thing a fair in the country *is* :—(let me just except Greenwich fair, if Greenwich *be* in the country—or rather the accidental adjunct of the noble old park, and the freaks it irresistibly inspires). The street of the little village stuffed with people who will walk over you if you do not push them about as they do you; girls scrambling on by themselves, and men and lads by themselves; and no one laughing, nor yet smiling, but on the contrary, the greater number either half-scowling at one another, or else looking nervously shy of having it appear that they are such fools as to allow themselves to be pleased. Peep into one of the inns, of which all the lower rooms are flung open to genteelish company, among the rows of happy creatures sitting on forms by the walls, drinking porter, or ale, or brandy and hot water, and nearly all look discontented still;—peep into a dancing booth, as you pass by, and you will see, perhaps, a dozen girls, exerting themselves to the utmost in a work-and-labour way, for the edification of three or four bumpkins, who walk from side to side among them with very disdainful faces, and now and then lift up their legs, and let them down again, one after another, as if they were plodding over a stubble-field, or at best turning the tread-mill at slow time. And how I abhor that smock frock into the bargain! the most unpicturesque, unmanly, unlovely, sheep-faced piece of costume in the world. Ay, and the close-laced bumpkin buskins, too, which, from constant pressure, impoverish the most considerable muscles of the leg, and leave an English peasant the worst-limbed peasant I have yet seen."

Some old poet says,

" 'Tis our own eyes
That cast their colour on all things they see;"

and Mr. Banim's must be like night—

" Flinging a shadowy darkness over all."

But, we are bound to add, if there be something of exaggeration, there is also much of truth; and, to say nothing of the life and interest thrown into scenes, which are attractive as mere amusement, there is what may well call for serious attention in these pages. Though assuming a fictitious shape, the materials of this work are taken from actual existence; and let those who have the power of amelioration look to it. The poet was, indeed, wrong when he talked of

" The short and simple annals of the poor."

Such relations are equally intricate and important; and those who are placed above the class

" Where hunger swallows all in one low want,"

can never be too often reminded of the heavy responsibility which rests upon them—they owe to their God an account of their fellow-men.

Celsus, in Latin and English; with the Order of Construction. By Alex. Lee, A.M. Surgeon. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 317. London, 1831. Cox.

This is a translation from Targa's edition of Celsus, well intended for the benefit of medical students, but we cannot justly say either well rendered into English, or judiciously edited. To furnish the *ordo verborum* of an author who ought to be read without any such help by every well-educated medical man, is a questionable service. If persons belonging to the learned professions will not labour to acquire the knowledge necessary to them, we fear that facilities will only tend to make empirics; and that those who take Celsus as it were at second hand, will be very much disposed to take every thing else in the same fashion. The consequence must be, very superficial instead of very solid attainments.

The preface says, inelegantly enough: " The great responsibility accruing on undertaking a work of so much labour rendered it a duty incumbent on me to be in possession of every edition that I could possibly procure, particularly those *cum notis variorum*. My principal object in this was to present the reader with the most approved text of the various editors, from Cæsarius in the year 1528, to that of Targa's in 1769, since which no one has attempted any alterations in the text of Celsus; and I believe for the best of all reasons, since the unwearied perseverance of Targa, united to the most profound learning and great critical acumen, left nothing to be done by future editors. For this reason I have strictly adhered to the text of Targa."

Mr. Lee continues: " There are three things of the utmost importance in translating from one language to another; the first is to comprehend the original; the second is to convey those sentiments [query, what sentiments?] intelligibly to others; and the third is, to write them with precision, fidelity, and elegance, if possible. This is the order of Nature, whose minister and interpreter is man."

Our author is sorely puzzled about the " elegance" if possible, and truly it seems as if a terror had haunted him, and he had felt that elegance was impossible to him. " I have endeavoured (he repeats) to render a close interpretation of the author, and have used my best efforts to infuse the genius and spirit of his style, with as much fidelity as the sententious brevity of this elegant classic would allow. Therefore, under such conditions, I did not even dare to use a freedom of language, far less elegance of style. * * * Celsus is always quoted by the most eminent physicians as 'a model of propriety, ease, and elegance.' Celsus also wrote a Treatise on Military Tactics, another on Agriculture; but commentators are unanimous in their opinions that his medical writings are the most perfect."

Celsus was thus an elegant writer, even though his being Doctor Celsus is doubtful; as Mr. Lee is certainly a surgeon, without there being the least question that he is not an elegant writer. He is, however, an industrious one, and this book is a striking proof of his possessing that quality. A few passages which we have pitched upon in the first dozen pages will shew that industry alone will not constitute a good translator.

" Volaterranus etiam meminit in *Anthropologia*, lib. xiv. Celsi cujusdam, qui philosophiæ Stoicæ sectator, Origenis erat adversarius, magiæ scientia notus, cui Lucianus Pseudo-Mantem inscripsit."

Thus rendered:—" Volaterranus likewise takes notice of a Celsus in his *Anthropologia*, lib. xiv., who was a follower of the Stoic philosopher, and an adversary of Origen, *a noted magician*, to whom Lucianus gave the name of the *Lying-Prophet*."

" Major tamen eruditorum pars sub Tiberio vixisse, vel forte ipso imperante natum usque ad Trajani tempora vitam produxisse censet."

" Yet the greater number of the learned think that he lived in the reign of Tiberius, or perhaps, being born in his reign, he might have *prolonged his life* to the time of Trajan."

" Quemadmodum notante Cornario in dedicat. Marcelli, in plerisque Hippocratem expressit, ut integras sententiarum periodos ex ipso descriptas subinde in eo videas; imo tota capita nihil aliud quam Hippocratis sententias ad verbum reddunt."

" In the same manner Cornarius remarked in his dedication to Marcellus, that he imitated Hippocrates for the most part so *close*, that sometimes you may see whole periods of sentences *described* by the one, *transcribed* by the other; nay, whole chapters which relate nothing else than the opinions of Hippocrates verbatim."

" Subjungit *Polyhistor Italus*: 'Ad nos tantum ejus medicina pervenit oratorio more conscripta.' "

" A work entitled *Polyhistor Italus* subjoins this notice of him: 'His work on medicine, written in an oratorical style, has *only* reached us.' "

" Maximèque medicum ejus chirurgica probant, quæ Gesneri in *Catalogo Chirurgorum* sententia, veterum solus Latinè scripsit, ut verè ipsum inter chirurgos reponat doctissimus Septalius. Tanta verò id fide peregit," &c.

" His chirurgical works certainly prove him to have been a physician, *which*, in the opinion of Gesner in his *Catalogue of Surgeons*, he alone of the ancients wrote in Latin. The very learned Septalius also places him among surgeons; *which art* he practised with so much skill," &c.

" Quam elegantissimis verbis Cælius Rhodiginus *Antiq. Lect.* lib. xxvi. cap. 3, insinuavit: 'A Cornelio Celso versuram faciunt multi. Verùm citra illius sententiam nihil fermè promunt; perinde ac verba sint veterum sacrorum, quæ demutasse piaculare flagitium planè censeri debeat, quodque hostiis majoribus procures.' "

" Cælius Rhodiginus has exclaimed, in the most forcible language, that many depredations have been committed on the fame of Cornelius Celsus; but, with the exception of promulgating his opinions to the world, *they* have elicited nothing of *their own*: *they* have mangled or sophisticated those sacred records, which crime ought to be deemed a sacrilege, and should be expiated by retributive atonement proportioned to the deed."

" Verùm, ne nimiis laudibus veriùs is onerétur, quàm ornetur, quem mortalium nemo rectè vituperavit."

" But lest we should overrate his excellencies, in our zeal to display his genius, which no one has blamed with propriety."

And lest *we* should exceed our readers' patience, we here close our ungracious office.

Six Sketches of Mademoiselle Taglioni, in the Characters in which she has appeared during the present Season. Drawn from the Life by A. E. Chalon, R.A. Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. London. Dickinson.

We have here the sylph-like form of this popular dancer, as Flore, la Tyrolienne, la Napolitaine, la Bayadere, la Nayade, and simply as Marie Taglioni dropping one of her most gracious and graceful curtsies to an applauding theatre. The figures are perfectly characteristic, and Mr. Chalon has evinced his usual spirit in their execution (the right arm of the Bayadere being, however, an exception); nor has the charming touch of Mr. Lane, in transferring the originals to the stone, failed to impart another beauty to these performances. It

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puzzles us, critically, to say in which of her shapes we like the fair lady best. She is very pretty as Flora; but then the wings are ominous of a short and flying attachment. The Tyrol girl, with her ribbed stockings, is not amiss, only a little cross. Naples does not quite please us as to position; the arms are playful, the limbs rather stiff. The head of the Bayadere is fine and striking (though *Buy-a-dear* is not so taking); the Nayade very well: but, after all, the demure French curtsy is perhaps the most graphic appeal to the heart of an admirer.

But we have all this while, in our personal attentions, forgotten the literary portion of this publication, namely, a poem to each of the plates by Mr. F. W. N. Bayley. These illustrations are very apt and suitable. We select "La Napolitaine" as a fair specimen:

"Oh, Napolitaine!—does the gondola glide
In thy bright sunny land, o'er the blue summer-tide?
Does it fling the white foam in defiance around,
Does it break the stream's slumber, and wake the low sound,
That will rise from the waters, and float like a tune
'Neath the stars of thy heaven, and the light of thy moon?
O'er thy river of gold, doth it bound in its pride,
Fit horse for a lover—fit bark for a bride?
Till the oars play no longer—the anchor is cast
In the bed where it seeketh its true rest at last!
Some say it resembles a young flying dove,
Or a white summer-cloud that is floating above—
Or a bird on the wing—or a swan on the stream—
Or the light fairy forms of a beautiful dream—
Or the dolphin that glideth along the calm sea—
But, Napolitaine! I compare it to thee!
They say it is musical—surely the fall
Of thy foot 'mid the stillness that hushes the hall,
And the echo it wakes, is more musical still
Than the dash of the oar or the tune of the rill!
They say, little fairy! they say it is light,
But have we not gazed on thy dancing to-night!
The rose on thy young cheek, the laugh on thy face,
Thy figure, that moves like a spirit of grace;
And do they not tell us, no bark of the sea
Boundeth on to its haven more lightly than thee?
And, lastly, they say, that its anchor is cast
Where the gondola seeketh its true rest at last.
And hast thou no anchor of joy too, sweet maid!
To cling to when brighter and fairer things fade?
Have they smooth'd thee no pillow, as soft or as dear,
When thy dancing is past, and thou leavest us here?
Oh, yes! thou shalt flee on the wings of a dove,
And find in thy bright home a haven of love;
And thy pillow of beauty—thy harbour of rest—
Shall be what thou seekest—a young lover's breast!"

We must find some fault: what is a "larkling," a bird mentioned in the Flora? Our ornithology refuses to acknowledge it.

The work, by the by, is very handsomely printed.

The Coronation Service; or, Consecration of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, as it illustrates the Origin of the Constitution. By the Rev. Thomas Silver, D. C. L., St. John's College, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 186. Oxford, 1831, Parker; London, Mursay.

THIS is an able, and, for its research, a very interesting publication, though so diametrically opposed to the liberal ideas of government prevalent in our time, that it is not likely to be a very popular one. Dr. Silver adheres, with something like old opinion, to the divine right of kings; and if he does not carry the doctrine the whole length of some of the writers on his side in politics, he goes a great way in maintaining that all power and authority do not emanate from the people, but from God, and the conjunction of religion with the polity of the state.

One of his chief arguments rests on the ceremony of the coronation, in which he contends that the church founded by the Almighty consecrates the monarch to certain duties, and that the people, from time immemorial, were in fact no parties to the contract. Yet St. Dunstan, in his famous sermon, says, "It is the duty of a consecrated king, that he misjudge no man; that he defend and protect widows, orphans, and strangers; that he forbid robbery, and unrighteous marriages, and those within improper degrees, and entirely prevent them; that he shall remove witches and sorcerers, and drive from off the earth murderers and false swearers; that he nourish the poor with alms; that he call the ancient, the wise, and the good, to his councils, and set righteous men as his ministers: because, whatsoever things these do wickedly through his fault, he shall be punished for it all on his own account at doomsday."

The author tells us elsewhere: "If any person would give himself the trouble to peruse this most ancient book of law, he would perceive the Sacred Writ forms the very basis of the British constitution, and that the spirit, and the very arrangement and forms of our law, frequently originate either in the Bible, or the constitutions of the Holy Land."

"The nature of the power of government does not seem to be fully understood; neither is its origin, nor the objects it has in view, clearly ascertained. Both with respect to the principles upon which it should be conducted, and the persons who should administer it, there are few unerring rules. In the discussions which have arisen, none have been attended with more important consequences than those which treat of the origin of power. It is a maxim assumed by a class of writers of considerable reputation, that all power springs from the people; and this dogma is gradually sinking deep into the public mind, and obtaining the force of an incontrovertible truth. The writings of Locke in this country contributed much to the introduction of this opinion. But if all power springs from the people, it must follow as a consequence that all power must return to them; where it begins there it must end, and all laws must be subject to their caprice. The effects of this belief are already felt in the unsettled state of even the most powerful governments of Europe. Perpetual mistrust and contention seem to have arisen between the governors and the governed; society appears on the point of dividing itself into parties, each considering its interests as different and irreconcilable; it is also left exposed to the risks attendant on constant changes, or even to the chance of possessing no government, in case the people, the supposed source of supreme power, should choose to withdraw its support. By the people also, in the sense in which the term is generally used, mankind are considered in a mass simply with regard to numbers, and abstracted from those relations and classes, into which social order requires that men in some degree or other should be divided. The maxim, that all power originates with the people, in its most unrestricted sense, shuts out the Deity from his own creation, and leaves man to the regulation of his own conduct, except in matters in which he should be pleased to check himself. But in its more limited signification it means, that there are no powers exercised by men in governing their fellow-men which do not originate amongst themselves. But this position cannot be proved, neither is it a truth considered historically. Certain portions of power may be said in most governments to begin and end with the people; but there are also certain powers which issue from an authority superior to man. These are fixed in their principles and nature, and the people cannot annihilate them without a violation of the laws of duty and good sense, and of good and evil; and the breaking them would, as is usual on similar occasions, bring with it its own punishment. The persons exercising these powers may be responsible to the people for their proper use, and the joint consent of the people may be necessary to their right action. But neither the power, the right, nor the privileges, nor the purposes for which they were instituted, originated with man, and therefore they cannot properly be set aside by man. These maxims are not agreeable to the political philosophy prevalent in the present century, but traces of them may be found in every age, and in many nations, but chiefly in our own, blended with other ancient and present usages."

Our last quotation pretty clearly expounds the position taken up by the learned author; and, it will be conceded, most skilfully maintained on Christian, historical, and philosophical principles. When he proceeds to argue for the British constitution (no matter how impaired by time or abuses) on account of its being built on the Mosaic laws and the practice of the Jews, we hardly think his reasoning worth notice. The following is more curious:

"It is a most important mistake to suppose, that because our Saviour has said his kingdom is not of this world, that it is not of this earth; yet this mistaken interpretation has of late led many authors to quote this expression as authority for decrying the union of the church and state. In the earlier and happier ages of mankind, these powers were one; they have a natural attraction, and there are many prophecies which point to their final reunion."

Again:

"There is," he says, "the despotism of one and the despotism of the many; and though apparently different and opposite, yet they move in the same circle, generating each other in their movements. To these, on either side, the privileged orders present an immovable barrier; and if they are not removed, they will, in the present age, perform their duty in rescuing the people themselves from the danger that will surround them, should they act upon the maxim that all power springs from them. The people are free to choose and to recognise, but there are some powers they can neither create nor extinguish; and these are the guardians of substantial liberty; between these our historians recount perpetual struggles; but these only shew and prove the efficacy of these privileged orders in securing the state, by the powers balanced between them. The rights vested in the crown are marked out, in a great measure, by the titles which the early law-writers give the king. He is not in law a part of either the estate of the realm, or of parliament, but is recognised as an antecedent pre-existent authority. He has a prerogative, or a presupposed power. This state maxim may be traced in the patriarchal institutions of the Cymri; as the father of the nation, all the land was held of him. In the Saxon writings, he is called *Christis Gespelia*, or Messenger of Christ; and in the Latin, the *Vicarius Christi*; the *caput et principium et finis* of the different estates; and his public and private rights and property are mixed together and almost inseparable, and held exactly as the rights of any freeholder; liable, like them, to forfeiture on misconduct, but as secure and immovable where the duty is done. * * *

"As the present House of Lords are the chiefs of that estate of the realm who held regalities of the crown, it will sufficiently account for their being the supreme court of justice; they always presided in their own courts, they made collectively the supreme court of judicature for the empire; but the power still remained with the privilege of primogeniture, or those who represented it. In no period of our

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history have the Commons ever pretended to act as a court of judicature, except during Cromwell's usurpation; and should they ever attempt to seize this power, this act alone would enslave the country. At the consecration, the peers of parliament still take the oath of fealty and homage; but no lord of a manor, unless a lord of parliament, probably even knows that there is such an oath, but remains in total ignorance of the principles upon which the manorial rights were granted, and the duties connected with them. But the general position of the peers in the constitution make them the most valuable part of it, and the natural trustees of its most ancient and important privileges and laws. So long as a nation shall have dignity and virtue to consider the preservation of the principles upon which the religion, the laws, and the customs of their country have been founded of more importance than mere money-matters; so long will the House of Peers be considered as superior in importance as it is in rank and age. The Commons, as an estate of the realm, are as old as the Lords temporal or spiritual. But the House of Commons, as an estate of parliament, is of much later date. The rise and progress of the Commons demonstrate some important truths, not very favourable to the popular theories of the day. * * *

"The troubles at the Reformation have shewn how clearly religious and political opinions are allied; and that one cannot be disturbed without endangering the other. The British constitution is the work of the privileged orders, and those orders are inseparably connected with the Christian religion, and, in our history, this union has given them their power; without this assistance it is vain to support them: the form may remain, but the spirit that animated them, and made them effective, will be fled, and they will soon be swept away. * * *

"It is the disposition of the present generation not to submit to any power that checks the will of the people, the supposed sovereign. It is not probable, that any useless or unfounded distinctions will be long suffered to exist; and those who claim the benefit of these privileged orders cannot expect to enjoy them, and, at the same time, trifle with or deny the religion that supports them; both have moved so long united in the course of time, that there is no reason to mistrust their energy to carry the country through the untried difficulties and dangers that may await the remainder of their course. But the foundations of the state and church were laid at the same time in these islands; and it is matter of doubt whether the one could exist at all, and the other exist in security, without this junction. It is one of the many advantages attending the Christian religion, that it makes men sensible of the corruption of their own nature, and consequently of the necessity of government. There is a natural affinity, and a moral attraction, between certain principles of government and the truths of revelation; as there is, on the contrary part, between modern political philosophy and infidelity. The perfectibility of man, the sovereignty of the people, and tenets similar to these, are generally found leagued with religious scepticism. But it may be reasonably doubted, whether a modern philosopher, as he recedes from revelation, does not in that proportion become incapable of legislating for man. He cannot form any correct notions of the being for whom he has to provide laws. He will not allow, and consequently he cannot guard against, the evils with which human nature is surrounded. He is ignorant of the elements of which man is composed, of his real position as a creature in the scale of being, and of the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed. Amongst other blunders, writers of this description are continually imputing the miseries of mankind to the errors of government, when, in truth, the faults are mutual, and a corrupt people necessarily produce a corrupt government. This view of life drawn by philosophy excites an intercourse of perpetual agitation and jealousy, in which its business is conducted, as if one class was necessarily in a state of natural hostility with another, and that they were ordained to hate and prey on each other: but these angry feelings are of modern date, and they are the result of the false view of their own circumstances, which the writers of the present day hold out to the people; but the subordination of former times was ready, cheerful, and even affectionate. In all classes a dignified submission was found, to use the language of Burke, which was produced by the nature of the feelings from whence it arose: but it may prove, that society having been ruled by these feelings so long, cannot be governed without them."

We have quoted somewhat largely from this work, as the production of a learned man, and once professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford, and also as treating of a subject much discussed at this period; but we desire it to be understood that we have done so, simply to do justice to the publication, without adopting its opinions.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXVII. Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees, in 1830, Vol. II. By Derwent Conway. Edinburgh, 1831. Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THOUGH this volume has been *out* some time, we could only now find space to render the justice due to it.

Mr. Conway is one of our very pleasantest tourists; he travels for the benefit of others as well as his own. Lively and accurate, we know few pages that so exactly picture what they describe. One cause perhaps is, that our traveller has really seen what he writes about: his notes are taken on the spot, hence they have the animation of life, and the interest of truth. We shall collect a few of the most miscellaneous varieties.

"The Place Bellecour of Lyons is a much finer square than the only square in Paris, the Place Vendôme; and the greater part of it has been erected since the Revolution of 1793. At that period it was the scene of dreadful outrage. The destruction of this square was made a republican *fête*. The infamous barbarian Couthon, who was too infirm to walk, was carried round the Place on a palanquin, and gave the signal of destruction by striking the condemned house with a small hammer, saying, at the same time, '*Maison, je te frappe de mort!*'"

There is much truth in the ensuing remarks:

"It is not at all uncommon to find, in the page of the traveller, some such observation as this — 'The city presents a magnificent and almost magical effect when viewed at a distance. As you approach, it seems a city of palaces; but, no sooner do you enter it, than the delusion is at an end; the streets are narrow and gloomy; you are at once shut in among high walls, and shut out from the light of day.' So talks many an intelligent traveller; and indeed, I scarcely know any book of travels in southern countries, in which narrow streets are not spoken of as a blot upon many a fine city. Now, so far from agreeing with these travellers, I bless narrow streets, and almost feel inclined to doubt, whether those who speak so much in disparagement of them, have in reality visited the places where their blessings are felt. The peculiarities of every country are chiefly referable to their climate; and there is equal wisdom in the brick floors, dark apartments, and narrow streets of the southern cities, as in the thickly matted rooms and heated stoves of the north. Peculiarities in the usages of the people, also, arise from the climate in which they live; and customs that would justly excite astonishment in one country, ought not to create even a smile in another. Without a due consideration of the influences and results of climate upon the habits of the people in different countries, a traveller is apt to draw many false conclusions. He might conclude, that in Naples, or in Seville, there is more distress among the lower orders than in London, because, in these cities, he sees hundreds lying asleep during the night in the streets; but the same persons who are houseless in Seville, would not be houseless in London. Some miserable hovel would receive them. It is merely that the climate measures the scale of necessities."

The French do not appear to be very great favourites with our author.

"With the recollection of these *tables d'hôte* fresh in my memory, I cannot resist the opportunity that seems to be open to me in this volume, of calling in question the correctness of two very common, but very erroneous opinions. One of these is, that the French are the most polite people in the world. Now, I think precisely the reverse; and that the middle classes of Frenchmen have the smallest share of true politeness of any people in the world. A very selfish man cannot be polite; and a very self-conceited man cannot be polite; and I think no one who understands much of French character will hesitate to admit, that it is not untinctured by selfishness or vanity. No place is better suited than a *table d'hôte* for discovering these weaknesses, especially the former; and I think it impossible that one can rise from a *table d'hôte* in any part of France, without an unfavourable impression of French character, particularly of French politeness. Happy is the man who, at a French *table d'hôte*, is seated near the president or general carver; or who has the courage to be independent of etiquette, by drawing towards him whatever dish he fancies, and helping himself, without regarding his neighbours. I have a hundred times been surprised at the cool effrontery with which a Frenchman will sweep the eatable morsels from a dish of *volaille*, and pass the bare bones to his neighbour with the prettiest bow of invitation, and perhaps even, '*Monsieur, veut-il prendre un morceau de volaille?*' when all the *volaille* has been transferred to his own plate. But another failing besides selfishness contributes towards the incivility of a Frenchman at a *table d'hôte*—I mean his love of eating. Here I come to the other erroneous opinion entertained of the French—that they are small eaters. The French are enormous eaters; and I do not really think there are in the character of the French any more prominent features than their love of eating what is good, and their love of eating much. The French endeavour to get over the charge by saying, that if they eat of many things, they take little of each. This is far from the truth. A Frenchman will take of soup and *bouilli* alone, as much as would suffice for the dinner of an Englishman of moderate appetite. But

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this is only the commencement of his dinner: his *côtelette* is to come, his *poisson* is to come, his *volaille*, his *rôti*, his *gibier*, his *légumes*, his *crême*, his desserts; and along with this he devours—for *eat* would not half express the eagerness of the action—he devours as much bread as would serve the household of an English family for a day; and while he thus gormandises, he will turn round to you, and say, '*Vous autres mangent beaucoup, plus que nous.*' And let it be recollected, that it is not once a day, but twice or three times, that a Frenchman makes the tour of soup and beef, and cutlet and fowl, and roast, and vegetables, and dessert. His *déjeûné à la fourchette* scarcely differs from his dinner; and his supper is only a third edition of the same; and yet people are so absurd as to say that the French eat little. I lay it down as a general position, that every Frenchman is an epicure; and that epicurism is not unfrequently allied with gluttony. I have never been the people of any country lay so great a stress upon their dinner as the French. *Bon diner* is scarcely ever out of their mouths; and not French *men* only, but French *women* also, married women at least, are entitled to be classed among the epicures. I ought not to be entirely ignorant of French propensities and habits, for I have spent altogether five years in France; and I wish I possessed as much the power, as I have the inclination, to draw a true portrait of French character."

Again:—"One of the days I spent at Montpelier chanced to be some great *jour de fête*. In the evening the promenade was illuminated, and all the inhabitants of Montpelier assembled there. Griefs, cares, regrets, anxieties, seemed all to have been left at home. There were holyday faces there by thousands, as well as holyday dresses; and I believe the hearts and minds had their holyday too. One grand distinction between French and English character lies in this,—that when the English determine to be happy, they never succeed; while, on the other hand, when the morning of a holyday arrives, when a *jour de fête* invites a Frenchman to join in its gaieties, he resolves to enjoy himself, and his resolution is carried into effect; he is always ready to say,

> To-night, at least to-night be gay,
> Whate'er to-morrow bring.

How extraordinary a riddle is French character! Made up of contradictions, it defies the philosopher, and staggers the phrenologist, with all his skill in balances and neutralisations; though, I confess, I think these seeming contradictions may be explained more satisfactorily by the disciple of the school of many organs, than by the believer in the mind one and indivisible. An enthusiast in war, an enthusiast in science, an enthusiast in trifling, and yet no real enthusiast after all—for how can there be enthusiasm in a people destitute of poetry and sentiment? A Frenchman seems to be an inexplicable being. But all the apparent contradictions in his character have their origin, I suspect, in one passion—national vanity. It is not the love of fighting that leads a French army from Paris to Moscow, but *la gloire*. The *philosophe* who sits at his midnight lamp, cannot contemplate his triumph and discoveries, without mixing them up with *la gloire* of another kind—the scientific reputation of *la grande nation*. And when a Frenchman hurries to the *Théâtre Français*, to witness the representation of a comedy of Molière, or a tragedy of Racine or Voltaire, a view to his own gratification is not the sole impelling motive; he fancies—nay, he is sure—that *la comédie Française* is the most perfect in the world; that there never was but one Racine, or one Voltaire; and that it is a duty to uphold and patronise that which so nearly concerns the glory of his country. The national vanity of the French is boundless and incurable. It embraces the whole range of the arts and sciences—all that in which men contend for pre-eminence, or pride themselves in. It is this that carries a Frenchman to the *Académie de Musique*, to listen to the worst music in the world—this that crowds the gallery of the French school of painting, and leaves the Italian school neglected—this that produces a thousand copies of David, and not one of Raphael, or Titian, or Murillo—this that endured the despotism of Louis XIV., because he was the vainest of kings, and loved *la gloire*—this that tore down the bastile, murdered a king, and abjured God, because such things were a spectacle for the world to gaze at—this that received the yoke of Napoleon, because the spectacle of revolution was no longer new, and because his ambition and *la gloire Française* went hand in hand—this that encouraged industry, commerce, and manufactures, during fifteen years, because France could not be great without them—and, finally, this that now threatens to desolate Europe with the scourge of war, because *la grande nation* is beginning to be forgotten. Much good and much evil has arisen from the predominance of a passion like this; but it is evidently impossible to calculate upon the actions of a people who are so governed."

Anecdotes.

"I was amused at a small town between Montpelier and Bezières, at which I stopped to dine, with the conversation of a French gentleman at the *table d'hôte*, who entertained the company with an explanation of the reason why the English travel so much. He said this was owing to a disease brought on by the fogs; that it was called in France *la maladie noir*; that its symptoms were low spirits, and a desire to move from one place to another; and that the only cure was foreign travel. He appealed to me, whether or not he spoke the truth; and, as I really thought he had described the disease fairly, I admitted that he was right; and that, before I left England, I was grievously afflicted with it. * * *

"The soldier who accompanied me round the citadel complained bitterly of inaction, and the long continuance of peace. I asked him, what country he and his comrades would like to make war upon—l'Espagne? At the mention of so unworthy an enemy as Spain, he only smiled. I next mentioned Russia;—he shrugged his shoulders, as if he would have said, that fighting against frost and snow was no fighting at all. I then mentioned England; he said the English and French were best in friendship;—'*cependant*,' added he, significantly. I knew the force of the word, and saw that the idea was not disagreeable: but it is upon Prussia that the French desire to take vengeance. The mention of Prussia called forth a '*sacre*.' He said he was ready, and all Frenchmen were ready, to march against Prussia. I have never found any variation in this statement in France. The French hate the Prussians even more than they hate the English; and I think it may be safely predicted, that, should a French army ever set foot on Prussian soil, it will be a war of extermination. * * *

"In the vault of the Cordeliers there was formerly a number of dead bodies, so well preserved as almost to emulate life. I mention this only, because, about forty years ago, a tragical event was connected with this vault. The son and heir of one of the first families in Thoulouse engaged, for a wager, to spend an hour at midnight among the dead bodies. He went; but not returning, his companions sought him, and found him in the inside of the open door, dead. The key of the vault was found in the door, and a part of his clothes entangled with it. He had no doubt opened the door, and, upon endeavouring to go forward, had found himself held—and fear had done the rest." This is also an old English story, only in our version the *finale* is not so tragic.

"The summit of one of the towers is called *Pierre de l'Aigle*, from the following tradition:—Charlemagne laid siege to the castle, and, not being able to take it by assault, resolved to force it to a capitulation by starvation. But Mirat, the lord of the castle, chanced to be an especial favourite of Notre Dame du Puy (St. Pé), and she sent an eagle to the summit of the castle, carrying in its beak a large fish alive. Mirat, taking advantage of this miracle, sent the fish to Charlemagne, as a proof that the garrison was not without food; and Charlemagne, knowing that a live fish could not be had on the top of the hill, perceived that it was a miracle; and, finding that Mirat was under the protection of the Lady of Puy, proposed less hard conditions, and that, in place of surrendering the castle to him, it should be surrendered to Notre Dame du Puy. It is strange, that the Lady of St. Pé should have taken so great a fancy to Mirat, who was not a Christian; but the tradition adds, that he was afterwards baptised."

Specimen of difference in taste.

"The expense of accommodation at St. Sauveur differs, not according to its excellence, but almost solely according to its situation. The place consists of one very small street; the front-rooms look into the street, and the back-rooms over the Gave, and towards the delightful scenery I have attempted to describe; for one side of the street is built upon the precipice above the river. The expense of those rooms which are in the back part of the house, is therefore double the expense of those which look towards the street. I was beginning to despair of finding a room to my mind, when a French gentleman, who occupied an apartment towards the river, politely offered to cede his apartment: but he was candid enough not to disguise the motive of his apparently civil offer; he said he was tired of his room, and that it was *ennuyeux* to look always at mountains and rivers."

Predilection of the French for every thing Parisian.

"Leaving Paris in the diligence for Aix-la-Chapelle, I chanced to observe, in conversation with a French gentleman, that I was tired of plains, and that a country without mountains could not be interesting; and, observing that a lady opposite seemed to listen to the conversation, I turned to her, and said, 'You have no mountains, madam, in Paris.' '*Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur*,' said she with the utmost seriousness; and, with something of an offended air, '*nous avons les Montagnes Russes.*' 'Ah! *c'est vrai*,' I replied; '*mille pardons!*'"

We reserve a few more pleasant anecdotes for our next No.

Ode to Wellington. By a Labouring Cottager. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1831. Watson.

THOMAS POYNTER, jun. of North End, Fulham, is the individual who furnishes us with this bright example of the "March of Intel-

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lect," and startling illustration of the advantages to be derived from the "spread of knowledge!" He, it seems, carried on a controversy with Major Cartwright, in 1818, respecting the sex of Liberty. The Major, he tells us, "insisted that *it* was a *masculine virtue*, while I had arrayed her in the garb of the female sex." But the most important part of this dispute, at the present time, is, that Mr. Poynter, jun. declares, "I shall not now alter my opinion. *The fighting girls of Paris* have convinced me that it is not entirely a *masculine virtue*."

This momentous affair, however, is only settled in a note; the gist of the publication is in rhyme, or Fulham North End poesy. Mr. Poynter, jun., at the very outset, points to the source of his inspiration, which is nothing else than "blue eyes;" for, apostrophising England, he sings:

"Yes! joy upon her rocky shore
Shall echo to the waves;
Her blue-eyed girls condemned no more
To basely 'suckle slaves.'
Oppression's darkest night has past!
Our blue-eyed girls shall sing."

And at the close—

"But Liberty, triumphant now
In England's glorious isle,
Shall speed the shuttle and the plough—
Her blue-eyed girls shall smile."

Far be it from us to follow the bard whither all the infatuation of these blue eyes leads him: he is the most excursive of writers, annihilating time and space with wonderful facility and rapidity. Here we have Rodney and Digby fighting

"Near to the Cane-isles'* shore;"

and next line the burst—

"Spirit of Ney,† inspire my lay."

And so, by leaps, we are carried from one subject to another, and not only from one end of the world to another, but to new worlds, Tartarus, fairies, visions, ghosts, &c. &c. &c., and all, as the showmen with their boxes say, in the wonderful small size of sixteen pages. These pages, however, are quite enough to "spill the proud renown" of the Duke of Wellington, of whom it is finely, though not very intelligibly, said:

"Russia's barbaric chief might hail,
And clasp thee to his breast;
On every other land thou'd fail
To have thy footsteps prest."

How different was Cincinnatus!

"No pension-seeking slave was he;"

he was simply the Roman Dictator, invested with absolute power; and yet

"What must have felt Attilia's heart,
When, with the wreath of victory
Returned, he'd to his plough depart,
Leaving his laurels on her knee?"

which beautiful stanza we the rather quote, for the sake of the affecting appeal attached to it in a note. "I leave," says Thomas Poynter, jun. "the loving wives of Englishmen to answer this question. Married ladies, help me—do, my dears!"

Oh! the ingratiating tief o' the world!—we must leave him alone with his "dears" in his glory.

Millman's Tales, adapted for the higher Classes of Youth. 12mo. pp. 310. London, 1831. Souter.

THE writer supposes the family of a Colonel Stanley, for whose edification certain tales are recited; and circumstances are imagined to prove the importance of correcting erroneous feelings and dispositions, and of implanting, instead, sound principles and a just mode of thinking. Without laying claim either to elegance of style, or to much ingenuity in the way of invention, there is sufficient ability displayed in this volume to recommend it to the class for which it has been composed. It is likely to excite an interest in the young; its precepts are good, and its whole tendency morally beneficial. We do not know how the authoress reconciles the ages of the Stanley family with the usual periods between children of one mother; for according to her statement (pp. 2, 3), it would appear that John was 15 years of age, Matilda 14, William (not a twin) also 14, Henry 12¾, and Julia 12. In books of instruction it is desirable to be very accurate, even in family matters.

A Trip to Paris, in Verse. By T. S. Allen, author of "Original Rhymes." Pp. 113. Dudley. London, 1831. Hurst and Co.

THEY say poetry is a drug now, and does not sell. We hope it does, for surely else

All Bedlam or Parnassus is broke loose.

It is melancholy to see such things in print; and the only consolation is, that the folly is innocuous, except to persons in our situation, who must have a portion of time wasted by such absurdities.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Religious Customs, &c. of the Natives on the Gold Coast of Africa. By Major Ricketts.

IN every town of consequence, pynins (a kind of magistrate) are chosen by the inhabitants — generally from among the elder males — for the purpose of hearing and determining upon all complaints. The pynins are also the council of the caboceer, or chief of the place; with whom they sit in court or council on any important question of public interest. They wear, when employed in their official duty, a peculiarly constructed hat of straw, round the crown of which is tied a vine, emblematic of wisdom. Some of the natives possess great eloquence, and shew much animation and cleverness when pleading a cause in which they feel interested.

The fetishmen, so called from being supposed to possess supernatural powers, are exceedingly artful and full of deceit; they infuse into the minds of the people the seeds of superstition, with the view of being consulted on every occasion of trouble. An individual who has been robbed, or has experienced some other calamity, immediately consults a fetishman to discover the thief, or cause of the evil; who, after making use of some pretended magic art, and having obtained answers to questions put by him to the applicant, unhesitatingly denounces some unfortunate being as the robber or witch; and nothing can exonerate the accused, if he be poor, from the charge thus imputed to him, although circumstances might tend to prove him innocent of the crime. The fetishmen, or priests, are without difficulty bribed, which they accept under the cloak of having first consulted the deity, who had agreed to receive a certain sum. They will also afterwards demand more money in the name of the fetish, whom they will state as not being satisfied. So great is the dread of the natives to offend the fetish, that they even pawn their own children to raise the means of appeasing his wrath; as if implicit obedience should not be paid, horrid expedients are resorted to; and should forgiveness be implored, the avenging fetish expects a handsome present before he is reconciled.

When a person is afflicted with any alarming disease, application for relief is made to the fetishman, who, perhaps, will order an egg near hatching, or a chicken, to be laid on a certain spot in some highway, in order to transfer the complaint to the person who might unthinkingly tread upon it. Passengers noticing any of these charms lying in their way, avoid them with the greatest caution, and no one will dare to remove them out of the path.

At Cape Coast, the women, who are generally employed on this great occasion, called the yam custom, (celebration of the yam harvest,) make public offerings in a body to the great fetish; which is a large rock lying close to the walls of the castle. It breaks the great waves of the sea that incessantly dash against it, and thus preserves the fortification from injury by the surge. The waves come with such fury at times, that the spray is sent completely over the ramparts. Another great fetish which they have is a salt-pond, about a mile from, and to the westward of the castle; in which, at certain periods of the year, large and delicious mullets are taken. Previous to the offering, consisting generally of yams, eggs, palm-oil, and the blood of some animal, being made, the women, with their faces and limbs chalked, parade the town in a body, each carrying her own portion in a calabash, or an earthen vessel. They then visit the rock, on which they deposit their oblations; and no sooner do they depart, than the turkey-buzzards, apparently aware of what is going on, approach and devour the offerings. These birds are so very tame that they will hardly get out of a person's way; and it is considered a great offence to the fetish to destroy any of them. Every family of consequence have also their own private fetish, which they keep concealed in their houses, but denote its presence there by signs hung outside on the doors. This has a great effect in deterring thieves from the premises.

They bury the dead in their houses. The death of a member of a family is promulgated by discharges of musketry; and the females with their friends publicly lament the event. On the day appointed for interring the deceased, the different branches of the family, with their bodies, faces, and limbs chalked, and dressed out in all their finery, parade the streets separately, following a chest containing bottles filled with ardent spirits, with a piece of cloth laid on the top of the chest, which is carried by a young female. In this manner each branch of the family, singing as they proceed, arrive at the place of burial. If any of the relations refuse to contribute to the expenses of the funeral, they are for ever after scouted—hence this parade of spirits and cloth. The scene which takes place, from the profuse use of the former both by men and women, and their lamentations, added to the stunning noise of the drums—the discharges of musketry, generally over-loaded—and the piercing voices of the singing-men, who come at times from great distances to partake of the libations, and for hire—can better be imagined than described. These scenes of revelry, if the deceased was of consequence, last frequently for a week; and repetition of it commonly takes place every seven years after, which, if possible, is still more expensive; and families, on such occasions, have been obliged to pawn some part of themselves in order to bear the expense. Cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, are purchased,

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* Have looked Guthrie's Geography and Malte Brun, but cannot find out these islands: perhaps it is Canailles' shore, the Canaille being mentioned in the French dictionary. — *Printer's Devil.* A happy conjectural emendation.—*Ed. passim.*

† Quære, Nay? Marshal Ney is called "the premier grenadier of France," and no one ever invoked the spirit of a premier grenadier to inspire poetry.—*Printer's Devil.*

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and with the assistance afforded by friends, the scene of riot is kept up for many days.

The birth of a child is announced by discharges of musketry. The women are not confined after the event, but proceed in their occupations, as if nothing had taken place.

When a young female becomes marriageable, she is dressed out in the gayest manner her friends can afford, with a profusion of gold ornaments; and a number of small silver keys, hung on a silver ring, is suspended by a string round her waist, and hang down low in front of her. She is then paraded round the town, to give notice that she is marriageable. The young lady pays visits to all her friends and acquaintances, who congratulate her on the happy event, and make her presents.

At a certain period when a female is pregnant with her first child, she is taken to the sea-side, or to some other place where the water is dedicated to the fetish, and ducked. On her way she is pelted by her friends with dirt and filth, which she calmly bears, conceiving it an honour done her. The ceremony being ended, she is clothed in new drapery, and returns home amidst shouts of congratulation.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

To the Editor of the Lisbon Gazette.

In the Gazette of August 13th, 1831, I find the following article under the head of Paris, July 22d:—

"The cholera morbus appeared for the first time in 1817, in the Delta of the Ganges. Jessore is the native country of the cholera morbus. It is well to know this, considering how little we are acquainted with this disorder."

Notwithstanding this positive assertion, I must be allowed to say, that I think it very difficult to assign exactly the native country of the cholera morbus, or to mark the exact date of its origin. If but little is known respecting the disorder, in this case the blame must fall on those who might have known more had they taken the trouble to inquire.

If the cholera morbus appeared for the first time in 1817 in the Delta of the Ganges, be it so; but the cholera morbus was much older in India, and was known at least 240 years before that date; for in 1563 there was published, by Dr. Garcia da Horta, a native of Elvas (a very able, learned, and diligent Portuguese physician), a treatise in the Portuguese language, in which he states very clearly what the cholera morbus is, under different names, its principal causes, its symptoms, and the mode of curing it. The title of this treatise is "*Colloquios*, or the simples and medicaments of India, and of some medicinal plants found there; treating of some things pertaining to practical medicine, and other useful information. Goa, per Joannes de Edem a 10 de Abril 1563." So we read in Barbosa, *Bibliotheca Lusitana*, tom. ii. p. 325.

This invaluable work is not to be met with either in Portuguese or Latin: it is not in the public library at Lisbon, nor in some others where I inquired for it. However, in the library of our Convent of Nossa Senhora de Jesus at Lisbon, there are two Latin editions of Dr. Garcia da Horta's work, which are of the number of those mentioned by Barbosa as published in Antwerp. I have before me the fourth edition, which bears the following title: "Aromatum, et simplicium aliquot Medicamentorum apud Indos nascentium Historia, primum quidem Lusitanica lingua,...conscripta, a D. Garcia ab Horto, pro Regia Indiæ Medico: deinde Latino sermone in epitomen contracta et iconibus ad vivum expressis, completioribusque annotationibus illustrata a Carolo Clusio Atrebate. Quarta editio, castigatior, et aliquod locis auctior. Antverpiæ, ex officina Plantiniana, apud Viduam, et Joannem Moretum, 1593. Cum gratia et privilegio."

In chap. xxii. p. 207, after speaking of *cursus*, he thus writes:—

"Sed quoniam in cholericæ passionis mentionem incidimus, ejus causas, signa, et curandi rationem hic subjiciemus.

"χολέρα Græcis, cholera Latinis (vulgus medicorum cholericam passionem nominat), Indis Morxi, id est, malum ob nimiam cibi ingurgitationem contractum, Lusitanis vocabulum corrumpentibus Mordexi, Arabibus Hachaiza, tametsi corrupte legatur apud Rhazen Saida, morbus est acutissimus, his præsertim regionibus, præsentibusque eget remediis. Nam plerumque intra viginti quatuor, interdum vero decem horarum spatium hominem necat; et quando tardissime, quarto die.

"*Causæ.*—Solet accidere ob multam eruditatem, aut alimentorum pravitatem, interdum etiam ob immodicum veneris usum, idque magna ex parte Junio et Julio, qui sunt Indis menses hiberni.

"*Signa.*—Pulsus languidus est et concisus, difficilis respiratio; sequitur frigidus sudor foris, intus vero incendium et sitis, oculi connivent, vigilias torquent, frequens vomitus, et per inferna excretio, ut tandem virtus expultrix plane concidat, et subsequatur musculorum contractio et tensio.

"*Curatio.*—Danda est opera, ut confestim et sine mora succurratur; ventriculus vitiosis humoribus primum evacuetur medicamento vomitum ciente, quale est quod hordei et cumini decocto (quod in hoc morbo efficax remedium esse comperi constat): alvus vero clystere ex hordei et furfuris decocto, oleo rosaceo, inquam, oleo rosarum, et melle rosaceo colato eluatur: corpus universum pannis asperis et calefactis fricetur, collum, dorsum, et crura calidis oleis inungantur, quale est castorinum et rutaceum. Ubi exacta apparuerit concoctio, datur ægro stillatitius liquor perdicis, aut gallinæ pinguis, e qua pinguedo exempta sit; deinde cum pauxilla aqua canellæ et rosaceæ, momentoque corallii et auri, injecta oydenia frustulatim concisa; quæ si recentia non inveniantur, muria condita, prius tamen albo vino dilnta. Aqua nulla propinetur, aut, si omnino opus est, pauxillum detur, in qua aurum ignitum extinctum sit: interdum viuum cum canella, tametsi in victus ratione hujusmodi calida raro præscribam, sed feris duntaxat admoveam (roborando videlicet ventriculo) inunctione ex oleo mastichino et nardino, deinde canella facta.

"Peculiaria vero sunt remedia theriaca vino aut aqua rosacea, aut stillatitio canellæ liquore macerata, pro necessitatis ratione, unicornu, lignum colubrinum, radix Malacensis, de quibus libro primo. Præsentius vero remedium non inveni tribus granis lapis bezar (male vulgo scribitur lapis bezuar), cujus supra memini; mirum enim in modum cordis vires reficit.

"Porro cum morbum Indici medici hac ratione curant. Propinant ægris aquam decoctionis oriza cum pipere et cumini; pedibus cauteria admovent, piper longum in oculos injiciunt: adversus autem musculorum contractiones et tensiones, validis ligaturis brachia, cruraque ad genua, deinde ad pedes usque constringunt, et suum pectre edensum (?) exigent."

As some may doubt whether *passio cholerica* be the disorder in question, it may be proper to observe, that this name, as well as *diarrhea cholerica*, means the same as cholera morbus. *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, Paris, 1813, tom. v. And I repeat the above remark—"it is well to know this, considering how little we are acquainted with this disorder."

The other edition, which, as I said, is in the library of this convent, is also, "Antverpiæ: ex officina Christophori Plantini, Architypographi Regii CIↃ. IↃ. LXXIIII." It is not stated what edition it is; but page 216 has exactly the same Latin text that I have copied above.

Whoever desires any information respecting Garcia da Horta, or Orta, as Barbosa writes—how eminent he was for his literary acquirements, and how much celebrity his treatise obtained him in Europe—may consult the *Bibliotheca Lusitana* of Barbosa, in the place above quoted.

FR. MANOEL REBELLO DA SILVA.

Convent of Nossa Senhora de Jesus,
20th August, 1831.

STEAM BISCUITS.

OUR readers will recollect that we some time ago gave an account of the new process of making biscuits by steam, which was then introduced at the victualling-yard, Portsmouth. Since that period the manufactory has been continued and improved, and we have now on our table a specimen-biscuit of last week's batch. It presents us with the latest improvement, which though very obvious and simple, is one of much utility, consisting merely in the form of the biscuit, which is hexagonal instead of the usual round shape. It will immediately appear how much more suitable this is for stowage than the round biscuit, how much better it will pack for keeping, and how much less room it will occupy. Thousands of hexagons, cut by the machine with mathematical precision, can be placed both laterally and in perpendicular layers without losing an inch; while in the round, there was almost as much of waste space as of solid package. The importance of the change on ship-board is of great advantage, and "as round as a biscuit" will soon be an antiquarian saying.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Volcanic Island, &c. From a Sketch by an Officer of H.M.S. St. Vincent. On stone by Hagbe. R. Ackermann.

A SINGULAR, and, we dare say, very accurate representation of this remarkable phenomenon. The dash of smoke, water, lava, clouds, is tremendously beautiful. By one of our varieties it will be seen, that this picture is probably all that is left of the New Island; and, consequently, it may be known to future geographers as *Ackermann's Isle*, and not *Graham's*, as attempted by seamen, out of compliment to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Cathedral Antiquities of England. No. I. Hereford Cathedral, No. III. Longman and Co.

THIS concluding portion of the "History and Illustration of Hereford Cathedral" is worthy of the work of which it forms a part; and we cannot give it higher praise. We know no man whose talents and perseverance, and whose fidelity to the engagements which he makes with the public, better entitle him to encouragement and reward than Mr. Britton. It is with pain, therefore, that we read the following passage in his address:

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"Authorship has rarely produced fortune to its professors; but it brings enjoyments above the common pursuits of life; and hence it has induced many men of sensibility and studious habits to embroil themselves in its countless anxieties and cares. The writer of the *Cathedral Antiquities* has had an ample share of these, but he is still impelled onward,—he is buoyed up by hope; and although 'the enlightened and liberal public,' as it is flatteringly called, has not yet remunerated him, he is not inclined to despair or retire. If encouraged by no other reward, he has had a fair portion of amusement and excitement, as well as the applauding comments of many critical journals, and of distinguished antiquaries, who feel an interest in and can duly appreciate such publications. In prosecuting the *Cathedral Antiquities*, he has devoted nearly twenty years of an active, anxious life, zealously devoted to the subject; and had public encouragement kept up rather than damped his energies, he would, ere now, have completed the illustration and historical display of all the English cathedrals. Age, however, creeps on, and imperceptibly undermines his bodily fabric and faculties, as it does the stability of churches; and all must yield to the tyranny of time. Feeling, as is natural at the age of sixty, some cuts and scratches from his sithe, and the impossibility of guarding against others which he daily aims at legs, arms, eyes, and heart, it becomes necessary to prepare for a final settlement with him, conscious that he will make out a balance in his favour."

We trust that this "balance" will not be struck for many years; and in the meanwhile, we strongly recommend the world of taste and elegant literature, not to delay discharging its arrears to one to whom it is so deeply indebted.

Villa Rustica. Selected from Buildings and Scenes in the Vicinity of Rome and Florence, and arranged for Lodges and Domestic Dwellings; with Plans and Details. By Charles Parker, Architect. Part I. Carpenter and Son.

THIS promises to be a very pleasing and useful publication; as it will no doubt furnish a number of picturesque hints for the domestic architecture of this country. It is to be completed in ten or twelve Parts; each containing two designs, with ground-plans, &c. The designs in the present Part are, "Raphael's Villa, in the Borghese Gardens, near Rome," and "A Cottage on the High-road between Florence and Sienna."

The Right Hon. Lady Dover. Drawn by Sir T. Lawrence; engraved by F. C. Lewis. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

A PERFECT model to the young student in portrait-painting for the exquisite marking of features.

Henry, Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord President of the Council, 1831. Sir T. Lawrence pinx. John Bromley sculp. Colnaghi, Son, and, Co.

A STRONG likeness of the noble Marquess. The figure is disposed and drawn with great grace. We scarcely know what to make of the back-ground; the effect of which is very singular.

Illustrations of the Bible. By John Martin. Part II.

OUR first parents, hearing the voice of God after their transgression, and their subsequent expulsion from Paradise, are the subjects of the second number of Mr. Martin's bold undertaking. They are replete with the romantic landscape beauty, and with the rich accumulation of mountain scenery, for which that able artist is so justly celebrated.

Countess Grey and her Daughters, Lady Louisa Grey (now Lady Durham), and Lady Elizabeth Grey (now Lady Elizabeth Bulteel). Engraved by Samuel Cousins, from the original Picture by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

A CHARMING group, composed with the utmost elegance, and full of delightful expression. May we venture to say, that we think a little less violence of opposition in the masses would have improved the effect?

Her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, when a Child. Engraved by F. C. Louis, from an original Drawing by Sir T. Lawrence. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

If the child is "father of the man," it is no doubt equally "mother of the woman." We certainly fancy that we can trace in the strongly-marked features of this slumbering infant much of the character which animated the late lamented princess in her maturer years.

The Earl of Aberdeen, K. T. His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1830. Painted by the late Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by Samuel Cousins. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

WHEN we saw the original half-length in the Exhibition at Somerset House, it struck us to be one of Sir Thomas's happiest works; and Mr. Cousins has done it ample justice in his noble engraving. In addition to the higher qualities of resemblance and character, he has imparted to the whole, and to the drapery in particular, a breadth and a solidity which have rarely been equalled.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Translation and Paraphrase of Goethe's Lines in last Gazette.

FROM day to day, while Heaven is pleased my being to prolong,
I'll tune my lyre to gratitude, and weave it with my song.
Oh! let us prize the present time—the present, ours alone,— [own.
Futurity no earthly born may dare to call his

Though scanty locks and withering bloom
Proclaim my lengthened age,
And bending o'er the silent tomb,
I wait my closing pilgrimage,
Yet this is mine—the present hour.
Nor infancy, in warm caress,
Its mother's hope and happiness;
Nor ruddy youth, or manhood's prime,
Can boast beyond the present time.
Dependants on Almighty power,
Succeeding moments, ere they fly,
May claim us for eternity. D. L. J.

BIOGRAPHY.

PATRICK GIBSON.

SOME doubts having been expressed respecting the great age of this individual, of whom we related a few interesting anecdotes in our Numbers announcing his death and noticing the publication of his portrait, we are requested to quote the following testimony in corroboration of our own statements, derived as they were from the mouth of Gibson himself—addressed by the Bishop of Landaff to Mr. Macartan, the painter of the portrait.

"Having taken considerable pains to ascertain the fact of his great age, I am convinced of the truth of his own statement, confirmed as it was by his recollections of persons and events connected with his earlier years. One of these recollections was his being placed, when a boy, on a table in his father's house, in the parish of Knockgraffon, county Tipperary, to read to the neighbours, from the Dublin newspaper, an account of the coronation of George the Second. In that parish he was born, July 13th, 1720, O. S. There is no register of that period extant in the parish; and it is supposed by the present clergyman, that no register was then kept.

"His father, James Gibson, of Scotch extraction, was a land-surveyor, and author of a treatise on that subject. He was brought up in the same business, and lived with his father till the year 1757, when, in consequence of some family disputes, which he related with expressions of regret at his misconduct, he left home, taking with him some deeds, by which he hoped to make out a claim to lands of a deceased uncle in the United States. At Waterford, where he went to take his passage for America, he was pressed on board the Alcide, a sixty-four gun ship, commanded by Sir James Douglas.* The first lieutenant of his ship, named Palliser, recognised him, having often hunted in his neighbourhood, and persuaded him to enter the service, as he could not fail, with his education, of getting forward. He is accordingly borne on that ship's books, as I have ascertained at the Navy Office, ordinary seaman, June 21st, 1757; able seaman, October 1st, 1759; and on the 25th of March, 1761, steward to the purser. Unfortunately, the practice did not prevail then of noting the age of seamen at the time they entered. He was paid off from the Alcide, September the 7th, 1763, and in the same year was made *acting* purser of the Negro—the real purser did not go to sea (such were the abuses of these times), but employed him for many years as a deputy, at £100 a-year. In 1778 he was made purser of the Lowestoffe, and continued in the navy, employed in that capacity, till the year 1810, when he was pensioned on the superannuated list, being then ninety years of age. From that time he lived in a cottage of his own at Chelsea, enjoying uninterrupted health till the latter end of June 1831, when a shivering fit came on in bed; and after a few days' illness, he died on the 1st of July, 1831, within twenty-three days of completing his 111th year.

"Among the most remarkable of those confirmations which my casual interviews with him produced, is the following, which you are at liberty to use, as well as the preceding statements, for the purpose of verifying the case. He had been describing, with great animation, a dinner which he gave on board the Princess Royal, of 98 guns, on his return from Gibraltar, in 1784, in celebration of his own birth-day. The tables, he said, were laid in the ward-room; and to accommodate so large a number of guests, which equalled the years of his own age, 64, they were set from corner to corner each way, so as to form an X. In answer to the question, whether any of those guests were now alive, he named three or four—

* In the scuffle which took place when he was pressed, he received a cutlass wound from one of the gang, the scar of which he was wont to shew upon his muscular breast, saying, at the same time, in his rich and genuine Tipperary brogue, "By my soul! this was the only wound I ever got to be proud of, and that from a countryman, too. I got but one knock from an enemy, and that was at Quebec, where a cowardly rascal came behind me, and gave me a c—d clout on the side of the head with the but-end of his musket."—*Ed. L. G.*

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among them Captain Browell, Lieut.-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. To him, therefore, I soon after applied, through my friend Mr. Locker, one of the commissioners of the hospital, who presently enclosed to me the following answer from the lieut.-governor to himself:—

My dear sir,—When I called on old Mr. Gibson last year, he informed me of the Bishop of Llandaff's kind visit to him, and sending some person to paint his portrait. I perfectly recollect the dinner he gave to a large party on the 24th of July, 1784—(but certainly not sixty-four in number, as we dined at the ward-room table); I also recollect his then stating he was sixty-four; I said—"*Old boy*, you certainly must be more;" when he assured me he was sixty-four, and no more, being born in 1720, and that he had two aunts then living in Ireland—the youngest was 107, and that he intended to exceed her. This I was reminded of by the late General Foley, of the Marines, who was then marine officer of the Princess Royal, and died about six years ago. Capt. Motley, R.N., was then junior lieutenant of the ship; and I firmly believe he is the age he states.—I am, my dear sir, yours most truly, W. Browell.

R. H. Greenwich, 12th May, 1831.

"The slight discrepancy as to the number of guests cannot affect the credit of the main story—it rather tends to establish it: I will only add, that in all my conversations with him I was struck with the clearness of his ideas, and the correct and firm expression he gave them. He seemed to have a strong sense of religion: it was his practice to have a portion of the Bible read to him every day. His life had been uniformly temperate. His manner was rather harsh and commanding to those of his own house, but respectful and courteous to his visitors, and thankful for their conversation, which he always said gave him great satisfaction.

"Having the highest opinion of the merit of your picture,* and of the engraving, I sincerely hope these particulars may be of some service in recommending them to public notice; and I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

"E. Llandaff.

"*Deanery, St. Paul's, Sept. 10th*, 1831."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

A number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* some time ago contained an able and amusing article on extemporaneous speaking; especially on those principles of it which ought to be studied by princes. We subjoin a few of the illustrative anecdotes.

The friends of Louis XVI. lamented his inaptitude to speak with ease to those who were presented to him. Scarcely had an officer, a man of letters, or an artist, withdrawn, when this prince found something kind to say of him; the effect of which, however, was lost, as he was no longer there to hear it. In this respect Louis XVI. was admirably prompt. One day the Dauphiness seeing an officer enter with a deep scar on his countenance, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, how ugly he is!" "You are mistaken, madam," instantly replied the great monarch; "he is one of the handsomest men in my kingdom, for he is one of the bravest."†

Military eloquence is a language by itself. It must be studied; not to render it artificial—the soldier is no rhetorician—but to take the proper tone. At the first review of the troops by Charles X. an old soldier stepped from the ranks with shouldered arms, and said to him, "Sire, twenty-one years of service, thirty campaigns, and ten wounds, deserve the cross; and I have it not!" "You shall have it," said the king.

The French soldiers love to see in their leaders a vivacity correspondent to their own. The speech of Henry IV. before the battle of Ivry, may be cited as the model of an address to them: "My children," said he to his soldiers, "if in the heat of action you should stray from your colours, rally round my white plume; you will always find it on the path to honour and victory!"

In addressing a large body of troops, a leader should be very attentive to one thing; namely, to employ only such expressions as call forth the *affirmative* of his hearers. Buonaparte neglected this rule on the important 18th Brumaire. He was haranguing the troops at Saint Cloud, and instead of saying, "Is it not true that it is I whom you wish for your chief; I, who have so often conducted you to victory?" and thereby to have called forth a "Yes," which would have propagated itself throughout the whole line; he said to them, "Is it not true that you do not wish to have any more of the Directory, that feeble and contemptible government?" "No! no!" exclaimed the nearest soldiers. "Is it not true that you do not wish for anarchy?" "No! no!" they replied, in a still louder tone. But this "No," when it arrived at the last files, occasioned some hesitation among the most distant troops; who, not having heard the questions, thought that their comrades differed in opinion from the general, and did not wish for him as their chief. Added to this, it ought to be remembered that "yes" in an assembly of men always excites more enthusiasm than "no."

* Gibson was rather vain of his portrait, and was highly gratified by Mr. Badger, of the Exchequer Office, telling him he had gone to the Exhibition on purpose to see it, that it was a very good likeness, and had been honourably hung opposite the portrait of Lord Beresford.—Ed. L. G.

† This reminds me (says the author of the article) of an incident which I witnessed. At a public festival, where a lady was present with her son, the latter seeing a military man who had been amputated pass by, cried out, "Ah, mamma, look at that gentleman who has lost his leg!" "My son, do you not observe that he carries it at his button-hole?" He wore an order.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have this week before us several compositions by the Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm, and the poetry by Barry Cornwall; to which we think it but right to direct the particular attention of the musical world,—supposing that others will reap as much delight from the performance of these pieces as we ourselves have done. They are thus entitled—

"Sleep on, sleep on," (sung by Mad. Stockhausen.)
"David's Lament for Absalom," (Braham, at the Derby Festival.)
"Wine!" (Braham.)
"The Sea," (Phillips, Derby Festival.)
"King Death," (Phillips, ibid.)*

Of these various works it is difficult to say which is the most captivating. They are replete with originality and feeling; and never did music more truly accompany the words and sentiments of the poet. "King Death," for example, is exceedingly striking and peculiar. It is minor throughout, and certainly one of the most sweet and solemn productions we ever heard. The symphonies are new, and strangely adapted to the song, which we can well imagine coming with powerful effect from the noble voice of Phillips. We quote the words, which have also an unearthly strangeness about them:—

"*King Death.*

"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine.

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief oerladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine.

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine.

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledg'd them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine."

"The Sea" is another delicious composition, though entirely in a different style. We can only say, that it is equally beauteous and melodious. The part of the air to the words

"And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea."

is, to our ear, perfect harmony; and yet the whole is very simple, and easy for room singing. Perhaps we might observe the symphonies seem sometimes rather to interrupt the words. We quote also the verses (which, with the sort of bull in the last stanza, where one who had been ever changing, tells us he seeks no change) are finely written for music.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, its mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When ev'ry mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blast doth blow.
I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born:
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcom'd to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then in calm and strife
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea."

"Wine," sung by Braham, must be indeed intoxicating. "Sleep on, sleep on," is a charming air; and "David's Lament" is worthy of its companions.

* Cramer, Addison, Beale, and Co. publishers.

Cathedral Voluntaries, from the Works of Orlando Gibbons, Dr. Blow, Pelham Humphrey, Purcell, Weldon, Croft, Greene, Boyce, Cooke, Battishill, and other sterling Composers of the English School. Selected and arranged for the Organ. By Vincent Novello. No. I. London, J. A. Novello.

We are infinitely indebted to Mr. Novello for commencing a publication which must be so welcome to the lovers of our old and best English music. These recollections of the masters of our school who have passed away, promise to be as beautiful as they are interesting. The name of Vincent Novello is a sufficient guarantee for taste and judgment in the selection, and for skill in the arrangement.

She's on my Heart. Cavatina, sung by Mr. Wilson: the Poetry by Miss Jewsbury; Music by J. Macdonald Harris. Paine and Hopkins.

We do not like this quite so well as some of Mr. Harris's former compositions. The repetition of the word "morn" in the second line is bad: still the air has enough of simplicity to make it pleasant.

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DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

Two successes enlivened the business of this theatre on Thursday. The *début* of a Mr. Plumer as *Harry Bertram*, in *Guy Mannering*, and the first performance of a new interlude, entitled *John Jones*, were equally approved by the audience. Mr. Plumer possesses a very pleasing and sufficiently powerful voice, and sang with considerable taste and feeling. We can scarcely blame him for the introduction of the "Mountain Maid" and "Let Fame sound the Trumpet," as it has been so long the custom of our first vocalists to introduce catch-penny and misappropriate songs, to the exclusion of the original music; and his selection of Boieldieu's "*Ah, quel plaisir!*" for his third introduction, proves that he is capable of appreciating good music, though on a first appearance, and at the Haymarket, he thought it necessary to make some sacrifice to the Lares and Penates. The opera was followed by the new piece, for which we are indebted to Mr. Buckstone. A gentleman, a self-tormentor, who imagines he is fated to be unfortunate, and consequently is, in a great measure, the cause of his own misfortunes, is haunted by an invisible *John Jones*, who anticipates him in every project he forms, and ultimately inherits the fortune he expected, and marries the lady to whom he is engaged. The persecuted *Mr. Goodluck* is one of the richest portraits in all Mr. Farren's admirable gallery; and the persecutor, *Mr. John Jones*, alias Mr. Henry Smith, was played with his usual life and good humour by Mr. F. Vining. Mrs. Humby had too little to do, but of course got all the laughs possible in the part; and the curtain fell amidst bravos.

Mr. Kean has been acting his principal parts here for some weeks past, and, we are told, to respectable houses; but, whatever our admiration of Mr. Kean, tragedy at the Haymarket is but a melancholy farce dressed from Rag Fair, and acted, in too many instances, as if it were at Bartholomew. It is unaccountable, the predilection that exists at this theatre for doing every thing that is most out of its character and capability. Tragedy and opera upon the slightest provocation! And the doors are still kept open till past midnight! It requires a *John Jones* to keep us in decent temper when we are compelled to notice such absurd obstinacy. It carries, however, its punishment along with it.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

Here the season draws to a close, and, what may seem extraordinary, flourishes to the very end, under the *Evil Eye*. But the *Bottle Imp*, with the irresistible Keeley, has been added to the attractions, and there is no wonder that the boxes and benches are full.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

My Friend from Town, a very laughable piece, has been produced at this theatre with complete success. Green and Wilkinson support it with admirable comic humour,—the latter as a retired shoemaker of 3000*l.* per annum, aiming at literature and science, and the former as his cicerone. Their plans to accomplish *Mr. Pump's* wishes are highly amusing; and the lovers of drollery need not ask a greater treat than to see them, though defeated. That most clever creature Miss Coveney has been indisposed; but Miss Dix has supplied her place with much talent.

VARIETIES.

Ancient Coins.—A Spanish peasant, in the environs of Lugo, in Gallicia, tilling his field lately, found two earthen jars, containing several pounds weight of gold coin, of the Emperors Nero, Vespasian, Adrian, and Trajan. Though they have been buried for so many centuries, they are as fresh and perfect as if they had just been issued from the mint. Each coin weighs about two drachms and a half, and the gold is of the finest quality.—*Madrid, August* 20.

Charing Cross Hospital.—On Thursday the foundation-stone of this new, humane, and charitable building was laid by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, with full masonic ceremonies and honours. The spectacle was very fine. The Duke of Leinster, grand master of Ireland, Marquess of Ormond, Earl of Caledon, Lord Henley, Lord Dover, and other noble and distinguished patrons of the undertaking, being present and assisting.

Volcanic Isle.—Ackermann has just published a picture of the New Island on the coast of Sicily; and to shew the value of promptitude and expedition, we have to state, on the authority of a letter from Gibraltar, that the volcano itself has disappeared. As our news, however, rests on the report which had reached Gibraltar, we will not vouch for its certainty.

Coronation Anecdotes.—One would fancy that the little anecdote we related in our last, relative to the sword dropping from Lord Grey's hand during the Coronation, must have been calculated to overthrow the ministry, seeing that the *Courier* has made a long leading article upon it, on Tuesday. We really had no political design; and merely stated that sportively, with regard to what omen-mongers might say, which our saturnine contemporary has taken up with all the gravity of importance. In one point, however, we were wrong; and as we like to be right, even in trifles, we may mention, that it was not the sword of justice, but what is called the kingly sword, which the premier allowed to slip from its velvet scabbard on this occasion. This is the sword delivered after the sword of state; and as we are determined to amaze the Courier with an omen of some kind or other, we will ask the "wiseacre" of that journal, what he thinks of the Prime Minister's unsheathing the kingly sword thus? Does it not bode of war? *Bella, horrida bella.*

Male and Female Births.—M. Poisson, "on the relative proportions of male and female births in France, and on the singular circumstances which cause their variation," states that until within the last few years, the proportion of male births to females was considered as twenty-two to twenty-one; but in the year 1822 it was found, by an official report for the whole of France, to be as sixteen to fifteen; yet it was noticed, as a remarkable circumstance, that the births of natural children differed materially from this calculation. From 1817 to 1822 these births were for the whole of France 198,995 males, and 189,282 females, which are about 20½ to 19½. Since the year 1825 the official returns have been for legitimate children as sixteen to fifteen; but up to that time, for a preceding period of ten years, during which there had been 700,000 natural births, the proportion among them was as twenty-one to twenty. Various speculations have been offered as to the causes of this extraordinary difference; none of them, however, appear to account for it sufficiently: it is conjectured, that as the number of illegitimate male births in large cities exceeds the proportion which legitimate male births in the same places bear to those of the country, the dissipation of large towns has a strong influence upon the constitution of the parents, and consequently causes much of the variation here noticed.—At the same sitting, a communication was read from M. Fontenelle, stating that he had discovered, some time ago, in the environs of Narbonne, at a distance of two leagues from the cave where M. Fournal found some fossil human bones, fossil *humérous*, which he has every reason to consider human.

The Cholera.—It is worthy of remark, that the word Cholera occurs in two passages of the Bible, both in Ecclesiasticus, and in both places in connexion with directions and exhortations to a sober and temperate mode of living, which is still recommended as the best preservative against this disorder. The two passages are in the Vulgate as follow: "Noli avidus esse in omni epulatione, et non te effundas super omnem escam; in multis enim escis erit infirmitas, et aviditas approximabit usque ad *choleram*. Propter crapulam multi obierunt; qui autem abstinens est, adjiciet vitam," xxxvii. 32–34. The other passage runs thus: "Quam sufficiens est homini erudito vinum exiguum, et in dormiendo laborabis ab illo, et non senties dolorem. Vigilia, *cholera*, et tortura viro infrunito," xxxi. 22–23. In these two passages the English translation has *choler*. Owing to a different division of the chapter the verses differ. In the English translation the passages are chap. xxxvii. 29–31. and xxxi. 19–20.

Imperial Encouragement of Science.—The Emperor of Russia has presented to Mr. Harvey, F.R.S.L. and E., a magnificent diamond ring, as a mark of his approbation of that gentleman's researches on ship-building. A very flattering letter accompanied the splendid gift. It is pleasant to record such tributes of regard, where science is concerned, paid by foreign monarchs to English talent.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVIII. Sept.* 17.]

A splendid edition of Childe Harold, in two volumes, illustrated topographically, is about to appear. Each volume is to contain about forty engravings, from drawings by Turner, Stanfield, &c. The first, we are informed, is to be brought out at the same time as the Annuals, and in a somewhat similar dress. A few copies are to be in quarto. The plates are engraved by W. and E. Finden in their most finished style; and we can have no higher pledge of excellence.

The Literary Souvenir for 1832, edited by Alaric A. Watts, will contain as usual twelve highly-finished line engravings.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir for 1832, containing a variety of highly-finished line engravings.

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1832; containing 26 beautifully finished plates, executed by the first engravers, under the exclusive direction of Mr. Charles Heath, from drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. With letter-press descriptions, embodied in the Narrative of a Tour through the most interesting portions of the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Countries bordering the Rhine; by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.

The Humourist for 1832, by W. H. Harrison, is announced to appear, together with Ackermann's other Annuals, about November. It is embellished by eighty engravings, designed and executed by W. H. Brooke.

Mr. Bernard, the author of several successful dramas, is engaged on a series of pieces founded on American subjects.

Cruikshank's Comic Album; a collection of Humorous Tales: with numerous illustrations on wood.

Anniversary Calendar, and Universal Mirror.

A Manual of the Land and Fresh-water Shells of Great Britain, according to the System of Drapernaud, Brand, De Lamarck, &c.; the Characters and Descriptions drawn up from specimens in the cabinet of the author, W. Turton.

A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq.

Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S., President of the Linnæan Society, &c.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Burgess's Antiquities of Rome, 2 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s. bds.—Statutes, 1 William IV. 4s. bds.—Dr. Henderson's Plain Rules for Improving the Health, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Corn-Law Rhymes, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Curtis's History of Leicester, demy 8vo. 12s. bds.; royal, 16s. bds.—Mary's Journey, a German Tale, 12mo. 3s. bf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

September.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday·· 1	From	43.	to 56.	29·90	to	29·75
Friday ···· 2	——	43.	— 56.	29·75	—	29·66
Saturday ·· 3	——	42.	— 64.	29·85	Stationary	
Sunday···· 4	——	45.	— 70.	29·81	to	29·78
Monday ·· 5	——	50.	— 71.	29·84	—	29·88
Tuesday ·· 6	——	53.	— 65.	29·86	—	29·87
Wednesday 7	——	42.	— 65.	29·86	—	29·71

Wind N.W. and S.W., the latter prevailing.

Except the 3d, generally cloudy, with frequent rain; incessant rain during the 1st.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and ·6th of an inch.

Second crops of hay have, previous to the 31st ult., been secured; but the continued rain of the 1st inst., and the frequent showers during the week, have delayed the "getting up" of that grass which has been more recently cut.

September.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday·· 8	From	43.	to 52.	29·76	to	29·60
Friday ···· 9	——	40.	— 56.	29·60	—	29·56
Saturday ·· 10	——	47.	— 62.	29·73	—	29·64
Sunday···· 11	——	47.	— 61.	29·90	—	29·99
Monday ·· 12	——	50.	— 65.	30·08	—	30·15
Tuesday ·· 13	——	43.	— 67.	30·13	—	30·12
Wednesday 14	——	51.	— 65.	30·09	—	30·07

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Except the 14th, generally cloudy, with rain at times on the four first days.

Rain fallen, ·6 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude····· 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. August 1831.

Thermometer—Highest····· 75·00°····4th.
Lowest ····· 43·25····25th.
Mean ····· 60·50806

Barometer—Highest····· 30·02····22d.
Lowest ····· 29·39····30th.
Mean ····· 29·70548

Number of days of rain, 13.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 2·13125.

Winds.—1 East—5 West—5 North—0 South—3 North-east—1 South-east—8 South-west—8 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was very fine, and the thermometer higher not only as to the mean, but both the extremes, than in any year in August since 1826: the barometer was remarkably steady, the range being less than in the last eight years, and the mean was above those in the last three years. So small a quantity of rain has not fallen in the same month since 1826. Thunder was heard about 2 P.M. on the 3d; and the next evening, at 8 o'clock, there was a very heavy thunder-storm, with much vivid lightning, and upwards of eight-tenths of an inch of rain fell during the storm: the same night a slight aurora borealis was observed in the N.W., of a faint yellow tint. The evaporation 0·5375 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are well disposed to adopt Vindex's advice on the subject of cruelty to animals, and never omit any fair opportunity of enforcing the claims of humanity: but at the same time we must say, that we are equally opposed to maudlin sensibility and cant, which we consider to be injurious to the good cause.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—I have been for several years a constant reader of the *Literary Gazette*; I therefore waited patiently till you reviewed No. VII. of the Standard Novels, trusting you would notice a point which appears to me, to say the least of it, calculated to disappoint many. The advertisement says—"In 1 vol. price only 6s. Standard Novels, No. VII.; containing Miss J. Porter's romance of the Scottish Chiefs." It further adds—"Each No. price only 6s. complete in itself, and containing the whole three or four vols. of the original edition, may be had separate." After reading the above, I sent for the Scottish Chiefs; when, to my surprise, I received Vol. I., price six shillings, and was told the remainder of the fiction was not published; so the Scottish Chiefs will cost twelve shillings, instead of six: but this is a trifle compared to the delay; for who ever purchased *half* a romance?—it is inconvenient enough in historical works. If the editor found the four volumes could not be compressed into one volume, in common justice he ought not in his advertisement to tell the public that the work is complete in one volume. I wish also to know whether the Cabinet Library, by Dr. Lardner, is discontinued; there are many works incomplete:—the third volume of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth was to make its appearance on the 1st of September; the Military Life of Wellington also is wanting a volume.—I am, sir, &c. M. E. D.

September 13th, 1831.

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The French Ministry and the New Chamber.
Where is the Mob?
A new Batch of uneducated Poets; Dr. Southey and the Album Abolition Society, &c.
The Greeks of present and former Times—Affray at Smyrna—Madame S——.
David Garrick and his Contemporaries, Dr. Johnson, &c.
The Gossipings of a retired Londoner.
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Song of the Brave Man.
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This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 766. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Irish Minstrelsy; or, the Bardic Remains of Ireland: with English Poetical Translations. Collected and edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by James Hardiman, M. R. I. A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Robins.

It is refreshing to us—as the *Edinburgh Review* was wont to say in the days of its freshness—it is indeed most refreshing to us to meet with an original publication.

This is a work for which the ingenious historian of Galway deserves well of his country; and which we hail with cordiality, notwithstanding the violent party-feeling of the editor peeps out here and there most impertinently in the notes — and who will have it, *and from the well-known documents in the State Paper Office, too!* that the Gunpowder Plot was the contrivance of Cecil (vol. ii. p. 168), and that Father Garnett was, of course, an innocent and much-injured person; — that, in short, all Jesuits and Catholics were simple-hearted, pious, and poetical people; while all Orangemen and Protestants were tyrants, murderers, monsters, and a disgrace to human nature. With the exception of this blot, which is the more to be regretted as Mr. Hardiman's subject called not for the introduction of angry politics, these volumes, full of new and interesting matter, to the English reader in particular, must be most favourably received by all classes.

The truth is, we are yet wofully deficient in our knowledge of the best parts of Irish literature and history: the former has been much neglected, the latter miserably deformed. Of late, instances of a finer taste and a juster spirit have not been rare; and we look forward to a brighter day from the dawning we have seen. These volumes are with great propriety dedicated to Mr. Spring Rice; a man of accomplished mind, and a true friend to Ireland, without that Irish violence of love which is too often fatal to the objects of affection.

An Introduction casts a glance over the most remote traditions of Irish Pagan poetry, and deduces the annals of the harp and song to the present day, referring a good deal to Dr. O'Conor's learned work, printed at Stowe, which we have never had the good fortune to see. From these stores the present selection has been made, and translations given by the late Thomas Furlong, Mr. H. G. Curran, Dr. Hamilton Drummond, Mr. D'Alton, Mr. E. Lawson, and others; of which translations we may truly state that they are generally excellent, some of them surprisingly faithful, few in which the sense has been missed, and a considerable number where it is expressed more periphrastically than literally. The genius of Mr. Furlong, one of the principal contributors, we do not estimate so extravagantly as Mr. Hardiman; though we did think so highly of it as to rescue his memory from inattention by inserting a biographical sketch of him in the *Literary Gazette*, where it will be found at page 540, No. 552, in the year 1827. There are, however, many beautiful compositions from his pen in these volumes; to which our future pages shall do justice. Pass we, in the mean time, to the second division of Mr. Hardiman's delightful labours, "The Remains of Carolan," who was born about 1670, in the county of Meath, and died in 1738. The author's account of the latter event, and his note on Goldsmith, (one of the brightest stars of Ireland), will afford a taste of his qualities.

"The time," he says, "was now drawing nigh when Carolan was himself to become a subject for the elegiac muse. In the year 1737, his health, which had been long declining, gave evident symptoms of approaching dissolution. At Tempo, finding himself growing weak, he resolved to proceed to Alderford, the house of his old and never-failing friend and patroness, Mrs. M'Dermott, who, though then nearly in her eightieth year, enjoyed excellent health and spirits. By her, in his youth, nearly fifty years before, he was supplied with his first harp and his first horse; and to her, in the decline of life and health, he turned for a sure asylum, and a kind and affectionate reception. Having composed his 'Farewell,' to Maguire, he proceeded on horseback to his friend Counsellor Brady's, near Balinamore, in Leitrim, where he rested for a few days. He then continued his journey, accompanied by several of the neighbouring gentry, and a concourse of the country people, among whom he was always held in the highest veneration, towards Lahire, the seat of Mr. Peyton. Here he stopped for a few moments, and, with tears, took leave of his friends. During the remainder of his journey, it is not improbable that his mind was occupied by thoughts somewhat similar to those afterwards expressed by his countryman, Goldsmith:* —

> 'In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
> In all my grief (and God has given my share,)
> I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
> Here to return, and die at home at last.'

At Alderford he was received with the warmth and welcome which have ever characterised Irish friendship. After he had rested a little, he called for his harp. His relaxed fingers for a while wandered feebly over the strings, but soon acquiring a momentary impulse, he played his well-known 'Farewell to Music,' in a strain of tenderness and feeling, which drew tears from the eyes of his auditory. This was his last effort. Nature was subdued; and the dying bard was carried in a state of exhaustion to his room. He lingered for some time. The woman who attended him, and who lived until about the year 1787, used to relate, that to revive or stimulate decaying nature, he was occasionally indulged with a taste of his favourite beverage, Usquebaugh. His natural vivacity and good humour never forsook him. A few hours before his death, while in the act of stretching forth his hand for the cup, as he humorously said, to give it his farewell kiss, he rolled out of bed on the floor. The female attendant alluded to, stated that after she had replaced him, he observed, with a smile, 'Maudy, I often heard of a person falling when going to the field, but never knew one to fall while lying but myself.' His last moments were spent in prayer, until he calmly breathed his last. When his death was known, it is related that upwards of sixty clergymen of different denominations, a number of gentlemen from the surrounding counties, and a vast concourse of country people, assembled to pay the last mark of respect to their favourite bard. All the houses in Ballyfarnon were occupied by the former, and the people erected tents in the fields round Alderford House. The harp was heard in every direction. The wake lasted four days. On each side of the hall was placed a keg of whisky, which was replenished as often as emptied. Old Mrs. M'Dermott herself joined the female mourners who attended to weep, as she expressed herself, 'over her poor gentleman, the head of all Irish music.' On the fifth day his remains were brought forth, and the funeral was one of the greatest that for many years had taken place in Conaught. He was interred in the M'Dermott Roe's vault, in their chapel, at the east end of the old church of Kilronan. On opening the grave in 1750, to receive the remains of a Catholic clergyman, whose dying request was to be interred with the bard, the scull of the latter was taken up. The Hon. Thomas Dillon, brother to John, Earl of Roscommon, caused it to be perforated a little in the forehead, and a small piece of riband to be inserted, in order to distinguish it from similar disinterred remnants of mortality. It was placed in a niche over the grave, where it long remained an object of veneration, several persons having visited the church for the sole purpose of seeing this relic of a man so universally admired for his musical talents. At length, in the year, 1796, it disappeared. A person on horseback, and in the garb of a gentleman, but supposed to have been a northern Orangeman, came to the church, and desired to see it. It was brought from the niche, and, watching his opportunity, he discharged a loaded pistol at it, by which it was shattered to pieces.* Then,

* "Oliver Goldsmith was born, and until his fifteenth year resided, not far from where Carolan spent the greatest part of his life. Although but ten years old at the death of the bard, it is evident that he was well acquainted with his genius and character. This may be deduced even from the trifling Essay on 'Carolan the blind,' which appears in his works; and which, if really written by Goldsmith, confers no great credit on his memory. This ingenious man was descended from one of our 'clerical families,' who were generally a prejudiced class; and his historical works, at least, prove that he never entirely laid aside the prejudices of early education." Oh dear, for prejudice!!!

* "Notwithstanding this act, and although the people of Kilronan shew some fragments which they assert to be those of the scull, yet it is confidently stated that it may be seen, perfect and entire, in the museum at Castlecaldwell, county Fermanagh, having been presented to Sir John Caldwell by the late George Nugent Reynolds, Esq., who took it privately from Kilronan for the purpose. This, however, may be doubted. Mrs. M'Namara, the sister of Mr. Reynolds, does not believe it, never having heard it mentioned in her family until lately; and thinks it must be some other pericranium, which her brother, who was a facetious gentleman, imposed on the connoisseur, by way of joke, for that of Carolan. A cast of the Castlecaldwell relic is about being sent to the phrenologists of Edinburgh; but, probably, the portrait prefixed to this volume would prove more satisfactory to those gentlemen."

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damning all Irish papists, he rode away. Some neighbouring gentlemen pursued him as far as Cashcargin, in the county of Leitrim; and from their excited feelings at the moment, it was perhaps fortunate that he escaped. This brutal act could be perpetrated only through the demoniac spirit of party rage which then disgraced this unhappy country."

Of the portrait alluded to in the preceding note, and an engraving from which is an appropriate frontispiece to this work, we find the following history:—

"Dean Massey (the dean of Limerick, whom Carolan visited in 1721,) wishing to retain some memorial of a man whose genius and amiable manners excited at once his admiration and esteem, caused this portrait to be painted by a Dutch artist, who was then in the neighbourhood. It continued in possession of the family until the death of the late General Massey, who prized it so highly, that he carried it with him wherever he went. Upon his death, in Paris, in 1780, the picture was brought back to Ireland; and, in 1809, was sold to the celebrated Walter Cox, editor and publisher of the *Irish Magazine*. Mr. Cox having afterwards presented it to Thomas Finn, Esq. of Carlow, that excellent and patriotic gentleman kindly communicated it to the writer, who expressed a desire to have it engraved and preserved as a national relic. With that view, he caused an accurate copy to be taken, which he presented to an ingenious Dublin artist, Mr. Martyn, on the sole condition that it should be well engraved. Mr. Martyn published his engraving in 1822, (of the same size as the original, which is painted on copper, about 8 inches by 6,) and dedicated it to the Marquess Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. George Petrie, Esq. of Dublin, whose acquaintance with the history and antiquities of this country is, perhaps, only surpassed by his knowledge of the arts of painting and sculpture, in which he so eminently excels, thinks it probable that the original portrait was painted by Vander Hagen, a distinguished Dutch artist, who was at that time in Ireland."

Of Carolan we shall only add Ritson's testimony, that he was a true representative of the Irish bards; and though this memoir of him is pleasant enough, notwithstanding its party perversions, we could well wish to see another, which should not forget, for example, the poet's celebrated distich on a gentleman's butler, who had displeased him by want of the genuine Irish virtue, hospitality—

What a pity Hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn!
For so surly a dog would let nobody in!

The poems are printed in the Irish language and type on one page, and the translation opposite. The following (by Furlong, from Carolan,) will remind our readers of the living lyrist of Ireland:—

"The Cup of O'Hara.

"Oh! were I at rest
Amidst Arran's green isles,
Or in climes where the summer
Unchangingly smiles;
Though treasures and dainties
Might come at a call,
Still, O'Hara's full cup
I would prize more than all.

But why *would* I say
That my choice it must be,
When the prince of our fathers
Hath lov'd it like me:
Then come, jolly Turlough,
Where friends may be found;
And our Kian we'll pledge,
As that cup goes around."

Bridget O'Malley (by the same) is another favourite with us.

"Dear maid, thou hast left me in anguish to smart,
And pangs, worse than death, pierce my love-stricken heart;
Thou flower of Tirerell, still, still must I pine,
Oh! where, my O'Malley, blooms beauty like thine?

On a mild dewy morn in the autumn I rov'd,
I stray'd o'er the pathway where stray'd my belov'd.
Oh! why should I dwell on the bliss that is past?
But the kiss I had there I must prize to the last.

The sunbeams are beauteous when on flower-beds they play,
And sweet seem young roses as they bloom on the spray;
The white-bosom'd lillies thrice lovely we call;
But my true love is brighter, far brighter than all.

I'm young, and a bridegroom soon destin'd to be,
But short is my course, love! if bless'd not with thee:
On Sunday, at dusk, by Rath-leave shall I stray,
May I meet thee, my sweetest, by chance on the way?

In gloom and in sorrow my days must go by,
At night on my pillow in anguish I sigh;
Hope springs not—peace comes not—sleep flees from me there—
Oh! when comes my lov'd one, that pillow to share?"

In a note upon a song of no great worth, though descriptive of a drinking bout, and entitled "Maggy Laidir," the author gets patriotically indignant against the Scots for stealing, purloining, plundering, and riving Irish music.

"The air (he asserts) as well as the words of Maggy Laidir, though long naturalised in North Britain, is Irish. When our Scottish kinsmen were detected appropriating the ancient saints of Ireland, (would that they rid us of some modern ones!) they took a fancy to its music. Not satisfied with borrowing the art, they despoiled us of some of our sweetest airs, and amongst others that of *Maggy Laidir*. This name signifies in the original, strong or powerful Maggy, and by it was meant Ireland, also designated by our bards under the names of *Sheela na Guira*, *Grauna Weale*, *Roisin Dubh*, &c. By an easy change, the adjective *laidir*, strong, was converted into Lauder, the patronymic of a Scotch family; and the air was employed to celebrate a famous courtesan of Crail. Although Ireland was always famous for sanctity and music, and could spare liberally of both, yet our countrymen ever felt indignant at the unacknowledged appropriation of many of their favourite saints and airs by their northern relatives. * * * Of these, two, from their celebrity, deserve particular notice, viz. 'Planxty Davis,' since well known as the 'Battle of Killicranky,' and a prelude to the 'breach' of Aughrim, universally admired, under the name of 'Farewell to Lochaber.'"

But let us leave literary, and, what are worse, musical disputes; and return, for a short space, to Carolan. Mr. H. says: "that Carolan was a man of irreproachable morals, and even of a religious turn, we have been already assured by the best authority. The following little prayer, or rather pious stanza, has been attributed to him; how truly I know not. It has, however, been considered worth preserving.

"Oh, King of wounds! oh, Son of heaven! who died
Upon the cross, to save the things of clay—
Oh, thou whose veins pour'd forth the crimson tide,
To wash the stains of fallen man away;
Oh, thou whose heart did feel the blind one's spear,
While down to earth the atoning current flow'd!
Deign, gracious Lord, thy creature's cry to hear!
Shield me, and snatch me to thy bright abode."

In spite of this, however, we see sufficient proof in the biography, that if Carolan was a saint, he was, at any rate, a wet one.

Our next quotation is a remarkably curious caoine: it is entitled, "Elegy on the Death of Denis Mac Carthy."

"*The sigh and wail* of Inisfail! her hero is no more,
In the cold clay the good, the great, lies weltering in his gore:
Ah fatal shot! each noble stem with him is now laid low,
The lord of vast and rich domains—unutterable *woe!*
Wo wide and wild through Muskry's vales! beneath the moss-gray stone, [alone;
The prince of Cashel's regal branch lies powerless and
His keen-edged blade in battle's front flashed withering lightnings round; [mourned!
His matchless might and hardihood be evermore re-
Renowned, conspicuous in the van, while trumpets pealed to arms, [arms:
Waved his bright crest, till death's sad hour invincible in
Yet mercy stayed his conquering hand, still generous and just,—
Alas! our stately pine lies stretched in ruin on the *dust*.
Dust hides the comeliest of mankind, munificent and brave, [drear to save:
Who never failed his friends from foes and dungeons
The great and learned he entertained, and all their worth combined; [lies *enshrined*.
'Neath yon gray stone that marks his grave each virtue
Enshrined with this illustrious branch of Carthy's vigorous tree, [who kept us free:
Our prop, our spear, and shield, from wrong and want
A foaming torrent when aroused, he swept the embattled plains;
The country's desolate!—not one of all his race *remains*.
Remains? ah yes! immured for life in solitude they pine,
The last of Munster's genuine stock, Mac Carthy's royal line:
Dissimulation and deceit were odious in his sight,
Oh! with his funeral torch is quenched our clergy's holy *light*.
Light, vigorous, and erect his form, of symmetry the mould, [bold:
Created to command and charm the beauteous and the
The berries' glow through new-fallen snow was blended in his cheek, [meek.
His gracious smile proclaimed his soul benevolent and
Meek but majestic in his mien—oh death! thou, only thou, [ing brow:
Durst unabashed, unawed, confront that calm command-
Grim spoiler, hence! who Erin plunged in deep and cureless anguish—
The last of our Iberian line, alas! in bondage *languish*.
Languish! oh melancholy tale! defeated, in disgrace,
In dens and chains the last remains of lordly lion race;
And, worst of woes, our spear and shield, prime leader of the Gaël, [and weal."
Mac Carthy More is lost, and long we're doomed to *sigh*

The peculiarity of this composition is, that it "is written in a species of verse anciently called Conachlonn, but in more modern times Dan-glabhra, *linked verse*, because every stanza must begin with the same word that ends the preceding one; and the poem itself must conclude with the same word with which it begins. This was invented to prevent interpolation; but it also shews whether the composition be perfect or not." The linking of the verses is preserved with felicitous fidelity in the translation; and we will place by it another admirable specimen, in overcoming a difficulty of a somewhat similar kind.

"Carroll O'Daly and Echo.

Carroll. Speak, playful echo, speak me well—
For thou know'st all our care;
Thou sweet responding sibyl, tell,
Who works this strange affair?
Echo. A—fair!

A fair—no, no, I've felt the pain
That but from love can flow;
And never can my heart again
That magic thraldom know.
Echo. No.

Ah! then, if envy's eye has ceased
To mar my earthly bliss—
Speak consolation to my breast,
If remedy there is.
Echo. There is.

Gay, witty spirit of the air,
If such relief be nigh,
At once the secret spell declare,
To lull my wasted eye.
Echo. To die.

To die! and if it be my lot,
It comes in hour of need;
Death wears no terror but in thought—
'Tis innocent in deed.
Echo (surprised). Indeed!

Indeed, 'tis welcome to my woes,
Thou airy voice of fate;
But, ah! to none on earth disclose
What you prognosticate.
Echo (playfully). To Kate.

To Kate?—the devil's on your tongue,
To scare me with such thoughts;
To her, oh! could I hazard wrong,
Who never knew her faults?
Echo. You are false.

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If thy Narcissus could awake
Such doubts, he were an ass
If he did not prefer the lake,
To humouring such a lass.
Echo. Alas!

A thousand sighs and rites of wo
Attend thee in the air;
What mighty grief can feed thee so
In weariless despair?
Echo. Despair.

Despair—not for Narcissus' lot,
Who once was thy delight;
Another in his place you've got,
If our report is right.
Echo. 'Tis right.

Dear little sorceress, farewell—
I feel thou told'st me true;
But as thou'st many a tale to tell,
I bid thee now adieu.
Echo. Adieu!"

The following is very national:—

"*Mary A Roon.*

My sweet apple-blossom, dear Mary, beware,
Lest the Munster man's flattery your heart should ensnare;
His tongue is so oily, so roguish his eyes,
In one hour they would tell you whole hundreds of lies.

Much rather I'd see you for ever a maid,
A pale rose of the wilderness, languish and fade,
Than espoused to a rover, whose profligate arts
Seduce simple virgins and break their poor hearts.

How fondly I fancied that blooming in youth,
You'd be led by my voice, and inspired by my truth;
Each fair sunny morn, when all nature look'd gay,
You shone the clear gem that illumined my way.

With you the wild nut-groves delighted I'd range,
Immersed in soft raptures, and fearless of change;
Oh! treasure of treasures, were you my reward,
With the soft hand of love your fair bosom I'd guard.

Last feast of Saint Bridget, ah! can you forget,
When on Mullamore's summit transported we met;
But now you have plunged me in sorrowful gloom,
And hopeless of healing I sink to the tomb.

Sore, sore is my heart, it is rent to the core,
Beside Murneen Bawn I must never lean more;
Thou star of mild lustre, my prayer do not slight,
By day all my thoughts, all my visions by night.

Admiring, adoring, imploring thy ray,
My heart's blood grows congealed, and I wither away;
But, alas! you disdain me!—then break, oh my heart!
My treasure of treasures for ever to part."

But we have quoted this song as much for the note upon it:—

"'Let not the Munster man deceive thee, my love!' The persuasive powers of some of our southern countrymen have long been proverbial. My worthy friend, Mr. Brewer, in his *Beauties of Ireland*, informs us, that in the highest part of the castle of Blarney, in the county of Cork, is a stone which is said to have the power of imparting to the person who kisses it, the unenviable privilege of hazarding, without a blush, that species of romantic assertion which may be termed falsehood. This statement is not, however, altogether correct. To the well-known 'Blarney stone' there is, no doubt, attributed the virtue of imparting to whoever, at the hazard of his neck, shall venture to kiss it, not the privilege of uttering falsehood, as stated, but an indomitable propensity towards practising the gentle, yet all effective, art of flattery—to praise 'in season, and out of season;' and against this dangerous quality, our fair female is cautioned in the words of the song. I cannot avoid observing here, that vulgar stories of this kind, which reflect on the morals or character of a people, should ever be treated with the contempt they deserve. In the despicable pages of the deceived and deceiving 'travellers' who libel our country, and the fry of conceited English or cockney 'tourists,' *et hoc genus omne*, which annually visits our shores, I should not be surprised to meet with such trash; but to find it gravely detailed in the work of so learned and enlightened a writer as Brewer, is certainly matter of just regret."

Really, Mr. Hardiman, we cannot stand this. Why disturb our faith in Blarney? By our faith, we will not have it disturbed! Did not the bare tradition take Sir Walter Scott on a pilgrimage, to pray in the groves and to kiss the stone?

Being on antiquarian points, we here insert a notice respecting Irish hermitages and their remaining vestiges.

"A small plate of copper in my possession, lately dug up at Ayle, in the county of Clare, (the seat of James Mac Namara, Esquire, by whom it has been obligingly communicated,) bears the following inscription, engraven in Irish characters, under the date 1041, all distinctly legible.

Worldling, away! the frugal dish—the book
Of holy truths—the beads—the hermit's cloak,
Can tempt thee not—the locks that shade his brow,
The power that whitened guards—profane not thou.

This curious piece of antiquity is supposed to have been affixed to the entrance of one of these penitential retreats. Milton's sonnet, 'When the assault was intended on the city,' may here occur to the recollection of the reader."

We have a great deal yet to say to these valuable volumes; but as the last quotation in which we shall indulge this week is of great and immediate political importance, we beg especially to supplicate attention to it from the King, Lords, and Commons, the people of England and the people of Ireland. It relates to the coming coronation of Dan. O'Connell.

"According to the bard, Keneth O'Hartigan, anno 950, Inisfail, one of the early names of this Island, was derived from the Lia Fail, or 'Stone of Destiny,' brought from the East, and once so celebrated in Ireland and Scotland. See Keating, for the wonderful virtues of the *Lia fail*, which, for many ages was as much venerated in Ireland, as was Jacob's stone in the temple at Jerusalem, by Christian and Moslem; or the famous black stone at Mecca, for centuries before the time of Mahomet. This Irish relic is, at present, to be seen in the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey, where it is shewn as Jacob's pillow or pillar; for the learned antiquaries of Westminster do not allow that it has any connexion with Ireland. In this they may be right as to the stone now in their possession, for it is confidently asserted by a worthy friend of mine, who has obliged the world with many well-intended publications, that the real *Lia fail* has been abstracted from the coronation chair by some zealous Gaelic patriots, who have replaced it with the stone at present exhibited. It is further surmised that it may, by due diligence, be traced, strange turn of destiny! to the buildings of the Catholic Association; and, stranger still, that it is there religiously preserved, by those Irish demagogues, to crown their great leader on it, who by facetious anticipation is already known by the name of *King O'Connell.—Diu vivat Rex!*"

And all the people answered, LONG LIVE KING DAN THE FIRST!!!

The Topography and Antiquities of Rome; including the recent Discoveries made about the Forum and the Via Sacra. By the Rev. Richard Burgess. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

To the classical student this is a valuable book—to the classical traveller an invaluable one. Many years of life have passed away from us, with their hours of pain and moments of enjoyment, since we last looked upon the "mother of dead nations," Rome. Our memory is, however, still pleasantly charged with the sensations of that period, when, with the highly tempered enthusiasm of emerging boyhood, and an unsatisfied thirst for a deeper acquaintance with the artful Greek and glorious Roman than a classical education in this country was wont to afford, we proceeded, under the guidance of the worthy and well-known Antonio Nibbi, to explore the relics of "almighty Rome." It is impossible to deny but that this our course of proceeding was replete with interest and instruction, and amply repaid the labour and expense. Signor Nibbi's acute reasoning and extensive reading, when applied in illustrating or identifying the various monuments or their sites, was in itself a high gratification; but still the dogmatism of a Jonathan Oldbuck would not unfrequently display itself, and condemn us to a waste of time in listening to tedious dissertations and learned triflings upon points of no passing interest, and merely dragged forward because Carlo Fea, or some other antiquary, had arrived at a different conclusion.

We sighed for a written oracle subservient to history and useful information, which should be above the dry minutiæ of the antiquary, or the littleness of the vagrant tourist, with which we might sally forth alone into the chaos of ruin, and indulge, if thus inclined, in the noblest of man's recreations—reflection! We might look in vain for a fitter field. Subsequent years have made no alteration in our opinions as to the advantage of such a work; and although we are not exactly prepared to pronounce that the extent of our wishes has been fulfilled, yet these volumes accomplish more, infinitely more, than their predecessors. In the words of their reverend author, "they investigate the site of ancient Rome; they give a fair and impartial account of the ruins; they connect as much as possible the monuments with the history of Rome; and they direct the *learned* reader to the proper sources for extending his knowledge on the subject."

With regard to authorities, we are inclined to think the author is too much disposed to rely on Dionysius, whose testimony Niebuhr has so reasonably shaken in his great history, and which we think, in some instances, might have been referred to with advantage. The most defective part of the work is the dissertation on the periods of the decay and destruction of the monuments, which might, in our opinion, from its great interest and hitherto partial development, have been carried much further: to this should have been appended, a succinct account of the excavations and discoveries from Raphael, who first conceived the great idea of recovering and securing from destroying barbarism and time all that remained of ancient Rome to the present period. Many of the monuments known to have existed in the sixteenth century, have again disappeared; some entirely lost, while others have since become the objects of a new discovery. When the tomb of the Scipios was laid open in the year 1780, it became indisputable that it had been visible and accessible at the former period, as one of the inscriptions found therein had been published by Doni, a century previously, in his collection. The tombs on the Aurelian way were likewise known to the learned of the sixteenth century, as the Greek and Latin inscription taken from them is to be found in Muratori. They were discovered a second time in the villa Pamfili so late as 1819.

This is sufficient to shew the strange vicissitudes which befal even inanimate things, and with what interest the subject might be pursued. With respect to what has latterly taken place in the shape of excavation at Rome, as little has been done, more is required to be said. Papal poverty, or papal policy, forbids

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the prompt execution of designs, which, if carried into effect, would, in a brief space of time, bring to light all the buried majesty of Rome; while private undertakings, which appear to have proceeded from no nobler motives than vanity or avarice, have been long the laughter of the many, but the gain of the few. How much more efficacious would it be, could a spirit of nationality be infused into such an enterprise as the entire excavation of the Forum Romanum and its vicinity! Suppose a subscription, opened in the name of the different kingdoms, whose subjects chiefly visit the eternal city, and let separate portions of the great work be assigned to each, we trust that England would not be the rearmost. But, returning to our critical task, we cannot refrain from noticing how greatly our author is indebted to Signor Giuseppe Pardini, architect of Lucca, for the talent and ingenuity displayed by him in a restored plan of the temple of Venus and Rome: the site of which has been recently cleared. As regards a specimen of the work before us, we find ourselves beset with difficulty: however, nothing new can be expected by the most eager novelty hunters from volumes which profess only to treat of what is old; so we select as follows:—

"There remains not the shadow of a doubt that the ancient direction of the Via Appia is preserved in the road which leads to the ruins called Roma Vecchia, distant about five miles from Rome: it is indicated by the remains of sepulchral monuments continually occurring on each side of the way. It must ever have been confined in the valley through which we now pass. It is bestrode by an ornamented, if not a triumphal arch; and, for the last and surest proof of all, we shall find many vestiges of its original pavement. This road was first constructed by Appius Claudius the censor, 310 years before the Christian era: it was, indeed, repaired by the Emperor Trajan; but, about nine hundred years after its foundation, the secretary of Belisarius saw it in all its pristine solidity. So durable is 'the queen of roads,' that between Rome and Capua may often be seen the very foundations and materials of which it was built: it will be so seen near the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. The substructions in the valley of Aricia are still the wonder of posterity: it traversed the Pontine marshes by the well-known places of the Three Taverns and Appii Forum; and the first town in the Neapolitan territory is built amongst its everlasting silex stones. The description given of this road by Procopius, in the sixth century of the Christian era, may here be seasonably inserted:—'To traverse the Appian way,' says that historian, 'is a distance of five days' journey for an active traveller; and it leads from Rome to Capua. Its breadth is such, that two chariots may meet upon it, and pass each other without interruption; and its magnificence surpasses that of all other roads. For the construction of this great work, Appius caused the materials to be fetched from a great distance, so as to have all the stones hard and of the nature of millstones, such as are not to be found in this part of the country. Having ordered this material to be smoothed and polished, the stones were cut in corresponding angles, so as to fit together in jointures without the intervention of copper or any other material to bind them; and in this manner they were so firmly united, that in looking at them, one would say they had not been put together by art, but had grown so upon the spot. And after the wearing of so many ages, being traversed daily by a multitude of vehicles and all sorts of cattle, they still remain unmoved; nor can the least trace of ruin or waste be observed upon these stones; neither do they appear to have lost any of their beautiful polish;—and such is the Appian way.' Twelve centuries since the time it was so, have not entirely defaced it; and perhaps the children of ages yet to come may tread the pavement of the Via Appia. Still, no more shall the conqueror be seen moving along this road to enter the city in triumph; nor will the steps of the temple ever again be crowded to welcome the return of a Cicero from exile: the solemn stillness which now pervades the precincts of the Appian way is more appalling than the thunder of Pompey's triumphant chariot, which once shook its pavement; and the solitude withal, which seems to increase at every step, effectually proclaims the more durable conquest of time. But the cypress-tree announces the sepulchre in which were entombed the ashes of the Scipios. In the year 1616 was discovered the first indication of this interesting monument; viz. an inscription, written upon peperine stone in reddish characters, and which is now preserved in the Barberini library. It was generally believed by the antiquaries of that day to be spurious, which might be the reason why no further search was made, until a second inscription was turned up in the year 1780. Encouraged by this new discovery, the excavators relinquished not their labour until they had restored to light the illustrious ashes concealed for so many generations. The intimations of Livy and Cicero, as to the situation of the Scipios' tomb, were then understood; and the Porta Capena brought within the present walls of Rome. The illustration of this sepulchre fell to the lot of Piranesi: he attempted to make a ground plan of it; but his creative genius could do no more than give a representation of several recesses, cut at irregular intervals out of the natural tufo. He found six 'sarcophagi,' more or less perfect, in their original places; and several recesses hollowed out of the rock, appropriated for containing more bodies. Only one place was found seemingly adapted for a cinerary urn; which circumstance confirms the remarks of Cicero and Pliny, that the Scipios were not accustomed to burn the bodies of their deceased relations. The modern entrance into the sepulchral cave is nearly opposite to the ancient one; and in descending we may observe on our right a specimen of the natural rock, which has either originally prevented regularity in the groundwork, or prevents us now from ascertaining it. Most of the recesses above alluded to lay also on the right in thus descending: and after passing several of them we shall arrive at some walls of brick, which have been recently built for the purpose of sustaining the tufo above. The inscriptions now to be read over the respective depositories are faithful copies of the originals, which have been all transferred to the Vatican; and are to be seen, along with the perfect sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus and the small laurelled bust, in the Sala del Torso. At the end of our subterraneous descent is the ancient entrance into the sepulchre, which is turned towards the Via Latina, and probably communicated with that road by a narrow footway or 'diverticulum.' The ingress was by a vault, which led to a solid-built arch, composed of eleven blocks of peperine stone: upon this rests a plain cornice, on which was discovered the Doric base of a column, indicating a second story; but nothing of the upper part remains. At the distance of about forty Roman palms, on the same side of the tomb, was found a second entrance, which seems to have been cut afterwards for some local purpose: not improbably might it be made when this sepulchre passed into the possession of others. In retracing our steps to the light, we shall find an additional building of brick. The vestiges of a stair-case lead to three chambers, two of which may be entered with safety. The construction of these rooms is not of a very inferior kind; but the remains of the stucco betray an advanced period of the empire. The various inscriptions, bearing the names of unknown persons, doubtless belonged to this more recent building; and perhaps necessity, rather than ambition, might prompt the intruders thus to mingle their ashes with those of the Scipios." * * *

"The Mole of Hadrian has been the citadel of Rome ever since the fall of the Western Empire; and is therefore so connected with the sieges and vicissitudes of the city, that it would form a history of itself. Very little, however, is known of this remarkable monument until it ceased to bear its original character. We are simply informed by the biographer of Hadrian, that he made a sepulchre near the Tyber. Dion Cassius, more explicit, says, the emperor was interred close by the river, near the Ælian bridge, for there he had built himself a tomb. That of Augustus, he adds, was full, and no one was buried in it after Trajan's time. It is generally supposed this mausoleum was built in the gardens of Domitia, Nero's aunt, because Antoninus Pius is said to have transferred the mortal remains of Hadrian from Baiæ, and placed them with respect and reverence in those gardens; but the real account is this: Hadrian's body was first buried in a temporary sepulchre at Puteoli in Cicero's villa; it was afterwards transported to Rome, and *laid in state* in the gardens of Domitia, and finally interred in his mausoleum; but it is no where said it was in those gardens: they, more probably, were on the Monte Pincio, where we have shewn Nero was buried; and which the emperor Aurelian, alternately with the Sallustian gardens, preferred for his residence to the Palatine hill. After Hadrian, the mausoleum received the ashes of all the Antonines, as appears from inscriptions; and by the order of Pertinax, the body of Commodus, after being dragged through the Tyber, was buried in it. Hadrian, it seems, left it unfinished; for it is enumerated among the works of his successor. It probably continued to be the imperial sepulchre until the time of Septimius Severus. Procopius is the first writer who gives any description of it; and, speaking of an assault made by the Goths on the Aurelian gate, he writes thus:—'The tomb of the emperor Hadrian is situated outside the Porta Aurelia, about a stone's cast distant from the bulwarks of the city. It is an object worthy of our consideration. It is built of Parian marble, and the blocks fit close to one another, without any thing between to bind them. It has four equal sides, about a stone's throw in length; its altitude rises above the city walls: on the top are statues of the same kind of marble,—admirable figures of men and horses. The men of old time (because it appeared advantageous for the defence of the city) joined it with the bulwarks by two walls, thus making it a part of the fortifications; so that it had the appearance of a lofty tower covering the gate.' But we have to add from the same writer, that those beautiful statues were torn from their pedestals and hurled against the besiegers below. To this account of Belisarius's secretary scarcely any

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thing since has been added. The anonymous of the thirteenth century says it was faced with marble; and he speaks of gilded peacocks and a bull, of bronze doors and horses, which he perhaps never saw. But what says John of Antioch? The statue of Hadrian in a car drawn by four horses stood on the top, so large that a full grown man might pass through one of the horses' eyes! On the bronze doors of St. Peter's there is a representation of the Mole, made in the days of Pope Eugenius by Antonio Pollajo, that is about 1431. In Camucci's sketch, made a century after, some of the cornice is indicated, which he says was embellished with ox-heads and festoons; and on the frieze two inscriptions were read belonging to Commodus and Lucius Verus. There has been a constant tradition, that the beautiful columns which so lately stood in St. Paul's basilica, were placed round the different belts or stories.* We have the designs of artists in modern times, and especially those of the never-failing Piranesi: but all these things fetch back but little of what has now disappeared that we cannot equally supply from our own observations. The Fort S. Angelo stands upon an immense square basement, one side of which was excavated in the year 1825, and discovered to be of peperine stone and of brick. At the same time was laid open a regularly-constructed shore or passage of communication, about five feet high, running nearly parallel with the base for a length at least of 300 feet. We recollect penetrating to the end of this passage, where there were several rude chambers; and descending by a few steps were some others of a like construction. From the breaches made in the walling, and subsequently filled up, it was clear these places had been opened at a late period. They did not seem to have any connexion with the tomb of Hadrian, but rather to have existed previous to it. The vaults and sides were covered with rude plaster, so that they were evidently more than mere grottos; for what purpose, except they were sepulchres, it was impossible to declare. Upon this large square basement rises the round tower, the wonder and strength of papal Rome. Long since deprived of all its original ornament, it exhibits outwardly only the solid construction of peperine stone; and that is almost concealed by the additional works that have been found necessary to constitute a fortress and a state prison. The upper part is all modern, and perhaps ascends as high as the mausoleum originally was, of which it gives no bad representation. It is crowned by the celebrated angel ready to sheathe his sword, and the entrance is guarded by drawbridges and sentinels. Within the last ten years the corridor or passage up to the sepulchral chamber has been entirely excavated; and, with the aid of torches, we may descend from the present staircase, beginning about the level of the sepulchral chamber, to the original entrance into the tomb, which is just opposite to the bridge. This corridor is about eleven feet wide and thirty in height, built of the finest brickwork, and has been faced with precious marbles, of which continual fragments have been found, and the traces are still left on the walls. The flooring has been mosaic: some specimens still exist in the original places. The passage was lighted from above by those openings, called in Italian 'abbaini,' which are cut through the mass of the tomb in pyramidal forms; the light is of course now excluded by the modern building, which covers them up. Where those 'abbaini' occur, we may observe the immense thickness of the walls; and over the arches the length of the bricks (not less than six feet) is distinguished in one place where a breach has been made for some temporary purpose. It will be seen that the internal material is not a heterogeneous mixture, 'ad emplecton,' like most other large sepulchres, but the same regular-built brickwork is carried through the whole mass; so that as a monument of labour it must have excelled all others of the kind we are acquainted with. After having nearly made the circuit of the tomb by descending this spiral corridor, we arrive at the original entrance, which, as has been said, faces the Ponte S. Angelo. A lofty arch of travertine stone forms the ingress; this leads into a more spacious vestibule. Opposite to where the door has been is a large niche, which doubtless contained the statue of the emperor: a colossal head, now in the Vatican, and a hand, discovered in the more recent excavations, perhaps belonged to the said statue. The white mark on the sides of the entrance arch will shew from what height the excavations began. Notwithstanding the admirable masonry of which Procopius speaks, (and, indeed, so closely united are those blocks of stone, that it would be difficult to insert the point of a knife between them,) it appears from the many holes visible in the walls, that they have had a covering of marble; and many fragments of cornices and other decorations are now lying as they were found by the excavators. On the left of the entrance are some square openings leading to other apartments; but without digging farther, it cannot be pronounced what these might be: the one, however, on the left hand of the niche is accessible; it seems to have been a small dependence, probably for depositing instruments of sacrifice, or machines used in the interments: there is also lying a fragment of a cinerary vase of marble with some letters upon it. In re-ascending this passage to the place where we entered, it will be borne in mind that we are advancing towards the sepulchral chamber by the original way; where the modern staircase now meets the corridor it ceases to be circular, and we shall observe the arch continues horizontally. Supposing the whole fabric of the modern steps to be away, we should at once proceed along the same level to the sepulchral chamber; but as it is, we ascend until we find ourselves near the top of its vault; it occupies a space of about twenty-five feet square: it has been, and is still, lighted by a window on each side, which exhibits at the same time the thickness of the walls. By descending into the cells beneath the steps, we shall see the lateral niches, and in one of them the ancient level has been come at. In the cell on the left of the staircase, and which is more habitable, the French consuls were imprisoned in the revolution. Any thing higher than the sepulchral chamber is not ancient. We shall only observe, that, in leaving it, we pass through the original square door, which, like the rest, is of solid stone. And such *is* the Mole of Hadrian: our imagination, aided by the little description left on record, can alone tell us what it *was*. We may, however, add the valuable objects which are either known or believed to have belonged to it; such as the large sarcophagus of black and white granite in the Museo Pio-Clementino, with the busts of Hadrian and Pallas; the beautiful Barberini faun, and the dancing faun, in the Florentine gallery; the large basin of porphyry which forms the baptismal fount in St. Peter's; the urn of the same materials, which was taken away for the tomb of Pope Innocent II.; and whatever else may be dispersed abroad with a doubtful title to its origin."

We now take our leave of Mr. Burgess's work, recommending it most strongly to the classical scholar's attention, be he at home or abroad.

* "Pope Clement VII. and his architect Labacco seem to have given currency to this tradition, but without producing any proofs except their own dictum. Such columns, however striking in the interior of an edifice, must have appeared puny around such a pile of building as the Mole of Hadrian, and quite at variance with the 'grandiosity' of that emperor's taste."

The Eventful History of the Mutiny of the Bounty. Family Library, Vol. XXV London, 1831. J. Murray.

THIS is a volume altogether of intense interest, though most of the particulars of the piratical seizure of the Bounty are familiar to the public. Yet, Mr. Barrow, for it is to that able writer we are indebted for this narrative, has imparted so much of force and feeling to the account, and made several additions of so attractive a character, that we have found ourselves impelled to read the whole to the end, with the same degree of curiosity and emotion as if the story had been entirely new.

With this high and general praise, however, we shall be guided in our illustrations by the appearance of the greatest novelty; and in this light we could select nothing more striking than the letters relative to Mr. Heywood,* the midshipman, when he was brought home in irons from Otaheite for trial. "The letters of his sister, Nessy Heywood, (says Mr. Barrow), of which a few will be inserted in the course of this narrative, exhibit so lively and ardent an affection for her beloved brother, are couched in so high a tone of feeling for his honour, and confidence in his innocence, and are so nobly answered by the suffering youth, that no apology seems to be required for their introduction, more especially as their contents are strictly connected with the story of the ill-fated crew of the Bounty. After a state of long suspense, this amiable and accomplished young lady thus addresses her brother: —

'Isle of Man, 2d June, 1792.

'In a situation of mind only rendered supportable by the long and painful state of misery and suspense we have suffered on his account, how shall I address my dear, my fondly beloved brother! — how describe the anguish we have felt at the idea of this long and painful separation, rendered still more distressing by the terrible circumstances attending it! Oh! my ever dearest boy, when I look back to that dreadful moment which brought us the fatal intelligence that you had remained in the Bounty after Mr. Bligh had quitted her, and were looked upon by him as a *mutineer!*— when I contrast that day of horror with my present hopes of again beholding you, such as my most sanguine wishes could expect, I know not which is the most predominant sensation, —pity, compassion, and terror for your sufferings, or joy and satisfaction at the prospect of their being near a termination, and of once more embracing the dearest object of our affections. I will not ask you, my beloved brother, whether you are innocent of the dreadful crime of mutiny; if the transactions of that day were as Mr. Bligh has represented them, such is my conviction of your worth and honour, that I will, without hesitation, stake my life on

* Captain Heywood died only a few months ago, a highly-respected officer in His Majesty's navy.

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your innocence. If, on the contrary, you were concerned in such a conspiracy against your commander, I shall be as firmly persuaded *his* conduct was the occasion of it; but, alas! could any occasion justify so atrocious an attempt to destroy a number of our fellow-creatures? No, my ever dearest brother, nothing but conviction from your own mouth can possibly persuade me that you would commit an action in the smallest degree inconsistent with honour and duty; and the circumstance of your having swam off to the Pandora on her arrival at Otaheite (which filled us with joy to which no words can do justice), is sufficient to convince all who know you, that you certainly staid behind either by force or from views of preservation. How strange does it seem to me that I am now engaged in the delightful task of writing to you! Alas! my beloved brother, two years ago I never expected again to enjoy such a felicity, and even yet I am in the most painful uncertainty whether you are alive. Gracious God, grant that we may be at length blessed by your return! but, alas! the Pandora's people have been long expected, and are not even yet arrived. Should any accident have happened, after all the miseries you have already suffered, the poor gleam of hope with which we have been lately indulged, will render our situation ten thousand times more insupportable than if time had inured us to your loss. I send this to the care of Mr. Hayward, of Hackney, father to the young gentleman you so often mention in your letters while you were on board the Bounty, and who went out as third lieutenant of the Pandora — a circumstance which gave us infinite satisfaction, as you would, on entering the Pandora, meet your old friend. On discovering old Mr. Hayward's residence, I wrote to him, as I hoped he could give me some information respecting the time of your arrival; and in return he sent me a most friendly letter, and has promised this shall be given to you when you reach England, as I well know how great must be your anxiety to hear of us, and how much satisfaction it will give you to have a letter immediately on your return. Let me conjure you, my dearest Peter, to write to us the very first moment—do not lose a post—'tis of no consequence how short your letter may be, if it only informs us you are well. I need not tell you that you are the first and dearest object of our affections. Think, then, my adored boy, of the anxiety we must feel on your account; for my own part, I can know no real joy or happiness independent of you; and if any misfortune should now deprive us of you, my hopes of felicity are fled for ever. We are at present making all possible interest with every friend and connexion we have, to insure you a sufficient support and protection at your approaching trial; for a trial you must unavoidably undergo, in order to convince the world of that innocence, which those who know you will not for a moment doubt; but, alas! while circumstances are against you, the generality of mankind will judge severely. Bligh's representations to the Admiralty are, I am told, very unfavourable, and hitherto the tide of public opinion has been greatly in his favour. My mamma is at present well, considering the distress she has suffered since you left us; for, my dearest brother, we have experienced a complicated scene of misery from a variety of causes, which, however, when compared with the sorrow we felt on your account, was trifling and insignificant; *that* misfortune made all others light, and to see you once more returned, and safely restored to us, will be the summit of all earthly happiness. Farewell, my most beloved brother! God grant this may soon be put into your hands! Perhaps at this moment you are arrived in England, and I may soon have the dear delight of again beholding you. My mamma, brothers, and sisters, join with me in every sentiment of love and tenderness. Write to us immediately, my ever-loved Peter, and may the Almighty preserve you until you bless with your presence your fondly affectionate family, and particularly your unalterably faithful friend and sister,

(Signed) 'NESSY HEYWOOD.'"

We do not remember to have read a more affecting letter than this; so touching, indeed, that we almost regret to see a poetical effusion on the same subject, from the pen of the writer.

"Among the many anxious friends and family connexions of the Heywoods, was Commodore Pasley, to whom this affectionate young lady addressed herself on the melancholy occasion; and the following is the reply she received from this officer:—

'Sheerness, June 8th, 1792.

'Would to God, my dearest Nessy, that I could rejoice with you on the early prospect of your brother's arrival in England. One division of the Pandora's people has arrived, and now on board the Vengeance (my ship). Captain Edwards, with the remainder, and all the prisoners late of the Bounty, in number ten (four having been drowned on the loss of that ship), are daily expected. They have been most rigorously and closely confined since taken, and will continue so, no doubt, till Bligh's arrival. You have no chance of seeing him, for no bail can be offered. Your intelligence of his swimming off on the Pandora's arrival, is not founded; a man of the name of Coleman swam off ere she anchored—your brother and Mr. Stewart the next day; this last youth, when the Pandora was lost, refused to allow his irons to be taken off to save his life. I cannot conceal it from you, my dearest Nessy, neither is it proper I should—your brother appears, by all accounts, to be the greatest culprit of all, Christian alone excepted. Every exertion, you may rest assured, I shall use to save his life; but on trial I have no hope of his not being condemned. Three of the ten who are expected are mentioned in Bligh's narrative as men detained against their inclination. Would to God your brother had been one of that number! I will not distress you more by enlarging on this subject: as intelligence arises on their arrival, you shall be made acquainted. Adieu! my dearest Nessy: present my affectionate remembrances to your mother and sisters, and believe me always, with the warmest affection, your uncle, THOS. PASLEY.'

"How unlike is this from the letter of Bligh!* While it frankly apprises this amiable lady of the real truth of the case, without disguise, as it was then understood to be, from Mr. Bligh's representations, it assures her of his best exertions to save her brother's life."

All the correspondence at this afflicting period has the air of a romance—a romance of the deepest human interest. The result of the trial will be remembered; but we give the summary.

"The number of persons who remained in the Bounty after her piratical seizure, and of course charged with the crime of mutiny, was twenty-five; that these subsequently separated into two parties—sixteen having landed at Otaheite, and afterwards taken from thence in the Pandora, as prisoners, and nine having gone with the Bounty to Pitcairn's Island. Of the sixteen taken in the Pandora—

1. Mr. Peter Heywood, midshipman, was sentenced to death, but pardoned.
2. James Morrison, boatswain's mate, ditto ditto.
3. William Muspratt, commander's steward, do. do.
4. Thomas Burkitt, seaman, } condemned and executed.
5. John Millward, ditto, }
6. Thomas Ellison, ditto, }
7. Joseph Coleman, armourer, } tried and acquitted.
8. Charles Norman, carpenter's mate, }
9. Thos. M'Intosh, carpenter's crew, }
10. Michael Byrne, seaman, } drowned in irons when the Pandora was wrecked.
11. Mr. George Stewart, midshipman, }
12. John Sumner, seaman, }
13. Richard Skinner, seaman, }
14. Henry Hillbrant, cooper, }
15. Charles Churchill, master-at-arms, murdered by Matthew Thompson.
16. Matthew Thompson, seaman, murdered by Churchill's friends in Otaheité.

Of the nine who landed on Pitcairn's Island:

1. Mr. Fletcher Christian, acting-lieut., } were murdered by the Otaheitans.
2. John Williams, seaman, }
3. Isaac Martin, ditto, }
4. John Mills, gunner's mate, }
5. William Brown, botanist's assistant, }
6. Matthew Quintal, seaman, put to death by Young and Adams in self-defence.
7. William M'Koy, seaman, became insane, and killed by throwing himself from a rock.
8. Mr. Edward Young, midshipman, died of asthma.
9. Alex. Smith, *alias* John Adams, seaman, died in 1829."

Poor Nessy, whose character is so affectingly displayed in this narrative, died the year after her brother's trial. The details of the bringing home of the prisoners are equal to Byron's *Island*.

"The Pandora called at numerous islands without success; but on Lieutenant Corner having landed on one of the Palmerston's group, he found a yard and some spars, with the broad arrow upon them, and marked 'Bounty.' This induced the captain to cause a very minute search to be made in all these islands, in the course of which the Pandora, being driven out to sea by blowing weather, and very thick and hazy, lost sight of the little tender and a jolly boat, the latter of which was never more heard of. This gives occasion to a little splenetic effusion from a writer in a periodical journal, which was hardly called for. 'When this boat,' says the writer, 'with a midshipman and several men (four), had been inhumanly ordered from alongside, it was known that there was nothing in her but one piece of salt-beef, compassionately thrown in by a seaman; and horrid as must have been their fate, the flippant surgeon, after detailing the disgraceful fact, adds, 'that this is the way the world was peopled!' or words to that effect, for we quote only from memory.' The following is quoted from the book: 'It may be difficult to surmise,' says the surgeon, 'what has been the fate of those unfortunate men. They had a piece of salt-beef thrown into the boat to them on leaving the ship; and it rained a good deal that night and the following day, which might satiate their thirst. It is by these accidents the Divine Ruler of the universe has peopled the southern hemisphere.' This is no more than asserting an acknowledged fact, that can hardly admit of a dispute; and there appears nothing in the paragraph which at all affects the character of Captain Edwards, against whom it is levelled. After a fruitless search of three months, the Pandora arrived, on the 29th August, on the coast of New Holland, and close to that extraordinary reef of coral rocks called the 'Barrier Reef,' which runs along the greater part of the eastern coast, but at a considerable distance from it. The boat had been sent out to look for an opening, which was soon discovered; but in the course of the night the ship had drifted past it. 'On getting soundings,' says Captain Edwards, in his narrative laid before the court-martial, 'the

* Bligh was very inveterate against Heywood, as appears from his letters quoted here.

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topsails were filled; but before the tacks were hauled on board and other sail made and trimmed, the ship struck upon a reef; we had a quarter less two fathoms on the larboard side, and three fathoms on the starboard side; the sails were braced about different ways, to endeavour to get her off, but to no purpose; they were then clewed up, and afterwards furled, the top-gallant yards got down, and the top-gallant masts struck. Boats were hoisted out, with a view to carry out an anchor; but before that could be effected, the ship struck so violently on the reef, that the carpenter reported she made eighteen inches of water in five minutes; and in five minutes after this, that there were four feet of water in the hold. Finding the leak increasing so fast, it was thought necessary to turn the hands to the pumps, and to bail at the different hatchways; but she still continued to gain upon us so fast, that in little more than an hour and a half after she struck, there were eight feet and a half of water in the hold. About ten, we perceived that the ship had beaten over the reef, and was in ten fathoms water; we therefore let go the small bower anchor, cleared away a cable, and let go the best bower anchor in fifteen and a half fathoms water under foot, to steady the ship. Some of her guns were thrown overboard, and the water gained upon us only in a small degree, and we flattered ourselves that by the assistance of a thrummed topsail, which we were preparing to haul under the ship's bottom, we might be able to lessen the leak, and to free her of water: but these flattering hopes did not continue long; for, as she settled in the water, the leak increased again, and in so great a degree, that there was reason to apprehend she would sink before daylight. During the night two of the pumps were unfortunately for some time rendered useless; one of them, however, was repaired, and we continued baling and pumping the remainder of the night; and every effort that was thought of was made to keep afloat and preserve the ship. Daylight fortunately appeared, and gave us the opportunity of seeing our situation and the surrounding danger; and it was evident the ship had been carried to the northward by a tide or current. The officers, whom I had consulted on the subject of our situation, gave it as their opinion, that nothing more could be done for the preservation of the ship: it then became necessary to endeavour to provide and to find means for the preservation of the people. Our four boats, which consisted of one launch, one eight-oared pinnace, and two six-oared yawls, with careful hands in them, were kept astern of the ship; a small quantity of bread, water, and other necessary articles, were put into them; two canoes, which we had on board, were lashed together, and put into the water; rafts ware made, and all floating things upon deck were unlashed. About half-past six in the morning of the 29th the hold was full, and the water was between decks, and it also washed in at the upper-deck ports, and there were strong indications that the ship was on the very point of sinking; and we began to leap overboard and take to the boats; and before every body could get out of her, she actually sunk. The boats continued astern of the ship, in the direction of the drift of the tide from her, and took up the people that had hold of rafts and other floating things that had been cast loose, for the purpose of supporting them on the water. The double canoe, that was able to support a considerable number of men, broke adrift with only one man, and was bulged upon a reef, and afforded us no assistance when she was so much wanted on this trying and melancholy occasion. Two of the boats were laden with men, and sent to a small sandy island (or key) about four miles from the wreck; and I remained near the ship for some time with the other two boats, and picked up all the people that could be seen, and then followed the two first boats to the key; and having landed the men and cleared the boats, they were immediately despatched again, to look about the wreck and the adjoining reef for any that might be missing; but they returned without having found a single person. On mustering the people that were saved, it appeared that eighty-nine of the ship's company, and ten of the mutineers that had been prisoners on board, answered to their names; but thirty-one of the ship's company, and four mutineers, were lost with the ship.'—It is remarkable enough that so little notice is taken of the mutineers in this narrative of the captain; and as the following statement is supposed to come from the late Lieutenant Corner, who was second lieutenant of the Pandora, it is entitled to be considered as authentic; and if so, Captain Edwards must have deserved the character ascribed to him, of being altogether destitute of the common feelings of humanity. 'Three of the Bounty's people, Coleman, Norman, and M'Intosh, were now let out of irons, and sent to work at the pumps. The others offered their assistance, and begged to be allowed a chance of saving their lives; instead of which, two additional sentinels were placed over them, with orders to shoot any who should attempt to get rid of their fetters. Seeing no prospect of escape, they betook themselves to prayer, and prepared to meet their fate, every one expecting that the ship would soon go to pieces, her rudder and part of the stern-post being already beat away.' When the ship was actually sinking, and every effort making for the preservation of the crew, it is asserted that 'no notice was taken of the prisoners, as is falsely stated by the author of the 'Pandora's Voyage,' although Captain Edwards was entreated by Mr. Heywood to have mercy upon them, when he passed over their prison, to make his own escape, the ship then lying on her broadside, with the larboard bow completely under water. Fortunately, the master-at-arms, either by accident or design, when slipping from the roof of 'Pandora's box' into the sea, let the keys of the irons fall through the scuttle or entrance, which he had just before opened; and thus enabled them to commence their own liberation, in which they were generously assisted, at the imminent risk of his own life, by William Moulter, a boatswain's mate, who clung to the coamings, and pulled the long bars through the shackles, saying he would set them free, or go to the bottom with them. Scarcely was this effected when the ship went down, leaving nothing visible but the top-mast cross-trees. The master-at-arms and all the sentinels sunk to rise no more. The cries of them and the other drowning men were awful in the extreme; and more than half an hour had elapsed before the survivors could be taken up by the boats. Among the former were Mr. Stewart, John Summer, Richard Skinner, and Henry Hillbrant, the whole of whom perished with their hands still in manacles. On this melancholy occasion, Mr. Heywood was the last person but three who escaped from the prison, into which the water had already found its way through the bulk-head scuttles. Jumping overboard, he seized a plank, and was swimming towards a small sandy quay (key) about three miles distant, when a boat picked him up, and conveyed him thither in a state of nudity. It is worthy of remark, that James Morrison endeavoured to follow his young companion's example, and, although handcuffed, managed to keep afloat until a boat came to his assistance.' This account would appear almost incredible. It is true, men are sometimes found to act the part of inhuman monsters; but then they are generally actuated by some motive or extraordinary excitement: here, however, there was neither; but, on the contrary, the condition of the poor prisoners appealed most forcibly to the mercy and humanity of their jailor. The surgeon of the ship states, in his account of her loss, that as soon as the spars, booms, hen-coops, and other buoyant articles, were cut loose, 'the prisoners were ordered to be let out of irons.' One would imagine, indeed, that the officers on this dreadful emergency would not be witness to such inhumanity, without remonstrating effectually against keeping these unfortunate men confined a moment beyond the period when it became evident that the ship must sink. It will be seen, however, presently, from Mr. Heywood's own statement, that they were so kept, and that the brutal and unfeeling conduct which has been imputed to Captain Edwards is but too true. It is an awful moment when a ship takes her last heel, just before going down. When the Pandora sunk, the surgeon says, 'the crew had just time to leap overboard, accompanying it with a most dreadful yell. The cries of the men drowning in the water was at first awful in the extreme; but as they sunk and became faint, they died away by degrees.'"

Mr. Barrow is tolerably severe upon Bligh, but much more so upon Captain Edwards, of the Pandora, whose treatment of the prisoners was, indeed, most severe and cruel. He is also pretty sharp upon the missionaries, siding with Kotzebue much more than with Mr. Ellis (see our recent *Gazettes*). He tells us: "'With regard to their worship,' Captain Cook does the Otaheitans but justice in saying, 'they reproach many who bear the name of Christians. You see no instances of an Otaheitan drawing near the Eatooa with carelessness and inattention; he is all devotion; he approaches the place of worship with reverential awe; uncovers when he treads on sacred ground; and prays with a fervour that would do honour to a better profession. He firmly credits the traditions of his ancestors. None dares dispute the existence of the Deity.' Thieving may also be reckoned as one of their vices; this, however, is common to all uncivilised nations, and, it may be added, civilised too. But to judge them fairly in this respect, we should compare their situation with that of a more civilised people. A native of Otaheite goes on board a ship and finds himself in the midst of iron bolts, nails, knives, scattered about, and is tempted to carry off a few of them. If we could suppose a ship from El Dorado to arrive in the Thames, and that the custom-house officers, on boarding her, found themselves in the midst of bolts, hatchets, chisels, all of solid gold, scattered about the deck, one need scarcely say what would be likely to happen. If the former found the temptation irresistible to supply himself with what was essentially useful — the latter would be as little able to resist that which would contribute to the indulgence of his avarice or the gratification of his pleasures, or of both. Such was the state of this beautiful island and its interesting and fascinating natives at the time when Captain Wallis first discovered, and Lieutenant Cook shortly afterwards visited,

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it. What they now are, as described by Captain Beechey, it is lamentable to reflect. All their usual and innocent amusements have been denounced by the missionaries, and, in lieu of them, these poor people have been driven to seek for resources in habits of indolence and apathy: that simplicity of character, which atoned for many of their faults, has been converted into cunning and hypocrisy; and drunkenness, poverty, and disease, have thinned the island of its former population to a frightful degree. By a survey of the first missionaries, and a census of the inhabitants, taken in 1797, the population was estimated at 16,050 souls; Captain Waldegrave, in 1830, states it, on the authority of a census also taken by the missionaries, to amount only to 5000 — and there is but too much reason to ascribe this diminution to praying, psalm-singing, and dram-drinking. The island of Otaheite is in shape two circles united by a low and narrow isthmus. The larger circle is named Otaheite Mooé, and is about thirty miles in diameter; the lesser, named Tiaraboo, about ten miles in diameter. A belt of low land, terminating in numerous valleys, ascending by gentle slopes to the central mountain, which is about seven thousand feet high, surrounds the larger circle, and the same is the case with the smaller circle, on a proportionate scale. Down these valleys flow streams and rivulets of clear water, and the most luxuriant and verdant foliage fills their sides and the hilly ridges that separate them, among which were once scattered the smiling cottages and little plantations of the natives. All these are now destroyed, and the remnant of the population has crept down to the flats and swampy ground on the sea-shore, completely subservient to the seven establishments of missionaries, who have taken from them what little trade they used to carry on, to possess themselves of it; who have their warehouses, act as agents, and monopolise all the cattle on the island — but, in return, they have given them a new religion and a *parliament*, (*risum teneatis*?) and reduced them to a state of complete pauperism; and all, as they say, and probably have so persuaded themselves, for the honour of God, and the salvation of their souls! How much is such a change brought about by such conduct to be deprecated! How lamentable is it to reflect, that an island on which Nature has lavished so many of her bounteous gifts, with which neither Cyprus nor Cythera, nor the fanciful island of Calypso, can compete in splendid and luxuriant beauties, should be doomed to such a fate, — in an enlightened age, and by a people that call themselves civilised!"

And again of Nobbs, who had found his way to Pitcairn's Island.

"Buffet and Evans support themselves by their industry; but this Nobbs not only claims exemption from labour, as being their pastor— but also as being entitled to a maintenance at the expense of the community. He has married a daughter of Charles, and grand-daughter to the late Fletcher Christian, whose descendants, as captain of the gang, might be induced to claim superiority, and which, probably, might be allowed by general consent, had they but possessed a moderate share of talent; but it is stated, that Thursday October and Charles Christian, the sons of the chief mutineer, are ignorant, uneducated men. The only chance for the continuance of peace is the general dislike in which this Nobbs is held, and the gradual intellectual improvement of the rising generation.* It seems that Adams on his death-bed called all the heads of families together, and urged them to appoint a chief;— this, however, they have not done, which makes it the more to be apprehended that Nobbs, by his superior talent or cunning, will force himself upon them into that situation."

And there is this "P.S. Just as this last sheet came from the press, the editor has noticed, with a feeling of deep and sincere regret, a paragraph in the newspapers, said to be extracted from an American paper, stating that a vessel sent to Pitcairn's Island by the missionaries of Otaheite has carried off the whole of the settlers to the latter island. If this be true—and the mention of the name of Nott gives a colour to the transaction—the 'cherubim' must have slept, the 'flaming sword' have been sheathed, and another Eden has been lost; and, what is worse than all, that native simplicity of manners, that purity of morals, and that singleness of heart, which so peculiarly distinguished this little interesting society, are all lost. They will now be dispersed among the missionary stations as humble dependents, where Kitty Quintal and the rest of them may get 'food for their souls,' such as it is, in exchange for the substantial blessings they enjoyed on Pitcairn's Island."

We shall now conclude with a curious statement respecting the ancient laws against piracy. Mr. Barrow is making the best apology that suggests itself for the harsh conduct of Captain Edwards; and he says: "He might have considered that, in all ages and among all nations, with the exception of some of the Greek states, piracy has been held in the utmost abhorrence, and those guilty of it treated with singular and barbarous severity; and that the most sanguinary laws were established for the protection of person and property in maritime adventure. The laws of Oleron, which were composed under the immediate direction of our Richard I., and became the common usage among maritime states whose vessels passed through British seas, are conceived in a spirit of the most barbarous cruelty. Thus, if a poor pilot, through ignorance, lost the vessel, he was either required to make full satisfaction to the merchant for damages sustained, or to lose his head. In the case of wrecks, where the lord of the coast (something like our present vice-admiral) should be found to be in league with the pilots, and run the ships on rocks, in order to get salvage, the said lord, the salvers, and all concerned, are declared to be accursed and excommunicated, and punished as thieves and robbers; and the pilot condemned to be hanged upon a high gibbet, which is to abide and remain to succeeding ages, on the place where erected, as a visible caution to other ships sailing thereby. Nor was the fate of the lord of the coast less severe: his property was to be confiscated, and himself fastened to a post in the midst of his own mansion, which being fired at the four corners, were all to be burned together; the walls thereof demolished; and the spot on which it stood be converted into a market-place, for the sale only of hogs and swine, to all posterity. These and many other barbarous usages were transferred into the institutions of Wisbuy, which formed the *jus mercatorum* for a long period, and in which great care was taken for the security of ships against their crews. Among other articles, are the following:—whoever draws a sword upon the master of a vessel, or wilfully falsifies the compass, shall have his right hand nailed to the mast; whoever behaves riotously, shall be punished by being keel-hauled; whoever is guilty of rebellion (or mutiny), shall be thrown overboard. For the suppression of piracy, the Portuguese, in their early intercourse with India, had a summary punishment, and accompanied it with a terrible example, to deter others from the commission of the crime. Whenever they took a pirate ship, they instantly hanged every man, carried away the sails, rudder, and every thing that was valuable in the ship, and left her to be buffeted about by the winds and the waves, with the carcasses of the criminals dangling from the yards, a horrid object of terror to all who might chance to fall in with her. Even to this day, a spice of the laws of Oleron still remains in the maritime code of European nations, as far as regards mutiny and piracy; and a feeling of this kind may have operated on the mind of Captain Edwards, especially as a tendency even to mutiny, or mutinous expressions, are considered, by the usage of the service, as justifying the commander of a ship of war to put the offenders in irons. Besides, the treatment of Bligh, whose admirable conduct under the unparalleled sufferings of himself and all who accompanied him in the open boat, had roused the people of England to the highest pitch of indignation against Christian and his associates, in which Edwards no doubt participated."

There are some engravings; the subjects interesting, the execution not remarkable.

* "This Nobbs is probably one of those half-witted persons who fancy they have received a *call* to preach nonsense—some cobbler escaped from his stall, or tailor from his shopboard. Kitty Quintal's cant phrase, 'we want food for our souls,' and praying at meals for 'spiritual nourishment,' smack not a little of the jargon of the inferior caste of evangelicals. Whoever this pastoral drone may be, it is but too evident that the preservation of the innocence, simplicity, and happiness, of these amiable people, is intimately connected with his speedy removal from the island."

A Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed. By George Johnston, M.D., &c. Vol. I. *Phænogamous Plants;* Vol. II. *Cryptogamous Plants.* 12mo. Edinburgh, Carfrae and Son; London, Longman and Co.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose—
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!

says the song; and here we have the botanical proof in detail, class, and sub-division, with all the barbarous and mutable nomenclature of the science—though it is but justice to Dr. Johnston to say, that, in these respects, he has followed the best of guides and authorities. Fifty short definitions of terms, occupying, perhaps, two or three pages, would have been a great advantage to this publication, especially as its author has most judiciously interspersed it with pleasant varieties, to relieve the dryness of scientific definition, and recommend it to popular favour. It is true that every tolerable botanist will understand him, but many very clever persons may be at a loss to know what is meant by familiar appellations; and when we write for the general reader, we ought not to suppose that every one possesses a knowledge of Latin and Greek combinations.

With this slight remonstrance for an omission (an omission justified by the precedent of nearly all other works of the same kind), we have to bestow our entire commendation upon this able production, which merits much more than a local fame. As the Flora of an interesting and prolific country, it is ample and correct; and two brief papers add much to its value, by presenting a geological view of Berwickshire, and a botanical sketch of that county and part of Durham, from early times.

With this praise, we might consider our duty done, but that the preface says—

"To relieve, however, the dryness of mere descriptive detail, and to point out the manner

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in which this study may be made most conducive to our amusement, if not to our instruction, various particulars have been added relative to the uses of our plants in agriculture, in the arts, and in medicine. And, in the Flora of a river so celebrated as the Tweed in pastoral poetry, and 'where flowers of fairy blow,' it seemed allowable to notice, at greater length than is usual in works of science, the purposes to which superstition has applied them in former times, and the illustrations which they have afforded to the poets of our own day. A few facts relative to the physiology of vegetable life have been also given; but of what I had collected, by far the greater portion has been cancelled, lest our work should have exceeded its proper limits."

We could wish that the author had exceeded them; for there is not a flower that blows on the lovely Tweed which might not have revived a sweet remembrance—little connected, indeed, with its petals, or calyx, or corolla, or other minute description, but redolent of poetry, and legend, and belief. We are told that the

"Bonny, bonny broom, the broom of Cowdenknowes,"

has given place to turnips and common husbandry; but the theme once indulged, we should have liked to hear what blossoms now particularly adorn the bloody field of Flodden, what wisdom-giving plants grow where Dun Scotus flourished, and what spear-grass rears its head where the Kers, and Hays, and Homes, and Douglases, erewhile bristled in the armed field. But Dr. Johnston will answer us, Mine is a work of natural science, and not of legendary lore, and too much of illustration would have spoilt its character. He is right: but, having said that, as a botanical performance, his two little volumes are excellent, we trust he will excuse us for selecting our extracts from their merely accessorial reliefs.

Fraxinus excelsior: the common ash.—"No tree is so often met with in ruins and upon ancient walls, probably on account of the readiness with which its winged seeds (the *culverkeys* of our pastoral poets) are borne by the wind. It insinuates its roots far into the crevices of these old buildings, and thereby becomes an instrument of the destruction of what affords it support. In like manner it fastens upon loose slaty rocks, and decorates them with its verdure. It is one of the latest trees in coming into leaf, and loses its leaves early in autumn. These are greedily eaten by cattle; and it ought not to be planted in parks or lawns intended for the pasture of milch cows, for they communicate a disagreeable taste to the butter. The wood is tough and valuable, being applicable to a great variety of purposes; and it possesses the very singular property of being in perfection even in infancy—a pole three inches in diameter being as valuable and durable, for any purpose to which it can be applied, as the timber of the largest tree."

Of the *yellow iris* the following particulars are curious:—

"The roots, in Arran, are used to dye black; in Jura, boiled with copperas to make ink. They are strongly purgative, and said to be particularly useful in dropsical complaints—formerly recommended as a cure for toothache. 'But above all,' says Ettmuller, 'which I have hitherto known, the juice of the root of the *Iris lutea* rubbed upon the tooth that is painful, or the root itself chewed in the mouth, in an instant, as if by a charm, drives away the pain of the teeth, arising from what cause soever. He that communicated it to me, affirms that he had tried it forty times at least, with like success: I myself also have various times tried it, and a great many others have done the same by my persuasion, and I hardly ever knew it fail.' The seeds roasted make excellent coffee, superior to any other substitute."

Now, we will venture to say that, though these assertions are put forth respecting this plant, nobody will try whether it is a cure for the toothache, or a substitute for coffee. We live, in intellect, from hand to mouth, the veriest slaves of custom; but now and then some clever speculator hits upon one or other of these old and exploded stories, invents a fine new name, and makes a fine large fortune. Then, like a thousand other excellent pieces of knowledge, it sinks into oblivion, to be re-discovered, or re-invented, when our grandchildren are papas and mammas!

Lolium temulentum: bearded darnel.—"The seeds of this species possess deleterious properties when mixed with bread, corn, or malt; and malignant epidemic fevers have been attributed to their operation. In this country it is so rare, that it can seldom be productive of any mischief; but it is asserted to have been cultivated in the vicinity of London for the use of the brewer, who communicates to the beer an intoxicating quality by its means. It is the 'infelix lolium' of Virgil—

'Interque nitentia culta
Infelix lolium et sterilis dominantur avenæ.'"

This piece of information may be useful to the new beer-houses, about which such a fuss is now made. We confess that, being no politicians, it is a question we do not understand. As far as we can gather from parliamentary reports, and essays in the newspapers, the bishops and magistrates prefer the lower orders getting drunk with gin, while others prefer intoxication and sotting by means of beer. To us it is indifferent: gin is the speediest, but the least social. In London its indulgence is a mere selfish gulp, and away; whereas, even a coal-heaver must draw his breath upon a pot of beer, which leads to politics and polite conversation, to the manifest enlightening of the parties concerned. But this is a digression from *infelix lolium*:—come we to the *scabiosa succisa*, alias *the Devil's-bit scabious*.

"At one time the root (which is as it were bitten off) is supposed to have possessed an almost specific virtue against every kind of scaly eruptions, whence the generic name; but as 'the superstitious people hold opinion,' afraid of being deprived by its means of this method of tormenting poor mortal man, 'the divel did bite it for envie, because it is an herbe that hath so many good vertues, and is so beneficial to mankinde.' And in very verity the malice of the devil, as Smith observes, 'has unhappily been so successful, that no virtues can now be found in the remainder of the root or herb.'"

The fact is, that the age of imagination, as well as of chivalry, is past. Not so in olden times: witness the *Saxifraga granulata*, or *meadow saxifrage*.

"In conformity to the doctrine of Signatures, which attributes to any substance having a semblance to any organ of the body, sovereign virtues in removing the diseases of that organ, this plant was pronounced very useful in calculous complaints, because the roots somewhat resemble small gravel-stones. And because it is 'governed by the moon,' its credit remained undiminished with the astrologers, or those herbalists who imagined that the stars

'shed down
Their stellar virtue on all plants that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.'"

From the fanciful we pass again to the useful—the *Oxalis acetosella, common wood-sorrel.* "The leaves of this pretty unobtrusive flower droop at night, and close against rain. They are powerfully and most agreeably acid, making a refreshing and wholesome conserve with fine sugar, its flavour resembling green tea. Boiled with milk they make an agreeable whey, which may be used in inflammatory diseases, in which vegetable acids are beneficial. They also afford the 'essential salt of lemons,' used to take iron-moulds out of linen."

Mentha hirsuta, hairy mint.—"Mr. Macdonald, of Scalpa, in the Hebrides, having some years ago suffered considerably by mice, put at the bottom, near the centre, and the top of each stack, as it was raised, three or four stalks of wild mint, with the leaves on, gathered near a brook in a neighbouring field, and never after had any of his grain consumed. He then tried the same experiment with his cheese, and other articles kept in store, and often injured by mice, and with equal effect, by laying a few leaves, green or dry, on the articles to be preserved."

Among the Cryptogamia—*fungi*—there are some valuable remarks upon those minute vegetable productions which, as "blight," "smut," &c. &c., are so often supposed to be insects, and do so much injury to our most important crops. Of these, the *Sclerotium clavus* is "dull black, elongate, cylindrical, generally a little curved; internally white. *Decand. Fl. Franc.* vi. 115. *Hab.* Between the glumes of grasses, occupying the place of the grain. Great doubts have been entertained relative to the nature of this production; but I think, with Decandolle, that if the two preceding are allowed a place in the vegetable kingdom, this cannot with propriety be excluded. It has been detected in this neighbourhood on the sweet vernal-grass, the sweet floating-grass, and on the fiorin. When it attacks rye, which is peculiarly subject to the disease, the corn is said to be *spurred;* and this diseased grain is an active poison of a very peculiar kind. If gradually introduced into the system, as when mixed with the flour of rye-bread, it occasions a severe disease, which has often prevailed epidemically in different territories on the continent. The affection produced differs much in different epidemics, and even in different cases of the same epidemic. Two distinct sets of symptoms have been noticed; the one constituting a nervous disease, characterised by violent spasmodic convulsions; the other being a depraved state of the constitution, which ends in that remarkable disorder known by the name of dry gangrene. The poison possesses other singular properties; and the physician availing himself of it, can produce effects in the human constitution such as he can produce by no other medicine yet discovered;—a fact of which my own experience has afforded sufficient evidence. For an interesting history of what is known relative to the spurred rye, the medical reader is referred to Dr. Christison's learned and useful work on poisons."

The fungi in the vegetable world, like the fungi in society—and both are numerous classes—are generally odious or noxious, or useless; a few only being fit for any purpose of taste or conveniency. The *Agaricus muscarius* is "the most beautiful of the agarics; but let no one be tempted by its appearance to apply it to domestic use—for a poison lurks beneath its brilliant colours. Linnæus informs us that in Finmark they cut it into small pieces, mix them with milk, and place it at their windows for the purpose of poisoning flies, to which it proves as fatal as arsenic. In corroboration of this fact,

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I have observed that the flies which sip of the dirty yellow liquor into which this fungus dissolves, die almost immediately. Haller relates that six persons of Lithuania in Poland perished at one time by eating it. The Ostiacks in Siberia, and the Kamaschatdales and Koriacks, however, use it for the purpose of producing intoxication. They 'sometimes eat it dry, sometimes immersed in a fermented liquor made with the *Epilobium*, which they drink, notwithstanding the dreadful effects. They are at first seized with convulsions in all their limbs, then with a raving, such as attends a burning fever; a thousand phantoms, gay or gloomy according to their constitutions, present themselves to their imaginations; some dance, others are seized with unspeakable horrors. They personify this mushroom; and if its effects urge them to suicide or any dreadful crime, they say they obey its commands. To fit themselves for premeditated assassinations, they take the *Mouche-mere*, the Russian name of this agaric. Such is the fascination of drunkenness in this country, that nothing can induce the natives to forbear this dreadful potion.'"

Of the *A. campestris*, our common mushroom, the author states, "it long has been esteemed an article of epicurean delicacy, and is extensively used in making catsup. When it has proved deleterious to those who eat it, the injury ought rather to be attributed to some peculiar idiosyncrasy of the individual, than to any poisonous quality in the mushrooms. We, indeed, almost annually read of people being poisoned by them; but other agarics have been in these cases gathered in place of the *Ag. campestris*. 'I have seen,' says Dr. Christison, 'those who gather mushrooms near Edinburgh for the purpose of making catsup, picking up every fungus that came in their way.' 'As there is no critical mark to determine at once between poisonous and salutary mushrooms, we may lay it down as a general rule, that those should be suspected and avoided that grow in moist and marshy grounds, and especially in the shade; that have a dirty-looking surface, and whose gills are soft, moist, and porous.'—*Dr. Good.* 'It appears that most fungi which have a warty cap, more especially fragments of membrane adhering to their upper surface, are poisonous. Heavy fungi, which have an unpleasant odour, especially if they emerge from a *vulva* or bag, are also generally hurtful. Of those which grow in woods and shady places, a few are esculent, but most are unwholesome; and if they are moist on the surface, they should be avoided. All those which grow in tufts or clusters from the trunks or stumps of trees, ought likewise to be shunned. A sure test of a poisonous fungus is an astringent, styptic taste, and perhaps also a disagreeable, but certainly a pungent odour. Some fungi possessing these properties have indeed found their way to the epicure's table; but they are of very questionable quality. Those whose substance becomes blue soon after being cut, are invariably poisonous. Agarics of an orange or rose-red colour, and boleti which are coriaceous or corky in texture, or which have a membraneous collar round the stem, are also unsafe: but these rules are not universally applicable in other genera. Even the esculent mushrooms, if they are partially devoured by insects, and have been abandoned, should be avoided, as they have in all probability acquired injurious qualities which they do not usually possess. These rules for knowing deleterious fungi seem to rest on fact and experience; but they will not enable the collector to recognise every poisonous species.'—*Dr. Christison.*

'The meadow mushrooms are in kinde the best—
It is ill trusting any of the reste.'"

"Accidents arising from the deadly fungi being mistaken for eatable mushrooms, are common on the continent, and especially in France. They are by no means unfrequent, too, in Britain; but they are much less frequent than abroad, because the epicure's catalogue of mushrooms in this country contains only three species, whose characters are too distinct to be mistaken by a person of ordinary skill; while abroad a great variety of them have found their way to the table, many of which are not only liable to be confounded with poisonous species, but are even also themselves of doubtful quality."

Our Review seems to have grown up like a mushroom, and we must hasten to give it as rapid an end. It shall be for the information of the tabbies—we mean no insinuation—*Nepeta cataria, cat-mint*, which "'the later herbarists call *herba cattaria*, and *herba catti*, because the cats are very much delighted herewith; for the smell of it is so pleasant to them, that they rub themselves upon it, and wallow or tumble in it, and also feed on the branches and leaves very greedily.'—*Gerarde.* On this account it can only be preserved in gardens by sowing the seed; for by the handling in the process of transplanting, or in the languid state subsequent to it, the peculiar scent is exhaled, and the cats are attracted to the plant, which otherwise they are unable to discover. 'If you set it, the cats will eat it; if you sow it, the cats will not know it.'"

Having shewn how to cheat a cat of its vegetable enjoyments, we shall bid adieu to these volumes, again recommending them to the public as most deserving of favour. As Berwick belongs to no country, no national prejudices need interfere in undervaluing its science, and proclaiming its "decline."

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXVII. Switzerland, France, &c.

[Second notice.]

In concluding our selections from this pleasant volume, it may be as well, in order to prevent confusion, to notice, as it has lain some time on our shelf, that it was published before the author's *Spain* in 1830. It accordingly bore his *sobriquet* of Derwent Conway, which he has since abandoned for his real name of Henry D. Inglis. Under both appellations we have been much gratified with his productions; and now finish what we proposed from his Switzerland, France, &c.

Deaf and dumb hunter of the Pyrenees.

"For some distance after leaving St. Sauveur, the valley is a deep and dreary ravine, the river flowing far below, in a narrow bed between perpendicular rocks, in some parts covered with trees, which have taken root in the crevices. There is not a hut, nor any cultivation; and the only person I met was an izard-hunter, who, although he was deaf and dumb, recounted to me, by signs, the history of his day's sport. He was a tall, athletic man, about fifty years of age. He carried the izard on his back, and walked at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, notwithstanding this burden, and the additional one of a gun slung across his shoulders; and I afterwards learnt, that this man is one of the most successful and one of the most fearless hunters of the Pyrenees. The gestures by which he described the events of the day were quite as intelligible as if he had possessed the gift of speech. Both his own actions and those of the izard were imitated exactly. He shewed that he had fired twice, and wounded the izard—that it tumbled down a precipice—that he looked over, and succeeded in scrambling down—and that he pursued, overtook it, and knocked it on the head with the but-end of his gun. He also made me understand that he killed about three izards in the week, and sometimes four, and that he sold them at six francs a piece, exclusive of the skin, which was worth another franc. What an enormous profit must be realised by the *traiteurs* at the baths! They purchase a whole izard for six francs, and divide it into at least twenty dinner portions, at four francs each! Yet the successful izard-hunter is richer than the majority of Pyrenean peasants; and although his profession be both laborious and dangerous, the excitement is proportioned to the danger and difficulty, and the pleasure proportioned to the excitement. When this deaf and dumb man was reciting, in his own way, the fortunes of the day, the eagerness of his gestures, and the changing expression of his countenance, shewed his enthusiasm in his trade, and the delight he took in its chances and issues; and there can be little doubt that when the fatigue and dangers of the day terminate in the possession of the izard, he considers these far overpaid. The mind of a man who spends his days a hunter in the mountains must be strangely complexioned. Dwelling always among mountain solitudes—always alone with Nature, and amid her grandest works—companion of the storm, and the mists and the shadows—the great rocks—the rushing torrents, and the black lake—we might conclude that the mind of such a man could not be without the elements of moral and intellectual grandeur; but so, perhaps, might we argue of the sailor who traverses the mighty deep, and paces the deck of the lone vessel beneath the wide starry sky. But it is probable that these men look not beyond their individual calling. The rudder that guides the vessel through the ocean is, to the mariner, an object of deeper interest than the illimitable and trackless waters; and to the hunter of the Alps or the Pyrenees, the only object of interest among the mountain solitudes is the little animal that he pursues."

Tradition.—"It was a deep valley, not half a mile across, bounded by rocks; and upon the summit of the rocks, opposite to each other, stood the ruins of two castles. These were the castles of Espeche and Lomine; and the guide narrated a tradition of these places as we went along. The lords of these two castles were enemies, and constantly disputed with one another the possession of the valley that lay between their castles; but, along with this enmity, each was enamoured of the wife of the other, though the ladies themselves loved their own lords, and gave no encouragement to the enemies of their husbands. At this time the crusades were published; and both of these nobles resolved to forget private animosities for a time, and join the standard of the Cross. It so happened, however, that after travelling—the tradition does not say whether in company or not—during several days, the devil entered into both their hearts, and they both reasoned after this manner:—'My enemy has gone to the holy wars, and has left both his lands and his wife unprotected. I hate him, but I love his wife. What hinders me from returning, and making the most of his absence?' And so both the Lord of Espeche and the Lord of Lomine returned, and took the road, not to their own castles, but to the castles of each other. But it so happened, that on the very

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night upon which these two nobles left their own castles, their ladies had a vision. Each was warned, in a dream, of the intention of her husband to return, and go to the castle of his enemy, that he might find his enemy's wife; and this vision being often repeated, these noble dames resolved—instigated, no doubt, by the same kind power that had sent the vision—to seek each other, and communicate what had happened. Accordingly, these ladies left their own castles to cross the valley, and met each other by the way; and having communicated the mutual vision, they resolved upon a method of avoiding the danger, and of at the same time proving to their lords their own affection, and the Divine interposition by which they had been warned of the future. They determined to change castles; and that very day they put their resolution into effect. Meanwhile, their lords arrived under cover of night, each at the castle of his enemy, and were greatly surprised to find that no wonder was excited by their return, for the ladies had forewarned their household of what was to be expected; but still greater was their surprise, when, upon being ushered into the castle hall, each beheld his own spouse. The explanation that followed wrought a miraculous change. Touched with the affection of their own wives, they were convinced that this reconciliation was the will of God, since its means had been miraculously revealed in a vision. They abjured their mutual enmity—swore unalterable fidelity to their own wives—and set out in company for the Holy Land."

A good Reason.—"Tours is scarcely at all a place of commerce; but the environs of the city furnish the most agreeable walks, and these, too, are the most frequented. Innumerable little paths lead in every direction through the fields, and among the knolls and copses. These walks are, however, very unsociable, for they are only wide enough for one. But this was explained to me, by a French *demoiselle*, to be better; 'because,' said she, 'if *monsieur* who is behind says a gallant thing, we may either hear or not as we please; and in case we blush, nobody sees it.' I confessed that the reasoning was irresistible."

One thing at least a traveller acquires—a good appetite. Our tourist dwells most touchingly on divers gastronomic reminiscences: he mentions the fragrant raspberries and cream at one place, and a most delicious sucking pig at another; he is eloquent in praise of the fried fish and the bread pudding of his Jewish hostess at Bieretz; and as to the omelets, we give what he says of them in his own words:—

"It is a great misfortune if a traveller in France, especially a foot-traveller, whose day's journey often conducts him to the smaller inns, should happen to dislike omelet. It may be difficult to believe that any such person exists; but I have seen and travelled with persons so unfortunate: and when I have been enjoying an excellent meal, they have been obliged to content themselves with the purer pleasure of sympathising in my good fortune. Every where in France, even in the poorest auberge, an omelet is to be obtained; either *omelette sucrée*, *omelette grasse*, or *omelette aux fines herbes*. What a choice is there! One might very well begin with an *omelette grasse*, make a remove of the *omelette aux fines herbes*, and finish with an *omelette sucrée* by way of dessert."

A pretty view of Vaucluse, which Mr. Conway visits and describes, ushers in this very amusing volume.

The French phrases, &c. which are, perhaps almost unavoidably, very frequent in these pages, are sadly incorrect: hardly any noun and adjective agree in gender; verbs are put in the singular instead of the plural, and *vice versâ*, &c. We have, of course, corrected the errors we noticed in our extracts: but such carelessness greatly detracts from the value of the work.

The Familiar Law Adviser. No. 1, *Landlords and Tenants; No.* 2, *Masters and Servants; No.* 3, *Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes; No.* 4, *Benefit Societies and Saving Banks.*

We take some blame to ourselves for not having earlier noticed these little productions, which, to use the legal phrase, "we have perused and approved of." They are very well adapted for that which they profess to teach, namely, a general summary of the several laws relating to the above subjects, written so as to be understood by, and be useful to, the world at large. This, we take it, was the great end which the authors had in view; and the task appears to have been executed with care and fidelity. There may be some dicta in the first No. of this work, to which we should hesitate to pin our faith, such as "taking the law a little into one's own hands," "taking out window-sashes," "unhinging doors," &c. to get rid of refractory tenants: but, with these few drawbacks, the law seems sound and well authenticated; and we think they will be found very useful appendages to the desk of the trader and the counting-house of the merchant: indeed, there are few stations of life in which one or other of these works may not be advantageously referred to.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—A German paper contains a very long letter, addressed to the editor by a M. Antony Bernhard, and dated Munich, 3d July this year, in which he gives an account of an invention, which he has ultimately matured, for raising water or other fluids to any height that can be required for any useful purposes. From this long letter, which would fill about four of your pages, I extract a few passages, which will suffice to give some idea of the nature of the invention, and the pretensions of the inventor. The theory of his invention had long been *floating* in his mind; but many years were spent in experiments to reduce it to practice. His first apparatus was at length brought to a trial in 1829, at the Grand Surrey Canal, near London. This first public trial produced a result which, *à priori*, had been declared by every body to be impossible; the water being raised to the height of seventy feet in a pipe nine inches in diameter. Owing to defects and imperfections in the first apparatus, the water did not rise in a continuous column but in a few cases, and began again after some minutes' interval; these intervals occurring five or six times in an hour. The mass of water raised each time might be about fifty cubic feet. M. Bernhard declares that he had seen such an apparatus complete by M. Ertel, an eminent mechanician of Munich, by which quicksilver was raised to the height of 13 feet, which, considering the relative specific gravity of water and mercury, is equal to raising water to the height of 175 feet. He is now engaged in erecting an apparatus on a large scale for raising water, which he says will be ready in the next month (*i. e.* August this year); and that it will raise 4000 cubic feet of water in an hour to the height of 60 feet.

The problem to be solved was—"To raise water, quicksilver, or any other fluid, without pumps or other mechanical contrivance, to any height required for useful purposes." This problem he has solved as follows:—"By the application of the pressure of the atmosphere, as an acting power, to the fluid to be raised; by the application of heat to produce the expansion, or rarefaction, and thereby a diminution of the specific gravity of the fluid, as the body to be raised; and, lastly, by the production of a vacuum within the apparatus and above the rising column of fluid, to take away the counter pressure."

This invention M. Bernhard says will entirely supersede the steam-engine, which he says he shall be able to prove, as soon as he can make models of the different kinds of apparatus which will be necessary to perform the several functions of steam-engines. M. B. goes into great detail to shew that his invention will be attended with a vast saving of expense, time, and labour. He complains that though he has taken great pains to prove by experiments the correctness of his theory to many professors and amateurs of science, and to learned societies in Prussia, England, France, and Bavaria, none of them, or at least very few, have acknowledged its accuracy, and no society has given him any encouragement. He gives, however, the names of several men of rank and learning in Bavaria who attended his experiments, and refers for particulars (among other persons) to F. P. Hooper, Esq. Saville Place, London.

H. E. L.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland. From original Paintings by John Fleming; engraved by Joseph Swan. Parts III. and IV. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Two pleasing Parts of this pleasing publication. The lakes illustrated are "Loch Katrine," "Loch Achray," "Loch Vennachoir," "Loch Ard," "Loch of Monteath," and "Loch Lubnaig." We think Mr. Swan peculiarly happy in communicating lucidity and fluency to his water; of which the view of "Loch Ard" is a fine proof.

Etchings. By C. Read. Close, Salisbury.

We have lying before us the last two productions of Mr. Read's etching-point. They fully confirm the high opinion which we expressed in a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette*, of that gentleman's taste and feeling.

Embellishments of the Landscape Annual for 1832. Jennings and Chaplin.

We hail this as the first annual splendour that we have seen of the present season; and to the admirers of picturesque and classic beauty it will, we are persuaded, prove one of the most interesting. We believe, however, that it will not be ready for the public before the month of November. The first and second volumes of this elegant work were devoted to the illustration of Switzerland and Italy; and to Mr. Prout's masterly pencil, exclusively, the publishers resorted for their subjects. With the judicious purpose of imparting variety to their undertaking, they have in the present instance put in requisition the talents of another admirable landscape painter, Mr. Harding, from whose charming drawings the whole of the beautiful prints under our notice have been engraved. They "comprehend," to use the lan-

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guage of the address to the public, "views of the richly variegated and picturesque scenery of southern Italy;—Florence, and the banks of the Arno;—the drear but classic ruins around Roman and Tuscan cities;—the romantic lakes and their enchanting vicinity;—Naples, with its majestic Bay, its wild and picturesque coasts; the deep retreats which Salvator loved to haunt, and where Sannazaro sang his country's strains:—

'La bella contrada
Ch' Appenin parte e 'l mar circonda e l' Alpe.'"

The plates which embellish the volume, and which are finely executed by Messrs. Allen, Brandard, Fisher, Goodall, Higham, Henshall, Jeavons, Jorden, Miller, Radcliffe, Redaway, W. R. Smith, J. Smith, Varrall, and Willmore, are twenty-six in number, viz.—Milan Cathedral, Interior; Lago Maggiore; Florence, from the Cascine; Ponte Santa Trinita, Florence; Pelago, near Florence; Temple of the Clitumnus; Spoleto; Nepi; Lake of Nemi; Gensano; the Ghigi Palace at L'Arricia; Tivoli, Vignette; Santa Lucia, Naples; Naples, from the Sea; Naples, from the Strada Nuova; Puzzuoli; Puzzuoli, with the Mole of Caligula; Castle and Bay of Baiæ, Temple of Minerva; Bay of Baiæ; Castell-a-Mare; Persano; Bridge of Vico; Sorrento, Entrance to; Bay and Plain of Sorrento; Vietri; Cetara.

Where there is so much general excellence, we feel that we are almost guilty of injustice in bestowing particular commendation; but, if we were compelled to say which of these exquisite plates seem to us best calculated to awaken delightful recollection in the minds of those who have visited the original scenes, or to excite an ardent longing to visit them on the part of those who have not been so fortunate, we think we should specify,—"the Bay and Plain of Sorrento," engraved by E. Goodall; "the Lake and Town of Nemi," engraved by J. C. Varrall; "the Interior of Milan Cathedral," engraved by T. Higham; "Santa Lucia, Naples," engraved by J. E. Allen; "Entrance to Sorrento," engraved by S. Fisher; "Puzzuoli, with the Mole of Caligula," engraved by R. Brandard; "Persano," engraved by W. R. Smith; "the Ghigi Palace at L'Arricia," engraved by T. Jeavons; "Ponte Santa Trinita, Florence," engraved by J. Redaway; "Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore," engraved by W. Miller; "Temple of the Clitumnus," engraved by H. Jorden; "Gensano," engraved by J. Smith; "Naples, from the Strada Nuova," engraved by W. Radcliffe; "Castle and Bay of Baiæ," engraved by J. T. Willmore, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HERMIT'S GRAVE.

The days are gone when pilgrims knelt
By sacred spot or shrine;
The cells where saints have lived or died
No more are held divine:

The bough of palm, the scallop-shell,
Are signs of faith no more;
The common grave is holy held
As that on Salem's shore.

Yet, when I knew that human knee
Had worn the rock away,
And that here, even at my feet,
Earth hid the righteous clay;

I felt this was no common spot
For any common thought—
The place's own calm sanctity
Within my spirit wrought.

The cave was dark and damp—it spoke
Of penance and of prayer;
Remorse that scarcely dared to hope,
And heavy grief, were there.

But at the entrance was a scene,
Which seemed expressly given
To bring the heart again to earth,
And win it thence to heaven.

For so benign an influence
Was falling from the sky,
And like a blessing on the land
The sunshine seemed to lie.

The long green grass was full of life,
And so was every tree;
On every bough there was a bud,
In every bud a bee.

And life hath such a gladdening power,
Thus in its joy arrayed—
The God who made the world so fair
Must love what he has made.

Fed by the silver rains, a brook
Went murmuring along,
And to its music, from the leaves,
The birds replied in song;

And, white as ever lily grew,
A wilding broom essayed
To fling upon the sunny wave
A transitory shade.

Misty and gray as morning skies,
Mid which their summits stood,
The ancient cliffs encompassed round
The lovely solitude.

It was a scene where faith would take
Lessons from all it saw,
And feel amid its depths that hope
Was God's and Nature's law.

The past might here be wept away—
The future might renew
Its early confidence on high,
When years and sins were few.

Till, in the strength of penitence
To the worst sinner given,
The grave would seem a resting-place
Between this world and heaven.

'Tis but a pious memory
That lingers in this dell,
That human tears, and human prayers,
Have sanctified the cell.

Save for that memory, all we see
Were only some fair scene,
Not linked unto our present time
By aught that e'er had been.

But now a moral influence
Is on that small gray stone;
For who e'er watched another's grave
And thought not of his own,

And felt that all his trust in life
Was leaning on a reed?
And who can hear of prayer and faith
And not confess their need?

If he who sleeps beneath thought years
Of prayer might scarce suffice
To reconcile his God, and win
A birthright in the skies,

What may we hope who hurry on
Through life's tumultuous day,
And scarcely give one little hour
To heaven upon our way?

Thou blessed grave! ah, not in vain
Has been thy presence here,
If it hath wrought in any heart
One higher hope or fear.

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE LEX TALIONIS.

The recent unhappy occurrence in Scotland, which places a peer of the realm upon trial for a capital offence, reminds us of a circumstance that occurred some years ago in one of the English counties, and which we believe has never appeared in print. One of the officers of a marching regiment, Capt. B., who was quartered in the neighbourhood, was amusing himself by shooting upon the lands of Lord M.; and as it was then a privilege extended without ceremony to all officers, he had not asked permission of the noble lord. His lordship, however, saw the intruder from his drawing-room window, summoned his gamekeeper, and directed him to go instantly and shoot the stranger's two dogs. The man knew the character of his master, and, from his tone and manner, saw that the command must be obeyed. He rode off to the spot, addressed the sportsman, apologised, but said he dared not go back to his lordship with his orders disobeyed. Capt. B. expostulated; but at length, pointing to one of his dogs, requested, as a favour, that the gamekeeper would kill that one first. The shot was fired, and the poor dog fell. Capt. B., who carried a double-barrel gun, instantly advanced, and coolly discharged his piece through the head of the gamekeeper's horse. "Now," said he, addressing the fellow, who was all astonishment and terror, "that is horse for dog; fire again, and it shall be man for dog." The invitation was, of course, declined. "And now," he continued, "go back to your rascally master, describe what you have seen, give him this card, and tell him, that wherever I can find him, in country or in town, I will horsewhip him from that spot to the threshold of his own door." The noble lord was, early the next morning, on his way to London, and did not return to his country residence until Capt. B.'s regiment had been ordered to a distant part of the kingdom.—*Correspondent.*

DRAMA.

There has been nothing worthy of remark in the dramatic world this week. The English Opera is very near its close, and the Haymarket hastening after, about a fortnight later. *John Jones*, i. e. Mathews, played by Farren, is inimitably good, and obtains the general applause so perfect a personation justly merits. At Drury Lane, Mr. Martin's brutes from Paris have arrived; and *Hyder Ali* is forthwith to be produced, for their bestial performances. We hear that there is much growling among the three lions, the bear, and the tiger. The actors who were wont to play beasts, either wholesale or retail, have struck and remonstrated. They sent a letter to the treasurer declaring they would not be Dunn; to which a reply was, after a consultation, written by the Boa Constrictor, in which it was stated, that in the event of any opposition or disturbance, the oldest Lion was instructed to eat A. Bunn. The Kangaroo is expected to fill its pouch, and the Pelican its bag. The Llama takes the range of tragedy, as the rival of Miss F. Kemble at the other house. The six Monkeys have been studying Harley for activity, &c.; and the six Paroquets have talked all the actresses out of the green-room, so that they may now be had any where.

VARIETIES.

Statuary.—The *Windsor Express* relates, that the bronze horse cast for the statue of George III. in Windsor Great Park, has been

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broken, beyond the help of repair, by the overturning of the truck in which it was being conveyed to its destination. So much for a want of care and regulation in the truck system.

Titles of Distinction!! — A northern paper (the *Inverness Journal*) calls David Wilkie "the Scotch *Salvator Rosa*." Upon what ground, the deponent sayeth not.

German Teaching. — We hear from our foreign correspondent much eulogium on Professor Baron de Fabeck's new method of teaching the German language, as combining both clearness and rapidity. If he is as successful in England as he has been on the continent, the result will be fortunate for the admirers of that most interesting but difficult language.

Anecdote of the late Mr. Northcote. — One day Sir W. Knighton called upon the veteran, (to whose friendship he had been much indebted before his distinguished connexion with his late Majesty), and asked him: "What do you know of the Prince Regent?" "Nothing," said Northcote; "what should I?" "Why he knows you very well," said Knighton. "Who says so?" "Himself." "Pooh!" said Northcote; "it is only his *brag*."

Coronation Service.—The greater part of the prayers used in the Queen's coronation are found in the coronation of Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, who married Æthelwulf, the father of Alfred, king of the West Saxons, A.D. 856. So that 25 years only are wanting to complete 1000 years since they have been appropriated to an English queen. —*Silver on the Anglo-Saxon Coronation Service.*

Decline of Science. — The writer of the pamphlet on the Decline of Science in England, which we reviewed in our last No., is Dr. Moll of Utrecht. We may again thank him, on this personal introduction, for the justice he has done to our national character.

Goethe. — A correspondent tells us, that the lines we have ascribed to Goethe (see last two *Literary Gazettes*), are in reality the production of Maucroix, at the age of 80, and only copied by the celebrated German poet. Maucroix was a poet and historian of some note, born at Noyou, 1619.

Sir W. Scott. — Our illustrious countryman is, we learn, about to take a trip to the Mediterranean, in H. M. S. Barham. We have conversed with a friend who dined with him within the last week in Edinburgh, and we rejoice to hear that he was in good health and spirits.

How to save Shoes. — In these days of reform and retrenchment, it is not uncommon or strange that people should bethink themselves of lessening expenses in a domestic way, and discuss the modes as ardently as our congressmen. Not long since, these were the topics of discussion by some half-dozen rubicund-visaged politicians assembled at a country bar-room. Each one told his story of *saving*, spun out to an inordinate length, and many were the *wonderments* of the assembly, that they met with such good success in their experiments. At length it came to the turn of a quizzical, funny old genius, who had hitherto remained silent, to tell his tale. "Two years since," said he, "I bought me a new pair of *cow-hide* shoes; put them on, gave them a thorough *greasing*, placed them away, and let them remain six months. I then put them on again, and have not purchased a pair of shoes since, and they are now nearly as good as new." "Wondrous!" said one of the group; "how did you make them last so long?" "Why I wore *boots*."—*American.*

The Ex-Dey of Algiers. — Hussein dined the other day with the president of the council, at Paris. He was accompanied by a single servant, who did not leave him during the repast. In the morning he sent a message to the president to request that his cook might be admitted into the kitchen to prepare his dinner. The president consented; and Hussein's cook arrived with a couple of live fowls, which he plunged into boiling water, after having cut off their heads and feet. These fowls, thus dressed, and served up with boiled rice, composed the whole of the dey's dinner. In the midst of the brilliant set-out of the ministerial table, this modest dish looked like the emblem of fallen power. Hussein affected great disdain for all the succulent culinary compositions under which the table groaned; but it is just to add, that M. Perier's other guests had no appearance of longing for the boiled fowls of this "barbarian, who did not know how to make a good dinner."—*Temps.*

Societies of Fine Arts.—A Society has been formed at Prague, under the auspices of the Emperor of Austria. Its object is, "to purchase the most successful productions of living native artists, and by this means to incite those artists to activity; and to promote a more extended taste for the fine arts among the public at large." The mode proposed for effecting this excellent purpose is simple enough. The Society consists of an unlimited number of members, whose only qualification is the contribution of a yearly subscription of eight shillings. With the fund thus raised, the committee, appointed by the members, is to purchase, as far as their resources permit, a selection of the works exhibited annually by the Royal Academy; preference being given to the efforts of indigent and unpatronised merit. It will also be at the discretion of the committee to direct works so purchased to be engraved or lithographed. A member may pay two or more yearly subscriptions of eight shillings, and for each of them he is entitled to two or more tickets, in the distribution, by lottery, which the committee directs to be made at convenient periods. —We have been informed, that institutions of a corresponding character exist in other continental cities, and that they have proved not only a source of high gratification to the associates, but inestimably useful in bringing forward artists of talent, who, in all human probability, would not, otherwise, have been included among the chosen few through whose penury the genial ray of public patronage would have penetrated. We see no reason why such an institution should not equally prosper under our own sky. It would do honour to the generous feelings and expanding taste of our fellow-countrymen.

Impromptu, ascribed to Mr. Croker, on Lord John Russell's complaining that the attendance on the Reform Bill had hurt his health:

Jack and Bill brought in a bill
To breed a Revolution:
Bill fell down and cracked his Crown,
And Jack his Constitution.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIX. Sept. 24.*]

Italy's Romantic Annals are to form the subject of the new series of the Romance of History, by Charles Macfarlane, Esq.

The ancient Scotch metrical Romance of Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyzt, from a unique MS. preserved in the British Museum, by Frederic Madden, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

The Geographical Annual for 1832 is announced for publication, uniform with the larger Annuals, and to contain engravings of all the states, kingdoms, and empires, throughout the world.

The London Manual of Medical Chymistry; comprising an interlinear verbal translation of the Pharmacopœia, with extensive Chemical, Botanical, Therapeutical, and Posological Notes, &c. by W. Maugham, Surgeon.

A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Husband and Wife, in Two Parts.

The False Step, a Novel, is about to appear; and the Biblical Cabinet Atlas is nearly completed.

A Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors, in Ancient and Modern Languages, with English Translations, &c. by Hugh Moore, Esq.

The History, Topography, and Antiquities, of Framlingham, compiled from the best Authorities, by R. Green.

Wilson's American Ornithology, with the continuation by C. L. Buonaparte; together with an Enumeration and Description of the newly discovered Species not included in the original works, and copious Notes, by Sir William Jardine, Bart.

The Author of "Gertrude" will shortly produce her new novel, the Affianced One.

The fifth volume of the Winter's Wreath, for 1832, with engravings, &c. by celebrated Artists.

The Sisters' Budget; a Collection of Original Tales in Prose and Verse, by the Authors of "the Odd Volume," &c. with contributions from distinguished Writers.

Mr. S. Robinson announces a new Annual for 1832; consisting of standard volumes for the library: with embellishments on steel.

The Chameleon, an Album of Original Pieces, by Mr. Atkinson the publisher.

A volume of poetry, Pictures of the Past, is announced by Mr. Brydson.

Friendship's Offering for 1832 boasts of an array of highly finished engravings after celebrated paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Stothard, Richter, Wood, Purser, Westall, and other eminent artists, with contributions from popular writers.

The Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan, is to be embellished with upwards of sixty humorous designs by various comic artists, with facetious contributions by several writers.

And another new Annual, illustrated from drawings by Prout, under the title of the Continental Annual, is forthcoming, uniform in size with his Landscape Annual. The literary department, under the superintendence of Mr. William Kennedy, is to consist of romantic tales.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires et Souvenirs du Comte Lavallette, 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.* sewed. — The Hexandrian Plants, No. I. 21*s.* sewed. — Standard Novels, No. VIII. Scottish Chiefs, Vol. II. 6*s.* bds.—Hinton's America, Vol. I. 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.; India paper, 5*l.* 5*s.* bds. — Polytechnic Library, Vol. I. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Analogies of Organised Beings, by J. L. Duncan, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Rennell's Comparative Geography of Western Asia, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.; Atlas to ditto, 4to. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.—Rennell's Geographical Illustration of Xenophon, 4to. Maps, 21*s.* bds; On the Topography of Troy, 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—National Library, Vol. XII. Lives of Celebrated Travellers, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—The Smuggler, by the author of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

September.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 15	From 49. to 65.	30·08 to 30·10
Friday 16	—— 49. — 63.	30·14 — 30·16
Saturday .. 17	—— 47. — 64.	30·16 — 30·13
Sunday.... 18	—— 47. — 67.	30·10 — 30·00
Monday .. 19	—— 42. — 65.	29·90 — 29·76
Tuesday .. 20	—— 39. — 61.	29·81 — 29·82
Wednesday 21	—— 51. — 63.	29·75 — 29·80

Wind variable, N.W. and S.W. prevailing.

Except the 15th, 20th, and afternoon of the 21st, generally cloudy; rain in the evening of the 19th and 20th, and morning of the 21st.

Rain fallen, ·45 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

What can we do? We have given our own opinion upon the work mentioned in the following: are we not good-natured critics to give also the opinions of the author and his friends?

SIR,—After the very favourable reception which my little work, the *Trip to Paris*, had received from other editors, highly talented, and therefore highly respectable, I was surprised to find that *you* had taken such an unfavourable notice of it. I am aware it does not rise above mediocrity on the scale of literature; but when it has been highly complimented by men of respectability, not only editors of periodicals, but by the liberal and enlightened senator to whom it is dedicated, I repeat that I am *surprised* to find that you should raise such objections to the work. You complain of your time: had your time been so precious, why devote it to me? I am sorry to have troubled you, and shall be careful not to trouble you again. Do not think I in a bad spirit—I trust I write as a Christian, and feel no resentment towards you, but really forgive you; but must confess you have treated me rather uncourteously. Yours, respectfully,

Passing through Town, T. S. ALLEN.
Sept. 19, 1831.

☞ We can no longer complain of a scarcity of new publications, as the variety and extent of our Review this week will testify. From this, and the multitude of announcements, we trust we may hail a revived activity in the book trade.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE EXHIBITION of the ETRUSCAN MUSEUM is NOW OPEN; being a Collection of Antique Vases, Magnificent Gold Ornaments, and other Curiosities, dug up on the Estate of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, from the Ruins of the Ancient Vitulonia, the Capital of the Etruscan Empire, which existed previous to the foundation of Rome. Also a Collection of Fine Pictures by Domenichino, Carracci, Guido, Titian, Cigoli, &c.

To be seen from Ten in the Morning till Dusk in the Evening, at No. 902, Regent Street.

Admittance, One Shilling and Sixpence.

ARTISTS' DRAWING SOCIETY, for the STUDY of the ANTIQUE, SAVOY, STRAND.—The Rooms of the above Society will be opened for the Autumn Quarter on Monday, 3d October next. Hours of Study, from 7 till 9 o'Clock every Evening. Terms, per Quarter, 25s.; per Month, 10s. The Collection comprises the following Casts; viz. the Achilles—Apollo Belvidere—Young Apollo—Bacco—Gladiator—Diana reb ing—Anatomical Figure—Venus de Medicis, &c.; together with an important range of Busts and Extremities.

For further information, Persons are requested to apply at the Rooms during the Hours of Study, or at the Residence of the Doorkeeper, J. Graham, 20, Rolt's Buildings, Fetter Lane.

TO ARTISTS, ARCHITECTS, and DRAFTSMEN.—Since the death of Mr. Langdon, the late surviving Partner of Messrs. Brookman and Langdon, the utmost attention has been given to the Manufacture of Drawing Pencils in Cedar by S. Mordan and Co., who pledge themselves to supply nothing but pure Cumberland Lead; thereby removing those objections and annoyances so frequently complained of in Drawing Pencils. All who wish to be satisfied as to the genuineness of these Pencils, may see them manufactured at No. 22, Castle Street, Finsbury, which establishment now has the honour, exclusively, to supply all the Government Offices.

Sold retail by all respectable Stationers, &c. throughout the United Kingdom. S. Mordan and Co.'s name is on each Pencil.

French Teacher.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, who has for some Years been accustomed to teach French and Latin at a Military Institution, is desirous of a Situation either in a Private Family, or in a School. He has also some knowledge of the Italian Language.

Address, M. F., Messrs. Longman and Co.'s, Paternoster Row.

BOOKSELLING BUSINESS.—To be disposed of, by Private Contract, a respectable Bookselling Concern, in the City, established upwards of Thirty Years, possessing a regular and highly valuable Wholesale and Retail Connexion.

For further particulars, apply to Mr. Hodgson, Auctioneer, 192, Fleet Street. (All letters to be post-paid.)

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—Advertisements for insertion in the Advertising Sheet of No. 107, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by Saturday, Oct. 1; and Prospectuses, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, within a week from that date. Advertisers will perceive the advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the order in which they are received by the Publishers.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

New and Popular Works of Fiction,
Just published, by Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE SMUGGLER.
By the Author of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," the "Denounced," &c.

II.

Jacqueline of Holland. By the Author of the "Heiress of Bruges," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"Jacqueline of Holland is the very being in whom romance delights."—*Literary Gazette.*

III.

The Dutchman's Fire-side. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

IV.

Pin Money, by the Authoress of "Women as they are; or, the Manners of the Day." In 3 vols. post 8vo.

"The authoress has an admirable acquaintance with the habits, the foibles, and the vices of the society she has delineated."—*Morning Post.*

V.

Philip Augustus; or, the Brothers in Arms. By the Author of "De L'Orme," &c. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

VI.

Bogle Corbet. By John Galt, Esq. Author of "Lawrie Todd," &c. 3 vols.

"A work of extraordinary merit. As a fictitious autobiographer, Mr. Galt surpasses every writer, certainly of this day, and perhaps of any time."—*Spectator.*

VII.

The Young Duke. By the Author of "Vivian Grey." 3 vols. post 8vo.

"The present production is characterised by the same originality, power, and sparkling liveliness, which made the author's former work so much the rage with the beau monde. The author of Vivian Grey might perhaps be styled the Lord Byron of prose fiction."—*Morning Post.*

VIII.

Mothers and Daughters; a Tale of the Year 1830. 3d edition, 3 vols. post 8vo.

"A faithful, exact, and withal spirited picture of the aristocracy of this country."—*Spectator.*

Interesting New Works.

In 3 vols. 8vo.

COUNT LAVALLETTE'S MEMOIRS.

"We would erect a statue to Madame Lavallette. We have perused this autobiography with much eagerness and delight. The history of his evasion from prison must always be considered as one of the most glorious chapters in the history of woman."—*Spectator.*

II.

3d edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. with numerous Plates, engraved by Finden.

Captain Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific; forming the Completion of the Polar Voyages undertaken by order of the British Government.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela and New Grenada, and in the Pacific Ocean, from 1817 *to* 1830. *Also, Tales of Venezuela.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

A GREAT mass of information, description, military narrative, and anecdote, is here collected, and collected in a very pleasant and intelligent manner. South America is still novel ground to the traveller; and the scenes of which it has been, and is, the theatre, are marked with all the wild and adventurous spirit which characterises those convulsions with which barbarism has ever emerged into civilisation. Thirteen years of experience have afforded our author ample material; and this is just one of those works where extracts give a clearer idea of their contents than any remarks. We shall, therefore at once commence our miscellaneous collection.

A Ball at Guayana.—"After considerable exertion on the part of our host, room was obtained for the dancers, who performed several national fandangos, quite new to us, and apparently peculiar to the country; such as the *Bambùco*, *Zajudìna*, and *Marri-marri*. At length, when they began to tire of these, a young Criollo rose and demanded room. After dancing round the room by himself for a minute or two, he figured up to a lady, to whom he made a bow and retired. She immediately rose, performed the same evolutions, and stopped opposite to one of our party, curtsying by way of calling on him to exhibit in turn. This caused a universal burst of delight among the spectators; and our companion, after in vain protesting that he knew nothing of the dance, was fairly pushed into the centre of the floor by the laughing brunettes. He was of course obliged to acquit himself as well as he could, amidst shouts of applause, and '*Vivan los Inglexes!*' We were all of us called upon in turn to shew our paces, with which we complied, to their great amusement; and were warmly complimented on our readiness to join in their dances, contrary to the fastidious custom of the Spanish officers. The music—if it merits the name—consisted of several *vihuèlas*, (a small kind of guitars,) and harps, in time to which half a dozen professed singers screamed some unintelligible couplets at the top of their voices. These minstrels and troubadours were accompanied by rattles, made of hollow calabashes, containing some grains of maiz, with short handles, by which they were shaken; also by several women who, seated round a table, vied with each other in *tamboreando*, or beating time with their open hands. We were glad to escape from this scene of confusion; the dance and mirth becoming more 'fast and furious,' as the *aquardiente*, a spirit distilled in the country, was handed round liberally, and began to take effect. Besides, we were as yet unused to breathe the atmosphere of tobacco smoke that invariably fills these ball-rooms; every individual having, on these occasions, either a cigar or *churumbèla* in his or her mouth, which they do not think of laying aside even while dancing. It is indeed considered a compliment, to be presented by a lady with a cigar that she has half smoked; and it would be an unpardonable affront to refuse it. Supper was at last announced. It consisted chiefly of roast beef, cut into long narrow slices, and plantains; with cheese and honey, which is a very favourite dish in most parts of South America. None of the guests sat down to table, nor were knives produced; as every thing that requires to be cut up is carved in the kitchen. We also found it was not customary for any individual to help himself, but each lady presented a morsel on a fork to a gentleman, who, in return, handed her something delicate, that happened to be placed near him on the table. We were warned to beware of refusing any thing offered us; and, in compliance with the fashion of the place, persevered most politely, in spite of fatigue, heat, and a total disinclination to a hot meat supper in this climate. At last, one of our party, who had been particularly annoyed by the mischievous attentions of the Guayanezas, presented one of the most active of his tormentors with a pod of red pepper. As she, of course, declined eating it, we soon obtained a truce, on threatening that we would all follow his example."

Attempted Assassination of Bolívar.—"Beyond the lagoon are many pleasant rides, among the plantations and quintas. One of these, called el Morichal, from the Morichi palm-trees that grow round it, was the place where Bolívar concealed himself the night previous to his intended assassination by the ladies of Angostura. On the evening before this atrocious attempt was to have been made, Bolívar received private information, (from a quarter on which he could depend,) that the ladies of this place, all of whom were noted royalists, had formed a conspiracy to surround him on his return from early mass, (which he always attended on Sundays with only a single aide-de-camp,) and to stab him with poniards, which they were to carry concealed under their *mantillas*. It was also hinted to him, that the soldiers, who were on guard at the palace, had been tampered with, and were not to be trusted. He immediately, without acquainting even his secretary, sent for an English officer lately arrived, and inquired if he thought that the British soldiers, a few of whom were in Angostura, waiting for boats to convey them up the river to join the army, might be trusted, in a matter on which much depended. The officer assuring him that he would answer for their fidelity, Bolívar directed him to collect as many as he could immediately; to take them out of the city by an unfrequented path that leads round the lagoon; and leaving them there, to meet him at a small door, almost overgrown with briars, which opens at the back of the palace. The officer, quite ignorant as yet of what was about to occur, collected about a dozen Englishmen, and posted them where he had been directed. He then hastened to the gate, where he found Bolívar waiting for him, muffled in a cloak. Don Simon led the way, avoiding every place where sentries were usually posted; and, being joined by the party of Englishmen, proceeded to his quinta of Morichal. There he explained to the officer the danger he was in, and his reason for intrusting himself to foreigners rather than to his own countrymen. Bolívar went down to the Orinoco at day-break, and crossed over to the Barcelona side, where he joined a division of the army under the command of General Monagas. He never instituted any inquiry, nor took any further notice of this conspiracy; probably thinking it most prudent to avoid making such a circumstance, as his unpopularity among the Guayanezas, generally known."

Snakes.—"In this part of the Orinoco we repeatedly saw water-snakes swimming from one island to another; and in some instances they passed over the boats, to the great alarm of the passengers, but without attempting to do any mischief. They are of a light green colour, six or eight feet long, and swim with about a third of their body raised out of the water; propelling themselves rapidly along by the undulating motion of their tail. We were informed by the boatmen, that their prey consisted chiefly of water-rats and young birds. The *patrons* of the launches always endeavour to avoid sailing under the trees that overhang the river, lest the mast might detach some of the snakes from the branches. We frequently saw numbers of them, exhibiting the most brilliant colours, while basking in the sun on the trees."

Singular Ornament among the Indians.—"Their females have a singular method of ornamenting themselves. They bore a hole through the under lip, as low down towards the chin as possible, and stick several long thorns in the aperture, with the points projecting outwards. Observing that several of the tribe had decorated their lips with common pins, I gave one of the squaws a few that I happened to have in my possession. She immediately called to her a girl of about twelve years old, (apparently her daughter,) who had not as yet been distinguished by this ornament; pierced her lip, with equal indifference and dexterity, with a sharp instrument made of an aligator's tooth, and placed the pins in the orifice. The poor girl bore this operation with great patience; and appeared to be perfectly consoled by the possession of her newly acquired ornament, for the pain it must have given her."

The Musician.—"A circumstance happened during the action, that gave Bolívar one of the few hearty laughs we ever saw him indulge in. A tall stout Scots officer, by name P. Grant, who found it very dull to keep in close attendance on Bolívar, strayed into the wood, near the city, to reconnoitre on his own account. Here he saw a Spanish soldier in hasty retreat towards the gates, leading a loaded mule; and instantly gave chase to him. The affrighted royalist threw himself on his knees, and begged for quarter, pleading that

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he was a musician; he also, observing that he was not understood, produced a clarionet from his pocket, and gave proof of his abilities, to his captor's satisfaction. Grant knew that such a prize would be most acceptable to Bolívar; but he could not think of losing the mule, which he had ascertained to be loaded with skins of *aquardiente*, and which had trotted off during the parley between its late and present master. He therefore tied the trembling musician to a tree; directing him, with bitter threats, not to cease playing until he returned, that he might be sure his hands were not employed in untying his bonds; and, having overtaken the mule, brought both his prizes in triumph to our side of the field."

Cruelty of Morillo.—"Bolívar, it must be observed, had long been anxious to put an end to the system of cold-blooded slaughter, introduced by the Spaniards under the name of *guerra á la muerte*, and continued for so many years by both parties, under the plea of retaliation. It is unnecessary,—perhaps impossible,—to ascertain whether he was actuated by humanity, or by a wish to remove from his cause a stigma which he was well aware degraded it in the eyes of the English, from whom he had every thing to hope, either as active friends, or influential mediators. One thing is certain, that he had made incessant endeavours to induce Morillo to consent to a *cangè*, or exchange of prisoners; but the haughty Spaniard invariably rejected his overtures as insults; and spurned all attempts at intercourse, on this and every other subject, as if it would have been contamination in a royalist to treat with an insurgent. He fired at all flags of truce. Priests, nay, even women, were shot, if they were made bearers of the white banner. Still Bolívar, though justly incensed, did not give up the cause of humanity. He sent the Spanish general, from this very city of Calabozo, twelve royalist officers and twenty of their soldiers, whom the patriots had just taken, with a letter requesting him, for the last time, to consent to an exchange, in the name of the civilised part of the world to which he belonged. How this appeal was answered, will scarcely be credited. On the evening of the 15th, when we were within a league of Rastro, whither Morillo had retreated, the advanced guard suddenly halted. On Bolívar's riding to the front, to ascertain the cause of their delay, he saw the sad spectacle of twelve officers and twenty soldiers, patriot prisoners, lying ranged in order across the road we had to pass, all cruelly butchered by their merciless captors. Such conduct requires no comment. It is surely a full extenuation of all Bolívar's alleged severity towards his prisoners. His own troops would now have torn him in pieces, had he not consented to retaliate to the utmost extent of his power. He dictated, in the presence of the assembled captains of companies, a peremptory order to Sherwood for the immediate execution of every prisoner in the city we had just left; and ordered a halt, on the spot where we found the bodies, until a report was brought him by his aide-de-camp, young Tovar, that he had been punctually obeyed."

Description of Bolívar.—"I shall confine myself to observing that he was then about thirty-five, but looked upwards of forty; in stature short—perhaps five feet five or six—but well proportioned and remarkably active. His countenance, even then, was thin, and evidently care-worn, with an expression of patient endurance under adversity, which he has before and since given ample evidence of possessing, however his fiery temper may at times have appeared to contradict the supposition. His manners not only appeared elegant, surrounded as he was by men far his inferiors in birth and education, but must have been intrinsically so; for he had the fortune, when a young man at Madrid, and at a time when the prejudices against the Crioles of the turbulent colonies were powerful in Spain, to captivate the affections, and receive the hand of a daughter of the Marquez de Uztaron. The dress which was worn by him and his suite corresponded perfectly with the scanty resources of the patriot army. His helmet was such as was then usually worn by a private light dragoon. It had been sent him as a pattern, by a merchant of Trinidad, who had imported on speculation from London some yeomanry accoutrements, which had been sold off on the commencement of the peace. A plain round jacket of blue cloth, with red cuffs, and three rows of gilt sugar-loaf buttons; coarse blue trousers; and *alpargates*, or sandals (the soles of which are made of the fibres of the aloe plaited), completed his dress. He carried in his hand a light lance, with a small black banner, having embroidered on it a white skull and crossed bones, with the motto, '*Muerte ó Libertad!*'"

Description of his Officers.—"The native officers, by whom he was surrounded, were chiefly men of colour, of lighter or darker shades; except the two generals, Paëz and Urdaneta, who are white. Few of them had any jackets. Their usual dress consisted of a shirt, made of handkerchief-pieces of different colours, and generally of checked patterns, very ample in size, and with wide sleeves, worn outside large white drawers, which reached below the knee; and a hat made of *cogollo*, or split palm leaves, with plumes of variegated feathers. They were almost all barefoot; but every one wore large silver or brass spurs, with rowels of at least four inches in diameter, and some of even more extravagant dimensions. They generally wore, under these hats, coloured silk or cotton handkerchiefs, for the purpose of shading their faces from the sun; although, to all appearance, their spreading *sombréros* might have afforded sufficient shelter for such dark complexions. We afterwards found, however, that dark as they all were (and several were even quite black), they could not endure the severe heat as well as most of the English. One of Paëz's favourite cavalry officers, Colonel Juan Gomez, had a helmet given him by that general, the casque of which was of beaten gold, the work of some rude country artist. Another, who commanded his body guard, Colonel Jose Carbajal, wore a silver helmet; and many officers and distinguished soldiers had silver scabbards to their sabres, besides silver stirrups, and weighty ornaments of the same metal on their bridles."

Escape after a Defeat.—"I followed, of course, as long as I could; but was soon sensible of the impossibility of escaping in a hilly country, encumbered as I was with boots and a sabre, and fatigued with the day's exertions; to say nothing of our having been, for the last two days, rapidly retreating by forced marches, without any provisions being served out. I therefore threw myself, exhausted, into a bush, where I lay expecting every moment to be bayoneted by the pursuers. Finding, however, that several had passed without observing me, I began to entertain some hopes of being able to rejoin our army, and crept farther into the underwood, to the brink of a rock, from whence the whole field could plainly be seen beneath me. It was thickly spotted over with bodies, especially in the defile leading to Los Morros, where men and horses were lying in heaps. Our army had totally disappeared, except a few stragglers, who were still entangled in the broken ground, and whom the enemy had surrounded, and was firing at, not choosing to encumber themselves with prisoners. A Spanish general, whom I believed to be Morillo, and his staff, were halted on a small eminence, which the patriot army had previously occupied. A few prisoners, apparently officers, were occasionally brought to him, and, after a short pause, while by his gestures he appeared to interrogate and threaten them, were taken aside and shot. Night soon approached; and it was evident, by the number of fires, that the greater part of the Spanish army had encamped on the field. Towards midnight, I left my place of concealment, and reached the small river, which had been the scene of the hottest part of the recent conflict. The banks were strewed with bodies, many of which were lying in the shallow stream; and the vultures and wild dogs had already commenced their banquet. I had but little leisure, however, to look about me. Having drank heartily of the brook, I proceeded cautiously up the bed of the river, being concealed by the bushes on the banks, and secure of not being met by any patroles in that direction. By day-break I had advanced pretty high up the valley; and, hearing the crowing of cocks, ventured, at all hazards, to approach a cottage, which I saw not far off, surrounded by sugar-cane patches and plantain groves. The inhabitants, a venerable old Indian, with his wife and four daughters, came out to receive me with great formality; supposing from my colour and dress that I was a Spaniard. They soon found, from my imperfect manner of speaking the language, that they were mistaken; and readily comprehending that I was one of the English, who they had heard were with Bolívar, assured me that I was in no danger of being betrayed by them, for they also were patriots, as, indeed, most of the Indians in that part of the country were. The old man explained to me, in a few words, the danger there was of my being discovered in the cottage, by stragglers from the Spanish camp, who would, in all probability, come up the valley in search of plantains and other fruit, and to plunder what they could. He therefore sent one of his daughters to shew me a place of concealment, in a thick copse behind the sugar-cane patch. She spread for me here a mat of rushes to rest on; and after bringing water for my feet, set before me a wooden tray, with a substantial breakfast of broiled fowl, eggs, and roast plantains, besides various fruits. In the evening, one of the youngest children brought me a supply of provisions in a basket, and told me that several Spanish soldiers had come up to the cottage, and were waiting there, while her mother was making them *arépas*. I remained in this place of concealment for a few days, visited but rarely by the old man, who was fearful of being watched, and detected in concealing an officer of the insurgent army, which would have cost him his life; but I was constantly supplied with provisions by the daughters, whose occasional absence would not be so much remarked. I felt uneasy, however, at exposing this kind family to danger; besides being in constant expectation of discovery, by means of the numerous parties of soldiers, whom I could see from my retreat, during the day, traversing the plantations in search of fugitives from the late action, several of whom they had already found in the neighbourhood, and shot. I therefore deter-

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mined on removing into the forest above the valley, and endeavouring to find some companion in distress, with whom I might seek my way to Bolivar's camp. My worthy host endeavoured to dissuade me from this resolution, assuring me that he did not apprehend any danger of discovery. Finding me, however, decided on not endangering them any longer, he and his family bid me farewell, with many embraces and kind wishes. They furnished me with a basket, containing roast plantains and dried meat. The old man gave me at parting a flint and steel, with a cane containing *yesca* (a kind of tinder made of dried fungus) and an Indian *churumbèla*, with tobacco, which I found of real value in the damp woods, where I lay concealed for some time afterwards. The trees in these mountain forests are chiefly the *caoba*, or mahogany, which grows to a majestic size, and affords a delightful shade. There are, besides, many different kinds of wild fruit-trees, which are resorted to by the *araguato* monkey. Panthers inhabit these wilds; but, although I often heard their yells, they never approached near enough to give me any serious apprehensions. When my provisions were expended, I was in the habit of going down, cautiously, to the outskirts of the plantations after dusk, and cutting sugar-cane: this is well known to be nutritious enough to support life for a long time without any other food. I ventured occasionally near enough to cottages where I could hear no watch-dogs, to forage ripe plantains; and was, in one instance, fortunate enough to find some *tazajo* hanging on bambu poles. This lucky windfall I transferred to my basket havresack, without much scruple. I found it difficult to guard against the depredations of the monkeys, which frequently robbed me of my provisions if I lost sight of them for a moment. The mountains here abound with snakes and centipedes, which I used often to discover under the dry leaves that composed my bed. The former were, however, perfectly harmless, when not molested, although it was necessary to use caution on rising, to avoid touching them, as that would, of course, have provoked them to bite. The woods at night were brilliantly illuminated by the *cucuis*, or lantern flies, which, flitting in myriads from tree to tree, resemble sparks of fire. This insect is a small dark-coloured beetle, similar to that which is found under rotten wood in England. It carries its greenish phosphoric light in the tail; and its lantern remains invisible except when it is flying, as it is covered by the wing-cases when in a state of rest. I soon began to find this solitary way of life too irksome to endure with any degree of patience. I even entertained serious thoughts of surrendering myself to the Spaniards, at all hazards, rather than lead the life of an outlaw any longer among these wild mountains, when I unexpectedly met with a comrade, who soon dissuaded me from this intention, and was eventually the means of enabling me to escape in safety to Bolívar's army. One night, as I was cutting a supply of sugar-cane, as usual, I saw, by the moonlight, a native close to me, busily engaged in the same occupation. We were at first rather cautious of approaching each other; but as he soon discovered me to be an Englishman, he informed me that he was an alferez, belonging to Zaraza's cavalry, and had taken refuge in the woods, after the defeat of La Puerta; adding, that he also was foraging for his support. We were both rejoiced at this accidental meeting, and agreed to continue together, for mutual assistance. This event was particularly fortunate for me, as my new companion, whose name was Bicente Artaóna, knew the country well, and was a stout active young Criole, whose assistance in procuring provisions, and afterwards in crossing rivers, I found extremely serviceable. The days now passed much more agreeably than in my former solitude; for Bicente knew several places of security in the mountains."

With his comrade's assistance, he succeeds in joining Bolívar's army: but we must defer our further illustrations of this very interesting work till another *Gazette* appears to enlighten the world.

Epistles to a Friend in Town; and other Poems. By Chandos Leigh, Esq. 12mo. pp. 328. New edition, with Additions. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

WE are glad to see Mr. Leigh again in print, and to find that, as on former occasions, he adds to every fresh edition of his poems some new verses. Mr. Leigh is almost the only one of modern poets whose muse concerns itself with the actual things which lie in our daily path. Instead of plunging into the clouds of mysticism, or indulging in affected sentiment, our author looks about him in his own sphere; and seeing many elements in the society by which he is surrounded which deserve to be noticed either in applause or condemnation, he embodies his opinions in the "Epistles to a Friend," from the last of which we make a few extracts.

The following evidently points at the late Mr. Shelley, and at the manner in which that gentleman abused the intellectual gifts bestowed on him by nature.

"Mystical poetry with wondrous art
Entwines itself around the enthusiast's heart.
Alastor gathers images remote
From human use, as stimulants to thought;
With projects wild his brain distemper'd teems—
His world appears impalpable as dreams;
Vague phantoms take the place of living forms,
And torturing doubt a noble mind deforms.
How can a soul which matter clogs, discern
Abstraction's shadowy tribe? their nature learn?
Awhile they rush before our mental sight
Enlarged, then far recede, and all is night!
Imagination is to mortals given,
That they might sometimes catch a glimpse of heaven;
But not to be an erring guide, at strife
With all the sober principles of life:
To cheat us, as a Prospero with his wand
Creates and then dissolves a fairy band."

The following allusion to Almack's, and to the jealousy subsisting between Lady J—— and the Duchess of ——, is depicted with a good-humoured piquancy.

"Beauty attracts us with her smiles, and Love
Is a most busy god while idlers move,
Throngings those gardens gay, of which the flowers
Transcend the choicest that adorn our bowers;
There glow, in summer's lighter garb array'd,
The loveliest forms that ever nature made;
The roseate bloom of youth is on their cheeks:
In their sweet looks mind eloquently speaks.
(Yet taste laments that Tullia's shape is gone;
Among her fair compeers she brightly shone,)
Eyes that with tears were fill'd but yesternight
For a lost Almack's, sparkle with delight.
Metella, fashion's most prevailing star,
Brilliant as Venus rising in her car;
Metella (scorn sits lovely on her lips)
Frowns, can another's radiance her's eclipse?
A purse-proud rival, not in loveliness,
Dares to surpass her, but in wealth's excess.
Shall, then, the day-god's flower, that flaunting shews
Its yellow hue, raise envy in the rose?
Oh, no! Metella's splendour far outshines
Her rival's grandeur, were she queen of mines.
Taste, birth's obedient fairy, waves her wand
Through her saloon; gold cannot taste command."

And here are a few little rapid sketches, which will be easily recognised as portraits:—

"Lucilius, burden'd with superfluous coin,
Pants the kind sharers in his wealth to join,
Where Crockford's palace glares upon his eyes,
As a proud harlot sense of shame defies.
How true the proverb, 'Cobwebs that enfold
The less, on greater reptiles loose their hold.'
Wondering that men can thus their money lose,
Sons of *vertù*, a better part you choose.
Some book, it matters not in prose or rhyme,
You buy—we'll call it 'Pleasure's rare Passe-tyme;'
Or drag some dusty picture to the day—
Cheap, if you have five hundred pounds to pay:
The picture, you remove the sacred dust,
Had better in its former station rust;—
The book, how vast your agony of grief!
More precious than the sibyl's, wants a leaf!
Tullius, whose well-stored library 's a hive
Of sweets the varied flowers of genius give,
Is but a drone: from book to book he flies;
Tastes all, contributes nothing—useless dies.
Where, to support the poor, bazaars are graced
With high-born dames behind the counter placed,
Fair Seraphina studiously displays
Her pretty wares for charity or praise.
Works finish'd by her lovely hands attract
Attention; here a novel, there a tract:
These works her varied inclinations paint;
The fair, as fashion wills, is blue, or saint!"

We must conclude with the following little song, characterised by a most touching repose and simplicity, like some of the ancient Greek inscriptions.

"*A Sea View.*

A sun-impurpled glow
Is on the waveless sea,
And not a breeze doth blow,
And not a sail I see.

Like heaven's own pavement bright
Is now the placid deep,
On which the farewell light
Of sunset loves to sleep.

Thus beautiful in death
Is youth's departing flush,
And lovely is the wreath
Where latest roses blush."

The Van Diemen's Land Anniversary and Hobart-Town Almanack for the Year 1831. J. Ross.

HERE is Thirty-one three parts done, and we have just received from Mr. Ross his Almanack, calculated for the meridian of Hobart Town. Well, it is a comfort, when tired of the literature of this side of the world, to go to the other; though an Almanack, after all, is but a meagre production for a reviewer to recreate upon. Yet it does amuse one to read, for example, that last Saturday the sun entered Libra about half-past five, A. M., being the vernal equinox; and that instead of, "pheasant shooting begins," as with us, to mark the day for memory, it is "Exped. against the Blacks began 1830;" and that this day three weeks you are advised "to plant cabbages, &c."

Perhaps, however, the preface is the most novel in furnishing information. Bespeaking favour for his work, the author says:

"When it is considered, that the manuscript has been written, set up in type, imposed and printed, the plates engraved or etched and worked off, and the whole bound together, not only under one roof, but within the confines of the same garret, we think the palm of Grub-street toil will, in these days of intellect, be yielded to the antipodes. The London hack has merely to satisfy the demands of his bookseller; but the Hobart Town editor, printer, and proprietor, (a pluralist in every sense of the word), has not only to regulate the whole machinery, but to be set himself in motion by the very engine to which he has first given the impetus. He must not only keep his compositors and pressmen at work, but must prepare the copy to their hands. Like the convict on the tread-wheel, he impels and is impelled at the same time."

Every country has its similes and comparisons. How natural is the last! Our worthy editor, nevertheless, is by no means, generally speaking, like the convict on the tread-mill, but, on the contrary, a very industrious, persevering, honest, and pains-taking editor, who, amid a hundred difficulties, has produced a very

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reputable pocket volume; and, moreover, promises new type, better paper, and further exertion, in time to come, just as we do ourselves in the periodical way in England.

We will do him the justice to quote a passage or two relative to this distant land.

"The diseases to which children are liable in Van Diemen's Land are neither so many, nor, generally speaking, so severe, as in England. Hooping cough was introduced into the island from one of the female prison ships, about three years ago; but though it spread itself nearly throughout the whole population, it invariably appeared in a mild form, and we do not know that it was attended by a single death. Adults, indeed, and aged persons, who had not been affected with it in early life, felt it more severely. Small-pox and measles are, fortunately, as yet unknown amongst us. Against this favourable estimate of life, arising from the climate and circumstances of the colony, we are compelled reluctantly to set a dreadful make-weight in the other scale. We mean the lamentable waste of life by intoxication. The quantity of spirits, and other strong drink consumed annually in the colony, may, on a moderate computation, be taken at not less than 100,000 gallons; which, according to the population, allows the enormous quantity of about five gallons to each individual, young and old, male and female, in the island. So astounding a fact shews, at a glance, the horrid state into which some of the community must be immersed. Dreadful as it is, however, we are happy to bear testimony to its decrease, compared with former periods. A very large portion of those who first put their foot upon the shores of the Derwent, even belonging to what should be the more respectable and exemplary class of society, were confirmed drunkards, and died in the prime of life. To their ruinous example may fairly be attributed much of the dissipated habits that have so long afflicted the colony."

Again:

"The duty of a clergyman in Hobart Town is, indeed, most arduous. He is placed, as it were, in the very gorge of sin, in the midst of the general receptacle for the worst characters in the world, and of necessity compelled to take the 'bull by the horns,' to grapple at the very gates of hell, if he would rescue a soul from the headlong ruin to which he is hurrying. The duty of a pastor in all parts of the world is the highest and most important that man can undertake; but in these penal colonies it is extreme. He has here to struggle with the enemy in close combat, face to face and foot to foot, and to brace himself up to the utmost point of exertion. If one mode of exhortation does not succeed, he must try another, and his mind must be continually on the rack to discover the best means of accomplishing some part at least of the great work before him. Above all, he must inculcate the great lesson of example; and though his own labours are, necessarily, in a great measure, of such a retired and studious nature as to seclude him from much personal intercourse with his flock, yet his zeal and industry will readily shew themselves by the character and success of his works in the pulpit, and at other times and places, when the influence of his presence comes before the people. The great work of reformation must begin with him. It must not be said in a place like this, that vice has ever prevailed in the world, and will continue to have its sway, and thus supinely to yield to what we would persuade ourselves can never be removed."

Then, with regard to "the *spread* of knowledge," if the clergyman "take the bull by the horns," there is an enlightened press, &c. &c. to do the rest.

"If," (says the writer,) "in the field of religion, where, from the multitude of weeds the labour must be proportionably great, there has yet been but little comparative success, it must still give pleasure to every friend of the colony to see the progress that her handmaid, the press, has already made; and nothing can indicate more strongly the improving character of the people than the great encouragement it has met with. In this respect these colonies are indeed triumphant, not even the overflowings of the great American press being able at all to compete with the extent of our literary taste. In Van Diemen's land we have at this day no less than four printing establishments, namely three in Hobart Town, and one at Launceston, from each of which is produced a regular weekly periodical journal, neither of which, in point of size, would have disgraced a London newspaper-office twenty years ago."

In conclusion, the whole property in the island is estimated at 2,289,845*l.*, of which 300,000*l.* is commercial property, 40,000*l.* metallic currency, 23,000 shipping, the rest lands, houses, &c. The population is 21,125, among whom are,

House of Correction, males	761
Ditto, females	245
Ditto, George Town, do.	19
Duke of York Hulk, males	79
Chain gangs at various places	183
	1287

a rather large proportion, it must be confessed. There are also 998 military, and 400 aborigines.

The Aldine Edition of the British Poets, Vol. XVI. The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith. 12mo. pp. 338. London, 1831. Pickering.

An eminent author of the present day says most truly: "No man's exact reputation is allotted him by his contemporaries." Goldsmith is a striking illustration of this remark. Boswell's wig would have started from his head, had any audacious prophet foretold that Goldsmith's future fame would approximate closely to that of Johnson: and yet surely no one would now deny that position to the writer of one of our best and still acted comedies, one of our most delightful novels, some of the most beautiful poetry in our language, and essays whose acute and happy style of remark is almost inimitable. True it is that a man of great genius is either unappreciated by his associates, or they form a coterie around him, and exaggerate that excellence which, by one of those subtle processes so common to human vanity, they have confounded with their own. "*Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle,*" is a flattering belief, held by more persons than M. Constant, Napoleon's valet, who thought that the emperor's glorious presence must reflect some of its glory upon him. The volume before us contains an interesting and pleasantly written memoir of Goldsmith, his poems entire, and some editorial cruelties, in the shape of "poems never before collected," and, as usual, not worth collecting. It is curious to observe how very wretched were nearly all the shorter poems of that period. We extract a letter of Goldsmith's, charming both in style and feeling, and interesting also in its details about himself.

"*To Daniel Hodson, Esq., at Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.*

Dear Sir,—It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland, and from you in particular I received no answer, probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist me, not only among my friends and relations, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance in being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution. How much am I obliged to you, to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtues have the proper name?) for such charity to me at that juncture. Sure I am born to ill fortune to be so much a debtor, and unable to repay. But to say no more of this; too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favours. Let me only add, that my not receiving that supply was the cause of my present establishment in London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence, and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's end, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other. I suppose you desire to know my present situation: as there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muses than poverty; but it were well for us if they only left us at the door—the mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainments: and Want, instead of being gentleman usher, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends; but whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor, or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection—unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du pais*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place, who never received, when in it, above common civility; who never brought any thing out of it, except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him 'unco thoughtful o' his wife and bonnie Inverary.' But now, to be serious, let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? No. There are good company in Ireland? No; the conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast, or a bawdy song: the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then, perhaps, there is more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh Lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Podoreen mare there in one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the time of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few men, who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I

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feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's last good night from Peggy Golden. If I climb Flanstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the Little Mount before Lishoy gate, and then take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature. Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severe studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you and Mrs. Hodson sometimes sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she, and Lishoy, and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex; though upon second thoughts this might be attended with a few inconveniences. Therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why, Mahomet shall go to the mountain; or, to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland; but first, believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure, nor to levy contributions; neither to excite envy, nor to solicit favour. In fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance. You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself, but attribute my vanity to my affection; as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self, I imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism. * * *
My dear sir, these things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them. But at present there is hardly a thing done in Europe in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands—for we must be just before we can be grateful. For the rest, I need not say (you know I am) your affectionate kinsman, OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

There is also a very pleasant letter while at Leyden, in which he abuses Holland unmercifully. By the way, it would be curious to ascertain the cause of Goldsmith's extreme dislike to the Dutch—for a cause, of course it had.*

Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.

[Second notice.]

HAVING spoken of this as an original work, *rara avis*, it will no doubt be expected of us, in these days of paste-and-scissor abridgments, and the compression of knowledge into the smallest possible compass, that we should devote at least a second paper to its review. Well does it deserve the tribute; and we proceed to pay it like a debt of honour.

Upon one of our greatest English poets, there is a note which does credit to the author's antiquarian research, and is very new and interesting.

" On the 12th of Aug. 1580, Arthur, Lord Grey, accompanied by Edmund Spenser, as his secretary, arrived in Dublin, and on the 7th of September following was sworn lord deputy of Ireland. On the 22d of March following, Spenser was appointed clerk of the decrees and recognisances of chancery, and his patent was given 'free from the seal, in respect he is secretary to the Right Hon. the Lord D.' In this department he was succeeded on the 22d of June, 1588, by Arland Usher, kinsman of the celebrated archbishop of that name, and Spenser was appointed clerk of the council of Munster, an office afterwards filled by Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. On the plantation of that province, Queen Elizabeth, by letters patent, dated 26th of October 1591, granted him the manor and castle of Kylcolman, with other lands, containing 3028 acres, in the barony of Fermoy, county Cork, also chief rents 'forfeited by the late lord of Thetmore, and the late traitor, Sir John of Desmond.' Here on the banks of the Awbeg, the poet's 'Gentle Mulla,' was written the Faery Queen. But Spenser was not so devoted to the muses, as to neglect his newly-acquired possessions; on the contrary, he stands charged with having unjustly attempted to add to them. His encroachments on the Mac Carthys are well known; but he did not confine himself to these alone. In 1593, Maurice, Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, petitioned the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, stating, 'wheare one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your suppliant, for three plowe lands, parcell of Shanballymore, (your suppliant's inheritance,) before the vice-president and councell of Munster, which land hath bene heretofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom he coveied; and nevertheless for that the said Spenser being clark of the councill in the said province, and did assyne his office unto one Nicholas Curteys, among other agreements, with covenaunt that during his lief, he should be free in the said office for his cawses, by occacon of which imunity he doeth multiply suits against your suppliant, in the said province, uppon pretended title of others.' — At the same time, Lord Roche presented another petition against Joan Ny Callaghan, whom he states to be his opponent, 'by supportation and mayntenaunce of Edmond Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant.' — He again exhibited another plaint, 'that Edmond Spenser, of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered into three plough land, parcell of Ballingerath, and disseised your supplaint thereof, and continueth by countenaunce and greatnes the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said lande, and converteth a great deale of corne growinge thereuppon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling. Whereunto the said Edmond Spenser appearenge in person had several dayes prefixed unto hime peremptorilie to answere, which he neglected to do; therefore after a daye of grace given,' on 12th of February 1594, Lord Roche was decreed his possession.— When Spenser — the poetic, the gentle Spenser—was guilty of these oppressive and unjust proceedings, the reader may easily guess at the conduct of his more ignorant and brutal fellow-planters, by whom the country was converted into a desert. For these, and other aggressions on the unfortunate natives, the poet soon afterwards felt the full weight of their vengeance. Ben Jonson informed Drummond of Hawthornden, that Spenser's house was burned, and a little child of his consumed in the flames; that he and his wife narrowly escaped, and that he afterwards died in King Street, Dublin, in absolute want of bread. His name is still remembered in the vicinity of Kilcolman, but the people entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory. That Spenser died in London has been asserted by some of his biographers; but Ben Jonson's information seems corroborated by a record lately found in the Rolls office, Dublin. He left two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. In 1603, the former petitioned the Chancellor of Ireland, stating, 'where your petitioner's father Edmund Spenser was seised in his demesne, as of fee, of Kyllcollman and divers other lands and tenements in the county of Corke, which descended to your petitioner by the death of his said father — so it is right honorable, the evidences of the sayd inheritance did after the decease of petitioner's father cum to the hands of Roger Seckerstone, and petitioner's mouther, which they uniustly detayneth, which evidences for as much as your petitioner can have no accion at comon lawe, he not knowing theire dates and certainty, he is dryven to sue in consideracon byfore your honourable lordship, and avereth that the said Roger Seckerstone, his mouther's now husband, uniustly detayneth the said evidences, to your petitioner's damage, of one hundred pounds, wherein he prays remedy.' Sylvanus had two sons, Edmund and William. On 18th of February, 1638, Charles I. by letters patent, confirmatory, granted to Edmund the manor, castle, &c. of Kilcoleman, and other lands in the barony of Fermoy. William survived his brother. The following letter, dated White-hall, 27th of March, 1657, appears in the Irish privy-council book, A. 28, p. 118. preserved in Dublin Castle: — 'To our right trustie and right wel-beloved our councel in Ireland. A peticon hath been exhibited unto us by William Spenser, setting forth that being but seaven years old, att the beginning of the rebellion in Ireland, he repaired with his mother (his father being then dead) to the citty of Corke, and dureing the rebellion continued in the English quarters. That hee never bore armes or acted against ye comon wealth of England. That his grandfather Edmund Spenser and his father were both protestants, from whome an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Corke, descended on him, which dureing ye rebellion yielded him little or nothing towards his releife. That ye said estate hath been lately given out to the soulders in satisfaccon of their arrears onely upon the accompt of his professing the popish religion, which since his comeing to years of discretion hee hath, as hee professes, utterly renounced. That his grandfather was that Spenser, who by his writings touching ye reduccion of ye Irish to civilitie, brought on him the odium of that nacon, and for those workes and his other good services, Queene Elizabeth conferred on him ye estate which ye said William Spenser now claims. Wee have alsoe been informed that ye gentleman is of civill conversacon, and that ye extremitie his wants have brought him to, have not prevailed over him to put him upon indirect or evill practices for a livelyhood. And if upon enquiry you shall finde his case to be such, wee judge it just and reasonable, and doe therefore desire and authorize you that hee be forthwith restored to his estate, and that reprisall lands be given to ye soulders elsewhere; in ye doeing whereof our satisfaccon will be greater by ye continu-

* Mr. Prior, the able biographer of Burke, is engaged on a Life of Goldsmith; and, as friends of literature, we would invite the possessors of information respecting him to this fact.—*Ed. L. G.*

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accon of that estate to ye ysue of his grandfather, for whose eminent deserts and services to ye comon wealth that estate was first given him. We rest your loving friend. OLIVER, P.' This letter, so creditable to Cromwell, proved highly serviceable to the object of his consideration. Though Kilcolman and the other lands were passed under the act of settlement to Lord Kingston, Sir Peter Courthop, Robert Foulke, and other adventurers, yet they were afterwards restored to William Spenser, and he had moreover a grant, dated 31st of July, 1678, of Caltrahard, and other lands in the county of Galway, and Ballynasloe, Tullrush, and others in county Roscommon, containing nearly two thousand acres. This William, by his wife Barbara, left a son Nathaniel. The poet's second son Peregrine died in 1641, seised of the lands of Rinney, near Kilcolman. Hugolin his eldest son and heir succeded to those lands. Being a Roman catholic, he attached himself to the cause of James II. and was outlawed. By letters patent, dated 14th of June, 1697, the forfeited estate of Hugolin Spenser, in Rinney, three hundred and thirty-two acres, &c. were granted to Nathaniel, son of William Spenser, Esq. the next protestant heir of said Hugolin. On 24th of November following, William and Nathaniel Spenser, for 2,100*l.*, mortgaged all their estates in Cork, Galway, and Roscommon, to Robert Peppard. On 26th of February, 1716, they sold the lands of Ballinasloe, with the fairs and markets there, to Frederick Trench, ancestor of the present Earl of Clancarty. These fairs afterwards became the most noted in the British empire. On 14th of October, 1718, Nathaniel Spenser made his will, (proved in 1734, in the court of Prerogative, Dublin,) wherein he names Edmund his eldest, Nathaniel his second, and John his third son: he devises to Barbara his daughter a remainder in his estate, her husband taking the name of Spenser. He also names his sister Susannah, and his wife Rosamond. Soon after this the rest of the property passed away from the poet's name and family. The latter has long since become extinct, but his name will last as long as the language in which he has left such an imperishable monument of his genius."

The chief portion of the second volume is assigned to Jacobite Relics, some of which are pleasant enough; but there is nothing so striking as to demand quotation. In the notes we find, among other things, the following bitter epigram against the English:—

"May banishment and desolation light on him, may the plague and pains without remedy seize his veins and bones,
Who would wish well to the English race—
They who exiled the offspring of Ir and Meremon."

Being on epigrams, we quote another:—

"'Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects,' cried George II., when he heard of the bravery of the Irish Catholic exiles at Fontenoy. This, and a few other indications of humane feeling in that monarch for the political degradation of the Catholics of Ireland, induced one of their bards to attempt his praise in English, as follows—

"Sheabh mo chroidhe my own King George;
I'll toss off his health in a bumper at large;
By the cross of St. Patrick, he's so very civil,
That the French and the Spaniards may go to the Devil.

However ludicrous this Irish attempt at English versification may appear, yet the sentiment which it endeavours to convey is one that deserves the serious attention of our rulers."

A note on the prophecy of Donn Firinneach is also curious.

"Donn has already been introduced to the reader. Here he again appears in the character of a prophet, with the title of Firinneach, or the truth-teller, annexed to his name; but if his claim to that character may be judged of from the result of his predictions in the present ode, it rests on very slender foundations. Not one of them has been fulfilled, although it must be confessed that they have been conceived in a lofty and poetic strain, and delivered with a tone and decision not unworthy of one inspired. Of a far different nature was the following propheoy of Brecan, one of our ancient saints, a venerable body of men, whom in this age of philosophy and refinement it is unfashionable to mention, except to deride their virtue and piety, under the names of weakness and superstition. This prediction has been fulfilled in every point, centuries after it was delivered.

Erin's white-crested billow shall sleep on the shore,
And its voice shall be mute, while the spoilers glide o'er;
And the stranger shall give a new priest to each shrine,
And the sceptre shall wrest from her own regal line."

Our next selection shall be three verses of "Patrick Healy's Wishes" (translated by John Dalton), for the oddness of some of the rhymes.

"Oh! could I acquire my fullest desire,
To mould my own life, were it given;
I would be like the sage, who in happy old age,
Disowns every link—but with heaven.

An acre or two, as my wants would be few,
Could supply quite enough for my welfare;
In that scope I would deem my power supreme,
And acknowledge no king but myself there.

The soil of this spot, the best to be got,
Should furnish me fruit, and a choice store;
Be sheltered and warm from rain and from storm,
And favoured with sunshine and moisture."

After this it falls off a little; and we leave it for one of Furlong's best examples, which we quote entire.

"The Mourner's Soliloquy in the Ruined Abbey of Timolegue.

Abroad one night in loneliness I stroll'd,
Along the wave-worn beach my footpath lay;
Struggling the while with sorrows yet untold,
Yielding to cares that wore my strength away:
On as I moved, my wayward musings ran
O'er the strange turns that mark the fleeting life of man.

The little stars shone sweetly in the sky;
Not one faint murmur rose from sea or shore;
The wind with silent wing went slowly by,
As though some secret on its path it bore:
All, all was calm—tree, flower, and shrub, stood still,
And the soft moonlight slept on valley and on hill.

Sadly and slowly on my path of pain
I wander'd, idly brooding o'er my woes;
Till full before me on the far-stretch'd plain,
The ruin'd abbey's mouldering walls arose;
Where far from crowds, from courts and courtly crimes,
The sons of virtue dwelt, the boast of better times.

I paused—I stood beneath the lofty door,
Where once the friendless and the poor were fed;
That hallow'd entrance, that in days of yore
Still open'd wide to shield the wanderer's head;
The saint, the pilgrim, and the book-learn'd sage,
The knight, the travelling one, and the worn man of age.

I sat me down in melancholy mood,
My furrow'd cheek was resting on my hand;
I gazed upon that scene of solitude,
The wreck of all that piety had plann'd:
To my aged eyes the tears unbidden came,
Tracing in that sad spot our glory and our shame.

'And oh!' cried I, as from my breast the while,
The struggling sigh of soul-felt anguish broke;
'A time there was, when through this storm-touch'd pile,
In other tones the voice of echo spoke;
Here other sounds and sights were heard and seen—
How alter'd is the place from what it once hath been!

'Here in soft strains the solemn mass was sung—
Through these long aisles the brethren bent their way—
Here the deep bell its wonted warning rung,
To prompt the lukewarm loitering one to pray—
Here the full choir sent forth its stream of sound,
And the raised censer flung rich fragrance far around.'

How changed the scene! how lonely now appears
The wasted isle, wide arch, and lofty wall;
The sculptured shape—the pride of other years,
Now darken'd, shaded, sunk and broken all;
The hall, the rain, the sea-blown gales have done
Their worst to crown the wreck by impious man begun.

Through the rent roof the aged ivy creeps—
Stretch'd on the floor the skulking fox is found—
The drowsy owl beneath the altar sleeps,
And the pert daws keep chattering all around—
The hissing weasel lurks apart unseen,
And slimy reptiles crawl where holy heads have been.

In the refectory, now no food remains—
The dormitory boasts not of a bed—
Here rite or sacrifice no longer reigns;
Prior—brethren—prayers—and feasts and forms are fled:
Of each—of all, here rests not now a trace,
Save in these time-bleach'd bones that whiten o'er the place.

Oh! that such power to baseness was decreed—
Oh! that mischance such triumphs should supply—
That righteous Heaven should let the vile succeed,
And leave the lonely virtuous one to die!
Oh, justice! in the struggle where wert thou?
Thy foes have left this scene changed as we see it now.

I too have changed—my days of joy are done,
My limbs grow weak, and dimness shades mine eye;
Friends, kindred, children, dropping one by one,
Beneath these walls now mouldering round me lie.
My look is sad, my heart has shrunk in grief,
Oh, death! when wilt thou come and lend a wretch relief?"

To relieve so long a poem, we shall now take a prose legendary story.*

"In the year 1579 Fergus O'Kelly of Leix married the daughter of O'Byrne, of Glenmalure, in the county of Wicklow. The young lady remained at her father's until a suitable *stone-wall house* should be built by her husband for her reception, there being but few stone buildings at that time in the Queen's County. For this purpose O'Kelly set a number of his tenantry to work. The building was commenced on a Monday morning in spring—it was completed the Saturday following; and the bride was soon after brought home with great rejoicings. This house was then called the week house, and its ruins are now known by the name of the old stone. It happened that on the following Michaelmas Eve, O'Kelly's lackey, Mac Leod, was from home. On his return, he found that *none of the geese* had been reserved for him. Of this he complained to his master, who desired him to settle the matter with the cook, or go to the yard and kill a goose for himself—but not to trouble him with such trifles. Mac Leod, disappointed and dissatisfied with this answer, departed, resolving to seek revenge. He immediately repaired to the Earl of Kildare's castle of Kilkea, where he remained until Christmas Eve, and then told the earl that his master, O'Kelly, had sent to invite his lordship to spend the Christmas with him. The invitation was accepted, and the earl set out with a numerous retinue for O'Kelly's residence. When they came to the top of Tullyhill, near the house, Mac Leod gave three loud calls or signals, as was customary with lackeys in those times. His master hearing them, said, that wherever Mac Leod had been since Michaelmas, that was his voice, if he was alive. He soon after arrived, and announced the earl's coming, who was received with due honour and attention. His lordship about Twelfth Day began to prepare for his departure, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at his kind reception and the friendship of O'Kelly, whose hospitality, and particularly the profusion of his table, he highly praised. O'Kelly observed, that it should be more plenti-

* "This narrative is taken, with very little alteration in words, and none whatever in substance, from a manuscript lately found after the death of Garret Byrne, a worthy old Milesian, who resided at Fallybeg, in the barony of Ballyadams, the scene of the principal transactions which it relates. The paper was indorsed—'A traditional, tho' certain, account of the transactions which happened in and about Logacurren and the rest of O'Kelly's ground in that neighbourhood, beginning in the 2nd of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as told by boddered Catherine Mc. James (who served seven years' apprenticeship in O'Kelly's house) to old Edmund Cowen, and by him to me; the rest by people who recollected it themselves, and I myself remember what happened from the year 1720 to this year 1780.—GARRET BYRNE.'"

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ful, had he been aware of his lordship's intention to visit him. The earl, surprised, asked if he had not sent to invite him. O'Kelly replied not—but that, notwithstanding, his lordship was welcome; and added, that as he had been pleased to remain until Twelfth Day on his lackey's invitation, he hoped he would honour him by remaining until Candlemas on his own. To this the earl assented; but requested that, as he had so many attendants, he might be at liberty to send occasionally to Kilkea for provisions. O'Kelly answered, that as soon as his lordship should find the supplies beginning to fail, he might do so—but not before. Accordingly, the fare increased, and the banquets became more sumptuous than ever. When Candlemas arrived, his lordship departed with many professions of gratitude, having particularly requested that he might have the honour of standing sponsor for O'Kelly's first child, in order more closely to cement the friendship that subsisted between them. Mrs. O'Kelly was soon after delivered of a son, and his lordship attended the christening, which was celebrated with great pomp and rejoicings. The house was filled with guests, and resounded with music and merriment; but the morning after the earl's arrival, the poor young lady and her infant were both found dead. This melancholy catastrophe was attributed to the boisterous revelry and noise with which they were surrounded. O'Kelly's joy was turned into sorrow; but even this was only a prelude to still greater misfortunes. Kildare remained for some time to console his friend, whom he invited to Kilkea until he should recover from the effects of his grief; offering him, at the same time, his sister in marriage, and proffering his service in any other way which might be most agreeable or acceptable. Unfortunately for O'Kelly, he accepted the invitation, and fell, an unsuspecting victim, into the snare which had been insidiously laid for him. A few days after his arrival at Kilkea, the earl took him to the top of the castle, under pretence of viewing the surrounding scenery; and with the assistance of some ruffians, whom he had placed there for the purpose, he cut off O'Kelly's head. This atrocious and treacherous murder was soon communicated to the queen, as a meritorious proof of Kildare's loyalty in beheading an Irish rebel; and her majesty was so well pleased, that she directed a grant to be forthwith passed to the earl, of all O'Kelly's estates. The earl being of English descent, an Irish bard applied the following verse to this perfidious transaction:—

> With one of English race all friendship shun—
> For if you don't you'll surely be undone;
> He'll lie in wait to ruin thee when he can:
> Such is the friendship of an English man."

Upon this the strongly prejudiced writer observes: "And such have been the aggressions which so long contributed to keep the people of these islands in a state of disunion and enmity. In former times, practices similar to that related were but too frequent in Ireland; and dreadful, though just, were the reprisals made by the natives on the English settlers." And here we have again to express our utter reprehension of Mr. Hardiman's poisoning with all the venom of the rankest political and religious party-feeling a work devoted to literature. Cannot there be one green spot in the Emerald Isle kept free from these eternal feuds and wordy and sanguinary wars? If Mr. Hardiman had been content with getting the literal translations of his country's minstrels, and having them turned into as good verse as he could, leaving polemical and factious disputes to their proper sphere (if any sphere be proper *for* these pests of society), he would have given us a book more worthy of its name and character. As it is, we trust he will have incited other Irish antiquaries to expatiate upon the subject. But we return to his story.

"The Earl of Kildare soon after demised his ill-acquired possessions in O'Kelly's lands to his illegitimate son, Garrett Fitzgerald, at a nominal rent. This Garrett had a son named Gerald, who was afterwards known by the name Old Gerald, and long remembered for his atrocious cruelties. He possessed the estates for a long time, and was a great improver. He built where the old orchard now stands at Logacurren, and planted many trees, the last of which were cut down in 1740. He also made several roads, one leading to Rahinahowle, another called the Long-lane, to Timogue, and another through Barrowhouse, being part of O'Kelly's estates; and he planted many ornamental trees in each place. When making these roads, he yoked a plough of bullocks, drew a strong chain round some poor widows' cabins which stood in the way, and pulled them down. He surrounded Logacurren with a broad double ditch, and planted quicks on both sides; on these works he employed Ulstermen, whom he paid in cattle, with which they departed for home, and remained the first night at Portnahinch. Gerald pursued them with an armed force, under pretence of robbery; and the unfortunate men, having made some resistance, were slain, and the cattle brought back. Soon after this, he had a dispute respecting some encroachments which he had made on a neighbouring gentleman. It took place on the high road; and, after some altercation, Gerald proposed to leave the matter to the decision of the next passenger, who he knew would be his own cowherd. The poor man was accordingly required to determine the point, and he immediately decided, according to justice, against his master. This so enraged Gerald, that he took the cow-herd and his son, and locked them up in a stable in order to hang them. The cow-herd's wife, hearing the danger in which they were placed, came crying for mercy, offering all she was possessed of for their ransom. Gerald told her if she brought him her twelve cows and her bull, they should be released. The poor woman hastened home, overjoyed, for the purpose; but on her return found her husband and son executed. Gerald, however, kept the cattle for permitting her to take away the dead bodies, over which she mourned in a doleful manner, mixing her wailings with bitter imprecations against Gerald, as follows: 'Oh, Gerald! of stinted growth and laugh of guile, may desolation reach the threshold of thy door—a bramble with its two ends in the earth—a green lake overflow the surface of thy hall—the hawk's nest in the chimney of thy mansion—and the dung of goats in the place of thy bed! because thou didst bereave me of the son and father—thou took'st from me the twelve cows and bull—an inheritance may your heirs never find!' All which, as will appear, were speedily fulfilled. Gerald continued his career with impunity, for a considerable time, until at length he fell foul of the Earl of Kildare's agents, when they came to demand the trifling chief-rent payable out of O'Kelly's lands. After this his lordship declared against Gerald, and had the estate advertised and sold. It was purchased by one Daniel Byrne, well known by the name of 'Daniel the tailor.' Gerald was finally dispossessed, his dwelling laid waste, and the possession of the entire lordship delivered to the purchaser. Then it was that the imprecations of the cow-herd's wife were fulfilled; for Gerald, losing the inheritance, destitute of friends, and execrated by his neighbours, was obliged to build a little shed in Clopook, and was glad to become keeper of *a sodwall pond*. Here he had no support but the milk of two goats; and these animals frequently lay and dunged in the straw on which he slept, as was prayed for long before by the cow-herd's wife."

The curse, with its peculiarities, is very characteristic and powerful.

Having now, we trust, sufficiently justified both the high praise and the censure we have bestowed on this publication, we shall conclude with a notice of a few of the slight mistakes into which it appears to us the editor has fallen.

At p. 140, vol. ii. John Mac Donnell is stated to be "known by the name of *Claragh*," from the residence of his family;—now, *Claragh* is simply *Minstrel*, and not a family residence. Next page, Ballyslough is, we presume, a misprint for Ballyclough; but at p. 143 there is a more distinct blunder. Here it is said—"In politics Mac Donnell was a 'rank' Jacobite, and on more occasions than one he saved his life by hasty retreats from his enemies, the bard-hunters. He moreover inherited all the hatred of his race for the 'Saxon churls.' The treatment of the brave *Irish* general, Mac Donnell, better known by the name of Mac Allistrum, (whose march is yet remembered in Munster), of our poet's name and family, who was basely murdered in 1647, at Knockrinoss, near Mallow, by the troops of the brutal renegade, Inchiquin, helped to embitter the poet's mind against the English. His muse never seemed so delighted as when holding them up to the scorn and derision of his countrymen."

Mr. Hardiman should surely have known that this "*Irish* general" was a *Scots*man, is the Colquito of the *Legend of Montrose*, and, yet more anciently, the Colquito, "or the Devil" of Milton.

At p. 378 Mr. H. remarks—"It is an irreparable loss to Irish history, that Dr. Keating did not continue his work after the Anglo invasion. Of all men, he was best qualified to give a true domestic picture of this country, from a knowledge of its civil affairs, manners, customs, poetry, music, architecture, &c., seldom equalled, and never surpassed; besides his intimate acquaintance with many ancient MSS. extant in his time, but since dispersed or destroyed." If it be any comfort to the writer, we think we have heard that Dr. Keating's MS. is preserved, and, if we are not mistaken, in the possession of that able genealogist and antiquary, Sir William Betham. Before we finish, we have only one other point to put to Mr. H.: Why, in directing admiration to the efforts made to illustrate the fairy lore and legendary tales of Ireland, he should have named Sir Walter Scott, and omitted any reference to his own countryman, Mr. Crofton Croker? Great as the former is in every branch of literature which he has chosen to cultivate, in this particular branch he has done nothing to be compared with our distinguished friend.

But we must close; and we do so with an anecdote, at once evidence of the editor's industry and prejudice.

"Although colloquially debased, many of the original characteristics of our language remain unimpaired. Its pathetic powers have been particularly celebrated. 'If you plead for your life, plead in Irish,' is a well-known adage. But the revilers of the people have

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not spared even their speech. Of the species of abuse usually resorted to, a curious specimen may be found in the prejudiced Stanihurst (temp. Elizabeth), who assures his readers, that the Irish was unfit even for the prince of darkness himself to utter; and to illustrate this, the bigotted Saxon gravely adduced the case of a possessed person in Rome, who 'spoke in every known tongue except Irish; but in that he neither would nor could speak, because of its intolerable harshness.'"

The Life of Major-general Sir T. Munro, Bart. &c. &c. &c. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. M.R.S.L. &c. New edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is an excellent edition of an excellent and standard work, of which we expressed our unqualified approbation upon its original appearance in three volumes,—now, with some interesting additions, comprehended in two. (See *Literary Gazette* for last year, pages 97, 604, 622). Mr. Gleig has, however, rather imposed a heavy task of collation upon us by not intimating where the new matter was to be found. It is true that we could with great pleasure read his delightful Life all over again; but, then, we are critics, and not mere readers for pleasure; and that we have not much time may be granted, when we tell, that even at this dull literary season, our first bag from the office on Thursday alone contained one quarto volume, ten octavos, seven duodecimos, three monthly publications, three French works of science, and several pamphlets.

With this heart-breaking excuse for doing nothing more for this valuable edition of Monro, we shall simply quote two of the new letters, which cannot, we think, be perused without affording gratification. They are charmingly characteristic:—

"*To Sir Graham Moore.*

"London, 9th June, 1813.

"My dear Graham,—Your letter of the 6th of May was between two and three weeks in finding its way to me. I had no suspicion that you would have been called out again so soon, just as you were beginning to get comfortably settled in the country. Your removal is a great disappointment to me, for I had promised myself many a pleasant walk to the Roman camp, and other places about Brook Farm, and many a long conversation about past times, and the present state of the world; but these hopes, like many others, are banished for the present. As you are employed, however, I like to see you in the Baltic better than any where else, because it is the station where, perhaps, your services can be most useful, and where your mind will be most interested. You are now a principal actor in a campaign which will never be forgotten in the world, for it will decide the fate of Europe; and if the German governments do their duty, will, I am convinced, decide it in favour of liberty from French bondage. I hope you follow the example of your excellent brother John, and keep a journal of every transaction, however minute; for things which at first sight appear of little consequence, often become important from their connexion with other matters, which we do not at the time foresee. When you return to Brook Farm, we shall talk over the campaign, and refer to your notes. I am not acquainted with the nature of your command, but I trust that it is such as to improve your fortune; for though you are as little covetous of wealth as any man, it would be a great comfort to be so easy in your circumstances as to ensure your being able to live in the country in the way you have hitherto done, which, when I last saw you, you were doubtful whether you could continue. A small addition to your fortune would remove the uncertainty, and enable you to live in the moderate, rational manner to which you have been accustomed. All that I would care for myself in the way of fortune, would be to have in Surry just such a place as yours, and to be able to see my friends without looking too narrowly into my expenses. I wish to God that I were, like you, a married man. I would not remain longer than a month with my wife, and then I would visit the armies both in Germany and Spain. But I see no immediate chance of the change I wish for; for my long absence from my own country has thrown me out of that society in which I might have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with young women. I had an invitation from your mother to dine with her yesterday, and meet your wife, and James and his wife, but was unluckily engaged. It was one of the family parties which I should have enjoyed very much. It would have reminded me of old times and lang syne. God bless you, my dear Graham. Yours ever,

"THOMAS MUNRO."

"*To the Same.*

"Ardowgan, 5th October, 1813.

"My dear Graham,—You probably remember seeing Colonel Cunningham, an old friend of mine, at my lodgings in London. His brother died suddenly last year, leaving a widow and two sons to be supported by him. One of them is at present a midshipman on board the Orion. This ship, it is said, is to be paid off; in which case you might, perhaps, have a vacancy for him in your own ship, or be able to get him appointed to another, where he would be taught his duty, and be well taken care of. I suppose he is just like other boys; but if you find him no worse, I hope you will not forget him. I have been for the last fortnight paying visits at Greenock and Glasgow. If I had nothing else to think of, I fancy that I could for ever ramble over the scenes of our early days, for the pleasure I feel in doing so is not at all diminished by the frequent visits I have made to them since my return to this country. My favourite excursion is to Woodside, and along the banks of Kelvin, where we used to bathe in former days; but I have also great enjoyment in traversing the streets and closes of Glasgow, and comparing their present and past state. As I saunter along, I imagine that it is now, or at least that it is destined to be, the finest city in the kingdom; that the buildings are handsomer, the merchants more enterprising, and the manufacturers more skilful, and even the common people more honest, contented-looking folks, than one sees any where else. I like to talk Scotch with the country-people and children I meet with in my walks; but am sorry to say that the language is much corrupted by the influx of English words. Many of our old idioms and phrases, however, are still preserved. I heard one the other day, in all its ancient purity, from a young girl. I asked her where her mother was. 'Where is she?' said she:—'She's in her skin, and when she comes out, loup you in.' I had not heard this expression for above thirty years, but on hearing it, I instantly recognised it as one that I had often made use of myself. I wish you were once more at home, to enjoy all these simple pleasures, for which you have so high a relish. If the allies will only persevere, they will get stronger every day, and will be able, in another campaign or two, to dictate such a peace as would restore the independence of Europe; and then we may expect to have some rest in our own country, and to visit others with safety. Yours most truly,

"THOMAS MUNRO."

Dr. Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is also a new and improved edition of a work upon which we have already delivered our opinion at considerable length. We need not, therefore, enter again upon its merits; but may content ourselves with quoting an anecdote or two,—our former Review being rather directed to the scientific portion of the memoir, some part of which, as we have heard, the learned author says we did not understand. Having confessed to this misfortune, or rather to this charge, we now venture upon the anecdotes, which we humbly hope we do understand; and the first is very much to the purpose.

"Davy's uncouth appearance and address subjected him to many other mortifications on his first arrival in London. There was a smirk on his countenance, and a pertness in his manner, which, although arising from the perfect simplicity of his mind, were considered as indicating an unbecoming confidence. Johnson, the publisher, as many of my readers will probably remember, was in the custom of giving weekly dinners to the more distinguished authors and literary stars of the day. Davy, soon after his appointment, was invited upon one of these occasions; but the host actually considered it necessary to explain, by way of apology, to his company, the motives which had induced him to introduce into their society a person of such humble pretensions. At this dinner a circumstance occurred, which must have been very mortifying to the young philosopher. Fuseli was present, and, as usual, highly energetic upon various passages of beauty in the poets, when Davy most unfortunately observed, that there were passages in Milton which he could never understand. 'Very likely, very likely, sir,' replied the artist, in his broad German accent, 'but I am sure that is not Milton's fault.'"

With the following ludicrous adventure of Lady Davy, which happened in 1813, when Davy was allowed by Bonaparte to visit Paris, we once more commend these volumes to the favour they so amply deserve.

"While Davy was at the meeting of the Institute, a curious adventure occurred to Lady Davy, the relation of which, by shewing the state of surveillance in which the citizens of Paris were held at that period, will enable us to appreciate the extent of the obligation conferred upon Sir Humphry by the emperor. Her ladyship, attended by her maid, had walked into the Tuileries' garden. She wore a very small hat, of a simple cockle-shell form, such as was fashionable at that time in London; while the Parisian ladies wore bonnets of most voluminous dimensions. It happened to be a saint's day, on which, the shops being closed, the citizens repaired in crowds to the garden. On seeing the diminutive bonnet of Lady Davy, the Parisians felt little less surprise than did the inhabitants of Brobdignag on beholding the hat of Gulliver; and a crowd of persons soon assembled around the unknown exotic; in consequence of which, one of the inspectors of the garden immediately presented himself, and informed her ladyship that no cause of *rassemblement* could be suffered, and therefore requested her to retire. Some officers of the imperial guard, to whom she ap-

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pealed, replied, that however much they might regret the circumstance, they were unable to afford her any redress, as the order was peremptory. She then requested that they would conduct her to her carriage; an officer immediately offered his arm; but the crowd had by this time so greatly increased, that it became necessary to send for a corporal's guard; and the party quitted the garden surrounded by fixed bayonets."

Pompeiana. By Sir William Gell. Part XI. Jennings and Chaplin.

THE present Part of this curious and interesting work contains double the quantity of plates and letter-press to be found in the preceding Parts, as will also the twelfth and last Part, which will appear in about two months. "This excess of matter," the publishers state, "has originated in Sir William's having, since the work has been at press, liberally placed the results of his subsequent investigations on this interesting subject, at the disposal of the publishers, who, while they have great pleasure in thus so materially adding to the value of the publication, have resolved, at a manifestly great pecuniary sacrifice, fully to redeem the pledge originally given, that the work would not exceed *twelve* or *thirteen* numbers, by confining it to *twelve*."

We extract a passage on that frequently-controverted point, the windows of the houses of the ancients. It occurs in a description of the plate entitled "Windows of Cubiculi."

"Much has been said, and more has been doubted, on the subject of the windows of the ancients. It was not probable that houses, and especially cubiculi, could have existed without the means of excluding the cold, yet, at the same time, admitting light. Even in modern times, however, except in the dwellings of the great, the lighting of a house in Italy or Greece, on a rainy or windy day, is very imperfect, in consequence of the scarcity of glass, or its late introduction as an article of common use. The villa of Arrius Diomedes is said to have had a window, the panes of which were divided by lead, just as we find them in old houses in England. The thermæ had the same divisions of brass; but these windows of the tragic poet of Pompeii are the only examples at present existing of the manner of opening and shutting. The accounts remaining of the scarcity or abundance of glass among the ancients are very contradictory. Vopiscus accuses Firmus of luxury for having windows of glass in the time of Aurelian. Caligula, when giving audience to Philo, a rich Jew of Alexandria, is stated to have attended to nothing but new-glazing his windows, so that the imperial palace must have been glazed long before, to have required renewing. In this view two of the iron cramps remain, by which wooden frames were fixed to the wall, and in those frames the window, either of glass, linen, or wood, moved backwards and forwards. If the slider was merely a shutter, which it appears to have been, it was probably not without a small hole in the centre, square or circular, glazed or covered with linen, or even open to admit a small portion of light. These windows are six feet six inches above the foot pavement, so as not to admit the gaze of passengers. The foot pavement itself is here one foot seven inches higher than the street or vicus, which is paved with polygons, of which a quarry was found by the Hon. W. Strangways not far from Torre dell' Annunziata. The vicus, without the footpaths, which are each about three feet nine inches wide, measures only seven feet six inches in breadth. These alleys could never have been narrower, according to the old Roman law. 'Viai lateitoudo endo porrectum octo pedem estod, endo amfractom sedecim.' The width of the streets must be eight feet where straight, but sixteen where they turned. The houses on each side of these narrow streets were justly called Vicinales:—'Vicinales qui in vico sunt.' The windows are only one foot eleven inches wide, and not three in height. Within the chambers the opening measured only two feet six inches, and there was perhaps some appearance of an internal casement which opened inwards. The red panels are four feet seven inches in height. On these the children have frequently drawn rude figures with a pin or a nail, and have sometimes written sentences not more delicate than the figures, as boys are apt to do in our own times."

In speaking of the plate from a painting of Achilles and Briseis, Sir William Gell observes,—

"The picture is four feet two inches high by four feet wide. This may be a proper place for stating that the author cannot presume, in attempting to preserve a memorial and record of these paintings, to imagine that any thing more than a faint idea of them can be furnished to the reader. An artist of the first skill would find it a difficult task to preserve in scanty outlines the traces of the force or expression of the original where there is often no outline at all, it being shaded off till the forms become indistinct. Indeed, where it can be done, nothing is so difficult as to trace an outline from the originals, even on the most transparent paper. At an immense expense only, and on a large scale, could any idea be furnished of the touch and style of the painters of antiquity. Many are also incorrect as to drawing, yet the additions of shade and colour diminish the defect which, in outline, becomes glaring. Those, however, who wish to study the grouping and composition of the ancients, will here find great assistance, and history and poetry may be illustrated upon authority instead of from fancy. There is, no doubt, a certain degree of sameness even in the coloured originals—a defect which must be more visible in outline. The Romans only copied themselves and the Greeks; therefore they had not that range over all ages and all situations which is open to modern art. The Greeks, who only depicted themselves, and an occasional Persian or Amazon, were still more confined as to models. The shading of a modern picture is generally artificially contrived by a light let in by a small window, or even a small hole in a shutter purposely closed, and which produces an effect rarely observed in nature. The ancients, on the contrary, seem to have preferred the light of day for their works, and one curious advantage is gained by it. The pictures of the ancients produce a pleasing effect when only surrounded by a simple line of red, while the very best of modern paintings is very much indebted to the carver and gilder for its gorgeous and burnished frame, without which its beauties are so much diminished that it almost ceases to be a decoration to an apartment."

"Chimneys," says Sir William Gell, "certainly existed in Greece; for not only does a scholiast speak of tubes, and canals for smoke, but Aristophanes, in Vespis, mentions a person who, being imprisoned in a house, escaped, or tried to escape, by the chimney. Appian says, on one occasion, that some tried to escape through chimneys. 'In fumariis et summis tegulis se abscondisse.' The testimony of Horace and of Juvenal, who talk of smoky houses, 'fumosos' and 'lachrymoso non sine fumo,' seems to make it probable that the people suffered from the want of them; and Vitruvius gives no account of such an invention. They not only burned, in the better apartments, a more expensive sort of wood, which, from emitting no smoke, was called *acapna* and *amurca*, according to Martial, but, from a carpet found spread on a mosaic pavement, upon which stood a bracciero or foculare, with the charcoal in it, in a room at Pompeii, it is evident that the inhabitants used the same process for heating their chambers as the moderns of the same country, previous to the introduction of chimneys by our countrymen. The modern Greeks, on the contrary, have fires and chimneys in their rooms. It is, however, certain that, in a shop, and in a chamber of the Temple of Isis, chimneys may be found at Pompeii. Chimneys existed, also, at all times in the kitchens of the south of Italy."

A plate of a "Drinking Scene" gives rise to the following remarks:—

"It is curious that, at so late a period, horns seem to have been used instead of drinking-cups, notwithstanding the multiplicity of glasses and cups which abounded in Pompeii, and the inconvenience arising, as may be observed in this plate, from the want of a foot. Horns were used for cups in very ancient times, as may be learned from several of the Greek scholiasts. Bacchus was called Corniger from this circumstance, according to the scholiast on Nicander. The Sileni were the nurses of the horned Bacchus. Horns, says the scholiast on Homer, Iliad, Θ. v. 189. were used previously to the invention of cups. Nonnus says, 'He held in his left hand a horn filled with delicious wine,'

Λαιη χειρας μεν υχε βεβρισμενον ηδυς οινου·

It would appear that the ancients, during their feasts and ceremonies, the representations of which have come down to our times, studied and practised what was best suited for shew, and conducive to elegance; but that their common usages and every-day customs were not very widely different from those of the moderns in the same country."

Captain Beechey's Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Beering's Straits, &c. A new edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

REPLETE with interest and information of every kind, and long since estimated according to its rich desert by a discerning world, we are happy to notice this new and convenient edition of Captain Beechey's work. With the same beautiful and characteristic engravings, the same valuable text, if the larger paper copy occupies a place in every good library of a high order, we are sure this cheaper publication will spread yet more widely the fame of its author.

The German Muse; the Worth of Women; the Song of the Bell, of Frederick Von Schiller. Arranged for the use of his Pupils, by Baron Febeck, Professor of the German Language and Literature. London, 1831. Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.

THESE ballads are literally translated, with various grammatical notes and explanations. To the young scholar a work like the present must be invaluable; and its author observes very justly,—"Although we are convinced

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that it is impossible, in many cases, to obtain a correct idea of the original by means of a literal translation, yet the advantage which a learner may derive from such a translation overbalances any occasional inconvenience, and is too obvious to be neglected." We have heard much of Baron Fabeck's system of instruction from our foreign correspondents. On the continent it has been eminently successful, and we doubt not will be equally so in England.

A Greek Grammar on a New and Systematic Plan, according to the Analytic Method. By the Rev. T. Flynn, A.M. Dublin, 1831, Curry and Co.; London, Hurst and Chance. THE "new and systematic plan" of this work is, we fear, too intricate and uninviting, and the style in which it is developed too obscure and *ungrammatical*, to render it likely that it will be either understood or studied by tyros; though to those who have made some progress in Greek, we are of opinion it may be of considerable use. The errors of printing, both in the Greek and English, would alone be a great hinderance to a beginner; added to which, the want of accents is a serious drawback.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

23d 16h 3m—the Sun enters Scorpio.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Virgo	5	9	44
☽ First Quarter in Sagittarius	13	11	59
○ Full Moon in Pisces	20	20	44
☾ Last Quarter in Cancer	27	12	2

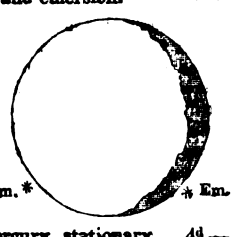
The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	2	22	0
Mercury in Virgo	4 – 5		40
Mars	5	2	20
Venus	5	17	0
Jupiter in Capricornus	15	8	36
2 ξ Ceti	21	0	0
μ	21	17	0
f Tauri	22	19	0
Saturn in Leo	30	9	15
e Leonis	30	16	0

Occultations of Stars in the Hyades.—23d—The immersion of γ Tauri will occur below the horizon: the emersion, at 6h 54m, will be visible. After passing over the small stars in its path to Aldebaran, the Moon will occult this remarkable star under the following circumstances:

	H.	M.	S.
Immersion	13	14	18
Emersion	14	20	27

The subjoined diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emersion.



5d—Mercury stationary. 4d—ascending node. 9d—perihelion. 12d—greatest elongation (19° 5′) as a morning star. 13d 17h—in conjunction with η Virginis: difference of latitude 28′. 16d 13h—with Venus. 20d—with 38 Virginis: difference of latitude 2′. 26d—with Mars.

8d 0h 30m—Venus in her inferior conjunction with the Sun. 8d 20m—in conjunction with Mars. 29d—stationary.

17d 22h—Mars in conjunction with 9 Virginis.

The Asteroids.

	D.	H.	M.		°	′
Vesta	3	R.A. 8	11	N.D. 19	31	
	11	 8	22	 19	9	
	19	 8	32	 18	48	
	27	 8	41	 18	30	
Juno	3	 9	4	 7	15	
	11	 9	17	 6	12	
	19	 9	30	 5	10	
	27	 9	41	 4	8	
Pallas	3	 19	16	 5	51	
	11	 19	20	 4	31	
	19	 19	25	 3	19	
	27	 19	30	 2	14	
Ceres	3	 20	42	S.D. 30	15	
	11	 20	44	 29	47	
	19	 20	47	 29	13	
	27	 20	52	 28	35	

10d—Jupiter stationary.

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	6	8	22	13
	13	10	18	0
	22	6	49	49
	29	8	38	37
Second Satellite	23	7	36	58
Fourth Satellite, immersion	16	8	31	25

29d—Saturn in conjunction with χ Leonis: difference of latitude 19′.

21d—Uranus stationary near 21 Capricorni.

Telescopic Objects.—The following telescopic objects will be in favourable positions for observation during the month:

Aries.—In this zodiacal constellation, β, γ, ε, λ, 14, 33, and 41, are double stars. σ Arietis is a triple star; the stars of which it is composed are arranged in a line; the largest star is white, the other two are mere points. In Triangulum (an asterism above Aries) α, ε, and ι, are double: β Trianguli is larger than α, and is supposed to have changed its magnitude. Near Triangulum is Musca, in which the star numbered 39 is double.

Cetus.—In this constellation, γ, ι, ν, 26, 61, 68, and 94, are double stars: above ζ is a nebula, and another near λ. Mira is a variable star; period of variation 331d 10h 19m: at its maximum brightness it is of the second magnitude; its light gradually diminishes till it entirely disappears. χ also disappears periodically: at its greatest brilliancy it seems of the fifth magnitude. α Ceti has probably changed its magnitude: it is now less bright than β.

Auriga.—Capella, a star of the first magnitude, in this constellation, is double: also β; the largest star is of a bluish white: ν is double; the large star orange-white, the small star red: 9, ω, 13, 14, 26, 41, 56, and 59, are likewise double stars. Near 58, and in a line parallel to β and 9, is a cluster of stars containing two double stars. Near φ is a triple star in the centre of a small circular nebula, which surrounds the stars like an atmosphere. λ is a multiple star. Near ε is a square mass of small stars.

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LITERARY DISCREPANCY.

SIR,—I have made long extracts on a matter by which it will appear, that there is as positive a contradiction between the statement in Dr. Southey's Life of Nelson and the advertisement of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley in the *Literary Gazette*, entitled the "Adventures of a Sergeant," &c., as ever was recorded; and I am sure that your regard for literary truth will not deter you from giving your view of the matter, though one part of the statement is in an advertisement in the *Literary Gazette*. Yours, most respectfully,

A READER OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE FOR TEN YEARS.

Southey's Life of Nelson, pp. 344, 345.

"Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the Redoubtable. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he *did not live to boast of what he had done.* An old quarter-master had seen him fire; and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quarter-master, as he cried out 'that's he,' and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and *the fellow dropped in the poop.* When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast."

Advertisement in Literary Gazette, p. 127.

"Adventures of a Sergeant in the French Army, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from 1805 to 1823. Written by himself. 1 vol. post 8vo.

"Robert Guillemard, whose memoirs are here presented to the public, was drawn as a conscript in 1805. He was sent on board Admiral Villeneuve's fleet, *and was the man who shot Lord Nelson*, at the battle of Trafalgar; *subsequently to which* he witnessed the assassination of his own admiral, touching whose death he was personally examined by Buonaparte. He then joined the army in Germany, was present at the taking of Stralsund, and marching into Spain, was made prisoner by a guerilla party. Having made his escape, he was sent on the Russian campaign, and, at the battle of the Borodino, was taken by the Russians and banished to Siberia, where he remained in captivity till 1814, when he and a few others were suffered to return. At the time of Napoleon's re-appearance from Elba, Guillemard was serving in the Duke of Angoulême's army in the south, and describes the massacre of the Protestants at Nismes. Soon afterwards he assisted Joachim Murat (King of Naples) in escaping from Toulon to Corsica. Guillemard's final campaign was in Spain in 1823, after which he retired to his native village, whence his memoirs are dated."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Winter's Wreath, for 1832. Whittaker, London; Smith, Liverpool.

WE have seldom met with a more pleasing and sweetly executed collection of little prints than those which are to grace the *Winter's Wreath* for the approaching season. They do equal credit to the taste of the proprietors of the work, and to the talents of the various artists who have been engaged in their production. We must give them all a brief notice.

The Reply of the Fountain. Painted by R. Liverseege; engraved by E. Smith. A composition full of elegance and sentiment.—*Evening near the Bavarian Alps.* Painted by G. Barrett; engraved by R. Wallis. One of those glowing and delicious sunsets in which Mr. Barrett's pencil luxuriates.—*The Village Suitor's Welcome.* Painted by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved by E. Smith. An interesting domestic group, well composed, and with a powerful effect.—*Abbeville, France.* Painted by D. Roberts; engraved by A. Freebairn. The

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breadth, the air, and the skilful manner in which the light and the shade are "focused" (as Mr. Burnet happily calls it, in his clever publication), are all admirable.—*The Highland Fortress of Lessing Cray.* Painted by J. Martin; engraved by R. Brandard. Mr. Martin has here found a subject in nature quite congenial to the creations of his own poetical imagination.—*Lago di Nemi, Roma.* Painted by A. Aglio; engraved by R. Brandard. The tranquillity and refinement of this scene form an excellent contrast to the rude grandeur of that which we last noticed.—*The Visionary.* Painted by H. Liverseege; engraved by T. Engleheart. A young and handsome husband, a town and country house, a carriage and four, a diamond necklace, a box at the opera, are, no doubt, among the images flitting before the "mind's eye" of this fair day-dreamer.—*Naples.* Painted by W. Linton; engraved by E. Goodall. A fine transfer to steel of a picture which has, on a former occasion, received from us the high praise to which it is entitled.—*The Wreck.* Painted by J. Williamson; engraved by W. Miller. Whoever has been so unfortunate as to witness an event like this, will recognise the graphic truth and force of Mr. Williamson's representation of it.—*Allon, the Piper of Mull.* Painted by E. Goodall; engraved by H. Robinson. Replete with character; and a highly picturesque composition.—*Vintage Feast, at a Villa of Rione Trastevere.* Engraved by H. Robinson. The name of the painter is not mentioned. Whoever he was, he was well acquainted with the principles of his art, and has produced a very charming festive group.

A Series of Historical and Poetical Subjects, from Pictures and Drawings, by J. and F. P. Stephanoff. Drawn on stone by J. Stephanoff, Historical Painter in Water-Colours to his Majesty. No. I. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

THE subjects are—"The Archbishop of Grenada," F. P. Stephanoff; "A Knight preparing for a Tournament," J. Stephanoff; "Shylock, Jessica, and Launcelot," F. P. Stephanoff; and "Portia satirising her Lovers," J. Stephanoff. The designs are such as might be expected from artists of such established reputation. The dismissal of Gil Blas, in the first, is well expressed, and the characters and composition have great originality. The publication promises a pleasing and interesting variety.

Hogarth Moralised. Fourth and concluding Part. Major.

THIS Part is at least equal in execution to its predecessors. Whoever possesses the whole, will have an excellent notion of the general merits of Hogarth; and will be sensible, to a much greater extent than could have been expected from the size of the plates, of the rich and minute touches of humour, pathos, and intelligence, with which his works abound. It is impossible to contemplate the productions of this highly-gifted man, without feeling the justice of Mr. Major's opinion:—"His extraordinary talents would have rendered him second to no one, in whatever way he had happened to apply them; but it is enough for the lovers of art, and of sound morality, that they became devoted to dramatic painting in its highest perfection; that the muses of comedy and tragedy by turns, or in conjunction, claimed and proved him to be their own. 'He used colours instead of language,' and was the Shakspeare of a profession that must ever be proud of his immortal name."

Twelve Select Examples of the Architecture of the Middle Ages in England. Consisting of Plates carefully etched, aquatinted, and coloured, in imitation of the original drawings made on the spot by Charles Wild, Esq. Jennings and Chaplin.

THESE fine plates, having been originally published separately, are now collected into a volume, and a most beautiful and magnificent volume they form. Of the exteriors, "York Minster," and "the Cathedral of Wells," are our favourites; of the interiors, "Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey," and "the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor." The last mentioned is one of the most gorgeous architectural representations we ever met with. No library of the slightest pretension to elegance ought to be without this splendid work.

Paris and its Environs. Displayed in a series of Two Hundred Picturesque Views, from original drawings taken under the direction of A. Pugin, Esq.; the engravings under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, with Topographical and Historical Descriptions. Two vols. demy 4to. Jennings and Chaplin.

THIS is also an assemblage of plates which have been in a course of publication in Nos. during the last four years. They convey a thorough and excellent notion of Paris and its neighbourhood; and much more than topographical interest is given to many of them by the introduction of animated representations of some of the prominent events of the revolution of 1830. The descriptions are in French and English; and, although brief, contain much curious information.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPIGRAM ON A MISER.

His heart is like a maggot-eaten nut:
There's nothing in it; but 'tis closely shut.

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

[The Ambassador from France to our government at this period having been rendered, more than usual, an object of public attention, we have reprinted the following anecdotes which are told of him. We have heard many others, all illustrative of his wit and pleasantry; and even at his advanced age he is yet brilliant and sparkling. Prince Talleyrand is fond of whist, and almost nightly sits to a late hour enjoying his favourite game. When told that Lord Londonderry had censured him for this; he remarked that, from constitution, he could not sleep till three or four o'clock in the morning: but if Lord Londonderry would furnish him with a better and more innocent amusement, he would throw up his cards.]

SHORTLY after the affair of Pichegru and Moreau, a banker who had been introduced to Talleyrand, and admitted to the honour of several conferences with him, wrote to his excellency to solicit an audience, which was granted. Talleyrand was at that time minister for foreign affairs. The report of the death of George the Third had just obtained circulation throughout Paris, and was naturally expected to produce a great sensation on the stock exchange. The banker, who, like many of his financial brethren, wished to make a good hit, and thought the present a favourable opportunity, had the indiscretion to reveal to the minister the real object of his visit. Talleyrand listened to him without moving a muscle of his phlegmatic visage; and at length replied in a solemn tone: "Some say that the king of England is dead, others say that he is not dead; but do you wish to know *my* opinion?" "Most anxiously, Prince!" "Well, then, I believe—neither!" I mention this in confidence to *you*; but I rely on your discretion: the slightest imprudence on your part would compromise me most seriously."

Madame Hamelin one day reproached M. de Montron with his attachment to Talleyrand. "Good God! madam," replied M. de Montron, with *naïveté*, "who could help liking him? he is so wicked!"

Talleyrand, speaking of the members of the French Academy, observed, "After all, it is possible they may one day or other do something remarkable. A flock of geese once saved the capitol of Rome."

On a certain occasion, a friend was conversing with Talleyrand on the subject of Mademoiselle Duchesnois the French actress, and another lady, neither of them remarkable for beauty. The first happens to have peculiarly bad teeth, the latter none at all. "If Madame S—," said Talleyrand, "only had teeth, she would be as ugly as Mademoiselle Duchesnois."

A distinguished personage once remarked to Talleyrand, "In the Upper Chamber at least are to be found men possessed of consciences." "Consciences!" replied Talleyrand—"to be sure: I know many a peer who has got two."

Madame de Staël, speaking of Talleyrand, illustrates his character in the following happy and familiar manner:—"The good Maurice is not unlike the mannikins with which children play—dolls with heads of cork and legs of lead: throw them up which way you please, they are sure to fall on their feet."

Talleyrand had a confidential servant excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day intrusted him with a letter, the Prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms:—"You may send a verbal answer by the bearer: he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previously to its delivery." Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproaches.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

O weep not for me! The farewell address of a dying Christian. Written by W. A. Davis. The Music by the Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm. J. Green.

THE present is one of the most touching and beautiful airs of this popular composer. In considering, and even in admiring, the vocal works of Neukomm, we have often had occasion to regret his want of continued melody in the voice part—a deficiency to which even his fine, and elaborate, and effective accompaniments have not altogether reconciled us. But here the theme flows beautifully in one line, and its pathetic character finds instant way to the heart. It is destined, we think, for popularity; and its tender and consolatory strain will be prized by all, especially by those who suffer under the recent loss of a beloved relative. It is truly a Christian's song.

DRAMA.

The Drama gives note of preparation.—Drury Lane opens to-night, notwithstanding the melancholy death which has occurred within its walls. Capt. Polhill, it is true, remains

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inconsolable, and M. Martin is not to be comforted; but as the skin of the deceased has been sent, in the most decorous way, to the Zoological, Dick Peake declares that it is all stuff. We had forgotten to say, that we allude to the decease of the kangaroo, for whose non-appearance an apology, with a medical certificate attached as usual, had been already prepared, and, as it should seem, on a better foundation than ordinary, as the animal was really ill, and died according to medicine. Some consternation has been excited in the theatre by a report, that this fatal event was occasioned by the real cholera spasmodica of India; but we understand that none of the family of the departed ever fell a sacrifice to that disorder; nor is it the opinion of the faculty here, who attended him from the commencement of his indisposition to its lamentable close, that the complaint differed from the common cholera, from which we have all suffered so much this season. We are sorry to remark, however, that this opinion does not seem to be entirely satisfactory; for two of the monkeys have looked very grave ever since the event alluded to took place; and it is supposed they will hardly be in sufficient spirits to go through their parts with the true *vis comica* expected from such performers. The managers have been in treaty with Reeve to undertake the late kangaroo's parts; but it is said he has declined for want of a tail; and not having time to order one from the Highlands of Scotland, the only place in his Majesty's dominions where such articles of adequate length can be procured, and where there have been some fine second-hand ones of chieftains to be disposed of ever since George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh.

In the *Honeymoon*, with which the house opens, several first appearances and new casts are announced; including Mr. Jones, from Edinburgh, in genteel comedy (*Rolando*); Mrs. Brudenell, from the same city, as *Volante;* and Miss Brudenell, from Dublin, as *Zamora*. We rejoice to see that Macready is again engaged, and that his masterly *Werner* is to follow close upon the *Honeymoon*.

Covent Garden advertises for Monday, and will, we trust, open in strength, though the Chancery suit (not Peake's clever and far too little appreciated comedy, but the real incubus which has so long depressed and ruined this fine theatre,) has led to some doubts being expressed that the entertainments must be postponed. The chief feature in the bill, and that which will create the most regret, is the appearance of Young, "his last season on the stage." The stage will hardly see a more accomplished actor or a more estimable man. This house seems particularly strong in opera, Braham, (himself a host, and a very good host too), Miss Inverarity, Wilson, the Cawses, a Mr. Reynoldson from Edinburgh, Hodges from the Royal Academy of Music, our old, gentle, and deserved favourite, Duruset, and others filling up the musical band,— to display which, an opera by Auber is forthcoming.

The Olympic, beautifully decorated, under the direction of Mr. Beazley (who, we believe, is also the architect of the beautiful colonnade just erected at Drury Lane—an ornament to the metropolis, and an honour to the builder), opens to-night, and had a private exhibition on Thursday, to the great gratification of amateurs of taste. It is embellished in the Pompeii style, with which we have become so well acquainted through the *Pompeiana* of Sir W. Gell (reviewed in many *Gazettes*). The ground is white; the ornaments gold, with flowers of their natural colours; and Cupids, from designs by the celebrated Bartolozzi, the grandfather of the fair proprietress.* This active and charming little lady has farther rallied a potent association around her; Mrs. Glover and herself, the best in their respective lines; Miss Sydney, who should play more for the stage, however, and less for individuals among the audience; the Vinings; C. Horne; Bland; and, above all, the Liston. An engagement was offered to this inimitable comedian at Drury Lane; but he preferred (and who would not?) the company of Vestris to that of the Llama; and refused to play with either the lions, the tiger, or the bear. He will therefore be, himself, the lion at the Olympic, which is only dropping the *st* out of his name.†

The opening novelty is an adaptation from *Dominique*. This three-act piece, so successful at the Théâtre Français, is, we hear, in preparation at nearly all the other theatres, and has already been done at the Coburg. Competition is generally a public benefit; but we question whether this sort of competition is a benefit to theatres.

On Wednesday the *Evil Eye*, having, as its facetious author, Mr. Peake, stated, "been wide awake and open for thirty-six nights successively," closed the brief season of the English Opera at this small theatre, to which Mathews and Yates return on Monday with their usual attractions. As the New Street Bill has passed, we trust (as Mr. Bartley intimated, in his farewell address, would probably be the case), to see Mr. Arnold, to whom English music and the public are so much indebted for his exertions to improve the one and entertain the other, in a handsome new Lyceum of his own next year. Respected in society, enterprising and able as a theatrical proprietor, and with his interests farther recommended in consequence of the severe loss he sustained by the burning of his theatre, we know no man concerned in the drama, with such strong claims to sympathy and encouragement.

VARIETIES.

Buckingham Palace.—The state and fate of this disgraceful job have again been discussed in parliament. Col. Trench's plan for converting it into a National Gallery, &c., will now, we trust, be fairly considered; but, after all, we believe the probability is, that it will be finished as a Royal Palace for the King.

Young Lambton, the son of Lord Durham, and the subject of one of Lawrence's most beautiful pictures, died this week at Brighton. So melancholy an event will give an additional interest to the fine engraving of this charming boy.

Marmaduke Trattle.—In the newspaper obituaries we observe the death of this gentleman, in London, at the age of eighty. We knew him slightly, and have seen portions of his superb collection of coins, in many respects one of the finest, if not altogether the finest in England. We presume it will now be dispersed.

Anecdote of the Duchesse de Berri.—"By the way, I am horribly of the Duchesse de Berri's mind on one point, and that *is* cricket. Don't you remember that, at Dieppe, the other day, the English gentlemen visitors of the place paid her the honour of inviting her to witness their national game; and that she came to the ground, and sat in a beautiful pavilion; and that, directly, the play began; and that she took no notice, but kept talking and laughing with her French attendants and eating sweet things; and that our countrymen marvelled thereat, and exerted themselves more and more to fix her attention, but all in vain; and that at last, however, she was seen to look grave and observant, and turn her eyes to the cricketers, upon which, much flattered, they worked so hard as to outdo, in energy and vivacity, all former cricketers; and that the duchesse began to grow fidgety and seem impatient thereupon, and despatched one of the gentlemen of her suite with some message to our fellow-countrymen; and that our fellow-countrymen thought they were going to hear a request, arising out of womanly nervousness and amiability, praying them not to exert themselves so very much, lest some of them might cause injury to the spine; and that, notwithstanding, when the message was delivered, it only contained her royal highness's wish to know how soon the English gentlemen proposed to give over their preliminary arrangements, and begin their game; and that, when they allowed her to understand they *had* been playing their game all the while, the Duchesse de Berri left the ground forthwith."—*The Smuggler.*

Royal Impostor.—A work has been published at Paris, under the title of "Memoirs of the Duke of Normandy, the son of Louis XVI., written and published by himself." It states, that he escaped from the shoemaker with whom he was placed in his youth, by the same means which introduced the Grecians into Troy; namely, by being enclosed in a wooden horse, a beggar-boy having been substituted for him; that after his escape he took refuge with the Prince de Condé, who confided him to Kleber, by whom he was placed in the hands of Dessaix. Pursued, however, by the jealousy of Napoleon, he repaired to South America, ascended the Amazon river, and found himself among a set of cannibals. These gentlemen were preparing to devour him, but the duke slew them; which was but fair. He then became the cacique of the Mamelukes, and carried on with them a sanguinary war of hatchets and tomahawks against the Arouas, the Haunares, and the Galibis; whom he defeated in a pitched battle. His physician Dussault, his confessor Tourzel, and the wife of Simon (his late master), all proclaiming that Louis XVII. was not dead, soon disappeared from among the living. Then Kleber was killed near the Pyramids, Pichegru was strangled, Josephine was repudiated, Fualdes had his throat cut;—all for having endeavoured to restore to France this wonderful child!

Effects of Heat and Cold on Infants.—At a sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, some time ago, a letter was read from MM.

* We add a more accurate description of these decorations, which are really beautiful. The ceiling is painted in imitation of an ornamented silk canopy, drawn tight by garlands of flowers held by flying Cupids, the chandelier being suspended from the centre. The proscenium is divided by gilt beading into compartments, each containing a wreath of flowers, and bouquets of flowers run up the pilasters. The stage doors have been removed, and proscenium boxes substituted. A rich arabesque scroll ornament, on a white ground, alternately with lozenge-shaped panels, containing emblematical figures, decorate the fronts of the upper tier of boxes. The lower tier is formed into panels, in which are painted, in a very light and pretty style, subjects selected from the works of that eminent artist Bartolozzi, representing infants engaged in various appropriate diversions. Flowers are very tastefully introduced in both tiers, which are enriched by gilt ornamental moulding at top, and a dead gilt fascia, relieved by burnished patterns, at bottom. Mr. Beazley, architect, directed, and Messrs. Crace and Son executed the decorations.

† If we have time, we intend to write either a tragedy, or a comedy, or an opera, or a melo-drama, or a farce, for the beasts ourselves. It is to be entitled *Animali Parlanti;* but we have got no farther than the name yet, for which we put in this Cave-at.—*Ed. L. G.*

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Villermé and Milne Edwards, upon the influence of the temperature of the atmosphere upon the relative mortality of new-born infants. Mr. Edwards, sen. had stated, that at the period of birth, in warm-blooded animals, the productive faculty of heat is at its minimum, and that in general, in the earlier ages, it is too feeble to remain fixed when exposed to sudden changes of cold. Guided by the experience of this physiologist, MM. Villermé and Milne Edwards imagined that they could throw some new light upon this question relative to the human species. They applied themselves, therefore, to discover whether there existed any fixed laws with respect to the variations of the temperature and the number of deaths of new-born infants. They, in the first instance, compared this mortality in the north and in the south of France, and decided, as the result of their inquiries, that in the coldest provinces the mortality is the greatest. The examination of the proportional numbers of deaths of infants, taken month by month, first throughout all France, and afterwards for each department, has confirmed this first result, and has made it appear that it is always in the coldest season of the year that the number of deaths of infants below the age of one year is the greatest, whilst from the age of one year to old age the contrary takes place. In whatever manner these gentlemen viewed the question, they have always arrived at the same conclusion; and it appeared evident to them, that the cause of the excess of mortality among new-born children arose from their being exposed to the cold at an age when the calorific power is less than at any other period of life. MM. Villermé and Edwards think that this result, which is of considerable interest with respect to the physiology of mankind, is well worthy of the attention of the legislature and the ministers of religion; and they prove, by results derived from calculation, how often exposure of new-born infants to the action of cold, in carrying them to the baptismal font, is attended with danger; and they suggest that, during the winter, the ceremony should be performed at the houses of the parents. The same remark is applicable with respect to the formalities requisite for the inscription of the names of children on the civil register. According to our authors, the carrying new-born infants into the offices of the mayors, for the purpose of making the register of births within three days of their birth, must be considered as exposing them to great risk. The civil officer visits the dwelling for the purpose of certifying deaths—why, therefore, say these gentlemen, cannot the officers do the same for the births?

Beulah Spa.—Owing to some accident, we did not receive the invitation for the opening of the Beulah Saline Spa, at Norwood, for 31st August, till last week; which being three weeks too late, all we can say is, that we hear very attractive accounts both of the laying out and of the medicinal properties of this Spa. In days of yore the citizens of London used to have several places of this kind for healthful resort, the fame of which, for the cure of diseases, was spread far and near. Perhaps it has not been absolute wisdom which has led us to despise their virtues, and banish them alike from the domains of fashion and of physic. At all events this new Spa will re-open the question. It has been analysed by Mr. Faraday, Mr. Hume, and other chemists, who pronounce it to be principally distinguished for the quantity of magnesian salts contained in it; resembling, but much surpassing, in this respect, the Cheltenham waters.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XL. Oct.* 1.]

The Amethyst; or, Christian's Annual for 1832, edited by R. Huie, M.D., and R. Kaye Greville, LL.D., is announced.

The Keepsake for 1832, edited, as heretofore, by Mr. F. M. Reynolds, has the most aristocratic list of contributors—there are very few common names: *ex. gr.*—the Hon. E. B. Wilbraham; the Hon. H. Cradock; Sir A. Edmondstone; Lord Holland; the Author of Frankenstein; Lord Dover; J. A. St. John; Lady E. S. Wortley; Lord Ashtown; Mrs. C. Gore; R. H. Stanhope, M.P.; J. Jekyll; Lord Mahon; L. E. L.; Miss A. Strickland; S. Knowles; T. Hook; R. Bernal, M.P.; T. H. Lister; Lady Blessington; Lady Morley; Archdeacon Spencer; the Hon. H. Liddell; Lord Morpeth; Lord Mulgrave; Lord John Russell; Lord Porchester; W. Jerdan; Sir Walter Scott; The Hon. G. Berkeley; J. R. Gowen; the Hon. Charles Phipps.

A History of Ceylon under the Government of Lieut.-General Sir Edward Barnes. By Captain T. Lisle Fenwick. Also, by the same Author—Notes of a Voyage from Ceylon to England, with some Remarks on the Present State of the Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, and the Island of Ascension.

We are informed that Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer is about to take upon himself the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine. From the high literary reputation of Mr. Bulwer, and from the facilities which will be afforded him by the station he holds in society, we think ourselves justified in expecting a periodical of the highest attraction. Mr. Hall, who has displayed so much ability in the recent conduct of the Magazine, remains as his coadjutor.

The Correspondence of the learned Thoresby with eminent personages of his time, is likely to appear in a few days. Among much interesting matter, this work contains many letters of John Evelyn, Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Godfrey Copley, Philip Lord Wharton, Archbishop Sharp, Bishop Burnet, Dr. George Hickes, Dr. Calamy, Archdeacon Nicolson, Rev. Matthew Henry, Dr. Obadiah Walker, Dr. Gale, Roger Gale, Rev. John Strype, Thos. Hearne, &c. &c.

Mr. Ross Cox announces his Adventures in the New World, in a few days, under the title of the Columbia River; or, Scenes and Adventures during a Residence of Six Years on the Western side of the Rocky Mountains, among various Tribes of Indians hitherto unknown.

A work for the sporting world is to appear in a short time, under the name of Wild Sports of the West.

Mrs. Jameson, the authoress of the very popular Diary of an Ennuyée, &c., is about to publish Memoirs of celebrated Female Sovereigns—including Joanna of Sicily, Joanna II. of Naples, Isabella of Castile, Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth, Christina of Sweden, Anne, the Empress Maria Theresa, the Empress Catherine the Second of Russia, &c.

Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, has just ready a new romance, the title of which is to be the Bravo; it is a Venetian story.

The author of Sydenham is also ready with a sequel to that work, under the title of Alice Paulet. The hero, we are told, in his new character of a married man, has been enabled to make his observations on scenes and characters which had been hitherto excluded from his scrutiny as a bachelor.

A new naval novel, called Cavendish, or the Patrician at Sea, is about to appear, in which, under the veil of fiction, it is said, a true account of the memorable victory of Navarino, and of secret transactions which preceded it, will be furnished.

Lieut.-Col. Bouchette, who has been employed by the British government and the local legislature of Canada for many years in making surveys of the Canadas, is about to give to the world the result of his labours in an Historical and Topographical Account of Upper and Lower Canada, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. 23 (France, Vol. III., in 3 vols), fcp. 6*s.* bds.—Ash's Poetical Works, 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.* bds.—Liston's Elements of Surgery, Part II., 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Skene's Little Jack adapted for Learning German, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Cleghorn's System of Agriculture, from the Encyclopædia Britannica, 4to. 9*s.* bds.—Memoirs of Miss Elizabeth Spreckley, 18mo. 2*s.* bds.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. IV. (Palestine, by the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D.), 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Dr. Ryan's Lectures on Population, Marriage, &c., 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Gilfillan's Scottish Songs, 12mo. 4*s.* cloth.—Liberia, 18mo. 2*s.* cloth.—Snell's Guide to Operations on the Teeth, 8vo. 8*s.* bds. Valpy's Classical Library, No. 22 (Thucydides, Vol. III.), 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hughes's Divines, No. 17 (Jeremy Taylor, Vol. V.), 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Allen on Insanity, 8vo. Vol. I., Part I., 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Raikes on Education, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Meek's Reasons, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. 4 (Peregrine Pickle, Vol. II.), fcp. 5*s.* bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not understand the *cui bono* of the paragraph sent to us respecting the election of Professor of "Humanity," to succeed the late Professor Walker, at Glasgow; and have therefore sent it to that bourne whence there is no return.

P. G. J. is smooth enough, but the thoughts are too trite for publication: the theme is sadly hackneyed.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SOCIETE des PROFESSEURS de LANGUE FRANCAISE en ANGLETERRE, organisée le 9 Juillet, 1831, à Londres, Carlton Chambers, 8, Regent Street.

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La Société ose encore espérer que MM. les Chefs d'Institutions et de Familles, qui n'ont pas moins d'intérêt à l'encourager, puisqu'ils en retireront nécessairement un grand avantage, daigneront l'honorer de leur support, en n'admettant plus désormais, comme Professeurs de Langue Française ou Institutrices dans leurs Etablissements ou dans leurs Familles, que des Membres de la Société.

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THE FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXV.; being the Eventful History of the Mutiny of H. M. S. Bounty.

By JOHN BARROW, Esq. F.R.S.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE for OCTOBER, being No. VI. completes the First Volume, and is embellished with a Plate, Racing, No. I. by Scott, from a Painting by A. Cooper, R.A.; also a Picture of the Duke of Portland's Yacht Pantaloon sailing with Sir Edward Codrington's Fleet, engraved by W. R. Smith, from a Drawing by J. C. Schetky, Esq. Marine Painter to His Majesty; and a Vignette Title-Page, "the Fox and Rabbits," engraved by Webb, from a Painting by Cooper. Among the Literary Contributions will be found the following original Articles: Temperance Societies—Conclusion of Nim South's Tour of 1830, comprising the New Forest Hounds and Mr. Codrington's—Fly-Fishing in Wales—A Letter from an Old Sportsman—Dormin on Riding over Wheat—The Opening of the Organ—See-Ho's Letter to Nim South—Carp Fishing—Doncaster Races; a Line from Nimrod—Wild Duck Shooting, by Sylvanus Swanquill—The Editor's Scrap-Book, containing his Coronation, the Call of the House, and the Leger, &c.—Races to Come—Races Past: Tavistock, Banbury, Pottery, Haverford-west, Leominster, Weymouth, Clare Club, Burton-on-Trent, Canterbury, Winchester, Newport, Egham, Stourbridge, Haigh Park, Morpeth and Yarmouth, Bedford, Warwick, Carmarthen, Lichfield, Beccles, Rochester and Chatham, Leicester, Blandford, Abingdon, Pontefract—Cricket—Aquatics—Stud Sales—Racing Calendar, &c.

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No. 768. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Account of the British Campaign in 1809, *under Sir A. Wellesley, in Portugal and Spain.* By the Earl of Munster. Edition for private circulation. 8vo. pp. 118. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

Memoirs of the late War: comprising the Personal Narrative of Captain Cooke, of the 43*d Regt. Light Infantry; the History of the Campaign of* 1809 *in Portugal*, by the Earl of Munster; and a *Narrative of the Campaign of* 1814 *in Holland*, by Lieut. T. W. D. Moodie, H. P. 21st Fusileers. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

WE have placed the volume with which the kindness of the Earl of Munster has honoured us at the head of this notice, though the same Narrative forms a part of the second work, whose title also stands above. It originally appeared anonymously in the *United Service Journal*,* where it attracted so much attention as soon to lead to the discovery of its gallant and distinguished author, who served through the whole of the glorious Peninsular campaigns, with the exception of that of 1812, when he returned to England on promotion. It is indeed a soldier-like, spirited, and faithful "record of the events of which it treats," and, consequently, a valuable addition to the military memoirs of the British army; but as it has already enriched another periodical, we shall satisfy ourselves with a single extract. Lord Munster's observations on the characters of the French and English soldiers shew how able he is to form a judgment and to express it when formed.

"Sir Arthur, surrounded by his staff, slept, wrapped in his cloak, on the open ground, in rear of the second line, about the centre of the British army. A hasty doze was occasionally taken, as more continued rest was disturbed by alarm of different kinds, while the reflections of others kept them waking. The bustle of the day had prevented a review of our situation, but, on being left to our own thoughts, it was impossible not to reflect on the awfully approaching crisis. We could not but feel that here was to be another trial of the ancient military rivalry of England and France; that the cool, constitutional, persevering courage of the former was again to be pitted against the more artificial, however chivalrous, though not less praiseworthy, bravery of the latter. This view of the relative valour of the two nations cannot be questioned, if we consider that the reminding the British of this moral quality is wholly unnecessary, and instead of language of excitement being constantly applied to our soldiery, that of control, obedience, and composure, is solely recommended; while our ancient opponents are obliged incessantly to drive into the ears of their men, that they are nationally and individually the bravest of the human race. Hearing nothing else so flattering to their unbounded vanity, they become so puffed up by this eternal stimulant, as to be fully convinced of its truth, which, in consequence, makes their first attack tremendous. Buonaparte, being aware of this weak point in their character, fed it in every way, and the object of wearing a paltry piece of enamel gained him many battles. But this sort of created courage is not capable of standing a severe test, and the French have always been in their military character more Gauls than Franks; and what Cæsar said of the former, eighteen centuries ago, is still applicable to the races now occupying their fine country. If stoutly opposed at first, this kind of courage not only diminishes but evaporates, and has, does, and will, ever fail before that of the British. As soldiers, taking the expression in its widest sense, they are equal, if not superior, to us in many points; but on one, that of individual constitutional courage, we rise far superior to them. It is remarkable how often they evince a knowledge of this, and in nothing more than their subterfuges of all kinds to keep it from resting on their minds. All France, aware of this inferiority, by all species of casuistry attempts to conceal it; and in order not to shock their national vanity, they blame every unsuccessful officer opposed to us, even should his dispositions be ever so good, and such as might, but for the courage of our men, have succeeded. Buonaparte's conduct, after Vittoria, was directed to work on this feeling, and, by sacrificing the officers to the self-vanity of the troops, established for a time the *moral* of the army, by making those who had fled like sheep at Vittoria, fight us again, though unsuccessfully, with renewed spirit. Besides the bravery of the two nations, no less was the plain of Talavera to try the merit of two systems, and prove the value of different means and education in forming a powerful and efficient military. It was not only to be shewn if a chivalrous enthusiasm, and a confidence founded on vanity, was to overcome natural and patriotic courage, but if a sense of duty, inculcated by a real discipline, was to sink under feelings created by an absence of control and a long train of excess and military license. It was, whether an organised army, worthy of a civilised period and state of warfare, should not overcome a military caste grown up in the heart of Europe, (from the peculiarity of the times and circumstances,) little better than the bandits led by Bourbon to the walls of Rome in the sixteenth century. The system on which the French armies were formed was so demoralising and pernicious in its effects, that the army of Buonaparte ought not to be considered as the national force of France, but that of a conqueror, like Ghenghis Khan, or Tamerlane, of a more civilised age and quarter of the world. Like those scourges, the ruler of the French existed by upholding that soldiery the times had first created, and which his ambition subsequently fostered, and in perpetuating their attachment to his person by leading them to victory and plunder; in consequence, robbery was not only overlooked, but permitted, and an economist [encomiast?] of the French army has since dared in print to excuse its atrocities. This, it is true, is written by one of the revolutionary school, but it will be, (as long as the work is read,) a perpetual disgrace to the army whose acts he records. All discipline sank under this state of things. Coercion was neither necessary nor prudent, where the views of all were directed to the same lawless objects; and the military code was rather a bond of union and companionship, fostering a spurious glory, or ambition, and a thirst and hope of reward in unshackled military license and execution, than a collection of laws respecting the rights and claims of human nature. The quickness and intelligence of the French soldiery pointed out the necessity of an obedience to their officers, whom they considered as leading them to objects equally desirable to all; and thus actuated, far from having to receive orders, they readily anticipated them. A Bedouin robber does not require the positive commands of his chief to do his utmost to destroy the guards, or to plunder the camels of a caravan; and no more did the French, with gain or impure military fame in view, require farther stimulus or direction. But these various causes so suited the French, that they had the effect, since the Revolution, of raising their armies to the summit of fame, while their successes over the continental troops had made them universally dreaded. They felt this, which increased their confidence; and the army before us, sleeping on the opposite side of the ravine, was strongly imbued with this impression, being formed of the fine regiments of the Italian army, who had so often conquered under Buonaparte, and subsequently marched from one victory to another. Neither the corps of Victor nor Sebastiani, nor the guard or reserve under Desolles, from Madrid, had formed parts of the armies defeated by us at Vimiera or Corunna, nor had any recollections of our prowess to shake that good opinion of themselves, in which the principal strength of the French armies consists. Though no fears could be entertained for the result, dependent on the brave fellows lying around us, we could not but regret that they were not composed of troops as fine as those who accompanied Sir John Moore. We could not hide from ourselves that our ranks were filled with young soldiers, being principally the second battalions of those English regiments which had embarked at Corunna, and consisting of draughts from the militia that had never seen an enemy. With the exception of the guards and a few others, there were more knapsacks with the names of militia regiments upon them, than of numbered regular regiments. Indeed, we felt no contrast could be stronger than that of the two armies. The ideas of England have never run wild on military glory. We more soberly consider our army rather as a necessary evil

* Having occasion to mention this periodical, we take the opportunity of noticing the many valuable papers it has contained, and the general ability with which it is conducted.—*Ed. L. G.*

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than an ornament and boast; and as an appeal to brute force and arms is a proof of barbarism, so ought the general diffusion of the former sentiment in a community to be viewed as conclusive evidence of advance to civilisation and intelligence; and instead of directing the talents, or drawing forth the best blood of a people to be wasted in the field, a well-wisher to his country ought to desire them to be retained at home for the general advantage. But, however secure in ourselves, we recollected that we formed but one-third of the allied army, and that 36,000 men lay in the same line, every action of whom had led us to consider them as more likely to occasion some common reverse than a happy termination to our operations. We were convinced that if attacked, even in their strong and almost impregnable position, it was most likely to be attended by their immediate flight, which would leave the whole of the enemy to direct his efforts upon us single-handed. In addition, a certain degree of coolness had grown up between the two commanders; and Sir Arthur must have felt that the weakness of his ally by his side was not less to be dreaded than the strength of his enemy in his front. The prospect on the eve of the 26th July, 1809, was thus, though far from hopeless, by no means one of encouragement or sanguine expectation."

It is very gratifying to find high rank thus adorned by literary tastes and talents; and it gives us great pleasure to account for the general esteem in which the noble Earl is held, by attributing it, in a considerable degree, to his love of literature, which exalts the peer as well as the peasant.

Of Captain Cooke's Memoirs we are not able to speak so favourably. There is in them a good deal to interest the reader; and the tales of hundreds of imminent 'scapes and dreadful deaths are related, to give point to the account of the marches, battles, and sieges. But we are not sure that many readers will like the recital of bare horrors, which are not managed with that skill so necessary to render such matters tolerable, far less effective. Other parts are puerile, and hardly worthy of being published. The Memoir is called "personal;" and it is so truly personal, that it is not likely to interest generally. We will offer a few of the best quotations we can, to exhibit the *matériel*. Previous to the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo—

"The sun blazed forth as usual (for not a drop of rain had fallen since I had put my foot into the country), and biscuit and rum were served out to refresh the exhausted soldiers; a humble refection which no one would think of grudging to those who had been under arms for ten hours, under a burning sun, and crowning the highest hills without a bush to shelter them, or a drop of water to refresh their parched lips. With my rum in one hand, making a shallow appearance at the bottom of a soldier's tin, and my mouldy biscuit in the other, I beheld an officer approach me, in the act of drawing from his bosom an old ragged black silk neck-handkerchief worn out in the service, and now converted into a pocket-handkerchief. He fumbled it over for a whole corner to apply his nose to; and during this operation, his eyes were fixed on my tin. After a variety of hems, coughings, and such-like indications, he took courage to beg that I would permit him to dip his dry biscuit into my shallow allowance of rum, to moisten his lips: his request being granted, and thanks returned for the given relief, he told me that, in the hurry to grasp his share, he had unfortunately upset it on the ground, and had the additional mortification to see it dry up in an instant. We were spread out rank entire within sight of the garrison, for the governor to suppose our force stronger than it really was, so that he might inform the Duke of Ragusa, and oblige him to bring up and deploy his whole army, for the protection of his intended convoy. Late in the evening we reached our cantonments in good spirits, though well tired, but not so much so as to prevent my making a good meal. Turning into a small recess, and getting into bed for the first time for weeks, after some hours I awoke rather feverish, went to the door in my shirt to cool myself, and found the air so refreshing that I continued stationary for a considerable time, certainly much longer than my prudence ought to have dictated; however, I did not feel any ill effects from it at the time. On the day following, our paymaster was encircled by a group of officers, who were listening to his odd remarks relative to warfare. He declared that he hated *bullets* and *swords*, but with fists he flattered himself he was able to cope with, and would not turn his back on any man. 'Oh!' said he, 'how I should like to see a fine boiled leg of pork, and a pease pudding, smoking before me; why the very thought makes me ravenous, and I could eat any thing, from a gnat to an elephant; yes, sir, I could eat an elephant stuffed with militia-men!' Then with both hands, pulling his cheeks, his breeches, and his waistcoat, for in quarters he actually wore the identical dress he had joined the regiment in,—'Look at these,' said he; 'why they fitted me as tight as a drum before I came to this cursed country; and look at them now! Well, only let me get my wife on my knee by my comfortable fire-side once more, and, if ever I leave old England again, may I be ——! and as my poor brother *did die*, I wish he had taken his departure before he ever persuaded me to enter the army!'"

Turning over the pages, we only ask how any officer and gentleman could print the trash at p. 110? If tried by a court martial or court literary for it, he must be found guilty, and condemned. At the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo—

"The moment the wooden magazine blew up, all firing nearly ceased; for the enemy literally jumped over the right entrenchment on to the *terre-plein* of the great breach, to save themselves from the bayonets of the light division. A young Italian officer there seized Captain Hopkins, of the 43d, round the neck, and implored his life. At about eleven o'clock in the morning (of the 20th) the great explosion took place a few yards to the right of the *small breach*, blowing up the *terre-plein* of the rampart, four yards in breadth and ten in length. This fatal explosion (which was accidental, owing to some sparks of fire igniting some barrels of gunpowder in a casement,) happened while the French garrison were marching out of the city by the *small breach*, which had become so hard, owing to such numbers of soldiers walking up and down it, as to make the ascent nearly impracticable. The French, as well as the British soldiers, were carried up into the air, or jammed amongst the rubbish, some with heads, arms, or legs sticking out of the earth. I saw one of the unfortunate soldiers in a blanket, with his *face*, *head*, and *body*, as black as a coal, and cased in a black substance like a shell; his features were no longer distinguishable, and all the hair was singed from off his head, but still the unfortunate man was alive. How long he lived in this horrible situation I cannot say. A tall athletic soldier of the 52d lay amongst the dead at the foot of the breach, on his back, his arms and legs being at their full extent. The top of his head, from the forehead to the back part of his skull, was split in twain, and the cavity of the head entirely emptied of the brains, as if a hand-grenade had exploded within, and expanded the skull, till it had forced it into a separation with the parts ragged like a saw, leaving a gaping aperture nine inches in length and four in breadth. For a considerable time I looked on this horrible fracture, to define, if possible, by what missile or instrument so wonderful a wound could have been inflicted, but without being able to come to any conclusion as to the probable cause. From this place I walked to the convent of Saint Francisco to see a wounded friend. The interior was crowded with wounded soldiers lying on the hard pavement. A soldier of the third division was sitting against a pillar, his head bent forward, and his chin resting on his breast, his eyes open, and an agreeable smile on his countenance. For half a minute I stopped with surprise to observe him sitting in so contented a posture, surrounded by the groans of his companions. At length I addressed him, but, no answer being returned, I called a doctor, under the impression that the man was delirious. On the contrary, we found he was quite dead. * * *

"The whole of the dead French soldiers lying in the valley were stripped, and in a perfect state of preservation, blanched like parchment by the alternate rain and sunshine; and their skins had become so hard that the bodies on being touched sounded like a drum. The vultures had picked the bones of the horses perfectly clean, but had left the soldiers untouched; and, although *four months* had elapsed since they had fallen, their features were as perfect as on the day they were killed. Some of these soldiers were gracefully proportioned, and extended in every possible attitude."

At p. 187 the Duke of Ragusa is mentioned among those who fell at Salamanca—evidently a mistake. On the after-march, we are told:

"Early on the morning of the 24th of July we passed Pena-Aranda, from whence the inhabitants sallied out, loaded with bread, wine, and liquors, and rent the air with their acclamations in praise of the glorious victory that we had won over the French; and even the little boys straddled out their legs and bent forward their heads in derision of the enemy's soldiers, to represent to us to what a state of distress and exhaustion they were reduced. As we passed onwards, numerous objects of commiseration, lying by the side of the road, reminded us of the miseries of war in all its horrors: many of the French soldiers lay dead, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which had so blistered their faces, and swelled their bodies, that they scarcely represented human forms, and looked more like some huge and horrible monsters, of gigantic dimensions, than any thing else. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of such spectacles, or of the sensations they must have endured during their last agonies. These, now inanimate, objects had marched over sandy plains, without a tree to shelter them, while suffering from fatigue, sore feet, and want of water; then crowding into the battle, covered with dust, and under a scorching sun, they had received severe wounds, and were finally dragged, or carried on rudely-constructed bearers, from the scene of action, during excruciating torture, and ultimately left to perish by the side of the roads, or on stubble

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land, with their parched tongues cleaving to the roof of their mouths, and, to complete their miseries, before breathing their last sigh, to behold, with glased and half-closed eyes, the uplifted hand of the Spanish assassin, armed with a knife, to put an end to their existence. These dreadful fates awaited the defeated French soldiers in Spain; it was impossible to gaze on the mutilated bodies of these our enemies without feelings of deep commiseration for our fellow-creatures, who, a day or two previously, had been alive like ourselves, and perhaps the admiration of their comrades."

Such are fair specimens of Captain Cooke's narrative, which is possibly an accurate detail of actual warfare; but to us the particulars are particularly repulsive, and we dislike reading the statements almost as much as we should have abhorred seeing the realities.

Lieut. Moodie's Campaign in Holland is a fair account of that sanguinary struggle.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. XXIII. The History of France, Vol. III. By Evans Eyre Crowe. London, 1831. Longman and Co.; Taylor.

Two most interesting, and yet opposed, periods are embraced in this volume—anarchy and despotism. The crime and weakness inherent in human nature were in both epochs strikingly developed: the first was divided between fear and fury; and man never more truly shewed what he could be, when released from all that softens, awes, or restrains. Life might well be held of little value, when it had lost all that could exalt or redeem it. Cruelties the most ferocious have constantly disgraced the annals of humanity; but it remained for the last century to go back upon civilisation, and make of bloodshed one of those terrible and recurring excitements which harden into habits. The only conclusion to be drawn from such scenes, is, that we cannot be sufficiently thankful for the laws, ties legal and moral, the authorities whether of law or custom, that, heaped about us, thereby keep down the incarnate devil of uncurbed and excited man. The second period was that of power and ostentation. Napoleon at once judiciously appealed to the terrors of the past and the glories of the present: his throne at its first erection had two most powerful supports—vanity and repose. As is usual after all violent popular commotions, people rather ask security than independence, and are well content to exchange their more abstract liberties for those which are daily and personal. One great authority brought with it, for the time, order and rest. Then, the emperor's military successes were a safety-valve for that enthusiasm, which, having exhausted the themes of freedom and a republic, was ready to return to those national stimulants, those most characteristic rhymes of the French tongue—*gloire et victoire*. Such are the subjects that make the present volume the most interesting of Mr. Crowe's history. We shall first allude to its faults, and then try to do justice to its much more numerous merits. Our author has too great a tendency to metaphors, which, unless peculiarly short and clear—which his are not—rather tend to embarrass than enlighten the generality of readers: moreover, he is not usually happy in his imagery; and his similes too often come under Canning's ridicule—they are "similes of dissimilitude." Mr. Crowe's great want as an historian is dramatic power; he brings none of his scenes vividly before the reader; he invests none of his characters with the reality of life; in short, he is deficient in what Hume possessed to such perfection—interest. Still, it is debatable ground, whether this want is not compensated by the mental analysis, the thought, and the moral developments, in which his pages abound. We shall now proceed to our extracts.

Members of the Convention.—"The members elected by the city of Paris, says Thiers, 'consisting of some tradesmen, a butcher, an actor, an engraver, a painter, a lawyer, two or three journalists, and a fallen prince, did not ill represent the confusion and variety of personages that figured in this great capital.'"

We give a scene from the convention itself, at full length, as most characteristic of the time.

"Lasource, a Protestant clergyman, and member of the moderate party, attended the Jacobin meeting, and heard these denunciations, in which the majority of the convention were represented as seeking to excite the departments against the capital, and to check the progress of liberty. He made an instant remark thereon to his neighbour Merlin, observing, that those agitators aspired to establish a dictatorship in their own favour. Merlin of Thionville, having been a *huissier*, or bailiff, of that town, was a bold, uncompromising Jacobin, a very Ajax, as the revolutionists called him in their tongue. He stood up on the following day in the convention, and challenged Lasource to state openly and prove his accusation. Lasource did not shrink from avowing his opinion. He dreaded, he said, the despotism of the capital and its agitators; he feared to see Paris become, what Rome was in the empire, the tyrant of the world, while itself was the slave of sedition. Osselin rose, and treated the fears of Lasource as chimerical—'The idea is absurd: that any one here should aspire to the dictatorship is impossible.' ''Tis not, 'tis not impossible!' exclaimed Rebecqui, deputy for Marseilles. 'I assert that there does exist a party in this assembly which aspires to establish the dictatorship: and the chief of this party—I will name him—is Robespierre!' Amidst the tumult caused by this denunciation, Danton obtained possession of the tribune, and endeavoured to prevent these dissensions from going further. To avert the attack from Robespierre, he spoke of himself, 'who had served the cause of liberty with all the energy of his temperament;' and of Marat, with whom, indeed, he affected not to be on terms of friendship; but whose violence he represented as excusable, since his long concealment from vexation and arrest, in caverns and subterraneous hiding-places, had soured and corrupted his temper. To counterbalance the accusation brought against the Mountain, Danton insinuated that there was another party in the assembly, whose object was to partition France into as many republics as provinces, and thus to destroy the unity of the country. This was aimed at the Gironde. Danton proposed to decree the pain of death against whosoever should entertain either of these projects, whether the dictatorship or federalism. The accusation, thus adroitly parried by Danton, might have been set at rest, had not Robespierre thought proper to undertake his own defence. He enumerated the acts of his past life with a cold arrogance, and in a speech so tedious and dull, that even his own friends called out to him, in impatience, to have done with his *kyrielle*. As Marat was alluded to in the debate, he, too, thought it necessary to enter upon his exculpation. His appearance at the tribune excited such an acclamation of disgust, that to make himself heard was impossible. But the accusations against him were redoubled. Cambon produced a kind of placard, signed Marat, in which a dictatorship, or despotic triumvirate, is called for as the only means of public safety. It became necessary to hear the monster's defence. Taking a cap from his head, such as is worn by the people, Marat placed it on the tribune, and facing the general outcry, with distorted and nervous smile, he began:—'I have a great many personal enemies in this assembly.' 'All of us! all of us!' was the clamorous interruption and reply of the greater part of the members. Marat undauntedly continued—'I have many personal enemies in this assembly; I recall them to a sense of shame; I exhort them to cease their furibund clamours. The members for the city of Paris are accused of aspiring to the triumvirate, or the dictatorship. It is merely because I am one of them that this accusation is made. I owe it to Danton and to Robespierre to declare, that they have always opposed the project of a dictatorship, which I have never ceased to recommend in my writings. I have a lance to break with them on that point. I am myself the first and the only writer in France who has proposed and supported the dictatorship, as the sole means of crushing traitors and conspirators. I am alone to blame or to be condemned for this. But first hear me. Amidst the machinations of a perfidious king, an abominable court, and of false patriots, who sold the cause of liberty in two successive assemblies, can you reproach me with having imagined the only means of public safety, with having invoked the hatchet of popular vengeance on the guilty heads? No, you dare not. The people would disavow you—the people, who, at length, in order to escape from tyrants and traitors, felt the necessity of turning dictator itself. Believe me, I shuddered as much as any of you at these terrible insurrections; and it was to obviate the necessity of their recurrence, that I wished to see the popular force guided by one firm hand. Had this been understood at the taking of the Bastile, five hundred heads would have fallen, and tranquillity would have been secured. But no; events were left to themselves, and vengeance abandoned to the people. And what has been the consequence? A hundred thousand patriots have been slaughtered, and a hundred thousand more are menaced with a similar fate. At any rate, to prove to you that the dictator, or the triumvir, which I recommended, was not to answer to the vulgar idea of a tyrant, my proposal was, that his authority should last but for a few days; that his only office should be to condemn traitors; and that this dread magistrate himself should have always a cannon-ball attached to his leg, in order that he might continue under the hand of the people. Such was the dream of my patriotism; and if your intellects have not elevation enough to comprehend it, so much the worse for you.' Whilst some were disgusted with the arrogance and blood-thirstiness of this speech, and others amused even to laughter by its impertinence, the too flexible majority were struck by the ferocious energy of Marat's character and views. The new deputies of the Plain, who had hitherto looked with abhorrence on the monster, here submitted to listen and learned to tolerate him. Vergniaud, the famous orator of the Gironde, rose immediately, in order to counteract the favour excited towards Marat. His first expressions of abhorrence against the man of blood were interrupted by murmurs. Vergniaud then read the famous circular, in which the massacres of September were avowed, and held up to the imitation of the provinces,

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Boileau succeeded him at the tribune, and commenced reading an address to the people, signed Marat, and published that very morning. Its tenour was as follows: —'One reflection oppresses me; it is, that all my efforts to serve the people must fail without a new insurrection. Seeing the temper of the majority of the national convention, I despair of the public safety. Fifty years of anarchy are before us; and the only way of avoiding them is by appointing a dictator, a true patriot and statesman. O babbling people, did you but know how to *act!*' An indescribable tumult took place on the perusal of this pithy address. 'To prison with the wretch; to the guillotine!' was the general cry. The accusation of Marat was proposed. He again demanded to be heard, and once more took possession of the tribune with increased confidence and effrontery. 'As to that writing which the member has denounced, I am far from disavowing it. A falsehood has never passed my lips, and fear is a stranger to my heart.' Nevertheless Marat proceeded to state, that the address just produced was written a week back, and suppressed, but republished that morning against his knowledge by his printer. This was a manifest falsehood; for a week past the convention did not exist, nor could there then have been a motive or an object of insurrection: but the excuse appeased the placable assembly; and Marat, reading them a more moderate article from a new journal which he had just commenced, was hearkened to in silence, and even not without applause. Having produced this effect, he proceeded, certainly with the perfection of all impudence, to lecture them on the baleful effects of passion: 'Had I not written a moderate paragraph this morning, you would have delivered me over to the sword of justice. But no, I had still a mode of escape from persecution. With this,' said he, drawing forth a pistol, and putting it to his forehead, 'I would have blown out my brains at this tribune. Such was to have been the reward of three years' sufferings, imprisonments, wakings and watchings, fears and labours, privations and dangers. As it is, however, I shall remain amongst you, and brave your fury."

Just remark on the fate of Louis XVI.

"What was to be his ultimate fate? It became urgent to decide. Petitions had been already presented, one especially from Auxerre, demanding not only his trial, but condemnation to death. Many of the French, under the influence of political *rabies*, deemed the revolution incomplete till it had displayed the scene of a monarch's execution. England had done as much. Should history tell that she had surpassed France in audacity? It was far less the supposed guilt of Louis than the effect to be produced by his death, that urged the fanatic revolutionists to demand it. National vanity sought to astonish Europe and to affright its kings, overlooking the crime of sacrificing the innocent. Another feeling, stronger than vanity, worked towards the hapless monarch's destruction. This was the necessity all persons and parties felt to rival each other in zeal, and to outbid each other for popularity: that dread of the opinion of one's fellows, that of being thought lukewarm, of being left behind in the course of those sentiments which were the mode—a characteristic peculiarly strong in the French, and still most visible and most fatally operating amongst them—armed every tongue with an anathema against the king. It was not so much hatred, either personal or political, that urged his guards to vie in insulting him,—the conventionalists to vie in condemning; it was rather a trick to captivate popularity and power—a trial of who should bear off the palm of revolutionary ferocity; the unfortunate Louis being set up as the mark, against which was discharged every blow of malice, every arrow of calumny. Base as was this motive, it grew daily more base, as it became mingled still more and more with fear; and the whole nation, whilst it invoked the goddess of liberty, was in reality prostrating itself before the demon of terror."

We proceed to an accurate observation illustrated by an inaccurate metaphor.

"It is surprising to observe, that in revolutionary struggles fought parliamentary-wise by the tongue and pen, in the proper arena of intellect, genius and noble endowments are found universally to succumb; whilst in those fought with the sword, where physical force seems especially intrusted with the award, intellect infallibly obtains the sway, and talent vindicates its claim to superiority. War gave to France Napoleon for a sovereign. Her representative assemblies placed her at the foot of Robespierre. This paradox, that mediocrity bears away the prize in popular and tumultuous revolutions, is partially explained by observing, that the first and front ranks filled by talent are swept away, whilst those in the rear naturally press on to seize the victory that better men have won. The secret of success is to come late: for political characters are ephemeral in time of revolution, short-lived as the opinions which they represent. The chosen talents of a generation start up into sudden ripeness, like the productions of the field, and, like these enjoying the honours of an autumn, are mown down, and give place to another and another, until the exhausted soil can afford but a stunted and pigmy crop. It is then abandoned as a sterile waste, to pursue the metaphor, and at length rise the forest and its lord, the natural and lofty monarchs of a region where signs of culture are no more visible, nor the broad daylight of freedom allowed to penetrate."

Now, a generation has no sort of analogy with a soil: the fertility of the latter comes from one obvious source, and may be exhausted; the talent of the former has many origins, and though it may be worn out in the individual, cannot in the many. The talents of any one generation do not spring up in a night and perish, but are divided into various portions, from the beginning even to the end; and are also so amalgamated with those of a succeeding age, that it is indeed difficult to say where the one begins or the other finishes.

"Robespierre, though no exception to this rule, was still an extraordinary personage. He was the very perfection, the type of triumphant mediocrity. Talents he had none—nor ideas, although by dint of exertion he acquired the semblance of the one, and purloined the others notoriously from all around him. His speeches were written for him; and the debates of the Jacobin clubs, at first philosophical and given to the discussion of principles, supplied him with a political vocabulary at least. Thus his friends, his future enemies being included in that class, lent to this hawk the feathers that imped his wing, and taught him at length to soar. He was totally without passion, unless vanity deserve the name; but his vanity was wise, and wore all the loftiness of pride. Then he had honesty and consistency, two qualities that cannot be denied him, however he might have adopted them in calculation. From his first vote in the constituent assembly he had been the rank democrat that he ever was, professing all those extreme opinions to which others tended. His private morals were irreproachable. He held to his condition, lodged to the last with the same humble carpenter's family that at first housed him. Unlike his colleague Danton, no bribe, no peculation, no expense, no licentiousness, considered as such in that day at least, could be laid to his charge. No petty ambition distracted his views, or blemished his character for disinterestedness. He was never minister, nor even commissary. After the fall of the Gironde, when he was all-powerful, he did not become member of the sovereign committee till it pleased the convention and the Jacobins of their own accord to appoint him. With this there was no affectation in his *sans-cullotism*. He neither shaved his head, nor wore tattered garments, nor mounted the red night-cap. Robespierre alone wore powder, and preserved the dress and demeanour of respectability. Political courage he certainly did not want, though physically he was, with Marat, the most arrant of cowards. Ruthless as a tiger, at first reckless, then greedy of blood;—such was the tyrant of the day."

We reserve a few extracts for another No.

Liberia; or, the Early History and signal Preservation of the American Colony of Free Negroes on the Coast of Africa. By W. Innes. 12mo. pp. 152. Edinburgh, 1831. Waugh and Innes.

"LIBERIA," says the Preface, "is the name given to a colony of free negroes, who have lately been transported from America to the coast of Africa. This colony seems little known, except by name, in this country; but as it appears destined to hold a distinguished place in promoting the civilisation and improvement of Africa, a short account of its early history cannot, I think, fail to be read with interest."

We are sorry to say, that the first part of the last period is true; but we beg to add, it is not our fault that so interesting a colony should be little known to the public. One of the few schemes we have projected for its edification, it may be remembered by some with regret as it is by us with sorrow, was a *Foreign Literary Gazette*, of which thirteen weekly Numbers appeared in the first three months of last year. It was the object of that publication to supply every kind of foreign intelligence to the same extent as this Journal endeavours to fill the office with regard to home literature, arts, and sciences: but it did not succeed to the extent of our hopes; and we have only now the remembrance of an experiment of great cost, upon which we can look back with complacency as having justly merited a better fate. Indeed, this Quarterly Part of the *F. L. G.* is curious for the variety and value of the matters which were contributed to it, even within the short period of its existence, from many distant quarters, and, among the rest, for a very complete epitome of the history of Liberia. As this paper was comparatively little read, we shall copy nearly the whole of it, *pro* review of the neat little volume before us, the substance of which it contains.

"The settlement of Monrovia (forming part of the district of Liberia), on the banks of the river Montserado, and two miles distant from the cape of the same name, was purchased and first colonised in the month of December 1821, at which time it was so covered with wood as to be almost impenetrable. In a small island near the mouth of the river, the settlers found

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several hundred negro slaves, belonging to a man of the same colour, to whom they had been given by an English factor on his departure for Europe. Many of these slaves, not being natives of the coast, were looked upon with a jealous eye by their neighbours, the Deys, the Queahs, and the Gurrahs.

The American emigrants who were at Sierra Leone were transported to Montserado, and disembarked on another small island, called Perseverance, situate near the mouth of the Montserado, which had been purchased of John S. Mill, the son of an English merchant, but born in Africa. The natives, not being friendly towards Mill, quickly determined to expel the intruders; and their chiefs, under pretence of entering into an arrangement, invited him to a meeting, whither he went, and was made prisoner. In consequence of an arrangement entered into by Dr. Ayres, the agent of the settlers, in which he agreed to take back the goods which had been given the chiefs in exchange for their territory, Mill was set at liberty; but the doctor eluded the order for their quitting the country, under pretence of not having a vessel. Fortunately for the settlers, the King George who resided at the Cape, and who held a kind of jurisdiction over the northern part of the peninsula of Montserado, secretly allowed them to pass the river, and establish themselves in the forest. For this piece of service he received six gallons of rum, and tobacco and cloth to a like amount. In the course of a few weeks, the settlers had cut down the trees, and built twenty-two cabins; but in the midst of their labours an unlooked-for event brought on them the hostility of the natives. An English cruiser, on her way to Sierra Leone, was wrecked near Perseverance Island; and as the natives consider all vessels shipwrecked on the coast to be theirs by right, the King George sent down a party of his people to take possession of her. The crew, however, assisted by the colonists, forced the assailants to retire with loss, but not without themselves experiencing a sad disaster; for in discharging a piece of artillery, a spark communicated to the roof of the store-house — and, with the exception of the powder magazine, every thing was destroyed. The loss was estimated at 3,000 dollars.

By the mediation of Boatswain, King of the Condoes, peace was restored, presents were exchanged, and on the 28th of April the colonists resumed their labour, at the cape; but the houses were not finished—the provisions nearly exhausted — the rainy season had commenced — and sickness began to prevail. Under these disastrous circumstances, many of them returned to Sierra Leone; though part decided upon remaining at Montserado. At this time there were only one and twenty capable of bearing arms, with four Africans and a few women and children. In the month of July the island was abandoned, and the colonists established themselves in the peninsula, where they erected a magazine, and a house for the two agents. The latter returned to the United States, leaving the establishment under the care of one of the emigrants; but their provisions were completely exhausted, and, on account of the renewed hostility of the natives after the departure of Boatswain, they were unable to procure any from the neighbouring country, or to cultivate the soil. On the 8th of August another expedition, under the command of Mr. G. Ashmun, consisting of fifty-three emigrants, and thirty-seven Africans who had been taken from a slave-vessel, arrived at Cape Montserado; but, owing to the difficulties they had to encounter, a month elapsed ere they were landed.

The first act of the new agent was to endeavour to establish an alliance with the neighbouring chiefs, by proposing to instruct their subjects in the useful arts; but they rejected the offer, and evinced hostile intentions. The agent was therefore obliged to organise the means of defence. There were no more than twenty-seven Americans capable of bearing arms, and their only weapons were forty muskets, the greater part of them out of condition, and six pieces of cannon, four of which were not mounted. These, however, were repaired and placed on the heights, and thirteen young Africans were instructed in the use of fire-arms. The little city was encompassed by trees, and every precaution was taken to prevent surprise: but the unfortunate colonists, obliged to work in continued heavy rains, and to mount guard during the night, were attacked by fever. Only two remained in condition to do duty; the agent himself fell ill; his wife expired on the 15th of September, and shortly afterwards, two of the emigrants. In the beginning of October the neighbouring chiefs assembled to deliberate upon attacking the colony. Two of these chiefs were of opinion that the settlers ought to be treated as friends, and remain unmolested: but the majority, in the hope of finding a rich booty, and aware that the colonists were much reduced by sickness, resolved upon the assault. In the end of October the whole of the hostile tribes assembled under arms in the island of Bushrod, distant about four miles from the establishment; and in the night of the 10th of November they encamped on the peninsula, within half a mile of the settlement, to the number of 900 men. At break of day they commenced their attack with a front of thirty men, and at a distance of forty-five paces threw in their fire, and then rushed on the colonists with their darts — killed several of them — obtained possession of the cannon, and threw the reserve in disorder: but the colonists having rallied, succeeded in bringing a nine-pounder to bear on a mass of about 800, which killed or wounded many of them, and compelled them to retire in their turn, carrying their dead and wounded with them. The force of the colonists was but thirty-five persons, of whom the half only took part in the engagement; and fifteen were either killed or wounded. The enemy carried off five families: one woman, the wife of a settler, had received thirteen wounds; another, who had been wounded in the head by a sabre-blow, lost her two children; and a third, the mother of five children, who had barricadoed the door of the house, and armed herself with a hatchet, fled only when she beheld her youngest child stabbed to the heart; — ultimately escaping by a window, she passed between both fires, without being wounded. In order to resist any fresh attack, the lines were surrounded by a palisade, which was finished on the 17th; but there were only provisions for fifteen days — nor could any be procured in the country; and in case of a brisk attack, the ammunition would not hold out more than an hour; and another misfortune was, the captivity of seven children. On the 22d of November a messenger was sent to the assembled chiefs to assure them that the intentions of the Americans were friendly; but, though they were desirous of peace, they were well prepared for war. The chiefs replied, that the Americans having only purchased the lower part of the island of Bushrod, had unjustly seized on the cape; that their people on visiting the settlement, had been ill used; and that the agents had not kept their promise of giving instruction. Nevertheless, if the colonists would repair these injuries, they would consent to peace; but, at the same time, they endeavoured to collect together the warriors of the coast, as well as of the interior. On the 25th and 29th, two ships having touched at the cape, supplied provisions. The captain of one of them knowing some of the hostile chiefs, endeavoured to make peace, but in vain. The Gurrahs and the Condoes had furnished a reinforcement; and the warriors of the coast thinking to capture the property of the settlers, had determined to renew the war. On the 30th November they began the attack in two opposite directions; but notwithstanding their furious onset, and returning to the charge four different times, they were repulsed on all sides. The enemy was in much greater force than in the action of the 11th, but their loss was less considerable. Their guns, which were of large dimensions, were loaded with pieces of iron and brass. All the chiefs on the coast have cannon; but as it takes them full half an hour to load them, they imagine that it is only by witchcraft that the Americans are able to discharge their guns five or six times a minute. Three of the settlers were wounded—one mortally; and the only instruments they possessed for dressing the wounds, were an old pen-knife, a razor, and a pruning-wire.

The English ship, Prince Regent, being off the coast, learnt from a Krooman the situation of the colony. There were on board this vessel Captain Laing, of the Royal African light-infantry, and the crew of a ship which had been captured by Lieutenant Gordon. The officers visited the agent of the colony; and, by appearing neutral, endeavoured to divine the intentions of the enemy. The humiliated chiefs granted them an interview, and signed a treaty, consenting to a suspension of arms for an indefinite period, and engaging to submit their disputes to the Governor of Sierra Leone.

By this intervention the colony became invincible against the whole combined force of the enemy; but Lieutenant Gordon, and eight of the eleven sailors who had offered themselves as hostages for the treaty, were seized with illness, and fell victims to their generous interference four months after the vessel left the coast. On the 8th of December another vessel arrived, whose crew assisted the colonists in fortifying the settlement. On the 12th of March the captive children were restored to their friends; but they had become so much attached to the old women to whose care they had been confided, that their parents were absolutely obliged to tear them from their arms, amidst the strongest expressions of mutual attachment.

The provisions of the colony were again nearly exhausted, when the Cyane, of the United States navy, arrived at Montserado on the 31st March. This vessel supplied their wants; but 40 of its crew also fell victims to their exertions soon after their return home, in consequence of illness incurred at the cape. Soon after, another vessel arrived, bringing 66 emigrants, a surgeon, and plenty of provisions for the colony.

In June 1827, the American ship Shark, under the command of Lieutenant Norris, arrived to inspect the colony. This officer used every endeavour to repress the slave-trade, and establish a good understanding between the natives and the settlers.

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In his report he represents the colony as being in a most flourishing condition; the settlers in good health, satisfied, and living in good harmony with the natives.

On the 11th April, the Doris, from Virginia, arrived with 93 emigrants, who were established at Caldwell, on the Saint Paul. In the month of August, the Norfolk arrived, bringing 142 negroes, taken from slave-traders, who were dispersed amongst the colonists. At this time the population of the colony, comprising these emigrants, amounted to 1200 individuals, of which number 533 arrived in 1827.

In January 1828, three vessels arrived, having on board 209 passengers and 88 negroes, who had been affranchised by their masters. During the passage, only one elderly person died; but soon after their arrival, 24 dropped off by disease."*

In later accounts, in addition to the foregoing, we are told, that "the soil and climate have been found well adapted to the production of Indian corn, millet, rice, cotton, sugar, and coffee, and of sustaining a population of many thousands. The commerce of the colony is considerable, and rapidly increasing, as well with the interior as with the United States and foreign countries. The exports are not less than 50,000 dollars per annum; and those engaged in commercial pursuits are enterprising, judicious, and successful in their adventures. Some of the colonists have acquired considerable fortunes by their care and industry. Most of them are independent. All can do well who devote their labour and skill steadily to any regular avocation; while common labourers receive on an average ninety cents per day, and tradesmen two dollars."

And again:—

"The country embraces large tracts of fertile land, capable of yielding all the rich and varied products of the tropics; possessing great commercial advantages, with an extent of seacoast from 150 to 200 miles, and enjoying a climate well adapted to the negro constitution, and not more fatal to that of the whites than many thickly peopled parts of the United States. * * *

"There is at this time a Baptist and a Methodist society, each of which has a preacher. The Missionary Society of Basle, Switzerland, have five missionaries in the colony. The Society for Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States are preparing to establish a mission there. * * *

"It appears also that they have a periodical publication, entitled the *Herald of Liberia*, which shews, by the way, the very rapid advances they have made in civilisation. 'From the marine list (it is said) in the Nos. of the *Herald*, you will perceive that our port has been visited more frequently during these rains than common; and at one time we had five square-rigged vessels in the harbour — three English, one French, one American.'"

"The latest information I have received respecting this interesting colony," says Mr. I. quoting some letters, "is contained in an American newspaper, which has been kindly handed to me since these sheets went to press, by a friend who has recently come from the United States. The article is entitled 'Liberia,' and is as follows:—'By the return of the ship Carolinian, the brig Volador, and the schooner Zembuca, from Liberia, despatches have been received from the colony up to the 1st of February. The colonial agent writes, that on his return to Africa, he found affairs in the colony in a more prosperous condition than he had ventured to anticipate; that more than twenty-five substantial stone or frame buildings had been erected at Monrovia during his absence, and that others were in progress; that the spirit of improvement seems to have pervaded all classes; the agriculture is receiving more attention, and that the settlers generally seem resolved to develope the resources of the country. Two of the colonists, Messrs. Francis Taylor and Frederick James, were about to depart on an exploring expedition into the interior, and would probably be absent six or eight months. Another of the native chiefs had placed himself and his people under the protection of the colony, and two other chiefs were seeking the same benefit, and ready to submit to the laws of the colony: They deem it a great privilege to be allowed to call themselves Americans. Measures have been taken to establish schools in all the settlements, and the colonists appear ready and desirous of contributing to their support. Great harmony and peace appear to prevail among the settlers, and a determination to fulfil, by their industry, enterprise, and public spirit, the hopes and expectation of their friends in this country.'"

We shall conclude with some general remarks, translated from the Reports of the French Geographical Society, which will bring the whole of this subject at once within the view of our readers.

"The establishment of a colony at Cape Palmas, which is the key of the whole southern coast of Africa, and the surrounding country, which extends eastward to the entrance of Biafra, would, in a few years, become an important depôt for foreign produce, by trading with the nations who inhabit it towards the east. From Cape Palmas, or to the north of it, it is easy to return to Cape Verd, and from thence to the United States, in all seasons; but on the south the passage is extremely dangerous. An establishment at this cape would become, as at Monrovia, a market for the neighbouring nations; and merchants would infinitely prefer it to any position more eastward, even with the chance of making greater profits. Besides the commercial advantages of Cape Palmas, its road offers the safest anchorage between Montserado and Voltu. The country about it is hilly, fertile, and intersected with numerous streams, on which mills might be advantageously established. The point at the southern extremity of the south-west coast will form a natural barrier to the empire which we hope to see organised in Africa.

"Another advantageous position is the island of Bulama, seventeen miles long and nine broad. It rises gradually from the shore, forming a considerable height in the centre. Its road is one of the best on the African coast, and the height of the tides offers every facility for the erection of mills. The fogs are less dense than on the low lands, and the rains do not continue so long as at Montserado.

"In 1793 this island was taken possession of by a company of English merchants; but in consequence of the diseases brought on by their own imprudence, they were forced to abandon it; since which period it has remained unoccupied. It is situated at the mouth of the Rio Grande, whose flood, crossing the richest and most fertile part of Africa, waters the country visited and described by Mungo Park. Its source is distant but a few days' journey from that of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Saint Paul; and it is now ascertained that the source of the mysterious river of Africa is within a short distance of Rio Grande. Vessels coming from America, after having touched at Cape Verd and Cape Roxo, sail for Liberia. The voyage from the United States to the African colonies would become shorter and less dangerous by an establishment at Bulama; and the climate, analogous to that of the United States, would be much more favourable for those who migrate from the country north of the Potomac.

"Between Bulama and Liberia is the colony of Sierra Leone, which the English cannot retain without a great sacrifice of human life, and which will necessarily be united with the establishments when they become more extended. Once settled on the waters of the Rio Grande, the society would be in possession of those of the Senegal and the Gambia; the tribes who dwell near the sources of the Niger would trade with them; and if the course of the river Saint Paul be such as is presumed, an easy communication will be opened between the interior and their capital. Thus their boundary would include the sources of the Gambia, of Rio Grande, Nunes, Pongos, Sierra-Leone, Cape Mount, Liberia, and the Kroo nation."

* In the slave-holding states of America, Mr. Innes tells us, "a slave-holder is prevented by law from emancipating a slave, however much he may be disposed to do so, unless he at the same time send him out of the country. The reason is, that in many cases the free negroes are a great annoyance to the community, often living by pilfering the property of their neighbours. This circumstance has proved so far favourable to the Colonisation Society, as it has been found that several persons have been willing to emancipate some of their negroes, if the Society will take upon them the expense of transporting them to Africa."

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas and New-Year's Gift, or Birthday Present. 1832. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London, Westley and Davis.

It has frequently been our agreeable task to state our very high estimation of Mrs. Hall's talent as a writer or editor for the young. Far from meaning to depreciate her powers as a most amusing and characteristic delineator of Irish manners, for the entertainment of the general public, we have always been particularly struck by the skill and the right feeling with which her appeals to the juvenile world have been treated. Sound sense, an acquaintance with the habits and ways of thinking of children, and, above all, a good heart, are essential to this difficult species of composition; and all these Mrs. Hall evidently possesses in an eminent degree. Without them, no watchfulness can guard even the experienced author from falling into lapses injurious to the intended moral effect, and probably opposite to the intended instruction. As natural kindness makes the true well-bred gentleman or lady, so does natural goodness make the only true and valuable writer for youth. It depends on feeling, not on tact—on the heart quite as much as, nay more than on the head.

Thus, the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* of the present year has all the valuable qualities of its predecessors; and we can unreservedly and warmly recommend it to every parent and teacher.

The contents are various, and such as are well calculated to captivate while they instruct. "The Spider," by Dr. Walsh; "The First Paper-maker," by the Rev. C. Williams; and "Anecdotes of Birds," by Mrs. Hall herself, are charming episodes of natural history. "The 'Not' Family," by the editor, is an original and clever apologue, shewing what the "Will Nots," the "Can Nots," and others of the generation of Nots do, and do not. "Frank Finlay," an American tale, by Miss Leslie, is excellent and characteristic; and

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"Mabel Dacre's First Lessons," by L. E. L., a lesson to charm both old and young. The same delightful writer, as if to prove her power over every department, has illustrated two plates of common subjects, by lines of uncommon sweetness. We pass "the Dead Robin," and quote "the Evening Prayer," (a girl praying), as very touching and poetical.

"Alone, alone!—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;
And yet they say my mother's eyes—
They say my father's brow is mine:
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face;
But now it is a stranger's eye
That finds some long-forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look—
But only one familiar tone:
If I had aught of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind.
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave,
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide;
I will not weep, but I will pray—
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!
Earth's meanest flower, Heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love,
And I can say, Thy will be done,
With eyes that fix their hope above."

"Boyish Threats," by Miss J. Hill; "the Young Gleaner and his Cousin," by Miss Jewsbury, are clever and appropriate prose tales; while Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, and others, sustain the honours of verse. Of these, Mr. Laman Blanchard furnishes us with an excellent example; it is upon the picture of a boy endeavouring to lay salt upon the tail of a bird.

"Gently, gently yet, young stranger!
Light of heart and light of heel:
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slyly steal.
Silence!—ha! your scheme is failing—
No: pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Hush! your step some note is giving;
Not a whisper—not a breath!
Watchful be as aught that's living,
And be mute as death!
Glide on, ghost-like, still inclining
Downwards o'er it; or, as sure
As the sun is on us shining,
'Twill escape the lure.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping;
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest dreams!
Golden sights that bird is seeing,
Nest of green, or mossy bough;
Not a thought it hath of fleeing—
Yes, you'll catch it now!

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail;
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on this long feather—
Ha! it flies, it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at our idle lures!
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!—
Led like you my hopes to centre
In a grain of salt!

Time, thy feathers turn to arrows;
I for salt have used thy sand,
Wasting it on hopes, like sparrows,
That elude the hand.
On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here, and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air!

Half my life I've been pursuing
Plans I'd often tried before,
Rhapsodies that end in ruin—
I, and thousands more.
This, young sportsman, be your warning—
Though you've lost some hours to-day,
Others spend their life's fair morning
In no wiser way.

What hath been my holiest treasure!
What were ye unto my eyes,
Love, and peace, and hope, and pleasure?
Birds of Paradise!
Spirits that we think to capture
By a false and childish scheme,
Until tears dissolve our rapture—
Darkness ends our dream.

Thus are objects loved the dearest,
Distant as a dazzling star;
And when we appear the nearest,
Farthest off we are.
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And their hopes—on high!"

We shall conclude with a few of Mrs. Hall's anecdotes of birds; for, truth to say, though the young sportsman could not, she has caught them finely, and laid salt on all their tails.

"I had once a favourite black hen—'a great beauty,' she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for 'Yarico'—so she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens—little, cowering, timid things at first, but in due time they became fine chubby ones; and old Norna, the hen-wife, said, 'If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse, it would do; but the copse is full of weazels, and, I am sure, of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times; but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again: it's always the way with young hens, miss—they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens.' I have often thought since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear. One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favourite in the poultry-yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico! The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard-mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock. Poor Yarico! An impertinent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her children; but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox. The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never afterwards ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog, who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend; not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird. * * *

"One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been taught many sentences; thus — 'Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!' 'Sally, Poll wants her tea!' but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by 'How do you do, Mr. A. ?' She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street-door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of—'Get out, dogs!' with such vehemence and authority, as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight. I have heard of another parrot, too, that was caught up by an eagle. The parrot, in its ignorance, was quite amused at such a unique mode of conveyance, and seeing the old gardener, who had lost most of his hair, at work, exclaimed, 'Bald-pate, I ride—I ride!' 'Yes,' replied the old man, slowly raising himself; 'yes, yes, and you'll pay for it.' The story goes on farther to say, that the gardener, no way offended by the bird's uncourteous mode of address, followed the eagle to the next field, where he alighted with his prey, and there actually rescued the parrot just as the eagle began to strip him of his feathers; by which time, we may presume, the saucy bird had learned that it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride with an eagle. The raven, too, is a bird of humour and sagacity. There was one kept a few years ago at Newhaven—an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashbourn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry when they were fed, and could do it very well, too. One day, the table was being set out for the coach-passengers' dinner; the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room-door being shut, but the window open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was about arriving, and dinner was carried in, behold, the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished! It was a moment of consternation—silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone! But what was the surprise and

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amusement to see, through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honours of the table to a numerous company of poultry, which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread. There is a story, and which I believe is fact, of two boys going to take a jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfry-window in the tower of All Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it standing within the building, and equally impossible to ascend to that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. 'Five, are there?' replied he; 'then I'll have three.' 'Nay,' exclaimed the other indignantly, 'I run all the danger, and I'll have the three.' 'You shall not,' still maintained the boy in the inside; 'you shall not. Promise me three, or I'll drop you!' 'Drop me, if you please,' replied the little hero; 'but I'll promise you no more than two;' upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet, to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand, and two in the other; and they, finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a stout carter's frock, secured round the neck, which, filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion, 'Now you shall have none!' and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent. • • •

"How wonderful is that instinct by which the bird of passage performs its annual migration! But how still more wonderful is it when the bird, after its voyage of thousands of miles has been performed and new lands visited, returns to the precise window or eaves where the summer before it first enjoyed existence! And yet such is unquestionably the fact. Four brothers had watched with indignation the felonious attempts of the sparrow to possess himself of the nest of the house-martin, in which lay its young brood of four unfledged birds. The little fellows considered themselves as champions for the bird who had come over land and sea, and chosen its shelter under their mother's roof. They therefore marshalled themselves with blow-guns, to execute summary vengeance; but their well-meant endeavours brought destruction upon the mud-built domicile they wished to defend. Their artillery loosened the foundations, and down it came, precipitating its four little inmates to the ground. The mother of the children, good Samaritan-like, replaced the little outcasts in their nest, and set it in the open window of an unoccupied chamber. The parent-birds, after the first terror was over, did not appear disconcerted by the change of situation, but hourly fed their young as usual, and testified by their unwearied twitter of pleasure, the satisfaction and confidence they felt. There the young birds were duly fledged, and from that window began their flight, and entered upon life for themselves. The next spring, with the reappearance of the martins, came four, who familiarly flew into the chamber, visited all the walls, and expressed their recognition by the most clamorous twitterings of joy. They were, without question, the very birds that had been bred there the preceding year."

Again we recommend the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.*

The Landscape Annual. The Tourist in Italy. By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated from Drawings by J. D. Harding. Pp. 287. London, 1832. Jennings and Chaplin.

In our No. 766, we spoke of the embellishments of this volume in the tone of encomium inspired by their beauty; so that we are now only called upon to express our opinion of its literary merits. That opinion is also very high. We think Mr. Roscoe has acquitted himself most ably, and has brought such vivid images of the history and romance of fair Italy before us, as must add greatly to his reputation as a writer of this class. The accounts of the various places to which the engravings refer are extremely judicious and interesting; the descriptions pleasing, and the anecdotes entertaining. Altogether, the *Tourist in Italy* must be a popular book, whether considered as a specimen of art, or as an example of literary talent. It is not, however, easy to illustrate this judgment by extracts—the whole might be quoted; and we rather select to keep up our system, than with the hope of enabling the public fully to appreciate the work. The following may be new to most of our readers.

"In the dawn of art, about 1285, Cimabue, one of its earliest restorers, in going through the Campagna from Florence to Vespignano, saw a shepherd boy, who, instead of attending to his flock, was busily engaged in tracing figures with a piece of pointed stone upon a rock. He stopped, and, surprised at the skill which the child evinced, asked if he would go home with him and become his pupil. The boy readily assented; and to this circumstance did Italy owe her celebrated Giotto, the father of modern painting, and Dante a friend and solace in his exile, whom he has extolled in his immortal poem:

'Credette Cimabue nella pittura
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido;
Si che la fama di colui oscura.'

Giotto, indeed, not only surpassed his master, but soon filled Italy with the fame of his works. Rome, Naples, Florence, Padua, and Avignon, abounded in the master-pieces of his hand, and in every branch of the art. His reputation induced Pope Benedict IX. to depute one of his courtiers to invite him to decorate St. Peter's; but first he was to obtain some specimens of his skill. By the way, this trusty agent selected other specimens from every artist he could find, intending to compare them with Giotto's, and, arriving at Florence, he walked into the painter's shop, where he explained the Pope's wishes, concluding with a demand to see him make a design. Giotto took his pencil, and using it like a pair of compasses, made a circle perfectly equal with his hand. Then, with a facetious air, he handed it to the courtier, observing: 'See a wonder! this is your design.' 'I must have a different kind of design to this,' returned the courtier coolly. 'Enough, and too much,' retorted the painter; 'put it up with the rest, and you will see the result.' The deputy, declaring that he would report his conduct to his holiness, in a great passion left the place, in the firm belief that Giotto was making a fool of him. He was agreeably surprised, therefore, when some wises heads at Rome assured his holiness there was not another artist in Italy who could do the same; and from that time came in use the popular proverb, when wishing to designate a person of the courtier's taste: 'Tu sei più tondo che l' O di Giotto,—You are more round (thick-headed) than Giotto's great O,'—the word 'tondo,' in Tuscany, being expressive both of a circle and of little wit. The poet Dante, in exile at Ravenna, hearing that his distinguished fellow-citizen was then staying at Ferrara, sent to invite him to come and join him; and he painted for the lords of Polenta several frescos in the church of San Francesco. It was here a friendship was formed between these extraordinary men, which served to soothe the grief and bitter feelings of the poet's mind. From Giotto he is said to have acquired that knowledge and skill in matters of art in which he is known to have been no mean proficient, and which may perhaps have given to his poem that vivid and picturesque force which, while striking terror to the soul of the reader, brings the shadowy forms before the eye. While at Florence, in the year 1322, tidings were received by Giotto of the death of his friend the celebrated poet—whose ashes have twice refused to rest in the bosom of his ungrateful country:—

'Even in his ashes live his wonted fires;'

as if his spirit, speaking from the urn, spurned the futile offer of being reconciled to his hated persecutors. Though in the midst of his successful and splendid career, Giotto was much concerned at this event; and some of the next works he executed for the King of Naples—comprehending the Apocalypse, and other histories, at Assisi—he is stated to have owed, from the conversations he had held with him, to the fine invention of Dante, who thus amply repaid him. So highly did the King of Naples estimate Giotto's social qualities, as well as his genius, that he would spend hours with him, while painting in his studio, delighted with his acute remarks. The king one day observing that he was determined to make him the first man in Naples, 'It was for that reason,' replied Giotto, 'that I took up my quarters at *Porta Reale*, to be ready to *receive myself*.' On another occasion the king said to him, 'Giotto, if I were you, I would not labour so hard this hot weather.' 'Nor I, certainly,' returned the painter, 'if I were the king.' One day, as he was completing a picture, the monarch observed in jest, 'Now, Giotto, I should like you to paint me something on a larger scale; for instance, my own kingdom.' Giotto did as he was requested; and setting to work, soon after presented the king with the painting of—an ass suffering under a heavy bastinado, which instead of resenting, the beast was busy with its paws and nose snuffling up another and larger flagellum than that he felt upon his back, as if desirous of making an exchange. On both the instruments of good order were painted the royal crown and sceptre of magisterial sway. Whether or not the king thought he had carried the jest too far, it is certain Giotto soon after set out to visit other cities of Italy."

We have only to repeat, that the *Landscape Annual* has not this year lost any of its annual charms.

Insect Miscellanies. Library of Entertaining Knowledge. London, 1831. C. Knight.

Under the title of *Insect Miscellanies*, we have a winding up of what has been published on the natural history of insects in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. It treats more

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particularly of the senses and food of these interesting tribes, of their social and domestic habits, and, with an excellent analytical chapter on their systematic arrangements, is at once more complete and amusing than any of its predecessors. Insects have, in miniature, a ganglionic or cerebral organisation as perfect as that of many of the higher animals: the structure of their heart, the distribution of their nervous system, and the complexity and fitness of their various organs of taste, smell, hearing, and vision, have always rendered them objects of contemplative admiration. Instinct, as usually defined, was surpassed in these small creatures; there was no blind impulse, no necessities of organisation or of place:

"Their tiny breasts, inspired with mighty souls,"
(*Trapp*, Georg. iv. 100.)

awed man into respect for the Creator of such concentrated intelligence, and lessened the pride with which he was accustomed to regard himself. The author has, we think, shewn very great judgment in avoiding any discussions on these matters, by classifying the senses under their appropriate heads, and their propensities to action under their general and more marked characteristics; thus simplifying results which must appear abstruse when we are ignorant of their causes, and rendering the metaphysical part of natural history intelligible to the youthful mind.

That insects possess such high perfection in the various faculties of touch, taste, &c. could hardly be believed, had not the multiplied observations of naturalists placed the question beyond a doubt. In the possession of the first of these senses the spider stands pre-eminent: it exhibits the power of touch in the construction of its web and the capture of its prey; the harvest spider also, by its delicacy of touch, explores the objects among which it travels. The palpi, or feelers, whose analogies are found in the whiskers of the cat, the seal, and the night-jar, and in the appendages of the lips of some fish, are also remarkable organs of touch; and from the possession of the same sense on the surface and at the extremities of their wings, insects speed their flight with greater security, as a man who approaches a wall on the dark has the impression of the air on his face. It is incorrect, however, to say that the perception of heat, or of various temperatures, is a peculiar sense: Dr. Darwin said this fact was proved by the heat of a furnace giving no pain to the nerve of the eye, while it scorches and pains the parts adjacent. The nerves of perception are distinct from the nerves of volition; as, again, those of the senses are from the nerves of touch only; and hence the mistake. It is by the quick perception of slight changes of temperature that insects are warned of a change of weather: when it is wet and windy, spiders spin only very short lines; but "when a spider spins a long thread, there is a certainty of fine weather for at least ten or twelve days afterwards." Light and electricity have also a marked influence on the economy of insects, though more strikingly on plants and animals, lower in the scale of organisation.

"Insects, it would appear, are still nicer than cattle in their selection of food, and, of course, in the acuteness of their taste. The caterpillar of the antler-moth, though it feeds on a variety of grasses, and sometimes commits such ravages in the meadows of Sweden as to endanger the lives of the cattle for want of food, does not touch the fox-tail grass; yet to us the leaves of this grass taste little, if any thing, different from some of those which it so greedily devours. The caterpillar of the ringlet-butterfly, again, feeds only on one species of grass, the annual poa; while the caterpillar of the gate-keeper confines itself to the dog's-tail grass."

Our author relates many curious facts to prove that insects possess considerable taste; even the midge has its preferences and antipathies, like its less innocent fellow-insect—the bug.

The more beautiful insects frequent the gay and melliferous flower-bed, and they are guided in their pursuit and choice of these by the organ of smell; the fragrance, therefore, of the meadow and the mountain is not lost upon the smallest of the winged creation. From the direction of this instinct, beetles hurry to bury dead animals, ants follow the pathway from opposite colonies, and bees seek the honey-bearing plants. Mr. Rennie relates, that no butterfly, in passing over a wall fifteen feet high, at Havre de Grace, omitted to descend for the purpose of visiting the blossoms of an Alpine blue-bottle (*Centaurea montana*). There is no sense, the seat of which has been so much an object of discussion as that of smell: anatomical details will not, however, amuse the general reader, and we refer any one desirous of a lucid and careful statement of the facts to the perusal of the volume before us.

The emission of sounds more or less harmonious—the music of insects—should, we think, have been a sufficiently satisfactory proof of the existence of an organ of hearing in the same beings, even though Linnæus and Bonnet doubted the fact. The drum of the grasshopper and the chirp of the cricket are examples of this music; and the Grecian poets so praised the music of the cicada, as to assert that it fed on dew, and lived in perpetual youth. In the spirit of banter, Aristophanes makes Chærephon ask Socrates whether gnats buzz with their mouth or tail, as Mouffet pronounced that the sound comes from the mouth, because the sound is louder when they approach than when they retire. We would not, however, from such quotations, throw ridicule on the research after the nature of the organisation which produces sound; on the contrary, the variety and the exceeding beauty of these structures must repay by their study all well-informed minds. Mr. Rennie supports the opinion, also held by Kirby and Spence, that the antennæ are the organs of hearing in insects; and these organs in crabs and lobsters, and, by analogy, in insects, he says, may perform something of the same office as Laennec's instrument called the stethoscope, which medical men use for assisting the ear to ascertain the sounds produced within the chest by breathing, speaking, the beating of the heart, and other organic movements.

The faculty of perceiving light, which belongs to animals not endowed with eyes, attains a very high degree of perfection in the insect tribe, whose eyes are oftentimes numerous, or placed in various positions, or, when single, capable of giving several images of the same object. "It may, at first sight," says our author, "appear not a little puzzling to conceive how a spider with eight eyes, a centipede with twenty, and a butterfly with thirty-five thousand facets in its two eyes, can perceive only one object; yet the difficulty is not of a very different kind from that of our own two eyes, representing only a single object and not two."

The eye of some insects is the most beautiful organ that can be examined, and infinitely surpasses all that is most exquisite in human workmanship. In the bee, the eyes are thickly covered with hair; the uvea, or paint behind the outer coat, is of a deep purple colour: in other insects it is green, in some blue, in some black, and in others it has a very beautiful mixture of various colours. Professor Müller, of Bonn, has lately published some interesting researches on the structure of the eye in insects, which are introduced into these Miscellanies in a condensed form.

We shall pass over the chapters on the food of insects, making one remark on the luminosity of the ocean. Many more luminous molluscæ and crustaceæ than those alluded to by Mr. Rennie, have been described by naturalists; and crustaceous animals, though they do not swim well, are much more abundant than our author thinks. The gulls at the mouth of the Thames feed mostly upon a small species of luminous crustaceæ, which is more particularly seen on the springing up of a breeze; and in the northern seas they are still more abundant.

It is a singular fact, that insects should be actuated by feelings somewhat similar to those possessed by the higher animals—should rob and spoil, defend their homes, be jealous, revengeful, and disputative, and should war in armies,—yet such is the case. Thus bees, if the meat of one hive be spent, will assail their next neighbours, with intent to rob and spoil them of their provision: the white ants have a portion of their community set apart for the duties of war, and they exhibit the most perfect form of insect tactics. Ant-battles have been recorded from the oldest times, and none of these records possess more interest than those transmitted to us by the younger Huber, and partly recorded in this little volume, which we shall now take leave of, with the recommendation that it is one of Mr. Rennie's most successful productions, and presents at once a useful and interesting view of that branch of natural history of which it treats.

Glen Moubray: a Tale. 3 vols. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall; Edinburgh, Constable.

HARDENED as we are in our critical vocation, still there are some things that

"do overcome us like a summer cloud,
With an especial wonder:"

and we confess the volumes before us are in this number. An incoherent tissue of absurdities for a story; rhapsodies, whose meaning "glimmers not;" long quotations; and some particularly ridiculous love-letters;—such are the contents of *Glen Moubray*.

The Eve of St. Agnes. By Mrs. Catherine Mason, late Mrs. C. Ward, author of "Mysterious Marriage," "Cottage on the Cliffs," "Rose of Claremont," &c. &c. 4 vols. London, 1831. Newman.

MYSTERIES, love-affairs, rewards and punishments, death to one hero, and a wife to the other—(quære, which is the punishment?)—such are the contents of these pages. The work is inscribed to Lord Morpeth.

The Scottish Chiefs: a Romance. Vol. II. By Jane Porter. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

WE do not think it was judicious to make two volumes, in separate publications, of this work. People do not like to wait in the middle of a story; and we therefore strongly recommend to the publishers that they adhere to their original plan of single volumes; for a deviation from it is only likely to create a prejudice against what promises to be one

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of the most popular publications of the day. The illustrations to the second volume are inferior. Helen Mar has been chosen by both artists as their subject, and the coarse and heavy figure of Mr. Ferriere is just the opposite of the sweet and graceful creature imagined by Mr. M'Clise. The one idealises as much as the other destroys the interest of the reader. In the engravings themselves there is great room for improvement. A few interesting notes improve this edition.

The Moravians in Greenland. 18mo. pp. 320. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1831. Oliphant.

A PIOUS and pleasing account of the Moravian settlement in Greenland, and of the efforts of the brethren to convert the natives.

Ben Howard; or, the Pedlar and the Publican. Pp. 207. London, 1831. Harvey and Darton.

A LITTLE work, by the author of the *Poor Child's Friend*, intended to discountenance vice and recommend virtue to the young. Our readers are aware that we are extremely difficult to please in publications of this class; for, however well intended they are, we too often find in them parts inconsistent with the whole, and statements which are apt to be misunderstood, and consequently to lead to wrong quite as much as there are passages to point to the right path. Thus, in this book, we cannot say that we approve of making the hero a thief in order to shew how much happier he is when honest: such an example might tempt to stealing, and the tempted might not have a Pedlar to win him back to virtue. In other respects the performance is most creditable and effective.

Polytechnic Library. 1. *Art of Glass-blowing, &c.* By a French Artist. Pp. 112. London, 1831. Bumpus and Griffin.

CHEMISTS or experimentalists who may desire to become so far independent of instrument-makers as to be able to blow some of their own apparatus, will find instructions in the art in this small volume.

Rollin's Ancient History, Part I. 8vo. double columns, pp. 68. London, 1831. Thomson; Harding.

THIS is the commencement of a cheap reprint of Rollin's *Ancient History*. All that we see stated concerning the plan is, that it is to be completed in twenty-one monthly parts. We think well of the design, for this author can never be too widely diffused, or too much read.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. IV. Peregrine Pickle, Vol. II. Cochrane and Co.

G. CRUIKSHANKS' frontispiece, the tailors baffling the bailiff, is a most humorous cut; and the magician is also excellently conceived and executed. The other two illustrations have nothing particular, but serve well to illustrate the text.

Herodoti Historiarum Libri IX. Recensit et Adnotationibus Scholarum in usum instruxit Carolus Augustus Steger, in Regio Gymnasio Wetzlariensi Præceptor. Gissiæ, apud G. F. Hyerum. 3 vols. 8vo. in two.

M. HEYER, the publisher of this most useful and valuable edition of Heredotus, at Giessen, has favoured us by the transmission of a copy for our opinion, and we have much pleasure in responding to the call, by stating that it well deserves the popular reception it has met with in Germany, and only needs to be known to be equally acceptable to English scholars. Professor Steger has laboured with true German diligence upon the text, which we find to be unusually correct. There is also an Index Græcitatis, of great importance to the understanding of this ancient author; and the notes are ample and full of instruction. The price in Germany is, we observe, very moderate, and we presume the work may be imported at a reasonable rate into this country. Sure we are that, wherever it can be met with, it will be esteemed a treasure by the learned.

Remarks on the general Tenour of the New Testament, regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ: addressed to Mrs. Joanna Baillie. By the Bishop of Salisbury. Salisbury, 1831, Brodie and Co.: London, Rivingtons; and Hatchard and Son.

THE learned and pious prelate whose name is prefixed to this publication has thought it expedient to defend the Christian church from the attack of Mrs. Joanna Baillie; and he has done so with all the patience, temperance, and ability, which was to be expected from his character. His arguments are, that the doctrines of the Church of England are founded on the plain evidence of Scripture; that a knowledge of the original language and of the Old Testament is indispensable to the critical understanding of controverted passages; and that Christ is distinctly shewn to be the one, true, almighty, and eternal God. The bishop points out the incompleteness of Mrs. Baillie's Scripture quotations relative to the nature and dignity of Christ; and from other quotations which he supplies and comments upon, contends that her conclusions are erroneous. We are compelled by our rule to abstain from the theological difference; but we may recommend this volume to every lover of the church and of truth.

Family Classical Library, No. XXII. *Thucydides,* Vol. III. London, Valpy.

A CONTINUATION of Dr. Smith the Dean of Chester's translation. It goes to Book VIII. of the Peloponnesian War.

Divines of the Church of England. No. XVII. London, Valpy.

THE fifth volume of Jeremy Taylor well sustains the utility and value of the preceding volumes.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FLOW OF THE THAMES: LONDON BRIDGE.

[HAVING received the subjoined letter from Mr. Riley, we took the best means in our power to be enabled to answer it satisfactorily; and as the information is of much interest, particularly to the inhabitants of London and the banks of the river above bridge, we submit the whole to the public attention.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In a small work lately published, *A Professional Survey of the Old and New London Bridges*, it is stated,* that "the total width of the water-way between the arches is 690 feet at all times of the tide, being 66 feet more than the old bridge afforded at high-water mark."

Now, if the water-way of the old bridge at high-water mark was 524 feet, the present water-way is only increased one-eighth; but if the water-way of the old bridge was only 450 feet at high water, as stated by Hawksmoor, who surveyed the bridge in the time of Sir Christopher Wren, the present water-way is more than double that of the old bridge. Until this point is settled, the probable effects to be produced on the river and its shores cannot be calculated; and as I have been much engaged in inspecting and noticing the results on the River Ouse, and the outfall at Lynn, produced by a clearer water-way, the effects on the Thames is a subject of interest to me.

Can you, therefore, furnish me, through the medium of your *Gazette*, (to which I have been an occasional contributor, and of which I am a constant reader,) with the authentic measurement of the different arches, piers, and the water-way through each arch, of the present old London Bridge, both at high and low water, and at what intermediate period the tide reaches the starlings, so as to calculate with some more certainty the passage of the water? Mr. Telford in his report does not mention this.—I remain, sir, &c.

J. RILEY.

Popplewick, near Nottingham, Sept. 20.

The original old structure had nineteen arches, together with a draw-arch, making twenty openings, at the period it was first erected—in 1176. The largest span, or opening, was then thirty-five feet, with piers averaging, as they do now, from twenty-five to thirty-four feet in thickness.

In the year 1759, the pier in the middle of the river was removed, and the present centre arch turned, the old houses removed, and the roadway widened to its present state.

London Bridge, up to the middle of the year 1826, contained nineteen arches; the largest span of the centre being seventy feet, and forty-eight feet wide.

The water-way between the piers, above the starlings, was 524 feet; the solids occupied by the piers, 407 feet. The water-way between the starlings at low water, was 231 feet; and the space occupied by the piers and starlings was 700 feet.

In the middle of the years 1826 and 1827, it became necessary to remove two piers—one on each side of the river, north and south, for the purpose of relieving the water-way, at the period the cofferdams were up for the construction of the new bridge; and there consequently now only remains seventeen openings, whose width of water-way above the starlings is 562 feet; and the space occupied by the piers is 369 feet. The water-way below the starlings, at low water, is 299 feet; and the space occupied by the starlings is 632 feet.

The new bridge has a water-way of 690 feet, clear at all times of tides, and the piers occupy ninety-two feet; and the lineal high water-way through the arches and openings of the old structure, during spring tides, is about 485 feet.

* Pages 40 and 41.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

COLLECTION OF JAPANESE CURIOSITIES AT AMSTERDAM.

MR. J. F. VAN OVERMEER FISSCHER, who was for about nine years employed in the Dutch factory in Japan, took advantage of his situation to collect this great number of curiosities, most of which are very valuable. This cabinet is better calculated than any descriptions or drawings to make us acquainted with the manners and customs of a people so interesting, in many respects, to Holland, and to give us an idea of the high degree of civilisation and of advancement in many branches of art and science which that nation has attained. The cabinet is divided into twelve departments.

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The first is that of geography: it contains a number of maps of Japan; plans of the city of Jeddo; a very circumstantial travelling map of the great road from Miaco to Jeddo; and, above all, a collection of twelve maps of China, representing that empire as it existed under the several dynasties that have governed it.

The second division contains 500 volumes, printed in the Japanese language, a considerable number of which are adorned with wood-cuts; likewise a number of manuscripts, all treating of the religion, history, legislation, and language of Japan, and also on the various arts and sciences cultivated in that empire.

The third division, besides a collection of 300 very remarkable and ancient medals, contains a number of valuable lackered articles, and other similar objects, among which there are some of very remote antiquity.

Above 600 drawings and prints, by Japanese artists, form the fourth division; and the fifth contains articles connected with the various religious sects in Japan: among them is the model of a temple, in which the style of the architecture and the internal arrangement are represented with the minutest accuracy. Here too are some remarkable animals, like that which was exhibited at Amsterdam some years ago, and which some persons then took for a mermaid. These monsters are composed with great care and art by the Japanese from parts of different animals, to serve as offerings to some of their idols.

The sixth division consists of Japanese arms and armour; the seventh, of a great collection of natural history; the eighth, of Japanese dresses and household furniture; the ninth is a complete collection of Japanese musical instruments, many of which are very magnificent, and used only at the court of the emperor, or in the palaces of the nobles.

The tenth is a rich and select collection of articles used by the Japanese in domestic life, and for household purposes.

Models of various buildings, with ten models of shops and vessels, and a number of tools used in the exercise of various arts, compose the eleventh division, in which there is also a series of pictures, each representing a Japanese workman at his work. Here, too, is a remarkable model of a copper-mine, which gives a clear idea of the manner in which the Japanese work their mines.

The twelfth division comprehends such things as could not properly be placed with the preceding; among which is a complete collection of furniture in the European fashion, all made of the most valuable lackered work, which, though not properly a part of a Japanese collection, gives great lustre to this cabinet, and far surpasses any thing of the kind ever before seen here.

This short sketch gives but an imperfect idea of this valuable collection, which we hope will remain in the Netherlands.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Traditions of Lancashire. Second Series. By J. Roby, M.R.S.L. Longman and Co.

We have lying before us a set of the plates that are to embellish the second series of Mr. Roby's curious and interesting work; and we can justly speak of them as entitled to high praise. There are few parts of the kingdom more abounding with picturesque scenery than that which they illustrate. Mr. G. Pickering, from whose tasteful pencil the various views have proceeded, has made the most of the natural advantages thus offered to him, and has been ably seconded by the graver of Mr. E. Finden. Among the most attractive subjects, are, "the Pile of Fouldrey"—"Rivington Pike"—"Clitheroe Castle"—"Ulverstone Sands"—"Windleshaw Abbey"—"the Thrutch, near Rochdale," &c. We look anxiously for the author's continuation of his delightful design.

Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated. Nos. XXIV. to XXVII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

The embellishments of this popular publication continue to be as pleasing as ever. It is really surprising how they can be afforded at so moderate a rate.

Illustrations of the American Ornithology of Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucien Bonaparte; with the addition of numerous recently discovered Species: and including Representations of the principal Insects, Forest-Trees, and Fruits, of America. Drawn, etched, and coloured, under the superintendence of Captain Thomas Brown, F.L.S. M.W.S. &c., President of the Royal Physical Society. Folio. No. I. Edinburgh, Constable; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; and Moon, Boys, and Graves.

This splendid, though comparatively cheap, publication is intended as a companion to the letter-press recently reprinted in *Constable's Miscellany.* "The advantages," Capt. Brown remarks, "which this, the first English edition, has over the original justly celebrated work, is, that the birds of each genus are brought together, in place of being promiscuously scattered through a variety of plates containing species of different genera. I have added also representations of all the forest-trees of America, with their fruits, together with the principal insects of that country." The present Number exhibits representations of twenty-five birds, (eagles, hawks, woodpeckers, warblers, and that magnificent creature the snowy owl), thirteen forest-trees, and twelve insects; and the work, when complete (which it will be in ten Nos.), is to comprehend the whole of the American sylva, besides every bird which has been discovered in that country. At its conclusion "a few sheets of letter-press will be given, which, in addition to the technicalities of the various birds, will contain an account of the habitations and localities of the fruits, forest-trees, and insects, of the United States, now for the first time introduced." The first No. is a fine specimen; and if the remaining portion of the work be executed with equal taste and beauty, (of which we can have no doubt, when we see that such men as Scott, Lizars, Millar, Clark, Mitchell, and Giekie,—who are the best artists, in their way, in Edinburgh,—are employed in the undertaking), it will be an admirable publication, and will be well entitled to stand side by side with the celebrated *British Ornithology*, by Selby.

Views in the East; from original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part XII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

The Caves of Ellora, those singular and extraordinary works of an unknown age, form the subjects of the three plates which embellish the twelfth Part of the *Views in the East.* Of the Bisma Kurm, Captain Elliot observes: "There is something peculiarly graceful, well-proportioned, and elegant, in the form of this cave; and it does infinite credit to the skill of its projectors: the style of it is at once simple, impressive, and grand; and it strikes the beholder with that degree of satisfactory wonder which can only be understood by those who have actually contemplated the object. Whoever they may have been (and it is not known) that had genius to plan, and industry to execute such a work,—however remote or approximate the age (and it is yet undiscovered) in which they laboured,—whatever may have been their design (and that is not now under consideration) in undertaking and accomplishing such a task,—they have left behind them a monument of skill, that must continue to excite the admiration of all who have any feeling for the nobler works of art, as long as the object itself remains to demand attention." "The Skeleton Group" in the Rameswur, (which, although only a second or third-rate cave with respect to size, contains, it seems, more elaborate and better-executed sculpture than any other in the whole range), is exceedingly curious.

The Retreat of a Baggage-waggon at the Battle of Naseby. Painted and etched by Henry Melling. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

A very masterly etching; and in both design and execution full of fire and spirit.

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1832. From Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Six-and-twenty as picturesque and beautiful views of cities, towns, cathedrals, palaces, fortresses, bridges, mountains, plains, lakes, passes, &c., principally in Italy and Germany, as ever came under our critical inspection. Those who may suppose that, because they are all from the pencil of a single artist, they must necessarily possess a monotony of character, will be very agreeably disappointed. Mr. Stanfield has communicated to them great variety. In some he has concentrated his light, in others he has diffused it. Some he has represented in broad day, others under the influence of the setting sun. In short, he has availed himself of all the resources with which his talents and experience have so amply supplied him, to impart to every one of the scenes which he has here treated a distinct and peculiar interest. When we mention the names of J. B. Allen, R. Brandard, J. Carter, S. Fisher, E. Goodall, C. Heath, T. Jeavons, H. Jorden, W. Miller, W. Radclyffe, J. Smith, W. R. Smith, R. Wallis, and J. T. Willmore, as the engravers of the various plates, it must be unnecessary to add that their execution is of the highest excellence.

The New Sporting Magazine.

We have proofs of the embellishments of the New Sporting Magazine for August, September, and October; and they do the proprietors of that publication, and the artists engaged in it, the highest credit. In particular, we have never met with two little plates executed with more truth, force, and spirit, than *Racing—the Starting Post*, engraved by J. R. Scott, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A.; and *The Duke of Portland's Yacht Pantaloon, sailing with Sir E. Codrington's Fleet*, engraved by W. R. Smith, from a painting by J. C. Schetky, Esq.

Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not for 1832.

Mr. Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not bears the same relation to the English Annuals that the Iliad bears to Poetry. We trust that our worthy Teutonic friend will feel the dignity of this comparison of him to Homer; and that when he reads it, to use the words of Curran with reference to Fox, "a smile will ripple over the broad and calm Atlantic of his coun-

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tenance." In the volume which is on the eve of publication, a tasteful ornamental frontispiece introduces the following embellishments.

Triumph of Mordecai. J. Martin del., E. Finden sculp. A fine specimen of Mr. Martin's skill in grouping immense assemblages of human beings, and in grand architectural composition.—*The Frosty Reception.* Painted by R. W. Buss, engraved by S. Davenport. Of the picture we spoke with the praise which it deserved when it was exhibited last year at the Suffolk Street Gallery. Mr. Davenport has done it great justice.—*Don Juan.* J. Holmes pinx., W. Finden sculp. Very like Lord Byron, indeed. But is not Mr. Holmes apprehensive of a visit from the noble poet's ghost for the identification?—*Toka, on the Godavery.* W. Purser del., J. Carter sculp. Beautiful oriental scenery, executed with great clearness and transparency.—*La Pensée.* J. Holmes pinx., Mrs. Hamilton sculp. A penny for your thoughts! The plate does the fair engraver exceeding credit.—*Uncle Toby and the Widow.* H. Richter pinx., C. Rolls sculp. The vivid recollection we entertain of Mr. Leslie's exquisite picture, will for some time render us too prejudiced fairly to criticise any other work from the same subject.—*Mariana.* Sir T. Lawrence pinx., R. Graves sculp. A graceful portrait, charmingly engraved; the drapery in particular.—*The Thunder-storm.* J. Wood pinx., W. Finden sculp. Pretty, but rather theatrical.—*The Disappointment.* H. Corbould pinx., S. Davenport sculp. Who can help sympathising with the forsaken damsel? The clowns at the maypole have neither taste nor gallantry.—*Mayence.* S. Prout pinx., J. Carter sculp. A pretty little scrap of Prout.—*The Stage-struck Hero.* W. Kidd pinx., T. Engleheart sculp. Bravo! bravo! bravo! Can we end better?

Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1832.

Nine pleasing prints. Our favourites are:—*The Ballad.* A. Farrier pinx., W. Chevalier sculp. A beautifully composed and sweetly finished little rustic group.—*Returning from Market.* W. Shayer pinx., J. Carter sculp. Very like Gainsborough. Is there higher praise?—*The Shepherd's Boy.* H. Warren pinx., H. Rolls sculp. The figures are interesting, and the solitude of the mountainous back-ground is finely characteristic.—*Avvocata.* T. Uwins pinx., W. R. Smith sculp. An admirable union of sublimity and picturesque beauty.

Illustrations of Friendship's Offering, for 1832. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have not yet seen the text of this publication (indeed, we believe it is not quite completed); but if its merits prove equal to those of the graphic embellishments, the work will be, as usual, an "Offering" which may be presented by one "Friend," and accepted by another, with mutual gratification. Subjoined is a brief notice of them.

Lady Carrington. Engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by Sir T. Lawrence. Elegant in character, and beautiful in execution.—*The Fairy of the Lake.* Drawn by H. Richter; engraved by E. Finden. Highly imaginative and original in its conception.—*The Poet's Dream.* Painted by R. Westall, R.A.; engraved by J. Goodyear. Who would not be a poet, to be so attended in his sylvan *siesta!*—*The Embarkation.* Drawn by J. Whichelo; engraved by R. Brandard. A charming little rival of Claude.—*The Orphan.* Painted by J. Holmes; engraved by H. C. Shenton. A sweet English-rustic composition. We wish all orphans were as well off.—*Expectation.* Painted by E. C. Wood; engraved by W. C. Finden. Rich and tasteful; but singularly coincident in composition and arrangement with Mr. Parris's "Bridemaid."—*The Greek Mother.* Painted by H. Corbould; engraved by H. Rolls. An expressive and classical group.—*The Dismal Tale.* Painted by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved by H. C. Shenton. The tale may be dismal, but there is something very cheery in the social little assemblage of listeners.—*The Palace.* Drawn by W. Purser; engraved by E. Finden. Gorgeous in forms and in effect.—*Myrrhina and Myrto.* Painted by J. Wood; engraved by T. A. Dean. The ladies would be rather tall if they were to rise from their recumbent position. It is, however, an elegant and graceful composition; and the style in which it is engraved is singularly rich and mellow.—*The Prediction.* Painted by A. Johanot; engraved by C. Rolls. A favourable prophecy, we will be bound. The effect is very pleasing.

CORONATION: CAVALCADE PROCESSION.

We are gratified to hear that Mr. R. B. Davis, the Animal Painter to the King, has it in command from his most gracious Majesty to paint a series of pictures illustrative of that splendid spectacle, than which nothing more striking in character and effect has ever appeared in this, or, we believe, in any country. With the studies already made, his Majesty has been pleased to express his entire satisfaction. We have no doubt that both as a work of art and an historical document, the subject will be found in every point of view of the highest interest.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

This theatre opened on Saturday with the *Honeymoon*, in which three new performers made their first appearance; *imprimis*, a Mr. Jones from Edinburgh, where he has been a favourite for many years. He is a pleasant actor, with a good deal of mannerism, and certainly an excellent addition to the Drury Lane company. *Secundo*, Mrs. Bendenel, a lively actress; and last, a Miss Kennett, who played the little part of *Zamora* with great sweetness and simplicity, and was much applauded. Miss Philips was the *Juliana*, and Mr. Wallack the *Duke Aransa*, of the night. Miss Philips cannot play comedy. In all the first scenes she was too boisterous, but in the simple and serious parts very delightful. Wallack played the Duke only tolerably. A Miss Gordon made her first appearance on these boards in the slight part of *Ottavia*, in the *Brigand*; but was so agitated all through, that it was impossible to judge of her merits.

On Tuesday *Werner*, and on Thursday *Alfred*, permitted of noble displays of the histrionic powers of Macready. Both were efficiently cast, and received with the applause they so well deserved.

COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre opened on Monday with *Hamlet*; *Hamlet* by Mr. Young; and never did this accomplished performer acquit himself more perfectly.

THE ADELPHI

Opened with a new melo-dramatic piece, called the *Sea Serpent*—a nice horrible piece, in which Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Buckstone, O. Smith, Miss Daly, and Hemmings, played admirably; and there is some pleasing music by Rodwell. We must not forget the Serpent himself, who acted with great effect: the real Boa constrictor would do well to go and study him as an example. Truly, the audience seem determined to be amused at this theatre. It was quite delightful to see such a set of merry faces, and to hear the peals of mirth during the whole evening. The *Sea Serpent* was announced for the next night amid great applause. In the second piece, *Was I to blame?* Yates and his wife kept the audience in a roar of laughter. To any one who is inclined for a downright evening's amusement, we again and again cordially recommend the little Adelphi.

OLYMPIC.

This beautiful little theatre opened on Saturday last, and was crammed as soon as opened. Before the rising, or rather drawing, of the curtain, (for it flies apart in a novel and graceful manner,) scarcely a peep of the stage was to be obtained. After "God save the King," which was exceedingly well sung, we gave up all hopes of seeing the performances, and therefore retired, consoling ourselves for our own disappointment by the consideration of the success of the fair lessee. On Monday we returned to the charge, and were gratified by the excellent acting of Liston, in an adaptation of M. D'Espagny's clever drama of *Dominique*, which has here obtained the cognomen of *Talk of the Devil*—. M. D'Espagny's three acts have subsided into two, and we think the piece gains by the loss. Liston is *himself* in the second act, and *some other very clever person* in the first. Sound acting and "admirable footing" go hand in hand in this new effort of our popular comedian; and those who can truly appreciate either, will not regret a squeeze at the Olympic. Mr. C. Horn and Mr. J. Bland have given new life to the old favourites of last season, the *Chaste Salute* and the *Olympic Revels*. Bland, as *Jupiter*, in the latter, is most especially entitled to our praises and congratulations. Madame Vestris sang and looked as charmingly as ever, and has contrived, we perceive, to add to the very many pretty faces which the female portion of her company boasted last season.

VARIETIES.

Astronomical Cards.—One of those ingenious inventions to render the acquisition of science an amusement for youth. Mrs. M. A. Ryan has here contrived three games of astronomy, viz. the planetary, the zodiacal, and the game of the constellations. The players take the places of the sun, the planets &c.: on their answers to questions depend the forfeits and rewards. We can safely recommend these cards to our young friends, who may gain much information from them.

Literary Fund: the late Mr. Strahan.—During his life-time this philanthropic and benevolent individual presented a thousand pounds to the Literary Fund; not content with which most liberal donation, he has by his will bequeathed another thousand pounds to the same excellent Institution. This is to be free of the legacy duty, and does honour to the memory of Mr. Strahan, who, well acquainted with the distribution of this charity, knew that he could not leave a blessing where it would be better bestowed.

King's College.—The ceremony of the public opening of the King's College is to take place

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to-day; and will, no doubt, be very impressive and interesting, though we have seen no programme of the proceedings. Our readers may refer to the *Lit. Gaz.* of the 8th of May, 1830, No. 694, for an engraved elevation of this fine structure, and for a detailed account of its plan and arrangements. The school, in six classes, under the Rev. J. R. Major, M.A. as head master, and the Rev. J. Edwards as second master, will now commence. One of the chief features, both in the school and college, is "Religious and Moral Instruction, in conformity with the principles of the established Church." Public examinations and lectures also form part of the system.

The Amulet.—This volume for 1832, together with its beautiful collection of engravings, reached us too late for a review in this week's *Gazette*. We cannot, however, allow our sheet to go to press without expressing the high satisfaction we have derived from both.

Early closing of the Theatres.—We have to notice with our hearty commendation the measures taken (especially at Drury Lane) for bringing the performances to a conclusion about half-past eleven o'clock. We have often advised this improvement; and the proprietors may depend upon it, that many persons will now be induced to visit the theatre who were previously kept away by the late hours, which made the seeing of a play impossible to any one residing at a distance, except at the expense of a night's rest.

Tribute to the Memory of George III.—The committee nominated to carry this design into effect have decided upon an equestrian statue, in bronze, of our revered monarch. It is to be executed by Mr. Matthew Wyatt, the original projector of this grateful memorial, and whose models of horses for it attracted so much just admiration. A desirable situation in the metropolis will be procured for this work of art; and we trust as fine as it is likely to be a lasting monument will be produced.

Periodicals: the Press.—A journal in Turkish and French is about to be published at Constantinople. M. Blacque, the editor of the *Courier of Smyrna*, is, it is said, to conduct the French portion, while the Turkish part is assigned to Esad Effendi, the historiographer of the empire.

The new Volcanic Island.—The last accounts of this island, contained in the *Semaphore*, state that the eruption has ceased, and that the crater is now filled with boiling water, from which a sulphurous smoke continues to issue. The isle is chiefly formed of a spungy lava and puzzolane. The brink of the crater is thirty feet in height at the lowest part, in other places eighty feet, and in the centre 200 feet. It is easy to land on the south-west side. Smoke issues from several points of the sea around.

Machine for saving Lives at Sea, &c.—A Mr. Canning has invented a very simple but a very effectual apparatus for saving the lives of sailors, &c. from wrecks at sea. It consists of spars, booms, or any similar materials always to be found on board of vessels, fastened together with ropes, and made additionally buoyant by means of barrels.

The March of Cookneyism.—The following inscription,

"BRITANNIAR'S GLORY
IS TRUE BLUE,"

is to be seen on the door and sides of Blanch's Fulham omnibus; in which it might, therefore, seem very expedient for our friends of *Cockaigne* to travel in search of villars, when in want of such places.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. L. Oct. 8.*]

Mr. Murray has just issued a prospectus of a complete and uniform edition of the Works of Lord Byron, with his Letters and Journals, and Life by Moore. The publication is to commence with the new year, and to be completed in fourteen monthly volumes, about the size of the Waverley Novels, and with frontispieces and vignette title-pages, engraved on steel, after original designs by eminent artists. Mr. M. states in his announcement, that the copyright to the matter to be contained in this work has cost him upwards of £25,000: we like the design so well, we could almost predicate that it will repay this large sum. The specimen of engraving, Constantinople, by E. Finden, from a drawing by Stanfield, is very pretty; and the typography clear and handsome.

A Series of Landscape Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron, to accompany Mr. Murray's new edition: they will be engraved by the most eminent Artists, and appear in a similar manner to the Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.

Sketches of the Principal Events connected with the History of Modern Europe; in which their influence on the interests, happiness, and morals of Society, are particularly considered. By the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M.

In one volume, uniform with Wordsworth, Selections from the Poems of Southey.

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce of the Principal Nations of Antiquity, translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren. We rejoice to find that this admirable work is about to appear in an English translation: Africa—comprising the Egyptians, Ethiopians, Carthaginians, &c., is the commencement.

The Usurer's Daughter, by one of the Contributors to Blackwood's Magazine.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela, &c., 3 vols. 12mo. 21*s.* bds.—Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, 1833, imp. 4to. 1*l.* 10*s.*; colomb. 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* in portfolio.—Hennell's Forms of Declarations, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Description of the Contents, Objects, and Uses of the Public Records, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Elliott's Amusements for Little Girls, 18mo. 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Mrs. Copley's Sacred History, 12mo. 3*s.* hf.-bd.—Ivimey's Memoir of William Fox, Esq., 18mo. 2*s.* cloth.—Keach's Travels of True Godliness, by Malcolm, 18mo. 2*s.* cloth.—Illustrations of Shakspeare and the British Drama, 8vo. 10*s.* cloth.—Memoirs of the Late War, by the Earl of Munster, Captain Cook, &c., 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.* bds.—Phillip's Companion for the Kitchen Garden, 2 vols. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Taurobolia, crown 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.—Bichat's General Anatomy, 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.* bds.—Leach's Translation of Gregory and Celsus, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.—Lugol on Scrofula, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

September.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 22	From 42.	to	65.	29·81	to	29·94
Friday 23	—— 37.	—	63.	30·00	—	30·07
Saturday .. 24	—— 41.	—	64.	30·14	—	30·11
Sunday.... 25	—— 41.	—	67.	29·99	—	29·93
Monday .. 26	—— 52.	—	65.	29·95	—	29·93
Tuesday .. 27	—— 49.	—	68.	29·89	—	29·78
Wednesday 28	—— 50.	—	69.	29·74	—	29·68

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Except the 26th, 27th, and evening of the 28th, generally clear. A storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, on the evening of the 28th; the lightning at times very vivid.

Rain fallen, ·275 of an inch.

September.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 29	From 53.	to	68.	29·59	to	29·61
Friday 30	—— 49.	—	68.	29·53	—	29·34
October.						
Saturday .. 1	—— 56.	—	69.	29·29	—	29·33
Sunday.... 2	—— 51.	—	67.	29·32	—	29·46
Monday .. 3	—— 46.	—	67.	29·61	—	29·71
Tuesday .. 4	—— 48.	—	61.	29·73	—	29·87
Wednesday 5	—— 49.	—	61.	29·81	—	29·96

Wind, till the 3d, S.E.; since, S.W.

Except the 4th and 5th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy rain; several flashes of lightning on the evenings of the 29th and 30th ult.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and ·9 of an inch—exceeding the amount of the fall during the whole month of August by ·4 of an inch!

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should be much obliged to J. C. C. for any communications.

The *Literary Gazette* does not give an obituary.

Touching the letter dated "University Club, Oct. 8," we can only say, that it has two very *obscure* recommendations—first, we do not know whom it is from; secondly, we do not know what it is about.

The *fiat justitia* had been done upon *Glen Moubray* before we received the author's appeal for forbearance. We are under a planet which compels us to speak truth; and therefore we can only hope that, as there were causes operating against this first and unpractised attempt, greater merit and success may attend any future effort.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

TO ARTISTS, ARCHITECTS, and DRAFTSMEN.—Since the death of Mr. Langdon, the late surviving Partner of Messrs. Brookman and Langdon, the utmost attention has been given to the Manufacture of Drawing Pencils in Cedar by S. Mordan and Co., who pledge themselves to supply nothing but pure Cumberland Lead; thereby removing those objections and annoyances so frequently complained of in Drawing Pencils. All who wish to be satisfied as to the genuineness of these Pencils, may see them manufactured at No. 22, Castle Street, Finsbury, which establishment now has the honour, exclusively, to supply all the Government Offices.

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MUSIC.

Important Musical Announcement.

Just published, dedicated to Her Majesty on her Coronation,

SONGS of ALMACK'S, illustrated with Portraits of the Queen and the Female Nobility, after Sir William Beechey and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Poetry by F. W. N. BAYLEY, Esq. The Melodies by H. R. Bishop and J. Addison. The whole arranged, with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-forte, by J. Addison.

Each Song in this work typifies some incident in the life of an illustrious character, which has, at one period or other, taken place in the Almack's Rooms. The following are the Contents:

1. A Rose dropt from her Bosom. Character, the Hon. Mr. — R. —.
2. He dances with another now. Col. S—.
3. She is up and away. The youngest Daughter of Sir G. — —.
4. The Hall is large and light. Lord L—.
5. My Lord treads lightly o'er the Floor. The meek Marquess!
6. She leans upon her Mother's Arm. The Debutante of 1829.
7. Why does Young Love seize us? A Younger Brother.
8. My Heart is all alone. The Bachelor Duke.
9. O no, Papa, it cannot be! Lady N—.
10. Do you see yon lovely Woman? Lady E—.
11. Where in that Mazourka graceful. Lady L—s, Countess G—r, and Lady D—r.
12. He passes her in sorrow. Lord S—.

Goulding and D'Almaine, Soho Square.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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In 1 thick vol. large 8vo. price only 1*l.* 5*s.*

A GREEK and ENGLISH LEXICON, for the Use of Schools and Colleges; containing a variety of Critical, Philological, and Scientific Matter not hitherto found in any Greek Dictionary. Also, an English and Greek Lexicon, comprising a number of Idiomatic Phrases, for the Use of more advanced Students.

Printed for Maclachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

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In consequence of some unauthorised attempts having been made to publish "a Key" to part of the Problems, the Author has been induced to prepare this complete copy of his own Solutions, which is now offered to the public.

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TWENTY-NINE VOLUMES of the Work have appeared, and comprise—

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Rob Roy	The Abbot
The Black Dwarf	Kenilworth
Old Mortality	The Pirate
The Heart of Mid-Lothian	The Fortunes of Nigel
The Bride of Lammermoor	And

Peveril of the Peak, the Second Volume of which is published this day, illustrated by Bonington and Fraser.

*** The above Volumes contain Sixteen New Introductions by the Author, besides copious Notes to each Volume.

Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted in 1830, by John Watson Gordon, Esq. The Engraving from this Portrait is far advanced, and will be given with the First Volume of St. Ronan's Well, which will appear 1st February, 1832.

Waverley Novels.—New Issue.

Volume Tenth of the New Issue, comprising Part of Old Mortality, is also published this day.

*** This New Issue has been found very convenient to Subscribers, who wish to commence with Waverley, and have the Work from the beginning in monthly deliveries, without paying at once for all the Volumes of the First Issue which have already appeared.

Printed for Robert Cadell, Edinburgh; and Whittaker and Co. London.

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"A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

When

"her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations;"
"and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased."

To his eyes her romantic associations came hand in hand with her glories: the poet remembered the interest English genius had before flung around "the pleasant place of all festivity."

"Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto: Shylock, and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch: though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore."

Mr. Cooper sees things in "quite another guess kind of way." He turns from the palaces of Venice to enter into her prisons, and from her pleasures to dwell on her punishments: instead of her patricians, he sympathises with her populace; and his readers have that advantage, which Mr. Cooper knows so well how to seize, of the subject brought before them being unhackneyed. The scene is laid at the time when Venice lived rather on past than present power, when glory was rather a shield than a sword; and when weakness in government led to even more than usual suspicion, and was covered with even more than ordinary mystery. The interest is most dramatically excited and sustained, and the scenes invested with that vivid reality which constitutes the great charm of Mr. Cooper's narratives. Jacopo the Bravo is a Venetian, instead of an American spy; and, as in the pedlar's case, his conduct is hallowed by a redeeming motive—which, however, we will not forestall. We select a scene from the festival of wedding the Adriatic; the competitors in the gondola race are just submitting their claims. It will introduce all the principal characters, without prematurely revealing any of their secrets; and will shew how completely our author has caught the spirit of the time and scene.

"The first who came out of the crowd of boats which environed the vacant place that had been left for the competitors, was a gondolier of the public landing, well known for his skill with the oar, and his song on the canal. 'How art thou called, and in whose name dost thou put thy chance?' demanded the herald of this aquatic course. 'All know me for Bartolomeo, one who lives between the Piazzetta and the Lido, and, like a loyal Venetian, I trust in San Teodoro.' 'Thou art well protected; take thy place, and await thy fortune.' The conscious waterman swept the water with a back stroke of his blade, and the light gondola whirled away into the centre of the vacant spot, like a swan giving a sudden glance aside. 'And who art thou?' demanded the official of the next that came. 'Enrico, a gondolier of Fusina. I come to try my oar with the braggarts of the canals.' 'In whom is thy trust?' 'Sant' Antonio di Padua.' 'Thou wilt need his aid, though we commend thy spirit. Enter, and take place.' 'And who art thou?' he continued, to another, when the second had imitated the easy skill of the first. 'I am called Gino of Calabria, a gondolier in private service.' 'What noble retaineth thee?' 'The illustrious and most excellent Don Camillo Montforte, Duca and Lord of Sant' Agata in Napoli, and of right a senator in Venice.' 'Thou shouldst have come of Padua, friend, by thy knowledge of the laws! Dost thou trust in him thou servest for the victory?' There was a movement among the senators at the answer of Gino; and the half-terrified varlet thought he perceived frowns gathering on more than one brow. He looked around in quest of him whose greatness he had vaunted, as if he sought succour. 'Wilt thou name thy support in this great trial of force?' resumed the herald. 'My master,' uttered the terrified Gino, 'St. Januarius and St. Mark.' 'Thou art well defended. Should the two latter fail thee, thou mayest surely count on the first!' 'Signore Montforte has an illustrious name, and he is welcome to our Venetian sports,' observed the doge, slightly bending his head towards the young Calabrian noble, who stood at no great distance, in a gondola of state, regarding the scene with a deeply-interested countenance. This cautious interruption of the pleasantries of the official was acknowledged by a low reverence, and the matter proceeded. 'Take thy station, Gino of Calabria, and a happy fortune be thine,' said the latter; then turning to another, he asked in surprise—'Why art thou here?' 'I come to try my gondola's swiftness.' 'Thou art old, and unequal to this struggle; husband thy strength for daily toil. An ill-advised ambition hath put thee on this useless trial.' The new aspirant had forced a common fisherman's gondola, of no bad shape, and of sufficient lightness, but which bore about it all the vulgar signs of its daily uses, beneath the gallery of the Bucentaur. He received the reproof meekly, and was about to turn his boat aside, though with a sorrowing and mortified eye, when a sign from the doge arrested his arm. 'Question him, as of wont,' said the prince. 'How art thou named?' continued the reluctant official, who, like all of subordinate condition, had far more jealousy of the dignity of the sports he directed than his superior. 'I am known as Antonio, a fisherman of the Lagunes.' 'Thou art old!' 'Signore, none know it better than I. It is sixty summers since I first threw net or line into the water.' 'Nor art thou clad as befitteth one who cometh before the state of Venice in a regatta.' 'I am here in the best that I have. Let them who would do the nobles greater honour, come in better.' 'Thy limbs are uncovered—thy bosom bare—thy sinews feeble—go to; thou art ill advised to interrupt the pleasures of the nobles by this levity.' Again Antonio would have shrunk from the ten thousand eyes that shone upon him, when the calm voice of the doge once more came to his aid. 'The struggle is open to all,' said the sovereign; 'still I would advise the poor and aged man to take counsel; give him silver, for want urges him to this hopeless trial.' 'Thou hearest; alms are offered thee; but give place to those who are stronger, and more seemly for the sport.' 'I will obey, as is the duty of one born and accustomed to poverty. They said the race was open to all, and I crave the pardon of the nobles, since I meant to do them no dishonour.' 'Justice in the palace, and justice on the canals,' hastily observed the prince. 'If he will continue, it is his right. It is the pride of St. Mark that his balances are held with an even hand.' A murmur of applause succeeded the specious sentiment; for the powerful rarely affect the noble attribute of justice, however limited may be its exercise, without their words finding an echo in the tongues of the selfish. 'Thou hearest—his highness, who is the voice of a mighty state, says thou mayest remain;—though thou art still advised to withdraw.' 'I will then see what virtue is left in this naked arm,' returned Antonio, casting a mournful glance, and one that was not entirely free from the latent vanity of man, at his meagre and threadbare attire. 'The limb hath its scars, but the infidels may have spared enough for the little I ask.' 'In whom is thy faith?' 'Blessed St. Anthony, of the Miraculous Draught.' 'Take thy place.—Ha! here cometh one unwilling to be known! How now? who appears with so false a face?' 'Call me Mask.' 'So neat and just a leg and arm need not have hid their fellow, the countenance. Is it your highness's pleasure that one disguised should be entered for the sports?' 'Doubt it not. A mask is sacred in Venice. It is the glory of our excellent and wise laws, that he who seeketh to dwell within the privacy of his own thoughts, and to keep aloof from curiosity by shadowing his features, rangeth our streets and canals, as if he dwelt in the security of his own abode. Such are the high privileges of liberty, and such it is to be a citizen of a generous, a magnanimous, and a free state!' A thousand bowed in approbation of the sentiment, and a rumour passed from mouth to mouth, that a young noble was about to try his strength in

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the regatta, in compliment to some wayward beauty. 'Such is justice!' exclaimed the herald, in a loud voice, admiration apparently overcoming respect, in the ardour of the moment. 'Happy is he that is born in Venice, and envied are the people in whose councils wisdom and mercy preside, like lovely and benignant sisters! On whom dost thou rely?' 'Mine own arm.' 'Ha! This is impious! None so presuming may enter into these privileged sports.' The hurried exclamation of the herald was accompanied by a general stir, such as denotes sudden and strong emotion in a multitude. 'The children of the republic are protected by an even hand,' observed the venerable prince. 'It formeth our just pride, and blessed St. Mark forbid that aught resembling vainglory should be uttered! but it is truly our boast that we know no difference between our subjects of the islands, or those of the Dalmatian coast; between Padua, or Candia; Corfu, or St. Giorgio. Still it is not permitted for any to refuse the intervention of the saints.' 'Name thy patron, or quit the place,' continued the observant herald, anew. The stranger paused, as if he looked into his mind, and then he answered,—'San Giovanni of the Wilderness.' 'Thou namest one of blessed memory!' 'I name him who may have pity on me in this living desert.' 'The temper of thy soul is best known to thyself; but this reverend rank of patricians, yonder brilliant shew of beauty, and that goodly multitude, may claim another name.—Take thy place.'"

"There were many unmasked and high-born dames, whirling about in their boats, attended by cavaliers in rich attire, and here and there appeared a pair of dark lustrous eyes, peeping through the silk of a visor, that concealed some countenance too youthful for exposure in so gay a scene. One gondola, in particular, was remarked for the singular grace and beauty of the form it held, qualities which made themselves apparent even through the half disguise of the simple habiliments she wore. The boat, the servants, and the ladies, for there were two, were alike distinguished for that air of severe but finished simplicity, which oftener denotes the presence of high quality and true taste, than a more lavish expenditure of vulgar ornament. A Carmelite, whose features were concealed by his cowl, testified that their condition was high, and lent a dignity to their presence by his reverend and grave protection. A hundred gondolas approached this party, and after as many fruitless efforts to penetrate the disguises, glided away, while whispers and interrogatories passed from one to the other, to learn the name and station of the youthful beauty. At length, a gay bark, with watermen in gorgeous liveries, and in whose equipment there was a studied display of magnificence, came into the little circle that curiosity had drawn together. The single cavalier, who occupied the seat, arose, for few gondolas appeared that day with their gloomy-looking and mysterious pavilions, and saluted the masked females, with the ease of one accustomed to all presences, but with the reserve of deep respect. 'I have a favourite follower in this race,' he said, gallantly, 'and one in whose skill and force I put great trust. Until now, I have uselessly sought a lady of a beauty and merit so rare, as to warrant that I should place his fortune on her smiles. But I seek no farther.' 'You are gifted with a keen sight, Signore, that you discover all you seek beneath these masks,' returned one of the two females; while their companion, the Carmelite, bowed graciously to the compliment, which seemed little more than was warranted by the usage of such scenes. 'There are other means of recognition than the eyes, and other sources of admiration than the senses, lady. Conceal yourselves as you will, here do I know that I am near the fairest face, the warmest heart, and the purest mind of Venice!' 'This is bold augury, Signore,' returned she, who was evidently the oldest of the two, glancing a look at her companion, as if to note the effect of this gallant speech. 'Venice has a name for the beauty of its dames, and the sun of Italy warms many a generous heart.' 'Better that such noble gifts should be directed to the worship of the Creator than of the creature,' murmured the monk. 'Some there are, holy father, who have admiration for both. Such I would fain hope is the happy lot of her who is favoured with the spiritual counsel of one so virtuous and wise as yourself. Here I place my fortune, let what may follow; and here would I gladly place a heavier stake, were it permitted.' As the cavalier spake, he tendered to the silent fair a bouquet of the sweetest and most fragrant flowers; and among them were those to which poets and custom have ascribed the emblematic qualities of constancy and love."

Mr. Cooper indulges in divers political digressions, whose whole and sole object is to prove that every thing went wrong in the world till America set the example of right; and that no form of government was ever enlightened or advantageous, till that discovered by the United States. All our surprise is, that Mr. Cooper does not address America as Azim did Zelica, and exclaim,

"Oh my own love! why should a single day,
A moment, keep me from those arms away?"

What can induce him to linger on this side the Atlantic? To be sure, that is no business of ours; all we have to do, is to assure our readers, that among the many productions of Mr. Cooper's prolific pen, few are more vivid in interest, or more original, than *The Bravo*.

The Amulet: a Christian and Literary Remembrancer. 1832. Edited by S. C. Hall. London, Westley and Davis.

We shall allow the editor to speak for himself, in the first instance. He states that he "has endeavoured to fill the present volume with a larger proportion of articles of permanent interest and value than heretofore; so as to avoid, as far as possible, a very general complaint against the annual works—that they are merely butterflies of a season, and lose their attraction when that season is past. He has therefore sacrificed, in some degree, amusement to information; but, at the same time, he has sought for such communications as may excite attention, and gratify not the less because they aim at accomplishing a better object than that of whiling away an idle hour." We must, in justice, add, that we think he has succeeded. The essay on the Gnostics, by Marmion Savage, is full of curious and recondite research; and we quite agree with the view taken of these early interlopers on Christianity. The Rev. William Ellis has contributed a very interesting paper on "Infanticide in the Pacific Islands,"—that horrible crime now so rapidly disappearing under the mild influences of religion. One little fact, which we quote, speaks volumes.

"In one of the islands, a short time ago, after the examination, and while several hundred children were cheerfully partaking of the refreshment which their parents had provided for the occasion, while the parents were delighted spectators of the scene, a venerable chief arose and addressed them, evidently under the influence of strongly excited feeling. 'I was,' he exclaimed, as he proceeded in his address, 'a mighty chief. The spot on which we are now met was sacred to me and my family. Large was my family, but I alone remain; the rest have died; they knew not this good world which I am spared to see; my heart is longing for them, and often says within me, Oh, that they had not died so soon! Great are my crimes: I am the father of nineteen children—*all of them I have murdered!* now my heart longs for them. Had they been spared, they would have been men and women, learning and knowing the word of the true God. But while I was destroying them, no one stayed my hand, or said, 'Spare them.' Now my heart is repenting—is weeping for them.' To such a parent what agony must the scene of perhaps five or six hundred lively, happy children, gladdening their parents' hearts, have afforded! We rejoice to believe that no future parents will experience pangs of remorse from such a cause."

"A Visit to Nicæa," by Dr. Walsh, is almost as pleasant in the narration as it must have been in reality: we take our first specimen, that our readers may share in the envy we ourselves felt.

"We found ourselves in an elevated valley, embosomed in higher hills, with a magnificent lake below us. The hills were clothed with trees of an infinite variety of foliage, covered with fruit—chestnut, walnut, plum, cherry, fig, apple, quinces, pears, and medlars—in such incredible profusion, as to be sufficient to supply the whole population of England; yet here there was no one to gather them. You may think it an exaggeration to say that these fruit-trees formed large forest wood; but the luxuriance of vegetation in this country is such, that dwarf plants with us grow here to the size of giants. About mid-day, we stopped at a *derven*, or pass in the forest, where there is generally a small Turkish guard; attached to this was, as usual, a coffee-house, where we lighted our chiboques, and had some coffee. The coffee-house was under the shade of a large tree, covered with yellow fruit, the nature of which, as I had not seen any thing like it before, I was curious to ascertain. Against the stem I found a hanging ladder, which I climbed up; and after ascending forty steps, each one foot perpendicular, I found I had not got so high as the middle of the tree. The tree was a cherry-tree, producing an immense profusion of fruit, of a beautiful transparent amber colour, and of the richest flavour. I brought down my hat full, and they sent us a basket full, for which we paid the value of about a penny to the man for the trouble of gathering. I took away with me some of the stones, to try to propagate the kind at Constantinople, where it is unknown, as well on account of the delicious flavour of the fruit, as the beauty and magnitude of the tree, which could not be less than one hundred feet high; I also sent some to the Horticultural Society of London."

Our traveller also mentions an odd instance of prejudice.

"Several of the tracts on moral and religious subjects, which had been printed in England for distribution among the poorer classes, were afterwards translated into modern Greek by different religious societies, and sent out here for similar distribution among the Greeks. We had some of these with us, and gave them to such of the children as could read. Next day, one of the priests brought them back, and said they were dangerous books. We begged of

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him to point out any dangerous passage, and he marked one; namely, 'What is your duty to your brother? Answer: To love him, and to assist him.' Now, said he, if that was pointed out to the Turks, they would immediately conclude that it meant our brothers in the Morea; and so it would bring destruction on us all. It so happened that I had received the proclamation which the new government of the insurgent Greeks had published, just as I was setting out, and so, not having time to read it, I took it with me to amuse us in the boat. If, therefore, the suspicion of the Turks had been excited by this tract, and they had then found the insurgent proclamation in my pocket, no doubt but all the Greek priests would be hanged on the spot; and the least we could expect would be, to be sent to keep company with the bishops in the torture-prison of the Bostandge Bashee. We, therefore, did not attempt the distribution of any more tracts on our journey."

We conclude with a Turkish dinner and tea.

"We were shewn into a large room with a *divan*, or sofa, continued all round the walls, and here we stretched ourselves. They brought us the usual entertainment of pipes and coffee; and, after some time, the muzzelim's son and his uncle entered the room, seated themselves on the divan opposite, and smoked their pipes, without saying a word. After passing an hour in this silent way, preparations were made for supper. The young man stood up, took a cloth from a servant, and, with a dexterous fling, spread it in a circle on the floor; in the centre of this he placed a joint-stool, and on the stool a large metal tray. We were now motioned to approach, and having sat cross-legged on the floor round the stool, we drew the skirts of the cloth over our knees, while servants brought embroidered napkins, and laid one on each of our shoulders. When all the company were seated, including our janissary, the first dish entered, and was laid on the tray; round the edge of the tray were placed long slices of brown bread, with a horn spoon between each, so as to project over, and form a complete border; and in the middle was set a large pewter basin of pease-soup: having all dipped in our spoons, and taken a few mouthsful, it was removed, and immediately succeeded by another filled with sausages; into this the muzzelim's son dipped his hand, and we all followed his example. This was also removed, and replaced by one of *youart*, a kind of sour-milk, with balls of forced meat floating in it. Next succeeded balls of meat wrapped up in vine leaves; then mutton boiled to rags on *homos*, a kind of pea like a ram's head, which they are very fond of in this country; and, lastly, a *pilaf*, or dish of boiled rice, with which all Turkish entertainments conclude. A glass of pure water was now handed round, of which we all drank, and then followed servants with a ewer and basin, in which we washed. The whole apparatus was now removed, and we resumed our pipes and seats on the divan, having despatched our supper with such silent celerity that the whole occupied but six and a half minutes! Our entertainer may be considered as a Turkish lord mayor of a town—an English lord mayor does not entertain his friends after so frugal a fashion. A dinner of six and a half minutes, and a glass of water! I wish Alderman —— had been with us. As we had brought apparatus in our baggage, we now procured some hot water, and entertained our hosts with a dish of *tea*, which they had heard of, but never tasted. We sweetened a cup in the most approved manner with sugar, and softened it with milk, and then presented it. A Turk never takes any thing of this kind but coffee, without milk or sugar, which is as black, thick, and bitter, as soot: when, therefore, he filled his mouth with the mawkish mixture we made for him, his distress was quite ridiculous. He could not swallow it, and he would not spit it out, for a Turk never spits in company; so he kept it churning in his mouth, till he could keep it no longer; he then made a pretext for going out, which he did as fast as a Turk can move, and got rid of it over the stairs. When he returned, however, he said the ladies of the haram requested to taste our tea also. So we sent them in a specimen: we soon heard them burst into loud fits of laughing at the extraordinary stuff; and we were informed they liked it as little as the men."

We would call particular attention to the "Actual State of the Slave Trade on the Coast of Africa." We select one or two brief passages.

Speaking of the Isles de Loss: "From their vicinity to the mouths of the rivers Dembia, Pongas, and Nunez, the islands would be an important station for trade, as the intercourse would be much more free and direct from hence than from Sierra Leone. If the islands were once regularly established, with a small military force of men of good character, and under a commandant not likely to be removed; and if a proper system of cultivation were adopted and encouraged, so as to afford a regular and constant supply of wood, water, and refreshment, to ships of the squadron which would regularly frequent them, the number of resident merchants would increase; so that they might become a depôt of African produce, and a place of considerable importance. Traders would all touch here, and deposit their cargoes, instead of running up the unhealthy rivers on the opposite pestiferous coast, subject as they now are to vexatious delays, and to the mortality of their crews from the necessity of drinking the tainted water of these streams. Above all, by making it a free port, open to all foreign vessels and merchandise, the resident British traders would become the agents of the French and Americans, who would prefer resorting here to ascending the rivers on the continent, as they now do, with their goods. The eligibility of this place as a station must depend on its local advantages; and it appears to be less exceptionable than any which has yet been tried. Wholesome water, from a pure spring, is abundant. Above sixty yards above high water-mark is a copious source, from which vessels were supplied by tubes over the rocks; and boats are filled, without landing the casks, at the rate of thirty tons per day. Fire-wood is in profusion; oranges and limes may be procured by only sending to pick and choose them; poultry may be had in any quantity; pigs are so numerous that they run about the island without seeming to belong to any particular person; excellent sheep may be bought for ten shillings each; and bullocks, in prime order, are always grazing on the pastures. Should experience realise this flattering picture, it will be highly gratifying to the friends of Africa; and one healthy and plentiful spot will, at length, be found by the English on this insalubrious coast, where they may fairly try their benevolent experiment."

Price of Slaves.—"For a man, 9 ounces, or 216 yards of cloth, or 9 rolls of tobacco, or 36 gallons of spirits, or 139 handkerchiefs. For a woman, 8 ounces, or 192 yards, or 8 rolls, or 32 gallons, or 128 handkerchiefs. For a child, 6 ounces, or 144 yards, or 6 rolls, or 24 gallons, or 96 handkerchiefs."

African Monarchs.—"The sovereignty of the coast is divided between two barbarians; one called 'King Pepel,' residing on the river Bonny, and the other 'Duke Ephraim,' on the Old Calabar. The contest for making slaves, and the opportunity of disposing of them, has excited a deadly enmity between these native ruffians, which the English cruisers avail themselves of. Whenever one of them proposes a cargo, the other immediately sends information of it to any ship of war on the coast, detailing the particulars of the cargo, and the state of forwardness for sailing; by which means many have been seized, and the envious and malignant passions of these savages made subservient to the cause of humanity. On one occasion of information of this kind, sent by King Pepel to the British, by which his rival lost his cargo, he was so exasperated that he prepared an expedition to attack him, and take vengeance for the injury and insult. He got a coffin made for Pepel, which he intended to bear before him as an ensign, and sent a messenger to apprise him of it. 'Tell Pepel,' said he, 'that I am coming, and bringing his coffin.' 'Tell Ephraim,' said the other, in reply, 'to bring the coffin, and I will put himself into it.'"

"Cemeteries in India" is a touching subject, treated with much feeling, by Miss Emma Roberts. There are only three stories, but all of them good: we like Mr. James's "Scenes from the Civil War," especially. Among the poetical varieties, we would instance Miss Jewsbury's "Dying Girl to her Mother," and "Song of a Guardian Spirit," by Mrs. Hemans. L. E. L. has been a very efficient contributor: for finish and thought, her productions here are among her best—the prose tale of "the Betrothed" is very dramatically told. We shall leave the following poem, by Mrs. Norton, to speak for itself.

"The Child of Earth.

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
'I am content to die—but, oh! not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!'

The spring hath ripened into summer-time;
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
'Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!'

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
'Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!'

The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers far and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends. 'Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!'

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
'Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!

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Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow—
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"

We now leave the book to the public favour it so well deserves. The editor amply redeems his promise of combining amusement and information; and the contents add to their individual merit the charm of variety. In these days, when appearance goes so far, we must not forget to commend the external *aspect* of the *Amulet*—it does the taste of its publishers much credit.

The Humourist; a Companion for the Christmas Fireside. By W. H. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician," &c. Embellished by eighty Engravings, designed and executed by W. H. Brooke. 12mo. pp. 300. London, 1832. Ackermann.

THE *Humourist*, at least, keeps good time. It was on the 16th of October last year that we reviewed the predecessor of this volume; and here we are on the 15th called to notice Mr. Harrison's second contribution to the amusement of the Christmas fireside. While most of the other Annuals (all, we believe, except Hood's and Miss Sheridan's) procure the co-operation of a number of popular pens, our author boldly attempts to raise the crop and reap the field of humour alone. It is sown with eighty engravings by W. H. Brooke; and the text is produced to illustrate these various and laughable designs, beginning with Emigration, and ending with a Brother of the Angle. The first represents an Irish family on the move, drawn by a single horse, and cart and horse covered with population; to which the author in his preface thus alludes: "He neither claims nor merits exemption from the common lot of authors. Like the animal in the first illustration of this Number, he has found his path an *up-hill* one; and the attempt to *draw a multitude*, with so many *conflicting* sentiments, laborious. He has had great critics on his *back*, and small ones upon his *withers*; while the *shafts* of censure have galled his sides. Could he, however—to carry the simile not farther, but back, that is to the tail of the car—dare to hope that, like the Irishman with the uplifted shilelah, he is about to *make a hit*, he should forget his past labours in the prospect of future reward."

And Mr. H. continues:—"The writer acquits himself of a duty in acknowledging the zealous co-operation of the artist to whose talents he is indebted for the embellishments,—in reference to which, it is presumed, that, whatever sentence may be passed on the literary department, the reader will say with Falstaff—

'Good Master Brooke, I desire more acquaintance of you.'"

As who does not, that is acquainted with the fertility of his fancy, and the artist-like execution of his designs?

The slender thread which connects the prose tales and poetical illustrations of the *Humourist* together, is too fine to admit of our taking our course, spider-ways, along it; and we shall therefore select two or three pieces or parts, as the fittest examples we can find of the general character and merits of the work. The opening is cheerful as its title—"Christmas."

"Thrice welcome, Christmas! maugre thine approach
Be mark'd by skies somewhat too cold and murky;
I hail thy harbinger, the Norwich coach,
Laden, inside and out, with chine and turkey,
And sausage by the fathom. Thou hast other
Attendants on thy state, in liveries rich,
Green, red, and blue, a family of which
The Humourist is but the younger brother;
Who, while transcendent many a rival shines,
Still hopes the world will smile on his *designs*;
Though some like none but China *plates*, and sigh
For that much-relished Annual, a mince pie.
And yet, mine ancient crony, 'tis with pain
I mark some members absent from thy train,
Who in good days of yore were wont to swell it.
Where is Snap-dragon? all extinguish'd—vanish'd!
Where mystic Mistletoe? unfairly banish'd,
To grace the kitchen, and I live to tell it!
Where's Blind Man's Buff? alas! this march of mind,
With all its boasted blessings, hath refined
Us out of half our former recreations!
Where is old Hunt the Slipper? with the snow
Which melted many, many years ago.
Where Forfeits, paid (I hate alliterations)
In cunning Cupid's current coinage kisses?
Dispatch'd to Coventry by modern misses.
Where are the Country Dances, once promoted
To such distinction in our revels? Voted
Old-fashion'd as the Laird of Balmawhapple.
'Cast off,' 'Poussette,' the modish belle derides,
As figures rude as Runic ones; 'Change Sides'
Is practised only in St. Stephen's Chapel.
Where is, I ask, our quondam friend the Reel,
Once footed to the liveliest of tunes?
Scorn'd e'en by shopmen as most 'ungenteel,'
And left to Highlander and Cherokee,
Who, though in most things else they disagree,
Concur in their contempt for pantaloons.
But I must quit the subject, lest, in fact, I
Become that bore, *laudator temporis acti*:
And, since the March of Intellect, the thief,
Hath left us our plum-pudding and roast beef,
Methinks 'twere scarcely wisdom to repine:
And, courteous reader, whoso'er thou art,
Gallant or lovely, mayst thou bear a part
Full oft in Christmas festivals, and thine
Be health and joy, and many a jocund meeting;
For 'tis a merry season, and in sooth
It glads the heart to see the cordial greeting
Of friend with friend, and mark the smile of youth
Reflected on the wrinkled brow of age.
Oh! could I feel that this my humble page,
When at the festive board the story lags,
When wit grows dull, and conversation flags,
Would fill the *yawning* chasm, and revive
The silenced laugh, and 'keep the game alive,'
I would not grudge my toil, nor vigils kept
By flickering taper while the world hath slept:
No, my kind public! be your smile conferr'd on
My labours, and I ask no richer guerdon."

This is succeeded by the "Cares of Corpulence," in prose; and that, in turn, by "the Zoologist," "Taming a Tartar," "the Governess," and many other sketches. From these we select "THE BILL," as a subject of the day.

"*Reform.*
We've often thought, and p'rhaps 'twill strike
The reader, the Reform Bill 's like
Our subject-plate, a waggon;
The fore-horse in the team 's a *Grey*,
And, though they're working night and day,
But heavily they drag on.

For our own parts, we never mix
In state or civic politics,
Yet wish 'the Bill' may be a
Most sov'reign cure for England's ills,
And prove, like Abernethy's pills,
A perfect panacea.

We boast no legislative powers,
But leave to wiser heads than ours
The labours for which we
Have no vocation, while we say,
Cut every rotten branch away,
But do not harm the tree.

Without pronouncing on 'the Bill,'
In praise or censure, there are still
Some things we can't help noting;
For instance, those who t'other day
Got ten pounds for their vote, will pay
Ten pounds a-year for voting.

In many a wight whose crippled toe
On cushion rests, 'the Bill' will blow
Up hope's expiring embers;
He'll soon discard his gouty shoes,
Blest'd with the liberty to choose
Another set of *members*.

The poor especially, 'tis said,
Expect 'the Bill' will cheapen bread—
We rather doubt it; still
Some reason in the hope we see,
They've heard so much concerning the
Provisions of 'the Bill.'

And, should it pass into a law,
Such wonders as the world ne'er saw
'Twill bring about, we trow;
Since it has clauses which propose,
We're told, to give a voice to those
Who have no voices now.

Thus Birmingham, for deeds in *arms*
So famed, though safe from war's alarms,
Will profit by the plan;
While Manchester, of high renown,
Will send two members up to town
By Pickford's caravan.

And Sheffield too, that shines in steel,
Its benefits will surely feel
Through all its various trades;
It needs no second sight to see
Its representatives will be
Two keen, well-temper'd *blades*.

Nay, in the 'Commons' House,' a few
Would have the colonies vote too;—
How strange 'twould be, some day,
When Parliament for bus'ness meets,
To see two members take their seats,
Return'd from Botany Bay!

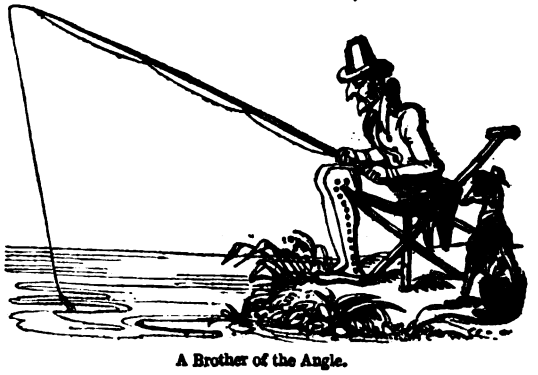
'Tis more than probable 'the Bill'
Will oust a few old members; still
There must be some who never
Can care about a *seat*, since they
Would be, could they but have their way,
Upon their *legs* for ever.

Our song is sung;—if ask'd to own
Our party, we would answer, none—
Whig, Radical, or Tory;
We rank ourselves among the friends
Of those who, scorning private ends,
Seek England's weal and glory."

We regret that the pictorial puns, as well as the prose narratives, from their fixed nature in connexion with the designs, are beyond our possibilities in the way of extract: we can only refer to them as being often very ludicrous, and indulge our readers with the exhibition of two of the engravings.



The Heir at Law.



A Brother of the Angle.

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Forget Me Not. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. Ackermann. 1832.

We have always a kindly feeling towards this pretty little volume; it was the first of these literary luxuries, and we seem to owe it a debt of gratitude. This year's is an improvement on the last, and is pleasant and varied. Mr. (or we ought to say Dr.) Croly has been, we suspect, a very effective contributor. To enumerate what, from internal evidence, we guess to be his productions, will give the best notion of their variety. "The Triumph of Mordecai;" "Don Juan and Haidee;" "Uncle Toby and the Widow;" "The Nun of San Ildefonso;" and a delightfully told romantic extravaganza, called "The Beauty lessoned into Love." "A Vision of Robert the Bruce," by a Modern Pythagorean, is clever; and the "Ordeal of Toka," by Mr. Fraser, is an interesting story, and new in its Hindoo (what shall we call them?) properties: new scenes, names, and costumes, are great attractions. We shall endeavour to curtail an original and spirited American tale, called "The White Lynx of the Long Knives," who, we should premise, is a Captain Thorndyke, a British officer remarkable for his courage and readiness of resource.

"One evening, Thorndyke's rangers were endeavouring to snatch a little repose in a temporary encampment, near the margin of the Quonektacut, in the neighbourhood of the Coos falls. The sentinels having been posted, and every necessary precaution against surprise adopted, the captain took the opportunity to stroll along the river's brink, gazing with admiration upon the wild and fresh handiwork of nature, at the same time that he kept an eagle eye on the watch for any traces of the wily foes of whom he was in pursuit. Straying farther and yet farther, he, unconsciously perhaps, followed the swift current, hurrying onward to leap the precipice at no great distance below, until he turned the spur of a rocky elevation, which came abruptly down nearly to the water, around the base of which the river took a sudden bend, and swept off in a different direction. He was at this moment startled, for an instant, by observing a little Indian boy, not exceeding eight or ten years of age, on the opposite side of the stream, amusing himself by skipping small flat stones upon its surface. His first duty was to reconnoitre, and, taking a rapid glance in every direction, he perceived that there was a small Indian lodge on the opposite side of the river, some hundred rods below; but with his glass he could also perceive that it was occupied only by a few women and children, the warriors being absent. He again turned his eye upon the savage urchin at his sport. The little fellow, after searching for and finding such small slates as his strength could master, preparatory to each successive cast of the stone, would retire a few rods, and then dart forward swiftly to the river's brink to give greater impulse to the missiles. He had not perceived the ranger, who stood watching his motions; and, becoming more intent upon his sport, and less and less circumspect as he pursued it, he at length ran forward with a stone too heavy for his little arms to wield, and, in the act of exerting his utmost force in the cast, lost his balance, and plunged headlong into the dark and rapid waters. The little savage could swim of course; and Thorndyke, in that exercise, could have matched Leander or Lord Byron. Perceiving, however, that the current was too swift and strong for the boy to master, without stopping to inquire whether he might not be perilling his life to save one who might grow up, and at some future time take his own scalp; the ranger sprang forward, and, outstripping the current a short distance, plunged intrepidly into the torrent, where the dusky little hero was struggling unappalled, though uselessly, against the stream, and happily succeeded in rescuing him from the cataract, over which he must inevitably have been swept, had he been borne along many rods further. The mother, having missed her little truant, and gone in search of him, arrived upon the river's brink just in time to witness his danger and the manner of his rescue. The agony of one moment was only exceeded by the joy of the next. Her child had been saved, but the parties were hostile, and the boy was a prisoner in the hands of a foe upon whom her people had no claim for generosity or mercy. Thorndyke perceived her doubts and the struggles passing in her mind; observing, also, a canoe that lay close under the bank, at no great distance above, he drew a white handkerchief from his pocket, and, waving it in the air, pointed to the bark, and beckoned her to come over and receive her child. Neither distrust nor danger weighed a feather against the natural affection of the mother. She reached the canoe with the fleetness of a fawn, and paddled across the stream, where she clasped her child in such an embrace as a she-bear might afford to a recreant cub. But it was an affectionate hug; and, for a few moments, she alternately scolded the little truant, and covered him with kisses. The young savage, having been rescued from a danger of which he was not conscious, cared no more for the ducking than an otter. Fixing his eyes upon a red bandanna handkerchief upon the ranger's neck, as a part of his fatigue dress, and expressing a desire for it, our hero readily gave it to him; and, for the further gratification of the child, he likewise disencumbered his watch-chain of a supernumerary trinket, which excited the young Indian's admiration. With these presents, mere trifles in themselves, yet of great value in the estimation of the savages, the gratified, if not grateful, mother returned to her own side of the stream, and the ranger lost no time in reaching his camp—balancing in his own mind the hazard he had run, in venturing so far from his brave companions, against the inward glow of satisfaction he felt in having been the instrument of essentially relieving the agony, and contributing to the happiness, even of a savage mother, by restoring to her bosom a child, to her as dear as though it had been cradled in the palace of St. James. The interview between our hero and the squaw had necessarily been brief: but the former was too close and accurate an observer not to remark that the latter was a woman of a superior cast of character. Her name was Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, or, The Red Light of the Morning. Her countenance exhibited more comeliness than is usual in her tawny race; and the whole expression of her features indicated energy, firmness, and personal intrepidity."

Soon after, Thorndyke goes on active service under General Abercrombie.

"The whole of this memorable passage of Lake Sacrament resembled more the pageant of a grand aquatic gala, or a dream of romance, than a chapter of real life. Stretching down the lake, the scenery partook of the same wild and glorious character, and every mile of the progress disclosed new objects of wonder, or presented fresh sources of delight. The tops and shaggy sides of the mountains afforded new phases with every turn, while the relative positions of the boats were changing continually, as they shot forward among the islands studding the whole distance of the lake, and hills, rocks, islands, every thing, were reflected back, fresh and beautiful as Nature had made them. It was a day of unmingled pleasure. A fine elastic breeze swept through the gorges of the mountains, serving to brace the nerves and produce a glow of good feeling, humour, and hilarity, which lasted till the setting sun. The animal spirits were often cheered and enlivened by favourite airs from the well-appointed regimental bands. Wheeling aloft with untiring wing, as if moving with, and watching over, the armament, were several noble bald eagles, whose eyries hung on the beetling crags, affording to the soldier a happy omen of victory. The bagpipes of the Highlanders would thrill every soul in the armada with the pibroch, or an expert bugleman electrify the multitude, by causing the hills and the glens to echo with the stirring notes wound from his brazen instrument. The effect of the varying and shifting movements of the barges among the islands, with their different streamers fluttering in the air, now shooting in this direction and now running in that, was exceedingly fine. Taking these movements in connexion with the nodding of plumes, the dazzling glitter of polished arms, and the flashing of the oars at every stroke, as they rose from the sparkling waters, the whole prospect was of surpassing magnificence. Gayest among the gay on this occasion was our friend Captain Thorndyke, with his spirited company of rangers, destined to act on the right flank."

He is, however, taken prisoner by the Indians and bound to a tree.

"In the hour of triumph, amidst the shouts of the victory, he could have laid down his life freely to add to the glory of his country; but to hear the retreating tread of his friends, and to be thus left behind wounded and helpless for the torture, was a situation affording but little consolation. Once, only, were his solitary reflections disturbed before the close of the action; but they were in nowise rendered agreeable. An Indian lad, too young to go out upon the war-path, but who was yet hovering on the skirts of the camp, and prowling about, snuffing blood in the breeze, like the tiger's whelp, came suddenly upon Thorndyke, with his little hatchet, or tomahawk, glittering in his hand. After gazing upon the wounded and pinioned soldier for a moment, a sudden thought seemed to dart upon the tawny stripling's mind, and, measuring by the eye a suitable distance from the tree to which the captive was bound, he prepared to throw his hatchet. It was an awful moment for our hero, and to his own mind the last. The youth raised his arm, and swiftly the hatchet hurtled through the air, striking into the trunk of the tree, within a span of the prisoner's head. The young savage then advanced, and taking his hatchet repeated the throw—the instrument whizzing by his ear, and striking a spot yet nearer to the head of the victim. In this way the lad continued his fearful experiments for a considerable length of time—sometimes striking the tree farther from his mark, and at others grazing the locks of the sensitive prisoner. Having at length amused himself sufficiently in this manner, or some other fancy, perhaps, striking his mind, the young Indian bounded off deeper into the forest; and the ranger afterwards learned that the lad had merely been practising in the art of throwing the tomahawk, and had wantonly selected his head for the mark, in default of a better, with

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a view of ascertaining how near he could come to the object without striking it. Rather a perilous experiment! thought the prisoner."

But we must shorten his many escapes, and proceed to the last.

"Distinguished captives, eminent for their deeds on the war-path, must atone for the blood they have shed, and the scalps they have taken, by the torture of fire, aggravated in every way that their ingenious tormentors can devise. The more refined and exquisite the torture, the more honourable to the victim who writhes under it; and arrangements were forthwith commenced for a great war-feast, at which the White Lynx was in this way to be particularly honoured, and all the Indians in the vicinity were summoned to attend the sanguinary rite. Nothing could exceed the wild and frantic expressions of joy manifested by the savages at having so notable a prisoner; and the preparations for the feast were made upon a scale corresponding with the importance of the event. The council of chiefs soon sat in judgment, and the day of execution was fixed. But to the prisoner delay was no reprieve, for the cruel method of his confinement made him look upon death as a welcome relief. A vast number of savages had been convened on this occasion; and all those who had suffered the loss of friends and relatives by the *Yengeese Long Knife* were especially summoned to participate in the general revenge. The preparations having been completed, the warriors came forth into the camp, horribly disfigured with black and red paint, and commenced their diabolical ceremonies, by singing their own exploits and those of their ancestors, gradually working themselves up into the most furious passion, by their yells and war-whoops, and other hideous cries; assuming menacing attitudes, and brandishing their knives and war-clubs in a manner appalling to the beholder. After a sufficient degree of excitement had by these means been produced, the prisoner was brought forth from the narrow cabin in which he had been confined, amid the shouts, and taunts, and jeers, of the savage multitude, and bound to the tree left standing in the middle of the encampment for such purposes. His body had been stripped of its clothing and blackened with divers rude and grotesque figures, according to the fancy of the artists, and the skin of a raven was placed upon his head. Had the prisoner been an Indian Sachem, he would have been required to sing his own death-song. This, if really a lion-hearted chief, he would have done with alacrity, boasting at the same time of his own prowess, and not forgetting to inform his tormentors how many of their warriors he had slain. He would likewise have mocked at every species and refinement of cruelty practised, as being nothing in comparison with the tortures which he had inflicted upon some of their own tribe. The combustibles, consisting chiefly of pitch pine-knots and dried brush-wood, had previously been provided. The prisoner having been securely bound, the work of torture commenced: his flesh was pierced with bodkins, and sharp plugs of resinous wood were driven into the wounds. These, when the fire should take hold of them, would render his sufferings more acute. A small troop of boys were likewise suffered to shoot showers of arrows at his body from a given distance. But neither the strength of their bows, nor the vigour of their arms, enabled the young archers to speed an arrow to a vital part. Indeed, it was only intended as an amusement for the lads, which would at once serve to try their skill and multiply the torments of the prisoner. During these inflictions, and numerous others, which it would be tedious to enumerate, hundreds of grim visages were fixed intently upon him, ready to raise the shout of exultation, and upbraid him with being 'a woman,' in the event of his uttering a groan, or shewing any indications of pain or fear. They were disappointed. Although his flesh often quivered with agony, as their diabolical work proceeded, yet not a sigh or a groan escaped his lips. He had been bred to the Indian wars from his youth, and, well knowing their customs and his own fate, he had steeled himself for the trial, and bore every cruelty with such unflinching fortitude, such unshrinking and unchanging composure, as to excite the admiration of his tormentors, upon whom he looked around without any other apparent emotion than a contemptuous and scornful curl of his haughty lip. These painful inflictions over, the wood for the sacrifice was piled round his body; and Thorndyke, having taken a last look upon the blue heavens above, and as much of this fair world as he could see beyond the dark circle of Indians of all ages and sexes by whom he was surrounded, was calmly expecting the moment when his body should be enveloped in the fatal sheet of fire. The torch was applied, the flames were beginning to crackle, and the smoke to curl around him, when, with a wild scream, a female rushed through the crowd, which was exultingly singing, and yelling, and dancing about the stake, and, seizing the combustibles, scattered them abroad in the twinkling of an eye. Heaving and panting with the exertion, she took from her bosom the silk handkerchief mentioned in an early part of this narrative, and, holding it aloft for an instant, drew a knife from her wampum belt, and severed the bands which bound the victim, she herself falling to the earth speechless at the same instant. The Indians, who had stood appalled at the boldness of the adventure, divined the cause at the sight of the handkerchief, well knowing its history. Their vengeance was at once disarmed, and they immediately manifested their approbation of the woman's gratitude for the preservation of her child, and the noble and resolute manner in which she had accomplished her purpose. Miskwa-bun-o-kwa, it appeared, had by some means heard that the prisoner to be executed was the generous saviour of her son at the Coos rapids, and she had run thirty miles through the woods, over brake, and bog, and fen, to save him. One moment longer, and she would have been too late. Wearied with the rapidity of her journey, and overcome with emotion, she sank exhausted to the earth the moment she had accomplished her purpose. The whole scene was now changed. Thorndyke was instantly taken into favour, and his wounds dressed—a transition in his fortunes rendered far easier by his noble bearing at the stake—and the ceremonies of the sacrifice were exchanged for those of a joyous festival. The Red Light of the Morning was a woman of high consideration among the tribe, from her extraordinary strength of character; the death-dance now gave way to the pipe-dance, which is performed in honour of strangers of distinction; and the proceedings of the day were concluded by a grand feast, for which purpose a stag and a moose-deer were roasted. The last course was the flesh of a dog, with which all the great feasts of the Indians are terminated."

We must quote a description of fire in the woods.

"Some companies of the routed army, on their passage up the lake during the preceding afternoon, had landed upon the western shore, and kindled several fires to cook their provision; and as our two voyagers now doubled Sabbath-day Point, they descried immense fires flaming high upon the lofty eminences at a distance. Those heights had once before been run over, and the timber scorched and deadened by fire; and, by a long drought, the leaves, and the fallen trees, and the scathed trunks of giant hemlocks and pines still standing, had become as combustible as tinder. From the fires kindled below by the soldiers, the consuming element had spread with great rapidity, making its way from the water's edge, and ascending from cliff to cliff to a great height. In some instances the trunks of immense trees, rearing their tops to the clouds, stood like so many huge columns, wrapped from root to crest in winding-sheets of fire. At other points the flames were running over and playing upon the broken surfaces of the rocks, and through their crevices, wherever combustibles offered, climbing, like chains linked along the ledges, to an elevation of from six to eight hundred feet. The whole western barrier of the lake was for a long distance clothed in living flame. All this fiery splendour was perfectly reflected from the bosom of the lake, now lying unruffled by a breath of air, while overhead the clouds were lighted up like a canopy of lurid red, imparting to the whole scene a degree of sublimity and terrific splendour which can better be imagined than described. Never was seen a more magnificent display of the fiery element; and the pleasure, as the flames curled up towards the heavens, or were reflected like meteors streaming across the waters, was accompanied by the consolation that, for once, while the work of destruction was in progress, not a single human habitation was exposed, or the life of a human being endangered. Wild beasts and rattlesnakes, which abounded in the mountains, were the only living sufferers by the searching element."

Mr. Harrison, Dr. Bowring, and Mr. Hood, are all that remain to be named in terms of praise; for we must confess, many of the minor stars might safely have been omitted, and never missed: all we recommend to Mr. Shoberl next year is, a little editorial cruelty.

We have no room for any poetical exemplars; but must again heartily recommend the *Forget Me Not*, as worthy not to be forgotten.

Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day Present, for Youth of both Sexes. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. London, 1832. Ackermann.

If we put out of the question a very unreasonable proportion of particularly bad poetry, the contents of this little volume are very praiseworthy. There is a charming story called "the Little Queen," by Miss Isabel Hill, who ought to have acknowledged that it is taken from the French;—she has, however, much improved on her foundation. "Ghost Stories," by the Old Sailor, are excellent both in design and execution; and we must mention with much praise "Caroline Cleveland," by Miss Mitford; "the Gentleman," also by Miss Hill; "the Little Thief," by Miss M. L. Beevor; and "the Young Artist," by Mrs. Hofland. We quote part of a pretty poem by Mary Howitt.

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"*The Humming-Bird.*

The humming-bird!—the humming-bird,
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the east,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the dusk palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree,

And in the wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower—
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet passion-flower—

Where on the mighty river-banks,
La Plate or Amazon,
The cayman, like a forest-tree,
Lies basking in the sun—

There builds her nest the humming-bird
Within the ancient wood,
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero trolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the peacock shews.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
No winter round thee lowers—
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers!"

Now, this is an exquisite specimen of poetry for children; but what child can sympathise with, for example, lines "to an Infant on the Night of its Birth?" or the allegory of "Genius and Industry?" whose moral is ridiculous—as if the one were incompatible with the other. These pages are prefaced by a lively address from Mr. Harrison.

The Winter's Wreath, for 1832. London, Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.; Smith, Liverpool.

LITERARY leisure and refined taste are the characteristics of this little volume: in it poetry seems rather an elegant amusement than an original talent, and composition just a graceful accomplishment. We have no fault to find with either style, thoughts, or feelings; all that is wanted is, something more of peculiar character. Verse abounds, but it is of that degree equally objectionable in verse, friendship, or coffee—"a cold medium." The prose is the best; and among the tales we must particularise "the Last Interview," by J. R. Chorley—a very clever Germanism; "the German Jew," the idea of which is most original, by William Howitt; and the "Envoy Extraordinary," by the Author of Selwyn. We like one of Mr. J. B. Chorley's stories so well, that we quote the *dénouement;* it is called "the Persecuted."

"The following fragment was found, by a friend, amongst the papers of T. Baynard, Esq., of —— College, after his decease in consequence of a duel." We must abridge the lively commencement, by stating that the hero's most intimate friend has been obliged to go abroad to cure a rheumatic attack—not, however, till all the pleasure of their intimacy had been destroyed by the restraint and depression of the one's complaint. Mr. Baynard, in his first vacation, consoles himself by an intimacy with his friend's family, finds them very delightful, and falls in love with one of his sisters. On his second vacation, he finds father, mother, the one daughter, and the servants, all ill with the rheumatism too: every room in the house is blockaded with screens, every door and window armed with a sandbag, to keep out the draught. However, the daughter who has escaped completes her conquest of the hero, who on being asked to take a family dinner on Christmas day, resolves also to take courage and put the important question.

"Jane looked lovelier than ever. She was beautifully dressed, and wore, for the first time, a cap; a kind of head-tire which admirably suited the character of her countenance, although her sister was pleased to flout at it most unmercifully, and called her 'grandmamma.' She was very silent during dinner; perhaps my manner, in some degree, may have betrayed my intentions; at all events, her demeanour raised my hopes. There were no guests save myself; and as Sir Thomas, although hilariously inclined, was still under regimen, we were not long in rejoining the party in the drawing-room. Eagerly did I await the departure of the tea-urn, the signal for Sir Thomas's evening nap and his lady's abstractions over Jeremy Taylor. As soon as the moment arrived, I begged for music, in order to procure a *tête-à-tête* under protection of the piano, which stood at some distance. Maria, kind soul, I am persuaded, divined my intention, and began to perform a very obstreperous sonata, while a little manœuvring placed her sister and myself in the corner, with our backs to the old couple, and apparently listening assiduously to the music. I will not, for the gratification of impertinent curiosity, reveal the particulars of our dialogue; suffice it to say, that before the conclusion of the *allegro nobile*, I was pouring forth a very torrent of insinuating whispers, while my sweet friend occupied herself in busily turning over an old music book, which, by the by, was held the wrong side uppermost. The moment was approaching—a declaration trembled on my lips, when Lady Clive called out from the fire-place, with a doleful accent, 'Jane, love, do ask Marshall to bring me my white boa. I really apprehend that the stiffness is returning to my neck.' It was a most detestable interruption! I could have stamped with choler. Jane appeared nothing loath to hide her evident agitation by a hasty flight, and did not return for some time: when she reappeared, it required some suing to win the shy little fairy back to her place in the corner. I succeeded, however, after some confusion, in resuming the theme of my discourse, and fixing Jane's attention. Again I was on the point of pronouncing the word, when the visible uneasiness of my fair listener made me pause and look around. So entirely had I been engrossed by my suit, as not to observe that the music, having gradually waxed fainter and slower, had at length wholly ceased; and I must have been announcing my partiality, for the last few minutes, as audibly as the town crier; for my voice had insensibly risen as I warmed in the subject. I shall never forget the awkwardness and mortification of that moment. Maria sat, looking wickedly mischievous, rubbing her hands, and declaring that the cold of the day had brought back the rheumatism in her fingers to such a degree, that she could positively accompany my recitations no longer. O villanous rheumatism! how bitterly did I execrate it at that moment! Had the *rondo* lasted but three minutes longer, I should have known my fate, and escaped the unutterably embarrassing situation in which both my mistress and myself were placed. To proceed further was of course out of the question: two such interruptions are more than human fortitude can endure. I sat in anger and confusion, while Maria skipped away to the fireside, and Jane began to play with great earnestness and dreadfully out of time. There was, at least, one comfort, that the ancients seemed unobservant of what had passed. Thus affairs remained throughout an air and six variations—the candles were unsnuffed, the old couple slept, and Maria appeared deeply busied with a book in the chimney corner. The moment seemed propitious. I silently approached my charmer, and feigning to turn the page, leaned over her shoulder, gently took her hand, and whispered a word in her ear, softly pressing my cheek against hers. I protest I hardly touched it; but she uttered a shriek, so acute, that it roused Sir Thomas from his doze, and brought all the family crowding round us. Alas! in the blindness of my fate, I had not wisdom to read the import of the cap which I had so much admired, as a warning. My beloved — she too had been suffering from rheumatism, and the pain, no less than the emotion provoked by my stolen caress, had led to the catastrophe. What could be said? Jane stammered out a lame explanation; laying the blame upon the candle catching her frock, &c. &c. For my part, confusion disabled me from uttering a syllable; and the rather, as Sir Thomas and his lady cast such suspicious looks, first at me and then at their daughter's heightened complexion, that I believe they inwardly charged me with the commission of some impertinence. Jane fled, and I remained a most unenviable spectacle, which I could see Maria enjoying. Mortification and surprise had entirely overthrown my self-command, and it was hopeless to attempt its recovery. I looked at my watch; the hour was late, and served me as an excuse for immediate departure. On my solitary ride homewards, serious reflections came over me, not unmingled with a kind of superstition. Was it prudent to engage myself for ever in a tie involving such consequences? There seemed to be some destiny opposing my connexion with this family. My Jane, whom I had fondly thought an exception to the general fate, she, too, was rheumatic: father, mother, brother, sister, all alike, the victims of that pestilent visitation! Hitherto I had been led by passion; my disappointment allowed reason to prevail for a moment, and the prospect before me, viewed by her light, appeared most disastrous! That night I resolved to abandon my suit. Two hard conditions attended this sacrifice. The first, injustice to a woman I tenderly loved: the other, the loss of my own happiness, which I felt could not exist without her. Nevertheless, I made the sacrifice, or rather acquiesced in a painful necessity. A further difficulty now arose in the manner to be adopted in withdrawing my particular attentions; and in meeting this process my courage quite deserted me. In a day or two, however, I summoned resolution to attempt the first step, and heavily set forth for Anley, on a morning as miserable as my own feelings. Old Daniel shook his head (*his* ague had returned) in reply to my inquiries, and said that all the family were confined to their apartments by rheumatism, which had attacked them on the morning after Christmas-day. I left my condolences, and returned vexed at the frustrated resolve which had cost so much to attain, but more than ever convinced of its propriety. A second and a third visit brought me the same tidings: time wore on, and term was approaching. My confidence in my own firmness grew weaker at each successive visit, and I determined to take leave of the family by writing. After despatching a letter to Sir Thomas, expressive of gratitude and sympathy, and containing kind adieus to his family, I packed up my portmanteau, and set forth for

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London. Thus ended my twelve-months' dream of happiness—dispersed solely by that English pestilence, rheumatism. I have lost my own, and I fear sadly wounded another's peace of mind; and still feel that I could not have acted otherwise. Virtue, intellect, beauty, gentle blood—even these were but a part of the promise destroyed by such a seeming trifle. Again I say, let no man despise small things!—P.S. I have just learned that Clive is coming back, in hot haste, to call me to account for imputed trifling with his sister's affections; so that to the previous list of distresses, I shall probably add a mortal quarrel with the man, of all others, whom I love the best."

We have not room, else we had marked a very beautiful sonnet of Dr. Bowring's for quotation; but must be content with a single specimen of the *Winter's Wreath*.

Friendship's Offering, for 1832. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

We congratulate Mr. Pringle,—for he must look with much satisfaction on the result of his editorial labours. We do not think very highly of the poetry; but his collection of tales is the best we have seen. "The Substitute," by the Author of Tales by the O'Hara Family; "the Incendiary," by Miss Mitford; "the Temptation of the Capuchins," by Derwent Conway; "the Incognita of Munich;" "the Golden-Basket-Bearer," by Mr. St. John; "the Orphan," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; "the Queen Anne's Sixpence,"—are seven as original and interesting stories as ever did credit to an Annual. If we except Mary Howitt's "Dismal Story," we must say the poems are not on a level with the prose: they are pretty enough for echoes, but are quite deficient in character of their own. "A Dream of Fairy-Land," by the editor himself, is not among his happiest efforts. The translation of "the Midnight Parade of Napoleon" gives no sort of idea of the original; and in quoting the following pieces we do it from justice, for they are too good for their companions.

Verses. By William Motherwell.

"Oh agony! keen agony,
For trusting heart to find
That vows believed were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

Oh agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour, the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

Oh agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of Fate how desolate
It may be ere it die!

Oh agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!"

"*Stanzas written in a Cathedral.* By T. K. Hervey.

How loud, amid these silent aisles,
My quiet footstep falls—
Where words, like ancient chronicles,
Are scattered o'er the walls:
A thousand phantoms seem to rise
Beneath my lightest tread,
And echoes bring me back replies
From homes that hold the dead!

Death's harvests of a thousand years
Have here been gathered in—
The vintage where the wine was tears,
The labourer was Sin:
The loftiest passions and the least
Lie sleeping side by side,
And love hath reared its staff of rest
Beside the grave of pride!

Alike o'er each, alike o'er all,
Their lone memorials wave;
The banner on the sculptured wall,
The thistle o'er the grave—
Each, herald-like, proclaims the style
And bearings of its dead;
But hangs one moral, all the while,
Above each slumbering head.

And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes by,
And touches the solemn chords
Of the harp which death has hung on high,
And fancy weaves the words:
Songs that have one unvaried tone,
Though they sing of many an age;
And tales, to which each graven stone
Is but the title-page.

The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,
The poet crush'd his lyre,
The miser left his counted hoard,
The chemist quench'd his fire;
The maiden never more steals forth
To hear her lover's lute;
And all the trumpets of the earth
In the soldier's ear are mute.

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head
Has flung his crutch aside,
And the young man gained the bridal-bed
Where Death is the young man's bride;
The mother is here whom a weary track
Led sorrowing to the tomb,
And the babe whose path from heaven, back,
Was but its mother's womb.

The moonlight sits, with her sad sweet smile,
O'er the heedless painter's rest;
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,
But it stirs not the minstrel's breast;
The mariner has no wish to roam
From his safe and silent shore,
And the weeping in the mourner's home
Is hushed for evermore.

* * * *

My heart is as an infant's still,
Though mine eyes are dim with tears;
I have this hour no fear of ill,
No grief for vanished years!—
Once more, for this wild world I set
My solitary bark;
But, like those sleepers, I shall yet
Go up into that ark!"

The last we shall quote is by Mrs. Norton.

"There is no trace of thee around,
Beloved! in this abode;
The winds sweep o'er the silent ground
Where once thy footsteps trode.
There is no shadow in the glen,
No echo on the hill;
The sun that sets shall rise again,
And find them lonely still.

And still the same wild thoughts of glee
Are bright upon each brow;
Of all who used to welcome thee,
Ah! which remembers now?
I gaze and gaze upon each fair,
And young, and joyous face,
Into their undimm'd eyes; but *there*
No thought of thee I trace.

Why then to sorrow wakes my soul?
Why springs the painful tear?
Why muse I sadly on the whole?—
I know thou hast been here:
I know thou hast, though nought remains
To tell thy presence now;
The sunset beaming through those panes
Hath lit thine eager brow.

The lonely cypress, murmuring
And bending to the breeze
(Like my worn heart, the one sad thing
The sunshine cannot please),
The wooded hill, the clear blue sky,
The small lake's placid shore—
All that I look on now, *thine* eye
Hath watched in days of yore.

O'er the smooth path, so trimly kept,
The sunny shaven green,
Where I have thought of thee and wept,
Thy wandering foot hath been.
And it was once a bliss to be
In spots where thou hadst ranged,
To wander round and dream of thee—
Ah! wherefore am I changed?

It is not that my heart hath swerved
From what it ought to be;
Oh! fondly hath that heart preserved
Each little thought of thee!
It is not that I do not love
Even more than I did then:
But that *thou* never more shalt rove
Through these sweet scenes again."

The prose tales, though short, being too long for our limits, we have been unwilling to spoil by curtailment; and content ourselves with repeating, that the best set of short stories we have this year seen are in the *Friendship's Offering*. We should notice, that the binding of this volume is particularly deserving of praise, as being at once handsome and lasting.

The Tauroboliad; or, the Sacrifice of the Constitution, a Satire. 8vo. pp. 104. London. Hatchard and Son.

The Voice of Albion, a Poem commemorative of the Crisis, &c. &c. By Henry Sewell Stokes. 8vo. pp. 171. London. Cochrane and Co.

The former of these is a high-Tory classic satire, well written, and embodying in good composition most of the arguments of the "Conservatives" against the Reformers. The latter is a red-hot diatribe on the opposite side, eulogising all that the first reviles, and reviling all that the first eulogises. Observing proofs of talent in both, we are sorry to see it expended on such a subject,—upon which parliamentary debates, pamphlets, and everlasting newspapers, fatigue the world sufficiently, without the supernumerary aid of poets.

Belgium in 1830, *a Poem.* By Rachel Robinson. Pp. 48.

Another political poem—a poem thrown away. It is strenuously in favour of the house of Nassau, and against the Belgian revolution, of which we suppose the writer was a witness.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Translated by E. Griffiths and others. Part XXX. Insecta, Part III. London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

The translators of Cuvier's great work have now advanced to the third main division of zoological science, the History of Insects. In pursuance of the plan adopted in the former volumes, they have relieved the dry scientific details of the Baron by a mass of valuable illustration collected from the writings of other naturalists; and have shewn much discrimination in selecting only such statements as are supported by sufficient evidence. The plates are executed with great fidelity; and the work continues to promise that *desideratum*—an English standard work on zoology, suited to the advanced state of the science.

A Manual of Materia Medica and Pharmacy, &c., from the French of H. M. Edwards, M.D., and P. Vavasseur, M.D. Corrected and adapted to British practice by John Davies, M.R.C.S., &c. pp. 490. London, 1831. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

An attention to arrangement is not only useful from the assistance which it affords to the memory, but also for the facilities which it gives to reference. The particular advantages of this translation, from the excellent French work of Drs. Edwards and Vavasseur (the former a countryman, well known by his various contributions to natural history, pathology, and medicine), consist in its grouping together remedies which belong naturally to the same families, and those which are endued with similar physiological properties. This arrangement is practically useful; the matter is concise, and the work will in consequence be found a valuable addition to the library of the medical pupil.

Plain Rules for improving the Health of the Delicate, &c. &c. By W. Henderson, M.D. 12mo. pp. 328. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

There have been so many plain rules to keep us in health, that it is absolutely astonishing we should ever be sick; and as for dying, it ought to be out of the question. Dr. Henderson gives us nothing new on the subject—except the account of a new specific of his own,

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which is to be had at Perth, and (he says) cures all stomach complaints.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor, &c.

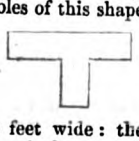
RUINS OF PALENQUE.*

April 26, 1831.

Sir,—I am desirous of communicating to the literary world, through your universally circulated *Gazette*, some idea of these antiquities, which rescue ancient America from a charge of barbarism.

These ruins extend for more than twenty miles, along the summit of the ridge which separates the country of the wild Maya Indians (included in the district of Peten) from the state of Chiapas, and must anciently have embraced a city and its suburbs. The principal buildings are erected on the most prominent heights, and to several of them, if not to all, stairs were constructed. From the hollows beneath, the steps, as well as all the vestiges which time has left, are wholly of stone and plaster.

The principal edifice I have discovered, and style the palace, is built in several squares; but the main halls, or galleries, run in a direction from the N.N.E. to the S.S.W. Allowing for the variation of the compass, which is 9° E., this position, and its perpendicular, are most exactly observed in all the edifices I have examined, be their situation what it may. This is the more remarkable, as it does not arise from the formation of streets, as no such regular communications existed betwen the houses. These are formed of galleries eight feet wide, separated by walls a yard thick, and two rows of galleries complete the building: the height of the walls to the eaves is nine feet, and thence three yards more to the top, to which the roofs incline, being covered by horizontal stones a foot wide. The chasms between the inner roofs of the two galleries were originally filled up, though containing large niches, and now universally grown over with bushes and trees. The stones, of which all the edifices are built, are about eighteen inches long, nine broad, and two thick, cemented by mortar, and gradually inclining when they form a roof, but always placed horizontally: the outside eaves are supported by large stones, which project about two feet. Doors are numerous in all the halls, and the spaces which contained the top beams are exactly preserved in the stone, though the wood-work has entirely disappeared. All the habitations must have been exceedingly dark, if the doors were of wood and kept shut; as the windows, though many, are but small circular and square perforations, and subject to no particular arrangement. Evidently the architects avoided symmetry, not from ignorance but design. Besides the niches in the roof and the windows, the walls are perforated by holes of this shape

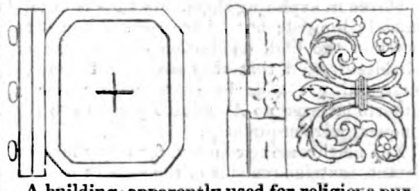


each about two feet wide: they are very frequent; and, though they completely pierce the wall, are separated in the middle by a partition of plaster: their use I cannot divine. Several holes in the walls also contain stone pillars, of from six inches to one foot high; some capable of holding the strongest animal, and others delicately small; inserted both high and low, and not always opposite one another.

The front of the palace contained five doors, lofty and wide, as in all the buildings: on each of the pillars which separate them is an erect human figure in relievo: in most of these, throughout the ruins, it is difficult to distinguish men from women, as their dress appears the same; the head adorned with high plumes, the breast and arms naked, with necklaces and bracelets, and sometimes covered by a short tippet; the middle and thighs enclosed in a wrapper, crowded with ornaments, and its ends finely worked, hanging down between the legs, which are naked, as well as the feet. Some figures are distinguished by the awkward height of their head-dress, and the unnatural horizontal projection of the bows and ends of the sash which fastens the wrapper: all the heads are in profile, and many hold long staves in their hands, headed by some undefinable objects; but no weapons are to be seen with any of the figures or basso-relievos, and none have ever been found but flint heads of arrows or lances, similar, though larger, to those used by the wild Indians at the present day. There are also some squatted figures, apparently of plebeians, with wrappers, but without any ornaments or head-dress. The sashes, &c. of several appear to have been coloured, and even much of the writing was painted.

The grand centre entrance of the palace, joining its two front galleries, and under which I have bivouacked, never had any door, and its top is circular: behind the second gallery steps descend into an inner court, and on each side of them are three gigantic busts, worked in relievo, on inclined stones. In another of the courts are the remains of a square tower, still about a 100 feet high, as its top has fallen: the steps which lead up through its interior are rectangular, and it contains a regular series of doors or windows. In one of the galleries of the palace is a sort of picture, contained on a stone of an oval shape, about two yards in diameter; the figures are in relievo, and still bear evidence of having been coloured: a female, dressed as above described, and with ear-rings, sits cross-legged on a seat or sofa, which is just large enough to hold her, and has at each end the representation of an animal's head, with a collar round the neck; a person, apparently an old woman, dressed in a tippet and wrapper, both worked like a plaid, presents on her knees, to the sitting female, a human head, adorned with a solitary tuft of feathers. *The back of the head is turned towards the lady*, who looks earnestly on it, while her expression of grief and horror is well represented,—her right hand is near her heart, and the left rests on her thigh. Some square tablets are inscribed in the upper part of the picture; the wall around is of various colours, and an inscription on the cornice overhead is painted in two horizontal rows of small square tablets. Near this is the principal entrance to the vaults, which run underneath the palace, and which I have explored by candle-light, though much annoyed by the large bats that infest all the ruins. Over this same entrance are worked, in relievo, the figure of a rabbit on one side, and an ugly human figure on the other; both surrounded by filagree work, apparently imitating boughs and feathers. The architecture of the vaults is similar to that of the buildings above ground. A female head over one of the passages, with an ornament pendent from her nose, represents grief or sleep. This circumstance, and that of the vaults containing a number of what are apparently stone couches, lead me to suppose they were used as dormitories.

The building which I name the study stands on a neighbouring and higher hill than the palace, and the ascent to it is very steep; it has five doors, each with evidence of having contained wooden frames, the pillars or walls separating them containing full-length figures of about six feet high, one of which is dressed in a petticoat reaching nearly to the ancle, and fringed at the bottom, bearing, as well as another figure, naked infants on their right arms, and not in the manner of the modern Indian women, who always set their children astride on their hips. The inside walls of the study contain three large stone quadrangles, each divided by indented lines into 240 equal compartments, about six inches square, twelve running from top to bottom, and twenty from side to side, and containing different characters in relievo. I have copied those in best preservation, of which the two following are a specimen:—the same characters appear to be very rarely repeated in the various tablets.



A building, apparently used for religious purposes, stands on a hill in the vicinity, and still higher than the preceding edifices: two galleries form its foundation; the front one occupying its whole length, the back divided into three compartments. The eastern of these has the appearance of a dungeon, though its very small entrance has no evidence of a door. The western compartment is a simple room; the centre piece also without a door; but from the pillars inserted, as already described, in the walls, I conjecture it had curtains. This room has a small chapel built within it, having a flat top: the back of the chapel, and two stone slabs, which form the front, but leave between them a wide entrance, are highly and elegantly worked in relievo. On the west stone is the representation of a man looking towards the entrance, his head adorned with boughs and feathers; a small crane is seated on one of the boughs, with a fish in its mouth; he has a tippet, trousers half-way down the thigh, bands round his calves, and a sort of boot without soles, only covering the back of the leg,—a horrid figure squatted down, with its back turned to the upright one, has no feet, but its legs terminate in a tail. The other slab contains a hideous old man, with a bough in his mouth. Opposite these two figures are stone pillars, as elsewhere observed both near the floor and higher up, to which victims or culprits may have been tied. Inside, on the back wall of the chapel, are two small human figures; the larger one placing the head of a man adorned with feathers on the top of a cross, *such a one exactly as used by Christians;* the other represents a child, both looking at the head, barefooted, with their ankles adorned; behind each of them are sets of square tablets, containing characters very neatly executed. Perhaps I am wrong in supposing this to be a chapel, and that human victims were sacrificed in it; these deeds have generally been executed in the presence of large assemblies of people; while but comparatively few could have witnessed them if done here. This might, there-

* By referring to our Literary Notices, it will be seen that we are indebted for this interesting account of a place utterly unknown to European geography and antiquities, to the Governor of the adjoining province.

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fore, have been a canopy under which magistrates sat in the administration of justice. Above all these rooms two narrow parallel walls ascend to a height of eighty feet above the ground: they are perforated by squares, and between them one ascends by projecting stones to the top, whence there is a most extensive view over the plains to the north.

About two hundred yards below the palace a limpid stream has its rise; it bursts from between the rocks, and is covered over from its source for more than a hundred yards, by a gallery which follows its bend; where the gallery ends, there is evidence of a continuation of edifices for about fifty yards more down the course of the stream: the whole appears a strange arrangement.

Not far hence is a prison on the edge of a stupendous precipice: by placing a stone over it, the captive was effectually prevented from escaping, though large windows in the edge of the precipice admitted light and an extensive view.

The whole of the ruins are now buried in a thick forest, and months might be delightfully employed in exploring them. My time is unfortunately limited; but I have seen sufficient to ascertain the high civilisation of their former inhabitants, and that they possessed the art of representing sounds by signs, with which I hitherto believed no Americans previous to the conquest were acquainted.

The neighbouring country, for many leagues distant, contains remains of the ancient labours of its people,—bridges, reservoirs, monumental inscriptions, subterraneous edifices, &c.; but this spot was evidently the capital, and none could be better chosen for the metropolis of a civilised, commercial, and extended nation; having from its elevation a most delightful temperature; behind it a still cooler region for the supply of such productions as a warmer sun does not admit of; and before it the extensive, flat, and hot regions of Tabasco and Yucatan, —the former in the more immediate neighbourhood, intersected by large, deep, and navigable rivers, which, with their innumerable ramifications and connexions with the sea, offer every facility for an immense commerce. It is strikingly remarkable, the almost exact corresponding situation of this country in the new, with that which Egypt held in the old world, placed at the junction of the northern and southern continents, with a Mediterranean sea, a delta, and an isthmus. Every thing bears testimony that these surprising people were not physically dissimilar from the present Indians; but their civilisation far surpassed that of the Mexicans and Peruvians: they must have existed long prior to the fourteenth century; since the former, who would have been their neighbours, and not deficient in enterprise and talent, would certainly otherwise have learnt from them the art of writing. I would say, that this nation was destroyed by an irruption of barbarians from the north-west, which is an additional reason for giving them a much higher antiquity than the foundation of Mexico, as long previous to that event it is known that no such irruptions had taken place.

I also presume that the Maya language is derived from them: it is still spoken by all the Indians, and even by most of the other inhabitants throughout Yucatan, the district of Peten, and the eastern part of Tabasco; the Puctunc, a slight corruption of it, is spoken in this immediate vicinity, and to the south-west, nearly as far as the Pacific. Why this original language should be more corrupted near the ancient seat of empire than in the distant provinces, is no more to be accounted for than the greater similarity of the Portuguese than the Italian to the Latin. The following words are Maya and Puctunc,—*king*, sun; *uh*, moon; *ek*, stars; *ha*, water; *kak*, fire. There is a great similarity between these languages and those spoken farther to the south throughout the state of Guatemala, particularly in numeration, which in the Puctunc is as follows, and the Maya differs but little from it;—1, humpel; 2, chapel; 3, ushpel; 4, chumpel; 5, hopel; 6, wokpel; 7, hukpel; 8, washakpel; 9, bolompel, 10, lakumpel.

With regard to the present inhabitants of these regions, the wild Indians to the south are an uncivilised and timid tribe, who occupy an immense tract of country in the interior of the continent; and the subdued Indians who inhabit the states of Chiapas and Tabasco are equally in a low scale of improvement. When asked who built these edifices, they reply, "The devil!" A pretty village, styled Palenque, and which has had the honour of giving its name to these ruins, was built about a century ago, six miles to the north-east. The longevity of its inhabitants, and the beauty of its women, prove the excellence of this climate. At a party there, a few days ago, I inquired of the priest and alcalde, as the oracles of Palenque, who they supposed were the builders of these ancient edifices. The priest shook his head, and hinted at their being antediluvian! while the alcalde stoutly affirmed that they must have been built by a colony of Spaniards prior to the conquest!!! J. G.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OPENING OF KING'S COLLEGE.

SATURDAY was an inauspicious day for this interesting ceremony. The political agitation of the moment, and the badness of the weather, conspired to deprive it of much of that *éclat* which would doubtless otherwise have attended its start into being. As it was, several hundred persons of both sexes were present in the chapel, where an appropriate and impressive sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, whose leading argument was, that education, unconnected with moral and religious instruction, was not likely to make men either virtuous or happy. There was knowledge, his lordship justly observed, which was not wisdom; which species of knowledge was the pregnant source of much evil and misery.

After the service, the Rev. W. Otter, the principal of the College, delivered a lecture on religious instruction, in which he enforced similar doctrines, and embellished his discourse with many classical and poetical quotations. It was, nevertheless, rather of the longest, after what had preceded.

The company, or congregation, then departed. Among those present we noticed the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Bristol, the Bishop of Llandaff, Lord Henley, Chief Justice Sir N. C. Tindal, Mr. Sotheby, Archdeacon Pott, Dr. Richards, &c. &c. The chapel is very plain, and rather heavy and ill lighted. The other parts of the interior we did not examine, beyond the entrance hall and staircase, the effect of which is massive and grand.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Keepsake, for 1832.

THE illustrations of the approaching volume of the *Keepsake* continue to shew the advantage which results from such publications being under the superintendence, not merely of an amateur, but of a professional man of talent and technical experience. They are exquisitely finished; and, indeed, in all respects, eminently beautiful. We think, however,—and the remark is equally applicable to several of the other Annuals,—that the infusion of landscapes is rather greater than is required by variety; and in such works, historical and poetical are undoubtedly the most valuable subjects, and those which excite the highest interest.

Presentation Plate, engraved by S. Mitan, from a drawing by H. Corbould; *Title*, engraved by C. Heath and S. Mitan, from a drawing by Stothard and Corbould. Two ornamental plates, which tastefully introduce both the literary and the graphic treasures of the volume.—*Mrs. Stanhope.* Painted by Rochard; engraved by C. Heath. A lovely head, reminding us of Milton's fine line—

"For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

Constance. Painted by Miss L. Sharpe; engraved by C. Heath. As charming a specimen of Miss Sharpe's talents as we have ever met with.—*The Champion.* Painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; engraved by F. Bacon. If a slight air of dandyism and conceit betrays itself in the knight, it is excusable when such a bewitching creature appears to be taking so lively an interest in his fate.—*Byron's Dream.* Drawn by J. D. Harding; engraved by J. T. Willmore. Mr. Willmore has most skilfully engraved Mr. Harding's fine drawing, which made so strong an impression on the public in the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours.—*The Repentance of Nineveh.* Painted by J. Martin; engraved by H. Le Keux. The sublime is Mr. Martin's peculiar province; and the present is a magnificent exemplification of the power of his imagination; representing as it does, with all that terrific depth and solemnity of effect of which he is so unrivalled a master, a countless multitude "crying mightily unto God."—*Marly.* Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by W. Miller: *St. Germain en Laye.* Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by R. Wallis. Two pleasing local views, abounding with the fascination of Mr. Turner's pencil.—*Do you remember it?* Painted by Miss L. Sharpe; engraved by C. Heath. We are filled with indignation at the vile traitor who has brought a tear into so heavenly an eye.—*Caroline Dammerel.* Painted by J. W. Wright; engraved by J. C. Edwards. An animated conversation-piece, with a powerful effect of light and shade. The expression we shall no doubt be better able to appreciate after we have read the tale of which it is the illustration.—*Isola Bella; Lago Maggiore.* Painted by C. Stanfield; engraved by J. T. Willmore. Beautiful indeed.—*The Wedding.* Painted by Miss L. Sharpe; engraved by C. Rolls. Retaining, as we do, our objection to the novel-like episode of the forsaken fair, we repeat our original commendation of this clever and interesting composition.—*Scandal.* Painted by R. Smirke, R.A.; engraved by J. Mitchell. We do not know which to admire the more; the ludicrous but powerful expression which the painter has thrown into his design, or the perspicuous and masterly manner in which the engraver has transferred that expression to his plate. It is decidedly one of the finest things in the volume.—*Interior of Zwinger Palace, Dresden.* Painted by S. Prout; engraved by W. Wallis. Of no great interest, except as exhibiting a happy management of effect.—*Good Angels.* Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by C. Rolls. Potent they must be, as well as good, to afford an adequate protection against

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so hideous and many-headed a monster.—*Therese and the Countess.* Drawn by De Veria; engraved by F. Bacon. A little affected; but ably composed, and delightfully engraved.

Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, for 1832.

When it is considered for how long a period the annual publications, of which the *Literary Souvenir* has always been one of the most distinguished, have been regularly produced, it denotes no little research and effort on the part of their editors, still to be prepared, at the appointed season, with a collection of works of art calculated to attract that general attention and to excite that general interest so indispensable to success. We are happy to say that the embellishments which we are about to notice will maintain the character acquired by their predecessors.

Allegra. Painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; engraved by W. Ensom. A lively commencement. The spice of foreign coquetry which Mr. Chalon occasionally—as, for instance, in the present case—introduces into his female figures, adds much to the raciness of their effect.—*The Supper by the Fountain.* Painted by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved by F. Engleheart. Various and extensive as are Mr. Stothard's qualifications as an artist, this is precisely the kind of subject in which he is most completely at home.—*Oberwesel, on the Rhine.* Painted by D. Roberts; engraved by E. Goodall. An exquisitely beautiful little plate. *The Right Hon. the Marchioness of Salisbury.* Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by W. Ensom. Although there is much quiet dignity in the attitude, we do not consider this to be one of Sir Thomas's happiest portraits.—*Numa in the Grotto of Egeria.* Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by C. Rolls. Worthy of Mr. Howard's classical taste and feeling.—*Going to Mass.* Painted by T. Johannot; engraved by E. Portbury. Very odd.—*Lady Jane Gray preparing for Execution.* Painted by J. Northcote, R.A.; engraved by W. Mitchell. The picture from which this charming little print has been engraved is now in the possession of Mr. Neeld, of Grosvenor Square, and is certainly one of the most satisfactory specimens of the powers possessed by Mr. Northcote when he was in the meridian of his fame.—*The Tower of London.* Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by W. Miller. And, to judge from the atmospheric volumes which surround it, undergoing a heavy bombardment.—*The Tarantella.* Painted by Montvoisin; engraved by W. Greatbatch. We are very much afraid that one of the fair dancers is about to lose her equipoise. It is a gay group, however; and Mr. Greatbatch has outdone himself in the execution of the plate.—*Vespers.* Painted by W. Boxall; engraved by W. H. Watt. A sweet little creature. May her approaching slumbers be peaceful!—*The Deveria Family.* Painted by A. Deveria; engraved by S. Sangster. We have not at present the honour of their acquaintance.—*The Arrest.* Painted by A. Johannot; engraved by C. Cooke. In this representation of the apprehension of the unfortunate Charles, the general composition and expression are much superior to the details.

Illustrations of the New Year's Gift, for 1832.

Eight pretty little prints; which we are sure will be very amusing and gratifying to the young folks to whom, with the work which they embellish, they may be presented by some affectionate or friendly hand. Our favourites are: *Red Riding Hood*, painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A., engraved by T. S. Engleheart; *Antwerp*, painted by D. Cox, engraved by R. Wallis; *The Orphans*, painted by A. Scheffer, engraved by W. Chevalier; and *The Sailor's Widow*, painted by A. Scheffer, engraved by T. S. Engleheart.

Illustrations of the Amulet, for 1832.

The embellishments of the *Amulet* have always been among the most pleasing of those which the recurrence of the season of "Annuals" has produced. In the present year they perfectly maintain their character, and some of them, indeed, are, in our opinion, superior to any which this clever publication has yet displayed.

The title is adorned with a small portrait of Lady Cawdor, engraved by C. W. Marr, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which has all the patrician marking of the features so peculiar to the lamented president.

The Death of the First-born. Painted by George Hayter; engraved by W. Greatbach. A fine historical composition, full of expression, character, and force.—*The Greek Girl.* Painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; engraved by C. Fox. We testified our admiration of this exquisite picture in our notice of the exhibition at Somerset House last year; and we can speak with equal praise of the merits of Mr. Fox's as exquisite engraving.—*Corinne.* Painted by Baron Gerard; engraved by J. Goodyear. We cannot say that we think this a happy personation of Madame de Stael's celebrated heroine.—*The Portrait.* Painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by J. H. Watt. Those who recollect—and who that saw it does not recollect?—the fascinating portrait of the equally fascinating Lady Blessington, which appeared in the exhibition some years ago, will be delighted with the fidelity and taste with which Mr. Watt has transferred it to steel.—*The Death of Eucles.* Painted by B. R. Haydon; engraved by S. Sangster. Although we could wish to see Mr. Haydon's noble and energetic picture engraved on a larger scale, and are surprised that it has not yet been so, this small plate recalls the various merits of the original as forcibly as its size will allow.—*Venice; the Embarkation.* Drawn by Clarkson Stanfield; engraved by E. Goodall. A splendid little plate. The sun absolutely gilds the distance, and glitters in the sky.—*Moonlight.* Painted by W. Boxall; engraved by C. Marr. Very original and picturesque in conception and effect.—*Sophie.* Drawn by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by J. Thomson. Graceful and lady-like.—*The Rising of the Nile.* Drawn by D. Roberts; engraved by E. Goodall. The grandeur of the composition is well suited to the vast importance, to those who form so conspicuous a part of that composition, of the event which it represents.—*The Marchioness of Londonderry and her Son.* Painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by C. Rolls. In united dignity and elegance this was certainly one of Sir Thomas's most admirable works.

A Parrot. On stone by J. W. Giles. Ackermann.

Or this publication the only notice that need be taken is in the words of the original, "Pretty, pretty Poll!"

The Launch of H.M. 84-gun Ship the Thunderer, drawn on the spot by G. B. Champion. On stone by T. S. Cooper. R. Ackermann.

This is a lively representation of a lively scene, and will grace the portfolio as a memorial of one of those events in which the British navy is much interested,—the launch of one of her mighty bulwarks in the presence of a sailor king.

The National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages; particularly of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.S.L., M.R.A.S., &c. Part XXX. Fisher, Son, and Co.

The thirtieth Number of this popular publication (for so we are perfectly justified in calling it) contains memoirs of His Highness Prince George of Cumberland, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Lieut.-General Sir Rufane Shawe Donkin. The last two contain much information, not hitherto known to the public, respecting the eminent individuals to whom they relate; the one distinguished in the field of politics, the other in that of arms; and both liberalising (if we may so express it) the main occupation of their lives by literary studies and pursuits. The most interesting memoir in the Number, however, is, without doubt, that of Prince George of Cumberland; and as we are sure our readers will be gratified to learn something of the character of this amiable young prince, we will transcribe it for our columns.

"We are well pleased to engraft variety on these memoirs, by introducing the portrait of one so young as Prince George of Cumberland; whose birth, and the high expectations which await his futurity, render him already a very interesting object to the British nation. When we have looked upon the open countenance of this fine manly boy, as we have seen him in public places, we could not help fancying how much of the destinies of England might be bound up in his character and disposition, and we felt a wish to know something of both. Presuming that similar ideas, and a like desire, may have sprung up in the public mind, we trust we are not premature in our selection, nor likely to be blamed for our endeavour to gratify a very natural curiosity. Prince George is the only child of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and Frederica-Caroline-Sophia-Alexandrina, daughter of the Grand-Duke Charles of Mecklenberg Strelitz, (widow, first of Prince Frederick Louis of Prussia, and secondly of Frederick William, Prince of Salms-Braunfels), whose marriage was solemnised on the 29th of May, 1815. On the 27th of May, 1819, Prince George was born at Berlin; but, though of foreign birth by locality, his upbringing and education have always been purely English. From infancy he was committed to the charge of an English *bonne*, or nurse—an individual, we are assured, of most exemplary conduct and excellent understanding; and it is a good sign to know, that she is still attached to her charge with all but maternal solicitude and affection. The days of mere childhood had hardly passed, when the young prince displayed a precocity of intellect and talent, which still continues to mark his progress in years. Till about the age of seven, his instruction, such as befitted these tender years, requires no particular notice. At that period, the Rev. R. W. Jelf was selected, (we believe by his late majesty,) to undertake the important trust of his education, and proceeded to the continent upon his mission. Of Mr. Jelf's learning and accomplishments to recommend him to such an office, it might be thought flattery were we to state all that we have heard; suffice it to say, that his reputation at Oxford, his manners as a gentleman, his piety as a divine, and his qualifications in every point of view,

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have the warmest testimony of the most competent and the most eminent authorities to which it is possible to defer. This choice, therefore, we consider to have been most fortunate for the prince, for his family, and for the country. During five years he has seldom been many hours absent from his pupil; and we hail it as another good omen, that the preceptor and the student should throughout all that period have preserved at once the kindest and the fittest relationship towards each other. We are assured, and for the purpose of this brief sketch we have not spared inquiry, that Prince George, in his appointed hours for daily study, is attentive, docile, and quick in apprehension, and, when his tasks are finished, peculiarly grateful for the information he has received, thanking his teacher for the boon, the value of which he has so soon learned to appreciate. This, no doubt, must endear him to Mr. Jelf; and if we are truly informed, their mutual regard is a pattern for domestic tuition. It is also highly creditable to the judgment of the august parents of this hopeful branch of our royal stem, that they never interfere with his course of education, except to approve of its manner and its fruits. There is, of course, no events in the life of a youth of twelve years of age, though born in the highest sphere, and brought up under the roof of his father, in whose family the foremost rank is (thanks to Providence) united with the continued blessing of the greatest prosperity; and the chief incident we have to record, in the memoir of Prince George, is his coming to England about three years ago. We have mentioned, that, even previous to this removal, the formation of his mind and habits had been altogether English. He spoke English from his earliest childhood; and he was always under the eye and in the care of English attendants. The patriotic wisdom and foresight of this proceeding cannot be too much commended. It has made him a prince of England, and England alone to him a native land. And this is evident in his whole behaviour, which has not the least tinge of the continent upon it, but is purely and entirely that of an intelligent and spirited English boy. We mean no narrow and prejudiced insinuation towards the youthful character in other countries; but as every nation has its peculiar customs and feelings, which are prized by the community at large, it is desirable that those destined to an influential station among them, should be familiar with their customs, and possessed of an identity with their feelings. That to the precocity of talent we have noticed, Prince George has superadded industry and application, may be concluded, when we state, that, besides his native tongue, English, he speaks French fluently and accurately, is well acquainted with the German language, and far advanced in Latin. He has recently begun the Greek; and in all the other usual studies which comprehend a solid system of liberal education, he is more forward than the generality of even clever and distinguished scholars of the same standing. In this solid system we include history, geography, arithmetic, and other pursuits connected with the sciences and useful knowledge. In all these he is proficient; and in acquiring them he has ever displayed great aptitude and readiness. Indeed, his capacity is such, that there is no subject placed before him, however difficult, which he cannot master and overcome; no point requiring acuteness and comprehension, to which, if his energies are directed, he does not bring ample abilities, and succeed in its complete investigation, with rather extraordinary facility. We have hitherto described the prince in connexion with his natural gifts and studies. It may belong also to the former to state, that his powers of conversation are uncommonly great. He is a most lively and agreeable companion; full of the gaiety of his happy age, and yet so observant as often to excite surprise by his striking remarks and comments. In his manners he is kind and condescending to every person who approaches him; and is thus a universal favourite, without being spoiled. In all those more immediately around him, he has inspired the warmest attachment; they speak with one voice in terms of affection, which could only be elicited by a deserving individual: and that he is, to employ a trite phrase, the idol of his parents, may readily be supposed. These traits of character, and their effects, we have recorded with the most delightful satisfaction. We could have nothing to tell beyond what pertains to twelve years of age; but surely it is cheering to a British bosom, to contemplate, in one so nearly allied to the British throne, so promising a union of good qualities and virtues. Our task is but brief—we have only the bud to paint; yet from the nature and noble appearance of that bud, we trust it is not too much to hope and to anticipate, that when its fruit has been gathered, some future historian may refer to this early and humble sketch, and declare, as of the Henrys, and Eugenes, and Ruperts, that it not only did not belie, but far excelled, its opening beauty, and matured into a glory and splendour which reflected a lustre upon the name of England."

The portraits, especially that of Prince George (which is from a painting by G. L. Saunders), are executed with their usual excellence.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE *LATE* CORONATION.*

THE coronation, fixed at last,
Gave carpenters delight,
Who wishing folks to see, commenced
Operations for the *sight*.

Housekeepers cried, they got no rest
For knocking, sawing, nailing;
The men made fun of their complaints,
And seats upon their *railing*.

The day arrived: through courts and lanes
Some posted postage free,
But sailors thought straight down the *Strand*
The surest road to *see*.

Soon every lamp-post near was crowned
With little dirty wags,
While old men on the pavement stood,
And praised our British *flags*.

Some gentlemen with ladies rode,
'Cause late, in hackneys there;
But coachee was not "summoned," though
He took more than the *fair*.

Seats early filled, while houses were
Well crowded in each floor,
And those who sat behind soon wished
They'd taken seats *before*.

That many were not shot that day
Does almost seem a puzzle,
For carts were crammed, and horses too
Were *loaded to the muzzle*.

'Bout ten, the grand procession moved
With slow and steady pace,
Much disappointing some who came
To see the royal *race*.

When King and Queen the Abbey reached,
While streets echoed "God saves,"
They might have thought themselves at sea,
For all the hats made *waves*.

They stayed so long, that folks endured
Great hunger for their sakes,
And could get nought to eat, although
Some seats were all on *stakes*.

Those sitting on the planks wished to
Their homes they were restored,
For here they got no dinner, though
They'd paid well for their *board*.

At length the King the Abbey left,
While wet fell in golore;
And those who'd cried "Long live the King!"
Now wished the *rain* were o'er.

As torrents fell, for carriages
Lords bawled in every quarter;
And though they weren't for *arch*-dukes meant,
These *peers* stood in the water.

This wet, of course, did speedily
The pavement folks disturb,
Who ran away, as horses would,
When they got off the *curb*.

But all these were with mud and rain
Soon drenched up to their necks,
And reached their homes, like seamen, tired
And half-drowned from their *Rex*.

B.

* We like to encourage aspiring talent, and insert the following from an anonymous correspondent, seeing as *How* he *may* make a *Hood*.—ED.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Mentor's Harp; a Collection of Moral Ballads. The Poetry by T. Haynes Bayly; the Music by T. Phillips. Goulding and D'Almaine.

WE have here eight beautiful moral cavatinas, which, with the exception of the fourth, the subject of which is from Mehul's oratorio of Joseph, are indebted for equally beautiful music to Mr. Phillips. In No. 6, the "Garden Pride," the words remind us of a pretty story by Miss Dagley. The "Nightingale and Parroquet," No. 3, and the "Minstrel," No. 5, are also great favourites with us: but the whole are sweet compositions, and belong to a species too much neglected among the light and fantastic crowds of every day's publication.

Songs of Almack's. By F. W. N. Bayley. Music by Bishop and Addison. Goulding and D'Almaine.

THIS book belongs to a new kind of musical publication, which has sprung up of late, into which personal portraits and anecdotes are introduced as the foundations for compositions, written to tunes, either forgotten or unappropriated, by popular composers. Lithographic portraits of the Queen, Countess Gower, Lady Dover, and two or three others, are the recommendations of the present work. Verses written on little scandalous incidents, whether real or imaginary, can hardly aspire to be called lyrical: and, as we have ever set our face against personalities and scandal in literature, we are forced to apply like terms of disapprobation against them under the disguise of music. We are therefore sorry to say that this is a very poor affair altogether. Mr. Bayley is capable of much better things.

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1. *When I roved a young Highlander.* 2. *Beauty's Bower.* Music by Nathan. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

THE words of the former are by Lord Byron, of the latter by Mr. Bradfield; but the style of the music is a still higher recommendation than the poetry. The ballads themselves are simple and charming; and Mr. Nathan is the only composer who gives us such airs with the important addition of orchestral accompaniments.

Original Songs. 1. *Lassie wi' the Een sae blue.* 2. *Bonnie is my Lowland Lassie; and* 3. *The Mother's Song.* Composed and arranged by a Lady. Smith, Aberdeen. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

THE lithographic printing of the music, and the embellishments, but especially the former, are so novel and admirable, that the example of lithography, as exhibited by S. Leith, of Banff, deserves the imitation of all London publishers, who desire to have their musical productions more clear and neat than they have ever hitherto been. The airs, though not very original, are sweet and agreeable; and the book is as pleasing a present of the kind as could be laid on a fair lady's table.

DRAMA.

THE GARRICK CLUB.

UNDER this name, and under the auspices of many distinguished individuals, a new club is in progress of formation, the avowed purpose of which is the promotion of all the interests of the Drama. The subscribers, of whom 200 are to constitute the original nucleus, already amount to above 150; and a meeting is to take place this day to decide upon the further regulation, &c. of the establishment. The only broad principles yet put forth are, that it is to combine all the purposes of a club with the advantages of a literary society, by bringing together the patrons of the Drama, and gentlemen who are most eminent in their respective circles. The plan is so far good, and seems entitled to warm support; but the whole must depend upon the disposition of the higher ranks who are parties to this social compact; to care in the election of all the members, so that there may be nothing to counteract their good disposition (presuming it to exist); and to the means employed for promoting the general interests of the stage. If, for example, such men as the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Lowther, and other persons of noble rank, of whom nearly a third of the club is at present composed, really and efficiently join it, so as to become the acquaintances, and possibly the friends and patrons, of meritorious dramatic writers and other men of genius, this might be a great encouragement and advantage to the latter, as well as a source of gratification, worthy of nobility and wealth, to the former. If they are to be merely nominal subscribers, the club will be no better than any other with which the town abounds. It will possess no difference of character, and can do nothing to help the Drama, in its present low and deplorable condition.

What else might be devised for this desirable end, we are not prepared to say; but something might be accomplished by engaging the fashionable world to frequent the theatres more constantly; by offering honours and rewards for the production of sterling plays; and by discountenancing either the inroads upon propriety, or the continual croppings of trash, which now prevail in this unweeded garden. If a club of this description has it in its power to cherish genius, and to check pretence, it will effect much by its own effort, and more by its example; and that such may be its laudable result we most cordially hope and desire.

THEATRES.

As is usual at the beginning of seasons, the principal novelties yet seen at the theatres are new performers, of whom there are, however, rather an unusual number; and some new casts of parts in the dramas produced. Upon many of these it is difficult to pronounce at first sight; first, on account of our being accustomed to other actors, and having formed our judgment of characters upon their original conceptions and execution of them; and, secondly, because the *débutants* labour under the disadvantage of being unaccustomed to the extent of London boards, and the fancies of London audiences. For these and other reasons, we seldom decide very peremptorily on first appearances; and are particularly disinclined to do so, when they are so plentiful as to unhinge, in some instances, all the familiar casts of favourite plays.

At Drury Lane we have had *Dominique*, by Kenney and Poole,—two riding on one horse, and yet neither of them riding behind. This version is a closer translation than any we have yet witnessed from the French piece. It is rather long, and went off heavily the first night; and though still somewhat tedious, Wallack has so improved in *Dominique*, as to carry the whole through with greater vivacity. Cooper, as *Chevalier Darcy*, supports him ably; and Mrs. Orger and Mrs. C. Jones, as the *soubrette* and the mother, display great talent, and contribute largely to the success of the entertainment.

On Tuesday, the *Country Girl* was revived; *Miss Peggy* by Miss Kenneth. In the phrase of the stage, she was ill played up to; but in spite of this material drawback, she more than confirmed the very favourable opinion we had formed of her talents. Lively without pertness, natural without vulgarity, and piquant without impudence, she acquitted herself to admiration in a part which not only requires great skill, but is rendered more trying by the recollection of perfect personation, with which it is attended. Her lolling against Moody, and her arch look into his face while Belville is kissing her hand, was delightful; and her joyous laugh and caper at Guardy's betraying that she is a girl, called forth a hearty round of applause. Miss Kenneth's person is neat; her countenance wants beauty. Mr. Balls, in *Sparkish*, was quite at home: he is a prince of fops. Mr. Andrews, as *Moody*, was not above mediocrity; *Alithea* did not raise Miss Gordon in our estimation; but Miss Chaplin, a débutant, in *Lucy*, was a very nice and smart little maid. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* were very indifferent for a theatre royal; Mr. Benson Hill being out of his line in *Belville*.

At Covent Garden, *The Inconstant* has been strongly got up, with Miss E. Tree as *Bizarre*, and Miss Taylor as *Oriana*. The *Barber of Seville* introduced a new and fine bass to us, in Mr. Reynoldson from Edinburgh, who played *Dr. Bartolo* most satisfactorily; while Mr. Wilson and Miss Inverarity were all that could be wished in *Fiorello* and *Rosina*.

The Olympic has given us *I'll be your Second*; a very lively and amusing bagatelle from "Le Temoin," which was completely successful.

VARIETIES.

Politics. — We have often said the *Literary Gazette* should have nothing to do with politics; but we consider the following, which has been impressively repeated by a contemporary, so very important at a period when a great statesman might do the country yeoman's service, that we are induced to copy it *pro bono*. There is (says our friend) "no study better suited to the training of the sagacious and analysing and generalising faculties essential to a statesman, than that of medicine."—Why have we not some doctors in parliament, to minister to the state? why not go to the College of Physicians for a new Cabinet?

Phrenology. — A letter, signed by the Edinburgh editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, reached us, and has since appeared in the *Times* newspaper, which has more room for the products of the organs of combativeness than the *Literary Gazette*. Yet had justice required our insertion of that letter, we would have made room for it; but the question it agitates is between its writer and a correspondent of the *Times*, not between him and us. *We* did not say that the infernal cruelties we reprobated were perpetrated by the Phrenologists of Edinburgh: all we did was to express our abhorrence of these atrocities, and to censure their diffusion in a journal professing to be devoted to a *science*; and so far adopting them as to ground arguments and illustrations in favour of that science upon them. We stated frankly that we had seen no No. of the journal but the one sent to us (XXIX.), which contained the second portion of these inhuman experiments; and therefore we cannot be accused of misrepresenting the fact, by whom such crimes were committed. That we copied some of these abominable details while we censured them, we acknowledge; but how else could we point the public indignation against them, their perpetrators and abettors? We have really no ill-will towards Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, or Deville: in several things they are clever men; but they have carried their hypotheses to a very foolish length, while some have got notoriety, and others made money, by means of phrenology!

Oriental Treasures. — We are informed that the collection of Mr. Marsden is at this time on sale, and that a French professor is now (or was a few days ago) in London, to treat for the purchase of it for the Royal Library at Paris. It is stated to us to be in the hands of Messrs. Hankey, the bankers.

March of Refinement.—A servant maid, in a small town in Herefordshire, last week left her situation in consequence of her being incapable of "reconciling her feelings to the—very bad grammar spoken by her mistress."—*Country Paper.*

Some Italian journals mention that a new organised being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an intermediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular being has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself along on the ground, and, instead of a head, has a flower shaped like a bell, which contains a viscous liquor. The flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of this juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portions, such as the head and the wings, are thrown out by two lower spiral openings. This vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft

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flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it delicious food.—*Morning Paper.*

The privilege of fishing in the lake of Grandlieu, near Machecoul, was formerly held by this remarkable tenure,—that the grantees were obliged, every year, to dance a new dance, and to sing a new song to a new tune, before the lord.

The vassals of the Lord of Videlou were bound to pare his nails on Christmas and Whitsun eves. They were allowed to commute this service for a present of two new-born kittens, brought in a pan, at Christmas, and for a basket of fresh grapes and a pair of scissors at Whitsuntide.

The *rochet*, in ecclesiastical costume, derives its name from a Celtic word, which in Bas-Breton signifies *chemise*.

The forest of Brecilian, where Merlin is supposed to be buried, and where the scenes of many romances are laid, is the present forest of Paimpont.

The Princess Mary of Scotland landed at Morlaix in 1548, on her way to the French court, previous to her marriage with Francis II. As her guards passed over the bridge, some confusion took place, and a cry of treason was raised. The Seigneur de Rohan, who stood by the door of her carriage, exclaimed, *Jamais Breton ne fait trahison*, and the tumult ceased. —*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Quære?—In one of the favourable opinions of the press, often quoted by publishers in the subsequent advertisements of books, and known (sometimes wrongfully, but often rightly,) by the name of puffs, we find the following compliment to the authoress of *Pin-Money*:—"The authoress has an *admirable acquaintance* with the habits, the foibles, and *the vices*, of the society she has delineated!!"—*Morning Post.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. LI. Oct.* 15.]

The Juvenile Forget Me Not (Mrs. Hall's.)—In doing justice to this Annual in our last No., we by accident passed over one of our notes, to which, in justice to our criticisms, and to our readers who depend upon them, we must now refer. It is to point out the number of typographical errors which occur in the paper entitled "the Young Traveller," which is so pleasing in itself, that we the more regret its being disfigured by errors, unfavourable to the conveyance of accurate knowledge to the young. As our copy of the book was a very early one, corrections may be inserted on a small slip of paper, as *errata*, and placed in the volumes for the public; and the future editions, which so deserving a work is sure to reach, be entirely purified of these typographical oversights.—This matter induces us to offer a remark on the multitude of inconveniences and mistakes which arise and are perpetuated by the carelessness of MSS.; and we should say almost particularly by the "new and improved systems of writing," which are held forth for the benefit of all, but especially of ladies. The letters look clear and flowing to view; but, on examination, every desideratum to a legible hand is discovered to be wanting:—the *m*'s and *n*'s are as like *w*'s, and *u*'s, and *v*'s, as they can look; the *o*'s are any thing but round, and strongly resemble *a*'s; the *f*s are undotted, the *l*s unlooped, and the *t*s unstroked. A little attention to these points would save a great deal of trouble, and prevent much confusion.

The Castle of Otranto, lately announced to form, in conjunction with the romance of Frankenstein, the forthcoming volume of the Standard Novels, is, we learn, for the present postponed; and the volume will consist of the latter story and the Ghost Seer of Schiller.

Vol. I. comprising Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, of the Family Topographer; being a compendious Account of the Ancient and Present State of the Counties of England, edited by S. Tymms.

Lieutenant-Colonel Galindo writes to us from Peten (May 16th), in Central America, with the command of which district he is intrusted, that he has just returned from a tour to the ruins of Palenque, of which he is kind enough to send us an interesting account, which will be found in our preceding columns; and he also mentions that he is preparing for publication an Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive Account of the whole of Central America; a region so little explored, as hardly to be known to the European reader. We look for this work, therefore, with impatience.

A Manual of the History of Philosophy, from the German of Tenneman, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A.; and A New Argument for the Truth of the Christian Religion, by the same Author.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Souvenir for 1832, small paper, 12*s.* in turkey morocco; large paper, 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—The New Years Gift for 1832, by Mrs. Alaric A. Watts, fcp. 8*s.* hf.-bd.—History of the Roman Hierarchies, by J. Abbott, A.B. 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Glen Moubray, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Frost's Geography and Astronomy, 12mo. 8*s.* bd.—Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 6*s.* bds.—Nimrod on Hunters, &c. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—The Amulet for 1832, turkey morocco, fcp. 12*s.*; Illustrations to do. unlettered, 2*l.* 10*s.*; lettered, 1*l.* 10*s.* in portfolio—The Juvenile Forget Me Not for 1832, fcp. morocco, 6*s.*—Valpy's Third Greek Delectus, English Notes, 8vo. 14*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Winter's Wreath for 1832, fcp. 12*s.* silk; proofs on India paper, 1*l.* 4*s.* in portfolio.—Friendship's Offering for 1832, fcp. 12*s.* stamped morocco; Illustrations to do. India paper, before letters, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; after letters, 1*l.* 1*s.*; French proofs, 15*s.* in portfolio.—The Bravo, by the Author of "the Spy," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

October.		Thermometer.			Barometer.		
Thursday..	6	From 44.	to	65.	29·69	Stationary	
Friday	7	—— 50.	—	69.	29·74	to	29·69
Saturday ..	8	—— 49.	—	60.	29·63	—	29·57
Sunday....	9	—— 46.	—	59.	29·60	—	29·66
Monday ..	10	—— 46.	—	64.	29·58	—	29·61
Tuesday ..	11	—— 48.	—	63.	29·62	—	29·66
Wednesday	12	—— 52.	—	62.	29·69	—	29·61

Prevailing wind, S.E. and S.W.

Except the 7th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain. A thunder-storm on the afternoon of the 8th, accompanied with heavy rain.

Rain fallen, ·9 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. September 1831.

Thermometer—	Highest	69·00° .. 24th.
	Lowest	36·00 ....22d.
	Mean	53·78333
Barometer—	Highest	30·00 ....16th.
	Lowest	29·07 ....30th.
	Mean	29·66533

Number of days of rain, 13.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 4·15.

Winds.—3 East—0 West—3 North—0 South—1 North-east—5 South-east—11 South-west—7 North-west.

General Observations.—The extreme of heat the same as in September last year; the minimum above those in the last three years, and the mean temperature higher than since 1828: the barometer high, but the range not so great as in the last three years. The quantity of rain more than the average, although less than last year; twice in the month, viz. on the 1st and 28th, more than an inch of rain fell in the twenty-four hours; on the night of the 28th the rain fell exceedingly heavily, attended by much thunder and lightning; thunder was also heard, and lightning seen, on the preceding evening, about eight o'clock. The evaporation 0·35 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Power of Melody is received, and is intended for insertion when our Reviews happen to be less *laden* with poetical extracts.

If G. does not stand for Goose, he has at least employed the quill of one.

To E. H. Greenhow, of North Shields, we have to answer, that the death of Wilson, the American ornithologist, took place many years ago, and has been frequently mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*. It was by a mistake in a late No. we spoke of it as a recent event—probably caused by an account of the death of Audubon, who has excited attention as a naturalist.

ERRATA.—In our remarks last week on the drama, Drury Lane, *for* "Bendesel," *read* "Brudenell," the name of the new actress; and in the Olympic, *for* "footing," *read* "fooling."

The False Step was too late for this week.

The influx of the Annuals at this season has fallen, we trust, not heavily upon our present sheet. To accommodate them, we have postponed some Reviews, &c. of sterling works; and yet we have only been able to take cursory views of these *elegancies*. We must copy a "Devil's" Impromptu upon this subject:—

The Winter's Wreath, Forget Me Nots,
And all this pretty set,
Have nearly made our *weekly* sheet
An *Annual* Gazette.

Not being so much afraid of mobs as of wet weather, we beg to say that it was only the latter which prevented our visiting Drury Lane on Thursday, to see Mr. Templeton and Miss Field in *Rosina*.

The Author of the Corn-Law Rhymes is too impatient with us: if he cannot wait till we have an opportunity of reviewing his volume, it shall be returned to him, without his troubling himself to write snappish letters.

We cannot yet answer the inquiry from Chelsea College.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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The Council have decided on the admission of the School within the walls of the University at Christmas next, when the necessary arrangements shall have been completed.

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The Studies of the Pupils were resumed after the Holydays, on the 3d inst.

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SCHOOL of PHYSIC in IRELAND.—The Professors will commence their Lectures and Hospital Attendance on Monday, the 7th of November, at the following hours:—

At 11, Dr. Crampton on Materia Medica and Pharmacy.
At 12, the Hospital will be visited by the Clinical Lecturers.
At 1, Dr. Macartney on Anatomy and Surgery.
At 2, Dr. Barker on Chemistry.
At 3, Dr. Leahy on the Practice of Medicine.
At 4, Dr. Graves on the Institutes of Medicine.

Dr. Allman's Lectures and Demonstrations on Botany will commence in the last week in April, and end before the middle of July.

The Lectures on Midwifery, by Dr. Montgomery, (Professor to the College of Physicians,) commence on the 7th of November, and will be delivered at 10 o'Clock.

The Lectures in Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany, will be delivered in Trinity College; the Lectures on Midwifery, Materia Medica, Practice of Medicine, Institutes of Medicine, and Clinical Lectures, in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital.

Clinical Lectures will be delivered on two days in the week, by Dr. Crampton and Dr. Barker.

The Summer Course of Clinical Lectures, at Sir P. Dun's, will commence the first week in May, and be continued to the end of July.

Demonstrations will be given in Trinity College, by Dr. Macartney.

Operating Pupils instructed in General and Pharmaceutic Chemistry, at the Chemical Laboratory, Trinity College.

(Signed) DAVID BEARETON, M.D.
Registrar to the College of Physicians.

26th *September*, 1831.

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No. 770. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Columbia River; or, Scenes and Adventures during a Residence of Six Years on the Western Side of the Rocky Mountains, among various Tribes of Indians hitherto unknown: together with a Journey across the American Continent. By Ross Cox. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THOUGH some time has elapsed since these strange adventures occurred, between 1811 and 1817, they are so surprising, to say the least of them, that we cannot mislike their publication at any period. The author represents himself as a trader connected with the north-west, or the Hudson Bay Company; and, having ascended and descended the Columbia river eight or nine times, wintered with the natives on its banks and on those of its tributary streams, traversed the Continent, and seen much of Indian life—his narrative is sufficiently marvellous to match with the most marvellous stories of ancient or modern travel. Suppose we at once afford a specimen of this, by extracting a portion of his account of perils and disasters during a fortnight when he happened to be separated from his companions.

"After walking and riding eight hours, I need not say we made a hearty breakfast; after which I wandered some distance along the banks of the rivulet in search of cherries, and came to a sweet little arbour formed by sumach and cherry-trees. I pulled a quantity of the fruit, and sat down in the retreat to enjoy its refreshing coolness. It was a charming spot, and on the opposite bank was a delightful wilderness of crimson haw, honeysuckles, wild roses, and currants: its resemblance to a friend's summer-house in which I had spent many happy days brought back home with all its endearing recollections; and my scattered thoughts were successively occupied with the past, the present, and the future. In this state I fell into a kind of pleasing, soothing reverie, which, joined to the morning's fatigue, gradually sealed my eyelids; and unconscious of my situation, I resigned myself to the influence of the drowsy god. But imagine my feelings when I awoke in the evening, I think it was about five o'clock, from the declining appearance of the sun! All was calm and silent as the grave. I hastened to the spot where we had breakfasted: it was vacant. I ran to the place where the men had made their fire: all, all were gone, and not a vestige of man or horse appeared in the valley. My senses almost failed me. I called out in vain in every direction, until I became hoarse; and I could no longer conceal from myself the dreadful truth that I was alone in a wild, uninhabited country, without horse or arms, and destitute of covering. Having now no resource but to ascertain the direction which the party had taken, I set about examining the ground, and at the north-east point of the valley discovered the tracks of horses' feet, which I followed for some time, and which led to a chain of small hills with a rocky, gravelly bottom, on which the hoofs made no impression. Having thus lost the tracks, I ascended the highest of the hills, from which I had an extended view of many miles around; but saw no sign of the party, or the least indication of human habitations. The evening was now closing fast, and with the approach of night a heavy dew commenced falling. The whole of my clothes consisted merely of a gingham shirt, nankeen trousers, and a pair of light leather moccasins, much worn. About an hour before breakfast, in consequence of the heat, I had taken off my coat and placed it on one of the loaded horses, intending to put it on towards the cool of the evening; and one of the men had charge of my fowling-piece. I was even without my hat; for in the agitated state of my mind on awaking, I had left it behind, and had advanced too far to think of returning for it. At some distance on my left I observed a field of high strong grass, to which I proceeded, and after pulling enough to place under and over me, I recommended myself to the Almighty, and fell asleep. During the night confused dreams of warm houses, feather beds, poisoned arrows, prickly pears, and rattle-snakes, haunted my disturbed imagination."

We do not follow his succeeding days and nights in regular order, but copy the most extraordinary incidents which he relates of them.

"I suffered much from want of water, having got during the day only two tepid and nauseous draughts from stagnant pools, which the long drought had nearly dried up. About sunset I arrived at a small stream, by the side of which I took up my quarters for the night. The dew fell heavily; but I was too much fatigued to go in quest of bark to cover me; and even had I been so inclined, the howling of the wolves would have deterred me from making the dangerous attempt. There must have been an extraordinary nursery of these animals close to the spot; for between the weak shrill cries of the young, and the more loud and dreadful howling of the old, I never expected to leave the place alive. I could not sleep. My only weapons of defence were a heap of stones and a stick. Ever and anon some more daring than others approached me. I presented the stick at them as if in the act of levelling a gun, upon which they retired, vented a few yells, advanced a little farther, and after surveying me for some time with their sharp fiery eyes, to which the partial glimpses of the moon had imparted additional ferocity, retreated into the wood. In this state of fearful agitation I passed the night; but as day-light began to break, nature asserted her supremacy, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which, to judge by the sun, I did not awake until between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 25th. My second bandages having been worn out, I was now obliged to bare my knees for fresh ones; and after tying them round my feet, and taking a copious draught from the adjoining brook for breakfast, I recommenced my joyless journey. My course was nearly north-north-east. I got no water during the day, nor any of the wild cherries. Some slight traces of men's feet, and a few old horse-tracks occasionally crossed my path: they proved that human beings sometimes at least visited that part of the country, and for a moment served to cheer my drooping spirits. About dusk, an immense-sized wolf rushed out of a thick copse a short distance from the pathway, planted himself directly before me, in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute my passage. He was not more than twenty feet from me. My situation was desperate, and as I knew that the least symptom of fear would be the signal for attack, I presented my stick, and shouted as loud as my weak voice would permit. He appeared somewhat startled, and retreated a few steps, still keeping his piercing eyes firmly fixed on me. I advanced a little, when he commenced howling in a most appalling manner; and supposing his intention was to collect a few of his comrades to assist in making an afternoon repast on my half-famished carcass, I redoubled my cries, until I had almost lost the power of utterance, at the same time calling out various names, thinking I might make it appear I was not alone. An old and a young lynx ran close past me, but did not stop. The wolf remained about fifteen minutes in the same position; but whether my wild and fearful exclamations deterred any others from joining him, I cannot say. Finding at length my determination not to flinch, and that no assistance was likely to come, he retreated into the wood, and disappeared in the surrounding gloom. The shades of night were now descending fast, when I came to a verdant spot surrounded by small trees, and full of rushes, which induced me to hope for water; but after searching for some time, I was still doomed to bitter disappointment. A shallow lake or pond had been there, which the long drought and heat had dried up. I then pulled a quantity of the rushes and spread them at the foot of a large stone, which I intended for my pillow; but as I was about throwing myself down, a rattle-snake coiled, with the head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a state of frightful oscillation, caught my eye immediately under the stone. I instantly retreated a short distance; but assuming fresh courage, soon despatched it with my stick. On examining the spot more minutely, a large cluster of them appeared under the stone, the whole of which I rooted out and destroyed. This was hardly accomplished, when upwards of a dozen snakes of different descriptions, chiefly dark brown, blue, and green, made their appearance: they were much quicker in their movements than their rattle-tailed brethren; and I could only kill a few of them. This was a peculiarly soul-trying moment. I had tasted no fruit since the morning before, and after a painful day's march under a burning sun, could not procure a drop of water to allay my feverish thirst. I was surrounded by a murderous brood of serpents and ferocious beasts of prey, and without even the consolation of knowing when such misery might have a probable ter-

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mination. I might truly say with the royal Psalmist, that 'the snares of death compassed me round about.' Having collected a fresh supply of rushes, which I spread some distance from the spot where I massacred the reptiles, I threw myself on them, and was permitted, through Divine goodness, to enjoy a night of undisturbed repose. I arose on the morning of the 26th considerably refreshed; and took a northerly course, occasionally diverging a little to the east. Several times during the day I was induced to leave the path by the appearance of rushes, which I imagined grew in the vicinity of lakes; but on reaching them my faint hopes vanished; there was no water, and I in vain essayed to extract a little moisture from them. Prickly thorns and small sharp stones added greatly to the pain of my tortured feet, and obliged me to make farther encroachments on my nether garments for fresh bandages. The want of water now rendered me extremely weak and feverish; and I had nearly abandoned all hopes of relief, when, about half-past four or five o'clock, the old pathway turned from the prairie grounds into a thickly wooded country, in an easterly direction; through which I had not advanced half a mile when I heard a noise resembling a waterfall, to which I hastened my tottering steps, and in a few minutes was delighted at arriving on the banks of a deep and narrow rivulet, which forced its way with great rapidity over some large stones that obstructed the channel. After offering up a short prayer of thanksgiving for this providential supply, I threw myself into the water, forgetful of the extreme state of exhaustion to which I was reduced: it had nearly proved fatal, for my weak frame could not withstand the strength of the current, which forced me down a short distance, until I caught the bough of an overhanging tree, by means of which I regained the shore. Here were plenty of hips and cherries; on which, with the water, I made a most delicious repast. On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity; and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep. My repose was not of long duration; for at the end of about two hours I was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had removed part of the bark covering, and was leaning over me with his snout, hesitating as to the means he should adopt to dislodge me; the narrow limits of the trunk which confined my body preventing him from making the attack with advantage. I instantly sprung up, seized my stick, and uttered a loud cry, which startled him, and caused him to recede a few steps; when he stopped, and turned about, apparently doubtful whether he would commence an attack. He determined on an assault; but feeling I had not sufficient strength to meet such an unequal enemy, I thought it prudent to retreat, and accordingly scrambled up an adjoining tree. My flight gave fresh impulse to his courage, and he commenced ascending after me. I succeeded, however, in gaining a branch, which gave me a decided advantage over him; and from which I was enabled to annoy his muzzle and claws in such a manner with my stick as effectually to check his progress. After scraping the bark some time with rage and disappointment, he gave up the task, and retired to my late dormitory, of which he took possession. The fear of falling off, in case I was overcome by sleep, induced me to make several attempts to descend; but each attempt aroused my ursine sentinel; and after many ineffectual efforts, I was obliged to remain there during the rest of the night. I fixed myself in that part of the trunk from which the principal grand branches forked, and which prevented me from falling during my fitful slumbers. On the morning of the 27th, a little after sunrise, the bear quitted the trunk, shook himself, 'cast a longing, lingering look' towards me, and slowly disappeared in search of his morning repast. After waiting some time, apprehensive of his return, I descended and resumed my journey through the woods in a north-north-east direction."

At the end of fourteen days thus pleasantly spent, the author fell in with some Indians, who treated him kindly, and conducted him to his white friends.

The next winter was passed among the Indians called Flat-heads.

"A large band (we are told) of the Flat-head warriors were encamped about the fort. They had recently returned from the buffalo country, and had revenged their defeat of the preceding year, by a signal victory over their enemies the Black-feet; several of whose warriors, with their women, they had taken prisoners. M'Millan's tobacco and stock of trading goods had been entirely expended previous to my arrival, and the Indians were much in want of ammunition, &c. My appearance, or I should rather say, the goods I brought with me, was therefore a source of great joy to both parties. The natives smoked the much-loved weed for several days successively. Our hunters killed a few mountain sheep, and I brought up a bag of flour, a bag of rice, plenty of tea and coffee, some arrow-root, and fifteen gallons of prime rum. We spent a comparatively happy Christmas, and, by the side of a blazing fire in a warm room, forgot the sufferings we endured in our dreary progress through the woods. There was, however, in the midst of our festivities, a great drawback from the pleasure we should have otherwise enjoyed. I allude to the unfortunate Black-feet who had been captured by the Flat-heads. Having been informed that they were about putting one of their prisoners to death, I went to their camp to witness the spectacle. The man was tied to a tree; after which they heated an old barrel of a gun until it became red hot, with which they burned him on the legs, thighs, neck, cheeks, and belly. They then commenced cutting the flesh from about the nails, which they pulled out, and next separated the fingers from the hand joint by joint. During the performance of these cruelties the wretched captive never winced, and instead of suing for mercy, he added fresh stimulants to their barbarous ingenuity by the most irritating reproaches, part of which our interpreter translated as follows:—'My heart is strong. You do not hurt me. You can't hurt me. You are fools. You do not know how to torture. Try it again. I don't feel any pain yet. We torture your relations a great deal better, because we make them cry out loud, like little children. You are not brave: you have small hearts, and you are always afraid to fight.' Then addressing one in particular, he said, 'It was by my arrow *you* lost *your* eye;' upon which the Flat-head darted at him, and with a knife in a moment scooped out one of his eyes; at the same time cutting the bridge of his nose nearly in two. This did not stop him: with the remaining eye he looked sternly at another, and said, 'I killed *your* brother, and I scalped your old fool of a father.' The warrior to whom this was addressed instantly sprung at him, and separated the scalp from his head. He was then about plunging a knife in his heart, until he was told by the chief to desist. The raw skull, bloody socket, and mutilated nose, now presented a horrific appearance, but by no means changed his tone of defiance. 'It was I,' said he to the chief, 'that made your wife a prisoner last fall;—we put out her eyes;—we tore out her tongue;—we treated her like a dog. Forty of our young warriors ——' The chieftain became incensed the moment his wife's name was mentioned; he seized his gun, and, before the last sentence was ended, a ball from it passed through the brave fellow's heart, and terminated his frightful sufferings. Shocking, however, as this dreadful exhibition was, it was far exceeded by the atrocious cruelties practised on the female prisoners; in which, I am sorry to say, the Flat-head women assisted with more savage fury than the men. I only witnessed part of what one wretched young woman suffered, a detail of which would be too revolting for publicity. We remonstrated against the exercise of such horrible cruelties. They replied by saying the Black-feet treated their relations in the same manner; that it was the course adopted by all red warriors; and that they could not think of giving up the gratification of their revenge to the foolish and womanish feelings of white men. * * *

"While pride, policy, ambition, self-preservation, or the love of aggrandisement, often deluges the civilised world with Christian blood; the only cause assigned by the natives of whom I write, for their perpetual warfare, is their love of buffalo. There are extensive plains to the eastward of the mountains, frequented in the summer and autumnal months by numerous herds of buffaloes. Hither the rival tribes repair to hunt those animals, that they may procure as much of their meat as will supply them until the succeeding season. In these excursions they often meet, and the most sanguinary conflicts follow. The Black-feet lay claim to all that part of the country immediately at the foot of the mountains, which is most frequented by the buffalo; and allege that the Flat-heads, by resorting thither to hunt, are intruders whom they are bound to oppose on all occasions. The latter, on the contrary, assert, that their forefathers had always claimed and exercised the right of hunting on these 'debatable lands;' and that while one of their warriors remained alive the right should not be relinquished. The consequences of these continual wars are dreadful, particularly to the Flat-heads, who, being the weaker in numbers, were generally the greater sufferers."

"The Flat-heads believe in the existence of a good and evil spirit, and consequently in a future state of rewards and punishments. They hold, that after death the good Indian goes to a country in which there will be perpetual summer; that he will meet his wife and children; that the rivers will abound with fish, and the plains with the much-loved buffalo; and that he will spend his time in hunting and fishing, free from the terrors of war, or the apprehensions of cold or famine. The bad man, they believe, will go to a place covered with eternal snow; that he will always be shivering with cold, and will see fires at a distance which he cannot enjoy, water which he cannot procure to quench his thirst, and buffalo and deer which he cannot kill to appease his hunger. An impenetrable wood, full of wolves,

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panthers, and serpents, separates these 'shrinking slaves of winter' from their fortunate brethren in the 'meadows of ease.' Their punishment is not, however, eternal, and, according to the different shades of their crimes, they are sooner or later emancipated, and permitted to join their friends in the Elysian fields. Their code of morality, although short, is comprehensive. They say that honesty, bravery, love of truth, attention to parents, obedience to their chiefs, and affection for their wives and children, are the principal virtues which entitle them to the place of happiness; while the opposite vices condemn them to that of misery. They have a curious tradition with respect to beavers. They firmly believe that these animals are a fallen race of Indians, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape; but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the powers of speech; and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals; with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months: but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking; to see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and, when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions, to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip it of its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others; and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness. Should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are therefore obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them 'lazy beaver,' and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and *prévoyance* secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the severity of winter. * * *

"They have a tradition relative to the origin of mankind, of which the following is the substance:—Man was at first created by a divinity named *Etalapass;* but he was originally imperfect. His mouth was not divided, his eyes were closed, and his hands and feet immovable; in short, he was rather a statue of flesh than a living being. A second divinity, named *Ecannum*, less powerful than *Etalapass*, but more benevolent, seeing man in this imperfect state, took pity on him, and with a sharp stone opened his mouth, unclosed his eyes, and imparted motion to his hands and feet. Not satisfied with these gifts, the compassionate deity taught mankind how to make canoes, paddles, nets, and all their domestic utensils. He also overturned rocks into the rivers, which, by obstructing the progress of the fish through the waters, enabled them to take sufficient to satisfy their wants. We observed no idols among them; and although they had some small grotesque-looking figures, carved out of wood, they seemed to pay them no respect, and often offered to barter them for trifles. Civilised countries are not exempt from superstition: it is therefore not surprising to find it exist among untutored savages. They believe that if salmon be cut cross-ways, the fishery will be unproductive, and that a famine will follow. In the summer of 1811, they at first brought but a small quantity to the people who were then building the fort. As Mr. M'Dougall knew there was no scarcity, he reproached the chiefs for furnishing such a scanty supply: they admitted the charge, but assigned as a reason their fears that the white people would cut it the unlucky way. Mr. M'Dougall promised to follow their plan, upon which they brought a tolerable good quantity, but all roasted; and which, in order to avoid displeasing them, our people were obliged to eat before sunset each day. * * *

"*Haiqua*, which I have so often mentioned, is a white round shell of extreme hardness, varying from one to four inches in length, and from three-eighths to half an inch in circumference. It is hollow, slightly curved, and tapers a little towards the ends. These shells are highly estimated, the longest being the most valuable. They are found in the neighbourhood of Nootka, and form an important article of local traffic. The Indians regulate the prices of their various articles by haiqua; a fathom of the best description being equal in value to ten good beaver-skins. The most enlightened nations are inundated with charlatans: it is therefore not surprising they should flourish among rude barbarians. Every Indian village has its quack doctor, or, as they call him, 'the strong man of medicine.' The moment a native is attacked with sickness, no matter of what description, the physician is sent for. He immediately commences operations by stretching the patient on his back; while a number of his friends and relations surround him, each carrying a long and a short stick, with which they beat time to a mournful air which the doctor chants, and in which they join at intervals. Sometimes a slave is despatched to the roof of the house, which he belabours most energetically with his drumsticks, joining at the same time with a loud voice the chorus inside. The man of medicine then kneels, and presses with all his force his two fists on the patient's stomach. The unfortunate man, tortured with the pain produced by this violent operation, utters the most piercing cries; but his voice is drowned by the doctor and the by-standers, who chant loud and louder still the mighty 'song of medicine.' At the end of each stanza the operator seizes the patient's hands, which he joins together and blows on. He thus continues alternately pressing and blowing, until a small white stone, which he had previously placed in the patient's mouth, is forced out. This he exhibits with a triumphant air to the man's relations, and, with all the confidence and pomposity of modern quackery, assures them the disease is destroyed, and that the patient must undoubtedly recover. Mr. Franchère states he has seen some of them carefully envelop the small stone, which they call the source of evil, in a piece of cedar bark, and throw it into the fire. It frequently happens that a man who might have been cured by a simple dose of medicine, is by this abominable system destroyed; but whether recovery or death be the consequence, the quack is equally recompensed."

We shall not occupy space by copying the details of Indian execution, for robbing the traders, though they are tragical enough; but notice, shortly, the various tribes in these parts, and one of their most curious customs.

"They differ little (says the author) from each other in laws, manners, or customs; and were I to make a distinction, I would say the Cathlamahs are the most tranquil, the Killymucks the most rougish, the Clatsops the most honest, and the Chinooks the most incontinent. The Chilts, a small tribe who inhabit the coast to the northward of Cape Disappointment, partake in some degree of these various qualities. The abominable custom of flattening their heads prevails among them all. Immediately after birth the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle formed like a trough, with moss under it. One end, on which the head reposes, is more elevated than the rest. A padding is then placed on the forehead with a piece of cedar-bark over it, and by means of cords passed through small holes on each side of the cradle the padding is pressed against the head. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year, and is not, I believe, attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression, is frightful, and its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. When released from this inhuman process, the head is perfectly flattened, and the upper part of it seldom exceeds an inch in thickness. It never afterwards recovers its rotundity. They deem this an essential point of beauty, and the most devoted adherent of our first Charles never entertained a stronger aversion to a *Roundhead* than these savages. They allege, as an excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads; and accordingly, every child of a bondsman, who is not adopted by the tribe, inherits not only his father's degradation, but his parental rotundity of cranium. This deformity is unredeemed by any peculiar beauty, either in features or person. The height of the men varies from five feet to five feet six inches; that of the women is generally six or eight inches less. The nose is rather flat, with distended nostrils; and a mouth, seldom closed, exposes to view an abominable set of short, dirty, irregular teeth. The limbs of the men are in general well-shaped; but the women, owing to tight ligatures which they wear on the lower part of the legs, are quite bandy, with thick ankles, and broad flat feet. They have loose hanging breasts, slit ears, and perforated noses, which, added to greasy heads, and bodies saturated with fish oil, constitute the sum total of their personal attractions. The good qualities of these Indians are few; their vices many. Industry, patience, sobriety, and ingenuity, nearly comprise the former; while in the latter may be classed, thieving, lying, incontinence, gambling, and cruelty. They are also perfect hypocrites."

We are almost tempted to quote the episode of Miss Jane Barnes, a bar-maid from Portsmouth, who accompanied an adventurer among these Indians; but we must defer aught farther for this week.

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The False Step; and the Sisters. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

Two very interesting stories. Unless internal evidence much deceives us, this author has appeared ere this before the public; and if so, we must say there has been great improvement. "The Sisters" is our favourite; it is touching, even to pain—it illustrates the old poet's words,

> "Oh! fearful thing to let one only hope
> Engross the human heart."

"The False Step" gives not the history of a divorced wife, but of her children, and the shame and sorrow visited on their innocent heads. As we have often observed, a continuous narrative is badly calculated for extract; but we think the following scene may trust to its own impression. Lindsay Bathurst has married Jeannette against his judgment, being aware of her mother's frailty, which she herself is not. Jeannette has, under particular circumstances, visited a Mrs. Grant, an old friend, despite of her husband's prohibition.

"Jeannette was almost a stranger to moral fear; but when she beheld the deep shade on Lindsay's brow, instead of the gladness that should have been there, she experienced an inward tremor that all but deprived her of the power of speaking. She was conscious of it; and, exerting herself to overcome it, her first words were—'Lindsay, I have disobeyed you—I have seen Mrs. Grant.' 'You may spare yourself the trouble of confession, Jeannette: I know it already.' 'I wished you to do so; but I had hoped you would have heard it first from me.' 'It is of little consequence from whom we learn that which is beyond remedy. You can never, Jeannette, make amends for this one act of disobedience. I had such powerful reasons for what I asked.' 'You should then have revealed them to me, Lindsay.' 'I could not—Matilda knows I could not. She knows too, Jeannette, that you are the last woman in the world that ought to risk an imprudent or a thoughtless action.' Matilda looked imploringly at Lindsay, to warn him that he was on dangerous ground. In vain: he continued—'The very last! Jeannette, you know not what you have done!' Jeannette felt she was over-blamed, and her repentance consequently decreased. In a very different tone and opposite spirit to what she had hitherto spoken, she replied—'This is cruel! You assume a rigour that you cannot feel. What I have done is neither morally nor religiously wrong.' '*Assume!* Would to Heaven that what I now feel were only assumed! Jeannette, if you attempt to justify what you have done, you will drive me to madness.' Jeannette paused before replying. She saw that her husband's feelings were strongly excited, and she was conscious that her own were also; she had therefore some check on her expressions, but not a sufficient one.' 'You are unjust to me, Lindsay. You give me a command, which I am induced by *very* peculiar circumstances to transgress. Your reasons for issuing that command you do not reaval to me, and yet you ungenerously reproach me with their force. This, in another, I should call tyrannical.' Matilda gently approached her, and whispered, 'Hush, hush! Jannette.' 'No, my dear Matilda, I must now speak. What concealments have I ever had from him? Let Lindsay now give me those reasons of which he has only hitherto spoken darkly: let me hear why I am the *last* woman in England who should venture to risk her reputation.' Her cheek glowed with indignation as she spoke; and she looked at Lindsay fixedly, awaiting his reply. Lindsay returned that look, and exclaiming suddenly, 'Must it be!' continued: 'Then, Jeannette, hear me; but remember, always remember, that this is of your own seeking.' Jeannette fearlessly confronted his gaze; and Lindsay, scarcely pausing, proceeded: 'Jeannette, your mother's name was once on the public lip what Mrs. Grant's is now.' 'My mother! Lindsay. Oh, you mock me!—you do not, you cannot think it true.' 'I know it to be so.' They were the last words he spoke in anger. He had no sooner uttered them than he trembled with apprehension at what he had done. Jeannette listened; then turning to Matilda, said: 'Do not you, my sister, contradict him?' Matilda threw her arms around her, and, in the lowest whisper, breathed—'I cannot.' Jeannette stood as if transfixed by the intensity of her surprise, and she once more said with vehemence—'It is not true!' But the sentence had no sooner escaped her than the truth she had so boldly denied with her lips fell upon her heart with a conviction almost freed from doubt. Past events, once enveloped in mystery, as their solution was thus first presented to her, rushed upon her mind with the celerity and destructiveness of a whirlwind. At one 'fell swoop' they swept from her heart every past and present delight, every strong affection, every enjoyment of memory, every darling vision of hope: yet with the delirium of extreme wretchedness, she strove awhile to escape from the shock of conviction. She threw herself at Lindsay's feet, and implored him, as he loved her, to recall his words. When she asked him to do so, he would gladly, if it had been possible, have surrendered existence itself to have recalled the last few minutes of his life. She said, 'Speak to me!—speak to me!' in accents that pierced him to the soul; but he could not. The strong-built, powerful Lindsay had not at that moment the strength of his infant. A long, painful, and oppressive silence followed—a silence that often afterwards recurred to the memories of each. Lindsay was the first to break it. 'Jeannette,' he said, in the low and thrilling tone he had used when first he ventured so to call her; but it was all he uttered—he could not speak his purpose. It was sufficient to rouse her from the stupor of grief into which she had sunk, or, rather, it called forth the outward demonstration of that sorrow which could not speak. Jeannette met Lindsay as he approached her, and throwing her arms around him, wept long and passionately on his bosom. No upbraidings could have moved him so deeply: he felt, and he felt truly, that all feeling of unkindness towards him had merged in the one terrible affliction with which he had so unhappily made her acquainted. He felt, too, that the repentance already awakened within him was as useless, as unavailing, as the bitterness of her innocent sorrow. He kissed her pale forehead, and his tears fell in torrents over her. She returned those kisses with fervency: he hoped and thought he was forgiven; and so he would have been, if it had been a question of forgiveness. Resentment lives on the surface only of the heart, not in its depths. No human being, suffering as Jeannette then suffered, could feel anger: she knew well that her grief could never end, but all beside was peace."

There is an acute observation, which we must quote. "It is a great advantage to be spoken ill of, though men in general do not so consider it."

It is a curious custom, that of antedating books; this one is marked 1832. Ah! we are in a great hurry to get over the few days we have to live!

Memoirs of celebrated Female Sovereigns. By Mrs. Jameson, authoress of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THE preface sets out by saying, it is "the intention of this work to present, in a small compass, and at one view, an idea of the influence which a female government has had, *generally*, on men and nations, and of the influence which the possession of power has had *individually* on the female character." Now it must not be supposed, from this, that Mrs. Jameson has gone into the philosophy of petticoat government, (strangely so called when ladies wear the * * * inexpressibles), as it is practised on the smaller family and social scheme: no, her work refers to crowned female heads, from Semiramis to Catherine II.; and she has presented her readers with very interesting historical views of the lives of Cleopatra, Zenobia, the two Joannas of Naples, Isabella of Castile, Mary of Scotland, and her too potent rival Elizabeth of England, Christina of Sweden, our Queen Anne, and Maria Theresa, besides the two of Assyria and Russia whom we have already mentioned.

As we like female opinion, and especially coming from so clever a woman as the authoress of the *Diary of an Ennuyée*, upon female politics and freemasonry, we must quote the following remarks from the preface:

"There may be a difference of opinion as to whether women ought, or ought not, to be intrusted with the executive government of a country; but if, in a very complicated and artificial system of society, the rule of a woman be tolerated or legalised as a necessary evil, for the purpose of avoiding worse evils arising from a disputed succession and civil commotions,—then it remains a question how far the feminine character may be so modified by education, as to render its inseparable defects as little injurious to society, and its peculiar virtues as little hurtful to herself, as possible. Women, in possession of power, are so sensible of their inherent weakness, that they are always in extremes. Hence, among the most arbitrary governments recorded are those of women. They substitute for the dominion of that superior strength, mental and physical, which belongs to the other sex, and with which should rest 'all lawful rule and right supremacy,' the mere force of *will*; and call that *power* which is founded in weakness. Christina of Sweden has left a memorable sentence under her own royal hand, which may serve as a commentary on the threadbare adage, 'when women reign, men govern.'"

After quoting Christina's letter to Bonvisi, Mrs. J. adds:

"Ludicrous as this may sound in so many words, we have here the true feminine idea of empire,—viz. the privilege of saying *je le veux:* and, however modified by the character of the individual,—however dissembled—for all had not the frank audacity of Christina,—we may trace the same feeling, the same principle of action, in every woman who has either inherited power, or achieved political greatness; and not more in the acute Elizabeth, and the haughty energetic Catherine, than in the stupid, heartless Anne, and the amiable Maria Theresa. On the whole, it seems indisputable that the experiments hitherto made in the way of female government, have been signally unfortunate; and that women called to empire have

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been, in most cases, conspicuously unhappy or criminal. So that, were we to judge by the past, it might be decided at once, that the power which belongs to us, as a sex, is not properly, or naturally, that of the sceptre or the sword."

Able as these volumes are, it is a matter of much difficulty to extract from them any separate passages which can convey an adequate notion of their judicious and impartial character, or of the skill and talent with which they are written. We can only say, that every narrative is most interesting, and that a work of the kind equally agreeable to old or young could hardly be produced. At the close of the memoir of Mary, the unhappy Queen of the Scots, we find a concise parallel, however, which will afford some idea of Mrs. Jameson's style and manner.

"The striking similarity between the character and fate of Mary of Scotland and Joanna of Naples, has frequently been alluded to; but the parallel has never, I believe, been closely and regularly drawn, and it presents a series of very curious coincidences. Both were from their birth destined to a throne,—both were called to reign in early youth,—both were highly and equally gifted by nature, in mind and in person,—both beautiful, and even resembling each other in the character of beauty attributed to each,—both were remarkable for a love of pleasure, a taste for magnificence, and an early predilection for literature and learned men. If Mary was the most accomplished of the two, it was because she lived in more favourable times, and her education took place under more favourable auspices. She loved poetry, and patronised Ronsard, the best poet of his time. The court of Joanna was graced by Petrarch, one of the greatest poets of any age. Joanna left many monuments of her splendid taste; for she had enjoyed, in the midst of tumults and reverses, some intervals of tranquillity, and reigned thirty years. Mary's short and unquiet reign did not permit her to leave any lasting memorials of her splendour or her beneficence, and what she might or would have done must be left to conjecture. Mary and Joanna were both married in their infancy, and without their own choice, to men far inferior to themselves, both in mental powers and personal accomplishments. Andreas of Hungary was brought to Naples to be educated with his future bride; and Mary was sent to Paris to be educated with her future husband. According to some historians, Andreas appears to have greatly resembled Francis in his disposition: they describe him as timid, deficient in intellect, but good-natured and affectionate: according to other writers, he united all the deficiencies of Francis to all the vices of Darnley. Both queens have been accused as accessary to a husband's murder, under circumstances nearly similar, and on very uncertain and contradictory evidence. The marriage of Joanna with Louis of Taranto, who had been suspected of conspiracy against her former husband, had nearly proved as fatal in its consequences as Mary's union with Bothwell, and exposed her to the same dishonourable imputations. The marriage of Joanna with Louis caused a rebellion among her subjects, and her own banishment from her kingdom for several years: Mary's precipitate union with Bothwell likewise gave her subjects an excuse for rebellion, and banished her from her kingdom for ever. Louis of Hungary, with his open violence and secret treachery, his ceaseless machinations and deadly irreconcilable hatred, played the same part in the history of Joanna that Elizabeth enacted in that of Mary. There is reason to imagine that the idea of the black banner, painted with the murder of Darnley, which Mary's rebel subjects paraded before her eyes at Carberry Hill, was suggested by the terrific banner of the King of Hungary, borne before him when he invaded Naples, and on which was represented the murder of Andreas: the coincidence would otherwise be almost incredible. The state of Naples in the reign of Joanna, the power and ferocity of the feudal barons, the uncivilised condition and factious spirit of the populace, remind us strongly of the situation of Scotland when Mary succeeded to her hereditary crown; and both Joanna and Mary, as women, appear to have been strangely misplaced in the barbarous times in which they lived. Mary, a queen, in her own capital, saw David Rizzio stabbed almost before her eyes, powerless to save him. Joanna, in her own palace, beheld her seneschal, her nurse Philippa, and her friend Sancha, dragged from her side to perish in tortures. In both instances it happened that these circumstances of horror took place when Mary and Joanna were each on the point of becoming a mother; in both instances their condition, their entreaties, and their tears, failed to procure either forbearance or compassion from the savages who outraged them. But by far the most striking coincidence, is the similarity in character, conduct, and fate, between the Earl of Murray and Charles of Durazzo: both were remarkable for talents and accomplishments, equally skilled in war, in policy, and intrigue; both were valiant, crafty, ambitious. Murray was the brother of Queen Mary, had been distinguished by her with boundless confidence and affection, and in the beginning of her reign had been loaded with benefits, and promoted to offices of the highest trust and power. Joanna had taken Charles of Durazzo under her protection when an orphan, had adopted and cherished him as a son, and married him to her heiress. Murray plotted with Elizabeth to dethrone his sister and sovereign, and built his power on her ruin; Durazzo, with treachery and ingratitude yet more flagitious and detestable, joined with Louis of Hungary, and first dethroned, then murdered his benefactress. Within a short time afterwards, Durazzo was himself murdered by a woman; and Murray, within a few years after his accession to power, perished, if not by the hand or act of a woman, yet the wrongs of a woman inspired and armed his assassin. Both Mary and Joanna owed their chief troubles and final ruin to a religious schism; they both refused in their latter years to purchase freedom and life by relinquishing their regal dignity; both died in prison, and by violence. The imprisonment of Mary was long and cruel, and a sore trial of her fortitude. On the other hand, the captivity of Joanna was short, but her death horrible to the imagination,—mysterious, frightful, unseen, unpitied, and executed by vile hands. She perished as a victim; Mary, like a martyr: by vile hands indeed, and viler practice; but with friendly hearts near her, and all Europe looking on to admire, to applaud, and to bewail her."

The life of Christina is, though the materials are all so well known, a very excellent piece of biography; and, at the risk of repetition, we will conclude our review with a quotation from it—for though the facts may be familiar, they are so well told as to possess uncommon attraction.

"Clement X. died in 1676: her intrigues in favour of Cardinal Conti were again unsuccessful, and the choice of the conclave fell on Cardinal Odeschalchi, (Pope Innocent XI.), an old man, whose plain, firm good sense, and simplicity of character, were not to be dazzled by Christina's accomplishments, nor discomposed by her eccentricities. During his pontificate, she became involved in some disputes with the papal court, which will farther illustrate her character. It appears that certain privileges and immunities had long been extended to the retinues of the foreign ambassadors at Rome, and these, instead of being confined to their own families and residences, at length extended to the immediate neighbourhood, so that there were, in fact, two-thirds of the city in which it was contrary to etiquette to arrest a criminal. The various abuses to which this state of things naturally led, became at length intolerable. The pope would no longer allow his jurisdiction to be circumscribed, and the laws defied under his eyes, and in his own capital. The King of Spain and the Emperor yielded to his remonstrances. The King of France, after a long resistance, and many disputes, at length gave way. Christina, in a very sensible letter to the pope, resigned her privileges to a certain extent; her residence, and the persons of her suite, being, of course, considered as sacred and inviolable. But the affair did not end here. A man, convicted of some offence, was seized by the sbirris: as they were driving him with blows through the streets, he escaped, and ran to take shelter in a stable attached to the palace of the queen. It was locked; but he seized upon the staple, or chain, of the door with such force, that no efforts of the sbirri could tear him away; they put a cord round his neck, and still, with the courage or the obstinacy of despair, he kept his hold, though on the brink of strangulation. Christina was at this moment in her chapel, and a multitude had gathered round her palace; the noise of the affray, the shouts, cries, and imprecations of the populace, reached her. She no sooner learned the cause, than she ordered Landini, the captain of her guards, and another of her attendants, to rescue the man, and to cut down the officers of justice if they resisted; the cowardly sbirri fell on their knees, and at once resigned their prisoner, who was carried off amid shouts of 'Viva la regina!' and placed in safety. The queen loudly complained of the insult offered to her dignity, in attempting to arrest a man within the precincts of her palace. The pope as loudly insisted on the insult offered to his authority; and his treasurer demanded that Landini and his companion should be immediately delivered up to justice. The queen replied to the treasurer in these words, under her own hand.*

"'To dishonour yourself and your master, is then termed justice in your tribunal? I pity and despise you, now; but shall pity you much more when you become cardinal. Take my word, that those whom you have condemned to death, shall live, if it please God, some time longer; and if they should die by any other hand than his, they shall not fall alone.

'CHRISTINA ALESSANDRA.

'From my palace, this 24th July, 1687.'

"Meantime she armed her suite, protected her attendants, who, in fact, had only acted by her orders, and openly braved the pope; being in every thing supported and abetted by the French ambassador, with whom she now made common cause against the papal government.

* This letter has become celebrated for its energetic brevity: the original is in Italian.

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The Cardinal Albani endeavoured in vain to bring the royal Amazon to reason; he reminded her, that he whom she thus defied was the pope. 'And what if he be a pope?' replied Christina; 'I will make him know that I am a queen.' The straightforward old pope, without being in the slightest degree discomposed by her violence and imperial airs, maintained an imperturbable *sang froid*. One very warm day that she had paraded the streets with her armed servants, including the two who had been denounced, the pope sent her a present of some exquisite fruit from his garden on the Monte Cavallo, accompanied by a polite message. She thanked him, but added, 'Do not let the pope imagine that he can lull me to sleep with his feigned courtesies!' When this was repeated to the pope, he merely shrugged up his shoulders, and observed, 'è donna!'—'tis a woman!' Considering to whom he applied the expression, he could not have used a more insulting term of contempt; Christina, accordingly, was furious: she compared herself to Cæsar among the pirates. The pope, driven to harsh measures, and determined to carry his point, excommunicated the French ambassador (Lavardin), and withdrew the pension of 12,000 ducats which Christina had hitherto enjoyed. 'Tell him,' said she, in answer to this notification, 'that I have accepted his benefits as a penance inflicted on me by the hand of God, and I thank him for having removed from me such a subject of shame and humiliation.' This contention with the pope served to amuse and excite her during the remainder of her life. She was now about sixty, and her health began to decline. She told Burnet in 1687 that she considered herself as 'one of the *antiquities* of Rome,' and by all others she was certainly regarded as one of its greatest curiosities. A traveller, who was introduced to her at this period, has left us a very graphic description of her person and dress. She had discarded the doublet 'couleur de flamme,' the black wig 'bien poudrée,' and the laced cravat with its knot of scarlet ribands; and her attire, though scarcely more becoming to her sex, was rather more suitable to her age. She was usually habited in a coat or vest of black satin, reaching almost to the knees, and buttoned down the front; under this a very short petticoat. Her own light brown hair, once so beautiful and luxuriant, was cut short and combed up so as to stand on end, without covering or ornament. She was very short, fat, and round; her voice, her features, and her complexion, were completely masculine, and had ceased to be in any respect agreeable. Her eyes, however, retained their brilliance, and 'her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes.' Her manners, whenever she chose, were winning. She kept up a splendid court, received strangers affably, and conversed with the utmost freedom."*

"The property Christina left at her death was estimated at about 500,000*l.* of our money. Her cabinet of medals and antiques, which was the finest in the world, was purchased by the Odeschalchi family: her magnificent collection of books and MSS. was purchased by Alexander VIII. and now forms part of the library of the Vatican. It appears that, while in Italy, she cultivated a real taste for art; her gallery contained some of the most splendid works of the Italian masters. The greatest part of these were purchased by the Regent Duke of Orleans, and on the dispersion of his gallery, after the Revolution, found their way to England. Her passion for medals was a kind of mania: she entertained the design of giving the history of her life in a series of medals, and about one hundred were engraved at different times: the subjects and inscriptions were generally her own invention, and stamped with her peculiar character. The last of these medals, struck in 1689, bears the head of the Queen on one side, and on the reverse a bird of Paradise, soaring far above the land, the sea, and the clouds, with the inscription in Italian, 'Libero io nacqui, e vissi, e morrò sciolto'—'I was born, have lived, and will die free.' * *

"Among the sayings of Christina, a few are worth remarking, either for their truth, or as characteristic of the woman. 'Fools,' she was accustomed to say, 'are more to be feared than the wicked.' 'Whatever is false, is ridiculous.' 'There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, which is reserved for great minds alone.' 'We should never speak of ourselves either good or evil.' This was a maxim which she was continually violating in her own person; she appears to have been the greatest egotist extant (for a female). 'To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.' 'We read for instruction, for correction, and for consolation.' 'There is a star above us, which unites souls of the first order, though worlds and ages separate them.' 'Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.' 'We grow old more through indolence than through age.' 'The Salique law which excludes women from the throne, is a just and a wise law.' 'Cruelty is the result of baseness and of cowardice.' 'To speak truth, and to do good, is to resemble, in some sort, the Deity we worship.' 'This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.' There are several anecdotes related of Christina, which I do not find under any particular date, and which may, therefore, be inserted here. When Michael Dahl, a Swedish painter, who was afterwards in the service of William III., visited Rome, he was employed to paint a portrait of Christina. One day, while she was sitting to him, she asked him what he intended to put in her hand. 'A fan, please your majesty.' 'A fan!' exclaimed Christina starting up, with a tremendous oath; 'a fan!—A lion, man! a lion is fitter for the Queen of Sweden!' Once as she was looking with evident admiration at Bernini's statue of Truth, a cardinal *bel esprit*, who was standing by, exclaimed, with an air of gallantry, 'Heaven be praised that your majesty so much admires truth, a thing which so few princes can even tolerate!' 'No wonder,' replied the queen instantly, 'all truths are not of marble!' (*Je le crois bien—c'est que toutes les vérités ne sont pas de marbre.*) A manuscript volume containing an account of her conversion from Lutheranism to Popery, having been sent to her, she wrote a few words on the back of it, which have since passed into a proverb, and may well be applied to the principal actors on many other occasions:—'Chi lo sa, non scrive; chi lo scrive, non sa;'—'the person who knows all about it, does not write; and the writer knows nothing of the matter.' One day that she was laughing and talking very loud during the celebration of the mass, the pope, as a gentle hint, sent her his own rosary, and desired her to make use of it. 'Non miga voglio essere un' Catolica da bacchettone!' exclaimed Christina, making use of a strong, but rather vulgar expression, which signifies that she had not become a Catholic to tell her beads."

We most heartily recommend this work to our readers.

A Treatise on the Comparative Geography of Western Asia. Accompanied with an Atlas of Maps. By the late Major James Rennell, F.R.S. L. and E. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Rivington.

It is difficult at once to do justice to the extent of the present work, or honour to the dignity of the subject. The tract chosen of the territory situated between India and Europe contains almost the entire scene of ancient military history in Asia, from the early period of the Trojan war, and the splendid conquests of Cyrus, to the contests of the Romans with the Gauls, the Seleucidæ, and Mithridates; and it is one of the most interesting portions of the great continent in respect to its history and antiquities.

At the same time—from the paucity of data, both as far as regarded the astronomical bearings of places, the geodesical determination of distances, and the errors which have grown up and been sanctioned by time and authority—it presented difficulties in the way of geographical inquiry, over which nothing but the critical acumen of Rennell, supported by a strong natural bent of mind, and the high munificence and protection of majesty, could have triumphed.

In the construction of this Atlas, it will be easily understood that every thing that could be turned to account, every notice, travel, or observation, that could aid the purposes of geographical inquiry, have obtained the sedulous attention of the author; and the collection of these various materials, with their application to the uses of geography, the illustration of the great expeditions of antiquity, and the history of former times, comprise the general objects of the work, which can only be said to contain a portion of this labour. The Dissertation on the Troad was published in 1814, and the Expedition of Cyrus, by the same author, in 1816. And while the details on the construction are complete within themselves, the second part is also enriched with numerous and important geographical desiderata.

Authorities for the distribution of space, founded on geographical positions and lines of distance, comprise almost the whole of the discussions on construction, which farther include no references to natural or political divisions of country. Intermediate positions are established generally by lines of distance, which are corrected in their length and direction either by bearings, latitudes, or cross lines of distance. It is in a great measure to two lines of this character—the one the work of M. Niebuhr, and which extends from Hillah on the Euphrates to the neighbourhood of Brusa; and another set of lines drawn in different directions across Asia Minor, by Mr. Browne—and to the trace of the southern shore of the Euxine by M. de Beauchamp, that the face of Asia Minor assumes its present appearance on the map.

The oriental astronomers and geographers, Major Rennell remarks, have also furnished great supplies towards the formation of the work, in itinerary distances, latitudes, and longitudes, which though often corrupted, still afford a vast body of information, and that in cases where it could not be obtained in any other shape.

Itinerary measures either regard distance or time. Major Rennell allows 84 Roman miles to a degree in Asia. 2·683 geographical miles is taken as the general mean of the modern Per-

* "She said to Burnet when he visited her, 'Providence had need have a special care of this holy see of ours: since I have lived here, I have seen four popes, and (with an oath,) all fools and blockheads!'"

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sian farsang, the roads to the N. and N.W. of Ispahan excepted. The werst (87 to a degree), the Turkish mile, and the Greek mile, agree within $\frac{1}{18}$ or $\frac{1}{19}$ of each other, consequently they have the same origin. With regard to distances by time, the ordinary journey on foot hardly differs throughout the world. Major Rennell's observations estimate it at 22 to 24 British miles by the road, and, in direct distances, taking the mean at 23, at somewhat under 18 miles per day for a single day, or two or three days; but when several are thrown together, as from 5 to 10, 17½ geographical miles may be sufficient, by reason of the compound winding that necessarily arises on any length of space. For journeys on horseback in Turkey and Persia taken singly, 30 British miles may be allowed, or 23 geographical miles direct. But in distances that require several days to perform them, 25 or 26 may be amply sufficient. Where caravans are composed of different animals, the slowest pace regulates the rate of motion. Niebuhr's results, adopted by Major Rennell, average from 2·23 to 2·25 miles per hour in Asia Minor.

Aleppo may be regarded as the central point of the whole construction of the southern quarter, the principal positions round about it having been determined by compass bearings by Mr. Drummond and others. The first line which apportions the differences of longitude between Aleppo and Kaswin, is founded on Niebuhr's observations. The second line connects Aleppo and Orfah with Bagdad and Basrah: all three of these and Hillah have been determined by celestial observation, and are connected collaterally with Mosul and Nasebin. The discussion on this line is principally occupied in a correction of Mr. Carmichael's route across the Great Desert, and the information furnished by the Arabian geographers. The direction of the lines towards Damascus was checked by tracing cross lines from Racca on the one hand, and Tortosa on the other, to Hems. The extension of this line to Kahira, Alexandria, and Siwah, or Oasis of Ammon, has been facilitated by the observations of the French expedition, those of Browne and Hornemann, and Captain de Haviland's map. Suez is then connected with Ailah, and Ailah with Jerusalem and Damascus, extending the line to Palmyra.

The next country to which Major Rennell turns his attention, having completed his chain of positions throughout Syria, Mesopotamia, and the adjacent countries on the south-east, is to Armenia, Aderbigian, and other countries on the north: nearly the whole process of this construction is founded on computed distances.

The connexion of Kaswin and Ispahan are both determined by the observations of M. de Beauchamp, whose labours have enriched geography from the shores of the Propontis to the Caspian Sea and the heart of Persia. A MS. map of Kempfer's contained the roads generally between Derbend and Ispahan; and Major Rennell had further at his disposal a sketch of Colonel Malcolm's route from Bushire to Tehran and Bagdad.

The paucity of geographical materials is not so great for the Caspian Sea—the difficulty lies in the want of connexion. Major Rennell places it 12° more obliquely from the meridian than M. d'Anville. The *form* is derived from the new Russian map, but differently arranged in point of position. It may be remarked, that all the Russian surveys end generally at their own frontier, and all beyond is made up from the marches of their detachments, or journals of voyagers.

The continuation of the eastern quarter comprises the lines of connexion of Kaswin and Tehran with Hamadan, Bagdad, and Mosul, founded on various authorities, more particularly Bell, Chardin, Kempfer, and Olivier. The connexion of Bagdad, Basrah, and Ispahan, with Shiraz, at the time Major Rennell wrote, was difficult and operose, on account of the scarcity of correct information.

The western quarter, or Asia Minor, although containing less than a fourth part of the surface comprised in the general map of positions, has been formed into a separate map, of nearly an equal surface with it. This part of the great continent of Asia has been frequently visited, and consequently more explored; and the materials were so numerous, as to induce Major Rennell to give certain portions of this geography in still larger scales, that they might be useful in the construction of future maps. The positions around the eastern shores of the sea of Marmora or Propontis, from Constantinople to Mahalitch, was the first part of this labour. Niebuhr and Browne's lines were next to be corrected, the other materials, and more especially the caravans' route from Smyrna to Anguri, and the line from the same town, and from Sardis and Ephesus to Kuniyah or Iconium. The connexion of Brusa with the Dardanelles, Pergamus, and Smyrna, was effected from lines given by the Rev. Messrs. Chishal and Uskoe; and the map of M. Kauffer is adopted as the authority for the connexion of the Dardanelles with the Troad, Adramyttium, Pergamus, and Smyrna: for information regarding the two latter places, we are principally indebted to Mr. Wm. Hamilton. The construction terminates with the Rum Ili, which has hitherto appeared in a very defective state in our present books of geography.

Such is the basis of this splendid work, which offers an invaluable mass of facts for the correction and improvement of geographical science; and is one of the best specimens of Major Rennell's genius, and the proudest tribute to his posthumous fame.

The Sisters' Budget: a Collection of Original Tales in Prose and Verse. By the Authors of "the Odd Volume," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

Two very pleasant and varied volumes; but we cannot approve of the parade of popular names on the title-page, and the term "original tales" seems rather a misnomer; for the majority are translations, and the three Scotch tales have been published before. To this we must say, that we like the translations much: they are well chosen and well done; and, to our taste, are the most entertaining portion of the work. The idea of Kennedy's "Fruit of Knowledge" is both new and excellent; but it is not so well worked up—its pleasantry is ponderous; and, if we mistake not, the tone of its author's mind is essentially grave and severe. The "Myrtle Correspondence between Miss Mitford and T. S. C." is a Della Cruscan resurrection. "The Flight of Birds," by Mrs. Hemans, is a very touching little poem. With its Greek, scraps of oriental languages, and metaphysics, we confess we do not understand a Mrs. Kennedy's "La Zingara;" it is the shadow of a story. "The Miller of Calder" is a pretty little picture of Scotch rural life. "The Conspirator," by Mrs. Hodson, begins most dramatically; but it leaves off in the middle: a story without an end is a cruelty to the reader. Mr. Macfarlane's "Barba Yorghi" is the most amusing of the collection; and we will quote one of his adventures, in proof of our assertion.

"I am a native, Chilibi (Signore), of the town of Chesme, where my father lived before me; and where, what with cultivating his vines, and carrying on a little trade by sea, he contrived to become a man of some substance; but, alas! on an evil day the evil eye fell on him—he caught the ague, lost two whole cargoes of prime raisins that some free-traders from Samos intercepted, and mortally offended the Aga, by absurdly protesting he had paid a certain sum of money, when that worthy said he had not. Never did ruin come more of a lump: my father's first cousin, a wealthy vine-dresser, refused to assist him, as he said his misfortunes were deserved, and he had repeatedly told him never to venture his property to the winds and waves; and the Aga sent to make a seizure on our vineyards, where his savage troops wilfully committed injury among the unoffending bushes and plants to ten times the amount of the debt he originally pretended. We might, perhaps, have got countenance and assistance until matters were brought round; but people were afraid of doing any thing for a man marked with the seal of the Aga's hate, for the Aga, you must know, Chilibi, was a hard and violent man. My father's fever and ague got worse and worse; but after all, poor man, he was the most fortunate of us all; for he went to nail his fever to the tree of St. John, at the village of Panagea, and fell from his donkey, and expired on the road-side as he was returning home. My mother, too, soon followed; for it had been predicted to her by a Yerook, years ago, that if her husband died before her, she would die soon after him. So then, Chilibi, we were left, six helpless brats, and I the eldest, at twelve years of age. My father's cousin got me embarked, for *charity*, on board of a Turkish saccoleva, where I was made to work like a slave, and was beaten like a beast of burden. Another Greek lad, about my age, and helpless as myself, from the neighbouring island of Ipsara, was serving on board the boat; but, after my first voyage, he had had such a bellyful of hard work and hard beating, and was so dissatisfied with our mode of life altogether, that he determined to mend his condition, cost what it might, and absolutely turned Turk. He was forthwith removed from the rough sea service, and, under the protection of the Moolah, sent to school to study his new faith, and to learn how to read and write Turkish. I met him some months after, on my return from a voyage, strutting about in a bran new violet-coloured benishe and red trousers and yellow papoushes, with a snow-white turban round his brows, and looking as sleek and comely as any of the lineal descendants of Mahomet. I confess his splendour dazzled me a little; nor was I a whit better satisfied with my hard life than I had been before, or he had been with his; but I was strong in my faith! Indeed, my father's cousin, when he first put me on board the saccoleva, as he slowly poured a handful of paras into my palm, conjured me, whatever might happen, to take care of my religion. I remembered, too, my poor dying mother's exhortation never to forget the Panagea, and I still wore on my arm the relic she had bound there, to protect me in the evil hour. Besides this, I had counsellors in the Greek sailors on board, who were accustomed to work the vessel while the Turks slumbered over their chibougues: by them I was kept in mind, that however the Moslems might have the upper hand in this world, it would be far different in the next; that there it would be their turn to labour and be oppressed, and damned, and burnt into the bargain—a con-

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sideration that gave them much consolation and pleasure, in which I naturally partook. So you see, Chilibi, I have always remained firmly attached to the Greek church—a true Christian. Meanwhile I grew up apace; instead of being the boy that waited on the men, and was kicked and cuffed about at their mercy, I entered in the class that had the boy under them, and kicked and cuffed my successor with greater zeal than the rest; for the gratification was novel to me, and it was like scoring off on his back all the stripes I had received on mine. I began, too, to find something very charming in the black eyes and naked ancles of our island maids; and I soon bought a guitar, and became anxious about my dress, adopting the smartest fashions and colours in my robes that the confined nature of my income and Turkish proscription would allow. I am an old man now, Chilibi, but I well remember the pride of heart I felt the first time I drew on a perfect suit of new attire, and the confidence with which, in it, I undertook my *first* amour."

His eye is caught by a maiden in one of the groups at a Greek festival.

"I despatched a boy to purchase me some refreshments, amusing myself, meanwhile, by casting side-long glances at the fair girl, whose attention, as well as that of her companions, I soon saw had been attracted by my approach. When I had to pay for my viands, I drew from my girdle a long, gaudy silk purse; there was not much money in it, I confess, but by my address the few pieces produced the chink of many; and to heighten the idea of my magnificence, I threw down two whole piasters, and told the fellow not to mind the change. All this took the effect I proposed. When two or three bocali of wine had circulated, I could hear the islanders consulting on some matters in which the name of stranger was included; and in a short time, to my great satisfaction, a lady, the mother of the fair Cocona, whom I had honoured with my preference, addressed me, saying that I seemed a stranger in the place—that it was a pity I should sit there moping alone—had I not better join their party? The next minute I formed one of their laughing circle, and sat admiring, and, as I doubted not, admired, opposite to the bright black eyes of young Euphrosyne. The brilliancy of my dress spread a brilliancy and confidence over my mind and conversation. I rattled away as if I had been well to do in the world. Now until that day I had been backward and shamefaced in the extreme; but until that day, be it remembered, I had never seen myself in bright Brousa silk breeches, blue striped cotton stockings, new unsoiled papoushes made at Constantinople, and a fine French cloth jacket trimmed with fur, which, though neither ermine nor sable, was new, and looked just as well at a distance. Meanwhile, different groups assembled round the sacred fountain, and the dance began. When the music struck up the island dance, the *serto* Euphrosyne arose, and I, leaping at once to my feet, took her to the head of the dance, which we led off with great spirit, the rest of the performers pairing composedly after us, and following like figures in a triumphal march. Euphrosyne danced so prettily, and was so pretty altogether, that sometimes I forgot my own splendour, which had engaged me almost exclusively; and when in the dance, unseen, I pressed her little hand, and felt, or fancied, that the squeeze was gently returned, every thought of silk breeches and bright new papoushes fled before her—my heart leaped to my mouth; but while I gazed on her beautiful, fair, smiling face, I remembered that I was a sunburnt, hard-featured fellow, a poor sailor, almost a beggar: indeed I was very near losing courage; but Euphrosyne retired from the dance, and the opportunity which I seized of treating her and her friends to sherbet and some choice sweet-meats (an honour, by the by, which cost me half of the contents of my purse), somewhat renewed my assurance and confidence. Towards sunset the party broke up in groups from the valley, to return to their homes; and as I saw nothing improper in keeping with the friends I had made, I walked off by the side of the fair Euphrosyne. As I was looking into her dark eyes, and dreaming about God knows what, a voice that sounded gratingly to my ear said, 'Pray, Sir Stranger, may we ask whence you are, and what procures the island of Calamara the honour of your visit?' It was the careful father of the girl who spoke. Though taken unawares, I was not unprepared for an answer to some such demand, which I expected from the well-known curiosity of the islanders. 'I am the son of a merchant of Chesmé,' said I, with an affected tone of modesty; 'and am come here on matters relative to my father's commerce.' Now, though this, I must allow, was a great lie at the time, you will admit, Chilibi, that if it had not been for the loss of my father's ships, and his quarrel with the Aga, and his fever and ague, it might all have been very true. I believe this consideration stopped me from blushing. As to the danger of being discovered, I thought little of it, though I had been several voyages at the island before; 'who can trace the mean dirty worm,' said I internally, 'in the brilliant butterfly?' Indeed, at the moment of my transformation, when I dwelt on my reflected figure in a bit of a looking-glass on board, I hardly knew myself; nor, except the few moments of misgiving I have mentioned, had I been properly conscious of my identity the whole day. My assertion had the full effect and success I desired; the consideration of the whole party for me increased mightily; and when we reached the door of their house, which stood among a few others, some distance from the sea-port, I was kindly asked to walk in. This I did with great good-will, as I felt myself bound to the fair Euphrosyne with a spell stronger than a cable rope; and as my love was not of that sort which destroys appetite, I shared their pilaw and the rest of their festival supper with great fervour."

Unfortunately, as he observes, "a cursed wine-shop" lay in his way; and the next day, drinking with his companions, the following scene finishes his love-affair.

"Each gay mariner told his tale of conquest, and recounted his amorous adventures in the scattered isles of the Archipelago, from Cerigo and Candia to Scio, Mitylene, and Lemnos. I was silent, and silent I should have remained, but a shipmate, who had often rated me as a green-horn, cried out tauntingly, 'Every man has had his lass, and has a tale to tell, except Effendi Yorghi; it appears he can do nothing, though he has spent a year's pay in fine clothes.' This was too much: wine gave me courage and invention. To gratify my vanity I ventured the most infamous calumny; and on the trifling adventures with the fair Euphrosyne, I have related to you, I founded a tale of dishonour and seduction—a tale that fairly beat all those of my profligate companions, both as to the expedition with which I had pushed my fortune, and the condition of my victim. I had finished, and my companions were beginning to applaud me, when the words 'liar, villain,' in a voice of thunder, struck on my guilty ear; and on raising my eye I saw advancing from an opposite corner of the room, the athletic form of the brother of Euphrosyne. How he came there I could not conceive; he might, indeed, have long been there, for the lights were not of the brightest, and the deep draught of Samian wine had not cleared my eye-sight; but had I awaked in the deathly embrace of a vampire, had the very devil risen before me with all his terrors, and bent his thunder-scarred brow over me, it could not have stopped and frozen my blood like this apparition. I sat nailed to my seat; my enemy rushed out of the door, swearing the most deadly revenge. 'Fly, Yorghi, fly!' cried my companions. 'Fly, fly,' cried the landlord, 'or your life will pay for it: Sterio will be here in a minute with his kinsmen.' I could neither move nor breathe. 'He has seen his own ghost,' cried my drunken shipmates; 'we must rouse him.' On this they shook me roughly, and thrust me out at a back window. The spell I had laboured under was broken: I bounded like a ball down to the sea-shore,"—whose waters engulf all the gay attire flung aside in the hurry of flight.

We believe the arrangers, and also the principal contributors to these volumes, are the Misses Corbet.

Fragmens de Géologie et de Climatologie Asiatiques. Par A. de Humboldt. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1831.

We cannot but felicitate the literary and scientific world on the appearance of the first work which contains a part of the results that have crowned the labours of the Baron de Humboldt and his learned companions, Professors Ehrenberg and G. Rose, during an arduous and extended journey in the interior of the continent of Asia.

The information obtained by men versed in Chinese, Mandehou, and Mongolian literature, has hitherto been our sole source of knowledge with regard to the geognostic constitution of the interior of this vast continent; and it is gratifying to find that the results of this expedition give new consistency to the materials previously collected by Abel Rémusat, Klaproth, and other orientalists.

The geography of central Asia is made to assume an entirely new face. Several volcanoes in activity have taken their place in the middle of the continent; and, while these, and other facts of equal importance to the physical history of the globe, have resulted from the observations of these naturalists, the outline and configuration of the country receives an accuracy in its delineation which surpasses our most sanguine expectations, and which lends itself admirably to the development of the progressive history of civilisation in those very countries which were the cradle, if not the birth-place, of mankind.

The interior of Asia does not form a continuous table-land, but is traversed from east to west by four great systems of mountains, which have manifestly influenced the movements of nations. They are the Altai, which, in the west, terminate by the mountains of the Kirghese; the Thian-chan, the Kuen-lun, and the chain of the Himma-leh. Between the Altai and the Thian-chan we find Dzoungaria and the basin of the Ili; between the Thian-chan and the Kuen-lun, little, or rather high, Bucharia or Kachgar, Jerkend, Khotan or Yuthian, the Great Desert (Gobi or Chamo), the Thourfan, Khamil, and Tangout, that is to say, the northern Tangout of the Chinese,

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which must not be confounded, as is done by the Mongolians with Tubet (Thibet), or the Si-fan; lastly, between the Kuen-lun and the Himma-leh, eastern and western Tubet, where are H'lassa and Ladak. If we wish to mark out simply the three table-lands or plains situated between the Altai, the Thian-chan, the Kuen-lun, and the Himma-leh, by the position of three alpine lakes, those of Balkachi, Lop, and Tengri (Terkiri of D'Anville), may be chosen; they correspond to the table-lands (*plateaux*) of Dzoungaria, Tangout, and Tubet. Independently of the excellent geographical details in these four systems by De Humboldt, there is an extract from the great geographical work of China by Klaproth, on the Altai mountains.

Appended are also some valuable itineraries collected by De Humboldt, and which will be of great use in the construction of maps of the interior of Asia, now found to be so faulty; and sufficient elevations have been found to enable the same author to point out the relation of the height of these table-lands to similar geognostical configurations in Europe, in Africa, and in the New World.

But the most striking result of this journey is the discovery of volcanic action in the central Asiatic chains of mountains. The proof of the upraising of these mountains, and that at different periods, being demonstrated both by the character of the rocks and organic remains elevated on their flanks, and in coincidence with the ingenious views of Elie Beaumont, by the parallelism of the axis of chains of the same era; the connexion of these phenomena with volcanoes properly so called, which eject earthy matters in a state of fusion, with the salses, or mud volcanoes, of South America, Italy, Taurida, and the Caspian Sea; the formation of naphtha, of beds of gypsum, and of anhydrous salt containing petroleum, and even metallic masses, with thermal springs, with the formation of certain metallic veins; with earthquakes, whose effects are not always dynamic; and, lastly, with the slow or instantaneous elevation of different parts of the globe,—is also a most interesting train of inquiry.

Considerations of this kind,—which effect an intimate connexion between so many different phenomena, viewing volcanic action in the light of a permanent communication between the interior of the earth and the atmosphere which envelops the oxidated and hardened crust,—remove these phenomena from the domains of geognosy, and place them among the most important objects in the physical history of the globe; bringing us nearer to the link established by Sir William Herschel between the revolutions of this globe and those of the system of which it forms but a single member.

Climatology—a science which takes its name, and may be said to have originated with the author of the present work—is founded on the same considerations, viz. the refrigeration of the oxidated crust, the radiation of heat, and the distribution of the opaque masses (continents), and the liquid and diaphanous masses (pelagie). The second volume contains the geographical discussions which have guided De Humboldt in his researches on the temperature of Asia, and contains a body of philosophy of the greatest interest to the natural history of the earth, and which we only regret not to have more space, that we might lay the results before our readers.

The Cabinet; or, the Selected Beauties of Literature. Edited by John Aitken. Pp. 488. London, 1831, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Edinburgh, Constable.

THIS is one of those works whose spirit of dishonesty (we can use no milder term) we have always and utterly condemned. First, as striking at the root of original composition: who would be at the pains of writing a book, when it is so much easier to compile one? Secondly, as so exceedingly unfair towards authors themselves. Most of our modern writers lay the foundation of their reputation by writing in periodicals. Now, it is exceedingly hard upon them, that some other should come, sweep their fragments together, and, by publishing them connectedly, enjoy the fruit of their talents. We leave it to the justice of the public to perceive the unfairness of such collections. To this we must add, that the present selection is equally deficient in taste and judgment. One half of the book is not worth preservation, being by names whose insignificance might have preserved their obscurity; and the other pieces are so well known as to be in the memory or library of every lover of polite literature. Some particularly absurd notes are appended. We give one, on a sonnet to Lady D—, as a specimen.

"Undoubtedly, there are hundreds among the proud aristocracy of England who would glory in being considered the object to whom these elegant lines are addressed; yet, such is the unconquerable modesty of their ingenious author, [that] having printed the name in full, we were compelled, out of tenderness to his feelings, to cancel the leaf."

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By J. S. Memes, LL.D., author of the "History of Sculpture," &c. Edinburgh, 1831, Constable and Co.; Hurst, Chance, and Co., London.

As we purpose returning to this very attractive volume, we shall now merely recommend it to the public as the only complete life of one whose destiny had all the importance of history, the excitement of romance, and the interest of personal character. The life of the Empress Josephine is indeed a delightful work.

Discourses adapted to the Pulpit, from the Tracts and Treatises of eminent Divines. By the Rev. Edward A. Bray, Vicar of Tavistock. Rivingtons. London.

THE standard of pulpit eloquence has seldom reached a more elevated point than in the days of those able and pious men whose works are thus happily recalled to our recollection. We cannot but approve and applaud the design of directing attention to these venerable sources of piety, and rescuing the wisdom and impressiveness of our predecessors from total neglect and oblivion. Mr. Bray has delved deep into the rich mines of olden divinity; and by a judicious selection from the ponderous tomes of the great ornaments of our church, has supplied an instructive and tasteful volume. Our author would fain lead the student to a like labour, and remind him, that although these folios be somewhat formidable, and research therein somewhat laborious, yet the undertaking is well nigh a duty, and one that will not fail of its reward, in the acquirement of solid information and sound doctrine. Mr. Bray has also published some scholar-like translations from the fathers. We trust these admirable extracts will tend to counteract the flippant yet predominant disposition of the day, to disregard every thing old (old wine excepted), to the preference of any crudity, if it wear but the semblance of novelty. Whether our church be altogether free from this charge, we do not undertake to decide; but were it not now and then for the assiduous labours of a "deep divine," like our reverend author, we fear we might, ere long, ask the question —Our fathers, where are they? and any conscientious echo must needs answer, Where?

A Practical Guide to Operation on the Teeth, &c. By James Snell, Dentist, &c. 8vo. pp. 207. London. J. Wilson.

THIS is one of the best works that has ever been written on the subject. Free from empiricism and quackery, as it is replete with information, and valuable for its sound sense and honest advice, we most cordially recommend it to public attention. A *précis* of the rise and progress of dental surgery is followed by a description of the operations and instruments now in use; and an opinion as to the best method of treating the various diseases to which the teeth are liable. It is a plain, straightforward, and excellent treatise.

The Military Sketch-Book: Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service, abroad and at home. By an Officer of the Line. Second edition. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

IN our *Gazette* of April 21, 1827, (No. 535), will be found our opinion of this publication, which is a series of light and pleasing sketches of peculiarities and adventures in a soldier's life. To the present edition, three new papers have been added, viz. "Traits of Sooty Society," a description of the black men in our West Indian regiments; "The Escape," a story of an imminent peril avoided at Mafra by two British officers; and a "Rambling Sketch of Edinburgh," concluded with an interesting story of a Highland regiment. Of the new publication we need only say, that as it has already found popular favour, it is now even more entitled to it.

Literary and Graphical Illustrations of Shakespeare and the British Drama. 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1831. Effingham Wilson.

A PRETTY-LOOKING volume, containing brief but amusing notices of the principal plays in our language, accompanied by more than 200 wood engravings. The frontispiece, by Harvey and Branston, is beautiful; and we are glad to see the book, as it will assist in the destruction of the ridiculous prejudice so industriously fostered by would-be critics against our modern dramatic writers. When the reader shall find that even such standard pieces as "Love in a Village," "Rosina," "Miss in her Teens," "Irish Widow," &c. are of French origin, and that out of more than a hundred dramas, Shakespeare's included, scarcely a dozen are to be found which are not more or less borrowed, stolen, translated, or adapted from some play or novel, French, German, Spanish, or Italian, —so much so, indeed, that 113 years ago, on the production of Mrs. Centlivre's "Bold Stroke for a Wife," claim was made to the public favour, because 'twas "English humour all, and not one tittle borrowed from Molière!"—we have little doubt he will come to the rational conclusion, that the old playwrights, from time immemorial, stole just as much as answered their purpose; and that their greatly abused successors do no more. The multitude of characteristic and, many of them, admirable wood-

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cuts here collected into a single volume, would recommend it far and wide, without the literary portion; but that also being so judicious, stamps the publication with much additional value.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANKENSTEIN.

We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of Mrs. Shelley's forthcoming preface to *Frankenstein*; from the perusal of which, having ourselves derived much gratification, we use the freedom of laying it before our readers.

"The publishers of the Standard Novels, in selecting *Frankenstein* for one of their series, expressed a wish that I should furnish them with some account of the origin of the story. I am the more willing to comply, because I shall thus give a general answer to the question, so very frequently asked me—'How I, then a young girl, came to think of, and to dilate upon, so very hideous an idea?' It is true that I am very averse to bringing myself forward in print; but as my account will only appear as an appendage to a former production, and as it will be confined to such topics as have connexion with my authorship alone, I can scarcely accuse myself of a personal intrusion. It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity, I should very early in life have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled; and my favourite pastime, during the hours given me for recreation, was to 'write stories.' Still I had a dearer pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air—the indulging in waking dreams—the following up trains of thought, which had for their subject the formation of a succession of imaginary incidents. My dreams were at once more fantastic and agreeable than my writings. In the latter I was a close imitator—rather doing as others had done, than putting down the suggestions of my own mind. What I wrote was intended at least for one other eye—my childhood's companion and friend; but my dreams were all my own; I accounted for them to nobody; they were my refuge when annoyed—my dearest pleasure when free. I lived principally in the country as a girl, and passed a considerable time in Scotland. I made occasional visits to the more picturesque parts; but my habitual residence was on the blank and dreary northern shores of the Tay, near Dundee. Blank and dreary on retrospection I call them; they were not so to me then. They were the eyry of freedom, and the pleasant region where unheeded I could commune with the creatures of my fancy. I wrote then; but in a most common-place style. It was beneath the trees of the grounds belonging to our house, or on the bleak sides of the woodless mountains near, that my true compositions, the airy flights of my imagination, were born and fostered. I did not make myself the heroine of my tales. Life appeared to me too common-place an affair as regarded myself. I could not figure to myself that romantic woes or wonderful events would ever be my lot; but I was not confined to my own identity, and I could people the hours with creations far more interesting to me at that age than my own sensations. After this my life became busier, and reality stood in place of fiction. My husband, however, was from the first very anxious that I should prove myself worthy of my parentage, and enrol myself on the page of fame. He was for ever inciting me to obtain literary reputation, which even on my own part I cared for then, though since I have become infinitely indifferent to it. At this time he desired that I should write, not so much with the idea that I could produce any thing worthy of notice, but that he might himself judge how far I possessed the promise of better things hereafter. Still I did nothing. Travelling, and the cares of a family, occupied my time; and study, in the way of reading, or improving my ideas in communication with his far more cultivated mind, was all of literary employment that engaged my attention. In the summer of 1816 we visited Switzerland, and became the neighbours of Lord Byron. At first we spent our pleasant hours on the lake, or wandering on its shores; and Lord Byron, who was writing the third canto of Childe Harold, was the only one among us who put his thoughts upon paper. These, as he brought them successively to us, clothed in all the light and harmony of poetry, seemed to stamp as divine the glories of heaven and earth, whose influences we partook with him. But it proved a wet, ungenial summer, and incessant rain often confined us for days to the house. Some volumes of ghost stories, translated from the German into French, fell into our hands. There was the History of the Inconstant Lover, who, when he thought to clasp the bride to whom he had pledged his vows, found himself in the arms of the pale ghost of her whom he had deserted. There was the tale of the sinful founder of his race, whose miserable doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house, just when they reached the age of promise. His gigantic, shadowy form, clothed, like the ghost in Hamlet, in complete armour, but with the beaver up, was seen at midnight, by the moon's fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls; but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the blooming youths, cradled in healthy sleep. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and kissed the forehead of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapt upon the stalk. I have not seen these stories since then; but their incidents are as fresh in my mind as if I had read them yesterday. 'We will each write a ghost story,' said Lord Byron; and his proposition was acceded to. There were four of us. The noble author began a tale, a fragment of which he printed at the end of his poem of Mazeppa. Shelley, more apt to embody ideas and sentiments in the radiance of brilliant imagery, and in the music of the most melodious verse that adorns our language, than to invent the machinery of a story, commenced one founded on the experiences of his early life. Poor Polidori had some terrible idea about a skull-headed lady, who was so punished for peeping through a key-hole—what to see I forget—something very shocking and wrong of course; but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned Tom of Coventry, he did not know what to do with her, and was obliged to despatch her to the tomb of the Capulets, the only place for which she was fitted. The illustrious poets also, annoyed by the platitude of prose, speedily relinquished their uncongenial task. I busied myself *to think of a story*,—a story to rival those which had excited us to this task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, and awaken thrilling horror—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be unworthy of its name. I thought and pondered—vainly. I felt that blank incapability of invention which is the greatest misery of authorship, when dull Nothing replies to our anxious invocations. *Have you thought of a story?* I was asked each morning; and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative. Every thing must have a beginning, to speak in Sanchean phrase; and that beginning must be linked to something that went before. The Hindoos give the world an elephant to support it; but they make the elephant stand upon a tortoise. Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded: it can give form to dark, shapeless substances, but cannot bring into being the substance itself. In all matters of discovery and invention, even of those that appertain to the imagination, we are continually reminded of the story of Columbus and his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject, and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to it. Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener. During one of these, various philosophical doctrines were discussed, and among others the nature of the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr. Darwin (I speak not of what the doctor really did, or said that he did, but, as more to my purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him), who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case, till by some extraordinary means it began to move with voluntary motion. Not thus, after all, would life be given. Perhaps a corpse would be reanimated; galvanism had given token of such things: perhaps the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth. Night waned upon this talk, and even the witching hour had gone by, before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bound of reverie. I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision,—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together; I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out; and then, on the working of some powerful engine, shew signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half-vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing which had received such imperfect animation would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench for ever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes. I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind, that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly

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image of my fancy for the realities around. I see them still; the very room, the dark *parquet*, the closed shutters, with the moonlight struggling through, and the sense I had that the glassy lake and white high Alps were beyond. I could not so easily get rid of my hideous phantom; still it haunted me. I must try to think of something else. I recurred to my ghost story,—my tiresome unlucky ghost story! O! if I could only contrive one which would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night! Swift as light and as cheering was the idea that broke in upon me. 'I have found it! What terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow.' On the morrow I announced that I had *thought of a story*. I began that day with the words, *It was on a dreary night of November*, making only a transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream. At first I thought but of a few pages—of a short tale; but Shelley urged me to develop the idea at greater length. I certainly did not owe the suggestion of one incident, nor scarcely of one train of feeling, to my husband, and yet but for his incitement, it would never have taken the form in which it was presented to the world. From this declaration I must except the preface. As far as I can recollect, it was entirely written by him. And now, once again, I bid my hideous progeny go forth and prosper. I have an affection for it, for it was the offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words, which found no true echo in my heart. Its several pages speak of many a walk, many a drive, and many a conversation, when I was not alone; and my companion was one who, in this world, I shall never see more. But this is for myself; my readers have nothing to do with these associations. I will add but one word as to the alterations I have made. They are principally those of style. I have changed no portion of the story, nor introduced any new ideas or circumstances. I have mended the language where it was so bald as to interfere with the interest of the narrative; and these changes occur almost exclusively in the beginning of the first volume. Throughout they are entirely confined to such parts as are mere adjuncts to the story, leaving the core and substance of it untouched. M. W. S."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PALENQUE.

In our last *Gazette* we gave some interesting details on the ruins of Palenque—a city situated to the north-west of the village of Santo Domingo, in the state of Chiapa, and in the ancient kingdom of Guatemala—which details were transmitted to us by Lieutenant-Colonel Galindo, governor of the adjoining province. We find that we were wrong in stating that this place was utterly unknown to European geography. It appears that, as far back as 1787, Captain Antonio del Rio addressed a report to the King of Spain on the existence of these ruins, in the country then designated by the name of Casas de Piedras; and in this report some of the facts are mentioned which are contained in our correspondent's notice, more particularly the very remarkable occurrence of bas-reliefs representing the adoration of the emblem of Christianity, and which are exhibited in Del Rio's work, subsequently translated and published in this country. Baron de Humboldt had, with his ordinary sagacity, observed, that the half-civilised people met with in 1537 by the conqueror Queseda, were clothed in cotton garments, and had the most intimate relations with the people of Japan. Our correspondent's description bears out this notion: he mentions females dressed in tippets and wrappers, worked like a plaid, and the ends also finely wrought. Since that period, in comparing the cycle of the days of the Mayscas, or Mayas, (the inhabitants of these uplands) with that of the Japanese, M. de Paravey (*Origine unique des Chiffres et des Lettres de tous les Peuples*) found the same significations in each (evidently astronomical) for the same numbers. Colonel Galindo is decidedly of opinion that the Maya language was derived from these people, whose antiquity must have dated to a period anterior to the foundation of Mexico, and their civilisation have surpassed that of the Peruvians. In fact, Palenque is, in its historical importance, the Thebes of America.

Dr. Siebold, who has lately returned to his native country, after a tedious imprisonment in Japan, prosecuted similar researches, and compared the number of the Mayas with the names of the cycle of the ten days of the Japanese; and he remarked that, excepting the first, the names of all these days terminated in *ka*, as is also the case in seven out of ten of the Maya numbers. In the Caucasus the languages of the Awares and Leschi have also the names of their numbers terminating in *ko*, or *ico*. Siebold remarks, that *fito*, which signifies *one* in Japanese, approximates closely to *atar*, number *one* in Mayan; *ada* also, among the Abazes of Caucasus, signifies frog, which is the hieroglyphic of the number *one*. The primitive *atha*, in Sanscrit, also signifies the first.

The Geographical Society of Paris, struck with the importance of a correct knowledge of the ruins of Palenque, both as regards their relation to similar monuments in Guatemala and in Yucatan, and the analogy which exists between these different edifices, considered as the work of the same art and the same people, has also offered a prize of 2,400 francs for a more complete and exact description of them, accompanied by researches on the traditions relating to the ancient people to whom the construction of these monuments is attributed; with observations on the manners and customs of the natives, and vocabularies of the ancient idioms.*

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A monthly meeting of this Society took place, at their house in Bruton Street, on Thursday, Oct. 6; Joseph Sabine, Esq. in the chair. It was announced in the Report that his Majesty still continued his patronage of the Society; that he had, during the last month, presented them with three wild boars, three mouflons, and a deer; also with several magnificent stuffed specimens, including a very fine male ostrich, an emu, two crested cranes, &c. &c. The number of visitors to the gardens in the month of September was 33,751, and the money received 1,528*l.* 16*s.* Mr. Cox inquired if the council had adopted any regulations respecting the offering of premiums; and was informed by the chairman, that it was under consideration, and would very shortly be announced.

At a meeting of the committee of science of the Zoological Society, on Thursday, Oct. 11, Mr. Cox in the chair, Mr. Ogilvie read an interesting paper on the genus *phalangista*. The secretary, Mr. Bennett, read a letter from Dr. Bancroft, of Jamaica, which accompanied a present of fishes from that coast, a small specimen of dynatus, and several varieties of remora. The latter is the variety of fish which adheres to the shark and other large fish, by a peculiar apparatus at the upper part of the head, and thus makes use of the locomotive powers of other animals to supply its own deficiency in the means of swimming: it also occasionally adheres to the bottoms of ships. A living specimen of an armadillo was on the table. These animals, although common in South America, and sometimes even used for food, have very rarely been seen alive in this country. The pair already in the gardens have bred twice this season, one of the young ones being still alive. The one now exhibited is of a different kind and more elegant form.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Works.

We are happy to see that Mr. S. W. Reynolds, engraver to the King, and whose talents, both as a mezzotinto engraver and as a landscape painter, are well known, is resuming the publication (which illness and other circumstances have for some time suspended) of the works of his illustrious namesake. Fifty-two numbers have already appeared; eight more (one of which is now in a course of delivery to the subscribers, among whom are most of the noble and opulent lovers of art) will complete the series; which will then form five splendid and highly valuable volumes. The new part which lies before us amply sustains the reputation of its predecessors.

Ireland Illustrated, in a Series of Views of Cities, Towns, Public Buildings, Streets, Docks, Churches, Antiquities, Abbeys, Towers, Castles, Seats of the Nobility, &c. From original Drawings by G. Petrie, Esq. R.H.A. &c. &c. Engraved on steel under the direction of E. Goodall, &c. &c. With Historical and Topographical Descriptions by G. N. Wright, Esq. A.M., &c. &c. Fisher, Son, and Co.

We have frequently called the attention of our readers to this pleasing topographical publication in its progress. It is now completed; the very handsome and amusing volume lies before us; and in speaking of it we may justly use the words of the preface: "The public buildings of chief cities and capital towns have all been introduced, and with so much address, on the part of the artists, that, if necessary, they may be viewed as architectural drawings. The singular wildness and peculiar character of the Irish landscape they have endeavoured to make intelligible, by views selected from many different counties; and care has been taken to represent such subjects as were not previously published, and such places as were most beautiful, though the most unknown."

* Since writing the above, we observe the following in the *Times*, after a quotation of the statement in last week's *Lit. Gaz.*: a letter has also appeared on the subject in the *Morning Herald*, which refers to Lord Kingsborough's splendid work on Mexican Antiquities for other information on the subject of the Palenque ruins. "These (says the *Times* correspondent, speaking of our description of the American antiquities) are precisely similar, from the description, to the stone-roofed chapels, three or four in number, at Cashel, Glendalough, St. Doologh's, near Dublin, and we believe one other, still existing in Ireland. The wood-work has all disappeared; the windows are many, subject to no particular arrangement, being merely small circular and square perforations. Human figures in *alto relievo* are frequent on small pillars; and filigree work, imitating boughs and feathers, is perceptible in places. Some of the sculptured ornaments look very like the Corinthian foliage of the ancient architects. The ruins are buried in a thick forest, and the adjacent country, for leagues, contains remains of the ancient labours of the people—bridges, reservoirs, monumental inscriptions, &c. The natives say these edifices were built 'by the devil.'"

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The Landscape Alphabet. Hullmandel.

It is impossible to deny the ingenuity and taste of the designer of these elegant trifles.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XVIII. Tilt.

If any one should be found to object to the interior of "Craigevar Castle," that it is not strictly a *landscape* illustration, we are sure he would shew more fastidiousness than taste. It is from a drawing by G. Cattermole, and is very beautiful; as are also the other plates of the Number, especially the "Frith of Forth," from a drawing by C. Stanfield.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HAPPY MAN'S SHIRT.

[*From the German of Langbein.*]

[If we place the following tale under the head of a Sketch of Society, instead of its proper poetical station, it is not because we wish to undervalue the composition, but simply because we think the political lesson it affords may be very useful, if applied to the national question of Reform. It is to be hoped that his Majesty's Ministers will look out to the making of a number of happy shirts next session.]

A KING lay dangerously ill,
And nought availed him draught or pill:
He bore his fate with resignation;
While round his bed their consultation
The grave physicians held, the fever
Laughed at their skill as much as ever.

Now all the theatres were closed,
And fiddlers intermitted scraping;
The *beau monde*, as may be supposed,
From *feigning* grief saw no escaping;
They had already, it is said,
Ordered their mournings to be made.

The old court jester seemed as though
His tongue had suffered amputation,
And he who once could chatter so,
Now 'mongst the doctors took his station:
Silent and silly, near the bed
He stood and shook his empty head.

At length, howe'er, it chanced one day
From off his lips the padlock fell—
"Ye sage big-wigs!" he 'gan to say,
"You're only fit for folks who're well:
In spite of all your Greek and Latin,
Death where he will creeps like a rat in!

Now look ye, sirs, before your eyes
He grapples with the Lord's anointed;
Vain are your drugs and looks so wise—
He laughs to see you disappointed.
So now be off! I know a man,
If he can't cure him, no one can.

He is—what you're not altogether—
A conjuror of wondrous fame:
He can lay ghosts and goblins, whether
From hell or heaven, 'tis all the same;
And to a hair he prophesies;
And when he's called no sick man dies."

"Humph!" says one sage, "do you pretend,
You fool! to know aught of the case?"
"Pshaw!" cried the king, "be silent, friend!
He's the best servant I've in place.
Heed not his talk, good fool, but bring
Your wizard here to heal your king."

Not distant was the wizard's cave,
'Twas seated in a neighbouring wood:
Quickly he rose; led by the knave,
His tottering steps the way pursued.
Like Nestor, he with years was graced,
His silver beard flowed to his waist.

In low, hoarse voice his majesty
With friendly greeting hailed the sage—
"Welcome, most worthy prophet! I
Do bless thy coming. Light of th' age!
Must I—oh tell me is't my doom—
Step from my throne into my tomb?"

"I may not give," the graybeard said,
"An instant answer to thy quest;
The rolling planets must be read—
Hard is their meaning to be guessed.
When morning gilds the mountain's brow,
Thy life or death I'll truly shew."

Thus having said, he went away,
Leaving to greatness all its cares:
True to his word, at dawn of day
He comes again, and with him bears
A magic volume in his hand,
Which none but he could understand.

"Sir king," he spake, "your danger's great,
Death ready stands to claim his own;
But yet your majesty may straight
Your health regain, if you put on
A shirt whose owner hath enjoyed
Happiness always unalloyed."

The courtiers laughed—"the man is mad!"
—A whisper ran around the room;
Yet spake with hope the monarch glad
To his prime minister—"Now come,
My lord, this in your province lies,
This shirt forms part of the supplies.

Why do you muse and look so pale?—
Only to-day you boasting spoke,
Your policy could never fail
To fill my realm with happy folk:
Now of this mighty host I ask
No more than *one*—that be your task."

The statesman left the sick king's bed,
Bearing a cloud upon his face,
And to his cabinet he sped,
Cursing from first to last the case.
He spoilt ten pens in his vexation,
And then he wrote a proclamation.

"Whereas, &c. near our bed
Death ready stands to claim his own;
Yet shall we, hath a prophet said,
Our health regain, if we put on
A shirt whose owner hath enjoy'd
Happiness always unalloy'd.

Therefore, to whom all care's unknown
We now address our proclamation—
Let him forthwith give us in loan
A shirt (though coarse, 'twill serve th' occasion):
The boon we shall with gold reward,
And favour with our high regard."

At the street corners, scarcely dry,
The paper had not long been pasted,
Than half the town, with eager eye
And neck outstretched, impatient hasted
To read it o'er—when straight a flood
Of bitter comments on't ensued.

Quoth Poverty—"God bless us! So!
We truly are the folks they want:—
We're rich in cares; in shirts—oh, no!
Our huts are mis'ry's fav'rite haunt;
And when taxation opes the door,
Good bye to luck—he's seen no more!"

And many a husband read the bill,
And bit his lip, to think the life
He led at home, and what a pill
It was to have a vixen wife,
Whose temper prov'd, alas! too well
That oft on earth there is a hell.

In short, each one his burden bore,
And each one heav'd a deep-drawn sigh,
And felt, in truth, it griev'd him sore
That he could not a shirt supply;
And day and night they waited—yet
The smallest rag they could not get.

"D—n it!"—for once, the statesman swore—
"Now this, I say, is insolent—
My coach." He searched the kingdom o'er;
But only to such people went
As by the world's false estimate
Have happiness supremely great.

He sought among the rich, who roll
(A swinish multitude) in gold;
He sought the high, whose mighty soul
Could dream of nought but projects bold;
He sought the newly-wedded pair,
Who span-new bands of Hymen wear:

"My friends!" he said, "in verity
We're much surpris'd and discontent
You feel not for his majesty,
And not a single shirt have sent:
If you're not happy—hang it! then
No happiness exists 'mongst men."

Red grew the cheek of many a dame,
And many a valiant knight turn'd pale:
There was a something they might blame,
But fear'd confessing the sad tale;
So from his lordship hid the smart,
And shew'd him all things—save their heart.

Shirts without number, true, he got—
His carriage could not hold them all;
And in the palace scarce a spot
Was left uncover'd—e'en the hall;
And each, although exceeding weak,
The king put on, and—still was sick.

"Just as I thought," the jester cried;
"Spite of your wisdom's excellence,
Except a fool, who would have tried
To find true bliss in eminence?—
'Tis nought but smoke with such a brood;
Ape's tricks and cat-like gratitude."

"Ay! ay! that's true," then said the king;
"My jester speaks both bold and right:
Again, my lord, to travelling—
Nor e'er return, as you're a knight,
Till what we wish you chance to find—
The shirt of health, as was enjoined."

His lordship gave the fool a look
Of vengeance; and then "slave!" he grunted,
And then for his companion took
A courtier friend; and round they hunted
Full four weeks long, now here, now there—
In short, they travell'd every where.

A trumpeter before them rode,
And as they went, he blew a blast
In every village on the road:
This was their question to the last;
"Is there none happy in this place?"—
But not a single voice said, "Yes!"

"Here's a wild-goose chase!" cried the count;
"Coachman, turn back!—upon my soul,
I'll call that jester to account;
He's made us each an April fool.
The people dread, if they confess,
Lest we should tax their happiness."

"Just so," his fellow-traveller said;
"They think they've been too long without
A slice of bacon to their bread;
And, for my part, I do not doubt
That all the wizard said was fudge:
He's humbug'd king and all, I judge."

Their carriage now with lordly speed
Rolled on towards the capital;
There fortune's star, as they proceed,
They sought with offers liberal.
They'd many a slice of the best bacon;
But happiness would not be taken.

At last, one morn—so runs the tale—
Their journey they had scarce begun,

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When, sounding from a grassy vale,
Within a grove, safe from the sun,
By the way-side, a song they heard
In jovial tone, thus word for word:—

"Hurrah! I am a joyous wight,
As though I had a prince's gold!
And, oh! it makes me laugh outright,
When Mammon's vot'ries I behold.
Hurrah! I am as rich myself,
Since I can do without their pelf!"

"Ha! hear you not that merry lay,
Under yon spreading beechen shade?—
Upon my word, there warbles gay
The phœnix we are seeking," said
The count to his companion. "Stay!
Coachman, we'll make a last essay."

Alighting, then, led by the sound,
Into the wood they walk'd, and there
They saw a peasant; on the ground
He sat and ate his rustic fare:
The clown—a young, fresh, active youth,
All life and spirit, in good truth—

With what an appetite he ate!
And how content laugh'd on his face!
And, to complete the scene, there sate
At his right hand a jolly lass,
Straight as a wand, compact and round,
And as a fish i' th' water sound.

He kissed her—and that made the spies
Feel their mouths water at the sight;
"Upon my word!" the count then cries,
"Yon fellow revels in delight,
Seas'ning his breakfast with a kiss—
An epicure might envy this!"

Nearer they came. "My friend! So, so,
You relish things betimes I see;
Thou seem'st a most determin'd foe
To sorrow and anxiety;
And, if thy looks do not deceive,
That thou art happy I believe."

"Ay! that I am!" good Hodge replied;
"My labour yields me all I need;
And tell me where so nice a bride
As *her* could I have found?—indeed,
When she looks on me lovingly,
I'd not change with the king—not I."

"Alas! poor king!" the statesman said;
"Now lies he sick and rack'd with pain;
Yet *thou* canst raise him from his bed,
With little trouble, well again:
A *shirt*—the wizard's words assure—
A *shirt* of *thine* will work his cure."

"A *shirt of mine!*" Hodge wond'ring cried—
"A *shirt of mine!*—I'm grieved to say—
I am indeed"—and then he sigh'd—
"I can't oblige you in that way;
Of happiness a large supply—
But d—l a rag of shirt have I!"

"Heavens!" cried the statesman, and grew pale,
"The happiest man in all this realm
Has got no shirt!—the mournful tale
Will all with sorrow overwhelm."
Just as he sung this dirge, down-hearted,
His sacred majesty departed.

O. C. W.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Gem, a new Set of Quadrilles. W. Ridley.

THE young ladies of Portland House, Hammersmith, for whom this set of quadrilles has been "expressly composed," may thank the composer for a very easy and pretty incitement to dancing. Young performers will find them pleasant.

Introduction and Variations to the celebrated Air, the Swiss Boy. E. Dearle.

THE variations to this popular air are worthy of it.

I have been since last I met thee. Louis Leo.

ONE of the most deserving ballads we have lately seen: the air extremely sweet, and well suited to the words, which are from Sforza's poems.

1. *The Love-Knot.* A Ballad. T. H. Bayly. 2. *O'er the dark Waters.* 3. *The Pirate's Bride will Zara be.* Mrs. W. Marshall. 4. *To win the Love of thee.* Sola. 5. *Ellen of Lismore.* Barry Cornwall. T. Phillips. 6. *A Heart that once has loved like mine.* Dr. Leyden. G. Ware. 7. *How soft the Air beneath yon hill!* J. A. Nüske. 8. *I'll meet the Maid.* E. Merriott. 9. *The Letter.* T. Atkinson. T. Macfarlane. 10. *Forget me not.* T. K. Hervey. J. G. Patrick. 11. *O'er Billows borne.* J. J. Harte. 12. *With thee, my Love, beside me.* 13. *Where is she now?* G. Linley.

THE above may all be classed in the list of pretty ballads, without any qualities sufficiently striking or original to demand particular notice.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Love in a Village last Saturday presented us with Mr. and Mrs. Wood as *Hawthorn* and *Rosetta;* both in excellent voice, but the lady for preference, as Mr. Wood himself indulged too much in ornament. A Mr. Templeton appeared in *Young Meadows*, and sang very sweetly; and a Miss Field, from Bath, as *Lucinda*, displayed both taste and science. Mr. Farren was the *Justice Woodcock;* and Mrs. Humby was the *Madge*, playing well, and singing awfully.

On Monday the animal show, so long announced, was produced at Drury Lane, to a house crowded in every part. *Hyder Ali* is the name of the Contrivance which leads to the various scenes in which M. Martin and his beasts exhibit—1. as sleeping on a lion; 2. as pulling two boas off his children; 3. as fighting with two lions against a body of Indians; 4. as fighting with a lion in his den; besides which, we have a pelican on the stage, monkeys in trees, a llama chased across, a tiger bounding after the children, and two elephants in triumphal processions. The curious part of the spectacle is to witness all these creatures rendered so tame and docile: as for their actions, they are dull and tiresome in the extreme. Very great expense has, we understand, been incurred in producing *Hyder Ali* with these brute accompaniments; and therefore we much regret that such an experiment should ever have been made; for it is impossible to view the design without reprehension, or the execution of it without fatigue and disgust. There is no interest inspired by the animals, even were they seen in a fitting place; but when we see them superseding all that is left, and that is little enough, of the legitimate drama, it seems to us as if the climax, alike of the degradation of the stage and the corruption of public taste, had been reached. The whole is so obnoxious to censure, that we are disinclined to speak concerning it in the severe language of just criticism; and are glad to take refuge from our task by inserting some lines from a correspondent, the latter portion of which is as good as the exhibition they celebrate.

"*Et tu*, Brute!"

Oh, tragedy! oh, comedy!
With all thy motley train,
How art thou fallen! and, alas!
How low is Drury *lain!*
How must all *human* patronage
At Drury have decreased,
When they thus wildly hope to be
Supported by the *beast!*

About their treasury affairs
For some time they've been sly,
And now to hide their secrets keep
This new *Hider Ally;*
And, like our ministers of state,
Display a little nous,
In having, as a great colleague,
A *Den*-man in the house.

They'll ruin wild-beast-shows outright—
For who, in this wise age,
Would peep in *caravans*, when they
Can view beasts on a *stage?*
Or seek for birds in cages where,
Poor things! they never sing,
While they may see them on the boards,
And monkeys *on the wing?*

The elephants do here, of course,
The heavy line increase;
But lions fiercely tame enact
The *mane* parts in the piece;
And people can no more be dull
When inside Drury's doors,
For lions now (in play-bill phrase)
Will "keep the house in *roars.*"

Yet Drury should not thus be made
A Martin's nest and den,
Where lions act *in spectacles*,
As if they were old men;
And though we 're told they're very tame,
And harmless with their paws,
We should remember, like "the Bill,"
They've some "obnoxious *claws.*"

B.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Monday, Miss F. Kemble appeared for the first time this season as *Belvidera; Jaffier* and *Pierre* by Messrs. C. Kemble and Young.

On Wednesday, the *Man of the World* afforded Mr. Young an opportunity of shewing himself as great in comedy as in tragedy. His *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant* is admirable. The pliancy, the sarcastic humour, the selfishness of the part, were all delineated with equal truth; and, in this season of excitement, the political allusions were not the least fortunate hits in the representation. Miss Taylor played *Lady Rodolpha* with great spirit; and a Miss Lee made a very favourable *début* as *Constantia*. After this treat, a new farce, with music by Mr. Rodwell, called *A Genius Wanted*, was brought out with success. The drift of this entertainment is to display the versatility of Miss Poole, who assumes several characters in order to prove that she is the genius wanted, and thereby reconcile her father to her grandfather. In this the juvenile *artiste* shewed surprising comic talent for one so young, and was rewarded with much merited applause. Mr. F. Mathews, Duruset, and Meadows, supported the other characters very ably.

HAYMARKET.

THE Haymarket Theatre closed on Sunday morning, October 16th; thus keeping up its rakish character to the last. The performances were, the *Iron Chest* (one of the longest plays on the stage), the national anthem, the Farewell Speech, and *three* farces! And what has been the issue of this unaccountable opposition to public opinion, loudly and strongly expressed daily, weekly, and monthly, in every periodical, and through every channel, respecting the late hours and their detestable consequences, and of the attempt to perform grand operas and tragedies with two singers and one tragedian?—A loss (we regret to say, notwithstanding it was deserved), reported to exceed £2,000, but, at any rate, such a loss as to render it, in the

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words of a proprietor, "the worst season that has been known since the building of the theatre." We trust the manager will at last see his error, and next season "reform it altogether." Only eight new pieces were produced, as follow:—

June 15. Widow Bewitched, Interlude: P. Farren. 12 nights.
June 28. Friend at Court, Comedy: Planché. 13 nights.
July 14. School for Coquettes, Comedy: Mrs. Gore. 37 nights.
August 2. Madame Du Barri, Drama: Poole. 6 nights.
August 9. Fricandeau, Farce: H. Payne. 6 nights.
August 20. My Wife, or my Place, Comedy: Shannon. 18 nights.
Sept. 1. Belles have at ye All, Comedy, altered from Cibber. 17 nights.
Sept. 15. John Jones, Interlude: Buckstone. 25 nights.

THE ADELPHI.

Victorine, by Buckstone, was produced here on Monday, and is a most pleasant piece, with a very unexpected *dénouement*. During the three acts, a lapse of five-and-twenty years is supposed to have taken place, and Yates is particularly suited to this kind of personation; his disguise being so perfect as the man of sixty, that it was impossible to recognise him. Mrs. Yates played most delightfully all through, and is certainly the prettiest lady of 44, and girl of 19, we have seen. Mrs. Fitzwilliam also performed very cleverly. J. Reeve has only a trifling part, of which he made the most. The piece was received with immense applause, and has since deservedly run with the same sort of *éclat* which has attended the *Wreck Ashore*.

We see paragraphs in the newspapers mentioning a version of this piece as forthcoming from the pen of Mr. Planché,—in which statement there is no truth whatever.

VARIETIES.

Miracles.—In the forest of Ouche, in Normandy, is a river, said to be of saintly origin, and which formerly had the reputation of curing the mental and bodily ailments of all who bathed in it. About eight years ago, the friends of a woman who was supposed to be possessed by evil spirits, plunged her so frequently into the sacred stream, that at last the poor creature was actually drowned. Upon hearing of this accident, the prefect of the neighbouring town of Alençon caused the following quaint, but rational, notice to be fixed up near the place:

"De par *Séjnier*, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu."

Mr. Jones.—We see it stated that Mr. Jones had stood out for higher terms at Drury Lane than could be granted, and, sorry not to have our excellent comedian on the stage, we could not help regretting the circumstance. On inquiry, however, we find that the proprietor had offered him a very liberal engagement, which was only declined in consequence of his time being so entirely occupied in that new line which he has adopted with so much success, the teaching of elocution; of which the pulpit, the bar, and the senate, exhibit the fruits.

The Garrick Club.—At the general meeting last Saturday, the names of two hundred members to form this club were given in; the Duke of Sussex was elected patron, the Earl of Mulgrave (who presided on the occasion) president, and Sir George Warrender vice-president. A committee of twenty-four, including a subcommittee of seven, were chosen to undertake the management of the affairs of the club for three years; and trustees and auditors were also appointed. The entrance was fixed at ten, and the annual subscription at six guineas, with power to raise the latter to seven guineas if necessary. In the first instance the number is limited to three hundred. A good deal of conversation took place on various points connected with the establishment and its ulterior arrangements; but, finally, every thing was left to the direction of the committee, which consisted of many noble and distinguished members.

New Knights.—In conferring the honour of knighthood on several recent occasions, his Majesty has obviously been led to distinguish men of literary and scientific merit. We thus find Mr. South, Mr. Rennie, Mr. Charles Bell, Mr. Herschel, and Mr. Harris Nicolas, in the list of persons so marked by the royal favour; and we have heard that similar honour is intended for Mr. Babbage, and several other gentlemen eminent in literature and science.

Puff Indirect?—We so rarely fall into the mistake of puffing the *Literary Gazette*, that we ought to be excused now and then in the indulgence of that agreeable *nostrum*. We mention it accordingly as a curious example of the diffusion of a branch of English literature, that *in one day* last week we received, among our communications, a packet from the Mysore, another from central America, a third from a small town in the heart of Germany, and two from Switzerland. An edition of the *Gazette* is also published as regularly on the banks of the Mississippi as on those of the Thames.

Irish Eloquence.—At a public meeting recently held in Cork, for the purpose of presenting the freedom of that city to Sir Edward Codrington, who with his squadron had just arrived in the harbour, Sir Anthony Perrier, in eulogising the services of a young officer belonging to one of the ships, spoke to the following effect: "I can tell you, Mr. Gregg, very few of them saw as much service as that young gentleman. When the freedom of the corporation was voted to him, he was standing on the North Pole!" (*exclamations of surprise, with mingled looks of astonishment and incredulity.*) Mr. Gregg. "Only that he is about to sail on Friday or Saturday, we might be on the look-out for a wife for him—(*a laugh*)—for (with a significant archness), there are some girls disposable here"—(*great laughter*).

La Caricature.—The proprietor, editor, and printer, of a Parisian Journal, entitled *La Caricature*, have been condemned to two years' imprisonment, and to a fine of three thousand francs, for having published two lithographic prints; the one representing King Louis-Philippe, with a mason's apron and trowel, covering with plaster the inscriptions which the people of July had traced on the walls; the other Prince Talleyrand, as a merry-andrew, pulling the strings of a puppet with the emblems of Liberty.

Dublin Museum.—Among the economics of the day, the public annual grant to this institution has been reduced.

Cholera Morbus.—A French periodical publication contains a curious map of the progress of the cholera morbus from India to Europe. If, unhappily, it were not too extensive, we would have it copied for the *Literary Gazette*. The advanced post of this frightful enemy is now at Hamburgh; and there seems to be every reason to apprehend that in the spring, if not sooner, it will invade our shores.

Lee Sugg, one of the first ventriloquists who exhibited that curious talent in England, died last week at Southampton, aged 85. Both voices are silent now.

Item.—At Ramsgate the regulations of the pier and harbour are printed and hung up for the edification of the public; but it does not seem that the writer is a very learned clerk, for one of the boards *begins* thus: "*Item*, any vessels," &c. &c.

LINES

On Mr. Chantrey, when on a visit to Mr. Coke at Holkham, having killed a brace of pheasants at one shot, being the first he ever fired; the memory of which he has perpetuated, by presenting his host with an exquisite representation of the birds in marble.

[*From the Gentleman's Magazine.*]

CHANTREY, born ever to excel,
The fatal tube no sooner tried,
Than, victims to his new-found skill,
Two beauteous pheasants died.

Repenting quick the cruel deed,
And urged by pity to atone,
He claims his magic chisel's aid,
And turns them into stone.

Thus sacred justice is appeased,
Each bird in breathing marble lives;
While the immortal fame they gain,
The sculptor shares and gives. T.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLII. Oct. 22.*]

The oldest of the Annuals, Time's Telescope, for the next year, is, we are assured, to be much increased in its attractions. The astronomical department is to be again written by Mr. Barker, with whose talent in this branch of science the readers of the *Literary Gazette* are so intimately acquainted; while the portion devoted to natural history, or the appearances of the seasons, is, for the first time, to be from the pen of Professor Rennie.

A translation of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, we perceive, is announced. The work is said to contain curious particulars respecting her husband, Gen. Junot, and other distinguished persons attached to the fortunes of Napoleon.

A new edition of Four Years in the West Indies; containing a full and authentic Account of the late dreadful Hurricane in Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia: illustrated by lithographic Sketches.

Selections from the Edinburgh Review; comprising the best Articles in that Journal, from its commencement to the present time: with a Preliminary Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Maurice Cross.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Heart and Great Vessels, by James Hope, M.D.

The Sacred History of the World, from the Creation to the Deluge, attempted to be Philosophically considered, in a Series of Letters to a Son, by Sharon Turner.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon, 2 vols. fcp. 10*s.* bds.—Neale on Cholera Morbus, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cruttwell's Housekeeper's Account-Book for 1832, 2*s.* sewed.—The Sisters' Budget, 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.* bds.—Rev. R. Hall's Works, Vol. II. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Moore's Dictionary of Quotations, post 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Otto's Compendium of Anatomy, by South, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Description of the Preparations in the Museum of St. Bartholomew, 4to. 10*s.* bds.—Balsam, by the Author of "Modern Fanaticism Unveiled," 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Andrew Fuller's Works, Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Illustrations to the Keepsake, 1833, proofs, 2*l.* 2*s.*; India proofs, 3*l.* 3*s.*; India proofs, before letters, 4*l.* 4*s.*—Leigh on the Game-Laws, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Wardlaw's Essays on Assurance, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—The Amethyst, or Christian Annual for 1833, fcp. 8*s.* hf.-bd. morocco.—Commercial Vade-Mecum, 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Brown's Sketches and Anecdotes of Quadrupeds, royal 18mo. 10*s.* bds.—Cock's Original Hymns, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

October.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 18	From 48. to 68.	29·64 to 29·54
Friday 14	—— 48. — 65.	29·54 — 29·63
Saturday .. 15	—— 47. — 59.	29·71 — 29·90
Sunday.... 16	—— 40. — 62.	30·06 — 30·22
Monday .. 17	—— 39. — 61.	30·25 — 30·32
Tuesday .. 18	—— 44. — 57.	30·33 — 30·30
Wednesday 19	—— 47. — 65.	30·22 — 30·08

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 13th and 14th, generally clear.
Rain fallen, 1 inch and ·05 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Henry is mistaken.
L. F., we cannot look with favour on thee.
We will inquire into the matter of M. E. D.'s letter.
If Mr. Arthur Parsey has discovered the Quadrature of the Circle, as he writes us he has, it is hard that nobody will listen to his demonstrations. For our parts, humbling as the confession may be, we are incompetent.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—Law Class. Professor Park will open this Class on Tuesday, the 1st of November, at a Quarter-past Seven in the Evening, with a Weekly Course on Constitutional Law, and the Theory and Practice of the Constitution. This Course, to be continued every Tuesday Evening at Seven o'Clock, will continue until the Christmas Vacation. At the opening of the Second Term, Professor Park will commence Two parallel Courses; one on the Political Elements of Law, and the other on the Scientific Elements of Law, or Technical Law, in each of which he will give a Lecture weekly. Further information respecting these Courses may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office in the College.

W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

SOCIETY of SCHOOLMASTERS, instituted for the Relief of Distressed Schoolmasters and Ushers, and of their Widows and Orphans.

Patron.

His Royal Highness PRINCE ADOLPHUS FREDERIC, Duke of Cambridge, K.G.

Treasurer.

The Reverend JOHN RUSSELL, D.D. Head Master of Charter House School.

The Society of Schoolmasters was formed in the year 1798, for the relief of distressed masters and ushers of endowed and boarding-schools, and of their widows and orphans. The Institution has thus been established for more than thirty years; but, although during the whole of this period every practicable exertion has been made to promote the objects for which it was founded, its very existence is by no means generally known to the public. Applications for assistance, however, are both numerous and urgent. The committee, therefore, under the conviction that it is their duty to invite attention to the necessities of their afflicted and meritorious brethren, earnestly appeal to the benevolence of their countrymen.

The Society owes its origin to some of the more prosperous members of the profession, who have contributed largely to its support; nor has it failed to obtain many other liberal and valuable friends. To the late King great gratitude is due for the high sanction of his majesty's name, and a yearly grant of fifty guineas; and the committee have been recently honoured with a communication of his present Majesty's most gracious intention to continue, annually, the same benefaction.

On the respectability or usefulness of their profession the committee forbear to speak; nor is it for them, perhaps, to dwell on its toils, and difficulties, and privations,—nor on the influence, moral, civil, and religious, which it beneficially exercises on the community at large. They feel confident that those, especially, who can appreciate the blessings which they have derived from education, while they reflect upon it the highest honour, will not be unmindful of their obligations to men who are now, in many instances, old and infirm, poor and friendless, after having faithfully devoted to their important charge the best vigour of their life, and the most laborious exercise of their faculties.

CHARLES PARR BURNEY, Chairman of the Committee.
Lincoln's Inn Fields, Oct. 15, 1831.

Subscriptions of any amount will be thankfully received by the Treasurer to the Society, the Rev. Dr. Russell, at Charter House; or by the Secretary, Mr. Joseph Snow, at the Literary Fund Society's Chambers, No. 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and by the following Bankers: Messrs. Child and Co. Temple Bar; Messrs. Hammersley and Co. Pall Mall; and Messrs. Hoare and Co. Fleet Street.

HORNE'S PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY, No. 1, Queen Street, Cheapside, consisting of an extensive Collection of Works in the various Departments of Literature.

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5*l.* 5*s.*	will be entitled to	18	Books at a time in Town, or 30 in the Country.
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TO BOOKSELLERS, LIBRARIANS, and OTHERS.—The Proprietor of a Circulating Library has about 1300 Volumes to dispose of, consisting of many popular Novels, Voyages and Travels, &c.

Apply, post-paid, to M. M., Post Office, Enfield Highway.

THE ENGLISHMAN, Sunday Newspaper, Price Sevenpence.—A Saturday Afternoon Edition of the Englishman, admirably adapted for the Country, will in future be published at No. 170, Strand. The publication will take place every Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in time for the Post, by which it may be received on Sundays 200 miles from London. As a Family Newspaper, the Englishman stands unrivalled; not a line, or an advertisement, of an immoral tendency, is allowed, under any circumstances, to stain its pages. The Englishman is a twenty-folio-column Journal, the same size and price as the Observer. The paper upon which it is printed is an excellent sort, and the type almost new. Indeed, for variety, quantity, and quality, it is the most perfect. In speaking of Sunday newspapers, it is proverbial to say, the Englishman is almost a library in itself.

Proul's Continental Annual.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS of the CONTINENTAL ANNUAL, engraved in the first style of the Art, from Drawings by Samuel Prout, Esq. will be ready for delivery on Monday, the 25th inst.

Proofs on India paper, before the Writing	£1 11 6
Ditto, with the Writing	1 5 0
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NOTWITHSTANDING all we have read of the Peninsular war and of Waterloo; the details of general movements, battles, and sieges; the individual adventures and sufferings of officers and soldiers; we have perused the volume before us with much interest. There is no affectation about the narrative; it is a clear running account of a military life of twenty-one years, spent in various quarters of the world, and distinguished by those thousand accidents, by flood and field, which occur in actual service. The West Indies, the North of Europe, and the Continent generally, were the scenes on which Col. Leach gathered his experience and laurels; and, in modestly describing the occasions, he has produced a work creditable to himself, and likely to be popular with the public.

Having introduced it with this slight exordium, we shall only offer a few brief extracts in support of our opinion; for, though the principal events of the war are painted in a particularly attractive style, we would rather leave them to the readers of the book itself, than fill our pages with statements, the chief features of which are so well known. In short, we select little incidents in preference to grand affairs, and commence with the retreat from Talavera. Col. L. tells us,—

"As neither bread, meat, nor rations of any kind, were to be had, General Crawford ordered that any animals in the shape of cattle, sheep, or pigs, which could be found in the extensive woods in which we halted for the evening, should forthwith be put in requisition for the troops; and never do I remember having seen orders so promptly obeyed. A most furious attack was instantly made on a large herd of pigs, which, most fortunately for us, little dreamt of the fate that awaited them, or, I presume, they would have absconded on our first appearance in the forest. It would be useless to attempt a description of the scene of noise and confusion which ensued. The screeches and cries of those ill-fated swine, as they met their death at the point of the bayonet, the sword, or sergeant's pike, and the rapidity with which they were cut up into junks, with the hair on, and fried on the lids of camp-kettles, or toasted at the fire on a pointed stick, to allay the cravings of hunger of some thousands of half-famished soldiers, was quite incredible, and, I must add, truly ludicrous. As neither bread, salt, nor vegetables, were to be procured, it must be confessed that the repast was a singular one, although it was eaten with the greatest *goût*, and was washed down with some water from a rivulet hard by. At midnight we resumed our march."

The following is but one of many individual touches which exhibit the horrors of war. We highly commend the author for not giving us too many of such illustrations—a vice too common with most preceding writers on similar subjects.

"Being stationed at Almofala early in March, I witnessed a disgusting and cruel sight. Having gone with another officer to the mountainous bank which overhangs the river not far from the village, to visit the picket, we perceived a French soldier, *unarmed*, running down the mountain on the opposite side of the river, no doubt with the intention of trying to cross over and desert to us. Three Spanish shepherds, who were tending their sheep on the same side of the river, intercepted him, and beat him to death with their clubs in less time than it has taken me to write an account of the sickening sight. We called out, and made signals to them to desist, and to spare him, but in vain. We fired several shots over their heads to intimidate them, but it had no effect, and the butchery went on without our being able to interfere, or to interrupt those savages in what they considered, no doubt, a most patriotic and meritorious exploit. A deluge of rain had so swollen the river, which roared at the foot of the mountain, that to pass it was impossible; and, indeed, could we have effected it, the blood-thirsty shepherds would have escaped, before we could by possibility have reached them. To have inflicted the summary punishment on them with a rifle ball, which we all felt well inclined to do, would have been only an act of justice; but it was a step, nevertheless, which the higher authorities would have visited with a heavy punishment. If the number of men which the French army lost by assassinations of a similar kind, during the whole of the war in the Peninsula, could be ascertained, it would be an interesting and extraordinary document. Much as every man, possessing the slightest degree of humanity, must abhor the inhuman system of killing stragglers, adopted by the Spaniards, great allowance must, nevertheless, be made for them, who thus retaliated for the countless acts of cruelty committed by their invaders."

Among the worst of these may be instanced Gen. Loison, of whom Col. Leach says,—

"The name of Loison will not be forgotten by the Portuguese of the present generation; for he was one of the most cruel of their invaders, and at the time he commanded a division in Junot's army, in 1808, previous to the convention at Cintra, permitted such atrocities to be perpetrated by the troops under his command, as would have disgraced a band of untutored savages."

The description of the natives behind our famous lines of Torres Vedras affords a frightful idea of these universal sufferings.

"Thousands of the unfortunate inhabitants of the provinces through which our army had recently retreated, had abandoned their homes, and were endeavouring to exist between Lisbon and the lines. There was, therefore, an immense population hemmed up in a small space of country, hundreds of them without a house to cover them, or food to eat, except what was afforded by the bounty of the rich at Lisbon, and by the liberal subscriptions raised for them in England. In the course of the winter, the number of Portuguese who actually died of want was quite dreadful. It was not unusual to see hordes of those poor wretches, old and young, male and female, in rags, the very pictures of death, seated in despair on the wet ground, round a miserable fire, on which was placed an earthen vessel, full of such herbs as could be gathered in the fields and hedges. Thousands contrived to drag on a miserable existence on this vile sustenance. Their death-like, emaciated faces were sufficient to have touched the heart of the most callous and unfeeling. The British soldiers assisted them by every means in their power; and in the Light Division (as well as, I conclude, in every other) soup was made from the heads and offal of the cattle killed for the troops, and distributed amongst the starving inhabitants. I have a thousand times wished it were possible that every man, woman, and child, of all ranks, in England, could have been transported to this heart-rending scene only for five minutes; that by having had an insight into the various miseries to which the ill-fated inhabitants of the theatre of war are inevitably subjected, they might return satisfied, and bless their stars that an army of Frenchmen were not riding rough-shod over old England, and inflicting on its people similar miseries to those which I have attempted to describe."

When the French broke up and were pursued by our troops, we were half amused by a rather novel military adventure, which the author thus relates:—

"At night our division was ordered into a large pine-wood, to make ourselves as comfortable as we could; but in which we passed as cheerless a night as one uninterrupted deluge of rain might be supposed to produce. Hoping to escape in some measure from the fury of the storm, many of us crept into an old water-course in the wood, in which, rolled up in our cloaks, and doubled up with wet and cold, we did contrive, nevertheless, to fall asleep. But it is impossible to forget being suddenly awoke, a short time afterwards, and feeling myself all at once buoyed up and floating down the little ravine, in the same plight as if I had been dragged under a ship from stem to stern. There was a general outcry from all the party who had sought refuge in this water-course, and a scramble to get on *terra firma* took place. Taking a few mouthsful of rum and a cigar, the remainder of the night was spent at the foot of a fir-tree, smoking, shivering, and cursing our stupidity for having taken up so injudicious a position."

Another, though equally cold affair, is also characteristic of a soldier's vicissitudes.

"The whole country, from Salamanca to Rueda, is one vast sunburnt plain, with scarcely a tree, but abounding with corn, and, near the Douro, with vines. All the towns and villages in this part of the country may literally be called so many wine-vaults. Every house and

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street is excavated, and filled with white wine of tolerably good quality. Descending, after a long day's march under a roasting sun, into those deep cellars, where the air and wine were both like ice, was no trifling luxury; the transition being nearly as great as from the equator to the pole. This, however pleasant, might be supposed to have been an unsafe experiment. The only inconvenience, however, complained of, was, that the wine was so cool and delicious, as to render it no easy matter to ascend the long flight of steps, and to regain our billets above ground. Several stragglers who were found in the wine-cellars by the Spaniards, after the French rear-guard had left Rueda, and before we arrived, were put to death; and we saw several others in the churchyard, cut and lacerated in a shocking manner. The system of warfare carried on between the Spaniards and French was revolting to the greatest possible degree."

We give one spectacle more of a remarkable nature: the French had been driven from Portugal and Spain, and our brave army was now pursuing them over the "sacred territory of France," when Colonel Leach says:

"The 25th of August being the anniversary of the formation of our corps, (the rifle corps, or 95th,) the three battalions of it determined, if our French neighbours did not interfere, to dine together, on the banks of the Bidassoa, in our camp-ground. Having constructed a long rude table, with benches round it equally so, seventy-three officers sat down to such a dinner as we could scrape together, under a large hut made of the branches of trees, and within a short distance of the most advanced French sentinels. They looked down on us from the heights of Vera, but were too civil and well-behaved to disturb the harmony of so jovial a set of fellows. Neither vocal nor instrumental music was wanting after the feast; and, with the aid of cigars and black strap, we enjoyed the most extraordinary *fête champêtre* I ever witnessed:—as may easily be imagined, from the singularity of our situation, and the possibility of our being hurried from the festive board to stand to our arms."

The whole volume presents to us the view of privations succeeded by pleasures, the more vividly enjoyed from their rapid alternations with dangers,—the snatches, as it were, of glimpses of happiness while encircled by the arms of death. The present moment is indeed the soldier's eternity, during such a war as that from 1807 to 1815, when Waterloo crowned the whole with immortal glory.

Among his recreations, our author appears to have been devoted to field sports, and whenever an opportunity offered, his dog and gun were in requisition. We extract an illustration.

"In the forest of Albuquerque, a few leagues distant, are red deer, wild boars, wolves, and foxes. To that forest we made several excursions, taking with us some of our best marksmen, and sleeping the night before in the small walled town of Ouguila, which is on the borders of the forest. Several fine red deer were killed, one of which, a very large stag, I was so fortunate as to bring down with a ball. Although neither wolves nor wild boars were brought to bag, we nevertheless had some shots at them. I look back on those excursions as amongst the happiest days of my life. General Crawford directed that the regiments of his division should frequently be marched to the river Caya, about four miles distant, to bathe. This was done independently by battalions. Trifling occurrences sometimes make lasting impressions; and the animated scene which our visit to the river produced I have never forgotten. Not only do I cherish the recollection of days long gone by, which were full of excitement, but I derive indescribable pleasure from placing before me, in battle array, some of those 'trifles light as air;' one of which, relative to our bathing excursions in the Caya, shall be detailed in as small a compass as possible. Whether the intention of General Crawford* was, that the regiments should march to the river to bathe as fully armed and accoutred as if they were about to mount guard in some stiff-starched garrison, I cannot say; but I know that every corps did harness and march forth to the river in that form, except our own. Colonel Beckwith, on the contrary, always ordered our men, on these occasions, to take with them neither arms, accoutrements, knapsacks, nor any one thing except their light fatigue dress, foraging-caps, and a stick, for a purpose which shall immediately be explained. The officers were desired to take with them their fowling-pieces and greyhounds; and in this light, easy attire we marched to the river. As soon as we were clear of the walls of Campo Maior, the whole battalion was extended in one long line in skirmishing order, bringing rather forward the wings, and proceeding in this manner straight across the great plain to the river. Hares, rabbits, and partridges, were soon started at all points; when such shooting, coursing, and knocking down with sticks and stones, and such *mobbing* of quadrupeds and birds commenced, that a game-preserving John Bull would undoubtedly have stigmatised us as a most nefarious corps of poachers. The process of bathing having been duly performed, the same scene took place on our return to the town; and the spirit and glee with which all hands entered into the sport may easily be conceived. Those who know nothing of the habits of the red-legged partridge, would be surprised to be told that we frequently made parties to *ride them down*. I can fancy the incredulous stare of some of my countrymen, if they heard any person bold enough to make such an assertion. But that it is not more strange than true, there are many living witnesses to prove. If a red-legged partridge be pursued by a person on horseback whilst on the wing, and a great noise and shouting is made, he will not rise a second time, but will continue running, and at last crouch, and allow himself to be taken up. I have but rarely known them to rise and take a second flight."

With this we conclude; once more expressing the gratification we have derived from Colonel Leach's pen, which we are sure will be shared by most readers, and especially by the military and his companions in arms.

Alice Paulet. A Sequel to Sydenham; or, Memoirs of a Man of the World. By the Author of "Sydenham." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THREE most amusing and clever volumes, decidedly improvements on their predecessors—not, perhaps, in the talent they indicate, but in its more able management. The fault of *Sydenham* was being too desultory, and too crowded with *dramatis personæ*; in *Alice Paulet* the interest is more concentrated, and the characters, from being fewer, are more fully developed. Sydenham's portrait is a true and well-finished picture; the harshness and crudeness of some of the tints are most judiciously toned down by time—time, the ameliorator of both moral and pictorial colouring. It is a curious fact, that the young are always severe in their judgments; partly from the innate distrustfulness of juvenile opinion, which is fain to err on the right side, and would be any thing rather than imposed upon; and partly because experience alone makes allowances. It is not till ourselves have descended from our own early standard of perfection, that we pardon others for not having even aspired to reach it. The great characteristic of this work is its good sense: it is a picture of real life; the conclusion is shrewdly drawn, and the estimate accurately taken; and we must say for the author, that

> "He is a keen observer, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men."

We shall place the fruit of some of his observation before our readers. The following is a truly English scene and speech. On the hero's return to the country-seat, the peasantry take off the carriage-horses.

"Thus I was dragged along, amid the shouts of that portion of my friends who were excluded for want of room from the pole and splinter-bar of my vehicle. When we reached the house, I was of course set down with another tremendous round of cheering. I ascended the steps towards the door, and before I entered, turned round, took off my hat with one hand, spread the other upon my breast, and with several profound bows, and looks expressive of the deepest gratitude, gradually backed myself inside. But, as I feared, my annoyance was not at an end, for my friends were not to be so easily got rid of. After waiting a minute or two, in the vain expectation of my re-appearance, clamours began to arise for me to shew myself. Less distinct than these, but sufficiently articulate, were expressions of discontent and displeasure, and still more removed were murmurs, among which the word 'beer' was audible. I still held back, however, hoping that, when they found their hints unnoticed, they would go about their business. This delay only increased the demonstrations of discontent, and caused the demands for 'Sydenham' and 'beer' to assume a more general and peremptory tone. Nicholls, who was at hand, now advised me to go out and say a few words, if it were only to save the windows. He had taken the precaution to have a barrel or two in readiness, if they should become so boisterous as to require that infallible quietus. Accordingly, I made my re-appearance at the summit of the hall steps, and my obedience to the popular voice was rewarded with a shout. Silence being restored, upon my signifying by my gestures that I wished to speak, I addressed the mob nearly as follows:—'Gentlemen, I trust you will pardon me, if the fatigue of my journey, and the unexpected honour which you have conferred upon me, at first so overpowered my faculties, that I was unable to express the gratitude and delight which I experienced at these most flattering testimonies of your confidence and esteem. I should be unworthy the name of Englishman, did I not consider these demonstrations as the most acceptable reward which a member of parliament can receive for his services, and an ample compensation for whatever difficulties and vexations he may have had to encounter in the honest and faithful discharge of his duty. Gentlemen, although I cannot boast of any brilliant talents or eminent services, yet I am conscious of having endeavoured to promote your interests to the best of my ability; and as no man can do more, whatever may be his success, I am not ashamed to shew my face.—[Bravo! hurra! well done!

* The author more than once impugns the military skill of this officer.

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you're an honest chap!]—Gentlemen, I deeply regret that circumstances over which I have no control, must preclude the possibility of my becoming a candidate for the honour of your suffrages at the ensuing election; but, nevertheless, as I trust it is unnecessary for me to assure you, my interest in your welfare and happiness is, and ever must be, unabated.—[Cheers.] Gentlemen,'—after a pause, in order to judge whether the last resort was necessary,—'Gentlemen, a barrel of beer will be brought you immediately, and I hope, after you have drunk my health, you will disperse with that sobriety and good order which has always distinguished you.' Tremendous cheering, under cover of which I retired." Popularity is an expensive thing.

The defence of the world is very amusingly managed:—

"The world has always appeared to me a most ill-used and long-suffering being. It is represented as a monster of vice and folly. Not a crime or absurdity can be committed, but it must be abused and ridiculed as the author. Not a reprobate, genteel or vulgar, can take the road to ruin, but the world must be execrated as his seducer. It is belaboured weekly by the parsons, daily by the press in every shape, from the sermon to the play, and hourly by individuals of all sorts and sizes; nay, even many of its own members, who either live on its bounty, or share in its pleasures, will sneer at it to its very face. Does the world ever retaliate, or even murmur under this load of calumny? Does it ever protest against the hardship of being made responsible for the iniquities and absurdities of those who are predestinated fools and scoundrels? or of having the abuse of the advantages and pleasures which it offers described as its real characteristics? Does it ever insinuate that all the slander with which it is overwhelmed proceeds either from the malice and spleen of those who have been disappointed in their speculations upon its good nature and patronage, or from knaves and imbeciles, who are glad to father their villanies and weaknesses upon it? Does it ever complain of the gross injustice and bitter spirit of persecution with which all its foibles are searched out, dragged to light, and made the theme of every species of invective, reproach, and scorn, while a thick veil is kept carefully drawn over its virtues? Does it ever vaunt of the admirable policy by which it preserves the honour of both sexes—making the slightest stain upon the reputation of the one an indelible blot; and the smallest breach of truth, honesty, or courage, irreparable in the other? Does it remind its detractors that it gives every facility to improvement, submits patiently to chastisement, whether it be the terrible scourge of genius, or the feeble stroke of a puny whipster, and yields a ready obedience to the deliberate voice of public opinion? In short, does it challenge its opponents to investigate human nature, and to produce a scheme of society which shall secure to mankind a greater average of virtue, wisdom, and happiness, than it can afford? So much for the world; which, though I admit, like every thing human, it is not exempt from faults, is, I must maintain, upon the whole, of an amiable character, and utterly undeserving of the indiscriminate abuse which is lavished upon it from every side."

The master-mind of a small borough is a clever sketch:—

"I believe that most boroughs, both rotten and sound, have a master-mind who *manages* the matter, and whose influence all the parties concerned acknowledge, though none can give you a satisfactory reason why he possesses it. Perhaps, however, few of these master-minds were gifted with the qualities which constitute the character in such an eminent degree as my friend Ball. He was, in fact, the most completely clever fellow I ever met with in his class of life; not even excepting my own man, Nicholls, about whom there was rather too much bustle of pretension. The ex-mayor of P—— was likewise endowed with an effrontery which nothing could daunt; and when he was in a jocular mood and knew his company, he could be exceedingly pleasant upon the subject of himself and his conduct. In fact, he was proud of being called a knave; for he said (or it was said for him) that the epithet implied a superior mind; and he was flattered at having his assurance admired, because it was an evidence of moral courage. The reader is aware how he used me. It was chiefly by his intrigues that I was deprived of that control over the one seat for P—— which remained in my family, after it had abandoned half of the borough, in order to strengthen their tenure of the remainder. He then treated with me as a stranger, and took my money, in consideration of which I was duly elected; but because, subsequently, a more advantageous offer was made by Lord Daventry, he hands over, without a moment's hesitation, the whole concern to that noble lord. The Havilands, however, who were versed in every variety of political intrigue, threatened to prove too many for a man who, however great his ability, was familiar only with provincial practice. They feared, no doubt, the personal power of Ball, as having too much the character of an *imperium in imperio*, and their first measure after getting into the borough, was to put a plot in operation, the object of which was, to deprive Ball of his influence, and to vest it in some other person who should be a mere tool of their own. The sagacity of the ex-mayor quickly discerns his danger, and takes prompt and vigorous measures against it. He sees that the popular feeling of P—— has taken a religious complexion, and forthwith he forsakes Dr. Haviland's congregation, and sends in his adhesion to Lankey, to whose party he is an important acquisition. But he takes a step of still greater importance. He agitates and canvasses actively, and secretly and suddenly raises up the banner of REFORM, under the very nose of the noble marquess, who starts back at the horrible apparition, like the Jew in Scott's romance from the uplifted shield of brawn. Ball's plan was, in fact, nothing less than to open the borough. Several attempts to this effect had been made by adventurers, but had been frustrated by him, and indeed the scheme was hopeless, while he continued to support the corporation interests; but, now that he opposed them, there was little doubt that he would succeed, supported as he was by all the town's-people, who, under the existing system, were deprived of the elective franchise."

If the ensuing anecdote be not true, at least it is very probable, which is as much as can be said of most.

"I here, of course, praised his 'fine boys,' asked their ages, and addressed the urchins themselves, awkwardly enough I dare say, though I hope in a rather more fortunate style than that of an old bachelor of my acquaintance, who, when a young married lady presented her first-born darling to him for his meed of admiration, not knowing exactly what to say to the poor little gummy wretch, tapped it under the chin, with 'Aha, little beast!' to the astonishment, disgust, and indignation of the pretty mother."

How true is our next extract!

"Men of superior talents, who have generally ardent imaginations, are much more easily deceived by women than those of a more ordinary character. Their fancy invests the object of their admiration with qualities which she does not possess, and they identify the celestial phantom of which they are enamoured with the frail mortal who is the ostensible object of their love."

There is also truth, and truth most judiciously put, in the remarks on duelling. "Submit the practice of duelling to the test of abstract reason, and its absurdity is palpably manifest. Law hath denounced it with capital punishment, and her decree has been abundantly supported by the arguments of the wise and the good. But the manners and prejudices of society have set at nought law, though seconded (as doth not always happen) by religion, morality, and wisdom. And I fear that until we approach a little nearer perfectibility, we must be content to tolerate the duel, however absurd and iniquitous. It represses tyranny, for it places the strong and the weak upon a level. It checks insolence by the fear of chastisement; and as the last remnant of chivalry, it must be considered as the guardian of that habit of humanity and courtesy of behaviour, which it contributed to introduce. These, it may be said, are arguments drawn from expediency, to advocate what is wrong; but this is the age of expediency."

Our hunting squirearchy are not very favourably depicted; we take one observation.

"The conversation at one time turned upon a young lady of the neighbourhood, who was just coming out, and of whom one gentleman expressed himself so warm an admirer, that he swore he would call his favourite mare after her; the highest compliment, I believe, that a sportsman can pay to a favoured one of the other sex. A delicate attention, assuredly, to have the name of her one admires, and perhaps loves, profaned by the rude lips of grooms and stable-boys! 'Dress Lady Georgiana! Take Lady Georgiana to water! Give Lady Georgiana a feed! Clean Lady Georgiana's bed!'"

In the third volume our young author (for young he evidently is, by his warmth,) gets upon political ground: he is a stanch Tory; and it is a good sign for a young man to be in earnest, whether right or wrong in his opinions on such matters, which this is no place to decide. Any one can vouch for the graphic reality of the following "reform scenes."

"In the gossip which always attends any measure of importance, the different reports and assertions which are confidently made respecting its fate are amusing enough. 'The bill,' says one careful calculator in its favour, 'will be carried by sixty-five.' 'I know,' says an oppositionist, with equally scrupulous accuracy, 'that it will be thrown out by a majority of forty-two.' 'There is to be no division,' affirms a third. 'Shall you vote for the bill?' said I to a Tory country gentleman. 'Why, I suppose I must,' answered he; 'they 'll dissolve if it does not pass, and I can't afford to stand another election just now; besides, they say there 'll be an insurrection in the country if it is thrown out.' 'It 'll never get through the Lords,' said one dandy *against*, to another *for* the measure. 'I'll bet you six to four—thousands,' was the conclusive argument in reply. In fact the bill was a very fertile source of gambling, and it was said that there was as

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much money upon it as upon the Derby. In fact, at the time, this topic superseded every other. The spirit of politics forced its way even into drawing-rooms, and usurped the throne of fashion. Young men talked to their partners with much complacency of their prospects in the scramble which was to take place; and ladies spoke with alarm of the times, and the dreadful reform measure. 'Do you really think there will be a revolution?' inquired a very pretty woman of me, as of one from whom she expected authentic information. 'No doubt of it,' was my grave reply. 'But are you serious?' 'I am indeed.' 'And—and what will be the consequences?' rejoined the fair inquirer, who, having ascertained that there was to be a revolution, now desired to know what a revolution was. 'The consequences,' answered I, 'are too numerous to be detailed. I can only mention a few, which will be among the earliest. The opera will certainly be put down by act of parliament; the patronesses of Almack's will be dismissed, and their places filled up by tradesmen's wives; so that, instead of waltzing with guardsmen, you will be obliged to content yourself with apprentices, if, indeed, you are so fortunate as to get a subscription. So I advise you to make interest betimes in the proper quarters.' 'I am sure, then, I hope the odious bill will be thrown out,' said the lady; who, however, knowing my character, was not quite sure that I was not quizzing her. This reminds me of a conversation which at this period I overheard in the street between two 'unwashed artificers,' at the door of a house where a petition in favour of the ministerial measure solicited their signatures. 'I say, Bill, cans't thee write?' 'Ah, to be sure I can,' answered Bill. 'Well, come in and write thy name to this here purtition for reform,' rejoined his companion. 'Reform! what the h—ll's that?' 'Why doesn't thee know? Reform is that we shall be all lords and squires; shouldn't thee like to have thy missis a lady, and to ride in a carriage, with nothing to do but eat and drink like a new one?' 'My eyes! if that's the meaning on't,' said Bill, 'I'll sign it fast enough,—if I don't, I'm blowed!' Accordingly, in they turned, and scrawled their names on the dirty parchment, which was subsequently presented, with previous notice, as the great London petition, signed by a hundred thousand inhabitants."

We add two or three acute remarks: "A man who is vacillating between contending arguments or inclinations, is glad of a straw to turn the scale." * * * *

"Violent and openly profligate natures are not desperate, but the subtile and hypocritical are impracticable." * * * *

"The reputation of a gamester is as fragile as that of a woman."

An occasional coarseness of epithet is a fault with the writer; it is a mistake to think that this is strength. We conclude by saying, that the work is both entertaining and clever; and, moreover, one of those which make us give an author credit for being even cleverer than his book.

The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

WHY what have we here?—a butterfly with the sting of a wasp, a bird with the painted plume of a peacock and the beak of a hawk? Verily, Mr. Editor, you

"are not too discreet,
To run a-muck and tilt at all you meet."

The longest poem in the volume, and the one to which public attention is most particularly directed, is, as its writer calls it, "a literary squib." Squib, indeed!—fire and furies, with a vengeance! It ought rather to be entitled the Fraseriad, its vituperation being almost entirely directed towards the magazine bearing that name, whose personal attacks on Mr. Watts have provoked this, in our opinion, ill-judged, and, at all events, most ill-placed, retaliation. It is a bad plan to pursue that very line of conduct which you yourself denounce as infamous. We always have protested, and always shall protest, against the personalities now so common in the periodical press, as equally degrading to their writers and deteriorating to literature; and when the abusive attack produces the equally abusive reply, we (avoiding the coarser saw touching certain culinary vessels) can only quote the old English proverb, and say, it is just "pull, devil—pull, baker!" Of the tone of the poem the following extract may serve as a specimen:

"And, cheek-by-jowl, his brother twin,
In all but dulness, Pat Maginn;
Who, though he write the LL.D.
After his name, will never be
A whit the graver than he is—
Less fond of drunken 'deevilries,'
Less ready for a vulgar hoax,
Addicted less to pot-house jokes,
And all the rough plebeian horse-play,
He will so oft without remorse play!
Give him a glass or two of whisky,
And in a trice he grows so frisky,
So full of frolic, fun, and satire,
So ready dirt around to scatter,
And so impartial in his blows,
They fall alike on friends and foes;
Nay, rather than his humour balk,
His mother's son he'd tomahawk!
And so he can but set once more
His boon companions 'in a roar,'
Will scruple not, good-natured elf,
To libel his illustrious self!
A task so difficult, I own
It can be done by him alone!
And yet, to give the devil his due,
He'd neither slander me nor you
From any abstract love of malice,
But only in his humorous sallies;
For of his friends he'd lose the best,
Much rather than his vilest jest!

But for that booby by his side,
Regina's namesake, not her pride,*
That parasitic fish beneath,
That picks its larger brethren's teeth;
Dines in some shark's pestiferous maw,
Sups on a whale's encumbered jaw;
And prone in offal still to wallow,
Bolts what its patrons cannot swallow;
Even so, by garbage fed alone,
Too foul for even Maginn to own,
He builds his pyramid of fame
On ribald jests, without a name;
Sticks to the Standard-bearer's skirt,
And apes his knack of throwing dirt;
Steals his nick-names for every body,
Copies his taste in whisky-toddy!
Retails his jokes with wondrous pains,
And borrows all things but his brains!
Who ventured with the Ensign's backing,
To take the charge, till sent a-packing,
Of Messrs. Treuttel's Foreign Quarterly;
Used Black and Co. so very martyrly;
Then kept the world on tenterhooks,
All waiting for a set of books,
Which they who seldom money stint
Refused to pay for or to print;†
And left, though they had given the order,
On hand, 'in most admired disorder.'
The Theban deep, who undertook
For C. and B. to write a book,
Which, when the manuscript was sent,
Proved in the same predicament!
And that it ne'er could daylight see
Was plain to them as A, B, C.
Therefore he used their 'firm' ungently,
Colburn reviled, and slandered Bentley;
And like the toad that whispered Eve,
Did fair Regina's ear deceive;
Of rancour full as Bell,‡ or fuller,
Suborned attacks on Lytton Bulwer,
Which though he read with vast delight,
Poor as they were, he could not write.

Thus have I seen some blow-fly small,
Over a noble sirloin crawl,
On Giblett's ample counter placed,
Tainting the meat it could not taste;
And thus,—for even the meanest things
Can void their filth and use their stings,—
The veriest vermin of the press
The power of mischief still possess;
For jests inflict a double smart
'When some low blockhead points the dart;'
And dirt is dirt, and mud annoys,
Even from a knot of blackguard boys
Collected in the public street,
To run a-muck at all they meet;
Who, as their ordure round they scatter,
And every decent coat bespatter,
Conceive themselves—the more's the pity—
Youths of a vein immensely witty;
And deem no humour half so good
As calling names and throwing mud!"

We do say, abuse so outrageous is beyond all bounds of decency, and as offensive to all good taste as it is to all good feeling. Many of the assertions in the notes are made evidently on mere random conjecture: we shall only correct one relative to ourselves, from which the accuracy of others may be judged. Mr. Allan Cunningham is mentioned in a note as writing in the *Literary Gazette*. Cunningham neither is nor ever was a contributor to our pages, and in them never wrote one line of criticism.

We will now turn to what gives us the pleasure of praise. A spirited story by Leitch Ritchie opens the volume; then come some poems of considerable merit by the editor and his wife; one by Mrs. Howitt, "the Doomed King;" "a Legend of the Rhine," told in his own peculiar and lively style, by Mr. Praed; a poem on Egeria, by Mr. Hervey, so beautiful, that we must quote a favourite passage.

"Who hath not his Egeria?—some sweet thought,
Shrouded and shrined within his heart of hearts,
More closely cherished, and more fondly sought,
Still, as the daylight of the soul departs;—
The visioned lady of the spring that wells
In the green valley of his brighter years,
Or gentle spirit that for ever dwells,
And sings of hope, beside the fount of tears!"

We copy the following account of Quakeresses' dress, as given by one who can speak from experience, Mrs. A. Watts having herself belonged to that community.

"Even the Quakeresses, who, in obedience to the injunction of St. Paul, 'refrain from outward adorning,' and are restricted by their elders to garments composed of scarcely more than two colours, contrive from these simple elements to extract as much food for vanity as a painter from his seven primitive colours, or a musician from his octave of notes. It is true, the original materials are limited; but, O for the varieties that their ingenuity will contrive to extract from these simple elements! First, there is white, pure unadulterated white; then there is 'dead' white, then there is 'blue' white, then there is 'pearl' white, then there is 'French' white, and heaven knows how many other whites. Next follow the grays: first there is simple gray, then 'blue' gray, then 'ash' gray, then 'silver' gray, then 'raven' gray, and, for aught I know, a dozen other grays. Then come the fawn, the 'light' fawn, the 'dark' fawn, the 'red' fawn, the 'brown' fawn, the 'hare's back,' and the 'brown paper' colour; then follow (with their endless subdivisions) the families of the 'Esterhazies,' the 'doves,' the 'slates,' the 'puces,' the 'mulberries,' the 'bronzes,' and the 'London smokes,'—varieties innumerable, and with distinctions only visible to the practised eye of a

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* "A namesake, but no connexion of the able and excellent author of the 'Kuzzilbash,' *J. B. Fraser.*"

† "Where are the *Résumés* of History, which Messrs. Whittaker announced from the pen of this gentleman?"

‡ "This person must not be confounded with a cleverer and honester man, Mr. H. G. Bell, the author of *Summer and Winter Hours*, nor with any other Mr. Bell, for 'none but himself can be his parallel.' He is the dictatorial, pragmatical, vigilant (see his libels on Lord and Lady Lyndhurst), and acrimonious editor of the 'largest newspaper in England:' and as the chief supporter of such an *Atlas* must of necessity be a person of no ordinary muscle; for if it be the 'largest,' it is no less certainly the heaviest newspaper in Great Britain."

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Lady Friend. As for their muslin handkerchiefs, let no unfortunate wight, whilst in the act of paying a bill for Brussels lace, envy those who have no such bills to pay: let him rest assured that his burden is borne in some shape or other by his graver brethren: he may know that a muslin handkerchief may be bought for eighteen pence; but he does not perhaps know that it may be bought for eighteen shillings also, and that the 'Sisters' have a peculiar *penchant* for the latter priced article. It is true that a double instead of a single border forms the principal, I should say the only difference, between the India and British manufacture,—no matter; the India is the most difficult to be procured, therefore the most to be desired, and consequently the thing to be worn! And then their *chaussure*—in this point they resemble our French neighbours more than any other people. It is certain that they confine themselves to shoes of two colours, brown and black; but then, their varieties! from the wafer-soled drawing-room to the clog-soled walking shoe! verily their name should be legion, for they indeed are many. And then their gloves—who ever saw a Quakeress with a soiled glove? On the contrary, who has not remarked the delicate colour and superior fitting of their digital coverings? And well may it be so; for, though ready-made gloves may do well enough for an undistinguishing court-beauty, her refinement must stoop to that of a Quaker belle, who wears no gloves but such as are made for her own individual fingers. And then their pocket handkerchiefs—I verily believe that the present fashion of the *mouchoir brodé* proceeded from them. It is true that they do not require the corners to be so elaborately embroidered; but for years have they been distinguished for the open-work border on cobweb-like cambric: nor are they to be satisfied with the possession of a moderate share of these superior articles. No, indeed; if they are to be restricted to necessaries in dress, they fully indemnify themselves by having these necessaries of the finest possible quality, and in the largest possible quantity. So long ago as the reign of Charles the Second, it was observed of a great statesman, that he was 'curious in his linen as a Quaker:' and this implied axiom of the seventeenth century is fully in force at the present day. One observation more, and I have done. In the management of that most unmanageable part of a lady's attire ycleped a shawl, we will match any pretty 'Friend' against any fair one of the European continent (always excepting a lady from Spain). O, the smoothing of plaits that I have witnessed, to modify any unseemly excrescence at the back of the neck! O, the patience required to overcome the stubbornness of rebellious sleeves, which threatened to obscure the delicate slope of a pair of drooping shoulders! O, the care that has been required to prevent the beautiful sinuosity of a falling-in back from being too much veiled, or the utter annihilation of the far-famed Grecian bend in the sweep of its remorseless folds!"

There is a pretty little poem called a "Sketch," evidently an imitation, but a very happy one, of L. E. L.'s style; and a very sweet song by G. M. Fitzgerald. Of what remains we will say as little as possible, for there is much of commonplace and inferior quality. On the whole, the *Souvenir*, though not equal to some of its earlier volumes, is at least equal to most of its competitors.

Forms of Prayers, adapted to the use of Schools and Families consisting of Young Persons. Also Poems on religious Subjects. By J. Snow. 18mo. pp. 206. London, 1830. Hatchard and Son.

Of a previous volume, "Sketches and Minor Poems," by the same amiable author, we truly said that it displayed a fine tone of poetical feeling; to which we may add, in respect to the present production, that it also breathes a pure piety and a genuine sincerity, which touch the heart. The prayers are fervent, and eloquent by their simplicity and truth. The sacred poems are very beautiful: from the introduction to them, we are inclined to think that several are from the pen of the late much-esteemed and respected Mr. Christie. With our best wishes we recommend this little volume to the well-meaning and religious: it will promote the views of the former by its wide dissemination, and cheer the latter either among multitudes or in solitude.

A Grammar of the Hebrew Language. By Moses Stuart. 8vo. pp. 248. Oxford, 1831. Talboys.

This is a reprint of the third American edition of Professor Stuart's Hebrew Grammar, published here with his concurrence, and superintended through the press by Mr. Pauli, Oriental Professor at Oxford, in conjunction with Mr. Jones, author of a new version of Isaiah. From the character of these gentlemen as Biblical scholars, we were prepared for a very accurate edition of this valuable work;—nor have we been disappointed. To say that but few Hebrew grammars can be compared with it in this respect, would not be very high praise; since productions of this class have rarely, in our country at least, had that minute attention bestowed on their revision, by which alone typographical errors can be avoided. It would have been preferable, however, we think, to have omitted a table of "errata" altogether, than to have noticed only *four* (in which the same word is *twice* wrong!), when there are nearly a hundred misprints in the book, in addition to those pointed out. Many of them, it is true, are of little consequence; though this is not the case with all:—one, for instance, in page 162, contradicts the rule it is quoted to confirm. We do not mention these oversights to complain of the printing in general, which is uncommonly neat and creditable,—but merely to shew that the work is not quite so immaculate as the short list of errata would seem to imply. That it is very difficult to obtain even a tolerable degree of accuracy in Hebrew typography we well know; and Professor Stuart himself mentions the astonishing fact, that seeing his Grammar through the press was almost as laborious as compiling it! After the high character that has been awarded to the work, as a guide to a knowledge of this venerable language, by persons eminently qualified to judge, it may be thought presumptuous in us to differ; but while we give every praise to the learned author, we cannot help saying that we have seen grammars better suited for the mere beginner than this, which is too elaborate and minute for such a purpose. Mr. Hurwitz' Grammar (noticed in our No. 757) is, in our opinion, more likely to attract the tyro and lead him on, by combining rule, example, and exercise together, than one in which only bare rules are given, either without any, or, at best, with very meagre, exemplifications. But as an excellent book of reference on doubtful points, we know of none equal to Mr. Stuart's; and confess that he has made clear, and shewn reasons for, some things for which we had searched in vain in other grammars, and which we never properly understood before. An edition of the same author's *Chrestomathy* is, we see, announced by Mr. Talboys; and if as carefully executed as the present work, it will be a grateful accession to the stock of Hebrew lesson-books.

The Comic Offering; or, Lady's Melange of Literary Mirth for 1832. Edited by L. H. Sheridan. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The comic field seems to be something like the race-course, open to all ages, weights, sexes, and descriptions of competitors. At first Hood walked over the ground (if such droll motion could be called walking); but now, as in all cases where success has rewarded an original design, we have others rushing to the starting-post, and fairly trying their speed. In this line we have already had to notice Mr. Harrison's work; and now Miss Sheridan, *clarum nomen*, demands our attention to her second year's performances. We are glad that we can answer this call in a polite fashion, only that it is also consistent with truth which is not fashionable; and speak of the *Comic Offering* as of a very clever and amusing companion. It is full of embellishments, from the binding to the last page; and many of the ideas graphically embodied are very fanciful and ludicrous,—the more so as being chiefly the productions of a female, who has displayed an exuberance of drollery, while, at the same time, limited to that delicacy which one of her sex addressing herself to the rest was bound to observe. From among the seventy cuts we shall therefore select two or three, in order to afford an opportunity of judging of these pictorial puns and witticisms.

The literary portion of the work is of mixed merit—sometimes better, sometimes worse, as all publications of professed humour must of necessity be. The first poem will be understood, where many a young man understands little else, and we quote it for the entertainment of the Universities.

Letter from an Oxford Student to his Mother.

"Brazen-Nose College, Oct. 1831.

"Dear Mother,—Your anger to soften
At last I sit down to indite,—
'Tis clear I am *wrong* very often,
Since 'tis true I so seldom *do write!*

But now I'll be silent no longer,
Pro and con all my deeds I'll disclose,—
All the *pros* in my *verse* I'll make stronger,
And hide all the *cons* in my *pros!*

You told me, on coming to college,
To *dip into books* and excel;
Why, the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge
I've dipt into books pretty well!

The advice you took pleasure in giving
To direct me, is sure to succeed,
And I think you'll confess I am living
With *very great credit* indeed!

I wait on the Reverend Doctors
Whose friendship you told me to seek;
And as for the two learned Proctors,
They've *call'd for me* twice in a week!

Indeed, we've got intimate lately,
And I seldom can pass down the street
But their kindness surprises me greatly,—
For they *stop me* whenever we meet!

My classics, with all their old stories,
I now very closely pursue,—
And ne'er read the Remedia Amoris
Without thinking, dear mother, of you!

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,
And Horace I've nearly by heart;
But though fam'd for his smartness and satire,
He's not quite so easy as *Smart.*

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English Bards I admire every tittle,
And doat on poetical lore,
And though yet I have studied but *Little*,
I hope to be master of *Moore!*

You'll see, from the nonsense I've written,
That my devils are none of the *Blues:*
That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,
And nearly as fond of the *Muse!*

Bright puns (oh! how crossly you bore 'em!)
I scatter, while Logic I cram;
For Euclid, and *Puns* Asinorum,
We leave to the Johnians of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,
Is skittish and shy as can be;
Not Yorkshire, with all its *three ridings*,
Is half such a *shier* as he!

I wish he were stronger and larger,
For in truth I must candidly own
He is far the most moderate charger
In this land of *high chargers* I've known!

My doubts of profession are vanish'd,
I'll tell you the cause when we meet;
Church, army, and bar I have banish'd,
And now only look to the *Fleet!*

Come down, then, when summer is gilding
Our gardens, our trees, and our founts,
I'll give you accounts of each building,—
How you'll wonder at *all my accounts!*

Come down when the soft winds are sighing;
Come down — Oh you shall and you must,—
Come down when the dust-clouds are flying,—
Dear mother—*Come down with the dust!*"

The following is more generally amusing; for who cannot play at

Cross Purposes?

"'Child!' said the bard, 'dost thou wander now
To gather fresh flowers for thy sunny brow?
Or twin'st thou a garland pure and fair
To fix in thy sleeping brother's hair?
That when he awakes he may smile to see
The nodding roses all pluck'd by thee:
Tell me, thou child!'
'No,' said the child, with accent clear,
'I comes jist now wi' ma feyther's beer!'

'Thy father's bier? Has he left thee, child,
To the world's cold blasts and its tempests wild?
Has he left thee beside a deserted hearth
With no one to guard thee on all the earth?
Has he sunk in his pride 'neath the hand of fate
And left thee, thou lone one, desolate?
Tell me, thou child!'
'No!' said the child with that sunny brow,
'He's been all this mornin' arter the plough!'

'Hear'st thou the breezes from yonder hill,
As they speak with lone voices subdued and still,
Telling, as onwards in perfume they sweep,
Of the hidden flow'rs in the valleys which sleep;
Hear'st thou their voices at even-tide,
As thou sinkest to sleep by the river's side?
Tell me, thou child!'
'No,' said the child, 'I ne'er hears them *speak*,
'But I hears them *blowin'* most nights in the week.'"

As a prose tale, we would recommend that of "the man who carried his own bundle," evidently a real anecdote of Admiral Lord A. Beauclerc, which is unluckily too long for transplanting among our extracts, and would lose so much by pruning to the fitting size, as to destroy its character; so we must be contented with the annexed, and a repetition of our praise of the volume which they help to enliven.



Making a *Tumbler* of *Punch*.



An Old *Cat!*

The Keepsake, for 1832. Edited by F. Mansel Reynolds. Longman and Co.

THIS beautiful volume is as beautiful as ever; and its exquisite plates are accompanied by a pleasant collection of tales and poetry. Its aristocratic table of contents seems just like the list of names given in the *Morning Post* when some gay party has been attended by "all the fashionable world." We own we do not see why, as critics, we should object to what both publisher and public seem to like; and the taste of the former is always ruled by that of the latter. This volume is destined for the drawing-room; and why should not some of its readers see themselves in its pages. "Lady Evelyn Savile's Three Trials" is a sweet and touching story; and the "New King," by Theodore Hook, very lively and very likely. Lord Mulgrave's "Bridemaid" is a very sweet creature, worthy to accompany the plate for which it was written, but which has been delayed. Lord Morpeth has contributed some graceful poems; so has Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Among other tales that have pleased us, we must mention "the Dream," by the Author of Frankenstein; "Therese," by Sheridan Knowles; "the Fortunes of a Modern Crichton;" and, if it were more condensed, "the Star of the Pacific," which, albeit, turns on a most improbable incident. We make the following poetical selections.

"*Stanzas.* By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

When the sweet bulbul thrills the perfumed breeze,
And, crescent-crown'd, gleam those pomegranate-trees,
And thy caique shoots through the slumbering seas,
Remember me! remember me!
I passionately pray of thee.

When thou hast left this bright and blessed shore,
Perhaps to breathe its heavenly airs no more,
And home seems dearer than 'twas e'er before,
Remember me! remember me!
I passionately pray of thee.

When the last flash of daylight is declining,
When Persian bowers are round thy head entwining,
When Persian eyes are all about thee shining,
Remember me! remember me!
I passionately pray of thee.

When thou hast met with careless hearts and cold—
Hearts that young love may touch, but never hold,
Not *changeless* as the loved and left of old—
Remember me! remember me!
I passionately pray of thee.

When this world's griefs shall come to cloud thy brow,
When this world's smiles shall charm thee not as now,
When light, life, love, and all are dimm'd below—
Remember me! remember me!
I passionately pray of thee.

When thy proud soul its faults and follies mourns,
And the alter'd heart in thy struck bosom burns,
And memory unto the past returns,
Then most, oh, most remember me!
I passionately pray of thee."

"Edith," by L. E. L., is one of that delightful writer's most charming little sketches, full, as they always are, of imagination and feeling.

"Weep not, weep not, that in the spring
We have to make a grave;
The flowers will grow, the birds will sing,
The early roses wave:
And make the sod we 're spreading fair
For her who sleeps below;
We might not bear to lay her there,
In winter frost and snow.

We never hoped to keep her long:
When but a fairy child,
With dancing step, and birdlike song,
And eyes that only smiled,
A something shadowy and frail
Was even in her mirth;
She look'd a flower that one rough gale
Would bear away from earth.

There was too clear and blue a light
Within her radiant eyes,
They were too beautiful, too bright,
Too like their native skies;
Too changeable the rose which shed
Its colour on her face,
Now burning with a passionate red,
Now with just one faint trace.

She was too thoughtful for her years,
Its shell the spirit wore;

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And when she smiled away our fears,
We only feared the more.
The crimson deepen'd on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear,
And every day she grew more weak,
And every hour more dear.

Her childhood was a happy time,
The loving and beloved;
Yon sky, which was her native clime,
Hath but its own removed.
This earth was not for one to whom
Nothing of earth was given;
'Twas but a resting place, her tomb,
Between the world and heaven."

"*London in September*—(*not* in 1831).
By Lord John Russell.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten Row;
In Brookes's sits one *quidnunc* to peruse
The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news;
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
To see two empty hackney coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor Square;
From shop deserted hastes the 'prentice dandy,
And seeks—oh, bliss!—the *Molly—a tempora fandi;*
Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng;
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;
The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun."

We had intended quoting a story, but must content ourselves with recommending—they are rather long for our columns, and yet it is a pity to abridge; though it is not improbable that we may try our hand in this way next Saturday. Meanwhile, as a Picture and Literary Annual, we can truly say, that a finer specimen for *gift* or *keeping* has not been produced than this year's *Keepsake*.

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir. Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH we are this week rather overcharged with the larger brethren of the Annual family, we cannot be so ill-mannered as to allow the performance of a lady to pass without its meed of praise. Mrs. Watts has again produced a very sweet little volume; addressed, we should say, from the general character of its contents, principally to a class of readers who, in common parlance, would be thought younger than that to which the word juvenile applies; though it may be perused with pleasure and instruction from the age of nine to fifteen, as well as of four to nine.

Poetical compositions, written *down* to the capacity of children, are seldom deserving of critical notice; nor do we find any of them in the *New Year's Gift* to tempt us from the usual course, except the "Sailor's Widow," a very pathetic story by Mary Howitt, to whom the volume is, with good feeling and great propriety, dedicated.

"'Come close,' she said, with trembling voice,
'Come closer unto me!
Oh! what a dreadful night is this
For wanderers on the sea!

Oh! I have prayed for him so long—
So vainly wished him home;
So vainly counted weeks and months—
I fear he will not come!

Ah! there 's a wreck upon the waves,
Drifting the storm before!
Methinks it is the very ship
In which he left this shore!

Methinks I see a feeble few,
Faint, clinging to her deck!
God save them all! and bring to shore
That poor and shattered wreck!

He was a tall and goodly man
As ever sailed the sea—
But 't was not for his goodly looks
He was so dear to me!

He had a kind and loving heart;—
Ah! he was warm and true—
As gentle, yet as brave a man
As ever cable threw!

Yet, if it pleases God to give
Him back to us again,
My children, it will wring his heart
To find you are but twain!

For when upon this voyage he went,
Upon this very shore
We parted in the pilot-boat,
His blessing was on four!

He 'll ask, 'Where is my little Jack,
That was so stout of limb—
And Willie, with his curling hair,
What is become of him?'

And then, alas! my answering
A dismal tale must be,
How Jack and Willie both are laid
Beneath the churchyard tree!

First, little Willie went to heaven,
He did not suffer long;
He died before two days were passed,
And of a fever strong.

Poor Jack, he had his father's heart,
He watched him night and day,
And then he took the fever too,
And in his death-bed lay.

I 'll shew him where their little graves
Are lying, side by side;
The Spring has made them fresh and green,
With daisies beautified.

How will he hold you in his arms,
The while his heart doth ache—
And feel that you, two lonely ones,
Are dearer for their sake!

But look! yon wreck comes nearer now—
And plainly I can see,
That to her deck is clinging fast
A feeble company!

Up! let us hasten to the beach—
The struggling vessel flies
Before a current strong—and hark!
I hear their feeble cries.'

They hasted down unto the beach;
The winds and waters bore
Anon that miserable wreck
Upon the sandy shore.

And well the woman knew the ship,
And well the men she knew—
Seven weather-beaten, feeble men,
The remnant of the crew;—
But he, the one so dear to her,
Was not among the few!

'Oh, where is he! oh, where is he?
My husband dear!' she cried.
The sailors all had pity on her,
And gently thus replied:—

'It was before the storm began,
When on the Indian sea,
At sunset, we were sailing with
The trade-wind pleasantly;

The captain's son—a little boy,
Loved by thy husband well,
As he was playing by his side,
Into the water fell!

The captain saw him fall—but ere
His voice could give alarm,
Thy husband plunged into the sea
And caught him by the arm.

He heaved the boy upon the deck;—
But then came suddenly
Upon him, with its open jaws,
A monster of the sea!'
The woman shrieked—'And he is dead!
O tell it not to me!'

'God be a father unto you,
My children dear,' she said;
The warmest heart that ever lived
Lies with the ocean dead!'

'Be calm, be calm!' an old man spake,
'Our captain died last eve;
His little son was dead before,
And with us he did leave
For thee the treasure of the wreck,
And prayed thee not to grieve!

He made me swear upon the Book,
Which I did solemnly,
If e'er we reached this shore, that I
Would surely seek for thee.

And to thee and thy babes convey
Whate'er the vessel bore;—
Look up, look up! thou weeping one,
For ye will want no more!'
'Gold,' said the widow, mournfully,
'Will ne'er the dead restore!

Oh! he is gone—that finest heart—
Oh! he is gone from me!
Upon my weary soul hath come
A great calamity!'

And thus she sorrowed long and sore,
And called upon the dead,
And bowed her forehead to the dust,
Nor would be comforted."

From the prose contributions,—though the description of a trip to Paris by a boy, and the "Cabinet of Curiosities," convey intelligence in an agreeable manner, and there are several interesting stories,—we select as our best example the little fowler of Tempio.

"Francesco Micheli was the only son of a carpenter, in easy circumstances, who resided at Tempio, a town situated in the north of the island of Sardinia: he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. This accident was occasioned by the carelessness of the youngest sister of Francesco, who had been playing with some pieces of lighted paper, and by chance suffered the flame to fall upon a heap of shavings which had been swept up in one corner of her father's workshop. The blaze spread rapidly over every quarter of the little dwelling; in vain Micheli exerted himself to arrest its progress. The dry state of the wood of which the cottage was built rendered it an easy prey to the flames; and whilst the unfortunate man was trying to secure a small box, containing the little savings of many years, the sudden fall of the roof buried him in the ruins, and, ere any assistance could be rendered, life was quite extinct; whilst his wife, having secured the safety of her children, contrived to escape through the flames, but was so much scorched and injured as to be rendered incapable of any exertion during the remainder of her life. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were now left destitute on the world, and were forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day. Every morning little Francesco was despatched to seek relief from the numerous friends of his father; but, alas! it is but a weak resource, and an uncertain support, which is founded on the commiseration of others. In many instances he returned unrelieved and disappointed, and the unhappy widow was unable to give bread to her starving children from the alms bestowed upon their little brother. Francesco had a certain innate pride, which shrunk from asking a favour of another. The least inquiry into his circumstances, the shadow of hesitation, the slightest repulse, or an air of coldness and reserve, disconcerted him at once; and at such times he could but return to weep and to lament with his unhappy mother. At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindnesses of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in destitution before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with lathes, and with some little difficulty, a cage, or aviary, of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task and of great activity, he was not long before he became tolerably successful; he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ring-doves, jays, and pigeons. Even in the most trifling business, one has always need of a companion, and in this Francesco found his two sisters invaluable assistants: whilst he was abroad in the wood, they sought in the marshes for reeds and bulrushes of which to make little cages; they fed the young birds which he brought home on his return, and they trained with great care such as they found

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capable of receiving instruction. Every week Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sassari, and generally disposed of those which were the most attractive and beautiful. From this source, however, their gains were but trifling; but they wisely considered, that a *little* was better than *nothing*, and any thing preferable to beggary; and each evening, with cheerful hearts, they brought home their scanty earnings to their poor mother. The object of all their desires was to be enabled to support their helpless parent; but still all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains: necessity is said to be the mother of invention; and he now meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourites and songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called 'Bianca,' suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her; she used to leap about and sport amongst them, whilst they would sometimes peck at and tease her; but on all such occasions she would merely stretch out her paw and threaten them, but never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions. He went even farther; for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part, and, after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself up into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in a deep sleep; the cage was then opened, and the little tricksy birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would play and fly about her, without either fear or restraint; they would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirrupping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood. To see a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was a sight so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sassari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound, when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with delight and alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers. Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him very liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months. The next undertaking of the little Sardinian was one of more enterprise and singularity still. He found one day a nest containing fifteen young partridges, which he brought to his aviary, and began to educate. Five, however, died within a few days, but the remaining ten fully answered his highest expectations. After some weeks of previous training, he contrived to attach them to little cannons made of brass, and taught them to draw them leisurely along a table. He then drew them up in two files, each girt with a sabre, and the other appurtenances of a soldier of artillery; every bird was taught to stand motionless beside his gun, and, at the word of command, the partridge to the right lit a match at a chafing-dish on the table, and courageously fired off his piece of ordnance. At a second command, the company to the left performed the same exercise; nor were either, after a little practice, in the least degree terrified at the noise which they had created. At a third signal, a few of the little warriors fell over on their side, stretched out their stiffened limbs, and counterfeited death; whilst others flew off, limping, and apparently screaming with the pain of their wounds. The commandant again beat a roll of the drum, and all flying to their ranks, resumed their order, and repeated their ingenious evolutions. Amongst the feathered pupils of Francesco, however, all were not endowed with equal sagacity and talent; some were intractable and stupid, whilst others betrayed an instinct almost amounting to reason. Of the latter class was one partridge, which he named Rosoletta. She followed him wherever he went with the attachment of a dog; she hopped after him from house to house, when he walked the streets of Tempio, and flew from tree to tree when he wandered in the woods, and rarely by night or day did she lose sight of her affectionate master. If she disappeared for an instant, a whistle from Francesco brought her to his side, when she would mount upon his arm, flap her wings, and chirrup with delight. With a docility by no means common in birds, Rosoletta not only obeyed her instructor herself, but seemed to penetrate his wishes with regard to her companions; and even sometimes ventured to assist him in the education of his more giddy pupils. If a chaffinch, more stupid or mutinous than the rest, put his comrades into disorder, or a thoughtless linnet wandered from the ranks, Rosoletta would instantly follow, and striking the offender with her wing, attempt to keep him in order. Francesco had once been at great pains to train a beautiful goldfinch, but one morning the ungrateful little bird escaped from his cage, flew to an open window, and reaching the adjoining garden, was seen no more. The little merchant was in despair at his loss; the more so, because he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. Five days elapsed, and the little wanderer returned not; he had given him over for lost, when on the sixth morning Rosoletta was seen chasing before her along the linden trees, a bird which was screaming at the top of its voice, and attempting by every means to escape from her. Only judge of the surprise of Francesco, when he saw his truant beauty driven on and guarded by the faithful partridge! Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length seated him in apparent disgrace on a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph at her success. Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe; but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed; 'some,' says the Abbé Reperonci (an Italian, who recounts his story), 'lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief and plaintive cries, and all, in fact, taking scarcely any nourishment during his sickness.' Dying as he was, the affectionate child could not avoid being sensible of the attachment of the little companions whom he had instructed with so much care. He never once betrayed any uneasiness for himself; but often and bitterly did he weep for his mother, and exclaim from time to time, 'Alas! who, when I am gone, will support my desolate mother, or tend my neglected birds?' None of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and inconsolable grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched herself upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. Whilst she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel, which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here died, about four months after the death of her beloved master. The tomb of Francesco is yet to be seen in Sassari; and the burial-ground where he lies is still called 'the Cemetery of the Little Fowler."

There are articles in the shapes of enigmas, riddles, &c. &c., which we cannot attempt to penetrate so as to profess ourselves able to give a critical opinion upon them: they will, however, serve to exercise the ingenuity of younger critics. We should have noticed the Persian tale of "Bathmendi," by Caroline Fry; but having met with it before, in *Arliss's Pocket Magazine*, and *Le Brethon's French Grammar* (we think), we were rather surprised to encounter our old friend among original pieces. We presume that Mrs. Watts has been kept in the dark as to the previous publication: at all events, we can most heartily recommend her work of this year to all who admire talent in the fine arts, and taste and judgment in catering for the youthful mind.

Elements of Chemistry familiarly explained and practically illustrated. Part I. 18mo. pp. 318. London, 1831. Murray.

NOT having had time to examine this volume with sufficient care, we must satisfy ourselves with a brief and temporary notice of it in this Number. We should have thought it a very difficult task to write an elementary work on the science of chemistry, which would present enough of what was new or useful, whether in its plan or its details, to ensure success among so many contemporaneous publications. The object of this book is to furnish something less learned and elaborate than the usual systematic works, and at the same time more detailed, connected, and explicit than the *Conversations* and *Catechisms*; and it fulfils those objects with great success. The first part treats of

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attraction, heat, light, and electricity: and as what is written on these subjects can only be considered as a peep at a beautiful country, to tempt us on to travel—the gift of some information as an inducement to more extensive research,—we shall not be very critical. Our continental neighbours have long ago taken all these important branches of science from the domains of chemistry, where, indeed, they can no longer dwell, without meeting with undeserved neglect; indeed, their successful pursuit demands a quantity of mathematical knowledge, which may be valuable, but is not requisite, in order to become an expert analyst, or a good practical chemist. There is much more philosophy in this little volume (the first of its series) than might be expected; and there is that singleness of design which belongs peculiarly to the writings of a person conversant with, and enthusiastic in, the development of his subject.

The Picturesque Annual. Travelling Sketches in the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and on the Rhine. With Engravings, from Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. 12mo. pp. 256. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

We do not know when we have been so pleased with a volume as with the one before us. The idea is good, quite new, and admirably executed. Mr. Leitch Ritchie is at once a picturesque, a sentimental, and a graphic traveller, and writes with equal facility and animation. He has evidently enjoyed the beautiful country through which he has been wandering, and he makes his readers enjoy it too. He has introduced two or three of those short romantic stories in which he so excels; but we are under the necessity of postponing our examples till our next.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROJECTED NEW COLONY.

In olden times the proposition to found a new colony would have attracted general and deep attention; but in our days we are so accustomed to extraordinary events, that great and useful ones fail to excite a tithe of the consideration due to them. The pamphlet before us,* and the annexed communication by an able writer, contain so much of what we consider to be true in principle, and valuable in application, on the subject of emigration, that we have much satisfaction in calling the attention of the public to both. Indeed, they seem to have made a considerable impression upon our colonial department, if we may judge from the following notice in the *Hampshire Courier* of last week, where they are evidently acted upon to a certain degree, as far as they could be in a colony established on a different plan.

"The Commissioners for Emigration have caused it to be intimated that government have determined to appropriate the sums produced by the sale of lands in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land to the encouragement of emigration by unmarried females to those colonies, under certain regulations. Females between the ages of 15 and 30, members of families about to proceed to the colonies, may receive 8*l.* each from the commissioners, to be paid to the heads of their families, or to the captain of the ship in which they are conveyed: if not forming part of a family, and possessing the funds necessary, in addition to the 8*l.*, to complete the price of their passage, they will be admitted as candidates for the bounty of government. As soon as a sufficient number of persons have signified their wish to emigrate, and the conditions been have complied with, the commissioners will take up a vessel for the conveyance of these emigrants, into which no other passengers will be admitted. Should the number of applications be too great for the funds, females who contribute the largest proportion of the cost of their passage will be entitled to a preference; but, in the absence of other distinctions, priority of application will form the rule of selection."

So soon after the all but total failure of those extravagant hopes of success which attended the formation of the Swan River settlement, the projectors of a new colony in Australia must put forth some very strong recommendations of their scheme, in order to obtain for it even a moderate degree of support: nay, more—they must shew distinctly, that, whatever were the causes of failure at the Swan River, those causes cannot operate in their project.

The original cause of failure at the Swan River appears to have been an inattention of government to that irrational desire to obtain large tracts of wilderness, which belongs to most emigrants from an old to a new country. The inhabitants of an old country, in which competition for land, arising from density of population, renders land highly valuable, imbibe a belief that land by itself is riches, and that to possess a large territory any where is to possess wealth. The truth, however, is, that land, so long as it is without population, is absolutely without value; and that the value of land depends altogether on competition, which is strictly regulated by the proportion between population and land. This truth, like many other plain truths in political economy, never strikes the vulgar observer of what takes place in an old country. Such a one, seeing that land exchanges for wealth, is contented to believe that land *is* wealth; and if he emigrate to a new country, he concludes, that in order to become rich, he has only to procure an extensive grant of ground. Hence his ardent desire to obtain a province of wilderness, without the least regard to those circumstances which could alone give value to his possession.

To the delusive notion, that land is valuable in proportion merely to its extent, the government, in founding the Swan River settlement, lent the greatest encouragement, by bestowing the first grant, to the extent of 500,000 acres, upon the cousin of a cabinet minister. It was supposed by others, that what the government considered good for Sir Robert Peel's cousin, would be good for them; and others, therefore, applied for large tracts of waste. But it was impossible to give the first grant in the best situation to more than one person: hence arose a charge of favouritism and jobbing against the givers. In order to meet this charge, regulations were framed, by which all were allowed to appropriate an unlimited quantity of land, on the condition to which Mr. Peel had subscribed—that condition was, an investment of capital on the land at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre. Thus the longing for a vast territorial possession was easily gratified. It was indulged in the most reckless manner.

Many persons possessing from 1000*l.* to 10,000*l.* either emigrated or sent agents to the colony, and obtained as much land as their capitals would enable them to claim. During the first year of the settlement, the extent assigned was at least five times that of all the land granted in New South Wales during a period of forty years. Land became, or rather was allowed to continue, a mere drug, of no more value than the atmosphere above it. The capitals taken out could fructify—could be preserved, indeed—only by being used on the land in conjunction with labour; but the labourers taken out, finding this, and holding the same wild notions as their masters concerning the value of the mere soil, refused to work for those who had defrayed the cost of their passage. The indentures, by which they were bound for a given term at a fixed rate of wages, were cancelled *de facto*, by the state of the colony, in which no police regulations, nor even any laws, had yet taken root, and in which the most painful and least profitable of tasks would have been to punish or pursue refractory bond-servants. If these people worked at all for hire, it was only until they had saved the very small capital which would enable them to set up as landowners and cultivators on their own account; consequently, the possessors of large capitals and large grants were soon left without labourers. As other capitalists arrived with labourers, those whose capital was perishing for want of labour wherewith to employ it, offered extravagant wages to the new-comers of the class of labourers, and thus seduced them from the service of those who had brought them to the colony. But these extravagant wages, again, speedily enabled these new-comers to set up as cultivators on their own account. At length, nearly all the labourers who were taken out cost-free had deserted their masters; and almost all the capitalists were reduced to the necessity of working in the same manner as their late servants. No one who labours for and by himself alone can manage any but a very small capital: the larger capitals, therefore, perished. The banks of the Swan River were strewed with implements of husbandry and the ruder manufactures, because there was no one to use them; seeds rotted in casks on the beach, because no one had prepared the ground for their reception; sheep, cattle, and horses, wandered, because there was no one to tend them, and either died of hunger, or were destroyed by hungry settlers whose stock of imported food was exhausted. This miserable state of things continued for some time, and finally resulted in one still more fatal to the prosperity of the colony.

Though some of the labourers taken out were parish paupers and others of degraded habits, a portion of them had been faithful servants in this country, and remarkable for honesty, sobriety, and industry. The violent change which took place in the condition of all classes,—the sudden revolution, which converted labourers for hire into landowners, and reduced their masters to the condition of labourers, exerted a most baneful influence on every one. Capitalists, who yet possessed piano-fortes, fine linen, and other luxuries,—not to mention their immense estates!—were reduced, in some cases, to want, and in nearly all to despair. Labourers, whatever had been their habits in England, who set up for themselves as landowners, vied with each other in improvidence. When the little capitals which they had saved by a few months or weeks of labour for hire, were exhausted, so also had the greater capitals perished; and thus the labourers found themselves without the means of subsistence either as settlers or as hired servants. Many of them then returned to the masters whom they had deserted and ruined, insisting on being employed according to the engagements which they themselves had been the first to break. It is a curious circumstance, that Mr. Peel, who took out a great number of labourers, was at one time without hands to cultivate a portion of his immense grant, and at another time, as we have been informed, was obliged to take refuge in an island from the violence of the deserters, who, when they had nothing left, expected to be maintained by him, who had little or nothing left. The confusion and misery that ensued may be easily imagined. It ended in a second emigration of great numbers, both capitalists and labourers, to Van Diemen's Land, where capital obtains high profits, and labour high wages; and at present the only settlers at the Swan River are a few persons—few in

* Plan of a Company to be established for the purpose of founding a Colony in Southern Australia, purchasing Land therein, and preparing the Land so purchased for the Reception of Immigrants. London, 1831. Ridgway and Sons.

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comparison with the number who emigrated from England—persons of undaunted mind and very prudent habits, who are still struggling with the difficulties created by the unguarded profusion of the government in its disposal of waste land. These persons have lately addressed a petition to the parent government, praying that they may be supplied with convict labourers; although one of the circumstances originally urged in favour of the Swan River project, was, that the settlement was not to be demoralised by the immigration of convicts. Why are convicts now urgently demanded? Because convicts cannot immediately obtain land, but must labour for a time as servants. Why can none other than convict servants be retained? Because of the unwise regulations of the government for the disposal of waste land. Herein lies the secret of the failure, so far, of the Swan River project. By all accounts, the soil and climate of the colony are as fine as they were ever represented to be. To the *want of labour*, and to that alone, may be traced all the evils that have afflicted this infant colony.

In the new colony, provision is made for securing an ample supply of labour at all times. This, the one thing needful, is provided for by a very simple regulation. *No* land is to be given away: *all* land is to be sold to the highest bidder above a fixed minimum price; and the whole produce of sales is to be employed in conveying labour to the colony. By selecting the emigrants taken out cost-free; by confining the offer of a free passage to young married or marriageable persons of both sexes in equal proportions, the greatest amount of labour will be procured at the least cost. Thus the purchaser of land, though he will appear to buy land, will, in fact, buy labour, and at the cheapest rate. So that no labourer will be able to obtain land until he shall have procured a considerable sum by labouring for hire; and when he shall become a landowner, his place will be supplied by other labourers, to be sent out with what he shall have paid for land.

The adoption of this principle in the disposal of waste land appears admirably calculated to prevent that dispersion, both of capital and labour, to which the ill success of the Swan River colony must be attributed: in the present instance, it is to be secured from the beginning, and throughout the colony, by a Royal Charter, which it is understood his Majesty's government will grant to the Company now in the course of formation.

This Company is to possess a capital of 500,000*l.*; of which sum one-fourth is to be paid to the government for land, and to be by the government immediately expended in supplying the Company with labourers. With another portion of the Company's capital, the labourers so sent out will be employed in founding a town on the Company's land, and otherwise increasing its value by roads, docks, bridges, &c.; so that it may become the seat of government and the centre of commerce. With another portion of their capital the Company will defray all the expenses of colonial government, until the male adult population shall reach ten thousand, when a legislative assembly is to be called, and the colony is to defray its own expenses of government, besides repaying to the Company what the latter shall have advanced on that score. The remainder of the capital of the Company is to be advanced to settlers possessing some capital, who may purchase land either of the Company or of the government. Thus, up to the extent of 125,000*l.*, persons having, let us say for example, 2000*l.*, may take shares to the amount of 1000*l.* in the Company, borrow 1000*l.* of the Company, and so retain their entire capital for use, besides reaping a share of the Company's profits, to be derived from the re-sale of their land at a much enhanced price. The instances cited, and especially that of the prosperous Canada Land Company, of the rapid increase in the value of land which occurs in parts of new colonies where population congregates, leave no doubt that, if this Company should fix the seat of government and the centre of commerce on their purchase, and if, moreover, every appropriation of land in the colony should produce a corresponding increase of the colonial population, the grant of the Company will rapidly acquire a great increase of value. Upon the whole, their prosperity is made dependent on the prosperity of the colony, and all the regulations appear to be framed with a view to the general advantage, as a means of profit to themselves.

The sound principle of self-government, and the return to the old-fashioned but excellent system of charter, instead of leaving the colony always dependent on a minister at home, are advantages which will distinguish this from all very modern colonies; and we must add, that the government deserve high credit for promoting an experiment, which promises to be successful, and which, if it should succeed, must lead to the destruction of that system of patronage, favouritism, and jobbing in the disposal of new land, which, however injurious to any colony where it prevails, a selfish colonial Secretary would not have abandoned.

The rules and regulations of the charter which is to incorporate the Company and found the colony, are to extend to all settlements that may be formed on the southern coast of Australia, between the 132d and 141st degrees of east longitude, and the islands on that line of coast. The spot fixed on for the first settlement is Port Lincoln, a magnificent harbour at the entrance of Spencer's Gulf (see any map), of which a particular description is given by Flinders. The latitude of this spot corresponds with that of Sydney and the Swan River; and Spencer's Gulf lies about midway between those places. Not far from Port Lincoln is an island, to which Flinders gave the name of Kangaroo, in consequence of the great number of kangaroos which he saw there. It is about 80 miles long by 40 broad; and concerning this spot very minute and satisfactory information has been obtained from persons who have carefully examined it, and especially from Capt. Sutherland, late of the ship Lang, who is now in London, and who passed an autumn, winter, and spring, on the island.

The following extracts from Capt. Sutherland's Report, and from Peron's *Voyage de Découvertes aux Terres Australes*, will excite rather than satisfy the curiosity of those who may wish to be fully acquainted with the grounds on which the Company in question founds its hopes of success. For further information, we must refer them to the pamphlet before us, which contains charts of the line of coast to be comprised in the charter of Port Lincoln and of Kangaroo Island, as well as a particular account of the objects and means of the Company.

"On the western shore, and near the entrance of Spencer's Gulf, is Port Lincoln, one of the most beautiful and most secure harbours in Australia. The bottom is every where excellent, and the soundings are regular from ten to twelve fathoms (French) very close to the shore. The extent of this most magnificent harbour affords sufficient anchorage for any number of ships. At the mouth of the harbour, Boston Island is situated, on each side of which is a passage, free from danger, of between two and three miles in width. Nature seems to have done every thing in favour of this port; for that sterility and monotonous appearance which marks the land in the neighbourhood, here vanish and give place to a fertility to which we had long been strangers: the land is more elevated, rises quickly from the shore, and is thickly clothed with timber. It is true that we found no stream of fresh water; but the vigour and the freshness of the vegetation, and the elevation of the land, seem to indicate the existence of rivulets, or, at least, of some considerable springs. On this favoured spot the inhabitants must be numerous—for the whole coast appeared to us to be covered with the fires of the natives."—*Peron's Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 302.

"The most interesting part of Spencer's Gulf is the magnificent harbour of Port Lincoln, of which we have already given a description in the fifteenth chapter of this work, but which is well worthy of further notice. The Port is composed of three bays, each of which, from its extent, is capable of containing the combined navies of Europe: the soundings are regular from ten to twelve fathoms, with a soft, muddy bottom. Boston Island is situated at the entrance of this excellent harbour, on either side of which there is a passage, through which the largest man-of-war may work with perfect ease. The north passage is the narrowest, and leads into Boston Bay; that on the south is wider, and opens on one side into Western Bay, and on the other into Spalding Cove. Two small islands are placed at the opening of the Southern Bay, which likewise afford good anchorage. The same may be said of Grantham Island, as well as of every part of the Port. Shall I now revert to what I have before stated as to the fertility of the soil? Shall I speak of the beautiful valleys, which appeared to indicate the existence of springs or streams of fresh water? Ought I to dwell on the numerous fires we perceived all along the shores, which led us to conclude that this spot was far more thickly peopled than any other part of the southern coast? Equal, if not superior, to Port Jackson, Port Lincoln is in every respect one of the best and most beautiful harbours in the known world; and of all those we discovered or visited on the coasts of Australia, it appears to be, and I here repeat it, the most inviting, the most advantageous, for the establishment of an European colony. The peremptory orders we had received from our commander, compelled us to quit this interesting spot before we had time to complete our examination of the Port."—*Ib.* vol. iii. p. 162.

"On the 8th of January, 1819, we arrived at Kangaroo Island from Sydney, after a pleasant passage of fourteen days, during which nothing particular occurred to attract our attention. We anchored in Lagoon Bay, in about four fathoms water (sand and mud), close in shore; our first object being to procure salt to ballast the ship and to cure skins. To facilitate this object two boats were despatched, with five men in each, to discover the salt Lagoon, and ascertain where the seals resorted to round the island. While these two boats were thus engaged, our other boat and three men were employed in searching for water, and examining the various bays and anchorage. During our ramble on this occasion we discovered a well with a small supply of water, near which we observed a flat stone, with some writing on the surface. This appears to be the place where the French navigator watered: the ship and captain's names, with the particular dates, were cut on this stone; but being in French, we paid little or no attention to it, not at the time imagining it would be of consequence at any future period. Close to Point Marsden in Nepean Bay, about twenty yards from the sea at high water, behind the bank washed up by the sea, we dug a hole about four feet deep—it immediately filled with fresh water. We put a cask into it, which was always filled as fast as two hands could bale it out. The water was excellent, as clear as crystal, and I never tasted better. This hole supplied us while we were in Nepean Bay, and so plentifully, that we had no occasion to look further for fresh water thereabouts. When on the south and west coasts of the island, we had no occasion to dig for water, having always found plenty in lagoons close to the beach. The water of the lagoons, though not bad, is not so good as that of the springs: the people settled on the island (mentioned hereafter) had not dug for water till I arrived there, but depended entirely on the lagoons: they, however, followed my example, and I was told had no difficulty in obtaining excellent water by digging in various parts of the island. On the return of the boats, in three or four days, we weighed and stood further into the bay, in a much more safe anchorage, being sheltered from all winds. We moored ship, and each individual took part in pursuing the objects of the voyage: my own lot, with another person, was to stay by the ship, during which time I had many opportunities of examining the bays, harbours, sands, and different anchorages, with many other occurrences and incidents which I could not now relate, from lapse of time. * * * While here, we had abundance of fish of several kinds; the best we found was the snapper, some weighing above seven pounds; they are excellent eating, and preferable to some of our English fish: oysters, and every other species of shell-fish, were abundant. These, with our daily supply of kangaroos, enabled us to live in great plenty:—indeed, I never was on a voyage which pleased me better, or in which we were better supplied.

"*Harbours and Roadsteads.*—Twenty ships could moor within 100 yards of the shore, and the same number anchor in safety further off, the water being always smooth, sheltered by the land from the north-west, and from the southward by Kangaroo Head, and from the north-east by Sutherland's Shoal, extending from the point below Point Marsden about six miles, always dry at half-ebb for nearly the whole distance. The shore is thickly lined with wood and shrubs, interspersed with several high hills protecting the anchorage: the opposite

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coast on the main is Cape Jervis, which I should judge to be about fourteen or fifteen miles from the first anchorage, but nearer to Kangaroo Head by three or four miles. The main-land here is very high, and at the head of the bay wears every appearance of an inlet or river.

"*The Soil.*—I had an opportunity of seeing much of the interior of the island, having crossed the country in company with two sealers, who had been residents on the island for several years. The land wears every appearance of being fertile—a deep loam with coarse grass, abounding with kangaroos and emus: where these animals feed, the grass is much better for pasture. Occasional ponds of rain water are seen, and a plentiful supply of pure spring water is always attainable by digging for it. The land here is as good as any I have seen in Van Diemen's Land; in the neighbourhood of Sydney I have not observed any equal to it. Trees are scattered every where over the plains—the Swamp Oak or Beef-wood, and the Wattle (both of which indicate good land), are growing in abundance here. Close on the shore, within from a quarter to half a mile of the sea, the wood is very thick; but when this belt of wood is passed, you come on to an open country, covered with grass, where there are often hundreds of acres without a tree: I calculated, by comparison with New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, there might be on this plain, on the average, three or four trees to the acre. I once crossed the island, a distance of about sixty miles, in two days. Once past the belt of wood which surrounds the island, we walked straight on end over the plains, found plenty of water in ponds, saw abundance of kangaroos and emus, and met with no difficulty or trouble. As we crossed the island I looked to the right and left, and saw every where the same open plains, now and then changed in appearance by close timber of great height, on high points and ridges of land. In some places we found the grass very high and coarse, in patches; but where the greatest number of kangaroos and emus were found, the grass was short and close. In the other places, short close grass was found between the coarse high patches. Whilst crossing the island we saw plenty of parrots and wild pigeons, and black swans on the lagoons. * * *

"*The Climate* appeared to me very temperate, and not subject to oppressive heat; nor do the rains fall in torrents as at Sydney; the dews are heavy, but not injurious to health, which we had ample opportunity of proving, owing to the frequent exposure of our men, many of whom have slept under trees and bushes for several nights together, and though almost wet through, never experienced any ill effects. I had fifteen men under my command, and though they were a class of people who take no care of themselves, not one of them was ill during our stay; nor did my own health suffer at all, though I was exposed to all weathers both night and day. January, when I reached the island, is the middle of the summer; and the autumn and winter elapsed during our stay. In the winter it appeared to me much less cold than in Van Diemen's Land; and I observed, generally, that the changes of temperature are less sudden and frequent than in New South Wales. * * *

"The period during which I stayed on and near the island was from the 8th of January to the 12th of August. I myself landed only once on the main, in the bight between Point Riley and Corny Point. The soil was thickly covered with timber and brushwood. Some of my men landed at several different places on the main, being sometimes absent three weeks at a time in search of seals. On these occasions they carried with them bread and some salt meat; but having a musket and a dog with them, they always obtained fresh meat (kangaroo) when on the main, as well as on some of the islands. *On these expeditions they never took fresh water with them.* They often spoke of the places they had seen as being very pleasant. I never saw or heard of any native dogs on the Island of Kangaroo; and, from the very great number of kangaroos, do not believe that there are any. Some of the kangaroos which I killed on the island weighed 120 lbs. Our men used to go to hunt them at sun-rise, when they leave the woods to feed on the grassy plains. I have known as many as fifteen taken by my men in one morning. We never touched any part but the hind quarters."
—*Captain Sutherland's Report.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

12d 22h—the Sun will eclipse Mercury; a celestial occurrence that, from its nature, will not be visible either with the eye or telescope. This passage of the Sun over Mercury will, however, be interesting as the precursor of the positions of these bodies relative to the Earth on the ensuing 5th of May, 1832,* when the planet will transit the disc of the Sun, and appear on it as a circular black spot for nearly seven hours. This interesting phenomenon will be visible, from its commencement to its termination, to the whole of Europe and a great part of Africa; the ingress will be visible to Asia, and the egress to America. There is no doubt but that every lover of the science of astronomy, within the limits of the visibility of the transit, will endeavour to witness the spectacle—to see this bright and beautiful gem, that shines with such a rosy brilliancy as the morning or evening star—now melting away in the full effulgence of the rising day, and then heralding the bright hosts of stars to glitter on the midnight sky,—to see this lovely jewel of the ruddy dawn or evening shades enter on the Sun's glowing orb, with not merely dimmed splendour, but shrouded in intense blackness, pursuing its course over a field of glory, yet clad in gloom;—such a phenomenon will not fail to interest; and the observer, as he marks the blackness of the planet in contrast with the splendour of the Sun, may apply the celebrated line to the messenger of the gods—

"Dark with excessive light his robes appear."

The eclipses and transits of Mercury, for many centuries to come, can take place only in the months of May and November: there will be eleven transits between the present period and the year 2000, of which the following will be visible in this country:—5th May, 1832; 8th May, 1845; 9th November, 1848; 11th November, 1861; 4th November, 1868; 6th May, 1878. The next transits of Venus visible in this country, will be in the years 1882 and 2004.

22d 12h 35m—the Sun enters Sagittarius.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Libra	4	1	38
☽ First Quarter in Capricornus	12	6	45
○ Full Moon in Taurus	19	6	57
☾ Last Quarter in Leo	25	22	28

The Moon will be in conjunction with

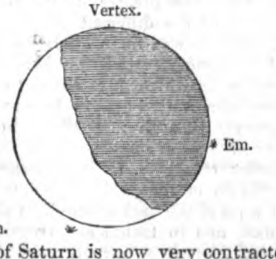
	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Virgo	1	6	45
Mars in Virgo	2	21	30
Mercury in Libra	3	13	25
Uranus in Capricornus	11	14	0
Jupiter in Capricornus	11	21	0
Regulus	an occultation.		
Saturn in Leo	an occultation.		
Venus in Virgo	29	17	40

Occultation of Regulus.—25d—the immersion of this bright star in Leo will occur before the rising of the Moon: the star will emerge from behind the Moon's dark limb at 10h 37m.

Occultation of Saturn.—26d—This will be an exceedingly interesting phenomenon, should the atmosphere prove favourable. The following are the times of immersion and emersion:

	H.	M.	S.
Immersion	16	46	13
Emersion	17	54	36

The following diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emersion:



The ring of Saturn is now very contracted (it will be invisible 29th Sept. 1832): the proportion of the major to the minor axis, on the morning of the occultation, will be as 1000 is to 53. When Saturn was occulted on the 30th October, 1825, a singular phenomenon was observed—that part of the ring of Saturn which last emerged from the Moon's dark limb was rendered sensibly more obtuse, and at the instant after separation approximated to a rectilinear boundary: a similar appearance was also observed on the orb as it escaped from behind the dark edge of the Moon.

8d 5m—Mercury in conjunction with 1.2 α Libræ: difference of latitude 1′ and 3′. 12d—inferior conjunction. 21d—in aphelion.

30d—Venus will be at her greatest splendour as a morning star.

26d 8h—Mars in conjunction with 1.2 α Libræ: difference of latitude 1′ and ½′.

The Asteroids.

	D.		H.	M.		°	′
Vesta	4	R.A.	8	49	N.D.	18	15
	28	.....	9	6	.....	18	6
Juno	4	.....	9	52	.....	3	9
	28	.....	10	19	.....	0	35
Pallas	4	.....	19	37	.....	1	17
	28	.....	20	1	S.D.	0	47
Ceres	4	.....	20	58	.....	27	52
	28	.....	21	22	.....	25	23

6d 12h 15m—Jupiter in quadrature. 19d—in conjunction with ι Capricorni: difference of latitude 24′.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	14	6	59	8
	21	8	54	54
	30	5	19	34
Second Satellite	24	7	21	49
Third Satellite, immersion	3	5	51	56
emersion	3	9	24	3
Fourth Satellite	2	7	28	2

3d 7h 30m—Uranus in quadrature.

Telescopic Objects.—The following telescopic objects will be in favourable positions for observation during the month:

Taurus.—The Pleiades are a cluster of stars in the neck of Taurus, the brightest stars of which are Asterope, Taigeta, Maia, Celino, Electra, Pleione, Merope, and Atlas. The Hyades are an asterism in the face of Taurus: Aldebaran represents the southern eye, and ε the northern. Aldebaran is a double star, also the following: 9, κ, ν, τ, φ, χ, 4, 30, 62, 66, 88, 103, 105, 111, 114, 117, and 118. Triple stars δ and ε; above 1.2 δ is a triple star. 140, near to Propus, is a quintuple star; north of ζ is a nebula with a whitish light, elongated like the flame of a taper; 41 is supposed to be a variable star.

Orion.—Betelgeux and Bellatrix, the stars in the shoulders of Orion, present a remarkable contrast of colour; χ is composed of five stars; between ν and ζ is a cluster of stars; near 73 a cluster; between Betelgeux and λ a cluster; Rigel, the bright star in the foot of Orion, is a beautiful double star; the following are also double—δ, ζ, η, λ, φ, ψ, 23, 26, 32, 33, 52, 59, and 68; 9 is a quintuple star; σ is a double-triple star; ι is a multiple star; near 67 and 70 is a multiple star, consisting of twelve stars. The nebula in the sword-handle of Orion is one of the most remarkable in the heavens; two new stars have been discovered near the four that form the trapezium in the nebula, one of which is supposed to be a variable star.

Occultations in the Hyades.—Oct. 23 (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 767). The emersion of γ Tauri was not seen, owing to the lunar disc being obscured by strata of dark clouds.

	H.	M.	S.
1 φ—immersion	9	27	33 clock time.

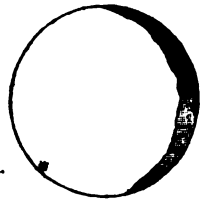
This star appeared to linger at the edge of the disc previous to immersion.

	H.	M.	S.
2 φ—immersion	9	38	33
emersion	10	4	42
1 φ—emersion	10	16	29
Aldebaran—immersion	12	58	12
emersion	14	4	8

* The year 1832 will be distinguished by several remarkable celestial phenomena. The comet of Encke will cross the earth's orbit in the spring, and the comet of Biela (the dreaded comet of 1832,) in the autumn. In May a transit of Mercury; in July a solar eclipse, remarkable for the minuteness of the obscuration—$\frac{1}{28}$ only of the sun's diameter will be concealed. Several occultations of the planets will occur during the year. In September the ring of Saturn will disappear.

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The singular phenomenon of the projection of Aldebaran on the lunar disc was never so distinctly seen as on this occasion. At 58m 1s the rate of motion of the star seemed to be slower; at 58m 4s it was apparently arrested, and clung to the disc till 58m 8s; from this time till its final immersion (58m 12s) it appeared completely within the lunar disc, thus:



When thus situated, it had lost its ruddy colour, and appeared perfectly white, or of the colour of the Moon. At its emersion nothing particular was observed; the star shone forth at once with its usual colour and brilliancy. The sky was beautifully clear.

Deptford. J. T. BARKER.

COMMITTEE OF SCIENCE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25. Mr. Cox in the chair. The remainder of Dr. Bancroft's letter was read on the specimens he had sent to the Society. He particularly referred to a fine yellow snake of great beauty, thirty-eight inches in length, of the genus *coluber*.

Mr. Owen made some further observations on the anatomy of the crocodile. He pointed out the resemblance between its anatomy and that of birds, in the different excretory ducts terminating in one external opening or *cloaca*. He particularly described two small ducts communicating with the peritoneal cavity. He compared this with analogous openings in the shark and ray, and which have been supposed to be in some degree subservient to respiration, similar to the *spiracula* of insects or the lamprey. Mr. Owen also made some observations on the anatomy of the dugong, a specimen of which had been received, although in a very putrid and decomposed state. Some living specimens of the common bat, *vespertilio murinus*, were on the table.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Continental Annual. From Drawings by Samuel Prout, Esq. F.S.A. Smith, Elder, and Co.

As the proprietor of this clever publication justly says, "it is unnecessary to apologise for the appearance of a new Landscape Annual, at a period when a taste for the fine arts seems to keep pace so fairly, in this country, with the love of foreign travel;" "a fashionable appetite," he slily adds, to which he "was desirous of administering at a much *less expense* than its gratification has hitherto cost."

The merits of Mr. Prout are much too well known to render any eulogium on our part necessary. The amateurs of the arts, by a comparison of the plates under our notice with those of *The Landscape Annual*, from drawings by Mr. Stanfield, will be able to estimate the respective qualities of these two eminent artists. There is one distinct difference between the publications, and it is agreeable, as producing variety; namely, that the subjects in the *Continental Annual* are chiefly, although not exclusively, public and other buildings. In the clear and brilliant manner in which Mr. Prout treats such subjects, he has been ably seconded by the gravers of Messrs. J. Le Keux, J. T. Willmore, E. J. Roberts, W. Wallis, T. Barber, J. H. Kernot, J. Carter, S. Fisher, and W. Floyd. The "Cathedral Tower at Antwerp," the "View in Ghent," the "City and Bridge of Prague," the "Port and Lake of Como," and the "City and Bridge of Dresden," are among our favourites.

Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo. Painted by David Wilkie, R.A. Engraved by John Burnet. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE congratulate Mr. Burnet on the completion of his arduous undertaking, and still more, on the completion of it in a manner that reflects the greatest honour on his talents; and that must be in the highest degree satisfactory and gratifying not only to every lover of the arts, but to every lover of his country; with one of the most splendid and important triumphs of whose arms this noble and interesting print is so intimately connected. As several years have elapsed since the exhibition of the original picture at Somerset House, many of our readers may not have seen it; and we cannot more explicitly communicate to them a notion of its general character and object, than by quoting a part of the description affixed to the key to the print.

"This picture was painted for his Grace the Duke of Wellington, in the year 1822, and commemorates that great and final victory which, at Waterloo, closed our triumphs over Napoleon on land, as that of Trafalgar closed them by sea. The scene is laid in that picturesque street or way leading from Pimlico to Chelsea Hospital, in which trees, public-houses, and the fine architecture of Wren, intermingle; and the time is the season when pensioners receive their pay, and indulge themselves with spending it in the open air. The painter has gathered together veterans and invalids of all regiments, of all countries, and of all campaigns, from the days of Wolfe to those of Wellington; he has seated them, with their wives and their companions, at a social carouse; the flagon is busy, cheered on by the fife and the bagpipe; and the whole are excited by the hourly expectation of news from abroad of a great and decisive battle between the British and the French. Into the midst of this scene a soldier of the Lancers comes on the spur, with the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo. The revelry ceases, only for a more joyous renewal; windows and doors are filled by eager and gaping listeners; while a veteran soldier of Wolfe's reads the account aloud."

Of all the beauties of this fine and animated composition, the greatest is undoubtedly the expression of the different heads. This is a quality which was most likely to suffer in a transfer to copper; and yet this is precisely the quality in which Mr. Burnet seems to us to have been most happy. It is true, that in the general breadth and effect, in the force and prominence of some parts, in the due subordination of others, in the characteristic representation of the multiplied details, in the aerial tone of the back-ground, in the delicacy of finish, and in technical execution, he has acquitted himself admirably; but his success in that most difficult of all achievements, preserving the expression of the various countenances, has been pre-eminent. Whether our attention is drawn to the pensioner who is reading the Gazette, to the Highlander who is eagerly questioning the lancer, to the sergeant who is exultingly throwing up his child into the air, to the sable musician who is listening with delight to the details of the battle, to the soldier's wife who is anxiously examining the list of killed and wounded, to the guardsman who is stretching from a distant window to try to ascertain the cause of all the agitation, to the gourmand who does not allow the good news to interrupt his feast, to the girl who is coquettishly adjusting the combs in her hair, or, last, and perhaps best of all, to the veteran whose dulled faculties can scarcely be made to comprehend the glorious intelligence,—we are equally struck with the vividness and fidelity of the expression.

Comparatively unimportant as the matter may be, we cannot pass unnoticed the exquisite texture and tint of the paper on which the proofs of this masterly plate have been worked off.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday *King John* was performed by Macready with masterly skill and powerful effect; and Miss Phillips, for the first time, assumed the part of *Lady Constance*. We will not enter into a detailed criticism of her personation of this trying character, but content ourselves with saying, that in it Miss Phillips afforded striking additional proof of the rapid development of those talents which, we have all along foreseen, (though often under circumstances little favourable to her), must raise her to the foremost rank in the highest branch of her profession. It was hardly fair to put Miss Kenneth into *Arthur*; for, clever as she is, she is not an actress of all work.

COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry the Eighth*, always a dull acting play, but occasionally attractive from the number of its processions, was revived here on Monday with considerable splendour; for we were not only treated with the banquet, the trial, and the christening, as heretofore, but we had also the coronation of Anne Bullen, "selected from the most authentic documents." Besides these inducements, there was an alteration in the cast of some of the leading characters; and as we look upon the appropriation of the *dramatis personæ* to be of more importance than any mere piece of pageantry, however splendid, we shall give the preference to the actors, and leave the scenes and dresses to the last. On this occasion Miss Kemble appeared, for the first time, in *Queen Katharine*; and we regret that we cannot bestow on her performance that unqualified praise it has so often been our pleasure to award her. As far as a correct reading of the part—as far as a judicious delivery of the words—as far as a perfect knowledge of stage effect, and a strict attention to stage business, could go, so far Miss Kemble may claim our commendation. The meek sorrows and the virtuous distress of the much-injured queen were well portrayed; but when quiet dignity or bitter scorn were requisite, as in her replies to *Wolsey* and her usher in the trial scene, there was a comparative falling off and failure of effect. Miss Kemble also is too *petite* in figure, and too youthful in appearance, for the representative of one who has been twenty years a wife, is six years older than her husband, and has borne him many children. If, however, the daughter failed in what was in some measure unavoidable, the father went to an opposite extreme in what might have

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been remedied with ease,—for he made himself considerably older and uglier than was at all required of him. Mr. Kemble may recollect, that at the period of the opening of the play, Henry is under forty years of age; and although he is described and drawn as of a full habit and a bluff countenance, yet we can see no reason (but, according to all history, the very reverse,) for his being turned into a "huge hill of flesh," or for exhibiting a face and head like nothing we have ever seen, excepting, perhaps, in some of "Martin's" companions at the opposite establishment. Neither can we give him much credit for his delineation of the character, which was far from being acted with his usual skill: besides which, he had frequent need of the assistance of the prompter,—a fault in him we never had occasion to remark before. Mr. Young's *Wolsey* is not one of his happiest performances; but he played with care; and his "farewell" and advice to Cromwell were given with so much feeling as to call down well-merited applause. Miss Tree was sufficiently attractive in *Anne Bullen* to "tempt a weaker appetite," and please the fancy of a less licentious monarch. Mr. J. Mason, treading in his uncle's steps, was a respectable *Cromwell;* and Mrs. Gibbs and Keeley were able representatives of the prurient Lady Denny and the "merry gamester my Lord Sands." The play passed off heavily for the first four acts; but in the fifth the gods fell foul upon the bishops, and then we had nothing but riot and disturbance. Egerton, who played "his Grace of Canterbury," looked very grave upon the matter, and conducted himself with so much decorum as to have deserved a better fate; but Meadows, who enacted "my Lord of Winchester," richly deserved the vengeance of the offended deities; for a more graceless and vulgar wearer of the lawn and mitre it would have been difficult to find: indeed, we cannot see the necessity (although it has always been the custom) of giving this part to a low comedian; there might have been found many actors in the company who would have done more justice to it. The ceremony of the coronation in the Abbey was splendid in the extreme, but we think the show would be improved by the omission of the out-door procession. Some of the dresses, when so near the lamps, look a little the worse for wear; and some of the supernumeraries who are thrust into them are very queer-looking sort of persons. The *Lord Chancellor*, amongst others, excited in no small degree the contempt and laughter of the audience. We were glad to see so good a house; and when one of our theatres is turned into a menagerie, it is but fair that those who have yet some respect left for Shakespeare and the drama should have an opportunity of encouraging a legitimate performance at the other. The new scenery is pretty and appropriate.

On Thursday a Mr. S. Bennett, who, if we remember rightly, tried the same part some four or five years ago, repeated the character of *Simpson* in *Simpson & Co.* He is a dapper little man, of considerable talent, on which we shall deliver our opinion more at large hereafter.

The drama to-night, *the Army of the North*, by Mr. Planché, is, we learn, founded on the escape of Romana from Funen—an event which so greatly inspirited the dawning cause of the Spanish patriots. It is an interesting subject.

THE ADELPHI.

THE nightly bill of fare at this theatre continues, and must long continue, to tempt crowded audiences: we have not even a critical complaint to offer, except that there is, perhaps, too much to enjoy. For ourselves, we should be more than satisfied with *Victorine*, and the *Lions of the Mysore:* the former a piece of mingled character and touching pathos—the latter the most laughable burlesque that has been seen upon the English stage for many years. In a slight preceding notice we spoke of *Victorine* (on its first representation) as a very delightful and well-sustained drama; but it is now greatly improved, and a more natural and perfect performance than that of Mrs. Yates in the heroine never was seen. In all the changes of her part,—the light-hearted sempstress, the high-lived giddy yet occasionally remorse-stricken duchess, the ruined and repentant window, and, last of all, the *Victorine* cured of her inclination to folly, and happier than ever,—she depicts the various feelings with a degree of truth and effect which stamps her at the head of this style of acting. Yates, too, is admirable: laughable and amusing in the two younger acts, (if we may so call them,) his aged *roué*, in the last, is deception in appearance, and almost too good in delineation. Nor should Mrs. Fitzwilliam be forgotten in our panegyric; she is only second to Mrs. Yates because her character is second. Her last scenes, as the old and reduced orange-seller, could not be surpassed. To say that Reeve, Buckstone, and O. Smith, also contribute largely in their several lines to fill up the attractions of this excellent piece, is simply to inform our readers that they cannot have a superior treat in any thing upon the boards at this time. With regard to the *Lions of the Mysore*, we know not how to describe them; but we can give an idea of their powers, by confessing (horresco reference) that we, in common with boxes, pit, and gallery, laughed loudly at them nearly throughout their gambols. Reeve, as the heroic lion, is inexpressibly ludicrous; nor is Wilkinson in the tiger, Buckstone in the kangaroo, (or its ghost, we believe,) Mrs. Fitzwilliam in the wild cat, the length of a tail behind him in whim and humour. Yates, as manager and boa constrictor, cements the menagerie most happily together; and after sympathising with *Victorine*, we find hearty relief in these more than beasts.

OLYMPIC.

A NEW burletta, entitled *Gervase Skinner*, was produced here for the first time on Monday. It is taken from the tale of the same name in Hook's Sayings and Doings, and went off, as theatrical folks say, "very pleasantly." Liston was the representative of Gervase, and did enough to make us wish for more: he excited so much mirth with a shaved head, as, we should think, would make him henceforth forswear his raven locks. The other *dramatis personæ* are not of much consequence. A little fracas relative to the encore of a song by Madame Vestris took place in the course of the evening: by way of advice, we say that neither a petulant air nor a pouting lip are half so pretty in a female, or so profitable to a theatre, as winning manners and inviting smiles.

On Thursday a little piece, called the *Love-Spell*, founded on Scribe's popular opera *Le Philtre*, was also produced here, to the credit of an enterprising and active management. It is the production, we hear, of Mr. Ryde, the author of only "*One Fault*" before, at the City Theatre; but this cannot be called a second. He has selected very cleverly from a full drama, and cut it down to a pretty little piece, well calculated to gratify any audience. The performers acquitted themselves to admiration; and, on the whole, this whet of Auber's music has excited our appetite for the whole meal, promised at Drury on Thursday.

VARIETIES.

The Pine.—A pine-tree has been discovered in the Umpqua country, to the southward of the Columbia, the circumference of which is 57 feet; its height 216 feet, without branches!

Fire-Escape.—Mr. Week, brewer, Stockwell, has invented a fire-escape; with which, we observe from the newspapers, some very satisfactory experiments were made last Wednesday. It consists of a large sheet of canvass, so disposed as to admit of individuals throwing themselves into it from any height, without the danger of broken limbs, or hurt of any kind.

Royal Society of Literature.—A meeting of the building committee and council of this Society took place on Monday, in their new house, in St. Margaret's Place (such, we believe, is to be the name of the side of the new street opposite St. Martin's church), when the various necessary arrangements were made for opening the ensuing session. The principal room is very handsome; and the whole design reflects honour even on the skill and taste of Mr. Decimus Burton, who in the most handsome manner presented it gratuitously to the Society.

The Pitt Press.—On Tuesday week, Lord Camden, Lord Farnborough, and Mr. Bankes, visited Cambridge, as a committee of the Pitt Club, accompanied by several other noblemen, dignitaries of the church, and gentlemen, to lay the foundation of the public building, to be called *the Pitt Press*, erected out of the surplus of the fund subscribed for a monument to the memory of that great patriot and distinguished statesman. A more admirable use could not have been made of this fund. The ceremony, as described in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, was very impressive; and it is to be hoped that the diffusion of much that is good for man to know will proceed from this auspicious establishment.

Theatres.—In these discordant times there are stirs every where, and we cannot expect the public theatres to escape. We have elsewhere noticed Madame Vestris's Ellistonian appeal to her pit—the more's the pity—but this was not the only occasion in which she had to come forward. On another night she also had to deal with some refractory subjects, and disobedient to the goddess of the stage: some of the evils out of Pandora's box surely alight among them. Then at Drury, Mr. Wallack had to call in the police to quell the drunken loyalty of some *gentlemen*, who insisted upon some half-dozen God save's the King. On Monday the Adelphi was disturbed by an alarm of fire, which required all the manager's presence of mind and firmness to prevent leading to a fatal alarm;—and they hiss the Bishops in Covent Garden!

Pun.—A punster said that a young lady, desirous of being married, was a *belle* that wanted *ringing.*—*American Paper.*

Paris in London.—Heaven forbid! Yet such is the title of a new journal, No. I. of which has just been sent to us. London is wicked enough as it is: what would it be with Paris in its capacious stomach? The paper is, nevertheless, a pleasant *mélange*—we quote an anecdote or two from it.

"The poor Baron de F——, so good, so little, so thin, raised the report of his own death. 'Good heavens! this report is without foundation,' said Madame de C——; 'for to-day, on his paying me a visit, I discovered him,

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though not immediately; for out of spite he had hid himself behind his cane.'

"A romantic individual was asked why he shewed greater attachment to a very thin lady than to another who was more lusty. 'It is,' said he, 'because I am nearer her heart.'

"An individual named Shakespear drowned himself lately in Paris: on learning the news, another remarked, 'that it was a great loss to the English stage; but he thought that that author had been dead many years.'

"A humorous young fellow having bought a water-proof hat, and wishing to play off a joke, washed his head, and, whilst it was steaming with water, he ran to the hat-maker and complained of his deceiving him. 'Ah!' said the hatter, 'I see how it is, sir—you came out in the rain.'"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIII. Oct. 29.*]

A new edition will shortly appear of Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy.

Nicotiana, or the Smoker and Snuff-taker's Companion.

Cameron, a Novel, is nearly ready for publication.

The Shakespearean Dictionary; being a complete Collection of the Expressions of Shakespeare, in Prose and Verse, from a few Words to fifty or more Lines; to each extract is prefixed an appropriate Synonyme, and the whole is arranged in alphabetical order. [This ought to be a complete Concordance, a publication much wanted.—*Ed. L. G.*]

A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Debtor and Creditor, by John H. Brady.

The Jew, a novel, so long announced, is about to appear.

Letters of a German Prince; being a Journal of a Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in 1828 and 1829: translated from the German.

Mr. C. Swain, author of "Metrical Essays," has nearly ready for publication, the Mind, a Poem, in Two Parts, with other Poems; embodying a second edition of the Beauties of the Mind, a Poetical Sketch.

The new edition of Mr. Stebbing's Lives of the Italian Poets is to comprise several additional Lives, including that of Ugo Foscolo, with extracts from his private Letters, and particulars relating to his last hours.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilton's Medical Case-Book, oblong 8vo. 6*s.* cloth.—Brown's Sketches and Anecdotes of Quadrupeds, royal 18mo. 10*s.* bds.—Comic Offering for 1832, fcp. 12*s.* bd.—Kennedy's History of the Indian Cholera, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Song of Albion, by Henry Sewell Stokes, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Poole's Account-Book for 1831, 3*s.* sewed.—The False Step, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Romance of History, Italy, by Charles Macfarlane, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Little Library, the Public Buildings of the City of London, square 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Crosby's Housekeeper's Account-Book, 1832, 2*s.* sewed.—Dodsley's Cellar-Book for 1832, 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Continental Annual, by William Kennedy, Esq. 8vo. 14*s.* morocco; royal 8vo. India proofs, 1*l.* 10*s.* morocco: Illustrations to ditto, proofs, 18*s.*; on India paper, 1*l.* 5*s.*; before letters, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—A New Metrical Psalter, 32mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Hughes's Divines, No. XVIII. Hall's Contemplations, Vol. I. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XXIII. Plutarch, Vol. I. fcp. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. V. Tom Jones, Vol. I. fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Dr. Nares' Life of Lord Burghley, Vol. III. 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.—Lives of Female Sovereigns, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* bds.—The Columbia River, by Ross Cox, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Standard Novels, Vol. IX. Frankenstein complete, and the Ghost Seer, Vol. I. fcp. 6*s.* bds.—The Elements of Chemistry familiarly explained and illustrated, 18mo. 6*s.* bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We are obliged, by temporary matters, to defer Reviews of Letters on England and Ireland; the Romance of History (Italy); and several other novelties; besides some continuations. We must also ask the indulgence of many correspondents.

The story of the Young Queen in Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not, which, from its signature, we attributed to Miss Isabel Hill, is not, we are informed, from the pen of that lady, whose productions we have so frequently had occasion to notice with laudation.

The Author of "the False Step" assures us that it is a first attempt; an assurance which increases our expectation in regard to what she may hereafter publish, having, as observed in our remarks upon it, been led by its merits to suppose it proceeded from a more experienced hand.

The communication relative to Palenque, which we appended as a note to our remarks on these interesting ruins, in our last No., was, we learn, addressed to the *Globe* newspaper, and not to the *Times*, which only copied it from the former. In town one sees the evening papers less regularly than those of the morning, which may account for our misquotation.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The following Classes open on Tuesday, the 1st of November, when Mr. Malden will deliver an Introductory Lecture at Three o'Clock.

On Wednesday, at Three o'Clock, the Professor of Mathematics will deliver an Introductory Lecture.

Latin, T. H. Key, Esq. M.A. Fee for the whole Session, 7*l.* 10*s.*
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The Medical School opened on Monday, the 3d inst.

The Council have determined upon devoting the great Library to the reception of the London University School. The preparations for this purpose will probably be complete before the Christmas Holydays.

THOMAS COATES.

Council Room, Oct. 19, 1831.

The Prospectus of the General Classes is now printed, and may be had at the Office of the University, where all Fees are to be paid; at Mr. Taylor's, Bookseller to the University, 30, Upper Gower Street; and of Messrs. Parbury and Co. Leadenhall Street; Jennings and Chaplin, Cheapside; Richardson, 23, Cornhill; Hunter, St. Paul's Churchyard; Black, Young, and Young, Tavistock Street; Smith, 178, Strand; C. Knight, Pall Mall East; and Treuttel and Co. Soho Square.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Zoological Class.

Professor Rennie will, on Wednesday the 3d of November next, at Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, deliver the Opening Lecture of his Course on "The Habits of Animals;" and he will continue this Course, at the same Hour, every ensuing Wednesday, through a Series of Twelve Lectures. The Fee for the Course is 1*l.* 1*s.*

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The name of the author, a Prussian of high rank, will be familiar to all our readers in the upper circles, when we mention Prince Puckler Muskau; and we look with much curiosity towards his third volume, promising a view of the fashionable society in London, in which he so conspicuously mixed. The present portion of his lucubrations relates to a tour in Wales, Ireland, and England; and it is long since we have met with a production of the kind more likely, as we say, to make a noise in the world.

It is interesting to hear what a foreigner of the most cultivated mind and great observation really thinks of us, our habits, and manners; and the prince has, in truth, not been guilty of much concealment of his opinions. On the contrary, he makes some remarks, and tells some stories, which cannot be very palatable to the parties concerned. That he is occasionally mistaken, and has also occasionally been rather hoaxed in the accounts given to him by natives, will appear to every well-informed reader; but we wish we could fairly assert, that our own travellers in foreign parts fall into as few exaggerations and blunders. It will also be seen, that in politics the prince is an ultra-liberal; in religion as established by law, a scoffer, though professing the purest moral sentiments, and the most exalted natural love of the Deity. Accordingly, his pages are tinged, and in instances stained, with opinions which many good men will condemn: but as our journal eschews such questions, leading to rancour and controversy, we shall be content with stating the fact, and leaving the argument. It is more consistent with our plan, and more agreeable to our spirit, to turn to the lively narrative and picturesque descriptions of the author; to his dashes of poetry, romance, and German enthusiasm; and to his characteristic traits of men and women.

The letters begin their date at Cheltenham, in July 1828, and are addressed to a certain "Dear Julia," for whose amusement they were nightly composed, while the impressions of the day were vivid on the memory of the writer. From Cheltenham he went to Wales, visiting the principal attractions of that interesting country, Llangollen, Conway Castle, Caernarvon, Snowdon, Capel Cerig, Beddgelert, &c. &c. &c., and thence passed to Dublin. From the Welsh trip, swollen and disfigured by the introduction of some inappropriate German criticisms on foreign works, and a bitter burlesque on "the saints" at home and abroad, we shall not offer many extracts; being desirous to illustrate more at length the Irish portion of these travels. The following tale of execution by slate, which the Prince received as gospel at the slate quarries near Bangor, will scarcely be credited by sceptics who never saw slates but on house-roofs, or in the hands of school-boys.

"It was like a subterranean world! Above the blasted walls of slate, smooth as a mirror, and several hundred feet high, scarcely enough of the blue heaven was visible to enable me to distinguish mid-day from twilight. The earth on which we stood was likewise blasted rock; just in the middle was a deep cleft six or eight feet wide. Some children of the workmen were amusing themselves in leaping across this chasm, for the sake of earning a few pence. The perpendicular sides were hung with men, who looked like dark birds, striking the rock with their long picks, and throwing down masses of slate which fell with a sharp and clattering sound. But on a sudden the whole mountain seemed to totter, loud cries of warning re-echoed from various points,—the mine was sprung. A large mass of rock loosened itself slowly and majestically from above, fell down with a mighty plunge, and while dust and splinters darkened the air like smoke, the thunder rang around in wild echoes. These operations, which are of almost daily necessity in one part or other of the quarry, are so dangerous, that, according to the statement of the overseer himself, they calculate on an average of a hundred and fifty men wounded, and seven or eight killed, in a year. An hospital, exclusively devoted to the workmen on this property, receives the wounded; and on my way I had met, without being aware of it, the body of one who had fallen the day before yesterday; 'car c'est comme un champ de bataille.' The people who escorted it were so smartly dressed and so decorated with flowers, that I at first took the procession for a wedding, and was shocked when, in answer to my inquiry for the bridegroom, one of the attendants pointed in silence to the coffin which followed at some distance. The overseer assured me that half these accidents were owing to the indifference of the men, who are too careless to remove in time and to a sufficient distance, though at every explosion they have full warning given them. The slate invariably splits in sharp-edged flakes, so that an inconsiderable piece thrown to a great distance, is often sufficient to cut a man's hand, leg, or even head, clean off. On one occasion, this last, as I was assured, actually happened."

At Caernarvon we have an explanation of the Prince of Wales's motto, usually rendered "*I serve.*"

"The Welsh, in consequence of the oppressions of English governors in the earlier times of partial and momentary conquest, had declared to the king that they would obey none but a prince of their own nation. Edward therefore sent for his wife Eleanor in the depth of winter, that she might lie-in in Caernarvon castle. She bore a prince; upon which the king summoned the nobles and chiefs of the land, and asked them solemnly whether they would submit to the rule of a prince who was born in Wales, and could not speak a word of English. On their giving a joyful and surprised assent, he presented to them his new-born son, exclaiming in broken Welsh, *Eich dyn!* i. e. 'This is your man!' which has been corrupted into the present motto of the English arms, *Ich dien.*"

Having fixed his head-quarters for a while at Dublin, our traveller explored the surrounding scenes, and then wended his way to Connaught, Galway, Limerick, Killarney, &c. &c., going to many places rarely seen by the English tourist. From his views of these various parts, and their inhabitants, we select our illustrations. Of Dublin, he states:

"I found the park rather empty, but the streets through which I returned full of movement and bustle. The dirt, the poverty, and the ragged clothing of the common people often exceed all belief. Nevertheless, they seem always good-natured, and sometimes have fits of merriment in the open streets which border on madness — whisky is generally at the bottom of this. I saw a half-naked lad dance the national dance in the market-place, so long and with such violent exertion, that at last he fell down senseless amid the cheers of the spectators, totally exhausted, like a Mohammedan dervise. The streets are crowded with beggar-boys, who buzz around one like flies, incessantly offering their services. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, you may trust implicitly to their honesty; and wretched, lean, and famished as they appear, you see no traces of melancholy on their open, good-natured countenances. They are the best-bred and most contented beggar-boys in the world."

Among the lions was that great lioness, Lady Morgan, on whom the Prince called with a letter of introduction, "and who (he says) had already sent me a polite invitation, which I had not been able to accept. I was very eager to make the acquaintance of a woman whom I rate so highly as an authoress. I found her, however, very different from what I had pictured her to myself. She is a little frivolous, lively woman, apparently between thirty and forty, neither pretty nor ugly, but by no means disposed to resign all claim to the former, and with really fine and expressive eyes. She has no idea of *mauvaise honte* or embarrassment; her manners are not the most refined, and affect the *aisance* and levity of the fashionable world, which, however, do not sit calmly or naturally upon her. She has the English weakness—that of talking incessantly of fashionable acquaintances, and trying to pass for very *recherché*, to a degree quite unworthy of a woman of such distinguished

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talents: she is not at all aware how she thus underrates herself. She is not difficult to know; for with more vivacity than good taste, she instantly professes perfect openness, and especially sets forth on every occasion her liberalism and her infidelity—the latter of the somewhat obsolete school of Helvetius and Condillac. In her writings she is far more guarded and dignified than in her conversation. The satire of the latter is, however, not less biting and dexterous than that of her pen, and just as little remarkable for a conscientious regard to truth. You may think that with all these elements two hours flew rapidly away. I had enthusiasm enough to be able to utter some *à propos* which pleased her, and she treated me with marked attention; first, because I happen to have a distinguished title; and, secondly, because she had seen my name as dancing at Almacks', and as present at several *fêtes* of the great leaders of ton—a circumstance which appeared so important in her eyes, that she repeatedly recurred to it."

As we happen to be upon personals, we may as well skip a half volume, and give the author's account of a visit to O'Connell, whose castle he reached after a ride from Kenmare, which amply justified his quotation from Crofton Croker, that "no land is better than the coast of Inveragh to be drowned in the sea; or, if you like that better, to break your neck on shore." His graphic detail of his perils is very amusing; but we hasten to their end at Derrinane, when "At length,—at length a bright light broke through the darkness; the road grew more even; here and there a bit of hedge was visible; and in a few minutes we stopped at the gate of an ancient building standing on the rocky shore, from the windows of which a friendly golden radiance streamed through the night. The tower-clock was striking eleven, and I was, I confess, somewhat anxious as to my dinner; especially as I saw no living being, except a man in a dressing-gown at an upper window. Soon, however, I heard sounds in the house; a handsomely dressed servant appeared, bearing silver candlesticks, and opened the door of a room, in which I saw with astonishment a company of from fifteen to twenty persons sitting at a long table, on which were placed wine and dessert. A tall handsome man, of cheerful and agreeable aspect, rose to receive me, apologised for having given me up in consequence of the lateness of the hour, regretted that I had made such a journey in such terrible weather, presented me in a cursory manner to his family, who formed the majority of the company, and then conducted me to my bed-room. This was the great O'Connell. On my return to the dining-room I found the greater part of the company there assembled. I was most hospitably entertained; and it would be ungrateful not to make honourable mention of Mr. O'Connell's old and capital wine. As soon as the ladies had quitted us, he drew his seat near me, and Ireland was of course the subject of our conversation. He asked me if I had yet seen many of the curiosities of Ireland? whether I had been at the Giant's Causeway? 'No,' replied I, laughing; 'before I visit the Giant's Causeway, I wished to see Ireland's Giants;' and therewith drank a glass of claret to his high undertakings. Daniel O'Connell is indeed no common man,—though the man of the commonalty. His power is so great, that at this moment it only depends on him to raise the standard of rebellion from one end of the island to the other. He is, however, too sharp-sighted, and much too sure of attaining his end by safer means, to wish to bring on any such violent crisis. He has certainly shewn great dexterity in availing himself of the temper of the country at this moment, legally, openly, and in the face of the government, to acquire a power scarcely inferior to that of the sovereign; indeed, though without arms or armies, in some instances far surpassing it:—for how would it have been possible for his Majesty George IV. to withhold 40,000 of his faithful Irishmen for three days from whisky-drinking? which O'Connell actually accomplished in the memorable Clare election. The enthusiasm of the people rose to such a height, that they themselves decreed and inflicted a punishment for drunkenness. The delinquent was thrown into a certain part of the river, and held there for two hours, during which time he was made to undergo frequent submersions. The next day I had fuller opportunity of observing O'Connell. On the whole, he exceeded my expectations. His exterior is attractive; and the expression of intelligent good nature, united with determination and prudence, which marks his countenance, is extremely winning. He has, perhaps, more of persuasiveness than of genuine, large, and lofty eloquence; and one frequently perceives too much design and manner in his words. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to follow his powerful arguments with interest, to view the martial dignity of his carriage without pleasure, or to refrain from laughing at his wit. It is very certain that he looks much more like a general of Napoleon's than a Dublin advocate. This resemblance is rendered much more striking by the perfection with which he speaks French,—having been educated at the Jesuits' Colleges at Douai and St. Omer. His family is old, and was probably one of the great families of the land. His friends, indeed, maintain that he springs from the ancient kings of Kerry,—an opinion which no doubt adds to the reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He himself told me,—and not without a certain *pretension*,—that one of his cousins was Comte O'Connell, and 'cordon rouge' in France, and another a baron, general, and chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; but that he was the head of the family. It appeared to me that he was regarded by the other members of it with almost religious enthusiasm. He is about fifty years old, and in excellent preservation, though his youth was rather wild and riotous. Among other things he became notorious, about ten years ago, for a duel he fought. The Protestants, to whom his talents early made him formidable, set on a certain Desterre,—a bully and fighter by profession,—to ride through all the streets of Dublin with a hunting-whip, which, as he declared, he intended to lay on the shoulders of the king of Kerry. The natural consequence was a meeting the next morning, in which O'Connell lodged a bullet in Desterre's heart; Desterre's shot went through his hat. This was his first victory over the Orangemen, which has been followed by so many more important, and, it is to be hoped, will be followed by others more important still. His desire for celebrity seemed to me boundless; and if he should succeed in obtaining emancipation, of which I have no doubt, his career, so far from being closed, will, I think, only then properly begin. But the evils of Ireland, and of the constitution of Great Britain generally, lie too deep to be removed by emancipation. To return to O'Connell; I must mention, that he has received from Nature an invaluable gift for a party-leader; a magnificent voice, united to good lungs and a strong constitution. His understanding is sharp and quick, and his acquirements out of his profession not inconsiderable. With all this, his manners are, as I have said, winning and popular: although somewhat of the actor is perceivable in them, they do not conceal his very high opinion of himself, and are occasionally tinged by what an Englishman would call '*vulgarity*.' Where is there a picture entirely without shade?—Another interesting man, the real though not ostensible head of the Catholics, was present, Father L'Estrange, a friar, and O'Connell's confessor. He may be regarded as the real founder of that Catholic Association so often derided in England, but which, by merely *negative* powers, by dexterous activity in secret, and by universally organising and training the people to one determinate end, attained a power over them as boundless as that of the hierarchy in the middle ages; with this difference, that the former strove for light and liberty, the latter for darkness and slavery. This is another outbreak of that *second* great revolution, which, solely by intellectual means, without any admixture of physical force, is advancing to its accomplishment, and whose simple but resistless weapons are public discussion and the press. L'Estrange is a man of philosophical mind and unalterable calmness. His manners are those of an accomplished gentleman, who has traversed Europe in various capacities, has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and, with all his mildness, cannot always conceal the sharp traces of great astuteness. I should call him the ideal of a well-intentioned Jesuit. As O'Connell was busy, I took an early walk with the friar to a desert island, to which we crossed dry-footed over the smooth sand now left by the ebb. Here stand the genuine ruins of Derrinane Abbey, to which O'Connell's house is only an appendix. It is to be repaired by the family, probably when some of their hopes are fulfilled. On our return we found O'Connell on the terrace of his castle, like a chieftain surrounded by his vassals, and by groups of the neighbouring peasantry, who came to receive his instructions, or to whom he laid down the law. This he can the more easily do, being a lawyer; but nobody would dare to appeal from his decisions: O'Connell and the Pope are here equally infallible. Law-suits therefore do not exist within his empire; and this extends not only over his own tenantry, but, I believe, over the whole neighbourhood. I wondered, when I afterwards found both O'Connell and L'Estrange entirely free from religious bigotry, and even remarked in them very tolerant and philosophical views, though they persisted in choosing to continue true Catholics. I wished I had been able to conjure hither some of those furious imbeciles among the English Protestants,—as for instance Mr. L——, who cry out at the Catholics as irrational and bigoted; while they themselves alone, in the true sense of the word, cling to the fanatical faith of their politico-religious party, and are firmly predetermined to keep their long ears for ever closed to reason and humanity."

From Derrinane, with the owner of which he so well agreed in sentiment, the prince returned to Kenmare: thence he made an excursion "to Hungry Hill (he tells), a lofty mountain at the end of Bantry Bay, remarkable for its waterfall, and for Thomas O'Rourke's flight to the moon on an eagle's back, which began here, and has so often been related in prose and verse. Even in Germany this amusing tale has been repeatedly translated, and has probably fallen into your hands. The hero of the

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story is a gamekeeper of Lord B——'s, who is still alive, and almost always drunk. On our return, Colonel W—— introduced him to me at the inn. He is now extremely proud of his celebrity, and seemed to me when I saw him to be projecting another visit to the moon."

This is one of the whimsical Irish appropriations of a fiction to some living individual. Little could Croker dream, when he invented Terence O'Rourke's dream, that it would have its exact truth thus corroborated!

One other extract must now conclude this our first notice of a very striking and amusing work.

Donnabrook Fair.—"I rode out again today for the first time to see the fair at Donnabrook, near Dublin, which is a kind of popular festival. Nothing, indeed, can be more national. The poverty, the dirt, and the wild tumult, were as great as the glee and merriment with which the cheapest pleasures were enjoyed. I saw things eaten and drunk with delight which forced me to turn my head quickly away to remain master of my disgust. Heat and dust, crowd and stench (*il faut le dire*), made it impossible to stay long: but these do not annoy the natives. There were many hundred tents, all ragged like the people, and adorned with tawdry rags instead of flags: many contented themselves with a cross on a hoop—one had hoisted a dead and half-putrid cat as a sign! The lowest sort of rope-dancers and posture-masters exercised their toilsome vocation on stages of planks, and dressed in shabby finery, dancing and grimacing in the dreadful heat till they were completely exhausted. A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled about, drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought. The women rode about, sitting two and three upon an ass, pushed their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight, and coquetted with their sweethearts. The most ridiculous group was one which I should have thought indigenous only to Rio de la Plata. Two beggars were seated on a horse, who, by his wretched plight, seemed to supplicate for them; they had no saddle, and a piece of twine served as reins. As I left the fair, a pair of lovers, excessively drunk, took the same road. It was a rich treat to watch their behaviour. Both were horribly ugly, but treated each other with the greatest tenderness and the most delicate attention. The lover especially displayed a sort of chivalrous politeness. Nothing could be more gallant, and at the same time more respectful, than his repeated efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, although he had no little difficulty in keeping his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour and her delighted smiles, I could also perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably; and that her answers, notwithstanding her *exaltè* state, were given with a coquetry and an air of affectionate intimacy which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman. My reverence for truth compels me to add, that not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived: they were more like French people, though their gaiety was mingled with more humour and more genuine good-nature; both of which are national traits of the Irish, and are always doubled by potheen (the best sort of whisky illicitly distilled). Don't reproach me for the vulgarity of the pictures I send you: they are more akin to nature than the painted dolls of our *salons*."

We conclude, for the present; adding, that the translator has acquitted himself most ably, both in rendering his original, in omitting common-places, and in supplying notes where needed.*

The Romance of History—Italy. By Charles Macfarlane. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

THE Romance of Italian History—what a world of adventure and imagination are in that single phrase! Venice, with her brides, the lost and the recovered in one single day; captive queens but stepping from a prison to a throne; pilgrims, knights, with all their picturesque associations;—these are the rich materials which Mr. Macfarlane has most judiciously worked up into spirited and interesting narrative. The manners and events of the time are thus brought forward in their most attractive shape; and the youthful reader will have imbibed, almost unconsciously, a clear idea of the time, and a great body of historical information, while carried on by some pleasant story. The following scene is like a rich arabesque.

The Festival of St. John the Baptist.—"The Vatican itself could hardly have offered a more splendid hierarchical display than that which met the eye when the doors of the temple were thrown open, and the shrine of Saint John, decorated with gold and silver and precious stones, and flanked by two long lines of monks with shaven crowns and robes picturesquely simple, and of priests in costly stoles, was opened to the thronging worshippers. The incense breathed as sweetly, the tapers and the torches of virgin wax shed as brilliant a light, as if the successor of Saint Peter himself had presided at the festival. Moreover, the Lombards had adopted in their churches the inestimable gift of dignity and beauty which St. Gregory had bestowed on the ecclesiastical service in his sublime 'Canto fermo;' and whatever may have been the degree of spiritual unction, the mass and the hymns to the saint were just as well sung at Monza as they could have been at Rome. In ancient days, as in modern, under the Christian creed as under the pagan, it seems to have been the practice, more particularly in the glowing, exhilarating climes of Italy and Greece, to mix festivity and diversion with worship and prayer, and that the spiritual exercises of the morning should be followed by the recreations of the body, and by feasting and dancing, singing and drinking. Even as we now see it in the 'Giorni di festa' at Rome or Naples, did it befall at Monza; for as soon as the splendid ceremonies of the church were over, the scene without assumed all the characters of a country fair and a scene of general rejoicing. Nor was it an unpleasant sight to see the collected thousands scattered on the verdant hills, or laid under the shade of trees, or by the gushing fountains whose cool waves might mitigate the force of the wines of Lombardy and Piedmont; nor was it at all ungrateful to the ear to catch the distant roar of mingled voices speaking various tongues, and the long, loud laugh, and the festive chorus, and the sounds of such musical instruments as barbarians and Italians could collect and play. * *

"The back part of their heads was shaved, and in front their thick, matted hair, divided over the forehead, fell down on each side of the face as low as the line of the mouth, over which, as well as across the eyes, motion or the wind would frequently throw it, and shaggy beards of enormous length, from which they are supposed to have derived their name of Longobardi, completed their hirsute appearance. Their dress consisted of loose linen garments, much after the fashion of our Anglo-Saxons, and they were rather gaudily than tastefully ornamented with broad stripes of variegated colours—red, yellow, purple, blue, and green, sewn on transversely. In Italy they had found silks, and silks worked by eastern looms, and dyed with the brilliant dyes of the East, which added considerably to the splendour of their appearance. Their legs were encased in long hose which reached to the ankle, and they wore open sandals on their otherwise naked feet; but many of the courtiers had adopted from the Italians the use of *stivaletti*, or long gaiters made of woollen cloth of a bright red or scarlet colour. The *gasindj*, or domestic and military attendants, had placed against the wall, behind each chieftain, his *asta*, or lance; and, even at the festive board of their sovereign, their heavy swords were heard to rattle, and their iron baskets and their hilts were seen at times to protrude above the level of the table."

The Wandering King is an eventful history of those troubled times: its hero, however, escapes all his manifold dangers, and finally ascends the throne of his ancestors.

"Seven years after this happy restoration, the following facts occurred, which are too interesting and honourable to the Lombard king to be passed over in silence. A certain Wilfred, bishop of York, driven from his home by some intrigue among the Anglo-Saxons, reached the dominions of Bertarid on his way to Rome. Whilst there, messengers arrived from England, offering immense sums to the king if he would throw the bishop into prison, and prevent his going to Rome. The exiled ecclesiastic appeared at the palace, and was informed by the king of the answer he had given his enemies. 'In my younger days I also was driven from my country. I went a hapless wanderer, and sought and found refuge from a certain king of the Huns, and of the sect of the pagans, who, with an oath to his false god, pledged himself never to give me into the hands of mine enemies, nor to betray me. After some time the ambassadors of mine enemies came and promised with an oath to the same king, to give him a bushel full of gold coins if he would place me in their power, that they might kill me. To which the king answered, 'I would expect death from the gods if I committed this iniquity, and trampled on the vow made to my divinities.' Now, how much the more I, who know and adore the true God, ought to be far from such a crime? I would not give my soul to gain the whole world!'"

Mr. Macfarlane says, in his preface, "some few of the tales were written at Naples, in the scenes of the events; and, generally, I have taken my descriptions from notes made during my travels; seldom attempting to describe what I have not seen, or indeed what was not familiar to me from long residences or repeated visits. A little enthusiasm will probably be excused in one, who, considering the present length of his life, has passed a good portion of it in that beautiful country, with little else to do but to see and to admire."

* Since writing the foregoing, we have seen the preface to the work, which shews us that the German edition had been reviewed by a no less celebrated critic than Göthe. We are flattered by finding that his opinions coincide so closely with our own respecting it; and we quote one striking passage from his remarks. "The peculiarities of English manners and habits are drawn vividly and distinctly, and without exaggeration. We acquire a lively idea of that wonderful combination, that luxuriant growth;—of that insular life which is based in boundless wealth and civil freedom, in universal monotony and manifold diversity; formal and capricious, active and torpid, energetic and dull, comfortable and tedious, the envy and the derision of the world."

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We have quoted this passage to shew the advantages our author has possessed, and also to add, that he deserved them: to knowledge and romantic incident he has brought industry and talent; and the Romance of the History of Italy merits well of public favour.

The Village Patriarch. 12mo. pp. 198. *Corn-Law Rhymes.* 3d edition. 12mo. pp. 115. London, 1831. Steill.

THERE is a great deal of talent that we admire, a great deal of bad taste that we disapprove, and some bad feeling, for which we can make allowances rather than excuses, in these little volumes. The writer before us is evidently a disappointed, and therefore a discontented, man: we are too well acquainted with the hardships and anxieties of a literary career, not to know how they irritate the feelings and sour the temper: add to this, political excitement,—and we marvel at no expression, however violent, we were going to have said ferocious. The author of the *Village Patriarch* is a person of no ordinary stamp; and it must have been grievous, indeed, to such a mind to be constantly putting forth efforts that were unappreciated, and making exertions that met not with their reward. An article in the *New Monthly Magazine* of last April, written in the best spirit of criticism—that of candid and liberal encouragement—first directed public attention to one of the writer's poems: the tone in which this is acknowledged is singularly characteristic of the angry and prejudiced man—"What! in the land of castes and cant, take a poor self-educated man by the hand, and declare to the world that his book is worth reading!" Again, in another place, he speaks of "the absurdity of supposing any of them will notice 'a poor man's book.'" Now, this is exceedingly untrue. That literature is a great lottery, no one who knows any thing of it will deny; but that the mere fact of "the author's being a poor man" would prevent praise being awarded, is in the face of all experience; on the contrary, an adventitious interest has always been felt in the works of what are called "uneducated poets;" and, as far as critics are concerned, the writer may rely upon it, they take an interest in the merit they discover. Of our author's politics we shall only say, he is as prejudiced as passion always is; and that, let an existing abuse be what it will, coarse and virulent language will go but a little way as a remedy. We must also add, that the whole tendency of these works is mischievous. It is the fashion of the present day to rail at "all powers that be;" to fancy that any change must be for the better; and to lay the fault of whatever ills are being endured on the existing government—utterly forgetful of that old truth, though not the less true for being old—

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> The part that laws or kings can cause or cure!"

The worst of inflammatory writings like the present is, that they give an imaginary point of relief to actual sufferings: for example, though this is no place to decide on the good or evil effects of the corn-laws, still it stands to reason, that it is quite ridiculous to throw upon them the blame of all existing misery: if they were repealed to-morrow, that man is a fool or a knave who would tell the starving poor that there would at once be an end to their wretchedness. Moreover, it is equally irritating and delusive to be eloquent on the much happier condition of our grandfathers! When did this state of prosperity ever exist? We find sorrow, discontent, and poverty, in every period and every record of human history. The mania for change, the reference of all grievances to a political cause, are reigning and dangerous fashions of the present day. There is no belief into which people may not and do not talk themselves; and our countrymen are doing all they can to persuade themselves and their neighbours that they are the most miserable, the most ill-used, and the most oppressed people in the world. It were far better to weigh a little more our advantages against our disadvantages; and instead of comparing our position with some theory of unattainable perfection, just contrast it with the actual condition of three fourths of the inhabited globe. But no: it is all discontent, and no thankfulness; and such a work as the one now before us, taking some individual hardship as the rule, not the exception—dealing out exciting and violent abuse on all that have the outward seeming of worldly prosperity—and accusing ministers and laws as sole causes of every human misfortune,—such a work as the present is, we do repeat, bad in spirit, and pernicious in tendency. We now turn to the volume itself.

The poet thus describes his hero:—"The *Village Patriarch* is a sort of history, in verse, of a blind old whig or jacobin, who ought to have been sent to the tread-mill. He was, it seems, a bricklayer; and he died of free-trade and the corn-law, at the tender age of a hundred years. Of course, he was buried at the expense of the parish, as whigs and radicals generally are." Inflammatory falsehood enough in one phrase.

Again:

"The unhappy people of the United States cannot bear to read Crabbe. They think him unnatural, and he is so to them; for in their wretched country cottagers are *not* paupers, young men are *not* compelled to marry or become preachers, marriage is not synonymous with misery, and partridge-shooting is not religion to the elect. But I write for Englishmen; and every true Briton, or anti-Huskissonian, ought to buy my goods."

The poet peeps through the patriot, after all. America is the Utopia of our pseudo-politicians—all its advantages, of course, referred to its republican form of government—utterly forgetful of these simple facts; first, that the great advantage which America possesses is, that it is a fertile country thinly peopled—a blessing which would be somewhat diminished if the population of England, Ireland, and Scotland, could suddenly be transported to that favoured soil; and, secondly, that the majority of the backwood settlers endure privations and go through hardships which would startle half the indwellers of our town or country.

Now to the poetry: the first passage we quote is the only specimen we intend giving of our author's peculiar faults; indeed, it embodies them all—viz. ludicrous expressions, unfair conclusions, and violence. Enoch is walking through the town—

> "Thou meanest thing that Heav'n endures and spares—
> Thou upstart dandy, with the cheek of lead!
> How dar'st thou from the wall push those gray hairs?
> Dwarf, if he lift a finger, thou art dead!
> His thumb could fillip off thy worthless head;
> His foot, uplifted, spurn thee o'er the moon.
> 'Some natural tears he drops, but wipes them soon,'
> And thinks how changed his country and his kind
> Since he, in England's and in manhood's noon,
> Toil'd lightly and earn'd much.
>
> * * * *
>
> Beadle! how canst thou smite with speech severe,
> One who was reverenced long ere thou wast born?
> No homeless, soulless beggar meets thee here,
> Although that threadbare coat is patch'd and torn:
> His bursting heart repels thy taunt with scorn,
> But deems thee human, for thy voice is man's.
> You, too, proud dame, whose eye so keenly scans
> The king's blind subject on the king's high road;
> You, who much wonder, that, with all our plans
> To starve the poor, they still should crawl abroad."

First, the absurdity of being kicked over the moon; secondly, when did "England's noon" exist? thirdly, the allusion to the beadle and to the lady—as if a positive wish was felt, and a positive plan existed, "to starve the poor." God knows, people are fearfully regardless one of the other; and it cannot be too often or too forcibly impressed on the rich, the awful responsibility they are under to their Maker, of what account they shall render of the poor "committed to their charge." The rich man who sees want which he can and does not relieve, has been guilty of a positive sin, for which a terrible reckoning will be exacted.—We now turn to what is, whatever authors may think, far the pleasanter part of our task—that of selecting merits. If a fine feeling for natural beauty, an exquisite power of investing those feelings in words, a vein of generous sympathy, and that indefinable music in language which has a sweetness "more than rhyme,"—if these can constitute a poet, the author of the *Village Patriarch* is one in the best and purest acceptation of the word. We proceed to a series of extracts.

A winter landscape.

> "Through fiery haze broad glares the angry sun;
> The travell'd road returns an iron sound,
> Rings in the frosty air the murderous gun;
> The fieldfare dies; and heavy to the ground,
> Shot in weak flight, the partridge falls, his wound
> Purpling with scatter'd drops the crusted snow."

The widow.

> "But, mourning better days, the widow here
> Still tries to make her little garden bloom—
> For she was country born. No weeds appear
> Where her poor pinks deplore their prison-tomb;
> To them, alas! no second spring shall come!
> And there, in May, the lilac gasps for breath,'
> And mint and thyme seem fain their woes to speak—
> Like saddest portraits, painted after death;
> And spindling wallflowers, in the chalking reek,
> For life, for life, uplift their branches weak.
> Pale, dwindled lad, that on her slated shop
> Set'st moss and groundsel from the frosty lea!
> O'er them no more the tiny wren shall hop:
> Poor plants! poor child! I pity them and thee;
> Yet blame I not wise Mercy's high decree:
> They fade, thou diest—but thou to live again,
> To bloom in heav'n. And will thy flowers be there?
> Heav'n without them would smile for thee in vain.
> Thither, poor boy, the primrose shall repair—
> There violets breathe of England's dewy air,
> And daisies speak of her, that dearest one,
> Who then shall bend above thy early bier,
> Mourning her feeble boy for ever gone,
> Yet long to clasp his dust for ever here!
> No, no, it shall not want or flower or tear!
> In thy worn hand her sorrow will not fail
> To place the winter rose, or wind-flower meek;
> Then kiss thy marble smile, thy forehead pale,
> But not the icy darkness from thy cheek;
> Then gaze—then press her heart, that yet shall break,
> And feebly sob, 'My child! we part, to meet.'"

We have read nothing more touching than the above picture. A ruined cottage is also beautiful.

> "Neglect long since divorced the jasmine pale
> That clasp'd the casement; and the sorrowing gale
> Sighs o'er the plot where erst thy choice flowers bloom'd.
> Ah! when the cottage garden runs to waste,
> Full oft the rank weed tells of hopes entomb'd."

With one exception, how fine is the following!—

> "Recall
> The deeds of other days; and from the urn
> Of things which were, shake words that breathe and burn.
> O'er the dark mantle of the night are shed
> Sparks of the sun, in *starry spangles* proud:
> In show'ry spring, when morn his radiant head
> Veils, the rich broom, with glittering diamonds bow'd,
> Is sunny light beneath the sunless cloud."

There is a meanness in a term of artificial ornament as applied to the glorious sky: "starry spangles" is fitter description for a bugle-trimming than for "the poetry of heaven."

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The Sabbath.

" But, hark! the chimes of morning die away!
Hark!—to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels
That God is love, that man is living dust;
Unfelt by none whom ties of brotherhood
Link to his kind; by none who puts his trust
In nought of earth that hath survived the flood,
Save those mute charities, by which the good
Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker best."

Fine portrait of a peasant, allowing for the exaggerated beginning.

" Thrall though he be
Of brutes who bite him while he feeds them, still
He feels his intellectual dignity,
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill
Writes, and can reason well of good and ill.
He hoards his weekly groat: his tear is shed
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,
(For slaves enough already toil for thieves,)
How gratefully his growing mind receives
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold!
Though hourly ills his every sense invade,
Beneath the cloud that o'er his home is roll'd,
He yet respects the power which man hath made,
Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.
But when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,
He seeks the cottage, bordering on the moor,
Where his forefathers pass'd their lowly lives,
Where still his mother dwells, content, though poor,
And ever glad to meet him at the door.
Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly
From streets and courts with crime and sorrow strew'd,
And bids the mountain lift him to the sky!
How proud, to feel his heart not all subdued!
How happy, to shake hands with solitude!
Still, Nature! still he loves thy uplands brown,
The rock that o'er his father's freehold towers!
And strangers, hurrying through the dingy town,
May know his workshop by its sweet wild flowers.
Cropp'd on the Sabbath, from the hedge-side bowers,
The hawthorn blossom in his window droops:
Far from the headlong stream and lucid air
The pallid alpine rose to meet him stoops,
As if to soothe a brother in despair.
Exil'd from Nature and her pictures fair,
E'en winter sends a posy to his jail,
Wreath'd of the sunny celandine—the brief
Courageous wind-flower, loveliest of the frail—
The hazel's crimson star—the woodbine's leaf—
The daisy, with its half-clos'd eye of grief—
Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song."

The next passage is very characteristic of the writer.

' O that my poesy were like the child
That gathers daisies from the lap of May,
With prattle sweeter than the bloomy wild!
It then might teach poor wisdom to be gay
As flowers, and birds, and rivers, all at play,
And winds, that make the voiceless clouds of morn
Harmonious. But distemper'd, if not mad,
I feed on nature's bane, and mess with scorn.
I would not, could not, if I would, be glad,
But, like shade-loving plants, am happiest sad.
My heart, once soft as woman's tear, is gnarl'd
With gloating on the ills I cannot cure."

Fine image.

" In those fearful days
When, tempest-driv'n, and toss'd on troubled seas,
Thought, like the petrel, loved the whirlwind best,
And o'er the waves, and through the foam, with ease,
Rose up into the black cloud's thund'rous breast,
To rouse the lightning from his gloomy rest."

Spring landscape.

" Flowers peep, trees bud, boughs tremble, rivers run;
The redwing saith, it is a glorious morn.
Blue are thy heavens, thou Highest! and thy sun
Shines without cloud, all fire. How sweetly, borne
On wings of morning o'er the leafless thorn,
The tiny wren's small twitter warbles near;
How swiftly flashes in the stream the trout!
Woodbine! our father's ever watchful ear
Knows, by thy rustle, that thy leaves are out.
The trailing bramble hath not yet a sprout;
Yet harshly to the wind the wanton prates,
Not with thy smooth lisp, woodbine of the fields!
Thou future treasurer of the bee, that waits
Gladly on thee, Spring's harbinger, when yields
All-bounteous earth her od'rous flowers, and builds
The nightingale, in beauty's fairest land."

We contrast this with a scene in winter.

" How wild, how wondrous, and how changed the scene
Since yesterday! On hill and valley bright
Then look'd broad heav'n all splendid and serene,
And earth and sky were beauty, music, light.
But now the storm-cock shakes the powdery white,
With start impatient, from his shivering wings,
And, on the maple's loaded bough depress'd,
Perch'd o'er the buried daisy, sweetly sings,
With modulated throat and speckled breast,
To cheer the hen-bird, drooping in the nest
On dusky eggs with many a dot and streak.
Love of the celandine, and primrose meek,
Star of the leafless hazle, where art thou?
Where is the wind-flower, with its modest cheek?
Larch! hast thou dash'd from thy denuded brow
Blossoms that stole their rose-hues from the glow
Of even, blushing into dreams of love?
Flowers of the wintry beam and faithless sky!
Gems of the wither'd bank and shadeless grove!
Ye are where he who mourns you soon must lie;
Beneath the shroud ye slumber—tranquilly,
But not for ever. Yet a sudden hour
Shall thaw the spotless mantle of your sleep,
And bid it, melted into thunder, pour
From mountain, waste, and fell, with foamy sweep,
Whelming the flooded plain in ruin deep.
Yes, little silent minstrels of the wild,
Your voiceless song shall touch the heart again!
And shall no morning dawn on Sorrow's child?
Shall buried mind for ever mute remain
Beneath the sod, from which your beauteous strain
Shall yet arise in music, felt, not heard?
No! faith, hope, love, fear, gladness, frailty, all
Forbid that man should perish. Like the bird
That soars and sings in Nature's festival,
Our souls shall rise, and fear no second fall;
Our adoration strike a lyre divine."

The annexed, though brief, merit high distinction. Fine line.

" Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death."

Equally fine touch of personal allusion.

" Decision, like a ready sword undrawn,
Reposed, but slept not."

Description of a supernatural sea.

" No winds urged on the billowy, living roll,
But whirlwind dwelt within it, like a soul."

Parting.

" The meanest thing to which we bid adieu,
Loses its meanness in the parting hour.
When long neglected, worth seems born anew;
The heart that scorns earth's pageantry and power,
May melt in tears, or break, to quit a flower."

Anticipation of death.

" And o'er his heart the long grass of the grave
Already trembles!"

A church.

" Thou antique fane, that in thy solemn suit
Of carven flowers, and stone-embroidery grand,
(Old, yet unshaken—eloquent, though mute,)
Tower'st, like the sculptur'd guardian of the land;
Thy reverend looks what bosom can withstand,
And feel nor throb like love, nor chill like fear,
Nor glow like adoration? The leaves fall
Around thee—men fall with them; both are here:
While thou alike view'st bridal robe and pall,
Sovereign of marriage and of funeral;
Witness of ages, and memorial hoar
Of generations to eternity
Gone, like the hour that can return no more."

Touching epitaph.

" Here rests a stranger: she had once a name:
Weep for the gentle dust that died of shame."

Fine idea of a blind person.

" The beam of beauty left his cheerful eyes,
To glow more deeply, brightly, in his heart."

These beautiful passages, beautiful in feeling as in their expression, are quite out of keeping with many of their companions, with coarse and absurd imagery and political virulence: for example, where he talks of

" Minion'd Erin's sty'd and root-fed clown;"

or where it is said the snake moves

" Uncoil'd o'er cranshy roots and fern-stalks dry,
He thinks he sees thee, colour'd like the stone,
With cruel and atrocious Tory eye;"

or rant like the following:—

" Sworn anti-catholic, and tried true-blue;
Champion of game-laws and the trade in slaves;
Mouth of the bread-tax; purchased tongue of knaves.
* * * *
Clerk! thief! contractor! boroughmonger! peer!
His mercy would be cruelty in hell;
His actions say to God, ' Submit to me!'
Dey of Starvation, dark and terrible!'
Men's purses may submit to thy decree;
But why should conscience have no god but thee,
Thou charioted blasphemer? Hence, away
To Spain, or Naples, with thy loathsome scowl;
Why stay'st thou here, to fuddle tax'd tokay?
Go, be the Inquisition's holiest goul,
And gorge with blood thy sulky paunch of soul!"

Or in the churchyard:—

" Here lies a rogue, whose crime was poverty!
And just Sir Cornlaw sleeps in marble near!
Bones of the treadmill'd slave! what do ye here?"

Or similes like this:—

" She frown'd, she fuff'd, like eggs with bacon fried;"

or,

" Then boys, all glad, as bottled wasps let loose."

Enoch Wray has a dream, the conception of which is fine; but we cannot see what right any poet has to deal in this wholesale damnation. The following is execrable; particularly as it is impossible not to identify the minister so ferociously consigned to this poetical hell.

" Then sprang they on him, and his muscles rent
With cranshing teeth; and still their hate increased
As fast it fed, and joyful sounds forth sent;
Yet from the rapturous banquet oft they ceased,
Exclaiming, in the pauses of the feast,
Ice-hearted dog! when fell the crimson dew
At Wexford, there we died! in dungeons we!
We of slow famine! we at Peterloo!"

Of course our author takes poachers under his especial care; the unfortunate

" Who kill'd the harmless hare that ate his kale:
Atrocious crime! for which he sternly bore
Slow pain and wasting fever in a gaol:
He perish'd there."

Will any one who knows any thing of country life allow that this is a true picture? Who are the poachers?—the dishonest and the disreputable of a parish, with whom poaching is any thing but a single act of dishonesty. Where there is human authority, there will always be human abuse; and we do not suppose that the game, any more than other, laws are not harsh upon particular individuals:—we are not even defending them; we only say there is something very absurd in the sentimental interest so many writers of the present day have a fancy for throwing round poachers and smugglers.

We now proceed to the *Corn-Law Rhymes*, which are even more virulent and prejudiced than the *Village Patriarch*. The following remark about Burns is one sample among many of false assertion and perverted views.

" Will they learn from the writings of Burns, and from his life, that, during a certain crusade for ignominy, it was necessary yet perilous, and in his case, *fatal*, to say, ' the man's the goud for a' that?' " We never heard Burns held up as a political martyr before.

We will not trouble ourselves to quote the prose opinions of the " Sheffield Mechanics' Anti-bread-tax Society;" but simply extract two or three favourable poetical specimens.

Landscape.

" Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky,
Lo, all is interchange and harmony!
Where is the gorgeous pomp which yester morn
Curtained yon orb with amber fold on fold?
Behold it in the blue of Rivelin borne
To feed the all-feeding seas! the molten gold
Is flowing pale in Loxley's crystal cold,
To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
And wake to verdant life hill, vale, and plain.
Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power:
But should the clouds, the streams, the winds disdain
Harmonious intercourse, nor dew nor rain
Would forest-crown the mountains: airless day
Would blast, on Kinderscout, the heathy glow;
No purply green would meeken into gray,
O'er Don at eve; no sound of river's flow
Disturb the sepulchre of all below."

Again.

" When by our Father's voice the skies are riven,
That, like the winnowed chaff, disease may fly;
And seas are shaken by the breath of heaven,
Lest in their depths the living spirit die;
Man views the scene with awed but grateful eye,
And trembling feels, could God abuse his power,
Nor man nor nature would endure an hour.
But there is mercy in his seeming wrath;
It smites to save, not, tyrant-like, to slay;
And storms have beauty as the lily hath:
Grand are the clouds that, mirrored on the bay,
Roll like the shadows of lost worlds away.
When bursts through the broken gloom the startled light;
Grand are the waves that like the broken gloom
Are smitten into splendour by his might;
And glorious is the storm's tremendous boom,
Although it waileth o'er the watery tomb,
And is a dreadful ode on ocean's drowned."

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We conclude with a most affecting and striking poem, "the Death-feast."

"The birth-day, or the wedding-day,
Let happier mourners keep;
To death my festal vows I pay,
And try in vain to weep.
Some griefs the strongest soul might shake,
And I such grief have had;
My brain is hot—but they mistake
Who deem that I am mad.
My father died, my mother died,
Four orphans poor were we;
My brother John worked hard, and tried
To smile on Jane and me.
But work grew scarce, while bread grew dear,
And wages lessened too,
For Irish hordes were bidders here
Our half-paid work to do.
Yet still he strove, with failing breath
And sinking cheek, to save
Consumptive Jane from early death—
Then joined her in the grave.
His watery hand in mine I took,
And kissed him till he slept:
O, still I see his dying look!
He tried to smile, and wept!
I bought his coffin with my bed,
My gown bought earth and prayer;
I pawned my mother's ring for bread,
I pawned my father's chair.
My Bible yet remains to sell,
And yet unsold shall be;
But language fails my woes to tell—
Even crumbs were scarce with me.
I sold poor Jane's gray linnet then,
It cost a groat a-year;
I sold John's hen, and missed the hen
When eggs were selling dear;
For autumn nights seemed wintry cold,
While seldom blazed my fire,
And eight times eight no more I sold
When eggs were getting higher.
But still I glean the moor and heath;
I wash, they say, with skill;
And workhouse-bread ne'er crossed my teeth—
I trust it never will.
But when the day on which John died
Returns with all its gloom,
I seek kind friends, and beg, with pride,
A banquet for the tomb.
One friend, my brother James, at least
Comes then with me to dine;
Let others keep the marriage-feast,
The funeral feast is mine.
For then on him I fondly call,
And then he lives again!
To-morrow is our festival
Of death, and John, and Jane.
Even now, behold! they look on me,
Exulting, from the skies,
While angels round them weep to see
The tears gush from their eyes!
I cannot weep—Why can I not?
My tears refuse to flow:
My feet are cold, my brain is hot—
Is fever madness? No.
Thou smilest, and in scorn—but thou,
Couldst thou forget the dead?
No common beggar curtsies now,
And begs for burial bread."

And what this poem describes happens, ay daily, in England! It is false and cruel—for nothing is more cruel than to hold out a delusion for a hope,—false and cruel, we say, to induce people to believe that the repeal of a set of laws would at once do away with this misery; and political acrimony does not alleviate, but aggravates the wound. But we approve the poem itself: in every shape, in every manner, let the wretched be brought to the notice of the prosperous. We are thoroughly convinced that no station in life is without its own peculiar trouble and distress. The rich man is often bowed to the earth by affliction for which there is no help save in God;—but poverty admits of human alleviation; and sympathy, more than policy, will be its redress.

We now leave these volumes: their author, a Mr. Elliot, we are informed, has genius—the creative, the powerful, the deeply imbued with nature and beauty. Among the higher classes we wish his works universal circulation: the rich and the luxurious can never be too loudly awakened. Among the lower, we must repeat, they are more calculated to do harm than good. Their writer has justly characterised himself: "My thoughts are passions that rush burning from my mind." He may rely upon it, violence is injurious to the best of causes.

Heath's Picturesque Annual.

[Second notice.]

We were obliged to be very brief in our notice of this most beautiful volume in our last No.: we now proceed to illustrate its literature by extracts, regretting that we have no power to do the same for its numerous and exquisite engravings. We select one of the stories so well told by the writer.

"I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage-window; but, remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and, calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke, the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute re-appeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountains; and the night was so intensely dark, that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky. 'There it is again!' said I. 'What is that, in the name of God?' 'It is Lelia's lamp!' cried the young man eagerly, who was a son of our host. 'Awake, father! Ho, Batista! Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!' At these cries the whole family sprung up from their lair at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested. To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the Valley of Anzasca. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and, indeed, the manners of the minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich, and at another starving; and, in short, they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour, ranking in this respect with gamesters, authors, and other vagabonds. They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the minerali sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways, when nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of those regular banditti, who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom. Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leant back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice, which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realised. There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. * * *

"There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes. Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight. * * *

"It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get

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acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own: but what of that?—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes, and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at *her* feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon! The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall: and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting. 'My name!' said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; 'you will know it soon enough.' 'But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night.' 'Why to-morrow night?' 'Because a young, rich, and handsome suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and, therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia.' It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—'To-morrow night, then.' 'Here?' 'No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival.'"

His appearance, as may be supposed, is more agreeable to the maiden than to her father, and the following scene ensues. The lover says, "'Your real objection to me is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim which her generous preference has given me upon your daughter's hand.' 'It is well put,' replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. 'A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man, before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—*provided it continues so long*—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livres!' * *

"'Sirs,' said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, 'the sum of three thousand livres—' He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. 'It is a fair proposal,' repeated the relations: 'agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!' 'I agree,' said Niccoli disdainfully. 'It is agreed!' replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew. A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent. He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day, and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet, in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions, tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words, and the weakness of her constitution; but on his, all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation. * * * *

"The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far, very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fête was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever. His success continued. He was working with the pick-axe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful, and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him—his limbs trembled—a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side, he fell senseless upon the ground. How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head, he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. 'Lelia!' cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognised the features of his young fair mistress. 'Waste not time in words,' said she; 'much may yet be done; and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work—for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands.' Francesco seized the axe, and, stirred half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. 'Be of good heart,' continued Lelia, 'and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!' Only once she uttered any thing resembling a complaint:—'It is so cold!' said she; 'make haste, dearest; for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light.' By and by she repeated more frequently the injunction to 'make haste.' Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat; and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. 'Make haste—make haste!' she said; 'the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I *am* wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!' Francesco looked up—but the light was already gone. It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that *his* remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock against which he staggered. When he recovered, he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat—but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her. With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it

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been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder. Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts, it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. 'Niccoli,' said he, on entering the room, 'I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand.' He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—'Bid us farewell,' said he, in a tremulous voice; 'go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day, and—' He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face of the young man. 'No matter—my word is plighted—farewell. Now, call my daughter,' added he, 'and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!' Francesco lingered at the door: he would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! 'She is not in her room!' cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices calling out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. 'Know you aught of my daughter?' said he. 'Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child, my child!' The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. 'Lights!' said he, 'torches!—every one of you, follow me!' and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other; and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine. They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leant her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other; while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead! After a time, the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold."

In conclusion, we repeat our commendations: the engravings are exquisite, the literary department very original and superior. The volume itself is one of the most richly bound we have seen—crimson morocco and gold, both handsome and substantial.

Memoirs of the great Lord Burghley. By the Rev. Dr. Nares. 4to. Vol. III. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

On the publication of the first and second volumes of this sterling historical work, we expressed our opinion of the author's labours; and have now little to add, except in the shape of two or three selections, as specimens of his concluding quarto. The style is peculiar, and not elegant, but plain and sensible. In many parts Dr. Nares has been enabled, by his researches, to correct errors in Strype, Rapin, Neale (History of the Puritans), Lingard, and Sir Walter Scott. He is rather an Elizabethan apologist, and still more an advocate for Lord Burghley, as the Protestant statesman opposed to the designs and conspiracies of "the Papists." With these simple notes, we quote a general exposition of his sentiments.

"No man could have more reason to resent any imputations cast on his loyalty and dutifulness to his sovereign than Lord Burghley; it was his ruling principle—connecting, that is, the safety of his sovereign with the safety and security of the nation, and obedience to the crown with obedience to the laws. Had his obedience been servile or self-interested, his situation would have been less onerous and his way more clear; but he had frequently to combat some of the queen's strongest prejudices, and to recommend measures, not merely obnoxious, but offensive to others of the court, and those in greater favour than himself on some accounts. Any other person in his place, had Elizabeth's temper been so capricious or ungovernable as some would have it, would have been discredited, crushed, and ruined in a moment, upon the suggestions of such great but secret enemies as he had to contend with; but his merits, and the value of his advice, happened to be too justly appreciated by the queen's own understanding to give any permanent advantage to his adversaries—a few sudden and transient clouds might arise, which it might require time and care to disperse, but he had a right to expect that, with care and time, all that did arise might be dispersed; and, in truth, he found it so. In the instance above, he relied entirely on his dutifulness to his own sovereign, to account for his actions. Against Elizabeth, he was never a well-willer (to use his own words) to Mary, nor could be so; but he was never so ill a willer to her as to aggravate her misfortunes, or do more than impeach, to the utmost of his power, her practices against England and against Elizabeth—and this deserves to be attended to. What Elizabeth was taught to suspect was this—that he was becoming so friendly to the Queen of Scots as to have no longer any disposition to encounter her practices;—they were her practices, and not her person, to which he opposed himself; and this he boldly told Lord Shrewsbury he would even do while they might appear to be directed against his own sovereign. He was aware that upon acting on a principle approaching in any degree to impartiality, he should expose himself to the contrary imputations of being the Queen of Scots' greatest open enemy, or her greatest but secret friend;—if, as in duty bound, he sought to protect Elizabeth against the intrigues and cabals of Mary's pretended friends, he was then accounted the greatest enemy of that unfortunate princess; but if he sought to promote her comfort in any way—to procure her any indulgences on the part of Elizabeth, or to thwart those who were, upon a different principle, her decided enemies—then he was exposed to the artful practices of his courtly enemies, and misrepresented to Elizabeth. This, we verily believe, is a just picture of his difficult situation as Elizabeth's principal political adviser. Mary 'gave ear,' to use an expression of her own ambassador, Bishop Leslie, too readily to the discontented subjects of Elizabeth, and to her foreign Catholic friends, as they called themselves; and thereby rendered herself obnoxious to the suspicions of Elizabeth, and very fairly exposed herself to greater restraints, and a more watchful attention to all her actions, than would otherwise have been the case; and, perhaps, could she have been persuaded to intrigue less with Elizabeth's decided enemies—to have given more scope to the Protestant interests in Scotland—to have acknowledged some of her errors and false steps—or had Elizabeth married, and thereby quieted the disturbance about the succession—she might have been set at liberty, or, at the least, restored to a great [quiet?] enjoyment of rank, consequence, and consideration; but, unfortunately, being in the power of Elizabeth, she went on intriguing, by every channel of communication she could command, against Elizabeth, her person, and her crown—against the Protestant interests in Scotland, and consequently against a large proportion of her own subjects. Driven by these very intrigues into the arms of Elizabeth, the case was complicated, but capable of being understood in all its bearings—certainly not by any superficial readers of history, but by those who have patience to go thoroughly into the depths of such an inquiry, and are sufficiently free from prejudices to acknowledge the truth, wherever it can be made to appear; for, with regard to the dark and perplexed transactions of the sixteenth century, it may justly be regarded as a spirit we have to call from the 'vasty deep.'"

Our next extract is a curious picture of sports by and before Elizabeth, at Kenilworth.

"Noow within allso, in the mean time, waz thear sheawed before her highness, by an Italian, such feats of agilitie, in goinges, turninges, tumblinges, castinges, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, gambaud, soomersauts, caprelliez, and flights; forward, backward, sydewize, a downward, upward, and with sundry windings, gyrings, and circumflexions; also lightly and with such easiness, as by me in feaw words, it iz not expressibl by pen or speech I tell you plain. I bleast me by my faith to behold him, and began to doout whither a waz a man or a spirite, and, I ween, had doouted me till this time, had it not been that anon I bethought me of men that can reazon and talk with too toongs, and with too persons at onez, sing like burds, curteiz of behaviour of body strong, and in joynts so nimbl withall, that their bones seem as lythie and plyaunt as syneuz. They dwel in a happy iland (as the book termz it) four months sayling southward beyond Œthiop. Nay, Master Martin, I tell you no jest; for both Diodorus Siculus, an auncient Greek historiographer, in his third book of the acts of the olld Egypcians; and also from him Conrad Gesnerus, a great learned man, and a very diligent writer, in all good arguments of oour time (but deceased), in the first chapter of hiz Mithridates, reporteth the same. Az for thiz fellow, I cannot tell what to make of him, save

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that I may gesse hiz back be metall'd like a lamprey, that haz no bone, but a lyne like a lute-string. Well, sir, let him passe and hiz featz, and this dayz pastime with all; for heer iz as mooch az I can remember me for Thursdaiz entertainment."

The following relates to a more striking political event, in another of the queen's progresses.

"Lord Burghley has been particularly accused of dealing treacherously and unkindly by the Duke of Norfolk; and yet, previous to his execution, that unhappy nobleman commended his children, in a very remarkable manner, to the care and guardianship of the lord treasurer; and even on this progress, though the queen, in some instances, seemed to place a confidence in her Catholic subjects, certain severities took place, which have been differently accounted for: one, at whose house even she had been received and entertained, was soon after cast into prison, and what was accounted an idol (intended for an image of the Virgin) burnt by the queen's command. This person was the owner of Euston Hall; and the particulars are to be found in a letter addressed to the Earl of Shrewsbury, by the celebrated hunter of recusants, Topcliffe. Some passages we shall transcribe. After speaking of the queen's health on the progress, he writes, 'The next good news (but in account the highest), her majesty has served God with great zeal, and comfortable examples; for, by her counsel, two notorious Papists, young Rookwood (the master of Euston Hall, where her majesty did lye upon Sunday now a fortnight), and one Downes, a gentleman, were both committed, the one to the town prison at Norwich, the other to the county prison there, for obstinate Papistry; and VII. more gentlemen of worship were committed to several houses in Norwich, as prisoners.' In some accounts these severities are said to have been inflicted upon them merely because they were Papists; and the queen's conduct is arraigned in no measured terms for so unfeeling a requital of the hospitality with which she had been treated. But we are inclined to suspect that some *deception* had been practised on her majesty, from the *following passage* in the same letter:—'This Rookwood is a Papist of kind newly crept out of his late wardship. Her majesty, *by some means I know not*, was lodged at his house, Euston, far unmeet for her highness, but fitter for the blackguard. Nevertheless (the gentleman brought into her majesty's presence by *like device*), her excellent majesty gave to Rookwood ordinary thanks for his bad house, and her fair hand to kiss; after which it was braved at. But my lord chamberlain, nobly and gravely understanding that Rookwood was excommunicated for Papistry, called him before him, demanded of him how he durst presume to attempt her real presence, he, unfit to accompany any Christian person—forthwith said he was fitter for the stocks—commanded him out of the court, and yet to attend her council's pleasure—and at Norwich he was committed.' It is easy to collect from this, that Rookwood was not committed for *mere Papistry*, but for some indiscretions betokening a contempt of the court, which the lord chamberlain was moved to resent. He appears to have drawn the queen to his house rather to insult than honour her, if not worse; and to have made a mockery of her very courtiers. He had evidently been in hold before, and incurred a sentence of excommunication for extreme obstinacy; and, if the conjecture of Mr. Lodge be true, that this was probably the same Rookwood who suffered death in 1605, for his concern in the Gunpowder-plot, we may surely conclude that he was no common recusant, but a very bold and dangerous one, and in association with other suspicious persons at the very time."

We conclude with the death of this distinguished minister.

"His death was *not sudden*, nor his pain in sickness great; for he continued languishing two or three months, yet went abroad to take air in his coach all that time, retiring himself from the court, sometimes to his house at *Theobalds*, and sometimes at London; his greatest infirmity appearing to be the weakness of his stomach. It was also thought his mind was troubled that he could not *work a peace for his country*, which he earnestly laboured and desired of any thing, seeking to leave it as he had long kept it. For there was no other worldly thing to give him cause of grief: he had the favour of his prince, the love of his people, great offices, honours, livings, good children, and all blessings the world could afford him; yet he contemned the world, and desired nothing but death, either because he had lived long enough, and desired to be in heaven, or else because he could not live to do that good for his country he would—or rather, as is most likely, both; for he had seen and tasted so much both of the sweet and sour of the world as made him weary to live, and knew so much of the joys of his salvation, wherein was his onely comfort, as gave him cause to desire death, when it was God's good pleasure, as he often said: but how or whatsoever it was, the signe was infallibly good. He contemned this life, and expected the next; for there was no earthly thing wherein he took comfort, but in contemplation, reading or hearing the Scriptures, Psalmes, and Praieres. About ten or twelve daies before he died, he grew weak, and so dryvenne to kepe his bed, complayning onely of a pain in his breast, which was thought to be the humor of the goute (wherewith he was so long possessed) falling to that place, without any ague, fever, or sign of distemper or danger, and that paine not great nor continuall, but by fits, and so continued till within one night before his death. At six of the clock at night, the phisitions finding no distemper in his pulse or bodie, but assuring his life, affirming it was impossible he should be hartsicke that had so good temper, and so perfect pulse and senses; yet at seven of the clock following, he fell into a convultion like to the shaking of an ague. Now, quoth he, the Lord be praised, the tyme is come. And calling his children, blessed them, and took his leave, commanding them to love and feare God, and love one another. He also praid for the queen, that she might live longe and die in peace. Then he called for Thomas Bellot, his steward, one of his executors, and delivered him his will, saieing, I have ever found thee true to me, and I nowe trust thee with all. Who like a godlie honest man, praid his lordship, as he had lived religiously, so now to remember his Savioure Christ, by whose blood he was to have forgiveness of his sins; with manie the like speeches used by his chaplaines, to whom he answered, it was done already, for he was assured God had forgiven his sins, and would save his soul."

Family Classical Library, No. XXIII. Plutarch, Vol. I. Valpy.

A MOST popular ancient author commences No. 23 of this excellent series; and if former portions were acceptable, there can be no doubt that Langhorne's *Plutarch* will at least equal any of its classical compeers. Heads from gems are given as embellishments; and the volume is, in every respect, entitled to general favour.

The Amethyst; or, Christian's Annual. Edited by Richard Huie, M.D. and R. Kaye Greville, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1832, Oliphant; Glasgow, Collins; London, Simpkin and Co., Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Dublin, Curry, jun. and Co.

A VERY neat and well-intentioned little volume; in reality, a collection of religious essays and sermons, together with some serious poetry; and we agree with the editors that there is no reason why as attractive a form as possible should not be given to sacred and serious instruction.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXIV. Useful Arts, Vol. I. Manufactures in Metal, Iron, and Steel. London, Longman and Co.

THIS volume appears to contain all useful information on the subject of which it treats, and must therefore be acceptable to those concerned in manufactures in metal. We select one passage, which bears a reference to the fine arts.

"For several years past sheet steel has been used in large quantities, instead of copper-plates, by the engravers. By this fortunate application of so durable and, it may be added, so economical a material, not only has a new field been discovered, admirably suited to yield in perfection the richest and finest graphic productions which the ingenuity of modern art can accomplish, but to do so through an amazingly numerous series of impressions, without perceptible deterioration. The art of engraving on iron or steel, for purposes of ornament, and even for printing in certain cases, is by no means a discovery of modern times; but the substitution of the latter material for copper, and which has invited the superiority of the British *burin* to achievements hitherto unattempted by our artists, is entirely a modern practice."

Dibdin's Sunday Library, Vol. VI. Longman and Co.

THIS volume, with a portrait and memoir of Archbishop Secker, contains two sermons by that learned prelate, and eighteen by other eminent divines, including the present Bishop of London, Bishop Maltby, Archdeacon Pott, Sidney Smith, Mr. Milman, Dr. D'Oyly, &c. It is a little library for a churchman, and a treasure for the pious among the laity.

A Dictionary of Biography; comprising the most eminent Characters of all Ages, Nations, and Professions. Embellished with numerous Portraits. Double cols. post 8vo. pp. 584. London, Tegg; Dublin, Cumming; Glasgow, Griffin and Co.

AN extremely neat, ingenious, and useful volume, containing from four to five thousand remarkable names, with short notices of their owners. The slight outline portraits add greatly to its interest; and we could not mention a work of the kind more deserving of a place on the book-shelf for reference when occasion requires.

The Miser; a Poem. 8vo. pp. 78. Baldwin and Co.

WE are afraid this is one of the poetical aspirations which neither the taste nor purse of the present day encourageth.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE vacation of this useful institution terminated on Wednesday, when the members resumed their labours; William Tooke, Esq., recently re-elected a vice-president, in the chair. The secretary, Mr. Aikin, after reading the minutes of the last meeting, announced the heads of a variety of communications, which were referred to the different committees: many of them will immediately come under the consideration of those of mechanics, polite arts, and chemistry. Among other subjects which have been received, were an instrument for taking angles, a system of weights and measures, a table for performing multiplication and division, lock gates, a dissected map of the constellations, a mangle, a fire-escape, a horse-collar, a saw-mill, a life-buoy, a life-boat, a method of preventing the collision of steam-vessels, a trap for rats, a pile-driver, a method of supplying oil to the bushes of millstones, a cup for effervescing mixtures, curling-irons, a new plan of painting portable frescoes, on destroying caterpillars, on the dry-rot in timber, a method of lighting and putting out street-lamps, a clamp for boot-makers and harness-makers, &c.

The Society have thus commenced a session which promises to be as pregnant with business as any that have preceded; and we were much gratified by observing that many of its most valuable members were present: we particularly allude to those who have so long and sedulously promoted the objects and interests of the institution.

Several valuable presents were mentioned, and, after the names, &c. of persons wishing to become members had been read, the Society adjourned. Soon after Christmas the evening illustrations are to commence.

NEW PATENTS

Granted by his Majesty for Inventions.—Sealed, 1831.

As the grant of patents tends to throw much light on the progress of science and the useful arts in England, we have made arrangements for a regular register of these documents.—*Ed. L. G.*

To Andrew Ure, of Finsbury Square, in the parish of St. Luke's, in the county of Middlesex, doctor in medicine, for his invention of an improved apparatus for evaporating syrups and saccharine juices. 22d September—6 months, for enrolment of specification.

To William Bingham, of St. Mary Hall, Esq., and William Duke, gunmaker, both of Oxford, for their invention of certain improvements on fire-arms of different descriptions. 24th September—6 months.

To Henry Hope Wernlnck, of North Terrace, Camberwell, in the county of Surrey, gentleman, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of an invention for improvements in apparatus or methods for preserving lives of persons and property when in danger by shipwreck, by speedily converting boats or small vessels of ordinary description into life-boats, and other apparatus or means applicable to the same objects. 24th September—6 months.

To James Lang, of Greenock, North Britain, flax dresser, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for spreading, drawing, roving, or spinning flax, hemp, and other fibrous substances, dressed or undressed. 24th September—2 months.

To Joseph Gillott, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, steel pen maker, for his invention of an improvement in the making or manufacturing of metallic pens. 27th September—2 months.

To John Myatt, of Tabernacle Walk, Finsbury Square, in the county of Middlesex, tailor, for his invention of an article to be worn on the feet, as a substitute for pattens or clogs, which he denominates Myatt's Health Preserver. 27th September—2 months.

To Oliver St. George, of Great Cumberland Street, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of an invention of certain improvements in machinery for acquiring power in tides or currents. 28th September—6 months.

To Miles Berry, of the Office for Patents, 66, Chancery Lane, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the county of Middlesex, engineer and mechanical draftsman, in consequence of a communication made to him by M. Jean Nicholas Senechal, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées, residing at Versailles, in the kingdom of France, he is in possession of an invention or discovery of certain improvements in the boilers or generators of steam and other vapour, and in engines to be worked by steam or vapour for propelling or actuating machinery on land, and boats, vessels, or other floating bodies on water, and also in the mode of condensing such steam or vapour. 28th September—6 months.

To John Heathcote, of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, lace manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in the machinery used for the making of bobbin or twist lace net, whereby net and other fabrics may be produced. 3d October—6 months.

Newton and Berry's Office for Patents,
66, Chancery Lane, London.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AFTER a council, at which Lord Bexley presided, the first ordinary meeting for the year, of the Royal Society of Literature, was held at the Society's house on Wednesday last. The routine business being disposed of, Mr. Sotheby, at the request of the council, read a portion of his version of the eleventh book of the Odyssey; which was listened to with great pleasure by the assembly. As we have formerly been so favoured, we trust that we may also, on this occasion, be afforded an opportunity of laying this episode before our readers.

KING'S COLLEGE.

Professor Rennie's Introductory Lecture.

THE study of natural history comes powerfully recommended to us from its multiplying to infinity the sources of innocent pleasure, as well as from its tendency to enlarge the mind and improve the taste. This may be exemplified by reference to the biography of great men who have added natural history to other varied studies; among whom we find the names of Aristotle and Lord Bacon the most distinguished. Lord Bacon represents natural history as "fundamental to the erecting and building of a true philosophy;" and Herschel says, that "from it all sciences arise." But instead of its having been studied on the inductive principle, a great portion of what is called natural history consists either of systematic tables and meagre catalogues of species, frequently very erroneous in detail; or of wildly fanciful theories. The former is exemplified in the works of the Linnæan school, the meagreness and inaccuracy of which has been the ruin of philosophic inquiry for many years. Of the latter we have glaring instances in the *hypothetical* school, whose object is to discover a metaphysical chimera called the *natural system*, the pursuit of which has been productive of little else but critical trifling and unphilosophical speculation:—witness the fancy of Savigny, that the sucker of a gnat is not a sucker, but a set of jaws glued together;—witness the terms "false," "spurious," and "imperfect," applied to animals which do not correspond to some fanciful standard of a theorist;—witness Geoffroy St. Hilaire's monstrous fancy, that the legs of crabs are "spurious," or, in other words, ribs which have wandered out from the interior and become spurious legs—(when, he does not say!);—witness MacLeay's still wilder fancy, that all organised beings were originally produced in circles of fives, and then dismissed to wander out of these quinary circles;—witness the wild theory of spontaneous generation, which maintains that animals originate in some occult play of chemical affinities; or asserts them to arise from the "march of nature," from "*propagules animées*," from the "*vis formatrix*," or "*l'espèce des foyers*,"—some dreamy, visionary thing, the theorists cannot tell what; and nobody, most assuredly, can be the wiser or the better for treasuring up in their memory such vain and vague words, which signify nothing, but are only a learned apology for the absolute ignorance of the theorists. These theories are, for the most part, characterised by their studied exclusion of all reference to a Creator, and differ widely in this from the practice of the higher philosophers,—Socrates, Plato, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Ray, Haller, &c.; names which could not be matched by the gainsayers among their Darwins, Lamarcks, Laplaces, and Cuviers. Newton says, it is the very "business of philosophy to reason from phenomena to God;" and to an unprejudiced mind, it must appear impossible to study the works of creation and exclude all allusion to a Creator.

Nothing is more injurious to a pupil's progress than trusting to his teacher, and doing little or nothing himself;—than imagining, when he knows a smattering of terms, that he has a general knowledge of a subject;—than trusting to the authority of books, without personal investigation of facts and arguments. These three latter points were strongly urged on the attention of the students.*

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Calligraphy. Lacey, St. Paul's Churchyard.

WE have lying before us a beautiful piece of penmanship, designed and engraved on steel by H. D. Smith; surrounding a miniature portrait of William IV., and commemorative of His Majesty's accession to the throne.

Mr. G. Bennett, as Cassius. Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from the original by G. F. Stroehling. Dickinson.

As far as we can judge, having seen Mr. Bennett only on the stage, a very correct resemblance.

Sketches from Life. By R. Cruikshanks and others. Steill, Berger, &c.

BUT so-so. The subject of one of these sketches is much too painful for graphic illustration.

One Hundred Cuts to the Comic Annual. Lacey.

SCARCELY subjects for legitimate criticism; certainly not subjects for *grave* criticism. It is impossible for the pen to give an adequate idea of these whimsical productions of the pencil. We do not envy that solemnity of visage which they would not disturb.

Morning. Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from the original Sketch by John Hayter. Dickinson.

WE do not know which more to admire, the taste and elegance of this pretty little drawing, or the skill and delicacy with which it has been transferred to stone.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THE first meeting for the season, of the Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione, took place on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern. It was well attended, and a considerable number of works of art were laid upon the tables. The "amateurs," however, as usual, contributed to the evening's entertainment far more largely than "the artists." Indeed, with the exception of a bust, and a model of the hand of the late J. Jackson, R.A. by Mr.

* In giving an analysis of this lecture, we take no editorial share in the contest between the able lecturer and his opponents, respecting classification, &c.—*Ed. L. G.*

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H. B. Burlowe, a few studies by Mr. Wood, some miniatures by Mr. Ward, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, and a portfolio of sketches by Mr. Frederick Nash—the whole supply was from the walls or cabinets of the collectors. This is not as it should be. The object of the institution—and in this consists its only real value—is to enable those who are working from day to day in solitude, and apart from such as may encourage and assist their efforts, to exhibit proofs of their abilities and progress in a profession that must be, of necessity, more than any other hidden from the public eye. Such societies may lead to very beneficial results; but not unless the young as well as the more advanced student considers it a part of his duty, at the same time that it is essential to his interests, upon such occasions of social intercourse, to give proof of what he is doing, or has done. Of the seventy members, perhaps forty are professional; yet it is rarely that a dozen contribute aught but their company; and the *conversazione* would be little better than a meeting to eat toast and drink tea, but for the generous assistance of a few individuals, who ransack their portfolios, and select the choicest works for the inspection of all who may be present. Mr. Morant, a liberal patron of British art, Mr. Griffiths of Norwood, another, Messrs. Boys and Graves, the printsellers, and two or three other gentlemen, are, in fact, the chief supporters of the Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione: the artists must therefore pardon us if we charge them with ingratitude, as well as want of policy, in the indifference they have so generally manifested towards a society formed almost exclusively for their benefit. The collection on Wednesday, however, notwithstanding the drawback, was of high interest. The more remarkable of the works we may find space to notice. A fine and highly-finished painting by Mulready, the subject from St. Ronan's Well, and intended to form one of the illustrations to the Waverley Novels; a number of sketches by Mr. F. Nash, principally from continental scenery; a rich drawing of Venice, and another of the Lake of Como, by Stanfield; the Crucifixion, by Martin; a delicious picture of a young maiden in the costume of the reign of George the First, by Mr. Stone; two excellent drawings of interiors, with figures, by Cattermole; the Rising of the Nile, by David Roberts; an exquisite copy, by Derby, of the famous Earl of Derby and his Countess—the gallant defender of Latham House; copies from paintings, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of the Countess of Blessington and the Marchioness of Londonderry, by Mr. G. R. Ward; an admirable bust, by Mr. H. B. Burlowe; some exceedingly clever sketches from the life by Mr. Wood; a copy, by Mr. Nixon, of Hogarth's painting of Thomson the poet; the noble print recently published from Wilkie's picture of the Chelsea Pensioners; and a large quantity of engravings.

Several new members have been elected since last year; among others. Lord de Tabley, who, we rejoice to hear, is following the course of his father in his appreciation and patronage of art; Mr. Collins, R.A., Mr. Derby, Mr. F. Nash, and Mr. John Hayter.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

On the Nature, Progress, and Treatment of the Cholera Morbus, or Pestilential Cholera.

THE *Pestilential Cholera*, which has ravaged nearly all Asia, and a part of Europe, during every grade of atmospheric temperature and humidity, in every vicissitude of weather and of season, and in every kind of locality, cannot date further back than 1817, when we see it taking its direful and mysterious origin at Jessore, a populous and unhealthy city in the centre of the Delta of the Ganges. Whether the Indian cholera, sporadic in certain seasons, became malignant and infectious; or whether the pestilent cholera is distinct from all visitations of the disease to which the name of cholera has been attached, is an abstract consideration of little practical utility: it is sufficient that the study of the development and the progress of the disorder has demonstrated the existence of malignant and infectious properties, which have not hitherto been found to accompany the Indian cholera or the cholera morbus of this country; and as "all the atmospheric phenomena and other circumstances (to use the words of Mr. Scott, the editor of the numerous and able reports transmitted to the Madras Medical Board), brought under the head of occasional causes, have with little or no interruption existed from the beginning of time (*quære*, from the remotest periods?) until now, without producing the pestilential cholera, consequently the superaddition of a new cause must be inferred." The origin of some pestiferous diseases is lost in the obscurity of antiquity; but others have both originated and disappeared within the periods of historical traditions; and others, again, belong only to modern times—as the yellow fever and syphilis, which continue to exercise their fearful ravages; and among these we may rank the pestilential cholera, one of the most disastrous diseases that ever afflicted the human race.

On the 28th of August it was reported to the government that a malignant species of cholera had appeared in the populous town of Jessore, and that it was attacking all classes of the natives indiscriminately. The inhabitants were well accustomed to the inroads of the common cholera, but they fled from the attacks of this malignant form of the disease, and business was abandoned for a time. Many cases of cholera had occurred in Calcutta as early as the middle of August, but it was near the end of the month before the malignant disease began to spread; and the opinion, since combated by many medical men, obtained at the time, that it had been imported from Jessore. An official notification of the existence of the malignant cholera in Calcutta was not forwarded till the 15th of September.

From January to May 1818, the contagion extended its ravages in the province of Bengal, from the eastern limits of Purneah Dinagepore and Silhet to the extreme borders of Balasore and Cuttack, and from the mouth of the Ganges nearly to its confluence with the Jumna. The pestilence, leaving Bengal, penetrated along the Ganges, its navigable tributaries, and the high roads, into the interior of the country. At Benares 1500 persons perished in two months. In the district of Gorriakpore 30,000 died in half that time; and it visited, with equally fatal results, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Muttra, Meerut, and Bareilly. On the 6th of November, the disease shewed itself in the army assembled under the Marquess of Hastings at Bundlecund, a portion of the Allahabad province. The amount of the deaths has been much exaggerated. From Mr. Kennedy's account,* we find that from the day of attack to the 8th of December, of the 10,000 fighting men of which the army was composed, 764 alone had fallen victims; and of the camp followers about 8000 perished, or one-tenth of their whole number. It appears, that though a change of quarters produced a beneficial influence on the army, the disease had run through its course of infection before the banks of the Sinde were quitted. The cholera took a direction across the Deccan; at Husseinabad the mortality was very great; it also proceeded, southerly, to the city of Nagpore. From Saugar, adhering to the neighbourhood of the Chumbal, it attacked Sonara, and finally reached Kota, which is built upon a solid rock. Another branch, after ravaging the left division of the army and the Nerbuddah field-force, spread through the states of Nagpore and Poonah, to the Presidency of Bombay; having traversed the peninsula of India in a year from the date of its appearance at Calcutta. While the interior of Hindostan was thus desolated, the disease extended itself along the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, and reached Madras on the 8th of October. In the northern provinces of Hindostan the cholera travelled to Degrah, Delhi, and Jeypore, and on the western banks of the Jumna; and among many of the towns in the Doab its progress could be distinctly traced from place to place.

From the bay of Bengal the cholera extended eastward along the coast of the Asiatic continent, and through the islands of the Indian ocean, to the farther boundaries of China, and to Timor, near New Holland. In the year 1818 the malady had appeared in Arracan; in 1819, in Penang, Bankok, where 40,000 persons fell victims to its ravages; and in April 1820 it was in Java; in October, Canton was invaded; and in the succeeding year the contagion entered Pekin. By November 1823 it had traversed the Mollucca, or Spice Islands, including the island of Timor, where it appears to have attained the south-eastern limits of its progress; but, still pursuing its north-eastern course, it continued for several years to ravage the interior of China. By 1827 it had passed the Great Wall, and desolated several places in Mongolia. Soon after its appearance in the southern parts of Hindostan, the pestilence passed from the coast of Coromandel to Ceylon; and during December 1818 and the earlier months of 1819, it prevailed in that island with a degree of virulence not previously surpassed. Here, as in the Hooghly, the shipping was affected; and the disease was carried by the Topaz frigate to the Mauritius. This is the occurrence which Dr. Johnson treats in the *Times* of the 29th Oct. as "one of the grossest impositions on the credulity of mankind that ever was foisted on the public ear." Muscat, a sea-port town of Arabia, was the first stage of the advance of the pestilence towards Europe. In this town it destroyed 60,000 persons, many of whom expired ten minutes after its invasion. From Muscat it spread to the different parts of the Persian Gulf, to Bahrem, Busheer, and Bassora. At this latter place 18,000 individuals perished, of which 14,000 died in a fortnight. From the Persian Gulf it extended inland in two directions, following the lines of commercial intercourse. On the one hand, the malady was propagated from Busheer into Persia; on the other, it pursued the course of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates into Asiatic Turkey. The po-

* The History of the Contagious Cholera, with Facts explanatory of its Origin and Laws, and of a rational method of Cure. By James Kennedy, Surgeon. London, 1831. Cochrane and Co.—A most admirable performance, containing a valuable account of the origin and progress of the disease, more especially as it exhibited itself in our Indian possessions, and of the treatment pursued with the greatest success in those climates.

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pulation of Shiraz was 40,000 souls; of these 6000 perished in the first days of the attack. During the winter months the pestilence lay stagnant, and broke out again in the ensuing spring (1822). Mosul, Beri, Aentab, and Aleppo, were next infected. In Persia, during the month of September, the pestilence extended to the north of Teheran, in Kurdistan and Aderbejan. In the summer and autumn of 1823, Diarbekr and Antioch were attacked; and it ravaged many of the towns situated on the Asiatic shores of the Mediterranean. In the month of August it also extended, in an opposite direction, as far as Baku, on the borders of the Caspian Sea. Lastly, in the month of September, it broke out in the town of Astrakhan, where it continued to manifest itself until the rigour of winter destroyed this branch of the pestilence, and with the Syrio-Egyptian it disappeared for the time being. It appears to be in Persia where the germs of the disease were preserved, and where it reappeared every year for several years in succession, prevailing to a greater or less extent in localities that had been previously infected. The stream that penetrated into the heart of Europe, and which now threatens our own shores, began on the western side of the Caspian, and extending northward ravaged the Tauris. Afterwards, crossing the Russian frontier into Georgia, it entered Tiflis, and carried off several thousands of the inhabitants. Baku was again invaded; and, on the 20th of July, the pestilential cholera appeared once more in the city of Astrakhan.

In Russia, the disease observed the same laws that had marked its progress in India and in other countries. Adhering for some time to the route of navigable rivers and high roads, it ascended the Volga to where that river approaches the Don, where a branch took an overland course, and diverged up and down the river. On the Volga, Tsaritzin, Saratov, and Novogorod, were invaded in the month of August; Kostroma, Jaraslaw, and Moscow, in September; Samara, Sinbirsk, Kasan, and Vladimir, in October. It appears that the unclean habits and thick clothing of the Russians materially affected and almost neutralised the beneficial influence of the winter. In the summer of 1831, the progress of the pestilence has been exceedingly extensive; it proceeded in two branches, the one from Vologda, on the Dwina river, to Archangel; the other accompanied the Russian troops in the invasion of Poland. In April, it commenced its ravages in Warsaw, reaching Dantzic and Riga in May, and St. Petersburgh in June. It reached Berlin on the 31st of August; while the Jassy and Bucharest branch was travelling to Vienna, where it declared itself in September; and in a very short time afterwards the disease had reached Altona and Hamburgh.* In the former place, there had been, by the last accounts (Oct. 25th, 1831), only thirteen cases; and in Hamburgh, since the commencement, only 445, of which 213 had perished,—a proportion, as at Moscow, of nearly one half. There is, as we shall afterwards expound, every reason to believe, that in more equable climates—in countries where more regard is paid to convenience, cleanliness, and comfort—among people differing in constitution, habits, and manners, as the western Europeans do from the eastern Europeans and from the Asiatic tribes,—the ravages of this fearful malady will be much lessened; and, above all, amidst the charities of social and domestic life, as they are found in our own country, it is likely to prove a far less intractable and fatal disease than it has ever appeared elsewhere.

We give a little comfort, after detailing the progress of the pestilential cholera, because we feel aware that the solace to the subsequent considerations on the contagious and infectious character of the disease, and on its nature and symptoms, must be sought for in a close attention to the means recommended by experience and observation as preventive, and the remedies to be adopted in case of an attack.

The nature of the pestilence is best inferred from a faithful history of the phenomena manifested by it during its progress, and of the changes which it produces in the organisation. Among the most remarkable of the former, after its extensive distribution, are the independence which it appears to have of circumstances that generally exert considerable influence on epidemic, contagious, and infectious diseases.

Unlike epidemics, it was not affected by locality; its phenomena were the same at Mascata, in the centre of the arid deserts of Arabia, and at Bussora, amid the marshes of the Euphrates; at Latuguie, on the borders of the Mediterranean, and at Kermanshah, in the centre of Persia, 150 leagues from any sea. It has attacked, without any diminution in its violence or its character, towns like Kota and Merdine, situated on high hills, far from any marsh, and well ventilated by a dry air; and it has shewn itself in others, as at Moussoul, on the Tigris, where the atmosphere is loaded with humidity. It has attacked without distinction the inhabitants of villages or of capitals, the crews of the boats on the Ganges or of the Volga, and those of the ships of the line in the Russian and English fleets. Lastly, it has shewn itself under the same forms in pagodas, in caravanserais, in monasteries, in barracks, in prisons, in harems, in tents, and in palaces. It has moved through countries independently of the race of men who inhabited them, and has affected equally the Hindoo, the Chinese, the Mongul, the Turk;—the Sclavonian, the Scandinavian, and the Teutonic tribes.

This independence of the hygrometric state of the atmosphere, of climate, and, more or less, of temperature, combined with an almost total indifference to seasons, point out the pestilential cholera as at once differing from all epidemical diseases; while we further find that it is even franked from the conditions of the yellow fever, which allow of its propagation only in the lower *strata* of the atmosphere. The pestilential cholera traversed the plain of Malwa, which has 2000 feet of elevation above the level of the sea, and the plain of Nepaul, which, according to Kirkpatrick and Crawford, is 5000 feet above the same level. It penetrated to Erzeroum, a city as lofty as Mexico, (7000 feet, Browne); and finally attacked the hermitages on Mount Ararat. The proofs against the contagious nature of the disease are equally numerous,—we mean the propagation of the disease by contact,—not so with regard to its infectious characters, or the propagation from the atmosphere where the disorder exists, or from the effluvia of a single individual.

We must first of all premise, that the existence either of infection or contagion is an inference drawn from the phenomena of disease. If a vapour or gas can be contagious, then the pestilential cholera is so; but not in the restriction which should be given to that term; though in both cases, if the infectious or contagious character of a disease can be deduced from well-attested facts, of the communication of that disease by coming into proximity to, or contact with, a person affected by it, the same fact cannot be disproved; because others have been placed in similar circumstances and have not had the disease. The history of the progress, and the phenomena of propagation, of the pestilential cholera, do not go to shew that actual contact is necessary for the communication of the malady; on the contrary, M. Foy, and some of the medical men who visited Warsaw, failed to propagate the malady by inoculation, or by tasting the matters vomited by the affected; and M. Pinel inoculated himself, not only with the blood of a person labouring under pestilential cholera, but also with the mucus of the intestines taken from the body. If, then, this remarkable and malignant disease is neither endemic, that is to say, peculiar to any country, epidemic, prevailing at particular seasons, or contagious, communicated by contact, and yet the phenomena of its origin and progress mark it as propagated by the intercourse of nations and the communication of men, it must be simply infectious, and that apparently not at great distances; and Drs. Russell and Barry, in their latest reports, seem to think, not even infectious from the clothes or apparel of a diseased person; but this is liable to some doubts. Ispahan saved itself by denying entrance to an affected caravan, which took the disease to Yezd; the German colony of Serepta interrupted all communication, and was not ravaged; the Francs, having shut themselves up in the towns of Syria which were affected, escaped the malady; in India the inhabitants of jails have also been known to escape the pest; and in the town of Permoki, some prisoners being affected by the disease, a sanitary cordon was placed round the prisons, and the town preserved from infection.

The body may receive infection in several different ways: by food, by the absorbents, or by the respiratory system. The symptoms of the disease, and the pathological appearances of the stomach and intestines, led some to think that they were the seat of the disease; but this opinion was not supported by a sufficient number of correlative facts to be ever much in vogue. The sudden coldness and clamminess of the surface of the body, from the determination of the blood to the larger organs; the annihilation of the pulse at the wrist and temples; the incapability of drawing blood from the superficial veins; and the obstruction of the exhaling system,—combined with the fact, that the naked races of mankind, the Hindoos, for example (four millions of whom are said to have fallen victims to the disease), were most exposed to its attacks,—led others to consider the skin, or the absorbent system, as the first affected by the infection. It is a curious fact, that the arrival of this pestilence at Moscow was preceded by a cloud of little green flies, which darkened the air, and covered persons from head to foot when they entered the street, and which are known in Asia as flies of the plague. These flies have, by some medical men,* been thought to have a considerable influence in propagating the disease. Dr. Hahnemann also supposes the disease to be caused by insects, but which are invisible to the naked eye, and adhere to the hair, skin, and clothes. In this case the use of camphor in vapour, friction, and internally, would be indicated.

The Russian medical men thought, from *post mortem* examinations at Astrakhan, that polypi

* The Syrio-Egyptian branch has also broken out with renewed fury. At Cairo, from the 10th of August to the 1st of September, above 9,000 persons had died.

* Neale on Animate Contagion. The Egyptian plague, similarly infectious, is attended by a similar phenomenon.

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were uniformly found on both sides of the spinal marrow; and the same parasitic growths have been found to attend the disease in India, only they occurred in the heart. They cannot, however, claim our attention as connected with the origin of the cholera.

Mr. Kersmann also advanced a theory founded upon the supposed absence of free acetic acid in the human blood, while a quantity corresponding to the amount lost might be traced in the intestines; but the existence of acetic acid, at any time, in the human blood, is a new fact, contested by the most celebrated chemists, and liable to very considerable doubts.

It appears much more probable, however, that the coldness of the skin, and loss of vitality in the surface of the body, are secondary symptoms, dependent on the affection of the heart, which is simultaneous with that of the organs of digestion and assimilation, and which would appear to result from the introduction of the poison through the medium of the air or the lungs. Pinel proposes for a disease of this character the name of *trisplanchnia*, considering it as an infection of the ganglion of the great sympathetic nerve. A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* says, on this subject, "That the vital energy of the nerves distributed to the respiratory, the circulatory, and the secreting organs, is either uncommonly depressed or entirely annihilated, is shewn by the uniform and characteristic symptoms constituting the malady." The state of the respiration, the coldness of the expired air, the retraction of the epigastrium, and oppression on the chest, indicate that the collapse and congestion of lungs presented by them soon after death, has actually commenced during life. The diminished action and constant pain of the heart shews an imperfect action of this organ, which is no longer supplied with healthy blood; and this suspension of power is accompanied by a total cessation of all circulating and secreting actions. The organic class of nerves, which forms a sphere of intimate union with each of its parts, supplies the lungs, the heart, and the blood-vessels, and all the digestive, assimilating, and secreting viscera; and when powerfully impressed in any one part, experiences a co-ordinate effect throughout the whole. Hence the sudden stoppage of all the natural secretions; the almost total cessation of circulation; the loss of power in the stomach and intestines; the congestions of the large vessels and the lungs; the sympathetic effects on the brain; and the loss of all voluntary power. The evacuations, and more especially the cramps and convulsions, which are sometimes so powerful as to leave the patient, who died during an access, rolled up like a ball, are efforts of nature to expel what is injurious, and to rally what is sinking, and are connected with this sudden diminution of the vital powers and the congestions of the nervous centres.

The *symptoms* will now be easily understood. They are—*In the head:* a sense of weight, sometimes aching, in the frontal regions. The senses are mostly retained to the last. *In the lungs:* respiration is difficult and laborious, embarrassed with sighs; inspiration interrupted; voice almost lost; countenance full of consternation. *Heart and vascular system:* oppression and pain in the region of the heart; the action of the heart and arteries diminished; no pulse at the wrist or temples; surface of the body and extremities cold; mouth dry. *Stomach:* sensation of great, oftentimes of violent, pain at the epigastrium—(French authors always express it as an atrocious pain!); frequent vomitings. *Intestines and assimilating organs:* the abdomen swells; there is a constant desire to go to stool; pain on pressure; soon a violent ejection of matters, first of all green, then black, but often varying in colour; deposition of a clayey-like substance, with a white slimy fluid, which is found to line the coats of the intestines; no bile. The patient sometimes perishes before any re-action commences; often before all the symptoms are developed, which also undergo some slight variations in particular idiosyncrasies. Re-action shews itself by pricking of the fingers and hands, extending to the wrist and fore-arms, to the legs and thighs, and to the lower part of the abdomen and thorax. Internal heat; hiccough; cramps of the arms and legs, and of the whole body; spasms of the stomach and intestines. It is naturally to be supposed, that in a violent pestilential disease of this kind, every function and every organ is more or less sympathetically affected; thus the eyes are sunk and glossy. (Dr. Smith says he could perceive a ring round them previous to the attacks.) Hæmorrhages sometimes supervene at the nose; hearing is indistinct; the tinge of the skin is purplish, and the nails are coloured; the lips are livid; the eye cannot weep; all the glandular system appears affected; no urine is secreted or discharged during the disease. There is trembling of the hands, and total prostration of strength. The examination of bodies which have died of this disease exhibits the appearances which might be expected under these circumstances: congestion of blood in the vital organs, the lungs, the heart, the liver; ulceration of the coats, and spots in the stomach and intestines; bile in the gall-bladder; serous fluids in the ventricles of the brain. The intestines and stomach have also exhibited appearances of acute inflammation.

In the treatment of this disease, ignorant as we are of its real nature, we must not only obviate symptoms, but anticipate them, from our knowledge of the course which they run in the generality of cases. On the first attack, bleeding will relieve congestion, will give the organs increased facility for re-action, and will probably diminish the violence of that re-action; but in a short time it may be very hurtful. The period when it is too late to bleed will be marked by the loss of temperature of the surface and extremities, which symptoms must be combated by friction. Camphorated spirits of wine increase the cold by their rapid evaporation: dry frictions with hot flannels will be found to answer the purpose better. Vapour-baths, if at hand; sinapisms of linseed-meal and mustard, equal parts, to the feet, abdomen, and stomach; blisters have been used between the shoulders—they should be tried, or the moxa (which has been applied in Russia to the *scrobiculus cordis*) over the ganglion of the great sympathetic; artificial heat. In the internal treatment, the inspiration of oxygen must be immediately resorted to, to restore the lungs to their functions. Nitrous oxide may likewise be used. The body may also be restored by hot wine and spices, or other gentle stimulants. If the first symptoms are accompanied with pain, laudanum or extract of lettuce may be exhibited in moderate quantities, but in doses of rapid succession: when the spasms come on, equal parts of laudanum and sulphuric ether, or opium and camphor. Essential oils may be exhibited, more especially cajeput. Calomel in large doses was included in the treatment in India; it should not be disregarded here. The magistery bismuth has also been found of decided utility. If the spasms continue, and the ejections are violent, trust to large doses of ether, or other diffusible stimuli, as phosphorus dissolved in oil. Use injections of the liquor ammoniæ and starch; and apply externally hot fomentations of poppy-heads and hyoscyamus leaves.

With regard to the predisposing and exciting causes of the disease, they are also involved in much obscurity.

It has been said, and with much apparent plausibility, that the weak are more liable to the disease than the robust; but the very opposite statement has also been made,—and it certainly appears that females are not more liable, and, in general, not so much so, as men. Indeed, the constitution of a person, if by that term we mean the resources which he possesses against disease, may affect the chances of his recovery, but not those of his being infected; though there can be little doubt, but that whatever tends directly or indirectly to debilitate or fatigue the body, whatever lowers its vital energy—as excesses of every description, low and unwholesome diet, (Ainslie Whitelaw has published some cases of cholera morbus produced by eating bad rice,)—disposes to the operation of the exciting cause of the malady. On the other hand, whatever tends to support this energy, and preserve in their due regularity the healthy functions of the frame, serves to render it impregnable to this agent. Those who dread not the attack of infectious disease, and who yet exercise sufficient prudence in avoiding unnecessary exposure, may justly be considered as subject to fewest risks; but experience has shewn that no moral courage can avert its painful attacks. Difference of rank does not appear to affect its propagation, nor local habitations to avert its progress. In Teheran it penetrated the palace—it entered the haram at Shiraz—and it has ravaged the *serail* of Cairo.

The affluent will be less exposed, because able to take more preventive means against infection: among these may be mentioned ablutions with the chloride of lime and the chlorure of the oxide of sodium; the mouth may also be washed with the same lotion; water impregnated with chlorine may be allowed to evaporate in the rooms. During the prevalence of cholera the use of Epsom salts should be specially avoided. In prescribing rules of diet, previous habits should always be taken into consideration. The man who has for years been accustomed to luxurious living and a moderate allowance of wine, will certainly be less predisposed to cholera in continuing these indulgences, than if he hastily adopted a spare regimen; and the man who has lived abstemiously will have his chance of exemption increased by persevering in his abstemious system. Every extreme, however, habitual or occasional, ought to be guarded against.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE *Love Charm* on Thursday, by Planché, and Auber's music adapted by Bishop, afforded a great treat to a full audience at this theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, H. Phillips, Mr. Seguin, and Miss Field, sustained the principal characters delightfully. The music is generally fine; some of it very characteristic and beautiful. We have no time now for details: the opera was perfectly successful.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Saturday a new drama, in two acts, called the *Army of the North*, or the *Spaniard's Secret*, was performed for the first time. It

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is, as we intimated last week, from the pen of Mr. Planché; but it is by no means equal to the *Brigand*, or *Charles the Twelfth*, or, indeed, to any of his former productions. To enter into a detail of the plot is unnecessary: the principal weight of the drama lies upon Miss Taylor, who acts the character of a French spy, and whose purposes are alternately swayed by the duty she owes to her employers, and the affection she has conceived for a Spanish aide-de-camp. From this conflict there arises, as may be supposed, a certain degree of interest, and the lady, we must acknowledge, does full justice to the author; but the incidents are few in number, and contain nothing either very novel or very striking. Keeley has a little part, (a cowardly consul,) which he makes very prominent; and Power, as an Irish colonel in the French service, fills up a trifling sketch with his usual talent. The scenery is good, and the performance was received without opposition.

On the same evening Mr. S. Bennett made his second appearance in *Simpson and Co.*; but we regret that we cannot confirm the favourable report we had heard respecting him. In *Simpson*, at all events, he does not appear to advantage. It is a part that requires to be acted as it is written — neatly and pointedly — and not with the long pauses and occasional grimaces which Mr. Bennett thinks necessary to exhibit. In low comedy he may probably be more at home; but, in truth, he is an unworthy representative of the head of the firm of *Simpson and Co.* Mr. Mason acted *Bromley*, but by no means well: he seems to be an industrious and sensible young man; comedy, however, is clearly not his forte; and with Abbott and Wrench in the theatre, there is no occasion for his appearing in such characters. Miss Taylor was good in *Mrs. Bromley*, and Miss Lee respectable in *Mrs. Fitz-allen*; but the only sterling piece of acting in the whole comedy was the *Mrs. Simpson* of Miss E. Tree. This was really excellent; and if comedies are ever to come into fashion again, we earnestly recommend to the managers to make more use of, and fairly to encourage, the constantly improving talent of this lovely and engaging actress.

On Thursday, *Fra Diavolo* gave us the welcome *début* of Braham, supported by Wilson, Penson, Morley, Stansbury, Reynoldson, Miss Cawse, and Miss Romer. The whole beautiful music of Auber, executed in the best style, must render this opera one of the most popular on the stage; and we only regret that our hurry on a Friday prevents us from dwelling on the superb singing and excellent acting of Braham, the "linked sweetnesses" of Wilson and Romer, the combined dramatic and musical talent displayed by Miss Cawse, the buffo humour of Penson, and, in short, the ability and exertion of the whole corps.

VARIETIES.

Play-bills. — The warning in the regular play-bills printed by the printers for the theatres is by no means unnecessary: we saw one of the unauthorised bills at Covent Garden on Saturday, in which nearly as many particulars were wrong as right: thus, in *Simpson and Co.*, Mrs. Simpson was stated to be by Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. Bromley by Miss E. Tree; whereas, in fact, the former was played (and admirably played) by Miss E. Tree, and the latter by Miss Taylor. Such forged bills mislead strangers.

Hood's Comic Annual is this year dedicated to the King, and is announced, as usual, in a whimsical style: "The public in general, and the livery of London in particular, are respectfully informed, that in spite of Sir Peter Laurie, the Comic Annual, like the lord mayor, intends to come forward, for 'one cheer more.' It will appear in the same month with the new chief magistrate; and the usual quantity of prose and verse, with a new service of plates, are in active preparation for the occasion. Having twice served its office before, there is little necessity for any declaration of its unpolitical principles; but its studious aim being to be 'open to all parties,' it pledges itself to attend impartially, (for twelve shillings,) to any requisition that may be addressed to Mr. Tilt, 86, Fleet Street; modestly suggesting, that in compliance with the decided spirit of the times, the purchaser should inquire for the Comic Annual — the whole Comic Annual — and nothing but the Comic Annual."

The Garrick Club. — This club is proceeding with its formation, under a committee of twenty-four noblemen and gentlemen, appointed at the general meeting; among whom the Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Kinnaird, Lord E. Thynne, Sir George Warrender, and other distinguished individuals, take a very active part. They have bought Probatt's Hotel, in King Street, Covent Garden; very spacious premises, which, with a few necessary alterations, will speedily be ready for the reception of the Club. The eligible situation of this house, in the vicinity of the theatres, is a great advantage to an institution which contemplates their patronage and improvement. We are happy to add, that the number of original members is being rapidly filled up, and that the subscriptions (so essential to the outfit of such a concern) are paid in as fast as could be anticipated while so many members are out of town.

Chevalier Neukomm. — We observe, in the *Harmonicon*, that this gentleman, with whose musical compositions we have expressed ourselves so greatly delighted, and whose productions at the late Derby Festival obtained so much celebrity, in the most liberal manner presented the copyright of his fine oratorio of Mount Sinai to the Derby Infirmary. So charitable and generous an act ought not to be passed without public acknowledgment, and we gladly record it. The critic in the *Harmonicon* speaks in almost rapturous terms of the oratorio; so that its publication is likely to be a source of very considerable benefit to the poor and suffering to whom it has been given.

By Permission. — The following pun, by a noble lord, is inserted by permission. His lordship on being told that Exeter Theatre was burnt, exclaimed, "Enter a fire; *Exit-a-Theatre.*"

In reply to a friend, who observed, "Surely, W——, you don't take snuff?"

Take snuff, my dear B——! Ay, and smoke cigars too:
Did you e'er know a coxcomb that didn't? Don't *you?*

To the Same.

George says, with looks of high disdain,
That wit is borrow'd. Ah! 'tis true;
But why should you, dear George, complain?
None ever borrow'd wit from *you.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIV. Nov. 5.*]

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley announce a French edition of Paris, ou le Livre des Cent-et-un, of which the first volume has just appeared at Paris. The work is to contain a series of Tales, Sketches, and Essays, by a Hundred and One celebrated French living writers.

A Compendious History of the Council of Trent, by the Rev. B. W. Matthias, A.M., Chaplain of Bethesda.

A new edition of the Rudiments of the Latin Tongue, with Notes, &c. by Thomas Rudimann, M.A.; with Additions by John Hall.

Letters from France, Savoy, Italy, Germany, Denmark, &c. by George Downes, A.M.

A new and improved edition of Mr. Campbell's Poetical Works, with the addition of all his latest Poems, is about to appear.

A Latin Grammar, by the Rev. Thomas Flynn, A.M., author of "a Greek Grammar."

A French edition of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes; and also an English translation.

A new edition of the late Dean Graves's Lectures on the Four last Books of the Pentateuch.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart's Narrative of his Visit to the South Seas in the United States Ship Vincennes, in 1829 and 1830.

A new edition, corrected, of Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry; with Etchings by Brooke.

An eminent Physician announces for immediate publication a little volume, to be entitled the Catechism of Health; or, Plain and Simple Rules for its Preservation: with Observations on the Nature, Treatment, and Cure of Cholera.

We have tried hard to reduce one of the prose tales of the Keepsake within the limits of a quotation, without spoiling it by abridgment; but have not been able to satisfy ourselves. We must therefore defer, if not altogether abandon, the task; neither of which we can do, without again bestowing our strong commendation upon these parts, as well as upon the volume generally.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Keepsake for 1832, 8vo. 21*s.* silk; large paper, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* silk.—Bishop Maltby's Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hon. John Byron's Narrative of his Expedition round the World, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Affection's Gift for 1832, 3*s.* silk; or 5*s.* morocco.—Morgan's Housekeeper's Account-Book, 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Davenport's Dictionary of Biography, 12mo. 12*s.* cloth; 16*s.* morocco.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 4th division, Vol. VII. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Ackermann's Forget Me Not for 1832, 12*s.* silk.—The Family Topographer, Vol. I. 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.—The Geographical Annual for 1832, 12mo. plain, 18*s.* cloth; 20*s.* 6*d.* morocco: coloured, 21*s.* cloth; 23*s.* 6*d.* morocco.—Burke's Dictionary of the Extinct, Dormant, and Suspended Peerages of England, crown 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* cloth.—Somerville's Mechanism of the Heavens, 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.—Hansard's Debates, 3d series, Vol. IV. Session 1831, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.; 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—The Affianced One, by the Author of "Gertrude," 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Bouquet for 1832, 10*s.* 6*d.* silk.—Familiar Compendium of the Law of Husband and Wife, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Laura Cunningham, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Warren's Annual Farmer's Account-Book, folio, 8*s.* hf.-bd. cloth.—Four Dialogues of Plato, with English Notes, crown 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Ordo Verborum to First and Third Books of Celsus, arranged by Dr. Collier, 32mo. 3*s.* bds.—Fisher on the Small-Pox, &c. royal 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Alice Paulet, by the Author of "Sydenham," 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Lightfoot's Chart of History and Chronology, folio, 3*l.* 3*s.* hf.-bd.—Maugham's Manual of Medical Chemistry, 18mo. 10*s.* cloth.—Broadley's Defence of the Christian Religion, 12mo. 4*s.* cloth.—Brady's Law of Debtor and Creditor, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

October.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 20	From 42. to 65.	29·95 to 29·89
Friday ···· 21	—— 35. — 65.	29·85 — 29·83
Saturday·· 22	—— 35. — 52.	29·87 — 29·85
Sunday···· 23	—— 42. — 62.	29·84 — 29·76
Monday ·· 24	—— 35. — 62.	29·89 — 29·93
Tuesday ·· 25	—— 42. — 59.	29·86 — 29·65
Wednesday 26	—— 46. — 57.	29·64 — 29·48

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, ·675 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude····· 51° 37′ 39″ N.

Longitude·· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We have this day given a *précis* of the CHOLERA;—we trust, though condensed, one of the most clear and useful views yet presented to the public on this most important subject. A map of its progress, from its origin to the present hour, was intended to accompany this paper; but we are compelled to delay it till next week, when we shall enable our readers to trace the disease through all its routes, climates, and dates. As we are neither alarmists, drug-sellers, nor theorists, and entertain only one wish, that of furnishing the best information possible to our country, we beg earnestly to recommend this account to general attention.

The plague in Egypt is not the Cholera: we shall also turn to this in our next.

Original Poetry, Musical Review, Reports of several Scientific Societies, &c. are necessarily postponed, in consequence of the article on Cholera occupying so much space.

M. T. has wasted a good halfpenny worth of paper by writing verses: it is a loss.

G. H.'s suggestion has often been offered to us, and frequently answered, that the practice would subject the *Gazette* to a heavy stamp duty, amounting to perhaps 500*l.* a-year; and the information is always to be found in our list of new publications.

ERRATA.—For *Landscape*, p. 700, col. 1, line 8 from bottom, read *Picturesque.*—Page 701, col. 2, line 38-9, "horresco reference," the last word, not being Latin, ought to have been italic.

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List of the principal New Works published on the Continent for the last Three Months.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The British Dominions in North America, &c. By J. Bouchette, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

HAVING a previous knowledge of the long and meritorious labours of Mr. Bouchette in the British North American provinces, we are induced, though at a late period in the week, to renew our acquaintance with them, through the medium of a new, and as yet unpublished, production, entitled *Bouchette's British Dominions in North America*. Looking to the extensive (we had almost said exclusive) sources of information possessed by this gentleman, we cannot say that we rise with entire satisfaction from the literary refection he has on this occasion provided; for although professedly only a topographical and statistical account of our colonies, and comprehending as it certainly does a very copious variety of details on these heads, yet we think there are many subjects in connexion which might have been entered into, or enlarged upon, with much advantage to the reputation of the author, and the information of the reader. Public attention has of late been much directed to the North American colonies; and the intrinsic value and political weight of these appanages of the empire has been the theme of a prolonged inquiry, and as yet undecided discussion. Emigration, and the timber-trade questions, resolved themselves naturally into these important considerations. Into the first of these subjects Mr. Bouchette enters at considerable length; and we have much pleasure in hearing from him the still increasing success of the lately founded townships in Upper Canada, and the encouraging prospects to new settlers. Among the variety of valuable information furnished by him, we should have been glad to have found his opinions, whether the tenure in *seigneurie*, or of free and common *soccage*, is most advantageous, and of more immediate benefit to the provinces; and whether the dense and surplus Canadian population does not imperatively call for the creation of new *seigneuries* for their location on the crown lands; as, in consequence of the unconquerable attachment they manifest for their ancient laws and customs, all attempts to distribute them in townships have been quite nugatory. As regards the advantages derived from the excessive impulse given to the timber-trade, we are much pleased to catch an expression of the author's opinion in unison with our own. The chief business of the population should be agriculture; and we are quite sure that the progress of our colonies has rather been retarded than forwarded by the direction of the spare numbers of the labouring classes to the getting out of pine timber, and the digging for gypsum; but for these, the exportation of grain, which affords a remunerating price, would have greatly increased, and the fisheries might not have been so much engrossed by an enterprising neighbour. Mr. Bouchette's descriptions of the topography of these provinces are penned with all the accuracy of a surveyor; and if acquainted with Mr. Galt's no less faithful sketches of the inhabitants, the reader may easily, in his own mind, people the landscape. The progress of society, as rapid in these colonies as their spring vegetation, is methodically traced and described, from the first peopling of the solitude of the pine-forest, through all the gradations of improvement, to the assumption of the characters of towns and even cities, upon the same site. The genius of the mother country is distinctly manifest in many of the early advancements and infant foundations of her colonies; and we may cite as an example the numerous canals now in progress, or completed, in these provinces for the more expeditious transits of merchandise, or as precautionary defences against foreign aggression.

Of the state of society the author does not profess to give any account; and not being original in this particular, it is almost needless to remark, that education is another subject on which he scarcely touches. Of the portions of these volumes which relate to the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, we report in terms of commendation; but as respects those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, they do not contain much that has not been gathered from preceding publications,—particularly from Mr. Haliburton's account of Nova Scotia, the best provincial history with which we are acquainted. We had almost forgotten to speak in terms of unqualified praise of the fidelity and execution of the views which adorn the pages: the lithography is extremely creditable to the artist. We have great difficulty in selecting a specimen for the opinion of our readers; all the striking features of foaming fall and lake have been so frequently and so lately troubled by Captain Hall and others, that we would rather let them rest and subside in peace. Perhaps a description of Kingston, the naval arsenal, and of the flourishing settlements in the neighbourhood, finishing with a summary of the improvements in the lower province, will have some little claim for freshness and variety.

"The town of Kingston, the largest and most populous of the Upper Province, is very advantageously seated on the north side of the river St. Lawrence, or rather at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario: it is in latitude 44° 8′ north, and in longitude 76° 40′ west from Greenwich. On the ground upon which it is built formerly stood Fort Frontenac, an old French post. Its foundation took place in 1783; and by gradual increase it now presents a front of nearly three quarters of a mile, and in 1828 contained a population ascertained by census to amount to 3528 inhabitants, exclusive of the troops in garrison; including the latter, and making due allowance for two years' increase, its population may now be computed at not less than 5,500 souls. The streets are regularly planned, running at right angles with each other, but not paved. The number of houses may be estimated at about six hundred and seventy. Most of them are well built of stone: many of them spacious and commodious: but very few are remarkable for the taste or elegance of their structure. An extensive wooden bridge of much solidity and beauty has recently been thrown over the narrowest part of the channel, between Point Frederick and the town. It exceeds six hundred yards in length, and has materially added to the scenery of the place and the convenience of its inhabitants. The public buildings are a government-house, a court-house, a Protestant and a Catholic church, a market-house, a gaol, and hospital, besides the garrison, block-houses, government magazines, and stores. This town has obtained considerable mercantile importance within the last twenty years: wharfs have been constructed, and many spacious warehouses erected, that are usually filled with merchandise: in fact, it is now become the main entrepôt between Montreal and all the settlements along the lakes to the westward. From the commencement of spring until the latter end of autumn, great activity prevails; vessels of from eighty to nearly two hundred tons; employed in navigating the lake, are continually receiving and discharging their cargoes, as well as the bateaux used in the river; and the magnificent steam-boats that ply between Kingston, York, and Niagara, contribute largely to the lively animation of the scene. Its commercial importance must also be considerably enhanced by the opening of the Rideau canal, which will necessarily render it the emporium of the whole trade of the two provinces, whether carried on by the St. Lawrence or through the Ottawa. The harbour is well sheltered and convenient, accessible to ships not requiring more than three fathoms water, with good anchorage close to the north-eastern extremity of the town. The entrance to it is defended by a battery on Mississaga Point, and another on Point Frederick; which, with the shoal stretching from the former, with only five feet of water upon it, are quite sufficient for its protection. Opposite to the town, and distant about half a mile, is a long low peninsula, forming the west side of Navy Bay. The extremity of it is called Point Frederick. Point Henry is the extremity of another peninsula, but of higher and more commanding ground, that forms the eastern side of it. This is the principal depôt of the royal navy on Lake Ontario, and where the ships are laid up during the winter. The anchorage is good, but somewhat exposed to south and south-west winds. It is very well defended by batteries and block-houses on Point Frederick, and by a strong fort on Point Henry. On the western side of Navy Bay are the dock-yard, large store-houses, slips for building ships of war, naval barracks, wharfs, and several dwelling-houses for the master builder and other artificers, for whom, since their occupations have been so unremitting, it has been found necessary to erect habitations on the spot. In this yard the ships composing the present British Ontario armament were built and equipped. The construction of the St. Lawrence, a first-rate, mounting one hundred and two

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guns, will sufficiently prove that the power of this fleet may hereafter be increased to a vast extent. At Sacket's Harbour, the rival of Kingston as a naval depôt, the maritime forces of the United States are kept. During the war large vessels were there put upon the stocks, one of which was represented as exceeding in dimensions the largest man-of-war in the British service, being two hundred and ten feet in length on her lower gun-deck. It is a fact singular enough, and well worthy of remark, that the largest armed ships in the world should thus be found in the heart of an immense continent, on the fresh waters of an interior lake, and at so remote a distance from their more familiar element, the ocean. As a rival station to the American one of Sacket Harbour, Navy Bay is entitled to every consideration; and as long as it becomes an object to maintain a naval superiority on the lake, the greatest attention must be paid to this establishment; particularly when we observe with what care our rivals complete such of their ships as were begun during the war, and also the measures they are adopting generally, to be enabled to contend against us, at a future period, with numerical strength in their favour; and, in fact, the methods they pursue are well calculated to obtain the object they steadily keep in view. The conduct of an enterprising neighbour should always be narrowly observed, and a countervailing power be prepared, commensurate to the means of aggression, in the event of hostilities. The Americans build their ships much faster than we do on our side, and for this reason,—strength is the chief object with them; and if that be obtained, they care but little about beauty of model or elegance of finishing: in fact, they receive no other polish than what is given them by the axe and the adze. On the other hand, we employ as much time upon ours as we should in the European dock-yards. They are undoubtedly as strong as the Americans; they are handsomer, and much better finished; but they are far more expensive, and will not endure a longer period of service. When we reflect, that ships built on this lake will not last more than five, or at most six years of actual service, it may be a subject not unworthy of consideration, whether we cannot, with some advantage to ourselves, adopt the methods of our opponents; and if we have a fleet as strongly built, equal in number and size to theirs, and capable of keeping up the unrivalled splendour of our national banner, be satisfied with it, although it be not a rival in beauty and splendid decorations to that which has awed every enemy into submission. * * *

"The thriving village of Perth is situated in the township of Drummond, on a branch of the Rideau, and occupies a central position between the Grand River and the St. Lawrence, communicating by tolerably good roads with Kingston to the south, and By Town to the northward, at the opposite extremities of the Rideau canal. The first establishment fostered by government was made in 1815 by British emigrants, chiefly from Scotland, many of whom are now at the head of excellent farms, possess comfortable habitations, and reap the fruits of their perseverance and industry. The population of the village does not probably exceed, as yet, three hundred and fifty or four hundred souls; but its relative situation with the surrounding country and the canal, making it the natural entrepôt of the settlements on the St. Lawrence, and those of the Ottawa river, promises to contribute to its rapid aggrandisement and prosperity, independently of the advantages it derives from being seated in the midst of a fertile and luxuriant tract of country. The military settlements of Lanark and Richmond have also experienced the benefits of government patronage; and occupying, as they do, a propitious locality and excellent soil, are very prosperous, and fast increasing in their agricultural improvements and population. By Town, in Nepean, is situated on the southern bank of the Ottawa, a little below the beautiful falls of the Chaudiere, and opposite the flourishing village of Hull in Lower Canada. It stands upon a high and bold eminence surrounding Canal Bay, and occupies both banks of the canal; that part lying to the east being called the Lower, and that to the west, from a superiority of local elevation, the Upper Town. The streets are laid out with much regularity, and of a liberal width, that will hereafter contribute to the convenience, salubrity, and elegance of the place. The number of houses now built is not far short of one hundred and fifty, most of which are constructed of wood, frequently in a style of neatness and taste that reflects great credit upon the inhabitants. On the elevated banks of the bay, the hospital, an extensive stone building, and three stone barracks, stand conspicuous; and nearly on a level with them, and on the eastern side of the bay, is delightfully situated the residence of Colonel By, the commanding royal engineer on that station. From his veranda the most splendid view is beheld that the magnificent scenery of the Canadas affords. The bold eminence that embosoms Entrance Bay; the broken and wild shores opposite, beyond which are seen a part of the flourishing settlements and the church of Hull; the verdant and picturesque islands between both banks, and occasional canoes, barges, and rafts plying the broad surface of the Grand River, or descending its tumultuous stream, are the immediate objects that command the notice of the beholder. In remoter perspective the eye dwells upon a succession of varied and beautiful bridges, abutting upon precipitous and craggy rocks, and abrupt islands, between which the waters are urged with wonderful agitation and violence. Beyond them, and above their level, the glittering surface of the river is discovered in its descent through the broad and majestic rapid Des Chênes, until the waters are precipitated in immense volumes over the verge of the rock, forming the falls of the Great and Little Chaudiere. From the abyss into which they are involved with terrific force, revolving columns of mist perpetually ascend in refulgent whiteness, and as they descend in spray beneath a glowing sunshine, frequently form a partial but bright iris, that seems triumphantly to overarch a section of the bridge. The landscape of the Union Bridges, although not taken exactly from this enchanting spot, may convey some idea of the scope and splendour of the prospect which we have attempted briefly to describe, and partly secure to it that admiration to which it is so richly entitled. The talent evinced by Colonel By, and the zeal he has displayed in the prosecution of the great and momentous works intrusted to his professional skill, are strikingly demonstrated by the vigour with which the operations are carried on upon the Rideau Canal, and the emulation and spirit that pervade the settlements that have grown out of this stupendous undertaking. * * *

"Ascending along the shores of Lake Chaudiere, the next objects of note first presenting themselves are the rising colonies in front of the townships of March and Tarbolton; they are chiefly composed of families of high respectability, possessed in general of adequate means to avail themselves of the advantages that are incident to a newly opened country. Higher up, at the foot of the various cascades of the Chats, is the establishment of John Sheriff, Esq. pleasantly situated in a very romantic and desirable spot. Above this, an impervious wilderness extends to the north-westward along the rapids of the Chats, and part of the lake of the same name, until human habitations reappear in the township of Macnab. High up, on the bold and abrupt shore of the broad and picturesque lake of the Chats, the Highland chief Macnab has selected a romantic residence, Kinell Lodge, which he has succeeded, through the most unshaken perseverance, in rendering exceedingly comfortable.* His unexampled exertions in forming and fostering the settlements of the township, of which he may be considered the founder and the leader, have not been attended with all the success that was desirable, or which he anticipated. Most, if not the whole, of the inhabitants were members of his clan, whom he brought from the Highlands at considerable trouble and expense, with a view of improving their condition and ameliorating their circumstances. However, they do not appear to have fully appreciated the benefits intended to be conferred, nor the multiplicity and magnitude of the obstacles that were surmounted in locating them to their new lands, although they in some measure must themselves have participated in the difficulties incident to the formation of an early settlement in the heart of an absolute wilderness. The colony is nevertheless making sensible progress in its improvements, and will doubtless in a few years be a valuable accession of industry, loyalty, and strength, to the province. * * *

"In taking a general and comprehensive view of Upper Canada, and glancing retrospectively to what it was fifteen years back, the accelerated march of its prosperity and improvement is remarkably striking. Within that period, the mass of the country has been surveyed, settlements formed in almost every township, and towns and villages have sprung up with extraordinary energy in various directions. Canals of an elegance and utility, and of dimensions unrivalled, if equalled, on this continent, have been opened through the province. The Welland and the Rideau canals remove from the frontier, the internal communication by water, from the remotest British settlements of the St. Lawrence, to the sea. The Bulington and Desjardins canals afford important advantages to the fertile district in which they are situated. The navigation of the lakes and rivers has undergone the greatest amelioration. Eight or ten steam-boats, some of them of great elegance, now form several complete and convenient lines of communication between the remote parts of the country. Manufactures and mechanics have also made

* "The characteristic hospitality that distinguished our reception by the gallant chief, when in 1828 we were returning down the Ottawa, after having explored its rapids and lakes, as far up as Grand Calumet, we cannot pass over in silence. To voyageurs in the remote wilds of Canada, necessarily strangers for the time to the sweets of civilisation, the unexpected comforts of a well-furnished board, and the cordiality of a Highland welcome, are blessings that fall upon the soul like dew upon the flower. 'The sun was just resigning to the moon the empire of the skies,' when we took our leave of the noble chieftain to descend the formidable rapids of the Chats. As we glided from the foot of the bold bank, the gay plaid and cap of the noble Gaël were seen waving on the proud eminence, and the shrill notes of the piper filled the air with their wild cadences. They died away as we approached the head of the rapids. Our caps were flourished, and the flags (for our canoe was gaily decorated with them) waved in adieu, and we entered the vortex of the swift and whirling stream."

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considerable progress; coarse linens and woollen cloths are successfully manufactured for domestic use by most good farmers; and manufactories of iron are established at Marmora and Charlotteville. Saw and grist mills (there are upwards of five hundred of them), distilleries and breweries, are to be found in all the settled parts of the province. The principal towns in most districts contain proper public buildings, such as churches, court-houses, gaols, warehouses, &c. At York, a provincial bank is established under legislative authority, with branches at Kingston and Niagara. District schools, under the general superintendence of a board, and the immediate direction of trustees, are established throughout the province; and a college, upon the principle of similar institutions in England, has been founded and recently opened in the capital of the colony. The learned professions—the members of which are in general numerous—have also their ornaments; and eight or ten presses issue weekly newspapers, for the most part very intelligently edited, and circulating widely through the province. Post towns are frequent, and afford conveniently the means of communication with celerity and safety."

The Affianced One. By the Author of "Gertrude." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

A PICTURESQUE and Italian story, evidently written by one well acquainted with the *locale* described. Its merits are, an interesting heroine—some graphic sketches of Milanese society—and a novel *dénouement*. Its faults are, a narrative too wire-drawn—a style too desultory—in short, making three volumes out of the materials for half that extent of page and margin. We shall give one or two extracts, like scenes in a panorama.

"In the neighbourhood of Milan, and romantically situated on the side of a vine-clad hill, stood the ancient convent of La Santa Theresa, forming a beautiful but melancholy feature in the landscape: its gray cloisters, embowered in luxuriant orange-trees, and its high walls, exciting a regretful sensation that the hand of man should thus shut out with gloomy superstition the surrounding beauties of nature. The convent-bell tolled mournfully and at intervals. The last rays of the sun ceased to illumine the painted windows of the chapel, from the interior of which issued a strain of solemn but soothing melody, and a slight breeze, bearing on its balmy wings ten thousand sweet odours, fanned the sultry atmosphere. Within the convent-garden the scene was interesting, and so expressive of repose divested of gloom, that even a prejudiced eye might cease to wonder at the living entombment of its inmates, or a humane mind to pity those victims of false enthusiasm or family aggrandisement. The flowers, in the cultivation of which lay the chief enjoyment of the cloistered sisters, bloomed in all the luxuriance of an Italian spring, and every corner of the vast garden was embellished with roses and hyacinths, myrtles and geraniums, filling the air with an almost overpowering fragrance. Winding paths, cut through the flowery grass, were overshadowed by laurels, acacias, and orange-trees. The aged abbess, leaning upon her staff, with silver hair and long black veil, walked slowly up the broad and gravelled middle walk. Groups of nuns glided to and fro between the trees, with the bending air and downcast eye which a conventual life almost invariably imparts. And the glimpses of their floating garments, now approaching, now receding among the dark foliage, produced a pretty and striking effect. Some were busily employed in watering the flowers which drooped after the noon-day heat; some sat under the spreading branches of the trees, and wreathed together chaplets of flowers to ornament the Madonna; others were engaged in low conversation, and a few lay on the grass fast asleep. A joyous band of children traversed the garden, the *pensionnaires* of the convent, in all the noisy mirth of scholars dismissed from their embroidery-frames and prayer-books, yet stopping to curtsy to the Signora Badessa whenever their gay steps encountered her in her solemn walk."

Italian portrait.

"Her excellency was on her way to the Casino Nobile, having passed the day *in villeggiatura*—that is, in yawning and playing at *tarocco* under the trees, at her beautiful villa in the neighbourhood of Milan. Her dress was splendid in the extreme. Her cashmere was from Paris; her velvet gown from Victorine; yet no one could have mistaken the Signora for a native of any other country than her own. Nor was the careless negligence of her superb toilette, and the bad taste observable in the *clinquant* which mingled with her fine jewels, at all similar to the tastelessness of an ill-dressed Englishwoman—equally little did it resemble that *lusus naturæ*, an ill-dressed Frenchwoman. In the poorest *contadina* is never to be observed that cockney air, that indescribable vulgarity, aping gentility, which is peculiar to England—which, in the shape of a rose-coloured spencer and green parasol, shocked the sensitive nerves of poor Monsieur Torbin among the ruins. There may be negligence among the lower orders in Italy—and dirt, Heaven knows, there also is—but there is something *en grand* even in their mixture of rags and finery, in the tattered petticoat and hair tastefully arranged with tarnished silver, like the figures of the Madonnas in their own country churches. This taste is undoubtedly maintained by that religion which accustoms the eye even of the lowest classes to splendour; which raises the imagination, however untouched it may leave the heart. The uncombed hair of the first reformers, and the stripping of all ornaments from the Protestant churches, may be reckoned among the causes of the total absence of taste observable in the costume of the English and Scotch peasantry. Little good is to be done in this world without a certain intermixture of evil, and it is fortunate when that evil happens to be trifling compared with the beneficial results arising from a wise reformation. Who would regret that a row of smiling cottages, planted with thriving trees, and filled with a happy peasantry, had shut out a beautiful point of view? Or that cultivated corn-fields had formerly, when covered with brushwood, afforded excellent ground for the chase?"

Young Englishmen's sentimentalities abroad.

"And various young Englishmen were observable, rapt, enchanted, fancying themselves in Elysium, as they sat by the side of some splendid Italian beauty, whose full veiled eyes, dark hair, and sunny smile—

'Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.'

All might see that these youthful worshippers of foreign loveliness had just set foot upon Italia's shore. How insipid in their eyes are their fair countrywomen! How wanting in expression! how cold, reserved, and uninteresting! And how charming sound those words, but half understood, flowing from the lips of that noble Duchessa, who, with an air at once so lofty and so tender, bends upon that young Milord Inglese those eyes, whose light seems caught from a holier world! And if a loud word, or unmelodious laugh should escape from the syren, it is pardoned, as the manner of a foreigner. And when she talks of the Scala, and the Corso, and Signor Vigano, how infinitely more interesting than the hackneyed sounds of the park, the opera, and Mr. Ebers! But, except in some instances, this illusion does not last long; these youthful worshippers of Italian beauty return home in a few years, with long sentimental faces, heaving mysterious sighs, and wearing mysterious rings, chains, and incased miniatures; which, if rashly opened by some profane hand, would perchance be found to contain the striking likeness of a favourite pointer."

Opera at the Scala.

"The scene was brilliant and beautiful in the highest degree. The exterior draperies of the boxes are at once rich and simple, the parterre vast and spacious. Each tier, of which there are six, contains six-and-forty boxes, and each box is a handsomely furnished private apartment, with silk hangings and velvet cushions, and opening into another room, well lighted, and where supper, ices, and refreshments, occupy the company during the uninteresting parts of the opera. Nothing can be more agreeable than splendid music, which all may listen to who please, yet which does not impede the conversation of those who, labouring under Shakespeare's anathema, prefer their own voices to the softest melody. The imperial box, placed in the centre, was splendidly illuminated, and the archduke and his suite sat in a blaze of light—the crown and cross of Austria shone brightly—while the concentration of light on the stage and on the viceroy's box, threw the rest of the theatre into a partial obscurity, a mild and agreeable twilight. The imperial box is fitted up with much magnificence, and the ante-chamber adjoining conducts into a bed-room, where his highness may, if he pleases, sleep amidst a concord of sweet sounds—

'Of music such as charmeth sleep.'

The merchants, who sat in their parterre, conversed upon money-matters with the utmost vivacity, and transacted their affairs to the air of

'Ah! se di mali miei,'

with as much intentness as in their own counting-houses. The warblings of Pasta were all unheeded amid the more interesting sounds of promissory-notes, bills of exchange, inventories, indemnity-bonds, bills of lading, and dividends from the funds; for Orpheus, who moved stones and stocks by his melody, might have sung himself hoarse on the Stock Exchange without attracting attention. Some talked politics, but in a very measured tone, and with a glance at the gens-d'armes, who mingled with the audience, looking as if they said, with Cardinal Mazarin, '*Cantano? Pagaranno.*'"

We end by protesting against the way in which Lorenza is treated; but, as Liston justly observes, "them authors have no more heart than a spring cabbage."

Poland under the Dominion of Russia. By Harro Harring. 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1831. Cochrane.

THIS is a strange, flighty book, written by a Frieslander, who seems to have visited Warsaw under a cloud, and to have stayed there, in the Russian service, very much against the grain. He paints the Archduke Constantine as an abominable military martinet and despot—a sort of Paul in his freaks and cruelties. Though

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we gather some intelligence respecting Poland from these pages, we cannot say that they supply a desideratum thus indicated by the writer:—"The want of information respecting Poland must be regarded by many as a matter of surprise; considering that the journals of the day manifest no deficiency of correspondence from all corners of the world."

Does not the poor ignoramus know, that more than nine-tenths of such letters are manufactured on the spot where they are published? It would puzzle the journals much to shew their distant post-marks!

By the following it will appear that Harro Harring is no novice in authorship:—

"In Poland the traveller cannot fail to remark the tinge of orientalism which pervades every thing around him: he sees Jews, Turkish pipes, dark eyes, voluptuous expression, a disposition to debauchery and despotism, which cannot be more arbitrary even in Turkey. In Kalish our coffee had an oriental flavour. We proceeded to the post-office, to go through the required ceremonies. Our trunks had already been searched on our arrival, and they had been full half an hour under inspection before we went to the hotel. My books now became the subjects of examination; and when the inspector informed me that they must be sealed up and forwarded to Warsaw, I produced a list of their titles, and declared myself the author of the 'Student of Salamanca,' of the 'Mainottes,' the 'Bliztoni,' and the 'Psariot.' 'The Student of Salam ... Mainot ... Bliz...Ps...Psariot!' mumbled the inspector, while he scanned me from head to foot. 'I will be personally responsible for the contents of these books,' said I; 'I am the author, and will present myself to the censor at Warsaw.' 'Hem!' replied the inspector, 'if you are the author, it is of very little use to send the books forward alone. But what are the books about?' 'Oh! they contain essays on whist and boston, flying machines, and Bavarian puddings,' said I; and the inspector turned to another trunk."

Of Baron Sass, high in the Russian administration at Warsaw, we are told—

"The deceased baron was about the middle height, and rather corpulent; his hair was gray, his eyes keen and intelligent, and his whole appearance indicated that he was no enemy to the bottle. He was a great lover of the belles-lettres, and particularly admired the poetic writings of Lord Byron, whose works, in various editions, were always to be seen on his table. He frequently amused himself by their perusal, and was fond of repeating the passages which struck him as remarkable for beauty. He was evidently much gratified when his friends listened attentively, while he read or repeated his own epigrams and poetic effusions, none of which were indifferent, while some possessed extraordinary merit. He conceived the original idea of composing a novel from letters interchanged between two individuals. Conjointly with me, he commenced the execution of this plan, he being at the time in England, and I in Italy; and our mutual correspondence was to be interwoven so as to form a connected whole. The adventures of an English family on their travels formed the subject of my letters. This plan appears to me so capable of being rendered amusing and interesting, that I am surprised no man of literary talent, but the unfortunate Baron Sass, has attempted its execution. He always wore a great number of brilliant decorations; but this armour of orders was insufficient to shield him against the daggers or bullets of the exasperated Poles."

We have noticed that this is a flighty book: mark the subjoined:—

"Reader, can you form any idea of how the earth looked before it was formed? Perhaps you cannot, but I can—for I have travelled through Prussian Poland. Among the many pictures which are constantly present in my recollection, the aspect of that country is the most remarkable: it is a compound of sand, marsh, clay, straw, and dung. A prominent point in the picture is a village. To give it this denomination is perhaps an insult to all other miserable villages on the face of the earth; but, nevertheless, it is a village."

Now, how the earth before it was formed could illustrate any idea of Polish villages, is to us an enigma, not "having travelled through Prussian Poland."

Again:—

"Next morning, when I awoke in the chaise at the last post, I laboured under a frightful depression of spirits. I felt as if approaching the end of the world. It was the dawn of a cold spring morning—but in these desolate regions there was no indication of spring. Here the four seasons appear to be engaged in a criminal process respecting the death of nature. There are only three elements and a half; namely, air, earth, marsh, and just enough fire to light a pipe. At length I observed, on the left of the road, a stone building: this was the Prussian custom-house, or whatever it might be called. The postilion presented his ticket, and the toll-gate flew open. It closed again with a loud crash, which thrilled every nerve within me."

Heaven preserve us! But "the Polish women are beautiful: but that is not all—they are exquisitely beautiful. I am almost convinced that Eve must have been a Pole."

The following is somewhat more within the regions of common sense.

"The beauty of the Polish Jewesses has a character quite the reverse of that which constitutes the charm of the Christian females. Dignity, feeling, tender melancholy, and not unfrequently deep-seated sorrow, is expressed in the features of the fair daughters of Israel, whose notions of virtue and decorum are as rigid as the laws of their forefathers. But of course this rule, like every other, has its exceptions. Few will deny that beauty consists less in the form than in the expression of the features; and many women who are pronounced beautiful, produce but little, or perhaps even an unfavourable impression, merely from the want of intellectual spirit. The utmost beauty of form combined with expression leaves nothing to be wished for. This will be acknowledged by all who have beheld the Jewesses of Poland. Their faithful adherence to their national costume serves to heighten their natural attractions. Wherever the French fashions prevail, they generally have a pernicious influence on the female mind. French fashion introduces French coquetry, French corruption, and all its baneful consequences."

Of the popular dance, the Mazurka, we are told—"The celebrated Polish national dance was originally a war dance of the province of Mazur (Masovia). The allusion in the text may remind the reader of the phrase—'To dance the Carmagnole,' which was common at the commencement of the first French revolution."

We conclude with an extract of some length, the best which the work affords, as a specimen of the author.

"'Prayer to God, or service to the emperor, is never lost:' so says a Russian proverb; and it is usually repeated with the conviction that the service is more important than the prayer. The term *service* includes, in its signification, unconditional obedience to the authority of a superior, even though that superior should be only one class above the person he commands. This blind obedience extends from the general or minister, down to the common soldier or clerk, through all offices and classes in which service confers dignity. *An affair of service*, as it is styled, takes place of all other considerations; and the man who has quietly realised a fortune at the expense of the state affects the most scrupulous conscientiousness in the fulfilment of any prescribed duties which are calculated to make him feel the full extent of his own slavery. Every verbal command given by a military officer to a soldier, or by a civil officer to a *dentshik*, or vassal, is answered by the words *Slushey hospodin* (I obey my lord); and the individual who gives the order may confidently trust to its punctual fulfilment, as its neglect would be punished by a severe flogging. While a Russian is receiving commands, he stands stock-still, like a soldier, without moving leg or arm; and at the close of every sentence delivered by his lord, he murmurs 'Slushey hospodin.' The slavish subjection of the lower ranks, and the arrogance of Russian upstarts, which in Warsaw are carried to such unlimited extent, are nevertheless quite at variance with the national character of the Poles. The Russian classification of ranks is, moreover, offensive to the pride of the Polish nobility, whom it deprives of their dignity, and reduces to a mortifying inferiority. The natural pride of the Poles is extraordinary. It animates every rank, from the prince to the beggar, and manifests itself at every opportunity. But this pride is in unison with the national feeling; and however vain and empty it may be, the source whence it springs—a spirit of nationality—is honourable, and not unfrequently leads to great actions. In thus acknowledging the good qualities which distinguish the Poles as a nation, I am not blind to their faults; and among these I number levity, vanity, proneness to break their word, unfairness in judging of other nations, and extravagant prejudice in favour of every thing Polish. These traits in the shady side of the Polish national character I observed to be universal, with a few exceptions, which I must make in favour of men of very superior education. Spirit is a quality in which the Poles are never deficient. One of the most marked distinctions between the Poles and the Russians appears to me to be, that the former are remarkable for spirit, and the latter for judgment. Even the Polish beggar is animated by a spirit which glows for his country when the slightest occasion calls it forth; and the Russian bondman possesses a degree of judgment and good sense which is always present and available at the required moment. Warsaw swarms with Russian civil officers, most of whom are obliged to wear their official costume. The streets, too, are thronged with Russian equipages, for a Russian finds it easy to live in good style in Warsaw. There he receives his salary in silver roubles, while in Russia it would be paid to him only in paper. At the noon promenade in Warsaw, Russian carriages and four are seen driving one after another from the suburb of Cracow to St. Alexander's church; and on the foot pavement Russian uniforms predominate. A coachman in the Polish national livery is seldom seen in Warsaw; and if by a rare chance an old Pole should venture to shew himself in his national

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costume, he seems to glide along like a midnight ghost. In short, the national feeling of the Poles was, at this time, painfully wounded at every step in Warsaw, and it may easily be conceived that continued grievances preying upon the minds of all classes of the people grew at last into a bitter national hatred which longed for revenge. Relying on the franchises conceded to them by the constitution which the emperor had sworn to maintain, it is not surprising that a few individuals should form the bold idea of asserting those rights which had been violated by absolute power. That power was, however, so fearfully strong and unlimited, that the courage of the Poles, who attempted to oppose it, and resolved to sacrifice their lives for constitutional freedom, presents one of the most extraordinary phenomena which history has on record."

Divines of the Church of England, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. No. XVIII. *Hall's Contemplations*, Vol. I. Valpy.

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of Bishop Hall is prefixed to this publication, the commencement of his voluminous works. His Satires, and his Calvinistic belief in the special interpositions of Providence, are lightly touched upon, though the sources of a prodigious quantity of imitation since. There are also some extracts from a narrative of a tour to the Netherlands, &c. which is quaint and curious. The learned writer's preference for land travelling rather than sea voyages is thus expressed :

" The sea brooked not me, nor I it : an unquiet element, made only for wonder and use, not for pleasure. Alighted once from that wooden conveyance and uneven way, I bethought myself how fondly our life is committed to an unsteady and reeling piece of wood, fickle winds, restless waters, while we may set foot on steadfast and constant earth."

But the part which he took with his brethren of the bench of bishops, at the disastrous period in which he lived, will be read with the greatest interest at this time, when there are so many points of resemblance in the aspect of political affairs. In Nov. 1641, he was translated to the see of Norwich ; and the memoir proceeds : — " Which event is the last of those recorded among his *Specialities*, except, indeed, that of '*taking the Tower by the way.*' The bishop resumes the train of his narrative, broken off at this period, in his tract entitled ' Hard Measure ;' ' the bare reading of which,' according to the confession even of an adversary, ' is enough to make any one melancholy, that has the least sense either of humanity or Christianity in him.' That last-mentioned calamity which assailed the bishop, his committal to the Tower, was the consequence of his name appearing among the signatures of the twelve bishops to the celebrated protest which was drawn up by Archbishop Williams, remonstrating against the legality of all legislative acts during the compulsory absence of the prelates from the house. This document having been read, the peers, after some debate, requested a conference with the commons, ' upon high and dangerous consequence to the fundamental privileges and being of parliaments.' The lower house took very little time for consideration ; but, in the course of half an hour, came to the resolution of accusing the unfortunate bishops on a charge of high treason, and sent up their impeachment to the lords by Mr. Glyn. They were immediately sent for by the usher of the black rod ; but as their lodgings were in various parts of the town, it was eight o'clock at night, on the 30th December, ' and in all the extremity of frost,' when these venerable personages, ' who little thought they had done any thing worthy of chiding, were called to their knees at the bar, and charged severally with *high treason.*' From thence, having been sequestered from parliament, they were all removed to the Tower, except the Bishops of Durham and Litchfield, who, on account of their age and infirmities, were allowed to remain in custody of the black rod. The same indulgence was solicited for the Bishop of Norwich ; but he blesses God's providence for the denial of a favour, which would have ruined him by its expense. A bill was now brought into parliament, ' for taking away all temporal jurisdiction from those in holy orders ;' Dr. Warner, Bishop of Rochester, being the only prelate in the house to defend the cause of his brethren, when it passed. The king signed this bill, in opposition to his better judgment, through the persuasion of some about him, who were weak enough to believe that it might tend to preserve the establishment. Charles then found himself in such a situation that he could deny nothing to the dominant faction ; and this imprudent act is said to have been one of those which weighed most heavily on his mind at the last sad moments of his existence. The house of commons thought it expedient to publish nine reasons against allowing the bishops to vote in parliament. These were ably met by Hall in his ' Short Answer,' &c., ' an Examination' of which was ordered to be published by a committee of the commons. Soon after these transactions, the king committed the imprudent step of entering the house with his guards, to seize the accused members ; failing in which, he retired from his capital, and set up the standard of war. But though the commons might impeach the prelates of high treason, and the lords receive the charge, it was not so easy to establish it, whilst any observance was paid to the laws and constitution of England. When, therefore, after many vexatious proceedings, this truth was discovered, the commons drew up another bill, declaring the bishops to be ' delinquents of a very high nature ;' and the forfeiture of their temporal and spiritual estates was decreed, with the reservation of a small annual sum for their maintenance. ' In this,' says Bishop Hall, ' they were pleased that his share should come to four hundred pounds per annum.' With the exception of a few hours, when they were permitted to be out on bail, which slight accommodation raised a cry amongst the insolent and factious rabble, that the bishops were ' let loose,' these venerable men were confined till the 5th of May, 1642, after having been more than once exposed to the danger of their lives by the insults of a brutal mob ; and even then they were not set at liberty, without giving a bond for five thousand pounds, ' with a clause of revocation at a short warning, if occasion should require.' In addition to his ' Hard Measure,' Bishop Hall has left an interesting record, which illustrates this calamitous period of his life, in a treatise called ' The Free Prisoner, or the Comfort of Restraint ;' wherein he blesses God for *those walls*, out of which these excellent men could not have been safe from the rage of an incensed multitude. ' Poor seduced souls !' says he, ' they were taught it was piety to be cruel : they were mispersuaded to hate and condemn us, for that which should have procured their reverence and honour, even that holy station which we hold in God's church ; and to curse those of us who had deserved nothing but their thanks and prayers, railing on our profession in the streets, and rejoicing in our supposed ruin. ' Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' * * *

" The bishop enjoyed but a very short interval of tranquillity ; for in April, 1643, an ordinance was promulgated for sequestering into the hands of commissioners the estates of all notorious delinquents ; amongst whom this excellent prelate, with those who had lately been his fellow-prisoners, was of course included. But, as if the confiscation of his ecclesiastical revenue was not a sufficient punishment for his firm loyalty and strenuous defence of church government, every species of insult, rapine, and injustice, was practised against his person and property by the base minions of republican tyranny. At the time of this cruel sequestration, when he was expecting to receive the profits of the foregoing half-year for the maintenance of his family, his rents were stopped, with all the arrears, which, in compassion to his tenants, he had allowed them time to pay. In the month of April the sequestrators came to seize on his property, personal as well as real. An exact inventory of his goods was taken, in which not even a dozen of trenchers, or his children's pictures, were omitted : even the wearing apparel of his family would have been included, but for the interposition of Alderman Tooly and Sheriff Rawley. It was determined that all his furniture should be disposed of by a public auction ; and this would have actually taken place, had not a religious gentlewoman, named Goodwin, been so moved with compassion, that she kindly laid down the sum at which it was valued, and left it for the use of the family until it could be repurchased. Mr. Cook, a worthy divine in the bishop's diocese, also gave a bond to the sequestrators for his books, which was afterwards paid out of the poor pittance allowed for his maintenance. Thus *the righteous man was not wholly forsaken.* But, in addition to other evils, he was now exposed to grievous insults even in his palace, and at the most unseasonable hours. At one time a London trooper, with attendants, came before the family was up, and threatened to break open the gates, if they were not admitted. Under the pretence of searching for arms and ammunition, this wretch ransacked the whole house ; where, finding only a couple of muskets, he took away with him one of two horses, after the venerable prelate had told him ' that his age would not allow him to travel on foot.' And when this fellow heard afterwards that the bishop had sold the remaining horse for the support of himself and family, he vehemently expostulated with him on account of the transaction. In the mean time not a farthing of the parliamentary allowance was paid to the bishop ; and when the Norwich committee confirmed to him this pitiful stipend, they were *inhibited** by their superiors in London ; with an intimation, however, that if the bishop's wife had need of maintenance, a fifth part of his ' rents and revenues' might be allowed her, on application made to the committee of lords and commons. Her suit was accordingly forwarded, and granted after a long delay ; but the accounts of the sequestrators were so confused and perplexed, that it never could be discovered what a fifth part was ; and ' they were content,' says Hall, ' that I should eat my books, by setting-off the sum engaged for them out of the fifth part.' Meantime the synodals and all the spiritual profits of the diocese were kept

* We have put this and the following half dozen words, in the next page, in italics to shew how little the author has consulted polish in his style.—*Ed. L. G.*

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back, except the fees for ordinations and institutions; and these continued only a short time; for when the covenant was introduced, and taken by many of the clergy and laity, his power of ordination was *violently inhibited*:* and when, regardless of this *inhibition*,* he ordained some persons in his private chapel, a *violent** mob beset the palace, demanding the instant appearance of the bishop, and summoning him before the mayor at the guild-hall. But, although this meek and venerable *personage** bore all *personal** injuries and indignities with perfect composure and resignation, he was resolved not to compromise the dignity of his station. 'I asked them,' he says, 'when they ever heard of a bishop of Norwich appearing before a mayor? I knew my own place, and would take that way of answer which I thought fit; and so I dismissed them, who had given out that day, that had they known before of my ordaining, they would have pulled me, and those I ordained, out of chapel by the ears.' But although the insolent mob retreated this time before the spirited rebuke of the aged prelate, at another they clambered over his palace-walls and made a forcible entrance, to search, as they pretended, for delinquents; when the bishop was obliged to send out secretly, and raise the officers to his rescue. Again they came, headed by a sheriff and alderman, to demolish the painted windows of his chapel, the subjects of which they termed superstitious pictures and relics of idolatry: nor was it without breaking off the heads of these figures, which the furious populace declared to be popes, that he could preserve the bodies from destruction. But though the bishop received nothing, something was still required of him. According to his affecting narrative, 'they were not ashamed, after they had taken away and sold all his goods and personal estate, to come to him for assessments and monthly payments for that estate which they had taken; and they took distresses from him, upon his just denial, vehemently requiring him to find the wonted arms of his predecessors, when they had left him nothing.' But no violence shewn towards his own person or property grieved this good bishop so much as that committed against his church. 'I have heard him oft,' says Whitefoot in his funeral sermon, 'bewail the spoils of the church; yet very rarely did he so much as mention his own losses, *but took joyfully the spoiling of his goods.*' The account which he has left of the devastation committed in his cathedral, one of those noble monuments which still attest the piety and taste of our ancestors, may serve as a specimen of what was done by the Iconoclasts in various parts of the kingdom. 'It is no other than tragical to relate the carriage of that furious sacrilege, whereof our eyes and ears were sad witnesses, under the authority and presence of Linsey, Tofts the sheriff, and Greenwood. Lord! what work was there: what clattering of glasses—what beating down of walls—what tearing-up of monuments—what pulling down of seats—what wresting-out of irons and brass from the windows and graves—what defacing of arms—what demolishing of curious stone-work, that had not any representation in the world, but only the cost of the founder and skill of the mason—what toting and piping on the devoted organ-pipes—and what a hideous triumph on the market-day, before all the country, when, in a kind of sacrilegious and profane procession, all the organ-pipes, vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross which had been newly sawn down from over the green-yard pulpit, and the service-book and singing-books that could be had, were carried to the fire in the public market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train, his cope trailing in the dirt, with a service-book in his hand, imitating in impious scorn the tune, and usurping the words of the Litany used formerly in the church! Near the public cross all these monuments of idolatry must be sacrificed to the fire, not without much ostentation of a zealous joy in discharging ordnance, to the cost of some who professed how much they had longed to see that day. Neither was it any news, on this guild-day, to have the cathedral, now open on all sides, to be filled with musketeers, waiting for the mayor's return, drinking and tobaccoing as freely as if it had turned ale-house.'"

Hall died in Sept. 1656, aged 82.

* See note in preceding page.

Tour of a German Prince, &c. 2 vols. Wilson.

[Second notice.]

In resuming our review of these entertaining volumes we shall commence with some further illustrations of the writer's favourable opinion of Ireland and the Irish people, in despite of all their poverty and wretchedness. We have, among the rest, a striking specimen of

Irish Honesty.—"Scarcely had I seated myself at table (at Avoca), when I was told that some one wished to speak to me. A young man whom I had never seen was shewn in, and presented to me a pocket-book, which, to my no small astonishment, I recognised as my own; containing, besides other important papers which I always carry about me, all the money I had taken for my journey. I had, Lord knows how, dropped it out of my breast-pocket in the summer-house; and had, therefore, no small reason to congratulate myself on so honourable and obliging a finder. In England I should hardly have had the good fortune to see my pocket-book again, even if a 'gentleman' had found it; he would probably have let it lie in peace—or kept it. I must here take occasion to explain to you what this far-famed epithet 'gentleman' means, since the signification affixed to it is inimitably characteristic of the English. A 'gentleman' is neither a man of noble birth, nor a man of noble sentiments (*weder ein Edelmann noch ein edler Mann*—neither a nobleman nor a noble man); but, in strictness, a man of independent means and perfect knowledge of the usages of good society. He who serves or works for the public in any way (the higher functionaries of the state, and here and there a poet or artist of the first category only excepted), is no 'gentleman,' or at best only a half a one. I was greatly astonished at hearing a certain well-known personage, with whom all lovers of horses, native and foreign, are well acquainted, who is rich, who is on a footing of intimacy with many dukes and lords, and enjoys great consideration, but who presides at a weekly auction of horses (thereby doing useful service to the public),—say of himself, 'I can't imagine how the Duke of B—— could commission me to carry a challenge to Count M——; he ought to have employed a gentleman—those things are not in my way.' A really poor man, who is not in a situation to contract debts, can on no terms be a 'gentleman.' On the contrary, a rich scamp, who has had what is called a good education, so long as he preserves his 'character' (reputation) dexterously, passes for a 'perfect gentleman.' In the exclusive society of London there are yet finer *nuances*. A man, for instance, who were to manifest any timidity or courtesy towards women, instead of treating them in a familiar, confident, and *nonchalant* manner, would awaken the suspicion that he was 'no gentleman;' but should the luckless man ask twice for soup at dinner, or appear in evening dress at a breakfast which begins at three in the afternoon and ends at midnight—he may be a prince and a *millionaire*, but he is 'no gentleman.' But let us back from Babylon's tyrannous jargon to the freedom of the hills."

Another example of the freedom of the prince's strictures is contained in the annexed extract:—

"An interval of ten miles of uninteresting country lay between this walk and my arrival at the gate of the park of P——,* one of the most extensive and beautiful in Ireland. But it was Sunday—the lord of the domain a saint—and of course the gate locked. On this day, according to his view of the matter, a pious man must on no account leave his house, except to enclose himself within the gloomy walls of a damp church—on no account rejoice himself in God's own wondrous and magnificent temple. This was a sin to which Lord P—— would by no means afford encouragement, and at his recent departure had therefore prohibited the opening of his gate. Instructed by the adventure which you may recollect befell me in England, I made no attempt at winning a passage by means of a gift, but pursued my way along a wall, over which from time to time I cast a longing and stolen glance at the magnificent waterfall and the enchanting scene. Thou beneficent God! thought I—in what different ways art thou worshipped! One man roasts his neighbour to thy honour; another fashions thee as Apis; some represent thee more partial and unjust than the devil himself; others think they offer thee the most acceptable service when they deface thy loveliest gifts, or deprive themselves and others of the enjoyment of them. Oh, Lord P——! you will not read these lines; but it were good for you if you could, and if you would lay them to heart! Full many a poor man, who sweats through the whole week that he may pay you your rent, would feel his heart expand with joy on a Sunday in your beautiful park, and would bless the goodness of that God who has not left him wholly destitute—who has spread out before his eyes the glory and the beauty of creation. And this joy would be reflected back upon yourself;—but perhaps you are not even present—perhaps you send your pious commands from afar? You are, perhaps, like so many of your colleagues, one of those 'absentees' who by the hands of ravenous and merciless agents strip the people of their last rag, rob them of their last potato, to enrich the charlatans of London, Paris, or Italy. Then, indeed, if that be the case, your religion can hardly go beyond superstitious veneration for the Sunday, and for the ceremonies of your priests."

Speaking of Lord Byron, it is asserted (and, applied to thousands of instances, most untruly asserted)—

"I can never refrain from laughing at the English, who pass such pitiful cockney judgments on this their second poet (for, after Shakspeare, the palm is surely his), because he ridiculed their pedantry, because he could not adapt himself to the manners and usages of their little nook, nor share in their cold super-

* There is a ridiculous use of initials in these volumes, where the parties are perfectly well known—in this instance the name of Powerscourt is filled up in a future page. How absurd!

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stition; because their insipidity was sickening to him, and because he denounced their arrogance and hypocrisy. Many of them cross themselves (inwardly) when they mention him; and even the women, though their cheeks glow with enthusiasm when they read him, in public take part vehemently against their secret favourite."

We remarked in our last paper that the opinions or views of observant foreigners were generally instructive or amusing: the following picture of our national manners will, we think, bear us out.

"Living at inns affords one a good opportunity of observing the middle classes. Every man here shews himself as he is, and seems to feel himself alone. I have already told you that English travellers of this class (I include all the inhabitants of the three kingdoms who have English manners and habits) usually pass their time, when not out of doors, in a common room called the coffee-room. In the evening this coffee-room is lighted with lamps; candles are carried, if called for, to the gentlemen who sit at the separate little tables. It has often surprised me that in a country in which luxury and refinement on all the wants of life are so universal, even in the best provincial inns (and often in London) tallow candles are commonly used. Wax candles are an unwonted luxury; and if you ask for them, you are treated with redoubled civility, but your bills are also doubled throughout. It is very diverting to observe the perfect uniformity with which all behave, as if machines out of one workshop. This is particularly observable in their eating: though placed at separate tables, and no individual taking the slightest notice of any other, they all seem to have exactly the same usages, exactly the same gastronomic tastes. Nobody eats soup, which, unless bespoken beforehand, is not to be had. (This is the reason, by the by, for which my old Saxon servant left me. He declared that he could not exist any longer in such a state of barbarism—without soup!) A large joint of roast meat is commonly carried from one to another, and each cuts off what he likes. This is accompanied by potatoes or other vegetables, boiled in water; and a 'plat de ménage' filled with sauces is placed on every table; beer is poured out, and there, in a common way, ends the dinner. Only the luxurious eat fish before the meat. But now follows the second stage:—the table-cloth is removed; clean plate, and knife and fork laid; wine and a wine-glass, and a few miserable apples or pears, with stony ship-biscuits, are brought: and now the diner seems to begin to enjoy tranquillity and comfort. His countenance assumes an expression of satisfaction; apparently sunk in profound meditation, leaning back in his chair and looking fixedly straight before him, he suffers a sip of wine to glide down his throat from time to time, only breaking the death-like silence by now and then laboriously craunching his rocky biscuits. When the wine is finished, follows stage the third,—that of digestion. All motion now ceases: his appetite being satiated, he falls into a sort of magnetic sleep, only distinguishable from the natural by the open eyes. After this has lasted for half an hour or an hour, all at once it ceases; he cries out, as if under the influence of some sudden possession, 'Waiter, my slippers;' and seizing a candle, walks off gravely to his chamber to meet his slippers and repose. This farce, acted by five or six men at once, has often amused me more than a puppet-show; and I must add, that with the exception of the incident of the slippers, pretty nearly the same scene is represented in the first clubs of the metropolis. I scarcely ever saw an Englishman read at dinner; I am not sure that they don't think it an act of indecorum—perhaps of impiety—like singing or dancing on a Sunday, for instance. Perhaps, however, it is only a rule of dietetics converted by time into a law which no vivacity of temper can break through."

The annexed has too much of truth in it; but in architecture and sculpture we seem to be above taking a hint, however just and useful.

"A monument has been erected at the entrance of the harbour [Dublin], in honour of the king's memorable visit (memorable that it is, for its disappointing all hopes and expectations). It is designed and executed with the sort of taste which seems to lie like a curse on all the public buildings of Great Britain: it is a small, ridiculous stump of an obelisk, perched on the corner of a natural rock; it stands on four balls, and looks precisely as if the first blast of wind would roll it into the sea. One cannot suppress the wish that this may happen;—the sooner the better. The royal crown is stuck at the top like a lid on a mustard-pot; and the whole, contrasted with the noble dimensions of the harbour and surrounding buildings, is so small and 'mesquin' that it might be taken for the whim of a private man, but certainly never for a national monument. Perhaps the architect was a *mauvais plaisant*, and meant it satirically; as an epigram it is deserving of praise."

But return we to Connaught for the veritable picturesque—the sublime and beautiful of the Emerald Isle.

"My host (says the prince), Captain W., is one of the 'notables' of his county; but his house is not better than that of a German nobleman of moderate estate. English elegance and English luxury are not to be thought of; wax-lights are unknown; port and sherry, but above all, 'whisky punch,' are the only beverages: the coffee is detestable; but the food excellent, nutritious, and plentiful. The house is not over-clean; the small establishment very respectable, from length of service, zeal, and attachment, but of a somewhat unwashed and boorish appearance. From my chamber-windows I penetrate into all the mysteries of the domestic economy, which is too modest to spread out the dunghills as chief *point de vue*, as in North Germany. The rain (for, alas! it does rain) runs merrily through my windows, and falls in romantic cascades from the window-sill to the floor, where an old carpet thirstily drinks the stream. The furniture is rather tottering; but I have tables enough (a great matter to me, with my multitude of things), and the bed seems at least large and hard enough. In my chimney burns, or rather smoulders, capital turf, which not only gives heat, but covers every thing with fine ashes, like an eruption of Vesuvius. All this does not sound brilliant;—but how largely are these trifles outweighed by the patriarchal hospitality, the cheerful, easy, unaffected kindness of the family. It is as if my visit were a distinguished favour, for which all seem to feel indebted to me as for some real service. I like my host very much; he is seventy-two years old, and still hale and vigorous as a man of fifty. He must have been very handsome, and has given the world twelve sons and seven daughters,—all by the same wife, who is still living, though just now too unwell for me to see her. Some of the sons and daughters have been long married, and the old man sees his grandsons of twelve at play with his youngest daughter of fourteen. The greater part of the family is now here, which makes the abode rather a noisy one; this is increased by the musical talents of the daughters, who daily perform on an instrument horribly out of tune,—a circumstance which seems not to annoy them in the slightest degree.* The men generally talk about horses and dogs, and are somewhat uninstructed. To-day a country squire of the neighbourhood searched long and patiently in a map of Europe for the United States:—at last his brother-in-law gave him the fortunate suggestion of trying his luck on the map of the world. The occasion of the search was, that the old gentleman wanted to shew me Halifax and B—— town, which latter takes its name from him. He laid the first stone of both during the American war, in which he commanded seven hundred men, and loves to recall those days of his youth and importance. The scrupulous and chivalrous courtesy of his manners, the constant and ready sacrifice of his own convenience to others, are proofs of the education of times long passed by, and mark his age more surely than his appearance does. Our amusements for some days to come are arranged as follows:—In the morning we go to church; the day after to the town of Galway, to see some horse-races, in which the poor animals not only run a German mile, but in the course of it have to leap several walls! They are ridden by gentlemen. In the evening is a ball, at which I am promised a sight of all the beauty of the neighbourhood. To tell you the truth, touched as I am by the kindness shewn me in this house, I rather dread a long stay: I should, however, vex these excellent, cordial people if I shewed it; '*Je m'excuse donc de bonne grace.*' * * The manners here are so old-fashioned, that the master of the house every day drinks to my health, and we have no napkins at table, for which pocket-handkerchiefs or the corners of the table-cloth are obliged to serve as deputies."

At an ordination at Tuam, which the author treats in his common burlesque style where religious ceremonies are concerned, he tells us—"The text was chosen, strangely enough, from the story of the passage of the evil spirits into the herd of swine; and after this had been discussed for an hour, the four priests were ordained."

The account of the races is in better taste.

"Galway, Sept. 8th.

"We arrived very late on the 'race-course,' and saw little of this day's sport. The sight of the people was, however, extremely curious and interesting to me. In many points of view this nation is really semi-barbarous. The universal want of decent clothing among the lower classes, even on festivals like the present—their utter inability to resist ardent spirits, so long as they have a penny in their pockets—the sudden and continual wild quarrels and national pitched battles with the shillelah (a murderous sort of stick which every man keeps hidden under his rags), in which hundreds take part in a minute, and do not desist till several are left dead or wounded on the field—the frightful war-whoop which they set up on these occasions—the revenge for an affront or injury, which is cherished and inherited by whole villages,—on the other hand, the light-hearted

* "I have often had occasion to remark, that the love of music in England is a mere affair of fashion. There is no nation in Europe which pays music better, or understands it worse."

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carelessness which never thinks of the coming day; the heartfelt merriment, forgetful of all want and suffering—the kind hospitality which ungrudgingly shares their last morsel—the unreserved cordiality with the stranger who makes any advances to them—the natural fluency and eloquence which they have ever at command; —all are characteristics of a half-civilised people. Hundreds of drunken men accompanied our carriages as we drove from the race-course to the town, and more than ten times fights arose among them. The confluence of guests was so great that we with difficulty found a miserable lodging: our dinner was, however, good, and very abundant. Galway was chiefly built by the Spaniards. Some descendants of the ancient families still exist, as do several very curious houses of that period. It struck me as characteristic, that in a town of forty thousand inhabitants there was not a single bookseller's shop or circulating library to be found. The suburbs and all the villages through which we passed on our way, were of a kind which I should vainly attempt to liken to any thing ever seen before—pigsties are palaces in comparison; and I often saw numerous groups of children (for the prolificness of the Irish people seems to keep pace with their wretchedness), naked as they came into the world, roll and paddle about with the ducks in the filthy kennels, with the greatest delight."

Our next quotation is a fairy legend.

"An old man who has the care of the woods of Castle Hackett, and has the reputation of knowing more than other men about the 'good people,' told us these circumstances connected with the death of his son, in the style of a romance. 'I knew it,' said he, 'four days before—I knew he would die; for, as I was going home that evening about twilight, I saw them scouring in a wild chase over the plain. Their red dresses fluttered in the wind; and the lakes turned to ice as they came near, and walls and trees bowed themselves to the earth before them; and they rode over the tops of the thicket as if it were over the green grass. In front rode the queen, on a white stag-like horse; and by her I saw, with a shudder, my son, whom she smiled upon and caressed; while he, with a fevered eye, looked wistfully at her, till all were past Castle Hackett. Then I knew that it was all over with him—that same day he took to his bed—on the third I carried him to the grave. There was not a handsomer or a better lad in Connemara, and it was for that the queen chose him.'"

Another superstition is thus related:—

"We have had a strange accomplishment of a prophecy. Miss Kitty, one of my host's daughters, and a very nice girl, had her fortune told yesterday by the gipsies. I was by, and heard the woman say to her, among many common-place predictions, 'Be upon your guard; for a shot will be fired in at your window, and your stay in B—— will not be long after that.' We thought the prediction rather serious, and communicated it to the family on our return, but were only laughed at. The next morning early, we were all alarmed by the firing of two shots; Miss Kitty rushed down stairs half-dressed, and nearly fainting from terror; and every one in the house ran to see what was the matter. We found that two of Kitty's younger brothers, who had been on a visit to Mrs. M——, had returned quite unexpectedly to fetch their sister, had played the silly trick of firing their fowling-pieces up at her window, and had done it so awkwardly that they had broken it. They were soundly rated, and then drove off with Miss Kitty; so that every thing happened precisely as the old woman,—Heaven only knows how!—had seen in the lines of her hand."

Our author is fierce and furious against Orangemen; a specimen of which class he thus describes:—

"I will give you the quintessence of his conversation. 'I have served my king for nearly thirty years in almost every part of the world, and want rest. Nevertheless, it is my most ardent wish, which I daily pray God to grant, that I may live to see a 'good sound rebellion' in Ireland. If I were called out to serve again, or if I were to lay down my life the very day it broke out, I should make the sacrifice willingly, could I but be sure that the blood of five millions of Catholics would flow at the same time with my own. Rebellion!—that's the point at which I want to see them, at which I wait for them, and to which they must be led on, that we may make an end of them at once; for there can be no peace in Ireland till the whole race is exterminated, and nothing but an open rebellion, and an English army to put it down, can effect this!'"

From Irish politics we pass to Irish gaiety: in travelling to Galway, the writer says:—

"We saw a number of labourers sitting by the road-side on heaps of stone, which they were breaking. My companion said, 'Those are conquerors; their whole business is to break in pieces and destroy, and they rise on the ruins they make.' Meanwhile our driver blew his horn to announce the post, for which, as with us, every thing must make way: the tone, however, came forth with such difficulty and sounded so piteously, that we all laughed. A pretty boy, of about twelve, looking like a personification of happiness and joy, though half naked, was sitting on a heap of stones, hammering. He shouted with mischievous glee, and called out to the angry driver, 'Oh, ho, friend, your trumpet has caught cold; it is as hoarse as my old grandmother: cure it directly with a glass of potheen, or it will die of a consumption before you reach Galway!' A loud laugh from all the labourers followed as chorus. 'There,' said my companion, 'there you see our people,—starvation and laughter,—that is their lot. Would you believe that, from the number of labourers and the scarcity of labour, not one of these men earns enough to buy sufficient food; and yet every one of them will spare something to his priest: and if you go into his cabin will give you half of his last potato, and a joke into the bargain."

Fulcher's Lady's Memorandum-Book and Poetical Miscellany, 1832. *Poems from Fulcher's Lady's Memorandum-Book, &c. &c.* Sudbury, Fulcher; London, Suttaby and Co.

THE first of these pretty little tomes is a very neat pocket-book; the second is a selection from the pages of its predecessors, and contains some graceful poetry by various popular authors. The following, by Mary Howitt, is full of that thoughtful sweetness, that associating human feeling and natural images, in which she is so peculiarly happy.

"*The Snow-drop.*

The snowdrop! 'tis an English flower,
And grows beneath our garden trees;
For every heart it has a dower
Of old and dear remembrances.
All look upon it, and straightway
Recall their youth like yesterday;
Their sunny years when forth they went
Wandering in weariless content;
Their little plot of garden ground,
The pleasant orchard's quiet bound;
Their father's home, so free from care,
And the familiar faces there.
The household voices kind and sweet,
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone!
The mother that was sure to greet
Their coming with a welcome tone;
The brothers that were children then,
Now anxious, thoughtful, toiling men;
And the kind sisters, whose glad mirth
Was like a sunshine on the earth;—
These come back to the heart supine,
Flower of our youth! at look of thine;
And thou, among the dimmed and gone,
Art an unaltered thing alone!

Unchanged, unchanged—the very flower
That grew in Eden droopingly,
Which now beside the peasant's door
Awakes his merry children's glee,
Even as it filled his heart with joy
Beside his mother's door—a boy;
The same, and to his heart it brings
The freshness of those vanished springs.
Bloom, then, fair flower! in sun and shade,
For deep thought in thy cup is laid,
And careless children, in their glee,
A sacred memory make of thee."

There are some pretty landscapes, one or two of which are painted again in words by our old friend, Bernard Barton; and Miss Acton, and an anonymous writer, G. W. F., have helped to vary these pages. We should add that, bound in crimson and gold, the whole does much credit to the taste of Sudbury.

The Family Topographer: being a Compendious Account of the Ancient and Present State of the Counties of England. By Sam. Tymms. Vol. I.—Home Circuit. London, 1832. Nichols and Son.

THIS is the first portion of a publication intended to be a compendious account of the histories and antiquities of the counties of England; and of which the editor says, the plan is so extensive as to embrace a notice of nearly every thing of interest or importance in the history, statistics, and localities of each country, viz. situation and extent—ancient state and remains—present state and appearance—history—eminent natives—and miscellaneous matters. The little volume before us contains Essex, Herts, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; and in its general features is executed in the most satisfactory manner; affording all the information that could be desired within so small a compass, and pointing the way to more where it may be wanted. We copy a few of the miscellanies for the sake of their curiosity.

"At Lenham is a remarkable inscription, stating that Robert Thompson, Esq. was grandchild to Mary Honywood, wife of Robert Honywood, of Charing, who had at her decease 367 children lawfully descended from her: 16 of her own body, 114 grand-children, 228 of the third generation, and 9 in the fourth. She lies buried in this church, but her monument is at Marks Hall, Essex. Here is a stone confessional chair."

"At Rochester is an almshouse founded by one of the representatives, with this remarkable inscription: 'Richard Watts, Esq. by his will, dated 22d August, 1579, founded this charity for six poor travellers, who *not being rogues or proctors*, may receive gratis, for one night, lodging, entertainment, and four-pence each.' The reason assigned for this aversion to proctors is, that the one employed to make his will during an illness, from which he recovered, had constituted himself heir to his estates. Much land in this and other counties is held of Rochester Castle by the tenure of perfect castle guard: on St. Andrew's day, old style, a banner is hung out at the house of the receiver of the rents, and every tenant neglecting then to discharge his proper rent, is liable to have it doubled every time the tide passes the adjacent bridge during the time it remains unpaid."

"At Wateringbury, in 1562, was buried Thomas Boothe, aged 112."

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"In Working churchyard grows a kind of plant, about the thickness of a bulrush, with a top like asparagus, shooting up nearly to the surface of the earth, above which it never appears, and when the corpse is quite consumed the plant dies away. This observation has been made in other churchyards, when the soil is a light red sand."

"At Broadwater, died, December 9, 1734, John Burnet, aged 109. He had six wives, three of whom he married and buried after he had entered his 101st year."

These are samples of the mixed intelligence with which the *Family Topographer* abounds: we cannot say much for the information furnished by the following entry:

"At Sible Hedingham was buried its native Sir John Hawkwood, who has acquired immortal but not very honourable renown."

Editors should be more explicit. But we will not end our notice with carping at a work which every way merits our approbation.

Memory, and other Poems. By Hawkins A. D'Alton. 18mo. pp. 82. London, 1831. J. Kendrick.

THE sooner *Memory* is forgotten the better: it is the attempt of a fervent mind, but no poetry.

The New Bankrupt Act, 1 and 2 Will. IV. cap. 56. With an Introduction, Notes, and Index. By a Barrister. 12mo. pp. 38. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a reprint of the Lord Chancellor's act, with an introduction and notes, which explain the precise alterations made in the law clearly and concisely. As the act is of very general interest, we are glad to see it here presented in a convenient form, and at a moderate price; and we recommend it as well to our unprofessional as to our professional readers.

Torini: a Tale of Italy. 12mo. pp. 112. London, 1831. Rolandi.

EVIDENTLY the production of a young author; one delighting in horrors, murder, and sudden death. We are reluctant to say much about a slight and unpretending volume, and shall therefore content ourselves by hinting the necessity of a less exaggerated taste.

Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to the Regent's Park, Zoological Gardens, &c. With Map, and numerous Illustrations on Wood. By G. W. Bonner. London, 1832. W. Kidd.

THE lions of the Regent's Park, including the *living* lions of the Zoological menagerie, have been so often described in our several periodical journals, as to leave but little new to be said on the subject. Yet we find, on turning over the elegant little tract before us, that there is a wider field for the picturesque in the survey of these gardens than we had previously expected, where every object reminds you of the productions of art, except the zoological prisoners in their wire-worked dens and cages. The merits of this *Pocket Companion*, therefore, consist in the embellishments rather than the letter-press, which is, however, quite sufficient; many of the wood engravings being among the best specimens of the art we have hitherto met with. "Macclesfield Bridge" (over the canal) is quite a gem, both as to drawing and engraving. "Mr. Jenkins' Thatched Cottage," with its ivy mantle, (within the inner circle), is also a beautiful bit of the picturesque. "The Marquess of Hertford's," and the other mansions within the drive; the principal objects in the Zoological Gardens; and a third on the lake, are also sweet specimens of the present state of wood-cutting; while they serve to convey a perfect idea of the several objects, and form both a pleasing and a cheap guide to the Regent's Park and its various attractions.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE Society on Wednesday evening received several reports from their committees, which they confirmed. When we consider the number of communications which have been made to this institution, and the extent of the rewards which have been bestowed at different times, we are rather surprised that there should yet remain claimants for the Society's encouragement. Such, however, is the nature of man, something or other is continually being forwarded to the institution, though the communicants may not always prove successful, as the subjects annexed, which were negatived by the Society, will evince, viz.:—a transparent dial-plate for a time-piece; a swivel rein; a machine for boot and shoe makers; a grate-pan and a fire-escape.

Several communications, which had been received since the last meeting, were announced by the Secretary:—on the manufacture of church-bells; a cylinder for a steam-engine; a mode of preventing the collision of steam-boats, &c.; a method of heating hot-houses by hot water; a machine for weighing coals on board ship; and a method of communicating between a stranded vessel and the shore, which were referred to the respective committees. Many presents were mentioned as having been received.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 1. A. B. Lambert, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—This being the first meeting after the recess, it was numerously attended; and upwards of a hundred books on various branches of natural history were presented to the Society.—A letter was read from the venerable ornithologist, Dr. Latham, announcing that two birds of the short-tailed tern (*sterna plumbea*) were shot near Winchester, in the beginning of last month, and are the first that have been noticed in this country, the species being a native of North America.—There was also read a communication by Robert Brown, Esq. entitled, "Observations on the organs and mode of fecundation in Orchideæ and Asclepiadeæ." This paper, full of profound remarks on the structure and economy of the parts of fructification in these two tribes of plants, is to be concluded next meeting.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ON Nov. 1, the Horticultural Society resumed its meetings; but at this wintry season there is not much to attract notice in the gardener's way. The storing of autumn fruits for preservation is nevertheless an important object in domestic economy; and it is rather surprising, when we consider the advance of chemical science, that greater improvements have not been made in this process.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY week being the first evening of the session, the Society assembled at their apartments in Somerset House; R. I. Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair. Two fellows were elected, and the president then communicated a paper from Dr. Turnbull Christie, containing the observations made by the author in the neighbourhood of Palermo, and during his journey from that city by Cefalu and Nicosia to Catania, and thence along the eastern coast to Cape Passero. The memoir described, in detail, the secondary and newer deposits which constitute that part of Sicily, but dwelt more particularly on the bone caves and bone breccia which occur near Palermo and Syracuse, and on the data which they afford of the relative period when the coasts of Sicily were raised above the present level of the sea. The paper was illustrated by numerous sections and a large collection of specimens, which was presented to the Society. The author of this memoir, who had arrived thus far on his journey to India, has undertaken the laborious task of investigating the geology and meteorology of Hindostan, and for that purpose had provided himself with complete sets of necessary instruments. The tables were covered by numerous other contributions, both to the museums and the library. Among the donors to the former were Capt. King, R.N. (the collection made during his survey of Terra del Fuego, &c.), Dr. Buckland, the directors of the United Mexican Mining Association, &c.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting of this Society was held at Bruton Street, on Thursday, Nov. 3; Joseph Sabine, Esq. in the chair. The report stated that the number of visitors to the gardens during the last month was 16,244, and the sum paid at the gate was 711*l.* 14*s.*: the amount received at the museum was 19*l.* 14*s.* It was further stated that several presents had been received since the last meeting, particularly an armadillo and a Honduras turkey, from the Earl of Ilchester. Of the latter bird, only two skins had before been received in Europe, and no specimen had ever been landed alive in this country. Its plumage, when adult, is of the most beautiful golden bronze colour; and the accession of such a bird to the menagerie is most valuable and interesting. The noble lord has distinguished himself by his patronage of the science of zoology.—Notice was given of a motion for the appointment of a garden committee, to suggest to the council such horticultural improvements and embellishments as might appear desirable. It was mentioned that a purchase of 3000 valuable Dutch roots had been made for the garden. A most magnificent donation was referred to, which will be reported at the next meeting.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A SPECIAL general meeting of this Society is summoned for Monday evening next, immediately after the ordinary meeting is concluded. Its purport is, "To bestow his Majesty's first premium of fifty guineas for the encouragement of geographical science and discovery, on Mr. Richard Lander, for his discoveries in Africa. Also to receive a report of the Council respecting the union of the African Association with the Royal Geographical Society."

The paper to be read: "Is the Quorra the Niger of antiquity?" By Colonel Leake.

SCIENTIFIC MEETING AT YORK.

WE announced, some time ago, that men of science were going on a thorny pilgrimage to York, to lay their offerings at the shrine of Nature, which, unfortunately, like the sphinx, her emblem, with her fair woman's face and neck, shews also the claws of a lioness. Whether, really, the murmurs of some unjustly

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neglected men blew an adverse wind—whether the catholic influence of a much-discussed parliamentary measure—or whether the golden harvest generally reaped in anticipation by the devotees of science has been again blasted, we do not know; certainly to the latter fact alone we attribute the absence of any continental *savans:* equally evident is it, that great neglect has been shewn on the part of many of our countrymen, in not promoting, by their presence, or their communications, an object so truly deserving of their patronage, both as serving to diffuse a taste for scientific pursuits in the different towns of the United Kingdom, and as reflecting credit upon the unanimity of feeling that existed, at least in one cause, and the general enthusiasm which was felt for its promotion. The pride of science bears no relation to the real value of its researches, that is to say, to its utility to mankind; on the contrary, it is proportionate only to the abstractedness of the subject. The astronomers smile good naturedly, which is much worse than to look with contempt, on the labours of the experimental philosophers—the chemist smiles at the geologist—the zoologist at the botanist—the entomologist at the zoophyte-gatherer and microscope-examiner, who is lost among the sands of the ocean, while the other professors stand, like birds of the sea, each in all the solitude and desolation of an isolated rock.

An association of the kind proposed might, by bringing individuals into personal acquaintance, have wrought miraculous changes in this state of things; but the very first meeting has been a decided failure, which we may also partly attribute to the want of publicity given to its proceedings and to its results.

The meetings commenced on the 26th of September, in the museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society; Lord Milton in the chair. The Rev. W. H. Harcourt detailed the views of the congress, which was to found a British association for the advancement of science, having for its principal objects to give a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to the efforts of men of science,—to remove the national obstacles (*quære*, what are the national obstacles?) that now exist to its advancement, and extend the intercourse with foreign philosophers. He was not of opinion that this association was called for by the declining state of science, for he did not believe that it was declining while he could quote the names of *Davy*, *Wollaston*, and *Young* (all *three* dead!); but he thought the association was called for by the increasing love of science, and the growing number of scientific institutions in the country. The reverend gentleman concluded, by proposing resolutions, the final consideration of which was left to the committee, consisting of authors of communications to philosophical societies. There were meetings after this twice a-day during the week, interspersed with promenades in the museum, lectures, and concerts. We do not object to this mode of proceeding—the harmonious union of man with nature, and the spirit of peaceful living communion with the universe that is generated by the researches of science, may find a new zest in musical utterance, or in high cheerful devotion to the better sex. As we are ignorant of most of the papers, except by name, we cannot enter upon their merits, though the part of them which has already appeared before the public may rather be considered as lectures than as novel scientific communications. Dr. Brewster read memoirs on the determination of minerals by means of polarised light,—on a new instrument for determining precious stones,—on the structure of the crystalline lens,—on a new analysis of solar light. Mr. Murchison communicated the principal results of Mr. Gilbertson's researches concerning the shells of existing species which are found in the gravel bed and silt of Lancashire. Mr. Dalton read memoirs on the quantity of food and insensible perspiration, from experiments made upon his own person; and on the specific gravity of the human body. Dr. Henry read an essay on the philosophical character of Priestley; and a memoir on a peculiar phenomenon belonging to the copper ore of Anglesea. Mr. Phillips read an account of the new volcanic island: Mr. Allan, a notice of a large aquamarine in the possession of the Duke of Braganza: Mr. Robison, on a barometer of linseed oil, and the means of purifying it from its gaseous contents: Mr. Forbes, on the horary oscillations of the barometer: Sir James South, on an anomaly in the passage of the satellites of Jupiter over the disc of the planet. The translation of a memoir, on a method of rendering visible the traces of erased writing, by Professor Gazzeri, of Florence, was read. Dr. Brewster mentioned the similar evolution, by the application of heat, of the legends of worn-out coins and medals; and mentioned his surprise at first reading on such a medal, when placed on hot iron, in letters of flame, the legend, *Benedictum sit nomen Dei*. Mr. W. Hutton was, as usual, occupied with the great whin sill; and Mr. Johnston similarly engaged with the new metal Vanadium. Mr. Potter read memoirs on a reflecting microscope lately constructed by him; and a memoir on the refraction of light. Mr. Witham read a memoir on fossil vegetation. Dr. Daubeny lectured on the connexion between mineral springs and volcanic action, and on the gaseous contents of Taff's Well, near Cardiff; and explained the principle of some experiments made by the Rev. W. Taylor on certain modes of increasing the intensity of gas light without increased consumption of gas. The Rev. W. V. Harcourt exhibited to the meeting a new lamp, invented by him for the purpose of economical illumination, by the consumption of the cheaper kinds of oils.

On Friday a large party of the members of the Association proceeded, according to invitation, to enjoy the hospitality of Bishopthorpe Palace. And on Saturday evening, the business being concluded, Lord Morpeth addressed the meeting at some length, and moved that thanks be given to Dr. Brewster, and the other authors who favoured them with communications. Mr. Murchison returned thanks, as also Dr. Brewster and Mr. Dalton; and Mr. Harcourt declared the meeting adjourned to next year to Oxford: the officers for the ensuing year being—President, Dr. Buckland; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Brewster and Professor Whewell; Secretary, Dr. Daubeny.

When we announce the place of meeting for the ensuing year, let us hope that the approbation of the design of this association, which has been so universally expressed by scientific men, will lead them, on future occasions, to take a more active part in its proceedings; that it may finally be the means of promoting the comforts and augmenting the resources of civilised man, and may confer fresh lustre on British science.

NEW LAMP.

We have been favoured by Mr. Hall, of Greek Street, with the experimental trial of an improved lamp invented by him, and now produced for public consideration. We burnt it during a whole evening, about seven hours, and were perfectly satisfied that it possessed a great superiority over any light hitherto exhibited. The flame produced is entirely white, and without smoke; and the effect so luminous and clear, that we read rather small print distinctly by it at the distance of many yards. We had no opportunity of ascertaining the exact intensity, as compared with other lamps or with gas, in a philosophical way, but the difference to the common eye is so striking, as to require no demonstration to establish it; and we have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that this mode of lighting is a discovery of extraordinary value, and likely to be most extensively useful. Employed in the streets, it would be a perfect illumination, and in houses it is certainly a brilliant improvement. The secret consists in a preparation of the oil; and Mr. Hall assures us that it is cheaper than sperm oil, with the great advantage of burning without an offensive odour. On the whole, we recommend this lamp to the attention of the scientific world and to the public at large.

NEW PATENTS

Ganted by his Majesty for Inventions.—Sealed, 1831.

To Samuel Crosley, of Cottage Lane, City Road, in the county of Middlesex, gas-meter manufacturer, for his invention of an improved gas-meter. 3d October—6 months.

To Daniel Dunscomb Bradford, a citizen of the United States of North America, but now residing in Dorset Place, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, in the county of Middlesex, in consequence of a communication made to him by Solomon Andrews, residing at Amboy, New Jersey, in the said United States of North America, he is in possession of an invention of certain improvements in lamps. 4th October—6 months.

To Peter Young, of Fenchurch Street, in the city of London, rope and sail maker, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of an invention of a new mode of manufacturing mangel-wurzel, for the purpose of producing various known articles of commerce. 6th October—6 months.

To John Christopher, of New Bond Street, in the city of London, merchant, for his invention of an improvement in clothes-buttons. 7th October—6 months.

To William Drake, of Bedminster, near the city of Bristol, tanner, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in tanning hides and skins. 7th October—6 months.

To George Lowe, of Brick Lane, in the parish of St. Luke's, Old Street, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in, and connected with, the manufacture of gas for illumination. 13th October—6 months.

To William Hale, of Colchester, in the county of Essex, machinist, for his invention of improvements in machinery or apparatus for propelling vessels, which improvements are also applicable for raising or forcing fluids. 13th October—6 months.

To William Ainsworth Jump, of Marston, in the county of Chester, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in drawing or extracting salt from salt pans. 14th October—6 months.

To John Smith and William Dollet, both of Liverpool, gentlemen, for their invention of a durable copy-book or writing-tablet, and improved delible ink to be used therewith. 14th October—6 months.

To John Cowderoy, of Britannia Street, Hoxton New Road, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus to be used in the process of making or manufacturing bread and biscuits. 14th October—6 months.

To Thomas Henry Pollard, of Park Street, Grosvenor Square, in the county of Middlesex, estate and house agent, for his invention of certain improvements in chimneys, by the application of a mechanical apparatus as smoke-conductor. 19th October—2 months.

Newton and Berry.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The English School. Nos. XX. to XXV. Tilt.

As memoranda of many of the finest works of English artists, these little plates continue to be very interesting. It will be judicious, however, to confine them to such productions as are distinguished by beauty of form; for of those the excellence of which consists in effect, they, of course, cannot convey the slightest idea.

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History of the County Palatine of Lancaster. Parts VIII. and IX. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

Of the portion of this valuable topographical publication which belongs to the Fine Arts, we can continue to speak with undiminished praise.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Engraved by W. and E. Finden. Part XIX. Tilt.

As usual, four beautiful views, viz. "Liverpool, 1664," drawn by S. Austin; "Woodstock," drawn by W. Westall, A.R.A.; "Dumfries," drawn by A. Chisholm; and "Old St. Cuthbert's Church," drawn by D. Roberts, from a sketch by J. Skene. The view of Liverpool is especially interesting, as affording a striking contrast to the present condition of that magnificent port; and the view of Dumfries, as exhibiting Burns's mausoleum.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

[Agreeably to our promise, we this week give a map, copied from a foreign chart, of the progress of Cholera, since its appearance at Jessore in 1817, to the present time. Jessore is distinguished as a dark spot, a little from Calcutta, on the Hooghly river; and the principal ramifications of the disease are traced by a black line, with dates marking its fatal progress till it reached Hamburgh. Thence we lament to be obliged to continue the line across to Sunderland; but that must now be done.* It will be seen that we have not designated Vienna, Pesth, Berlin, Astrakhan, Cairo, and numerous towns in Hungary and the Austrian territories, which have since been ravaged, on the map, — the public knowledge of the prevalence of Cholera at these places being adequately supplied by our text in the last and present *Gazettes*. We cannot conclude without again pointing attention to the facts, that at Sunderland the comparatively small number of cases within more than a week, affords great encouragement to the belief, that the disease will not be so terrible in this country as elsewhere; — that the statement respecting its unfrequent attack upon children, is another cheering proof that moral courage is a strong preservative; for children are not subject to fear like grown-up persons, of weak nerves and timid dispositions, and therefore less liable to be affected.]

On the Infectious Character of the Pestilential Cholera, and on the proposed Means for preventing its Propagation.

It has been remarked, that the pestilential cholera "travels not with the erratic course of a contagious distemper, but with a march steadily progressive, in a particular direction."† We have this week presented our readers with a chart of this "march;" and we leave it to their judgment, whether the following of the high roads of the communications of men, the universal law by which it appears to have spread over cities, travelled with caravans, navigated with ships, and ascended the course of much-frequented rivers, do not speak more decisively of a propagation dependent on the intercourse of the human species, than an "erratic course" (which we should think would be more characteristic of an epidemic) could possibly have done. But there are some curious facts contained in the history of this propagation upon which it behoves us to dwell, however briefly, if we wish to anticipate correctly the probable dissemination and effects of this disease in our own country. The distinction which we made in the last *Gazette* between *contagious* and *infectious*, has been considered as a mere verbal distinction, but it certainly is not so; and we must, in continuing the history of cholera, insist upon the difference; for a simply contagious disease cannot be propagated at short distances, nor by garments, furniture, or merchandise, and exhibits particular phenomena, both with regard to the time that it may remain latent in the body of the person afflicted, and with regard to the predisposition to disease of different individuals; while its infectious character consists in the emanation from the body of the individual affected, of matter which contains the germs of the disease, and which may attach itself to organic or inorganic objects. These, again, may change their place, or move to distances, without losing the baneful power of communicating their poison to predisposed individuals. Contagion we must consider as a propagation of the disease from contact with the individual's self, or with his excretions or secretions;—infection, from the vicinity to the immediate or imported effluvia or miasma of the patient.

We have before demonstrated the non-contagious properties of the cholera, as proved by the inoculation of medical men, and other facts, while the history of the disease equally exhibited its infectious character. It has been remarked, by various writers on this subject, that in Europe, with all the apparatus of lazarettos, and cordons, and plague-boards, the disease has spread as widely, while the mortality has been proportionally greater than in India. But have these preventive means been directed against a contagious or an infectious disorder? There are many striking facts in the progress of the cholera which prove that when quarantine measures were in force, it was propagated by neglect (Sunderland), or by infection, as at Moscow, where the medical board asserted that the cholera was not propagated by means of merchandise, and deprecated purification, as injurious to the value of the articles. This was done while the other quarantine regulations were in force; and the results are now before the world. Egypt has probably been indebted for this scourge to the same inattention, as their regulations were transmitted by the French board of health, and do not contain advice on this subject; and the same neglect led the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia to give up in despair their unsuccessful sanitary cordons.

The attention of all enlightened men will now be turned towards the peculiar characters which the disease will exhibit in this country, and we shall consequently compare its appearance and progress here with the phenomena it exhibited in other European countries. It appears that a vessel came from Hamburgh — it has been stated Riga—and passed up the river at Sunderland to Deptford to perform quarantine. This was so ineffectual, that persons were attacked on shore; and one individual having been taken to the Infirmary, communicated the disease after death to a nurse. This nurse was taken ill on Tuesday, at one o'clock, and expired at eight in the evening. The cases up to Saturday, November 5, were only five. The daughter-in-law of one of the patients, who had also caught the infection, has recovered; and on the 7th there were only three new cases: a Mrs. Wilson, who had no advice for sixteen hours after the attack, and who died in twenty-four hours—a man, Ellington, æt. 50, who died in six or eight hours—and D. Ellerman, who was sinking fast by the latest accounts. There have been only twenty cases since the disease first made its appearance—a source of more real comfort than any thing we can say on the chances of infection. Dr. Daun, who has been sent to Sunderland by government, and other medical men who have seen the disease, are of opinion that these were cases of Asiatic cholera, though, from the meagre details which have yet reached us, there is nothing to distinguish them from the cases which appeared at Port Glasgow in the months of July and August 1831,* and which Dr. Daun pronounced to be British cholera. Now, if we scrutinise the European progress of the cholera, it will be seen that it came into great cities often in the same undecided manner—that it would even take an eccentric course, and pass by a town that lay immediately in its path, to appear in another, which it must have reached by a circuitous route—that it would diffuse itself immediately over a town so generally, and at such remote points, as to preclude all idea of mere connexion with infected persons—and that it exhibited the still more marvellous, though well-established feature, of being diffused even by those who are themselves exempt from it. Struck by the peculiarity of the progress of this disease during the first few days of its existence in an English town, and ignorant of the phenomena exhibited by it during its progress across Europe, the *Courier* of Thursday evening, in a leading article, well suited for the lovers of the supernatural, asserted its existence every where—that it was at London, as well as at Sunderland, only that certain circumstances were wanting to develop the poisonous germ.

The cholera was at Astrakhan in 1823, and in July 1830 it again approached that city by sea from the trans-Caucasian little sea-port of Bakou, and from Tiflis through the gates of the Caucasus; and the official documents now published† prove indubitably that the disease spread from Georgia to that town by the only means of communication existing between the two places. From Tiflis it touched all the intermediate points on the road to the gates of the Caucasus; and it appeared at Mosdok, Zerdrin, and Kislan, on the other side of this range of mountains. Every thing remained quiet in Astrakhan till the 20th of July: the disease was confined to the Sedtoff quarantine place; but on that fatal day three men were attacked in the city. On the 27th it reached the suburbs, and extended over the province. There are several peculiar features of uniformity in the progress of the cholera; and even in its eccentricities we recognise the action of circumstances which influence human intercourse. These are, 1st, that in its progress it has always been traced along the great thoroughfares of a country, attacking places in succession; 2dly, it does not attack a large space of territory of a new country at once, but gradually,—the first point of attack being invariably on a frontier or a coast, as in Russia, Orenburg, and Astra-

* We cannot omit mentioning a very remarkable circumstance connected with the "march" of Cholera, for the truth of which we can vouch. A very able teacher in one of our public institutions, who had bestowed much pains in ascertaining the advance of Cholera, *two months ago* declared, from his observation of the north-western direction in which it appeared to him generally to move, that *if it reached our shores, it would strike them somewhere to the north of Hull!!!*

† Letter to Sir Henry Halford, Bart. M.D. &c. on the Tendency of the proposed Regulations for Cholera, &c. By G. H. Bell. Edinburgh, 1831. W. Blackwood.—We particularly recommend this short but valuable letter to all our readers.

* See a curious and interesting pamphlet, entitled Observations on Cholera as it appeared at Port Glasgow. By John Marshall, M.D. Edinburgh, 1831. Waugh and Innes.—Dr. Marshall will see that our information is derived from very varied sources; and had he placed more importance in facts than in words, we think that he would hardly have unbent his dignity to charge us with pilfering an *expression*.

† Die Asiatische Cholera in Russland, in den Jahren 1829-30, nach Russischen Quellen bearbeitet. Von D. Lichtenstädt. Berlin, 1831.

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khan; 3dly, whenever it invades a new country it begins in a great commercial mart; and 4thly, the rapidity of the propagation of the disease appears to be proportionate to the distances and to the means of communication.* The cholera ascended the Volga to Twer, a distance of 550 leagues, in a little more than two months. Its progress was equally rapid at the very same time along the Don to Woronetz, and no less so on the banks of the Dneiper; so that in six months the disease had traversed Russia, from the Caucasian provinces to the governments of Twer and Yarastaf, a distance of 700 leagues. Among Russian works, the *Actes et Observations qui ont rapport au Cholera d'Orenbourgh*, published by the Medical Board of St. Petersburgh, and *Remarques sur le Cholera à Astrakhan en* 1830, by Dr. Salomon, are redolent with proof of the same peculiarities of infectious character; and we have before us a curious little work, *Observations faites sur le Cholera Morbus dans le quartier de la Yakimanka à Moscou, en* 1830, *par Zoubkoff, Naturaliste* (Moscow, 1830), in which the author, although strongly opposed to the infectious nature of the disease, acknowledges that he himself scarcely ever went into the proximity of an affected person without experiencing symptoms of the disease—symptoms which twice laid him on a sick bed. An infected barge took the disease to St. Petersburgh, and in three days it broke out in a dozen parts of the town, widely separated from each other.† This is one of the startling facts which have always led contagionists to doubt; while, the disease being once established, the total exemption of some from the influence of contagion, makes the anti-contagionists increase with the increase of the disease.

We cannot, if we wish to make any remarks upon the proposed means for preventing the progress of the disease, enter into details upon the gradual mode of its dissemination: suffice it, that after finding the inutility of sanitary cordons, the King of Prussia abolished them altogether; and the Emperor of Austria almost apologises to his people for ever having established them. It appears that, from the 13th of June to the 18th of October, the disease had existed in 2960 places in the Austrian dominions, when the total number of persons attacked was 335,711. Of these, 151,620 have recovered, 151,734 died, and 32,957 still remained under medical treatment. The disorder had ceased in 1001 places, and had appeared in 125 other places.

It is almost certain, from the facts contained in the history of this very malignant disorder, that, though propagated across countries and along the lines of the communication of men, it cannot be arrested by the ordinary quarantine measures; and it is further almost demonstrated, that a number of individuals may be exposed to the contact or neighbourhood of a diseased person, and the malady may only be communicated to one or two. Only one member of a family may be attacked,* while, at the same time, individuals whose business and occupation kept them at a distance from the seat of the malady have been afflicted by its poisonous influence. Upon a knowledge of these facts we should found the conduct to be pursued by government or by individuals. There can be no doubt that severe quarantine measures, as proposed by the Board of Health, are injurious to the interests of society, to the commerce of the country, and are equally disastrous to the sick and healthy. "He (the cholera) becomes more bloated and venomous by confinement; he thrives on the thick foul vapours of the lazar-house; he is the monster 'that doth make the meat it feeds on.' We should beware, then, how we attempt to isolate the disease."—(*London Medical Gazette, Oct.* 29, 1831.) We do not mean to imply that regulations for putting shipping into quarantine should be neglected; but the idea of putting the houses under such regulations is prejudicial in the extreme: it entails secresy, it causes a panic, and impedes the philanthropic exertions of relatives or of medical men; and if it be true, as it appears to be from the statements that have been laid before the public—statements contained in the history of the progress of the malady, and not in the assertions of any individual—that the chances of communication are pretty equal, they become absurd, as they are unnecessary.

"Were these regulations harmless," says Dr. Hamilton Bell, "or did there exist any reasonable expectation that if enforced they could stay the progress of the disease, or confine it to the house or family in which it may first appear, such a sacrifice for the common benefit might be expected. But I will venture to say, that, even on that hypothesis, it would be found almost impracticable to enforce the regulations against even one or two families; while, if the disease is to manifest itself here with the wide-spreading desolation which has marked its progress elsewhere, your regulations would not only be nugatory, but any attempt to carry them into execution would be attended with consequences even more fatal than the spreading of the disease itself, and would multiply tenfold the mortality among those attacked." Dr. Young† also gives his opinion as decidedly at variance with the authority of the Board of Health in recommending "the immediate separation of the uninfected from the sick." And though we do not like the abuse of the most learned of their profession, given by a portion of the daily press, we decidedly consider that putting any such measures in force would be decidedly impolitic and cruel, and will never meet with approbation except from the cowardly and the selfish. Under the impression of terror likely to be produced by these regulations, it is likewise to be expected that the domestics of the wealthier classes will fly the house as soon as a case of the disease occurs; the wretched inmates would have to depend upon the worst description of mercenaries, or must devote themselves to duties or labours for which they are by health, habit, or prejudice, totally unfit; and the obnoxious surveillance under which those affected by the disease are proposed to be placed will inevitably lead to the evasion of the rules of the legislature, and even to the neglect of medical advice, for fear of giving publicity to the case. We will not dwell upon the necessity of allaying panic and alarm; the best remedy for this will be found in an attentive consideration of the phenomena of the disease, and the mode of its propagation. It is a *new* pestilence, and we do not know the character of constitution most liable to be affected; but there is not much more to be dreaded than from the ordinary accidents and afflictions to which we are daily exposed as human beings, and which we must be prepared to meet with the caution that is based on knowledge, and the fortitude which we derive from correct religious feeling. In the impossibility to avert, let us, to the best of our means, endeavour to preserve ourselves from this pestilential malady; but in doing so, let us never for a moment be unmindful of what will be in duty expected from us by those who may be the victims of its painful attacks.

To what we have thus stated, we beg leave to add a note from one of the most eminent medical practitioners in London: every light thrown upon the important subject under consideration must be welcome to the public.

At this moment of alarm from the presence of one of the most awful visitations with which it has pleased the Almighty at any time to afflict so large a portion of mankind, it appears a laudable and legitimate object to offer comfort, by presenting to the public any means of prevention or cure, by informing it of the opinions of those medical men who have made this the subject of their inquiry, however novel may be the plan proposed.

Hitherto we have seen nothing in the public prints that is likely to give consolation, or that tends to lessen the danger of this epidemic; but, on the contrary, rather to induce one of the most exciting of all causes to this disease—fear.

The physicians of our own country have all directed their attention rather to the means of cure when the dreaded blow is struck, than to the consideration of prevention—at least as far as refers to medicinal means—prescribing only cleanliness, diet, and general means for the purpose of avoiding rather than of preparing the system against the malignancy of the cholera.

If, however, we find in the history of modern discoverers in medical science, the name of a man old in practice, and yet standing conspicuously forward in his attempts to advance the principles on which that science is founded, no small attention should be paid to the means which he and those of his school have proposed to remedy disease.

Dr. Hahnemann, to whom we allude, is not to be considered as a tyro forming a chimerical hypothesis imagined by an inventive mind, and fostered in his closet unaided by practice; but as one of mature age, having acquired reputation and wealth sufficient to prove his success as a physician. At this period, instead of being satisfied that he had performed his duty to mankind, he has given the energies of his mind to the investigation of those principles upon which only a true system of medicine could be founded. The fruit of this laborious research he has long since put forth in his work, the *Organon*, unfortunately little known in this country, although his practice, and that of his widely-extending school, has made a rapid progress in many parts of the continent.

The broad principle upon which he conducts his mode of cure, and which he has termed Homœopathic (ὁμοιος παθος), is founded upon the following dogma.

THE DOGMA.—Every disease is cured most speedily, mildly, and certainly, by such a medicine as in the healthy subject is capable of producing a similar disease.

In the application of this dogma, he has also discovered that the medical agents employed must be administered in the minutest quantity, and in the most attenuated form. Proceeding, then, upon this principle, we find, in the trials of various medicines upon healthy persons, that each drug has a tendency to produce its own specific disease. From such trials he has formed his *materia medica pura*.

Therefore, according to his principle, a medicine cures such a disease as embraces the group of symptoms similar to its own. Believing, then, the truth of this doctrine, what should be the preventive and curative agents in cholera? We answer, camphor and arsenic. The strong similarity of the symptoms of these medicines (administered to healthy subjects) to those of cholera may be easily shewn from Hahnemann's Materia Medica. [These taken in the smallest possible quantities as preventives, might, if this principle be well founded, avert the disease.—*Ed. L. G.*]

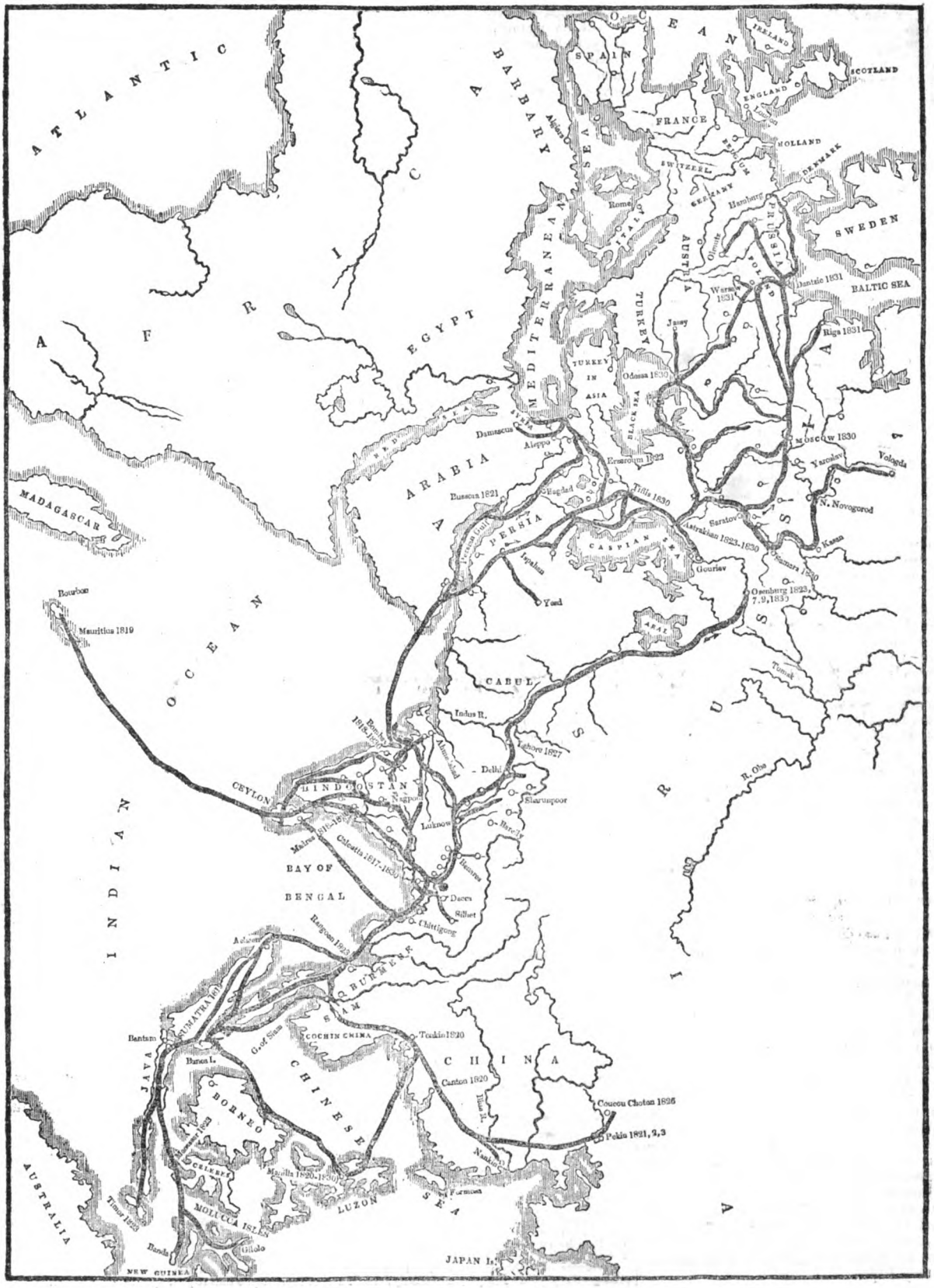
* Quarterly Review, No. XCI. p. 183.

† Observations on the Nature and Treatment of the Cholera Morbus now prevailing epidemically in St. Petersburgh. By G. W. Lefevre, M.D., &c. London, 1831. Longman and Co.—This work is accompanied by a tabular view of the progress of the cholera in St. Petersburgh; and from its details and perspicuity may occupy a prominent situation among the numerous works on this subject with which the press at present teems. Drs. Russell and Barry have just published the opinions which a careful study of the phenomena of the disease, both in St. Petersburgh and Hamburgh, have enabled them to form: the germs of the disease were, they say (as stated above), brought to St. Petersburgh by the boats and barks. The disease was propagated in two ways: one which may be called personal, by the dispersion over the whole city of passengers and boatmen coming from infected places:—the other, which may be termed atmospheric, by emanations from the barks and their contents, suspended in and carried by currents of air to susceptible persons independently of direct communication. But they at the same time state, that the epidemic of St. Petersburgh did not possess those absolute and indiscriminate communicable qualities attached to plague and smallpox; and that the risk of infection incurred by healthy persons, susceptible, who approached the sick of that disease, was in direct proportion to the want of ventilation and cleanliness and space around the latter.

* Practical Remarks on the disease called Cholera, which now exists on the Continent of Europe. By John Goss, Surgeon, &c. Pp. 27. London, 1831. Longman and Co. A harmless, but also a very useless pamphlet.

† Remarks on the Cholera Morbus, &c. By H. Young, M.D. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

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DRAMA.

EXCEPT the *Exile*, produced with great effect at Drury Lane, with Macready, Farren, Harley, Miss Phillips, &c., we have no dramatic novelty to report upon this week; and we have to regret that our Musical Review is also obliged to give place to the engrossing subject which occupies the preceding pages.

VARIETIES.

Frog.—A horned frog, or lizard, has lately been deposited in the Columbian Institute at Washington city. It was brought from the prairies of Upper Arkansas. It lived without food or drink from April to December, 1830. It is said that the sprinkle of a few drops of rain kills this animal.—*Vermont State Gazette.*

Royal Music.—It appears, from the Paris journals, that Don Pedro, the ex-emperor of Brazil, has been amusing his royal leisure by composing an overture, the performance of which, at the Théâtre Italien, he superintended with the appliances of an orchestral leader. This is more innocent than Nero fiddling.

Mr. Buckingham.—Mr. Buckingham is, we observe from the newspapers, giving lectures in Staffordshire, where the good people of the Potteries affect him strongly. A grand vase is about to be manufactured and presented to him; and there is a proposition to start him as a candidate for Sheffield for the reformed parliament.

On Sunday the visiters to the *Jardin des Plantes*, says a Paris journal, were attracted by a terrific combat which arose between two black bears confined together in one of the sunk fosses, and which at length terminated in favour of the strongest, who, after strangling his brother Bruin, literally tore him to pieces! A multitude of persons were crowded together upon the parapet which surrounded the scene of action.

Zoological.—His Majesty, it is stated, has presented all the royal animals in the Tower to the Zoological Society: four lions, leopards, bears, bloodhounds, &c. &c., about thirty in number, constitute this magnificent gift.

Royal Academy.—Last Monday, Mr. William Wyon, the justly celebrated die-engraver, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Numismatics.—On the 5th, a sad Guy Faux trick was played by some burglars in Paris, who broke into the Royal Library and succeeded in carrying off a large booty of ancient and valuable coins and medals. The loss is estimated at 100,000 francs, and mutilates one of the finest collections in the world; consisting of several thousand medals, gold medals of the Roman emperors, Greek medals, and other precious antiquities.

Sandals for Horses.—An English saddler, named Tade, says *Le Petit Courrier des Dames*, has invented a sandal for horses. It is fastened on with strings of leather instead of nails, and is so managed that it may be put on or removed, as the rider wishes or wants, in less than a minute. The object of this invention is to enable the rider to replace at once, during a journey, any of the iron shoes which may be lost, and to continue his journey without fear of exposing the animal to the accidents which might result from the loss of a shoe. The lightness of the shoe, which weighs no more than half the iron one, and its portable form, as it can be carried with ease in the pocket or behind the saddle, are great improvements; a still greater is, that it may be taken off when horses are grazing, even for a short time.—*Morning Paper.*

Roman Coins.—At least five thousand Roman coins, of various periods, weighing six-and-thirty pounds, have been lately found at Silly, in France, near Argentan, in the department of the Orne. The mode of their discovery was singular. Two or three pieces of silver were observed by some labourers to have been turned up to the surface of the earth by moles. This induced them to dig, and at the depth of only a foot they came to a broken vase of red clay, filled with the treasure.

The Morea.—We have before us the prospectus of the French scientific expedition to the Morea: M. B. de St. Vincent has read it in the Royal Academy of Sciences, where it was listened to with unabated attention. The publication of the results of the expedition will consist of two parts—forming, however, one work. The text of the section devoted to the physical sciences will form three volumes imperial 4to., to which will be added an atlas, in folio, of about 100 maps and plates. The first volume will contain a historical introduction, the narrative of the journey, and the separate itineraries of the several members of the commission. The second, a chapter on the ancient geography of the country, an accurate table of the positions of the places, memoirs on the islands which have merited special attention, and, lastly, a very detailed geological and mineralogical description of the Morea. The third volume will be entirely dedicated to the description of the animals and plants.

The ex-minister Peyronnet has employed the leisure of his imprisonment in composing a work entitled, *Questions de Jurisdiction parlementaire, ou Examen juridique de l'Acousation et du Jugement porté contre les premiers ministres de Charles X.—Paris in London.*

Madame Pasta leaves Paris next week for La Scala, at Milan, and Madame Caradori for Venice; Mademoiselle Blasis is at Turin; Madame Lalande at Madrid; Donzelli and Zuchelli sang at Bologna with no great success; the first was found to have too much voice, the second too little. Malibran is going to Paris, where she will not sing under 1,530 francs per night!—*Ibid.*

As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrole called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrole; don't be afraid."—*Ibid.*

The New Crown.—A stanch but figurative anti-reformer was declaiming the other day on the riots at Bristol. "I declare, he exclaimed, that I no longer consider the king's crown to be safe: no, there is no crown now but the crown of Reform; and that, instead of blazing with precious jewels, is only set with *Bristol stones!*"

Singular Child.—An official communication of the secretary of state for the department of the interior, in Mexico, states, that a female child, fair and healthy, had been born in the mines of Catorce, and was three months old, which had two heads—while one mouth was at the breast, the other sucked its hand. The latter went to sleep first; but the two heads cried or were quiet simultaneously.—*Franklin Herald.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLV. Nov. 13.*]

We are happy to hear that Mr. Galt is employed on a Life of the late Marquess of Londonderry. When we consider the share his lordship took in the Irish Union, and in the most important negotiations that ever affected the political state of Europe, we must anticipate a valuable and interesting production from Mr. Galt's pen.

A Treatise on Urethral and Vesical Lithotrity, by W. B. Costello, Esq. and M. Civiale.

A volume of highly moral Plays, by a Lady; comprising—Keep your Temper, a Comedy; the Fate of Ivan, a Tragedy; Miss Betsy Bull, or the Johnnies in Spain, a Melo-drama.

The Author of the Collegians has, we understand, a new novel on the eve of publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Cameos from the Antique; or, the Cabinet of Mythology, intended as a Sequel to the Poetical Primer, by Mrs. Lawrence, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Pictures, Scriptural and Historical; or, the Cabinet of History: intended as a Sequel to the Poetical Primer, by Mrs. Lawrence, 18mo. 4*s.* hf.-bd., or the 2 vols. bound in green silk, 10*s.*—Bowdler's Shakspeare, with Smirke's Illustrations, 1 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* cloth.—Lefevre on Cholera, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Practical Remarks on the Disease called Cholera, by John Goss, 8vo. 1*s.* sewed.—Rough Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier, by Lieut.-Col. J. Leach, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Morton on Lactation, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Brady's Law of Debtor and Creditor, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Chance's Treatise on Powers, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Rev. J. R. Beard's Family Sermons, Vol. II., 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—English School of Painting, Vol. II., fcp. 18*s.* hf.-bd. morocco.—Poland under the Dominion of Russia, by Harro Harrin, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Beachcroft's Memoir, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Orton on Cholera, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Little Library, "Bible Illustrations," by the Rev. B. H. Draper, sq. 4*s.* bds.—Tour in England, &c., by Prince Puckler Muskau, 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Ernesti's Index to Cicero, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—King's College Latin Grammar, by Major, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

October.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 27	From	46.	to 57.	29·66	to	29·78
Friday 28	——	43.	— 57.	30·00	—	30·09
Saturday .. 29	——	40.	— 58.	30·18	—	30·22
Sunday.... 30	——	33.	— 53.	30·17	—	30·14
Monday .. 31	——	43.	— 49.	30·13	—	30·08
November.						
Tuesday .. 1	——	42.	— 57.	29·99	—	29·84
Wednesday 2	——	45.	— 52.	29·78	—	29·76

Wind S.E. and S.W., the latter prevailing.

Except the 28th and 29th ult., generally cloudy, with rain at times. On the morning of the 30th, from one to two, a faint aurora borealis, from which frequent coruscations were seen to rise to an altitude of about 40°.

Rain fallen, ·625 of an inch.

November.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 3	From	39.	to 52.	29·52	to	29·42
Friday 4	——	38.	— 49	29·66	—	29·74
Saturday .. 5	——	31.	— 47.	29·36	—	29·51
Sunday.... 6	——	29.	— 53.	29·36	—	29·42
Monday .. 7	——	39.	— 51.	29·39	—	29·51
Tuesday .. 8	——	38.	— 49.	29·56	—	29·69
Wednesday 9	——	27.	— 47.	30·04	—	30·26

Prevailing wind, S.W. till the 9th, when it became N.W.

Frequent rain during the 5th and 6th; the other days generally clear.

Rain fallen, ·175 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. October 1831.

Thermometer—Highest..... 69·00° .. 7th.
Lowest ..... 30·00....29th.
Mean..... 51·9133
Barometer—Highest..... 30·15....17th, 18th.
Lowest ..... 29·02.... 1st.
Mean..... 29·6058

Number of days of rain, 19.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 3·6375.

Winds.—1 East—1 West—1 North—4 South—1 North-east—9 South-east—14 South-west—0 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was extraordinarily warm—the extreme of heat above the maximum of last month; and the mean was nearly five degrees higher than the average of the means in the same month for the last eight years. More rain fell than since October 1827. The barometer was likewise lower than in any corresponding month since 1827—thus proving the effect of humidity upon that instrument. The wind blew from the southward, veering between south-east and south-west, for 27 days. From the 14th to the 20th the weather was particularly fine. On the 29th, a faint aurora borealis was seen in the north-west, which continued from 11 P.M. until after midnight. The evaporation, ·14375 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Overseer" is mistaken: on the night specified in our dramatic criticism, Mrs. Gibbs did *not* play *Mrs. Simpson*, and Miss Taylor *did*. Our pseudo-corrector ought therefore to learn, that it is incumbent on a man to be present when he is being shaved.

Several letters, communications, &c. have reached us too late. Correspondents who desire to secure prompt attention, ought not to postpone writing till towards the close of the week: we can seldom do much after Wednesday, and Thursday receipts always cause us inconveniency and trouble.

C. M. will see that we are busy with the subject upon which he writes; but we do not find any thing in his statements that requires particular mention.

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No. 774. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Fables, and other Pieces in Verse. By Mary Maria Colling. With some Account of the Author, in Letters to Robert Southey, Esq. By Mrs. Bray, Author of "Fitz of Fitz-Ford;" "The Talba," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 178. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

SAY what we will about education, though many are its blessings—about study, though great are its advantages,—they are both of them the works of man, and sometimes bear no fruit; while, as if to put their utmost effects to shame, some vigorous and unassisted mind will achieve all that they have attempted, and assert the paramount supremacy of nature. This is especially seen in the productions of imagination: some of both our first poets and painters, &c., have been wholly of their own or rather of "God's making." It has been well observed, that an uneducated poet is a solecism in language—the mind educates itself: there may be much knowledge, with little information; and habits of reflection are often as much worth as those of reading. We are too apt to fancy that "French, music, and the use of the globes," constitute education. Now, we hold that to observe, feel, think, and remember, are in reality those four points of the mental compass by turning towards which, the mind is formed, and strengthened to its perfection. Of the mysterious and inherent tendency implanted, in some inclining them to certain pursuits, without any visible cause, Mary Colling is a singular instance: but we will give the brief abstract of her history, as told by Mrs. Bray with equal good taste and good feeling.

"Mary Maria Colling, the daughter of Edmund Colling, husbandman, by his wife Anne, was born at Tavistock, August the 20th, 1805. In her childhood she was sent to school to an old woman; not so much to learn any thing, as to be kept out of the way. But little Mary was not to be so neglected; for hearing others taught to read, she had a wish to learn also; and her school-mistress finding she made no progress either in sewing or knitting, undertook the task, more congenial to her pupil, of initiating her into a knowledge of the alphabet and the first rudiments of learning. These she speedily acquired; and being possessed of Watts's Hymns, and a sixpenny book that had in it sundry little stories, with some few pieces in verse, she soon became so perfectly well acquainted with their contents, that she knew both books, from beginning to end, by heart; not, however, making the good old woman fully acquainted with the tenacity of her memory in thus storing itself with what then constituted her whole range of knowledge: so that when her mistress, on account of her negligence with the needle, would sometimes keep her in, after school hours, as a punishment, Mary often managed to soften her displeasure and to gain her own liberty, by repeating something, with the utmost exactness, out of the sixpenny book in which she was set her daily lessons. Before she was five years old, she could read well enough to entertain her grandmother, who was very fond of her."

She was next placed at the free school, where, however, her mother's illness prevented regular attendance.

"When about thirteen years old, she entirely quitted the school; and at this period a beautiful incident occurred in her life. I wish, in repeating it, I could convey to you any idea of the feeling manner with which she related it to me. 'It grieved her heart,' she said, 'to see that her father could neither write nor read, for his Bible could not speak for him; and so she taught him both, herself, before she went to place."

She obtained, when but fourteen, a place in the family of Mrs. General Hughes, where she has remained up to the present time.

"On receiving her wages, it had been her custom to spend as small a sum as she possibly could upon her clothes, and to buy little books with the remainder. I have heard also (though not from herself) that she has been very dutiful and generous out of her small means to her family, giving them assistance whenever she could do so. 'Her master,' she told me, 'had been very kind to her; for though ill-natured people had endeavoured to set him against her, because she loved reading, he had never listened to them, but had bought her several good books for her benefit, and some sermons as a present at Christmas.' Indeed, it appears that the poor girl's simple accomplishments, and keeping herself from idle company and gossips, have excited a good deal of envy amongst the narrow-minded in her own station and degree. Since her old mistress died, her sister had assisted in the family, though Mary manages, and does nearly all the work herself. Not the least interesting portion of her narrative was the good practical sense she displayed in telling me her method of housekeeping, &c. Since a severe illness, however, (and, like most poetical temperaments, she is at all times very nervous,) she is not allowed to do any laborious work beyond her strength. * * *

"Finding, excepting in her Bible, that she had really read very little poetry, I asked her how she came to understand such words as zephyrs, aurora, &c., and that Flora was the goddess of flowers, as I observed allusions to such persons and things continually in her poems. I also asked how she had formed her way of writing, and learnt such bold and forcible expressions? To the former question she replied, 'That she had a dictionary; at the end of it there was an explanation about the gods and goddesses, and there she had learnt it: that if she met with a word in reading which she did not understand, she never past it over, but looked it out in her dictionary, and seldom forgot how a word was spelt if she once saw it in print; and as to her language, she had gained that from hearing Mr. Bray preach. To listen to him was her greatest delight, and she thought she owed much to his sermons. As a proof of it,' she said, 'he had inspired her to attempt poetry.' * * *

"Some time after this, she began to compose her fables, *before* she had ever read any, excepting two or three in *prose*, in the sixpenny book she had learnt by heart, when she was about five years old, at school. Lately somebody had lent her Gay's Fables, but she had yet only read a few of them. In the history of this poor girl's mind—which surely is replete with interest—I was anxious to learn what could have induced her to think of writing fables, not having been, from her own account, at all prompted to do so by reading them. She blushed like crimson when I asked her, smiled, and at last I drew out the confession. She said, 'that her master, seeing she did not go out much, or run about like other girls, from kindness to her gave her a slip of garden to amuse herself with cultivating it in [illegible] hours; till, at length, all the flower-garden came under her care. The river Tavy flowed at the foot of it; and here she found the greatest delight. She would tell me truth, though she was afraid to speak it, lest I should think her mazed; but when of an evening she was amongst the flower-beds, and saw them all so lively and so beautiful, *she used to fancy the flowers talked to her.* Thus, a peony growing near her laurel tree, she fancied the one reproaching the other for not being so fine as itself, and so composed her little fable of the 'Peony and the Laurel.' And these kind of thoughts used to come into her head in a moment, and then she turned them into verses and fables."

There is great truth in the following remark.

"When I mentioned to Mr. Bray, that she said she used to fancy the flowers talked to her, and that she had composed fables before she had read any, he remarked, that this poor girl, like Æsop, was in a state of servitude; and possibly that persons of their stamp of mind so situated, feeling themselves so far beyond the ordinary society of their own sphere, might be led to seek it in a world they created for themselves by the vivacity of their own imaginations, and thus hold discourse, as it were, with flowers, and trees, and animals. I mentioned, I believe, in a former letter, that she had not been in the habit of writing down her compositions; and that when I asked her how she managed to preserve them, she gave me a truly Devonian reply, assuring me that 'she could mind them,' meaning she could retain them in her memory. I also inquired if any one in the place, besides ourselves, had ever heard her poems. She said 'Yes, a few persons had. That some ill-natured people scorned her for writing them, and some thought it wrong in a poor girl at service; but an old man, whose name was Pearce (and who it appears was the first person intrusted with her secret this way), and a few others, liked them pretty well. Her kind and generous master, also, approved them.' * *

"She told me that somebody had lent her an old book, containing extracts from different poets. I asked her whose poetry she liked best in it? She answered me, with all the simpli-

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city imaginable, 'that there were some extracts from a person whose name was Shakspeare, and she thought she liked them the best.' * Knowing how close a union there is at all times between poetry, flowers, and love, I ventured to ask if she had a sweetheart. She smiled and said, 'Oh, no, she could read and amuse her mind, in her leisure hours, with making verses and with her flower-garden, and that made her quite happy: she did not want one.' I do not think there is any danger that this poor girl's head will be turned by any notice of her. She is very modest, and seems imbued with a deep sense of religious feeling, the surest safeguard against vanity; since such a fault is seldom found in a mind accustomed to serious thoughts on sacred subjects. It is more frequently the vice of those who think too much about themselves, and too little about their God. She has the Devonshire accent, but not coarsely; and, though a perfect country girl in every thing,—in her smile, her cap, her little straw bonnet, and her curtsy,—yet there is nothing vulgar about her. The elevated feelings of her character have given to her manners that indescribable mark of mind, which shews itself amidst the greatest simplicity, and is never to be mistaken. As, in noticing those who are at all distinguished for talent or worth, it is customary to say something of their persons, I may be allowed, perhaps, to state, that nature has been liberal to her in this particular. Her features are regularly handsome, especially the forehead, eyebrows, and eyes; the latter peculiarly so when animated in conversation. And I may here observe, that Mary Colling the servant, and Mary Colling talking about poetry and flowers, scarcely appears to be one and the same person. If I had not seated her for a couple of hours by my side, and won upon her to open her heart, I should never even have guessed the animated interesting being she could become in conversation."

A very romantic history of her grandmother is next narrated; we have only room for the affecting conclusion.

"When the widow grew old, though in extreme poverty, and no longer capable of work, she would willingly have starved rather than have sought relief from the parish; but she was at length prevailed with by her neighbours to accept it. To the last, her reserve, her calm but high spirit, her ardent affection for her grandchild Mary, who was her chief care even on her death-bed, never deserted her; and she expired as she lived, firm, collected, and resigned. Mary Colling perfectly well remembers attending her grandmother on her death-bed; and that not long before she died, she embraced her, and as she bestowed her last blessing, wished 'that she was in Abraham's bosom, and could carry that dear little lamb thither in her own.' The child Mary loved her most affectionately; and, after her eyes were closed in death, for some time she thought her sleeping. She shed many bitter tears, and when she saw her grandmother did not wake up again, she stole to the bed and kissed her. To this hour she remembers her funeral as the saddest day of her own life. And she told me, when I noticed having first seen her in the aisle of Tavistock church, under the reading desk, that she used to sit there from a melancholy recollection, not, however, unmixed with pleasing feelings, that it was *there*, when a child of four or five years old, whilst seated by the knees of her beloved grandmother, she had first listened to the word of God, and learnt to call upon His name that he would bless her."

There is something very touching in the simple and earnest manner in which Mary expresses her gratitude for Mrs. Bray's kindness; and we must say we are not among the number who would call such kindly encouragement either wasted or injudicious. There is much selfishness in thus turning away from the claims of others. Mary Colling's little volume may, and we hope will, be of pecuniary benefit to the writer; and to the intelligent and imaginative mind, the appreciation and the unfolding of long-treasured and suppressed thoughts is its own "exceeding great reward." We now proceed to the poetry. We like the fables the least; they belong to a style quite past, and are too much the fac-similes of each other. The insolent plant, or flower, insults the more lowly one with its pride, which the other meekly refutes: the effect is weakened by the repetition. To this we must add, that the mythological table at the end of her dictionary has had an injurious effect;—Sol and Aurora have long been left to the poetry of the by-gone. Still, we are not surprised at a young writer's clinging to the beautiful fictions of the classics: to an unhackneyed taste, what an exquisite embodying of the "rosy-fingered morn" must Aurora seem! Two or three of these fables would have been enough. Our own favourites are among the miscellaneous poems. Give any names but Damon and Rosa, now "sacred to ridicule," and what a picture of rustic content is the following!

"The Cottage Grandfather.

While nobles are anxious for honour and state,
The peasants are cheerful and void of debate;
No fame to allure them, no riches to prize,
And all that is wanting contentment supplies.
Their labours with pleasure they daily pursue—
Though small their possessions, their wants are but few;
Content in their stations, though simple their fare,
Strangers to ambition, and strangers to care.
Returning from labour, in yonder green glade
Behold aged Damon hath shoulder'd his spade;
While Rosa, his grandchild, with health in her face,
Runs out from the cottage to meet his embrace.
The tales of the day she is anxious to tell,
And gives him a nosegay of cowslips to smell:
Thus all his attention she seems to engage,
The pride of his heart, the delight of his age.
In his old rustic settle, when seated is he,
The sweet little prattler climbs up on his knee;
A glow of delight on her cheek is display'd,
While she tells him the pranks that her pet-lamb has play'd.
The toils of the day are by Damon forgot,
Contentment and peace are the guests of his cot;
He knows no vexation, with health he is blest;
Each day brings him labour, each night gives him rest."

There is a fine touch of description in "Morning Twilight."

"Through the vales the breezes sigh;
Twilight opes her bashful eye—
Peeping from the east, she brings
Dew-drops on her dusky wings;
And the lark, with wak'ning lay,
Upsprings, the harbinger of day."

The lines to the Canary have much sweetness, with the exception of "bird" and "hard" as rhymes.

"To my Canary.

Oh! sweet little captive, how sad is thy strain!
What is it can prompt thee like this to complain?
All these little murmurs I justly may chide;
For daily, thou knowest, thy wants are supplied.

Do the shady trees tempt thee to quit thy abode?
Do the beauties of nature invite thee abroad?
If instinct informs thee 'tis summer's bright day,
I then do not wonder that thou wouldst away.

But where, pretty captive, oh! where wouldst thou go,
When mountains and valleys are buried in snow,
When groves are dismantled and cold the sun's beam,
And winter's chill breath binds each sweet gliding stream?

So pray be contented, my sweet little *bird*,
For I can assure thee thy fate is not *hard*;
Though nature's inviting in summer's gay form,
Know, that after the sunshine there follows the storm."

We conclude with some lines to her father.

"To my Father, with a present.

Dear father, with a grateful sense
Your kindness I review;
But to return full recompense
Is more than I can do.

Yet gratitude may joy declare:
Delight inspires my lay,
To think that now 'tis all my care
A something to repay.

This little gift you will receive—
'Tis little, it is true;
But yet accept it, and believe
I'll share my last with you."

A sweet portrait ushers in the volume; the face is singularly intellectual and prepossessing. We give Mrs. Bray very great credit both for the feeling which dictated her undertaking, and for the graceful manner of its execution; and we cordially wish her interesting *protégée* may meet with that success which will be the best reward to her kind friends.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXXIII. The Civil Wars of Ireland, Vol. I. By W. C. Taylor, Esq., A.B. Edinburgh, 1831, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THE Civil Wars of Ireland is, in fact, another name for the history of Ireland, which, we must observe—notwithstanding Mr. Taylor's labours (and, according to the statement in his preface, they are not trifling)—remains to be written. Mr. Taylor sets out by telling us, that "he has, in almost every instance, consulted the original records, and made no assertion which they did not fully support." Now, when we remember the vast quantity of manuscripts in the British Museum, the Tower, the State Paper Office, and several private collections in this country (leaving out of the question those preserved in Dublin Castle and Trinity College), relative to Irish history—when we also look abroad, at the library of the Vatican, &c. &c. &c.—for where is the country in which Irish manuscripts may not be found?*—we cannot help receiving Mr. Taylor's declaration of his having, in almost every instance, consulted the original records, with becoming caution; and in this, from a careful perusal of his first volume, which brings down the history of Ireland to the death of Charles I., we find ourselves fully justified.

We have, however, so slight and rapid a sketch of events of the greatest national importance, that it were breaking a fly upon the wheel to enter into severe criticism; and we will therefore, as Mr. Taylor offers no new facts, nor gives us a new view of any subject, select a few anecdotical passages.

Parliamentary representation of Ireland in the reign of Elisabeth.—"In the midst of these disorders, Sydney summoned a parliament, and at the same time took very extraordinary precautions to secure a majority. Several members were returned for towns that had never been incorporated; not a few of the sheriffs and magistrates returned themselves; and a number of the dependents of the court were nominally elected for places of which they did not even know the name. The latter circumstance is not unparalleled in the modern history of the Irish legislature, if we may credit an anecdote that was publicly related in the Irish parliament. Shortly before the Union, a member

* Messrs. Longman, Rees, and Co., with a kindness that did them honour, not long after this letter was written, presented Mary Colling with a copy of Shakspeare's Plays.

* A letter from an Irish Jesuit at Rome to a friend at home, written in the reign of Charles I., in the Irish character, was lately brought to this country from China, and presented to an autograph collector, among several specimens of Chinese writing; and a year or two since, a curious bronze arm was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries as an Egyptian relic, which, on examination, was found covered with inscriptions in the Irish character."—*Ed. L. G.*

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for a Munster borough, being in London, wished to hear a debate in the English House of Commons. He presented himself to the door-keeper, and asked to be shewn to the place set apart for Irish members. The door-keeper asked his name, and the place which he represented. The former query was readily answered, but the latter could not meet a reply. 'We are obliged to be particular,' said the officer; 'for Barrington the pickpocket got admittance here some nights since as an Irish member.' 'Really, I forget the name of my borough,' said this worthy representative of an independent constituency; 'but if you bring me the Irish Directory, I will shew it to you immediately.'"

Irish Prophecies.—"False prophecies have been often used by the lovers of sedition in Ireland, as the most powerful stimulants of its enthusiastic population. It is not long since the whole island was thrown into confusion by a misprint in a ridiculous commentary on the Revelations. Pastorini's Prophecies, as this precious work was named, contained a calculation by which it appeared that the year 1835 would be the era of the restoration of the Catholic religion. It was unfortunately printed 1825; and the alarm which consequently prevailed through the entire of that devoted year, will not easily be forgotten. The question of Emancipation was then in debate. Pastorini's Prophecies, whimsically enough, furnished both parties with an argument—the more valuable because it was perfectly novel. One side used it as a threat, the other as a warning, until the delusion became so extravagant as to cure itself, and perished in a storm of ridicule."

An Irish Protestant Bishop.—"In the county of Cavan, little or no blood was shed. This was partly owing to the exertions of Philip O'Reilly, the head of his illustrious family, and partly to the respect which the Irish had for the character of Bedell, bishop of Kilmore. Bedell was one of the very few prelates of the established church who regarded the people as the principal objects of his charge. He was deeply impressed with the necessity of winning the affections of his flock, and anxious to redeem the establishment from the opprobrium of being a church without a congregation. For this purpose, he procured a translation of the Bible into Irish, and circulated copies at his own expense. The apostolical simplicity of his character, his affectionate manners, and his pure zeal, attached to him the hearts of the lower ranks; and even the Romish clergy regarded him with esteem and admiration. His house was the place of refuge for all the English who had been driven from lands in the neighbourhood, and there they long continued unmolested, protected by the general respect felt for the bishop. He was subsequently removed to the quarters of the army; but continued to be treated as a companion rather than a prisoner. So convinced was this pious man of the justice of the Irish cause, that he drew up the remonstrance which they transmitted to the Castle, in justification of their having taken up arms. During his illness, he was attended with the greatest care, and his dying moments were soothed by every attention which ardent attachment could dictate. He was interred with military honours by the Irish soldiers, who had no better way of shewing respect to his remains; and, when the grave closed over him, all joined in the simple prayer, '*Requiescat in pace, ultimus Anglorum!*'"

Irish Landlords.—"The fable of the boy and the goose that laid golden eggs has been often faithfully and fatally realised in Ireland. The landlord that robs his tenantry of a fair share of their profits, is his own worst enemy; he destroys all motives to industry; he puts a stop to the improvement of his own ground; he actually offers a premium for exhausting the fertility of his own land. If no better motive has any influence over the minds of Irish proprietors, self-interest ought long since to have shewn them the ruin that such short-sighted avarice was bringing on themselves as well as on their country; and it might, if miserable pride had not interfered—the pride of shewing an enormous rent-roll, in which the first figure to the left was rarely significant. 'It is well to have at least the name of the thing,' is recorded as an Anglo-Irish proverb in the earliest times; and this love of the name, without the reality, continues to the present day. It is easy to swell the nominal income, by demanding £10 per acre for ground not worth half the sum; but the tenant will be unable to perform his promise. In many such cases, he will pay very little; in most, nothing."

There are some odd misprints in this volume—such as "the bay of *Limerick* in the county of Kerry," p. 196, for *Smerwick*, we presume. As we before stated, we refrain from criticism; and recommend Mr. Taylor's volume as a fairly executed compilation; but as nothing more: and while we readily accord it this praise (sufficient for a contribution to a monthly miscellany or library), we have felt ourselves called on to abate its pretension to any higher character. A sterling history of Ireland is a great desideratum.

The Gem: a Literary Annual. 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1832. Marshall.

WITHOUT taking any very high literary station, this is a pretty and amusing volume. "The Story of Fiesco" is told in the peculiarly graceful style of the author of "May you like It;" there are some pleasant poems by Mr. Praed; "the Disappointed Politician," a lively sketch by Mrs. Moodie; "a Tale of the Desert," by Mr. Carne—one of the best we have seen of his many picturesque and eastern stories. If the worst come to the worst, and revolution, as many "most respectable individuals" apprehend, shall change the position of social life, Mr. Carne will still have a resource; he may set off to the East, and turn story-teller-in-chief to the Arabians. "Jane" is a very interesting tale by Mrs. Norton; and Mr. Hollings has some exquisite poetry. "Lines to the Wild Fern," by him, we like so much that we shall quote them.

"Thy place is not where art exults to raise the tended flower, [tered bower;
By terraced walk, or decked parterre, or fenced and shel-
Nor where the straightly levelled walls of tangled boughs between,
The sunbeam sweeps the velvet sward, and streams through alleys green.

Thy dwelling is the desert heath, the wood, the haunted dell, [well;
And where the wild deer stoops to drink beside the mossy
And by the lake with trembling stars inlaid when earth is still,
And midnight's melancholy pomp is on the distant hill.

But fairer than the lightest bud on spring's fresh couch which lies, [summer skies,
And fairer than the gentlest flower which glows 'neath
Or autumn's soft and mellowed tints upon the fading tree—
Companion of the left and worn! thy leaf appears to me.

For I have loved where thou wert reared in greenest strength to stray, [gray;
And mark thy feathery stem upraised o'er lichened ruin,
Or in the fairy moonlight bent to meet the silvering hues
Or glistening yet, when noon was high, with morn's unvanished dew.

And if the place were mine to choose, when being's night should call,
Where, on this ever-verdant earth, to share the sleep of all,
My grave should be the mountain's height, where gusts were sighing lone, [stone.
And thou in graceful pride wert nigh to deck the funeral

It is a vain and baseless trust, by erring thoughts imprest; [breast?
But how resides its sleepless power within the musing
That yet the soul shall wander back from that far distant shore, [before.
And linger by its wonted haunts, and where it strove

Thus to its false and frail abode the yearning spirit clings,
Thus lingers human love below, with unaspiring wings:
And what on life's o'erclouded way one gleam of joy has cast,
We fondly think shall still allure when life—grief—toil—are past.

To these we add another, by an old friend—Bernard Barton.

"*The Broken Pitcher; or, What shall I do?*

When Macedonia's madman wept,
A conquer'd world his own;
When Xerxes mourn'd with prescient eye
His armies overthrown;
I pity not the Grecian's pangs,
The Persian's vain remorse—
For who can sympathise with tears
When selfish is their source?

When royal Edward, kingly boy,
In youthful virtue's bloom,
Shed tears, ere he could sign the scroll
That seal'd a subject's doom;
I well remember, ere the fount
Of tears in me was dry,
How, when I read of *his*, they claimed
My willing sympathy.

But tears there are which seem so bright,
And clouds of care so brief,
That while our sympathy they claim,
They waken not our grief:
Their eloquence surpasses speech,
From nature's fount they flow;
They drop from childhood's guileless eye—
They dwell on childhood's brow.

Such, gentle maiden of the moor,
I fancy thine may be;
And such the pangless sympathy
Thy grief excites in me.
I pity much thy pensive look,
Thy sister's brow of care;
And yet I cannot sorrow long
For such a lovely pair.

For your's are hearts that cannot long
By anguish be deprest:
'The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast'—
These are your portion, and with these
You cannot long be sad;
Each eye and brow will soon be bright,
Each heart will soon be glad.

Then turn ye from the gushing spring,
And seek your humble cot;
There tell, with childhood's artless truth,
Your pitcher's hapless lot:
No longer stand in doubt and fear,
And say '*What shall we do?*'
Anger to pity must give place
With innocents like you.

And may no heavier grief befall
Your path in after years,
Than this which fills your little hearts
With brief regrets and fears;
Until that hour when closing life
For emblems shall reveal,
The pitcher broken at the fount—
The cistern's shatter'd wheel."

"The Pic-Nic at the Sea-shore," by an American lady, is very amusing; we quote an agreeable picture, to be sure, of a Transatlantic watering-place.

"I was told that many, on arriving at night, could not, on any terms, procure either beds or bed-chambers; that gentlemen had been glad to sleep in gigs, or on the dining-room table; that ladies had been obliged to sit up all night in their travelling dresses, for want of a spot to lie down in; and that, after dusk, there was generally a prowling through the rooms, for the purpose of purloining pillows,—the thieves being those unfortunate fair ones who, in the general scramble, had been able to obtain only bolsters to their beds; and that, next evening, the stolen pillows were stolen over again by the 'last arrivals.'"

Well,

"Call it but pleasure, and the pill goes down."

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We must add a signal specimen of ingenuity —the house had no sign; "but in one of the front windows was a lemon, sitting on the bottom of an inverted tumbler, and a bottle of liquor standing beside it—therefore, we knew it to be a tavern."

There is rather an over-abundant supply of minor poetry; and we recommend the editor, next year, to advise his "talented pens" to leave out the Loves and Graces: Cupid and Venus are as much out of fashion as patches and hoops.

Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus. By Mary W. Shelley, author of the "Last Man," "Perkin Warbeck," &c. *The Ghost-Seer.* From the German of Schiller. Vol. I. *Standard Novels, No. IX.* Colburn and Bentley.

VIGOROUS, terrible, and with its interest sustained to the last, *Frankenstein* is certainly one of the most original works that ever proceeded from a female pen. The merits our feminine writers possess, are tact, feeling, the thoughtfulness born of feeling, a keen perception of the ridiculous, or a touching appeal to sympathy. Not one of all these is the characteristic of the work before us; it appeals to fear, not love; and, contrary to the general *matériel* in the writings of women, has less of the heart in it than the mind. The character of the enthusiastic young student, with whom knowledge is a passion, is powerfully drawn; and we know, in all our imaginative literature, few scenes more appalling than where Frankenstein is pursuing his monstrous and vindictive enemy over the frozen deserts of the ocean. We remember being greatly struck with this work on its first appearance: and our second reading has revived all our early impressions: the romantic excitement of its pages well repays their perusal. We should recommend them on the same principle that physicians prescribe alteratives. A clever frontispiece represents the moment when Frankenstein rushes away in horror from the frightful shape to which his science has at length communicated life. The room and the accessories are good; but the figure is more gigantic than frightful, and the face is deficient in that supernatural hideousness on which the author so especially dwells. The vignette is one of the sweetest in attitude and expression we have seen. The *Ghost Seer*, which succeeds, is just such a story as we can imagine Schiller telling—picturesque, mysterious, worthy of the Venice in which its scenes are laid. The story is so well characterised in the preface, that we cannot do better than extract the passage.

"This singular romance was written in Dresden, in which town Schiller became enamoured of a beautiful lady, who has been designated, by some of his biographers, as 'Fraulein A——.' The intercourse which subsisted between the poet and his charmer appears not to have been of the most reputable kind; but it is certain that, for a time, she held exclusive possession of his heart, and that she even influenced his writings. She was the original of the Princess Eboli, in his play of Don Carlos; and it is probable that his passion for her might have suggested that important part of his story of 'the Ghost-Seer' which delineates the mad love entertained by the prince for the lady whose fascinations first enthralled him, as he saw her under the rays of the setting sun, praying in the evening solitude of the church in Venice. During his residence in Dresden, and whilst under the intoxicating influence just mentioned, Schiller's mind might well be supposed to have been in an unsettled state; but, though unguided by any determinate and wholesome purpose, it 'hovered among a multitude of vast plans,' and was on the watch for any object that might give consistency to his views. 'The Ghost-Seer' is the first product arising out of this mental fermentation. Its origin may be traced to the tricks of a certain Count Cagliostro, the prince of quacks, whose juggleries were, about that time, turning the heads of the good people at Paris, who paid their money lavishly, in order to be terrified, and to 'snatch a fearful joy.'"

There is but one fault in this highly wrought narrative, which is, that it does not finish in the same volume. Now this, in our opinion, is one of the greatest errors into which the Library of Standard Novels can fall. We are all aware, that, to the great majority of readers, the end is the most important part of a fiction; and that end they like to learn at once. By the time one, two, three, or more months have elapsed, the interest so highly excited has become a dead letter, the story is half-forgotten, and the gratification of knowing at last is a scant recompense for not knowing its end at first. It is true that the second part of 'the Ghost-Seer' was not published in Germany till lately; but it would greatly have added to its English popularity, could both parts have been translated and published together.

It is in vain to give an idea by extract of the intricate proportions of this story; and the narrative we quote is a whole by itself, though it illustrates the progress of that in which it is interwoven. We need only premise, that the Sicilian who tells the tale has just been exposed in some juggling impositions by the same mysterious personage who acts so important a part in his own drama.

"Above five years ago, being at Naples, where I practised my art with success, I became acquainted with a person of the name of Lorenzo del M——, chevalier of the order of St. Stephen—a young and rich nobleman of one of the first families in the kingdom, who loaded me with civilities, and seemed to have a great esteem for my occult science. He told me that the Marquess del M——, his father, was a zealous admirer of the cabala, and would think himself happy in having a philosopher like me (for such he was pleased to call me) under his roof. The marquess resided in one of his country seats on the sea-shore, about seven miles from Naples; and there, almost entirely secluded from the world, he mourned the loss of a beloved son, of whom he had been deprived by a fatal and melancholy accident. The chevalier gave me to understand, that he and his family might perhaps have occasion to employ my secret arts in obtaining some very important intelligence, to procure which every natural means had been exhausted in vain. He added, with a very significant look, that he himself might at some future period consider me as the author of all his earthly happiness. I did not choose to press him for an explanation. The affair was as follows:—Lorenzo, being the youngest son of the marquess, had been destined for the church. The family estates were to devolve to the eldest. Jeronymo, which was the name of the latter, had spent many years on his travels, and returned to his country about seven years prior to the event which I am about to relate, in order to celebrate his marriage with the only daughter of a neighbouring count. This marriage had been determined on by the parents during the infancy of the children, in order to unite the very large fortunes of the two houses. But though this agreement was made by the two families without consulting the hearts of the parties concerned, the latter had secretly entertained an affection for each other. Jeronymo del M—— and Antonia C—— had been always brought up together; and the little constraint imposed on two children whom their parents were already accustomed to regard as united, soon produced between them a connexion of the tenderest kind. The congeniality of their tempers cemented this intimacy, and in riper years it matured insensibly into love. An absence of four years, far from cooling this passion, had only served to inflame it; and Jeronymo returned to the arms of his intended bride as faithful and as ardent as if they had never been separated. The raptures occasioned by his return had not subsided, nor the preparations for the happy day discontinued, when Jeronymo disappeared. He used frequently to pass the afternoon in a summer-house which commanded a prospect of the sea, and was accustomed to take the diversion of sailing on the water. One day, when he was at his favourite retirement, it was observed that he remained a much longer time than usual without returning, and his friends began to be very uneasy on his account. Boats were despatched after him, vessels were sent to sea in quest of him—no person had seen him—none of his servants could have attended him, for none of them were absent: night came on, and he did not appear. The next morning dawned—the day passed—the evening succeeded—Jeronymo came not. Already had they begun to give themselves up to the most melancholy conjectures, when the news arrived that an Algerine pirate had landed the preceding day on that coast, and carried off several of the inhabitants. Two galleys, ready equipped, were immediately ordered to sea. The old marquess himself embarked in one of them, to attempt the deliverance of his son at the peril of his own life. On the third day they perceived the corsair. The wind was favourable—they were just about to overtake him, and even approached so near to him, that Lorenzo, who was in one of the galleys, fancied that he saw, upon the deck of the adversary's ship, a signal made by his brother—when a sudden storm separated the vessels. Hardly could the almost shipwrecked galleys sustain the fury of the tempest. The pirate, in the mean time, had disappeared, and the distressed state of the other vessels obliged them to put into Malta. The affliction of the family was beyond all bounds. The distracted old marquess tore his gray hairs in the utmost violence of grief; and the life of the young countess was despaired of. Five years were consumed after this event in fruitless inquiries, diligent search was made all along the coast of Barbary, and immense sums were offered for the ransom of the young marquess, but to no purpose. The only conjecture founded on probability was, that the same storm which had separated the galleys from the pirate had destroyed the latter vessel, and that the whole ship's company had perished in the waves. But this supposition, however probable, as it did not by any means amount to a certainty, could not authorise the family to renounce the hope that the absent Jeronymo might again appear. In case, however, that he did not, either the family's name must be suffered to perish, or the youngest son must relinquish the church, and enter into the rights of the eldest. Justice seemed to oppose the latter measure; and, on the other hand, the necessity of preserving the family from annihilation required that the scruple should not be carried too far. In the mean

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time, sorrow, added to the weight of age, was bringing the marquess fast to his grave. Every unsuccessful attempt served to increase his distress, and diminish the hope of finding his lost son. He saw that his name might be perpetuated by acting with a little injustice, in consenting to favour his younger son at the expense of the elder. The fulfilment of his agreement with Count C—— required only the change of a name; for the object of the two families was equally accomplished, whether Antonia became the wife of Lorenzo or Jeronymo. The faint probability of the latter's appearing again, weighed but little against the certain and pressing danger of the total extinction of the family; and the old marquess, who considered his dissolution fast approaching, ardently wished to die free from this inquietude. Lorenzo alone, who was to be principally benefited by this measure, opposed it with the greatest obstinacy. He resisted, with equal firmness, the allurements of an immense fortune, and the attractions of a beautiful and accomplished object ready to be delivered into his arms. He refused, on principles the most generous and conscientious, to invade the rights of a brother, who, for any thing he knew, might himself be in a capacity to resume them. * * * All that Lorenzo could obtain was a delay of two years. During this period they continued their inquiries with the utmost diligence. Lorenzo himself made several voyages, and exposed his person to many dangers. No trouble, no expense, was spared to recover the lost Jeronymo. These two years, however, like those which preceded them, were consumed in vain."

"'Antonia,' continued the Sicilian, 'experienced the most violent struggle between duty and inclination, between dislike and admiration. The disinterested generosity of a brother affected her. She felt herself forced to esteem a person whom she could never love. Her heart, torn by contrary sentiments, felt the bitterest distress; but her repugnance to the chevalier seemed to increase in the same degree as his claims upon her esteem augmented. Lorenzo perceived with heartfelt sorrow the secret grief that consumed her youth. An unconquerable sympathy for her misfortune insensibly eradicated that indifference with which till then Lorenzo had been accustomed to consider her. But this delusive sentiment deceived him, and an ungovernable passion began rapidly to shake the steadiness of his virtue, which till then had been unequalled. He, however, still obeyed the dictates of generosity, though at the expense of his love. By his efforts alone was the unfortunate victim protected against the cruel and arbitrary proceedings of the rest of the family. But his endeavours were ineffectual. Every victory he gained over his passion rendered him more worthy of Antonia; and the disinterestedness with which he refused her, left her without an apology for resistance. Thus were affairs situated, when the chevalier engaged me to visit him at his father's villa. The earnest recommendation of my patron procured me a reception which exceeded my most sanguine wishes. I must not forget to mention, that, by some remarkable operations, I had previously rendered my name famous in different lodges of free-masons. This circumstance perhaps contributed to strengthen the old marquess's confidence in me, and to heighten his expectations. I beg you will excuse me from describing particularly the lengths I went with him, or the means which I employed. You may form some judgment of them from what I have before confessed to you. Profiting by the mystic books which I found in his very extensive library, I was soon able to speak to him in his own language, and to adorn my system of the invisible world with the most extraordinary inventions. He was therefore with so little difficulty induced to credit the fables I taught him, that in a short time he would have believed as implicitly in the secret commerce of philosophers and sylphs as in any article of the canon. The marquess, being very religious, had acquired in the school of theology a facility of belief which caused him at once to be fascinated with the stories I told him, and to put the most unreserved confidence in my character. At length I entangled him so completely in mystery, that he would no longer believe any thing that was natural. In short, I became the adored apostle of the house. The usual subject of my lectures was the exaltation of human nature, and the intercourse of men with superior things; the infallible Count Gabolis* was my oracle. Antonia, whose mind since the loss of her lover had been more occupied in the world of spirits than in that of nature, and who had a strong tincture of melancholy in her composition, caught every hint I gave her with a fearful satisfaction. Even the servants contrived to have some business in the room when I was speaking, and, seizing part of my conversation, formed from it mysterious presages. Two months were passed in this manner at the marquess's villa, when the chevalier one morning entered my apartment. His features had experienced a considerable alteration, and from his sorrowful countenance I suspected that something preyed upon his mind. He threw himself upon a couch with every symptom of despair. 'I am distracted, ruined,' said he; 'I must, I cannot support it any longer.' 'What is the matter with you, chevalier? What has befallen you?' 'Oh, this terrible passion!' said he, starting from his seat and throwing himself into my arms. 'I have combated against it like a man, but can resist it no longer.' 'And whose fault is it but your own, my dear chevalier? Are they not all willing to gratify this passion? Your father? your relations?' 'My father! my relations!—what are they to me? I want not to be united to her by force. Have not I a rival? Alas! and what a rival! Perhaps a dead one! Oh! let me go,—let me go to the end of the world; I must find my brother.' 'What! after so many unsuccessful attempts, have you still any hope?' 'Hope! alas, no! It has long since been banished from my heart—but it has not from hers: of what consequence are my sentiments? Is it possible that I should be happy whilst there remains a gleam of hope in Antonia's breast? Two words, my friend, would end my torments—but in vain; my destiny must continue to be miserable, till eternity shall break its long silence, and the grave shall speak in my behalf.' 'Is it, then, a state of certainty that would render you happy?' 'Happy? Alas! I doubt whether I shall ever be happy again; but uncertainty is of all others the most dreadful affliction.' After a short interval of silence, he continued, with an emotion less violent:—'If he could see my torments! Surely a constancy which renders his brother miserable cannot add to his happiness! Can it be just, that the living should suffer so much for the sake of the dead?—that I should fruitlessly pine for an object which Jeronymo can no longer enjoy? If he knew the pangs I suffer,' (said he, concealing his face, while the tears streamed from his eyes,) 'perhaps he himself would conduct her to my arms.' 'But is there no possibility of gratifying your wishes?' He started! 'What do you say, my friend?' 'Less important occasions than the present,' said I, 'have disturbed the repose of the dead for the sake of the living; is not the terrestrial happiness of a man, of a brother—' 'The terrestrial happiness! Ah, my friend, I feel but too sensibly the force of your expression—my entire felicity!' 'And the tranquillity of a distressed family, are not these sufficient to justify such a measure? If any sublunary concern can authorise us to interrupt the peace of the blessed, to make use of a power—' 'For God's sake, my friend!' said he, interrupting me, 'no more of this; once, I avow it, I had such a thought—I think I mentioned it to you; but I have long since rejected it as horrid and abominable.' 'You will have conjectured already,' continued the Sicilian, 'to what this conversation led us; I endeavoured to overcome the scruples of the chevalier, and at last succeeded. We resolved to call the ghost of the deceased Jeronymo: I only stipulated for a delay of a fortnight, in order, as I pretended, to prepare in a suitable manner for an act so solemn. The time being expired, and my machinery in readiness, I took advantage of a very gloomy day, when we were all assembled as usual, to communicate the affair to the family; and not only brought them to consent to it, but even to make it a subject of their own request. The most difficult part of the task was to obtain the approbation of Antonia, whose presence was essential. My endeavours were, however, greatly assisted by the melancholy turn of her mind, and perhaps still more so by a faint hope that Jeronymo might still be living, and therefore would not appear. A want of confidence in the thing itself was the only obstacle which I had to remove. Having obtained the consent of the family, the third day was fixed on for the operation; I prepared then for the solemn transaction by mystical instruction, fasting, solitude, and prayers, which I ordered to be continued till late in the night. Much use was also made of a certain musical instrument, unknown till that time; and in such cases it has often been found very powerful. The effect of these artifices was so much beyond my expectation, that the enthusiasm which on this occasion I was obliged to shew, was infinitely heightened by that of my audience. The long-expected moment at last arrived.'

"'I omit the description of the juggling farce itself, as it would be too tedious to relate. It is sufficient to say, that it answered my expectation; the old marquess, the young countess, her mother, Lorenzo, and several other persons of the family, were present. You will imagine, that during my long residence in the house I took all opportunities of gathering information respecting every thing that concerned the deceased. Several of his portraits enabled me to give the apparition a striking likeness; and as I suffered the ghost to speak only by signs, that the sound of his voice might excite no suspicion, the departed Jeronymo appeared in the dress of a Moorish slave, with a deep wound in his neck. You observe, that in this respect I was counteracting the general supposition that he had perished in the waves. I had reason to hope, that this unexpected circumstance would heighten the belief in the apparition itself; for nothing appeared to me more dangerous than to be too natural.' * *

"'I asked the ghost, whether there was any thing in this world which he still considered as

* "A mystical work written in French by the Abbé de Villars."

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his own, and whether he had left any thing behind that was particularly dear to him? The ghost thrice shook his head, and lifted up his hands towards heaven. Previous to his retiring, he dropped a ring from his finger, which was found on the floor after he had disappeared; Antonia took it, and, looking at it attentively, she knew it to be the wedding-ring she had presented to her intended husband.' * * * *

"'The family fancied themselves convinced that Jeronymo was no more. From that very day they publicly announced his death, and went into mourning. The circumstance of the ring left no doubt even in the mind of Antonia, and added a considerable weight to the addresses of the chevalier. In the mean time, the violent impression which the young countess had received from the sight of the apparition brought on her a disorder so dangerous, that the hopes of Lorenzo were very near being destroyed for ever. On her recovering, she insisted upon taking the veil; and it was only by the serious remonstrances of her confessor, in whom she placed an implicit confidence, that she was brought to abandon her project. At length the united solicitations of the family, aided by the confessor, wrested from her the desired consent. The last day of mourning was fixed on for the day of marriage, and the old marquess determined to add to the solemnity of the occasion, by resigning all his estates to his lawful heir. The day arrived, and Lorenzo received his trembling bride at the altar. In the evening a splendid banquet was prepared for the guests, in a hall superbly illuminated. The most lively and delightful music contributed to increase the general joy of the assembly. The venerable marquess wished all the world to participate in his felicity. The gates of the palace were thrown open, and every one that came in was joyfully welcomed. In the midst of the throng ——' The Sicilian paused—a trembling expectation suspended our breath. 'In the midst of the throng,' continued the prisoner, 'appeared a Franciscan monk, to whom my attention was directed by a person who sat next to me at table. He was standing motionless like a marble pillar. His shape was tall and thin; his face pale and ghastly; his aspect grave and mournful; and his eyes were fixed on the new-married couple. The joy which beamed on the face of every one present, appeared not on his. His countenance never once varied. He seemed like a statue among living persons. Such an object, appearing amidst the general joy, struck me more forcibly from its contrast with every thing around me. It left on my mind so durable an impression, that from it alone I have been enabled (which would otherwise have been impossible) to recollect in the Russian officer the features of this Franciscan monk; for, without doubt, you must have already conceived, that the person I have described was no other than your Armenian. I frequently attempted to withdraw my eyes from this figure, but they returned involuntarily, and found him always unaltered. I pointed him out to the person who sat nearest to me on the other side, and he did the same to the person next to him. In a few minutes a general curiosity and astonishment pervaded the whole company. The conversation languished; a general silence succeeded; nor did the monk interrupt it. He continued motionless, and always the same; his grave and mournful looks constantly fixed upon the new-married couple:—his appearance struck every one with terror. The young countess alone, who found the transcript of her own sorrow in the face of the stranger, beheld with a sullen satisfaction the only object that seemed to sympathise in her sufferings. The crowd insensibly diminished, for it was past midnight. The music became faint and languid; the tapers grew dim, and many of them went out. The conversation, declining by degrees, lost itself at last in secret murmurs, and the faintly illuminated hall was nearly deserted. The monk, in the mean time, continued motionless, his grave and mournful look still fixed on the new-married couple. The company at length rose from the table. The guests dispersed. The family assembled in a separate group, and the monk, though uninvited, continued near them. How it happened that no person spoke to him, I cannot conceive. The female friends now surrounded the trembling bride, who cast a supplicating and distressed look on the awful stranger; but he did not answer it. The gentlemen assembled in the same manner around the bridegroom. A solemn and anxious silence prevailed among them. At length, 'How happy we are here together!' said the old marquess, who alone seemed not to behold the stranger, or at least seemed to behold him without dismay. 'How happy we are here together! and yet my son Jeronymo cannot be with us!' 'Have you not invited him, and did not he answer your invitation?' asked the monk. It was the first time he had spoken. We looked at him alarmed. 'Alas! he is gone to a place whence there is no return,' answered the old man. 'Reverend father, you misunderstood me;—my son Jeronymo is dead.' 'Perhaps he only fears to appear in this company,' replied the monk. 'Who knows how your son Jeronymo may be situated? Let him now hear the voice which he heard the last. Desire your son Lorenzo to call him.' 'What does he mean?' whispered the company one to another. Lorenzo changed colour. My own hair almost stood erect on my head. In the mean time the monk approached a sideboard. He took a glass of wine, and bringing it to his lips,—'To the memory of our dear Jeronymo,' said he: 'every one who loved the deceased will follow my example.' 'Wherever you come from, reverend father,' exclaimed the old marquess, 'you have pronounced a dearly-beloved name, and you are welcome here;' then turning to us, he offered us full glasses. 'Come, my friends! let us not be surpassed by a stranger. The memory of my son Jeronymo!' Never, I believe, was any toast less heartily received. 'There is one glass left,' said the marquess. 'Why does my son Lorenzo refuse to pay this friendly tribute?' Lorenzo tremblingly received the glass from the hands of the monk,—tremblingly he put it to his lips. 'My dearly beloved brother Jeronymo!' The name trembled on his tongue, and, being seized with horror, he replaced the glass unemptied. 'That is the voice of my murderer!' exclaimed a terrible figure, which appeared instantaneously in the midst of us, covered with blood, and disfigured with horrible wounds. 'But ask nothing further from me,' added the Sicilian, with every symptom of horror in his countenance. 'I lost my senses the moment I looked at this apparition. The same happened to every one present. When we recovered, the monk and the ghost had disappeared. Lorenzo was in the agonies of death. He was carried to bed in the most dreadful convulsions. No person attended him but his confessor and the sorrowful old marquess, in whose presence he expired. The marquess died a few weeks after him. Lorenzo's secret is concealed in the bosom of the priest who received his last confession; and no person ever learned what it was. Soon after this event, a deep well was cleaned in the farm yard of the marquess's villa: it had been disused many years, and the mouth of it was almost closed up by shrubs and old trees. A skeleton was found among the rubbish. The house where this happened is now no more—the family del M—— is extinct—and Antonia's tomb may be seen in a convent not far from Salerno."

A ghost-story like the above is just fit for a winter evening.

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Trade of the Ancient Nations of Africa. By A. H. L. Heeren. 2 vols. 8vo. Oxford, 1832. Talboys.

We have long been acquainted with the works of this admirable author in their original excellence—we have seen his labours filtered into hundreds of channels, and prized in all—we have even had portions of them in English translation in our possession for a considerable time; but we have only now the pleasure of acknowledging the appearance of two volumes, for which the public is deeply indebted to an Oxford publisher—Mr. Talboys. It is a reproach to the literature of England, and one of the most pregnant proofs of its trading spirit (for the short-sighted mercenaries are never, in a liberal sense, wise even for their own interests), that Professor Heeren's erudite and enlightening researches should have been neglected by our language.

These volumes contain his investigation of the ancient history of Carthage, Ethiopia, and Egypt; and are full of matter of the utmost value to those who love such investigations as have, by the common consent of mankind, been esteemed the best sources of human wisdom, government, and prosperity. Possessed of great learning and industry, Mr. Heeren displays other qualities, but too seldom found in the mere antiquary—he is also philosophic in his views, clear in his expositions, and striking in his combination of facts. His reasoning may be wrong (as all reasoning on past data is liable to be), but it is always most instructive—our minds are enlarged by it, and we hardly care whether the conclusions are true or erroneous.

Such is the character of the author, a portion of whose works we rejoice to see before us; and it will readily be felt how impossible it is for any reviewer to do justice to a production so connected and profound, by brief quotations or analysis. We ought to transcribe extracts enow for fifty *Gazettes*, to enable our readers to appreciate his merits: we can only make a sign.

The Carthaginians occupy more than one half of Vol. I.—to Carthage the power of England has been compared; and therefore we will take a leaf out of that history.

"There will be found no closer resemblance to the struggle of these two parties in Carthage, than that of the Whigs and Tories during the war of the Spanish succession in England. Were not the latter justified in wishing for peace, although Marlborough, at the head of the Whigs, was against it? This comparison might be carried still farther, and could not fail to be instructive if it were in place here. Perhaps there is not in history a finer parallel than might be drawn between Hannibal and Marlborough, if a Plutarch could be found to do it justice. Their both contending for ten years upon a foreign soil, without being subdued, would alone be sufficient to justify the comparison. But much more striking similarities are found in their general circumstances—

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in their bold enterprises—in the formation of their heterogeneous armies—in their murderous battles, planned for annihilation—in their comprehensive political activity—in their dominion over the men by whom they were surrounded—in their unfortunate fates—and, indeed, even in their perhaps unique weakness, for both were unable to withstand the influence of gold. The proper and authentic key to Hannibal's character is found in *Polybius*, iii. p. 144, as the writer obtained it from the mouth of Massinissa, at one time the friend and fellow-warrior of the great Carthaginian."

"Probably, from the course of this war [the second Roman], we may in some degree account for that decline of the maritime forces of the republic during it, which even ancient writers have considered as one of the main causes of its fall, and which nowhere appears more evident than in Scipio's crossing over to Africa without a fleet being sent out to oppose him. In the prosecution of their design, the Barcas had but little occasion for a navy; it had held therefore only a secondary place; and the powerful exertions which the land service cost, perhaps rendered it impossible to maintain the other upon an equal footing. However this may have been, what we have above said will sufficiently answer the question, how this party spirit first arose? And it is, properly, upon *this* question that the fall of every republic usually depends. A nation united in itself is unconquerable; but the most mighty people become an easy prey to their enemies when the spirit of faction prevails over patriotism. * * *

"In the decline of free states every misfortune becomes doubled, as it scarcely ever fails to reanimate the fury of parties. Mortified pride seeks for revenge; and the guilt of unsuccessful war and humiliating peace is hurled from one party to the other. Their mutual hate is thus not only increased, but becomes greater than their hate to the most haughty foe; and thus becomes explained the melancholy, though in history ever-varying, phenomenon, that it becomes easy for the enemies of such a state to form themselves a party, by which they gain intelligence of all its designs. This melancholy phenomenon shewed itself at Carthage, in its fullest extent, after the second peace with Rome."

May not England learn and apply something to its present condition from the following extract?

"It is only from a due consideration of all these circumstances that we can judge of the rise and progress of the Barcine faction, and of the changes which it produced. At its origin it espoused the cause of the people; but the wealth of Spain was sufficient to corrupt even many of the great, and with them a strong party in the senate, where, at the commencement of the second war with Rome, the Barcas evidently had a decided preponderance. The more, however, the partizans of that house were enriched, the more easy it was for envy to stir up the people for a time against it, till the heroic valour of Hannibal again put them to silence. This flexible disposition of the party is precisely the most striking proof of the truth of the narrative; for it is one of the grossest mistakes into which history can fall, to consider political parties, especially in republics, as constant and unchanging bodies; though there is no more difficult task for the historian than to trace out their variations. From all this, the truth and meaning of Polybius's remark, that the Carthaginian government had degenerated before the commencement of the second war with Rome, by an increase of the power of the people, will be set in a just light. The senate at that time appears, indeed, as the ruling body; but the senate itself was ruled by a faction, which relied upon its great favour with the people, though another party was always opposed to it, of which Hannibal the Great, till the end of the second war, seems to have been the leader."

As we purpose this notice to be nothing more than the introduction of a sterling and most valuable publication to the notice of our readers, we shall not now say more than that Professor Heeren himself has approved the translation, which, if not very highly polished, may therefore be considered to be accurate—the best requisite it could possess.

Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes. 8vo. Tomes I. II. III. et IV. à Londres, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

The same: English Translation. 2 vols.

THE Duchess of Abrantes is a warm and decided Bonapartist; but, making allowances for the occasional colouring which this feeling may impart to her tableaux, we have every reason to place great reliance on their truth, and to believe them to be as generally accurate as they are interesting. The French volumes have been some weeks before the public: the English translation is in progress, and will, we are informed, appear in a fortnight. Meanwhile we avail ourselves of a copy of the former, and a portion of the latter, to present our readers with a sample of Madame la Duchesse's performance. Her qualifications for the task are certainly first-rate.

"I may fearlessly affirm, that of all the individuals who have written about Napoleon, few are so competent as myself to give a detailed account of him. My mother, who was the friend of Letitia Bonaparte, was present at his birth. She rocked him in his cradle, and was second mother to him when he quitted Brienne and came to Paris. Not only Napoleon, but his brothers and sisters almost formed part of our family. I shall presently speak of the friendship which arose between myself and Napoleon's sisters—a friendship which one of them has entirely forgotten. When my mother quitted Corsica to follow my father to France, the friendly relations which subsisted between her and the Bonaparte family suffered no change by absence or distance. The conduct of my parents towards Bonaparte, the father, when he came to Montpellier to die, far from his country and all that was dear to him, should never be forgotten by either of the two families. It should be remembered by the one with gratitude, and by the other with that feeling of satisfaction which the performance of a good action creates. The other members of the Bonaparte family were also favourites of my mother. Lucien found in her more than a common friend. When he formed that strange union with Mademoiselle Boyer, my mother received his wife as her own daughter. Of our intimacy with Madame Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Leclerc, the details into which I shall enter in the course of these volumes will afford an accurate idea. My husband's connexion with Bonaparte commenced with the siege of Toulon, and from that time they continued united until Junot's death. Thus, I may say, that without having been always near Bonaparte, I saw him and heard him almost with my own eyes and ears."

The early anecdotes of Buonaparte are the best yet given to the world; because the most intimate and familiar—*ex. gr.*:—

"In the spring of 1793, Bonaparte, before he went to Toulon, having obtained leave of absence, made a visit to Corsica. After his arrival at Ajaccio he lodged near the sea-port, in the house of an old lady, the Countess Rossi, a friend of his family. A club was formed in a barrack situated without the city, in what is called the Sea-square. In this club several orators distinguished themselves, and Napoleon Bonaparte was a frequent speaker. Some of the inhabitants of Ajaccio, alarmed at the formidable aspect of this club, established another assembly, which was attended by several persons of my acquaintance. Among others by a naval officer, whose ship was lying in the roads of Corsica, and who by his talent and courage was very capable of counteracting the measures of the first-mentioned club, should they have become dangerous. This assembly was held in a large house on the opposite side of the square. Its object was to maintain tranquillity, and prevent disorder. The club, of which Bonaparte was a member, at length became so threatening to the public tranquillity, that the moderate assembly resolved to send a deputation to it to point out the mischief it was likely to occasion to the country. The naval officer, to whom I have above alluded, was at the head of this deputation, which consisted of himself and three other members of the assembly. They advised the club to be peaceable,—above all, to wait for the decision of France, and to follow the movement of the republican government. Bonaparte immediately mounted the tribune, and delivered a vehement speech; the object of which was to shew that in times of revolution people must be either friends or enemies, that Solon punished with death every man who remained neutral in civil discord, and that the moderates ought, therefore, to be considered enemies by true patriots. When the sitting was at an end, Napoleon went out into the square. He was very much heated, and seemed but little disposed to any thing conciliating. However, his violence did not intimidate my friend, who was at the head of the deputation. He reproached him for what he had said in the tribune. 'Bah,' said Bonaparte, 'a mere club-speech, nothing else. But, my friend, do you not see the necessity of firmness, and of choosing a wide road instead of a narrow path?' 'You,' replied my friend, 'will perhaps lose yourself in the road you have chosen; and, in the name of friendship, I conjure you to alter your course.' Bonaparte frowned, turned on his heel, and went off to join some of his turbulent colleagues. Some days afterwards my friend learned from some of his correspondents in the interior of the island, that four thousand peasants intended to make a descent from the mountains, and that their hostility would be particularly directed against the families of Salicetti and Bonaparte. My friend warned Bonaparte of the danger. Napoleon wished to know whence my friend had obtained the information. He was exceedingly angry because my friend would not tell him. At length he said, 'No matter, I fear no one.' He parted from my friend coolly. Early next morning my friend's gondolier came to inform him, that he had just seen Bonaparte, in the disguise of a sailor, stepping into a gondola for the purpose of proceeding to Calvi. My friend immediately went out to ascertain the truth of this statement, which was corroborated by all the sailors of the port. On inquiring what had become of the Bonaparte family, he was informed they had taken refuge at Cargesa. At the time when these circumstances occurred, Bonaparte had

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just received his commission of captain of artillery. Shortly after, he was sent to Toulon to command the works of the siege. * * *

"Whilst the most frightful scenes were passing in the convention, the respectable inhabitants of Paris shut themselves up in their houses, concealed their valuables, and awaited with fearful anxiety the result. Towards evening, my brother, whom we had not seen during the whole day, came home to get something to eat: he was almost famished, not having tasted food since the morning. Disorder still raged, and we heard the most frightful noise in the streets, mingled with the beating of drums. The faubourg St. Antoine, which was regularly armed, according to the proposition of Tallien, excited the most serious alarm. My brother had scarcely finished his hasty repast, when General Bonaparte arrived to make a similar demand upon our hospitality. He also, he told us, had tasted nothing since the morning; for all the restaurateurs were closed. He soon despatched what my brother had left, and as he was eating he told us the news of the day. It was most appalling! My brother had informed us but of a part. He did not know of the assassination of the unfortunate Ferraud, whose body had been cut almost piecemeal. 'They took his head,' said Bonaparte, 'and presented it to poor Boissy d'Anglas, and this fiend-like act almost killed the president in his chair. Truly,' added he, 'if we continue thus to sully our revolution, it will be a disgrace to be a Frenchman.'"

The following version of one of the most memorable epochs in the life of this extraordinary man has deeply interested us.

"With respect to the emotion observed in General Bonaparte in the Hall of the Five Hundred at St. Cloud, the following is its true explication. It is no presumption, but the actual fact:—On the general's entering the orangery, he no sooner appeared than violent outcries were raised against him,—'Down with the Cromwell!' 'No dictator!' 'Outlaw him!' General Bonaparte knew very well that the Council of Five Hundred was composed of ultra republicans, and of enthusiastic partisans of the constitution of the year Three; but he had depended too much upon the success of Lucien's exertions, who had laboured all night to strengthen his brother's party. It is a fact, that this reception, without alarming him to the extent of enchaining his faculties, not only induced surprise, but that surprise for the moment deprived him of the words he would have opposed to these vociferations. He reflected how he should act, and his resolution was speedily taken. It was necessary to decide the question instantly, a result which would not have followed upon discussion. He might even have been assassinated; and if he had run the risk, it would not have been a display of valour, but of folly. With an eagle's glance he saw through the circumstances which surrounded him. This self-consultation lasted perhaps some minutes, and the untalented many, judging by themselves, attributed this silence and inaction to fear. But he was not surrounded by those only who were thus incapable of appreciating his sentiments. I also have collected the judgments of eye-witnesses, who, possessing the free use of their reason, and merit on a level with his standard, have read his great mind without doing it injustice. Again, it is difficult to give credit to so many things being done and said in the very short space of time which General Bonaparte passed in the hall of the Council of Five Hundred; it was but an apparition. And with the same frankness with which I have defended him from the imputation of cowardice, I will add, that I do not believe that a poniard was raised against him; it was Lucien who, after his brother's departure, was in real danger. I know that much has been said of this attempted assassination; perhaps General Bonaparte believed it himself; at least it is true, that when he was in the court of the palace, he told it to the soldiers; but, I repeat, I do not believe it. It is not, however, any doubt of the hatred of Pépé Arena against Bonaparte which makes me question the fact; but simply the manner in which the events are said to have taken place. One peculiarity is sufficiently remarkable, that this same day Bonaparte, in addressing the troops, never stood still, and that he moved only in a zig-zag direction. For why? Was he afraid of a pistol-shot from the windows? This conjecture may be correct. My brother-in-law was on the palace steps when Bonaparte came down. His friendship for Lucien made him extremely anxious for the fate of the young tribune. He saw his brother making his harangue, and his tortuous promenade, without taking any step to provide assistance for the president of the council, who meanwhile might be murdered in his curule chair. He approached Bonaparte, and named Lucien: the general immediately turned towards an officer who was a few paces distant from him. 'Colonel Dumoulin,' said he, 'take a battalion of grenadiers, and hasten to my brother's deliverance.' The choice which General Bonaparte made of this officer shews the tact with which he could seize the smallest circumstances that could be turned to his advantage. Colonel Dumoulin was the first aide-de-camp of General Brune, commander-in-chief of a triumphant army in Holland. Already Moreau had given his public pledge in acting as guard to the directors. The first aide-de-camp of Brune commanding the battalion which dispersed the opposing council, would circulate the impression that Brune himself was in concert with Bonaparte. This assurance was with many people a more than sufficient counterpoise to the fear which the retirement of Jourdan and Bernadotte, both known as warm republicans, had inspired. I am sure that Bonaparte had at first no fixed idea upon this subject; but, with that lively and rapid conception which embraced all things with a glance, he no sooner perceived Colonel Dumoulin, than his name started from his lips."

"I must not omit to mention a visit which, a short time before these great events, I had made to Lucien's villa of le Plessis Chamant. All Napoleon's family, at that time, possessed some pretty estates, in which they took pleasure in receiving society. Joseph had Morfontaine; Lucien, le Plessis Chamant; Madame Leclerc, Montgobert. At Morfontaine, excursions upon the lakes, public readings, billiards, literature, ghost stories more or less mysterious, a perfect ease and liberty, gave charms to the passing hour. To this must be added that which filled the measure of enjoyment, the most friendly, invariably friendly reception, which was always accorded by the master and mistress of the mansion. They did not admit every one indifferently; but when once any person was established as a member of their society, they were sure of experiencing the most courteous hospitality from Joseph Bonaparte and his lady. Madame Lucien was equally amiable; but her husband's temper was not by much so even. That did not lessen the amusement to be found at Plessis; perhaps it in some measure contributed to it."

We shall, of course, resume these works: this is but a taste of their captivating quality.

Tour of a German Prince, &c. 2 vols.

[Third Notice.]

In pursuing our review of this book, we shall now content ourselves with extracting a

TALE OF GALWAY.

"In an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and cross-bones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called 'the cross-bones,' and its tragical history is as follows. In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life, an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was reverenced for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives—was his son, according to the chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter; that attaching grace of manner, which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft-proved patriotism, his high-hearted generosity, his romantic conrage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke. So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth, as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillised by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise. While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz; for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired 'in what part of Galway Ireland lay?' After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude.

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It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's, after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description. Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character. This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection. But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as his — though she still refused to confess her love, — that *his* Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered: capricious, humoursome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion; and for whom? — for whom could it be but for Gomez?—for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost cords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation: and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez—so little capable of concealment — the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness or the condition of a still-accountable creature. On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognised him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning-flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him, — the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it, — that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand. Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness, — for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death. Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, shewed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognised as Edward's; and as he was no where to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands. We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when, at break of day, Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd, — the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine,—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment. He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people; — only the foreign guard held out, — and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal. At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and

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pardon? The old man replied with unfaltering voice, 'No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you; your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness, — but that is past, — turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter; — but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him.' With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will. As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. 'I have sworn,' exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, 'that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it.' While he spoke these words, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim. As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house. From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy."

The Bouquet for 1832. London, S. Robinson; W. Kidd; and Sherwood and Co.

NOT worth the silken dress in which it walks. Ill-finished engravings, all published before; a selection of papers which have recently appeared in magazines, so that any possessing merit are already thrice-told tales with the public; one or two original contributions, which might as well have remained unpublished; — such are the contents of this volume. Truly it may be called a Bouquet of faded flowers.

Geographical Annual, or Family Cabinet Atlas. London, 1832. Bull.

THIS beautiful and most useful little volume, a perfect picture of elegance, and yet containing, on a small scale, a vast sum of geographical information, consists of the maps which formed the *Family Cabinet Atlas*. A more instructive present, or a gift better calculated to be long preserved and often referred to, could not be offered to favoured youth of either sex.

The Continental Annual; or, Romantic Cabinet for 1832. With Illustrations by S. Prout. Edited by W. Kennedy. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE literary part of this volume is very inferior to the pictorial department. We had expected much more from Mr. Kennedy and any one he would associate with him: the idea of illustrating the drawings, not by mere description, but by narrative, is good; but it is heavily carried into execution. Abounding in improbabilities, which the imagination has not been sufficiently excited to receive—the tale lengthened beyond what its *matériel* can bear—an utter want of interest—an equal deficiency in graphic power,—the work before us is a failure. The story of "the Prima Donna," though in three parts, is literally all about nothing. The "Rose of Rouen" is the best-told tale, and only wants compression to make a pleasant history of a modern Bluebeard. We regret we cannot award to this volume the warm praise we have had to bestow on some of its competitors; and we regret it the more from our high opinion of Mr. Kennedy's talents.

A General and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerages of England, Ireland, and Scotland, extinct, dormant, and in abeyance. By John Burke, Esq. *England.* 8vo. pp. 632. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

To Mr. Burke's Peerage and Baronetage this is a capital sequel; replete with curious genealogical, historical, and antiquarian information, and at the same time possessing the attractions of legendary lore and amusement. Some of the old title-descents are highly interesting in their details: the rise and fall of great men, the fame and extinction of celebrated names, afford much matter for reflection. The connexion, too, of the majority of these personages with the principal families which have figured or figure in our annals, throws over their heraldic memories another touch of interest. Among the novelties, is a tree of the Vauxes, from which it is deduced that the present Lord Chancellor is descended from Baron Vaux of Harrowden, ennobled by patent in April, 1573, and who traced his ancestry to princes of that name in Normandy and Provence, so ancient as the year 794. They were, it seems, called *Beaux*, Baux, Vaux, de Vallibus; and a flaming account is given of their being emperors of Greece, despots of Romania, princes of Achaia, &c. &c. &c.; so that instead of being a man sprung from the people, Henry Brougham has a thousand years of imperial, royal, and noble blood in his veins.

A portrait of the late Duke of York is prefixed to this volume; which is truly worthy of general approbation, from the immense variety of half-forgotten anecdote and history revived by it, and from its necessary association with so many inquiries. Should Lord Grey venture on a new batch of peers, he may find plenty of fine titles for them in these pages.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TURKEY: — REMARKABLE TEMPEST.

[While some of our public journals are assuring their readers that there has been no storm on the Bosphorus, as previously stated, we have received the following very interesting description of it from a friend, who was first burnt out from Pera, and then exposed to its fury. — *Ed. L. G.*]

Extract of a Letter, dated October 11.

ABOUT seven o'clock of the 5th October, as we were preparing for our daily excursion, we perceived a black cloud gathering over the neighbouring hills, and heard the mutterings of distant thunder. We therefore postponed our walk, and watched the darkness that was rapidly overshadowing the Bosphorus. Suddenly we were surprised to see the water boiling up like a cauldron, in a particular spot; and before our surmises were at an end, something similar to a large paving-stone fell into the sea, under our window, and was immediately followed by another. After gazing at this for a little time, we were startled by a volley of the same material against our windows, which, in a few moments, shattered them into a thousand pieces. The work of destruction was fairly commenced; and to avoid the fragments of broken glass, I rushed into the landing-place. Here, however, matters were worse, instead of better: the roof had been beaten in, and huge masses of ice were rebounding from wall to wall. These immense balls continued falling for about ten minutes: they then became gradually smaller, and the elementary riot concluded by a common hail-shower. The stones were of sufficient weight to perforate the tiled roof like bullets, and left it as full of holes as a colander; so that the rain which followed came pouring into all the rooms as if through a sieve. We measured many of those hail-stones, and found them to be five or six inches in diameter.* They were hard lumps of pure, solid ice: some were round, some angular, as if a number of smaller pieces were congealed together; while others seemed to be in layers, like the various coats of an onion. The heat on the previous day had been most oppressive: the thermometer stood at 89, and during the storm it fell to 66. Commodore Porter, the ambassador from the United States, was going hence to Constantinople, in his caïque, with presents to the Sultan, when he was overtaken by this terrible storm. He afterwards declared, that he had been in battles, earthquakes, and dangers, by sea and land, but had never felt in such an awful situation before. To use his own powerful expression, "it seemed as if the canopy of heaven was congealed, and had suddenly burst open, and descended in large masses of ice." The hand of one of his boatmen was crushed to pieces. Every one in the caïque silently waited his doom; for they expected nothing less than death.

The cloud which carried this destruction passed over Pera and Constantinople, and shattered all the houses which the recent fires had spared. Happy England! with all its *little* agitations, which you think so much of! *Here* we live in perpetual terror of *real* misfortunes — fire, plague, cholera, and now this storm — all rendered more striking when contrasted with the beauty of the climate, than which nothing can be more delightful. I must not forget to mention that this evil cloud was limited in breadth. It passed from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea, all along *one* side of the Bosphorus, the European shore, and did not touch the Asiatic. Two men only were killed on the mountains, about Buyucdere, who were working in a vineyard, and could not find shelter. Below, in the town, the deaths were more numerous, though not so important. A flock of geese were sedately walking along when the shower commenced. The poor things stretched out their necks, and began to gabble; but not aware, I suppose, of the danger, made no haste to get under cover, and the people were afraid to go to their rescue. When the storm ceased they were all dead.

Did you hear of the fête, and its strange conclusion, at Scutari? The Sultan's son and heir was circumcised, and, for an entire week, the large plain where all the pilgrims assemble on their journey to Mecca was covered with tents. In a field before the Sultan's kiosk, I saw a number of persons acting a play; the greensward formed their stage, on which the dancing girls also exhibited: the effect was wild

* We shall give engraved specimens of these remarkable hailstones in our next.

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and picturesque, as their long hair streamed behind them, and their movements were agile and graceful. The spectators formed a circle round them of nearly a mile in circumference. On the same night that I witnessed this cheerful meeting, where even Turks forgot their apathy, three hundred men were strangled! It was stated that they were concerned in the fire at Pera. Several of them were officers in the army, who were invited into the Sultan's kiosk, from which they never returned; they were secretly despatched, and their bodies thrown into the Bosphorus. What would you in England say to such proceedings?

The cholera has visited us from Odessa, but has passed, comparatively speaking, slightly over Constantinople. We kept strict quarantine; and indeed, as far as not touching people or things in the street, we still keep it. Within a few doors of us, an entire family, and their medical attendant, died of the plague.

When you hear of these things at a distance, you are quite terrified; but we, who are so near, think nothing of them. We are now quite familiarised with horrors.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Few reports from committees were read on Wednesday; one, however, seemed to give general satisfaction, and will, no doubt, prove highly advantageous to coachmakers, and, indeed, to all builders of four-wheel vehicles—we allude to Mr. Ryder's method of ascertaining the draft of carriages. It appeared that several experiments had been made with a carriage built upright and narrow, and one long and low-roofed, according to the present fashion. That of the latter construction had the advantage in every respect, as regards velocity and safety; and though the model would have induced those who saw it to believe that the carriage must be much heavier, the difference in that respect was an object of little or no consideration. The report recommended it to the Society for reward.

A cup for effervescing mixtures; an instrument for drawing in perspective; a drawing-board; a glass pen; a communication on portable frescoes, and a dissected map of the constellations, were reported as not possessing sufficient novelty to entitle the inventors to the Society's notice.

Mr. Horsman Solly, who was in the chair during the absence of the Secretary, communicated to the Society that he had offered three of his lectures, which he had delivered last session, to the Society, for publication in their Transactions;—a valuable donation, which cannot but add to the interest of the Society's publication. The thanks of the Institution were voted to the Secretary; and the worthy member communicated the same to him, on his return, with great warmth and kindness.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

November 14th.—Lord Goderich (president) in the chair. A paper was read on the question, "Is the Quorra the Niger of antiquity, or not?" communicated by Colonel Leake, who answers the inquiry in the affirmative; observing, at the same time, that the interest of the investigation is not merely that due to correct nomenclature, but is further connected with the much higher endeavour to draw, from an individual case, general inferences as to the precise geographical knowledge possessed by the ancients. [An analysis of this paper we must defer.]

The meeting proceeded to the special business of the evening, viz. to confer the royal premium for last year on Mr. Richard Lander for his discoveries in Africa; and to receive a report from the council relative to the union of the African Association with the Society. Regarding the first of these, the noble President observed, "that his Majesty having graciously and munificently bestowed an annual donation of fifty guineas on the Society, to constitute a royal premium for the encouragement of geographical science and discovery, it gave him, and he was certain it would give the Society, great pleasure to find itself called on, the first time this was conferred, to bestow it on so worthy an individual. Mr. Lander was one of those men of whom England had so frequently to boast, who derived no advantages from birth or education, but who, by his own patience, spirit, temper, and perseverance, had achieved celebrity, and ultimately succeeded in placing himself in the foremost rank of modern discoverers. He had, therefore, the greatest pleasure in conveying this prize to him—he fully deserved it." Mr. Lander made a short but appropriate reply. Lord Goderich's address was very happily expressed. He spoke with great feeling, and was much cheered by the meeting, which seemed cordially to sympathise with its noble chairman in the sentiments he so impressively uttered, and to take a deep interest in the passing scene. Sure we are, that the public bestowal of such honours must have an excellent effect; and we regret they have been so unfrequent amongst us.

"As regarded the African Association," (his lordship then proceeded,) "that body had made overtures within the last few months to join the Society, on condition that such of its members as were not already members also of the Royal Geographical Society should become such, on payment of the usual fees, without form of ballot; and the council had eagerly accepted an offer so honourable and so gratifying. The labours of the African Association were well known; and its character stood so high as to make inquiry almost superfluous as to the individuals thus introduced. But when he further read the names of Lord Clive, Henry Bankes, Esq., Charles Hoare, Esq., H. H. Hoare, Esq., and John Motteux, Esq., as being the gentlemen in question, he was persuaded the Society would most cordially approve of the act of council which had provisionally admitted them as members." Which was accordingly carried by acclamation, and the meeting adjourned.

We rejoice to have to add, that Lord Goderich's and the Government's countenance of Lander have not been confined to honorary distinctions. That enterprising and singularly deserving traveller has, at the earnest recommendation of his lordship to Mr. Edward Ellice, been appointed to a situation in the Customs, sufficient to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in comfort and respectability. This act reflects great credit on Ministers; and we individually cherish some satisfaction in having (not perhaps that it was required, or did produce any influence) been parties to its warm recommendation. We had, however, the pleasure to hear the promise made some months ago, which has now been so liberally fulfilled; and we trust it is not going too far to express a hope, that something may also be done for John Lander, the attached brother, and sharer in all the fatigues and perils of the discoverer of the course of the Niger.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The London Phrenological Society held their first meeting on Monday; Dr. Elliotson, president, in the chair. Several members were elected. The president read a paper on the attacks that had been made on phrenology since the last session.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On Thursday evening this Society commenced their sittings for the season; Thomas Amyott, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Milne exhibited some Roman remains, consisting of part of a very large earthen vessel, a copper coin of Domitian in most excellent preservation, a hatchet, a gilt steelyard, &c., found with several skeletons, buried in peat, near Ware in Hertfordshire.

A communication was read from Mr. Stark, on the lordship of Thonock, in the parish of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, and a Danish encampment and tumuli there. It entered into a long historical account of the owners of the lordship from an early period, and described the encampment as being near Thonock Hall, of an oval form, and having a triple foss and a vallum, apparently impregnable against any weapon of the era to which it belonged, but as powerless against an attack according to modern warfare. In some of the tumuli were found a battle-axe, similar in form to an Indian tomahawk, a key, a dagger, and other remains. Mr. Stark then proceeded to the question, whether the camp was Roman or Danish; and, in addition to the evidence of tradition in favour of the latter, he stated, that, in the ninth century, Sweyn, king of Denmark, entered the Humber with a powerful army, and, having landed, carried his victorious arms to York, which he besieged and took, and, after ravaging the country, brought considerable spoils into Lincolnshire, where he died. It was reasonable, he concluded, to suppose that one of the tumuli in the neighbourhood of the camp was the burial-place of Sweyn.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages; particularly of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A., &c. Part XXXI. Fisher, Son, and Co.

John Scott, Earl of Eldon; Sir Alexander Johnston, Knt.; Thomas Moore, Esq. It would be difficult to instance two distinguished men more opposite in their politics, in their pursuits in life,—were it not that they are equally amiable, we might say—in their private character and deportment, than the first and the last of the eminent individuals whose memoirs constitute the thirty-first Number of the *National Portrait Gallery*. They have, however, been too much and too long before the public, to justify the expectation that much of novelty can be told respecting either of them, though some facts appear of high political importance and authenticity in the sketch of the Chancellor. Less extensively known in Europe than in Asia, the life of Sir Alexander Johnston has, on the contrary, furnished his biographer with a number of facts, not less interesting from their freshness than from their exhibiting the honourable and useful career of a highly-gifted and excellent person. From the memoir of Sir Alexander Johnston, therefore, we purpose extracting a few passages in a future Number.

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The History and Topography of the United States of North America. By John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts XXL to XXV. Hinton. THE embellishments of this apparently very able work continue to be as pleasing and various as ever. Two of the most striking are, "The Capitol, at Washington," and "The View from Mount Washington."

THE WARRIOR'S WIFE.

WE have had the pleasure of seeing another of Mr. Parris's beautiful pictures, which he has recently finished. It is "The Warrior's Wife." She is represented anxiously awaiting the return of her husband from the field of battle. In her countenance the mingled emotions of hope and fear are powerfully depicted. A sleeping infant in her lap, and the declining sun, indicate the approach of evening. The accessories are well imagined, and skilfully disposed; and the whole work is full of taste and feeling; and is painted with singular richness and depth of colour. We are happy to add, that this fine and interesting performance has been purchased by her Majesty; an honour of which Mr. Parris has just reason to be proud. We may take the present opportunity of observing, that nothing can be more unfounded and unfair than the assertion that the arts have not been encouraged in the present reign. Since his accession to the throne, his Majesty has given several liberal orders to Stanfield and others, for marine subjects; a class of art to which the early habits of his life naturally incline him: Sir W. Beechey is busy painting several portraits of the King and Queen in their robes; Chantrey is at this time executing for his Majesty some of the noblest colossal works ever produced in this country: Wilkie is engaged upon a portrait of the King at Brighton. In the mean while, the Queen has shewn much interest in the subject. Most of the public exhibitions of works of art have been visited, some of them repeatedly, by her Majesty and her connexions; and we have just mentioned an instance of her patronage of an artist of great merit and rising reputation. If so much kindly feeling towards the arts has been evinced under the unfavourable public circumstances which have lately prevailed, what may not be expected when the terrors of reform and cholera have passed away, and when the country is permitted, as we trust it will be permitted, to enjoy that tranquillity so indispensable to the cultivation of the more liberal and elegant pursuits of life?

A recent visit to the *attelier* of Mr. Briggs has also afforded us very great pleasure. We found this eminent artist warm in the lucrative branch of portrait painting; though not divorced from those higher works of art which have so justly raised his name to a leading rank. In his new pursuit he is strikingly successful: a group, Mrs. Siddons and Miss F. Kemble, is one of the most interesting which can be imagined. C. Kemble, an admirable likeness; Ramohun Roy, an equally fine whole length; Mr. Planché, a capital head; Judge Alderson, and others, all proclaim the masterly hand which has produced them.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Advice, which all may understand, on the Medical Treatment of the Pestilential Cholera.

FOR practical purposes it is not sufficient that the nature and seat of the disease is pointed out, or that the line of treatment to be pursued, or the method of combating the symptoms, should be described, to enable a non-medical person to be prepared to repel the attacks, or preserve a friend from a painful and extraordinary disease. Even under the most common circumstances there are a host of minor details in the symptoms of the malady which constitute the whole of the difficulties of medical "exploration" and "diagnosis." As, however, we are determined to be useful to our readers as far as is in our power, we shall, in the present Number, devote ourselves to the description of the principal medicaments which have been recommended for the pestilential cholera, with a statement of their doses and the manner of exhibiting them.

On being seized with Cholera.—On the first attack, bleeding, or hot-water and vapour-baths, are to be resorted to. The former is a surgical operation, and dangerous in its performance without proper anatomical knowledge: with regard to the latter, we have lately heard of a novel mode of exhibiting the vapour-bath by means of a tea-kettle: the patient is enclosed in a blanket, and the spout of the kettle introduced between the folds; the kettle is to be kept boiling, and a most efficient vapour-bath is produced.

External Applications.—The coldness and clamminess of the skin are obviated by friction: this may be done with dry and heated substances, as flannel or hare-skins, or with the addition of stimulating remedies, as camphor, which can be reduced into powder by using a small proportion of spirits of wine. The principal liquid preparations of camphor for rubbing are the camphorated spirits of wine, which we formerly objected to on account of the rapid evaporation of the rectified spirits; the camphor liniment (olive oil and camphor) is not liable to the same objection, but that oils are bad rubefacients; the compound liniment of camphor (camphor, hartshorn, and oil of rosemary); the camphorate soap liniment (camphor, soap, oil of rosemary, and spirits of wine); and opodeldoc (camphor, marrow, soap, oils of thyme and rosemary, hartshorn, &c.) We do not give the quantities, when the preparations alluded to can be obtained at the druggists' under the names made use of in the text.

Internal Remedies.—The temperature of the body is sustained internally by hot wine and water, with spices, cloves, cinnamon, or ginger; or, in persons accustomed to indulgence in wine or spirituous liquors, by punch, or that which is most agreeable to them, providing that it is warmer and stronger than usual. These restoratives must also, when the succession of symptoms is so very rapid, be made the vehicle of those medicines upon which hitherto the greatest reliance has been placed—we mean the sedatives and stimulants. The temperature of the skin and surface is, in the interval of frictions, to be sustained by hot flannels, heated bricks, bags of sand or bran, or bottles of hot water; these must be placed at the feet, the calves of the legs, and in contact with any of those parts of the body which are most liable to be spasmodically affected. A blister should be raised on the pit of the stomach. If the ordinary plaster of the cantharides fly is found too slow in its operation, the emetic tartar may be used (tartar emetic one dram and a half, and spermaceti ointment one ounce; or, liniment of ammonia one ounce, tartarised antimony one dram): but more immediate relief has been obtained by the sudden effusion of boiling water on the stomach, and by placing a small quantity of tow soaked with turpentine, and setting it on fire. The sedative applications externally are poppy-heads and henbane-leaves, in the proportion of two ounces of the former to one of the latter, boiled in a pint of water, and applied as warm as can be borne without raising a blister. The poultices of mustard and linseed meal are made by mixing the two ingredients in equal proportions together; the mustard to be moist, so that the whole forms a paste, and nothing must intervene between the poultice and the skin. These poultices may be applied to the seat of pain, whether the chest, the heart, or the "abdomen;" and they may succeed the blister on the pit of the stomach. They also act as a counter-irritant when placed at the feet. In the internal exhibition of medicines great attention must be paid to the age, the habits, and the idiosyncrasy of the patient. It must be evident to every one, that age must have much influence upon the dose of any medicine; and if we consider that a child ten years old and a man of sixty will only take one half of what a person of thirty-five will, we have a fair average. The habits are the peculiarities of constitution, of occupation, and of nourishment, of indulgences or deprivations of the patient; and the idiosyncrasies are the different effects of the same medicaments upon different individuals—as we see laudanum excites wakefulness and feverish action in some, and antimony become a poison to certain children. Laudanum may be exhibited in doses of from 20, 30, 40, or even 60 drops, at intervals of a quarter to half an hour; but it is more efficacious combined with sulphuric ether, 25 to 30 drops of each. When sulphuric ether is not used, camphor or sal volatile should be administered; the former can be given in doses of from two grains to a scruple in pills, or suspended in a mixture by means of a mucilage, or the yolk of an egg; the latter in doses of a tea-spoonful in hot water. When laudanum disagrees with the patient, solid opium, or, what is preferable, the extract of lettuce or of henbane, must be taken. The dose of the first is from two grains to a scruple, or even a dram; that of the second, from one grain to a scruple. Calomel, more especially in India, has been used in very large doses in this pestilence.

Farther Medicaments.—It appears particularly necessary, that, while we endeavour to restore the loss of temperature and deadliness of the surface of the body and of the limbs, produced by an impeded circulation, and to moderate the spasms consequent on vital reaction, we should also endeavour internally to combat the temporary atrophy (loss) of the functions of the liver, kidneys, and other glandular structures; and calomel must be resorted to for this purpose. At the same time, the evacuations, which by their quantity and rapidity threaten to carry away the patient, may be alleviated by injections of hartshorn and starch, or slightly opiated liquids. We cannot recommend the inhaling of gas without the assistance of a chemist or a medical man, more particularly nitrous oxide, whose effects have so often proved deleterious.* The essential oils which have been used with success as powerful stimulants, are, oil of cajeput, obtained from a shrub of the myrtle family growing in Amboyna and Borneo—it may be taken

* We have received a letter from Dr. Whitelaw Ainslie of Edinburgh, in which he states, that, to the best of his knowledge, he was the first Indian practitioner who suggested the use of galvanism, or of oxygen, in the cholera. Dr. A. also states, that it was an opinion of Dr. Tyler's that bad rice might occasion cholera, and not his own. We quoted from memory, from a work of Dr. Ainslie's on "Inflammation," and not on "Cholera." Dr. A. further gives it as his opinion, that the disease at present existing in this country is cholera passing from the more simple to the epidemic type.

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in doses of from three to six drops; the essential oil of cinnamon in doses of from one to six drops; oil of cloves and oil of nutmeg, two drops to four: all these oils may be dropped on a lump of sugar, or triturated with sugar, and dissolved in spirits of wine.

Such are the simple remedies to be used in attacks of the pestilential cholera. It has been remarked, that many works have been published, and many essays written, but no *specific* has yet been found. If it had, such details as we here present would be needless: it is in the midst of our ignorance with regard to the remote cause of the disease, that we must rake up all the treasures of medicine and the resources of experience to alleviate the painful and varied symptoms, and ward off their fatal and melancholy termination. There are many other modes of treatment that have been proposed by eminent medical practitioners of our own country and the continent. We have deviated very little from the directions published by the Board of the College of Physicians; for amidst the profusion, we have found them the most simple, and we should think they will be the most efficacious.

Before we terminate the subject, we hope now for some length of time, we must leave these dull details of measures and quantities, to make a few remarks upon the progress of the disease in this country. It appears that there have been hitherto comparatively very few cases, averaging two or three in a day, till, at the beginning of this week, the disease again began to shew a more formidable character. In the mean time, a meeting has been held of the medical men of Sunderland, at which they almost all of them expressed their opinion, that the pestilential cholera did not exist in that town. We have no doubt that as medical men they gave an unbiassed opinion as to the nature of the disease which does exist there; but need we inform the reflecting public, that the same difference of discrimination and judgment exists in the professors of the healing art as in any other profession or pursuit; and that even the titles given by monopolism of intellect and of credentials, cannot convey their knowledge or experience to those whom they license to practise the Hippocratic art? Certain it is, that there have been no cases from Sunderland hitherto given to the public which entitle us to consider the disease existing there as the Asiatic or pestilential cholera: but if a number of medical men make an assertion, they should support it by facts, and publish such account of the cases, detailing the difference of their symptoms from those of the Asiatic cholera, as would give conviction to an anxious and alarmed country: if not, they only oppose opinion to opinion, and then certainly we should lean towards that of Drs. Daun and Gibson, who *have seen* the disease, as the gentleman also had who was among the first to announce its appearance in the town. Nor, while we remark upon the difficulties which surround this question, can we avoid expressing some surprise at the little information we obtain from the individuals who transmit their bulletins to the central Board of Health. It appears that, as one of the principal features of the malady is violent alvine ejections, they have thought proper to take under their surveillance all the cases of diarrhœa that occur in the town; and if they mean simple diarrhœa, we are very suspicious that they will not get exact information as to the number of sufferers; and what can be the use of an imperfect list, or indeed of any list at all, that has no reference to the malady whose progress they are sent to observe? It has also been thought proper to make a distinction of common from malignant cholera. Is this a distinction of maladies, or a difference of symptoms of the same disease in different persons? Or is Dr. Daun's tabular view a gradation of the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of intensity of the same malady? There are surely a great number of cases of common cholera at Sunderland co-existing with a malignant disease of the same kind, and that at the same period. Is this common cholera distinguished by the presence of bile, or by the absence of the congestion of the heart and lungs, and characterised by increase of temperature instead of diminution? Upon these questions will depend some curious facts in the history of the progress and varying characters of the pestilential cholera, which time will soon disrobe of their mystery. But at the present period certainly no details or facts should be withheld from the public which might give, if only to some, the security of anticipation, while others waited for the often-times dearly bought results of experience.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SIN OF PUNNING.

Sir,—I have for some years been a subscriber to, and reader of, your excellent journal; and, until last Saturday week, have always been delighted with the talent, learning, and research it has contained; but, sir, you were guilty of a pun—at least so I am informed, for I do not yet understand what joke there can be in saying, "Enter a fire, exit a theatre." Now, sir, as Dr. Johnson says, you may make a pun, but I say you shall not pick a pocket—at least, not mine. I am a country gentleman, with no cares except a young nephew, heir to a title and my fortune. He, sir, is a wag—a punster: more than a dozen times I have driven him from my house for his joking propensities; indeed, I believe he was the author of that sad trash you inserted in your paper of the 5th. I have been obliged to give up shooting, because every day I went out he indulged my friends with a joke, in which—not that I see any point in it—he asked whose guns they admired most—Manton's, Richard's, Lancaster's, or Egg's? Each chose their man: he said, there could be no doubt Eggs were the best for poaching*—now, *why*, I am at a loss to know. He calls his "Eggstatic thoughts." At table I dispense with port wine, because he either calls it the "Sublime Porte," or abuses it, and says, "any port in a storm." Turkeys I have forbid, on account of his calling them "Turkey in *Grease*." He calls the Sunderland complaint, the Colliery Morbus—London Bridge, Pons Asinorum, because it was opened under Sir Don Key's auspices. He annoys me by asking at the pastry-cook's for *speculum viæ*—a glass of whey. He tells me, that eighteen in French is like an old coat turned—*parce-qu'il est deux fois neuf*—at least, so he says. He tells me, the height of folly is to eat pea-soup with a pin, or bolt your door with a boiled carrot. In the last frost, when Dr. Hawes was a great surgeon, he wrote what he called an epigram—

"Perpetual freezings and perpetual thaws,
Though bad for *hips*, are good for *Hawes*."

He has told me he can make a monosyllable of tea-pot; and he says *p-o-t, t pot*. He writes odes to winter, beginning, "All *hail!*"—odes in skittle-gounds, beginning, "Descend, ye *nine!*" In short, he enters into what he calls the *Punic* war every day. Now, sir, with this nephew, who says he not only knows his uncle, but also his *haunts*, I am quite bored; I am, as my nephew calls it, like the Thames at Rotherhithe—*greatly bored*. I wish to *put down* his puns—he says they are worth *putting down*.† But, sir, if you continue to joke, pray discontinue to send me your paper. I hear you are establishing a Garrick Club—if my nephew and your punster are not members, you may insert the name of your obedient servant,

Pitt Williams.

* Apropos—"*By permission*,"—our bard was so pleased with this fancy, that he persisted in putting it into rhyme—

Come, tell me, Lord W., whose guns you admire—
Joe Manton's self-primer, or Egg's ready fire?
Why, really, since now my opinion you're broaching,
I decidedly think Eggs better for poaching.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday, after the performance of the *Exile*, in which Macready displayed great talent and spirit in his personation of a character every way beneath him, a new piece was produced, for the first time, called the *Days of Athens*. The bills described it as a *mirror of history and science;* and as we know not by what name of our own to call it, we may e'en let that pass for its proper title. As far as we could judge, it appears to have been the intention of the author to give a series of detached scenes or pictures, and these were represented on an inner stage, something similar to that which is used by the players in Hamlet, when they enact the *Mouse-Trap* before the court of Denmark. Where Mr. Ducrow was himself concerned (only as an actor we mean), every thing was done that could gratify the most fastidious. His personations were all classically correct, and many of his attitudes were extremely beautiful; but for the different changes of scene and dress considerable delay was requisite; and the pauses, tedious enough in themselves, were made doubly irksome by the introduction of a vast number of verses of the true bellman cut, that were delivered with an abundance of false emphasis by Mr. Gomersal, from Astley's: indeed, after listening for an hour to this venerable gentleman, who is called the

† We are half ashamed of the antiquity of some of these jokes, but they may mix up very well with those of a newer sort; and we find it likely that the *Garrick Club*, when in full operation (for which its house is now fitting up with all haste, and the list of original subscribers filling up rapidly), is likely to be the scene and source of much wit and pleasantry—since we picked up some of the following at mere by-corners, where a few of its members happened to congregate.

Irish Logic.—An Irish gentleman walked into the City the other day, recommended to a bill-broker, for a discount. The broker looked at the acceptance, and, as usual, started some difficulties. "It has (he said) a great many days to run, as you see, sir." "That's very true," replied Pat; "but I beg you to observe that they are the shortest days in the year."

One dramatic writer remarked, that the only difference between Ducrow's autumn and winter was, that the one was all sickles, the other icicles. What a pun for a sickly season!

A kitchen maid of the name of Elizabeth Sky applied for employment. What could be done with a sky in the kitchen? Such a light would shew better in the attic, said one. True, said another; but even below she might sky a copper.

A late pseudo-fashionable man upon town was heard to declare, that he never liked to ask for *blancmange*, because he did not know the name of it in French!!

Mr. ——, a clergyman, was mentioned as being extremely willing at all times to devolve his clerical functions upon any deputies who would undertake them. "Why is —— like England, then?" asked a conundrumist;—"give it up? He expects every man to do *his duty*."

C——, it was related, had made a fortune by sheep-stealing, transporting the animals to the continent, and improving our neighbours' fleeces by fleecing us at home. To accomplish this, he would be out in the worst nights of winter, in a boat off the coast. "It must have been severe work," remarked an innocent. "By no means," was the reply; "you know, he could always choose his own *wether*."

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Sage of Athens, we must confess that our ideas of Athenian wisdom are of a very humble kind; for more nonsense in the same space of time has rarely been inflicted on us even within the walls of a theatre. The scenes and dresses were very picturesque; and the machinery, with the exception of the swan and some of the singing birds, well contrived; but the construction of the thing was so bad, and the whole affair so uninteresting, that the audience became impatient, and at the fall of the curtain there were as many *noes* as *ayes*. It was repeated on the following night, for the second and last time.

We beg again to protest against the late hours to which the theatres extend their performances. On Monday night it was a quarter past eleven before the termination of the *Days of Athens*; and *Hyder Ali*, the longest of melodramas, was then to follow. This, we know from experience, is annoying to the audience, and we cannot conceive that it can be advantageous to the proprietor.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Thursday a new farce, by Kenny, called the *Irish Ambassador*, was performed at this theatre. It is a satire upon the intricacies of diplomacy; but the incidents being few in number, and those few not remarkably ludicrous, and the dialogue not having much point or piquancy to recommend it, we do not anticipate that it will live beyond a third, or a sixth night at the utmost. The principal part (indeed the only one of any prominence) is in the hands of Mr. Power; and although he bustles through it with great animation, yet there is a something about his manners and appearance which does not come up to our notion of the Irish *gentleman*—the baronet of high life—who is deputed by the ladies of Almacks' to travel in search of patterns for fancy-ball dresses. The *Irish Ambassador* is what is called *a dress farce*, and of foreign extraction, being founded on *le Diplomat*.

The young lady announced at this theatre as a pupil of Tom Welsh, is a Miss Shireff. Report speaks highly of her great powers as a singer. She is, we believe, to open in Mandane; and some go so far as to assert that she is likely to raise once more the drooping fortunes of this devoted theatre.

VARIETIES.

Druidical Remains.—A few days ago Mr. Cole, of Scarborough, discovered, in the vicinity of the village of Cloughton, a Druidical circle, near to the one pointed out by John Wharton, Esq. a few years ago. It is about twelve yards in diameter, having the altar-stone remaining, and is in a direction bearing N.N.E. from the Wharton circle. Its site is in a vale, called Hulley's Slack, and near it flows a clear spring of water. It is bounded by the plantation denominated Lind Ridge, or Rigs, on the opposite elevation.—*York Herald.*

New Volcanic Island of Sciacca.—In Loudon's Magazine of Natural History for November, there is an account of the volcanic island of Sciacca, in which the author advances the opinion, supported by mineralogical facts, and the appearances presented in a sketch which accompanies the essay, that the island is permanent in its structure, and further, that it is a crater of elevation and not of eruption. This fact is now set at rest by some details published in the *Standard* of the 12th of November, and which are part of a letter of a Lieutenant in the French navy to Admiral Hugon. "It appears," the author says, "that the volcano, before it made its explosion, had raised up the rocky crust by which it was surrounded, and it has left behind it the long train of land which it had drawn up." This statement is founded on a careful examination of the island and its neighbourhood. It does not appear to have increased much in size since the last accounts.

Bad Water.—Mr. Wright, whose exertions have heretofore been so zealously and usefully devoted to the improvement of the water supplied for the consumption of the northern parts of the metropolis, has again bestirred himself to obtain attention to the wants of the borough of Southwark with regard to this great necessary of life. In Southwark seven thousand families, it appears, have their water from that very part of the Thames where the large common sewers discharge their noxious and disgusting contents. No doubt the board of health at this crisis, the inhabitants, and the government, will look into this dangerous and abominable practice, with a view to its remedy.

Medal of William Roscoe.—A handsome medal of this distinguished individual has been executed by Mr. Scipio Clint, in a manner highly creditable to the artist. On the obverse is the head of the late historian of the House of Medici, with the simple inscription, *William Roscoe*. The likeness is excellent. On the reverse is a laurel-tree, surrounded by the motto "Stassi il lavro lieto;" and below, "Born MDCCLIII.—died MDCCCXXXI."

Queen Matilda.—A French antiquary, who lately visited the ruins of the once magnificent Monastery of Saint-Evroult, in Normandy, states, that he observed, over an oaken door, the words, (we transcribe them literally),

Mathildis regina uxor Guilleimi conquestoris regis anglorū Et ducis Normannorum uticum venit, fratribusque, datis Sumptibus, lapideum tricorium ubi und reflorent construi Præcepit, anno 1081, *sub Meinerio abbate.*

On inquiry, however, he found that the apartment had been, not a refectory, but a library. It appears, therefore, that Matilda's *tricorium* was an allegorical establishment,—a place devoted to the nourishment of the mind. It is extraordinary that an illiterate princess should have entertained so elevated an idea in an age of barbarism.

Highland Scenery.—An extensive pictorial and trigonometrical survey of the highlands and islands of Scotland has been commenced this year by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, of Ochtertyre, who has already traversed a large portion of the west highlands, and enriched his portfolio with many sketches of scenery, hitherto unexplored, of the most interesting and uncommon character. These sketches have been taken in outline, with all the fidelity which the aid of the finest instruments could give to an eye and hand long practised in military drawing: and arrangements, we understand, have been made with Mr. Morison, secretary to the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth, for their publication, with notes, in a form and at such periods as to conduce to their general circulation. If the facsimiles of drawings so correctly taken be well executed, and if the notes contain, not mere descriptions of the face of the country, but geological references to the sketches, and well-selected historical memoranda, we are satisfied that neither of these gentlemen will have cause to regret the time and labour bestowed on the elucidation of the picturesque scenery of their native country.

Rum Light.—It is stated in an American paper, that a process has been invented by which rum is converted into gas, which affords a clear and brilliant light.

Demolition!—A mountain in Switzerland, called *Le Gelshardsberg*, is on the point of crumbling to pieces. During the last month, immense masses of rock have detached themselves from it, and are constantly falling, with a tremendous crash, into the lake of Bregenz. It seems that even nature herself has her seasons of uproar and commotion.—*Figaro.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLVI. Nov.* 12.]

Mr. F. Arundel, a young architect, who has been pursuing his studies in Italy, announces a work in Nos. on the Edifices of Palladio, consisting of plans, sections, and elevations, with details of his most admired buildings, from drawings and measurements taken at Vicenza and Venice by the Author.

Select Essays on various Topics, Religious and Moral, by Henry Belfrage, D.D.

Mr. R. Hanway is preparing a History of the Representation of England, drawn from Records; and of the Reform of its Abuses by the House of Commons itself, without the aid of the Statute Law.

Luther's Table-Talk.

A Refutation of the Calumnious Reports set on foot by the followers of the Rev. Edward Irving, respecting the Unknown Tongue.

In Nos., Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury; a Series of Etchings and Vignettes, from Drawings by a young Artist, and comprising Views of interesting Buildings and other Remains of Antiquity in that City and Neighbourhood; edited, with Descriptive Notices, by the Rev. Peter Hall, M.A. Curate of St. Edmund's, Sarum.

The principal memoirs in the ensuing volume of the Annual Biography and Obituary, will, we are informed, be those of Sir R. C. Spencer—H. Mackenzie—Brigadier-General Walker—Elliston—Sir W. J. Hope—Archdeacon Parkinson—Lord Torrington—Jackson, the R.A.—John Abernethy—Mrs. Siddons—Sir E. Berry—Dr. Mackie—Rev. Robert Hall—Sir Murray Maxwell—Thomas Hope—Earl of Dundonald—Carrington—Sir Joseph Yorke—Roscoe—Andrew Strahan—Northcote—Lord Norbury.

Observations during a Twelve Years' Residence in a Mussulmaun's Family in India; descriptive of Domestic Life, by Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Gooch's Compendium of Midwifery, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Turton's British Shells, coloured plates, 12mo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—Stapleton's Life of Canning, 2d edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 18s. bds.; Additions to the 1st edition, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Amesbury's Practical Remarks on Fractures, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 5s. bds.—Village Rhymes, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Thelwall's Thoughts in Affliction, 18mo. 3s. cloth.—Dr. Marshall Hall on the Circulation, 8vo. plates, 9s. cloth.—The Child's Annual, 12mo. 8s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Stewart's Visit to the South Seas, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. bds.—Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Wardlaw on the Sabbath, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Love's Offering, a Musical Annual for 1832, 9s. bds.—The Cadeau, a Musical Annual for 1832, 12s. bds.—Thucydides, from the Text of Bekker, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Watson's Important Considerations, with Notes by Rev. J. Mendham, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Cavendish, or the Patrician at Sea, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—The Town and Country Brewery-Book, 18mo. 4s. bds.—Hood's Eugene Aram, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to the Regent's Park, &c. royal 18mo. 2s. sd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

November.	Thermometer.			Barometer.		
Thursday.. 10	From	22.	to 45.	30·32	to	30·16
Friday 11	——	43.	— 53.	30·15	—	30·20
Saturday .. 12	——	45.	— 53.	30·19	—	30·14
Sunday.... 13	——	43.	— 53.	30·06	—	30·00
Monday .. 14	——	24.	— 43.	30·02	—	29·86
Tuesday .. 15	——	27.	— 43.	29·46	—	29·37
Wednesday 16	——	27.	— 41.	29·26	—	29·35

Wind, N.W. and S.W. the latter prevailing.

Except the 12th and 16th, generally cloudy, with rain in the evenings of the 10th and 14th.

Rain fallen, ·325 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To correct one's own error, however trifling, is a pleasure. In our last, while truly placing a correspondent in the right, we, by accidentally transposing the names, fell into the mistake of saying that Miss E. Tree played *Mrs. Bromley*, and Miss Taylor *Mrs. Simpson*, instead of the reverse. We were only intent on stating that these two actresses *did* perform, and *not* Mrs. Gibbs, as our correspondent insisted.

H. C. W. is declined.

An influx of new publications this week has obliged us rather to introduce than fully to notice those which our Review embraces: others are necessarily postponed altogether, including Cavendish, a highly political Novel—the Catechism of Health, a very opportune little medical treatise, in a very popular form—Stewart's Travels in the Pacific Ocean, &c. Various articles belonging to other divisions of our *Gazette*, and particularly the musical department, are also deferred.

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No. 775. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Romance and Reality. By L. E. L., author of "The Improvisatrice," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THE poetical productions under the initial *sobriquet* of L. E. L. having obtained very high celebrity while their writer was yet in the precincts of early girlhood; and, during the few years which have since elapsed, having extended her fame and popularity to the widest range of the English language, no slight degree of expectation has been naturally excited towards this her first effort in prose composition. The admirers of her poetry—and they are so numerous and ardent, that it may truly be said she has formed a new school in our poetic literature—are curious to see if the same genius will be thrown over the page of a novel—if it will possess the same exquisite tenderness—the same warmth of feeling combined with the same purity of female delicacy—the same fine perceptions of humanity linked with the same luxury of imagination—the same descriptive power, nature, and pathos, which have so greatly distinguished the fair Improvisatrice, and rendered her volumes the treasured favourites of the youthful of both sexes, whose spirits the world hath not deadened; while even those farther advanced in life have been charmed by their freshness and fancy, awakening in them the happiest, and still more frequently the most touching, dreams of by-gone days.

This problem is now before the public for solution; and so far as our opinion goes, it must be decided in a way which will much augment the reputation of the author. We think *Romance and Reality* a perfectly original specimen of fictitious narrative; there is no performance of the class, within our knowledge, which it resembles. It is also totally different from the writer's poetry, and displays altogether various faculties and powers hitherto undeveloped by her publications. In parts like works by preceding novelists, it is in its own form and combinations that it appears to us to stand alone: we question if L. E. L. herself could imitate it successfully.

The several kinds of novels which, with all their imperfections, shed a lustre over our literature, are chiefly these:—

The *Romantic*, in which the imaginative and descriptive prevail; the supernatural and extraordinary increase the intensity of the interest; and the characters are mixed of the ruthless and depraved, and of beings superior to the common race of the earth. Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis, and others since the times of Sidney's *Arcady*, and Mrs. Manley's *Atlantis*), adorn this order in our country.

The novel of *Common Life* has filled a large space amongst us, and possessed as many varieties as its widely spread and diversified subject. Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, Miss Burney, Miss Porters, Mrs. Inchbald, Dr. Moore, and a hundred others, have wrought in this exhaustless mine;—the qualifications required being, a knowledge of human nature, of life, and society, and the capacity to draw clever and humorous pictures of all.

High Life and *Fashionable* novels may next be mentioned; from Richardson, whose scenes are laid among the upper circles, but yet laid with a profound acquaintance with the springs of the human heart, to the slip-slop senseless scribblers of the year 1831, who have a profound acquaintance with nothing. Where merit exists in performances of this sort, it must also be in a similar knowledge of human nature, which is necessary to depict the middle and lower orders, and in belonging to that station which enables the author to paint true pictures of life in the sphere to which they belong. Mr. E. L. Bulwer may be quoted as the most successful of our contemporaries in this line.

The *Satirical*, consisting of a keen perception of vices and follies, and a keen wit to lash and ridicule them.

The *Historical*, in which genius animates the past, and reinvests individuals recorded in distant annals with a new existence. Here Scott is the mighty master; but there are many worthy labourers in the same prolific vineyard.

It would be tedious to particularise and dwell upon the numerous species which may be referred to one or other of the foregoing genera, or to designate productions so peculiar as each to constitute, as it were, a genus *per se*. Of the latter, De Foe, Swift, and Sterne, furnish memorable examples; and of the former the divisions are as obvious as they are numerous. We have *Sentimental* novels, such as Mackenzie's; *Fairy* tales; *Philosophical* novels and *Political* novels, from Godwin to Ward; *Religious* novels, see Hannah More, &c.; *Moral* and *Instructive* novels, see Miss Edgeworth and others, whose lessons are so acutely drawn from and applied to real life; and we have also novels illustrative of *National* and *Foreign* manners:—some directly addressed to the passions by means of a concentrated narration of sufferings; and sundry other varieties, which will readily suggest themselves to the minds of our readers.

In *Romance and Reality* we have glimpses of most of the ingredients we have enumerated; and they are mingled together without a single artifice of practised novel-writing; without affording strong proof of the "organ of constructiveness." The story, it is true, proceeds in a very simple manner, and we hardly like it the less for its want of management; though perhaps the presence of that quality might have rendered it here and there more striking. But, without being strictly a historical, fashionable, sentimental, romantic, or common-life novel, this work possesses a portion of the highest merits of them all, and is especially separated from either by its own excellencies. Every character is true to nature: the reader has met the parties daily for the last ten years. There is a fineness and justness of observation, very unexpected to us from the former works of the writer, which is quite alive to social peculiarities, and strikes them with a point so ingeniously, as to place common things and occurrences in new, curious, and pleasant lights. Then, beyond this, we find a store of deeper and more reflective mind, which overflows in a multitude of pithy maxims, which Rochefoucauld himself might be proud to own. Even in familiar life, the Poetess has chosen to evince her talent; and the Higgs' family are illustrious specimens of cockney vulgarity. When we add, that we are moved with equal fidelity of delineation, not only from town to country, but to Spain and Italy, some idea may be formed of the great ability with which *Romance and Reality* abounds. It has only to confess to a few unimportant errors (the results of negligence, perhaps, or of the want of habit in long prose compositions), and to the still graver charge of introducing into a London evening party, and at the Athenæum Club *soirée*, &c. several individuals who may easily be recognised in actual life. This is not done ill-naturedly, but the thing itself is below the standard of the writer's genius; and we never can consent to forego the reprehension of these personal exhibitions. They strike at the root of social intercourse; for there are multitudes of people who utterly dislike to have their portraits, however flatteringly limned, made public.

It is now our pleasing task to convey some notion of this book to our readers, without unfolding the mysteries and *dénouement* of the story,—an offence not to be forgiven. We shall therefore select only detached parts; and commence with a very touching death-scene—that of the loved uncle of Emily.

"Mr. Arundel had lain down some time. Mrs. Arundel remained in the parlour with the medical and legal ladies—she for news, they for luncheon—while Emily stole softly to her uncle's room. Though the light fell full on his face, he was asleep—a calm, beautiful, renovating sleep—and Emily sat down by the bedside. The love which bends over the sleeping is, save in its sorrow, like the love which bends over the dead—so deep, so solemn! Suddenly he opened his eyes, but without any thing of the starting return to consciousness with which people generally awake—perhaps her appearance harmonised with his dream. Without speaking, but with a look of extreme fondness, he took her hand, and, still holding it, slept again. Emily felt the clasp tighten and tighten, till the rigidity was almost painful: she had drawn the curtains, lest the sun, now come round to that side of the house, should shine too powerfully; a strange awe stole over her in the gloom; she could scarcely, in its present position, discern her uncle's face, and she feared to move. The grasp grew tighter, but the hand that held hers colder; his breathing had all along been low, but now it was inaudible. Gently she bent her face over his; unintentionally—for she dreaded to awaken him—her lips touched his; there was no breath to be either heard or felt, and the

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mouth was like ice. With a sudden, a desperate effort, she freed her hand, from which her uncle's instantly dropped on the bedside, with a noise, slight indeed, but, to her ears, like thunder; she flung open the curtains — again the light came full into the room — and looked on a face which both those who have not, and those who have before seen, alike know to be the face of death. * * *

"Deep as may be the regret, though the lost be the dearest, nay, the only tie that binds to earth, never did the most passionate grief give way to its emotion in the presence of the dead. Awe is stronger than sorrow: there is a calm, which, though we do not share, we dare not disturb: the chill of the grave is around them and us. — I have heard of the beauty of the dead: it existed in none that I have seen. The unnatural blue tinge which predominates in the skin and lips; the eyes closed, but so evidently not in sleep — in rigidity, not repose; the set features, stern almost to reproof; the contraction, the drawn shrunk look about the nose and mouth; the ghastly thin hands, — Life, the animator, the beautifier — the marvel is not, how thou couldst depart, but how ever thou couldst animate this strange and fearful tenement. Is there one who has not at some time or other bent down — with that terrible mingling of affection and loathing impulse, each equally natural, each equally beyond our control — bent down to kiss the face of the dead? and who can ever forget the indefinable horror of that touch? — the coldness of snow, the hardness of marble felt in the depth of winter, are nothing to the chill which runs through the veins from the cold hard cheek, which yields no more to our touch: icy and immovable, it seems to repulse the caress in which it no longer has part. Emily strove to pray; but her thoughts wandered in spite of every effort. Prayers for the dead we know are in vain; and prayers for ourselves seem so selfish. The first period is one of such mental confusion — fear, awe, grief, blending and confounding each other; we are, as it were, stunned by a great blow. Prayers and tears come afterwards."

We now extract a few specimens of the innumerable traits of character, &c.

"Her father had been the youngest brother, and, like many other younger brothers, both unnecessary and imprudent; a captain in a dragoon regiment, who spent his allowance on his person, and his pay on his horse."

"Mrs. Arundel was as thoroughly satisfied as either, perhaps more so, for she was satisfied with herself — a supper, sleeping, and breakfast, got through without a blunder; so to her housekeeper she went 'in her glory.'"

"Affection is more matter of habit than sentiment, more so than we like to admit; and she was leaving both habits and affections behind. There were the servants gathered in the hall, with proper farewell faces; her aunt, hitherto busy in seeing the carriage duly crammed with sandwiches and sweetmeats, having nothing more to do, began to weep. A white handkerchief is a signal of distress always answered; and when Mr. Arundel took his place beside his niece, he had nothing but the vague and usual consolation of, 'Love, pray don't cry so,' to offer for the first stage.'"

"There is something very amusing in the misfortunes of others. However, — to borrow an established phrase from those worthy little volumes, entitled the Clergyman's, Officer's, and Merchant's Widows, when the disconsolate relict is recalled from weeping over the dear departed, by the paramount necessity of getting one of her fourteen children into the Blue-coat School, — 'the exertion did her good.'"

"Now came one of those audible pauses, the tickings of the death-watch of English conversation. This was broken by Mrs. Ferguson's asking a question. How many are asked for want of something to say! The questions of curiosity are few to those of politeness."

"His was a character full of great and glorious elements, but dangerous; so alive to external impressions, so full of self-deceit — for what deceives us as we deceive ourselves? To what might not some dazzling dream of honour or of love lead? It was one that required to be subdued by time, checked by obstacles, and softened by sorrow; afterwards to be acted upon by some high and sufficient motive to call its energies into action — and then, of such stuff nature makes her noblest and best. As yet his life had, like that of the cuckoo, known

'No sorrow in its song,
No winter in its year.'

His beauty had charmed even his stately lady-mother into softness; and he was the only being now on earth whom his brother loved. Young, noble, rich, gifted with that indefinable grace which, like the fascination of the serpent, draws all within its circle, but not for such fatal purpose — with a temper almost womanly in its affectionate sweetness — with those bold buoyant spirits that make their own eagle-wings, — what did Edward de Lorraine want in this world but a few difficulties and a little misfortune?"

Music. — "By the by, both in print and parlance, how much nonsense is set forth touching 'the English having no soul for music!' The love of music, like a continent, may be divided into two parts; first, that scientific appreciation which depends on natural organisation and highly cultivated taste; and, secondly, that love of sweet sounds, for the sake of the associations linked with them, and the feelings they waken from the depths of memory: the latter is a higher love than the former, and in the first only are we English deficient. The man who stands listening to even a barrel-organ, because it repeats the tones 'he loved from the lips of his nurse' — or who follows a common ballad-singer, because her song is familiar in its sweetness, or linked with touching words, or hallowed by the remembrance of some other and dearest voice — surely that man has a thousand times more 'soul for music' than he who raves about execution, chromatic runs, semi-tones, &c. We would liken music to Aladdin's lamp — worthless in itself, not so for the spirits which obey its call. We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings, it can summon with a touch."

"Lord Lauriston was one of those mistakes which sometimes fall out between nature and fortune, — nature meant him for a farmer, fortune made him a peer. In society he was a nonentity; he neither talked nor listened — and it is a positive duty to do one or the other: in his own house he resembled one of the old family pictures, hung up for show, and not for use; but in his farm no Cæsar rebuked his genius. Heavens! what attention he bestowed on the growth of his gray peas! how eloquent he could be on the merits of Swedish turnips! and a new drill, or a patent thrashing machine, deprived him of sleep for a week."

"Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girlhood is a beautiful season, and its love — its warm uncalculating, devoted love — so exaggerating in its simplicity — so keen from its freshness — is the very poetry of attachment: after-years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end, destroys its immortality; and thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings — the chances and changes of life's common-place employments and pleasures — and, alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step — our divinity turns out an idol — we are grown too wise, too worldly, for our former faith — and we laugh at what we wept at before; such laughter is more bitter — a thousand times more bitter — than tears."

Talking of the English characteristic — grumbling —

"Our national safety-valve: a Frenchman throws his discontent into an epigram, and is happy — an Englishman vents his on the weather, and is satisfied. Heaven help our minister through a fine summer! it would inevitably cost him his place; for our English grumbling is equally distributed between the weather and politics, and the case would be desperate when confined to the last."

"There are many odd things in society; but its amusements are the oddest of all. Take any crowded party you will, and I doubt if there are ten persons in the room who are really pleased. To do as others do, is the mania of the day. I will tell you a story. Once upon a time a lady died much regretted; for she was as kind-hearted an individual as ever gave birth-day presents in her life, or left legacies at her death. When they heard the intelligence, the whole of a married daughter's family were in great distress, — the mother cried bitterly, so did her two eldest daughters, as fitting and proper to do. The youngest child of all, a little creature who could not in the least recollect its grandmother, nevertheless retired into a corner, and threw its pinafore over its face. 'Poor dear feeling little creature!' said the nurse, 'don't you cry too.' 'I'm not crying,' replied the child; 'I only pretend.' Regret and enjoyment are much the same; people are like the child, — they only pretend."

"Sleep is a true pleasure, if one had not to get up in the morning. Do not tell me of the happiness of life, when every day begins with a struggle and a sacrifice. To get up in the morning, both in the enjoyment it resigns and the resolution it requires, is an act of heroism."

"The truth is, Lord Melton was, simply, naturally and intensely selfish: he was himself 'the ocean of his thoughts;' he never considered the comfort of other people, because he never looked at it as distinct from his own; and the most romantic devotion, the most self-denying love, would have seemed, if he were the object of it, as quite in the common course of things. This is a common character, which age alone developes into deformity. Youth, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; but Heaven help the wife, children, servants, and all other pieces of domestic property, when such a man is fifty, and has the gout!"

"The innocence of the country is very much like its health — a sort of refuge for the destitute: the poet talks of its innocence, from not knowing where else to place it — and the physician of its health, sending thither his incurable patients, that they may at least not die under his hands."

"An obstinate temper is very disagreeable, particularly in a wife; a passionate one very shocking in a child; but, for one's own particular comfort, Heaven help the possessor of an irresolute one! Its day of hesitation — its night of repentance — the mischief it does — the miseries it feels! — its proprietor may well ex-

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claim, 'Nobody can tell what I suffer but myself!'"

We must contrast these with one of the scenes in which the Higgs' flourish: it occurs on board a packet.

"But their chief attention was attracted by a family group. The father, a little fat man, with that air of small importance which says, 'I'm well to do in the world — I've made my money myself—I don't care if I do spend some —it's a poor heart what never rejoices.' The mother was crimson in countenance and pelisse, and her ample dimensions spoke years of peace and plenteousness. Every thing about her was, as she would have said, of the best; and careful attention was she giving to the safety of a huge hamper that had been deposited on deck. Two daughters followed, who looked as if they had just stepped out of the Royal Lady's Magazine — that is, the prevailing fashion exaggerated into caricature. Their bonnets were like Dominie Samson's ejaculation, 'prodigious!'— their sleeves enormous—their waists had evidently undergone the torture of the thumb-screw — indeed they were even smaller — and their skirts had 'ample verge and space enough' to admit of a doubt whether the latitude of their figure did not considerably exceed the longitude. Two small, mean-looking young men followed, whose appearance quite set the question at rest, that nature never intended the whole human race to be gentlemen. Blue-coated, brass-buttoned, there was nothing to remark in the appearance of either, excepting that, though the face of the one bore every indication of robust health, his head had been recently shaved, as if for a fever, which unlucky disclosure was made by a rope coming in awkward contact with his hat. The wind was fair; and Lord Mandeville having gone to the head of the vessel, where he was engaged in conversation, Emily was left to watch the shore of France, to which they were rapidly approaching, when her meditations were interrupted by a coarse but good-humoured voice saying, 'I wish, miss, you would find me a corner on them there nice soft cushions — my old bones aches with them benches.' Emily, with that best politeness of youth which shews attention to age, immediately made room in the carriage for the petitioner, who turned out to be her of the crimson pelisse. 'Monstrous pleasant seat,' said the visitor, expanding across one side of the carriage. Emily bowed in silence; but the vulgar are always the communicative, and her companion was soon deep in all their family history. 'That's my husband, Mr. H.: our name is Higgs, but I calls him Mr. H. for shortness. Waste makes want, you know—we should not be here pleasuring if we had ever wasted. And those are my sons: the eldest is a great traveller—I dare say you have heard of him — Lord bless you! there isn't a hill in Europe, to say nothing of that at Greenwich, that he hasn't been up: you see he is a stout little fellow. Look, miss, at this box — it is made of the *lather* of Vesuvius, which he brought from Mont Blanc: he has been up to the very top of it, miss. I keep it for *bones-bones*.' So saying, she offered Emily some of the peppermint-drops it contained: these were civilly declined, and the box good-naturedly admired, which encouraged — though, Heaven knows, there was not much need—the old lady to proceed. 'We always travel in the summer for improvement — both Mr. H. and I think a deal of larning: the boys have both been to grammar schools, and their two brothers are at the London Universary — only think, miss, of our city having a universary—Lord, Lord, but we do live in clever times.' Mrs. H. paused for a moment, as if overwhelmed with the glories of the London University; and conversation was renewed by Emily's inquiring 'what part of the Continent they intended visiting?' 'Oh, we are going to Italy — I want to see what's at the end of it; besides, the girls mean to buy such a quantity of pearls at Rome. We intend giving a fancy ball this winter — we have got a good house of our own in Fitzroy Square — we can afford to let the young ones see a little pleasure.' 'May I ask,' said Emily, 'what is Mr. Higg's profession?' 'Indeed!' exclaimed his offended spouse, 'he's not one of your professing sort — he never says what he doesn't mean — his word's as good as his bond through St. Mary Within, any day — professions, indeed! what has he ever professed to you?' Emily took her most conciliating tone, and, as unwilling duellists say, the explanation was quite satisfactory. 'Bless your silly soul! his business you mean. You are just like my girls — I often tells them to run for the dictionary: to see the blessings of edication! Our childer are a deal more knowing than ourselves. But Mr. H.'s business — though I say it that shouldn't—there isn't a more thriving soap-boiler in the ward. Mr. H. wanted to go to Moscow for our summer *tower* (Moscow's the sea-port which sends us our tallow)—but I said, 'Lord, Mr. H., says I, what signifies making a toil of a pleasure?' 'You are,' said Emily, 'quite a family party.' 'I never lets Mr. H. leave me and the girls behind — no, share and share alike, says I—your wife has as good a right to go as yourself. I often tells him a bit of my mind in the old song—you know what it says for we women—that, when Adam was created,

'We wasn't took out of his feet, sir,
That we might be trampled upon;
But we was took out of the side, sir,
His equals and partners to be:
So you never need go for to think, sir,
That you are the top of the tree.'

'Well,' replied Emily, 'I wish you much pleasure in Italy.' 'Ah, miss, it was my son there that put it in our noddles to go to Italy first. Do you see that his head's shaved?—it's all along of his taste for the fine arts. We've got his bust at home, and his hair was cut off to have his head and its bumps taken: they covered it all over with paste just like a pudding. Lord! his white face does look so queer in the front drawing-room—it's put on a marble pillar, just in the middle window—but, dear, I thought the people outside would like to see the great traveller.'"

But enough of this—it is merely a sample to shew the writer's talent in a new vein. Our next extract is a letter in a strain more likely to be looked for from her: we know nothing superior to it, and we wonder how any one not in the actual circumstances could ever have conceived so true a delineation of the last moments of a fair visionary, whose unreal hopes in life had perished before herself. "If you have not already forgotten my wilful, wayward, and ungrateful conduct, I am persuaded it will be forgiven when I tell you that I have suffered much both in mind and in body, and am now at home—but ill, very ill, and pining to see you, my kind, my almost only friend. The fatigue of writing is great, and I will enter into no details; but only tell you, that I have escaped from my convent, in company with, and by the assistance of, Beatrice de los Zoridos. She is with me now in England. Every event that has taken place you can learn from others—my feelings only from myself; and if I speak boldly on a subject which even now brings the blood to my cheek, it is because you, and you only, know my secret, and because I would implore you to keep silence as sacredly as you would a trust from the dead—it will soon be one. The melancholy wind is sweeping through the old trees of our garden—I could fancy it filled with spirit-tones, which call me away. This is very fanciful; but what has my whole life been but a vain, false fancy? I tremble to recall the past—the gifts I have misused—the good things that have found me thankless — the obstinate will that has rejected content, unless that content were after its own fashion. Death sends Truth before as its messenger. In the loneliness of my sleepless midnight—in the feverish restlessness of days which lacked strength for pleasant and useful employment—how have I been forced on self-examination! and how have my own thoughts witnessed against me! Life —the sacred and the beautiful—how utterly have I wasted! for how much discontent and ingratitude am I responsible! I have been self-indulged from my childhood upwards—I have fretted with imaginary sorrows, and desired imaginary happiness; and when my heart beat with the feelings of womanhood, it set up a divinity, and its worship was idolatrous! Sinful it was to love as I loved Edward Lorraine; and truly it has had its reward. I loved him selfishly, engrossingly, to the exclusion of the hopes of Heaven, and the affections of earth. I knelt with the semblance of prayer —but an earthly image was the idol: I prayed but for him. I cared for no amusement—I grew disgusted with all occupation—I loved none else around me. I slept, and he was in my dreams—I awoke, and he was my very first thought. Too soon, and yet too late, I learnt to what a frail and foolish vision I had yielded. A storm of terrible passions swept over me. I loathed, I hated, my nearest friends. My shame amounted to madness: fear alone kept me from suicide. I repulsed the love that was yet mine—I disdained the many blessings that my lot still possessed—I forgot my religion, and outraged my God, by kneeling at a shrine which was not sacred to me, and taking vows in a faith I held to be false. A brain-fever kept me to my bed for some weeks: I hope and pray that its influence was upon me before. My hand trembles so that I can scarcely write. Beatrice came to the convent: our intercourse was permitted; and she was kind, gentle, affectionate, to me, as if she had been my sister. I cannot tell you how loving her softened my heart. At length I heard her history. She told me of trials and hardships that put my complainings to shame; and then I learnt that she was the beloved and betrothed of Edward Lorraine. I looked in her beautiful face, and then, strange as it may seem to say, hope, for the first time, wholly abandoned me. My love had been so dreaming, that my imagination, even in the convent, was always shaping out some improbable reunion. I was ill again. Beatrice watched me, soothed me, read to me from the little English Bible which she said had ever been, in her trying and lonely life, a friend and a support. Alas! my heart died within me to think what account I should render of the talent committed to my charge. I felt utterly lost and cast away. I prayed as one without hope—one who feels her sin is too great to be forgiven. But God tempers justice with mercy—a new life rose up within me. I said, even at the eleventh hour there is hope: I said, surely the Saviour of the world is mine also. I thought upon the grave to which I was hastening, and it seemed to me

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peaceful as the bed of a child—'There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.' I repented me of my worldly delusions, and strove to fix my thoughts above. Had I earlier made religion the guide of my way, I might even now be fulfilling the duties I have neglected, and looking forward in patience and faith. But it is too late; the last of my house, I am perishing as a leaf to which spring has denied her life. I have longed to die at home—to hear once more the words of prayer in my native tongue; and wonderfully has my wish been granted, when expectation there was none! I shall sleep in the green churchyard where I first learnt that death was in this world;—the soil will be familiar, and the air that of my home. I am one-and-twenty to-morrow. Would, O God! that my years had been so spent as to have been a worthier offering! But thy fear is the beginning of wisdom; and in that fear is my trust, that a broken and a contrite spirit thou wilt not despise.—Will you not, my dear and kind friend, come and see me? I shall be so happy, if I can once tell you, that, though the orphan for a moment forgot your kindness, its memory was not effaced. I have thought of you, and prayed for you. You will come, dear Lady Mandeville. I want you to know Beatrice. You will love her, and your kindness may benefit her. She will be more grateful than I have been. Will you not come to-morrow?—Yours, &c."

We have named Rochefoucauld—could he excel the following, taken almost at random?

"The course of life is like the child's game—'here we go round by the rule of contrary'—and youth, above all others, is the season of united opposites, with all its freshness and buoyancy."

"The attention of a superior is too flattering to our vanity not to call it forth."

"A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge."

"Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it."

"Alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment! we grow weary of even our own perfection."

"What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy!"

"Attention is always pleasant in acquaintances till we tire of them."

"The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster."

"The old proverb, applied to fire and water, may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master."

"The Janus of Love's year may have two faces, but they look only on each other."

"In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossom bears them and dies."

"Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence."

"An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence."

"The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes."

"There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted."

"Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered."

"Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar, is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults."

"How youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties!"

"Hope is the prophet of youth—young eyes will always look forwards."

"There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much."

"Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret."

"Illusions are the magic of real life, and the forfeit of future pain is paid for present pleasure."

"We are reproached with forgetting others: we forget ourselves a thousand times more. We remember what we hear, see, and read, often accurately: not so with what we felt—that is faint and uncertain in its record. Memory is the least egotistical of all our faculties."

"The imaginative gods of the Grecians are dethroned—the warlike deities of the Scandinavians feared no longer; but we have set up a new set of idols in their place, and we call them Appearances."

"What a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe, that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write; but we do not remember how we learned to talk, to distinguish colours, &c. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it?"

"Knowledge, when only the possession of a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes."

"Surprises are like misfortunes or herrings—they rarely come single."

"Habits are the petrifactions of the feelings."

"Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth."

"Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude."

"Inclination never wants an excuse—and, if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found."

"Like the cards which form a child's plaything palace, our pleasures are nicely balanced one upon the other."

"The pleasure of change is opposed by that of habit; and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new."

"Small evils make the worst part of great ones: it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience."

"The difference between good and bad intentions is this:—that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected."

"The bitterest cup has its one drop of honey."

"Jealousy ought to be tragic, to save it from being ridiculous."

"We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally debarred from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment."

"Experience teaches, it is true; but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again."

"A patriot might take his best lesson of disinterestedness from feminine affection."

"Advice generally does require some very powerful argument to be taken."

"How much is there in one minute, when we reflect that that one minute extends over the world!"

We might continue examples like these to the last column of our journal, and still be far in debt to the beautiful thoughts and brilliant ideas which enrich and brighten every page. We have been utterly unable to exhibit the happy drawings of character, which are at once so uncommon and so true, that if we miss the individual, we in a moment catch the class: and, indeed, we must confess our incompetency to render justice to a work, which we do not hesitate to pronounce the most striking production of the novelist since Waverley promised the actual world a rare succession of enjoyment in the world of fiction.

The Political Life of the Right Honourable George Canning, from his Acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign Department, in September 1822, *to the Period of his Death, in August* 1827. Second Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

BROUGHT before us thus early in a second edition, as was to be anticipated from its rare value as a political and historical record, we return with a melancholy satisfaction to Mr. Stapleton's life of Mr. Canning. It possesses, indeed, many of the highest claims to public attention. It is written by one perfectly competent to the task he has undertaken, both by talents and circumstances: the private secretary of such a minister, so open and candid, must have had access to the most important information. This is evident throughout Mr. Stapleton's work. It draws a just picture of an individual (of whom we also knew much, and can therefore truly vouch for the accuracy of the biographer), and we recognise in the portrait the accomplished statesman, the enlightened patriot, the sensitive, chivalrous, and noble-minded man. Canning, accused by his enemies of diplomatic intrigue, was of all human beings the most remote from the selfishness and treachery of party cabal: he was ingenuous to a fault; and the only curb upon his confidingness of disposition, was derived from that acuteness of sense which he inherited from nature, *improved* (shall we call it!?) by an acquaintance with office and official persons. He could not but be aware of the tricks and falsehood by which every minister is surrounded; but, clear-sighted as he was, even the perception of this was insufficient to convert his generous spirit into what might be deemed necessary duplicity; on the contrary, his resentment burst forth upon occasions where he detected deceit; but he was as unguarded as he was illustrious in genius, and pure in purpose. Some might think this a grievous fault; but we hope the day will come when the English government, by whomsoever administered, shall adopt the maxim of George Canning, and believe that entertaining, only, views for the peculiar benefit of England, as essential to the general interests of the world, (seeking no advantages, but from a high station promoting the universal weal), the weapons of utter truth and sincerity are worth tenfold all the arts and wiles of the most dexterous cunning.

These volumes, as we intimated in our notice of the first edition, demonstrate the great poli-

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tical system of Mr. Canning — a system, as we have stated, wrought with a manly straightforwardness which admitted of no mistake,— to balance the conflicting opinions into which European society had become divided. His sagacity soon saw that it was no longer a difference between sovereigns or countries, to be arranged by a treaty, or *pacified* by a *war*; but that two gigantic principles were at issue, and that the lover of Britain had to steer the vessel's course between the equal dangers of the stormy ocean and the lee-shore—between overwhelming democracy on the one hand, and oppressive despotism on the other. He knew that names were nothing; and he cared alike for liberalism and holy alliance, for the improving voice of mobs, and the tender mercies of tyrants. And in consulting the welfare of his native land, he resolutely determined that its immense weight in the scale of nations should never be thrown into either extreme — he felt our power, and that Britain could hold and trim the balance. He is dead.

It may be a strength or weakness of character, and probably it is wrong to depart from the common rules of criticism to identify an anonymous writer with his subject, but we cannot help it where the name of Canning occurs; yet we confess to an organisation which attaches us so strongly to individuals, that we never think of party or partisanship. Having conceived and justified our attachment by observation, imagination perhaps following in a slight degree, we delight in dwelling upon the attributes which have fixed our affection. The devotedness may be more or less powerful and rivetted, as the object may deserve, in pursuing the grand problem of life's trials; but we will once more take an opportunity of bearing our testimony to the memory of George Canning— a testimony unclouded by obligation—and give it, humble as it is, in aid of Mr. Stapleton's admirable exposition, to the exact truth of every syllable of which, especially in the new part to which we shall now allude, we can bear witness.

The additions thus made are singularly interesting. The English language has no such account of the formation of a ministry; and the faded details of similar negotiations sink into insignificance when contrasted with these striking particulars of an event so recent, so illustrative of the subject generally, so home to living characters of the foremost rank and influence. From Canning's untimely grave, lessons of high political wisdom may be learnt. We regret that our limits enable us only to repeat a small portion of them.

"On the 5th of January the Duke of York expired after a long and painful illness. His royal highness was the political enemy of Mr. Canning; and not long before his dissolution he had made an urgent representation to the king, 'strenuously advising his majesty to place the government of the country in a state of uniformity—and that that uniformity should be one of a decided opposition to the Catholic claims.' His majesty was, however, too well convinced of the value of Mr. Canning's services to be willing to dispense with them, as he must have done, had he followed the advice of his brother; and the step which his royal highness had taken was communicated to Mr. Canning. The health of his royal highness was, at the time of this communication, supposed to be rapidly improving; but Mr. Canning determined to wait for the more advanced recovery of the commander-in-chief, before he adopted any decisive measures, with respect to this active demonstration of hostility against a confidential servant of the crown on the part of an individual holding so high an official post in the king's service. Instead, however, of recovering, his royal highness shortly after began rapidly to grow worse. While in this state the royal patient was exhorted to leave behind him some testamentary exposition of his opinions on the Catholic question; he, however, steadfastly refused to do so, saying, that had he lived he would have fought the question to the uttermost, but that he did not think it fair to embarrass those from whom he was about to be separated. Such noble and considerate conduct served not a little to increase Mr. Canning's 'self-congratulation that he had not allowed himself to be hurried into a controversial discussion, which must in its effects have disquieted the last weeks of his royal highness's life, and the closing intercourse between his royal highness and the king. I would not,' said Mr. Canning, 'for the world, have had to lay such a consequence to my own charge, however unintentionally produced, or under whatever provocation.' Mr. Canning attended the funeral of the Duke of York, at which mournful ceremony he caught a cold, which ended in an illness that gave a shock to his constitution, from which it never entirely recovered."

After Lord Liverpool was struck by disease from the roll of active and intelligent men, every eye was turned to Canning as his successor; and Mr. Stapleton's history of the transactions which ensued is, as we have said, of unequalled interest. We select some passages, but hardly hope to be able to connect them. We must trust to the memory of our readers,—it is only four years ago.

"A similar success to that which attended Mr. Canning's exertions on the corn bill unfortunately did not attend them on the Catholic question. Previously to the debate no expedient had been left untried, as well by some influential Protestant members of the government, as by some of its Protestant supporters, to procure a decision unfavourable to the measure."

The Master of the Rolls (Sir John Copley's) speech is thus mentioned.

"The groundwork of the learned gentleman's speech was unfortunately founded on a letter, addressed by Dr. Phillpotts to Mr. Canning, which the reverend controversialist had published in the form of a pamphlet. This individual had previously failed in drawing Mr. Canning into a private polemical correspondence on the subject of the Athanasian Creed; he was not more successful with his published letter, which savoured little of Christian charity, for Mr. Canning never took the trouble to notice it; but when used by the master of the rolls, it gave to his speech a character of personal hostility to Mr. Canning, which, there is every reason to believe, was very far from the intention of the speaker. It was late in the debate when Mr. Canning rose, much exhausted, and far from well. He applied himself more particularly to answer the arguments of the master of the rolls, in the course of doing which, he made some sarcastic observations. The unfairness of the learned gentleman's arguments he considered to consist in introducing into a discussion on the general principle, the question of securities, which was one of detail, and only a collateral branch of the subject; and in doing so, as if the supporters of general concession had given up the whole project of securities, when in point of fact the business of the night did not include that part of the subject. The effect of this debate was to produce a coolness between Mr. Canning and the master of the rolls,—a circumstance which was viewed with no small degree of pleasure by the several enemies of each of them. The language of the master of the rolls was, however, unequivocally, that in the speech that he had made he had no manner of intention of acting with hostility towards Mr. Canning; and the feelings which he avowed were rather those of a friend who was hurt, than of an individual who had any thing to resent."

When Mr. Canning came to form the ministry, he offered the seals to Sir John Copley, who accepted them, and the correspondence is characteristic of both.

"Shortly after the debate they had met in the House of Commons, and shaken hands; so that when the time arrived for proposing to the master of the rolls to succeed Lord Eldon, Mr. Canning had no hesitation in writing to request the favour of seeing him, or in concluding his letter by saying, 'Believe me, my dear sir (*Phillpotto non obstante*), very sincerely yours.' To this letter the master of the rolls replied that he would come; and followed Mr. Canning's example of putting the pith in his conclusion, which was, 'Believe me now, as always (minus 24 hours), yours very sincerely.'"

Upon the larger question we copy the following:

"The postponement of these arrangements, which had been dictated as well by feelings of delicacy towards Lord Liverpool as by considerations of public advantage, was not unaccompanied by its counterbalancing inconveniences. The critical situation of the government kept men's minds in that state of excitement, that they could not rest without either talking or doing something, whether it were for good or for evil: and since the policy of the principal personages in the drama was to be quiet, individuals who held a secondary station in political importance, began to think that it was at least incumbent upon them not to remain inactive. The consequence was, that those who, if it had pleased God to have terminated, at the same moment, Lord Liverpool's mortal as well as political career, would have been content, had the immediate filling up of his vacancy been thus necessitated, to have seen that vacancy supplied by Mr. Canning, had time to consult together, and, by exciting each other's imaginations to be deluded into a belief, that though for the four preceding years Mr. Canning's had been the labouring oar in the government, yet because he was the avowed supporter of liberal principles, and because he was an advocate for Catholic emancipation, he was on these accounts unfit to hold the first place in the councils of his sovereign. Had this opinion produced on its professors no other effect than a determination not to support a government of which Mr. Canning was the head, it would be impossible to find in their conduct any just grounds of censure. But they did not confine themselves to such moderate and constitutional measures; for certainly one noble duke (and reports at that time stated that there were two) asked for an audience of the king, at which he attempted to dictate to his sovereign, in the exercise of his undoubted prerogative (that of choosing the individual in whom he would repose his chief confidence), by threatening his majesty with the withdrawal of his own support, and the support of some other noble personages who thought with him, in the event of his majesty thinking it right to place Mr.

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Canning at the head of his government. The way in which his majesty received this intimation may be judged from the result. But this was not the only inconvenience which resulted from the then existing interregnum; for certainly the 'talk which part of the connexions of those who belonged to a government to which as yet Mr. Canning belonged, thought themselves at liberty to hold respecting him,' was of a most indecorous character. It was on the 27th of March that Mr. Canning went to the Royal Lodge; and on the following day the king held a long conversation with him on the then state of the government. In that conversation, when Mr. Canning was called upon for his advice, aware of the king's individual opinions on the Catholic question, he counselled his majesty to frame his government conformably to those opinions. But the king, although expressing his sense of 'the impossibility of parting' with Mr. Canning, nevertheless proposed to place at the head of the administration a peer holding Lord Liverpool's opinions on that question: whereupon Mr. Canning, upon being commanded to speak without reserve, humbly submitted to his majesty, that if those whose sentiments were favourable to the Catholics were to be excluded solely on account of those sentiments, as much as the Catholics, from the highest elevations in the state, and from the greatest objects of ambition, he could 'not consent to be the individual in whose person such a principle should be established.' He therefore felt himself bound honestly to state to his majesty, 'in plain terms,' that 'the substantive power of first minister he must have, and, what was more, must be known to have,' or he must beg leave to be allowed to retire from a situation which he could 'no longer fill either with satisfaction to himself, or with benefit to the king's service.'* The determination expressed by Mr. Canning in this conference speaks for itself, and requires little comment. He knew that he had been the main stay of the government during the four years that he had been a member of it; that as leader of the House of Commons, he held in the ministry the second station; and that, whenever a vacancy in the first should occur, he could not without degradation have consented to have his own just claims set aside in favour of another, unless there were better reasons for proscribing him than his being favourable to the Catholic cause; and he well knew that a public man, once degraded, could never again serve his king or his country with advantage to them, or with honour to himself. His resolution therefore was early taken, unhesitatingly announced, and steadfastly maintained. It should, however, be borne in mind what that resolution was. It was not that he would resign unless he were *first lord of the treasury*, but that he would resign unless he held, and was known to hold, the post of *first minister*; a post which it was at first supposed by the king might be held by any one of his confidential servants, and formerly had been held by Lord Chatham, with the office of privy seal. While these things were passing on the subject of the government, the House of Commons had begun to manifest symptoms of impatience at the continuance of the government in an unsettled state."

"Meanwhile, although between the 31st of March and the 6th of April, Mr. Canning had no communication whatsoever with his majesty on the subject of the arrangements, yet he had frequent conferences with the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel. Mr. Peel's conduct in all of these interviews was in every respect honourable and consistent; he had made up his mind to resign, if an individual favourable to the Catholics should be placed at the head of the government; and as soon as he found that Mr. Canning would not yield this point, he made known what were his intentions. His professions, too, 'of respect and regard' for Mr. Canning were unbounded; so much so that Mr. Canning expressed himself as feeling 'it quite impossible to do sufficient justice to his frankness and straightforwardness, and to feelings for which he owned he had not before given Mr. Peel credit, but which,' he said, 'he hoped he knew how to value and return.' With the conduct of the Duke of Wellington Mr. Canning at one time thought he had reason to be dissatisfied, and certainly a good deal of misapprehension existed between them. Mr. Canning had heard that his grace did not disapprove, even if he did not sanction, the conduct of the Duke of Newcastle; and since the language of some of the immediate adherents of the Duke of Wellington was certainly any thing but friendly to Mr. Canning, it was not unnatural to suppose that their sentiments were, in some degree at least, in unison with those of their chief. Mr. Canning's feelings, therefore, towards the duke, about this period, were not of the most cordial nature; but, on the 2d of April, a common friend called on Mr. Canning; and, with the view to promote a better understanding, proposed that his grace should have an interview with Mr. Canning on the following day. The duke accordingly came to the Foreign Office on the 3d of April, and a conversation of two hours took place between them. At this conference on the part of Mr. Canning 'the fullest details were given of what passed at his audience with his majesty at Windsor.' On the part of the duke, explanations were offered, which induced Mr. Canning to say 'that every thing that had been in doubt had been cleared up satisfactorily;' and that they 'parted' as a mutual friend would have wished,—'all being left well.'" * * *

"Mr. Canning likewise again saw the Duke of Wellington for a few minutes. The effect of these two conferences was, that the belief which Mr. Canning had once entertained that the Duke of Wellington never thought 'of himself, for the post of prime minister was entirely changed, and that' Mr. Canning's 'belief then was, that the duke, and perhaps Mr. Peel too, hoped that the explanation between Mr. Canning and the duke would have ended in' Mr. Canning's expressing a wish that the duke 'should take the government.' The desire to be first minister, which Mr. Canning thought that the duke entertained, his grace subsequently disclaimed in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, asserting that he not only did not wish to occupy that post, but had an absolute repugnance to holding it,—a repugnance, however, which, about sixteen months after, he succeeded in conquering. On the night of the 5th the king came to town, and Mr. Canning had an interview with his majesty on the 6th. On the 9th, by the king's command, Mr. Canning saw Mr. Peel, who came for the purpose of stating to Mr. Canning the name of an 'individual whose appointment, as premier, Mr. Peel conceived likely to solve all difficulties.' That individual was the Duke of Wellington; but Mr. Canning was of opinion that the appointment of his grace would not afford any such solution. This last attempt at excluding Mr. Canning from the premiership on account of his Catholic sentiments, while he remained in the government, having failed, the king determined to protract no longer the anxious state of suspense in which the country had been kept, and accordingly sent for Mr. Canning on the 10th of April, and issued to him his royal commands to prepare, 'with as little delay as possible, a plan for the reconstruction of the administration.'"

We need not go over the almost simultaneous resignations of half the cabinet.

"That they were the result of combination on the part of these noble personages cannot be supposed, after their denial that they were so; but, the fact of five having been sent within eighteen hours, and four out of the five, within three, certainly made them assume the appearance of an attempt at intimidation. If, indeed, this had been the object, nothing could have been less calculated to answer the purpose. They who could have conceived such a project must have formed a very erroneous impression of those with whom they had to deal. The effects which it appears they produced in his majesty's mind were displeasure with those who thus acted, and the confirmation of his resolution to support the minister of his choice. Nor had Mr. Canning a heart to quail before difficulties: neither of them were appalled at these unexpected obstacles. His majesty forthwith confirmed Mr. Canning's appointment by giving him his hand to kiss."

The debates and explanations which followed must be fresh in the remembrance of every one; and we shall only farther advert to two hitherto unpublished letters between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning. We wish we could find room for all, but they are too long; and we must take a short extract. Mr. C. writes:

"There is but one other part of your grace's speech which appears to call for any observations from me. Your grace emphatically says, that *your* being at the head of the government was 'wholly out of the question.' I learned this opinion of your grace with sincere pleasure. The union of the whole power in the state, civil and military, in the same hands, (for your grace, as prime minister, could never have effectually divested yourself of your influence over the army,) would certainly, in my opinion, have constituted a station too great for *any subject*, however eminent, or however meritorious, and one incompatible with the practice of a free constitution. Nothing would have induced me to serve under such a form of government, and I am rejoiced to find that your grace's opinion was always against such an arrangement. But I confess I am surprised that, such being your grace's fixed opinion, it should nevertheless have been proposed to me, as it was more than once, and up to the 9th of April inclusive, to concur in placing your grace at the head of the government. There is in this apparent contradiction a mystery which I cannot explain. In rejecting, however, as I did, that proposition, I do assure your grace, I was not actuated by any feeling unfriendly or disrespectful to your grace: nor am I conscious of any such feeling now. I take nothing personally amiss in your grace's speech. I retain a recollection, corresponding with your own, of the intercourse which has for some years sub-

* "This brief statement of what passed in this conference between the king and Mr. Canning is founded on a paper which the latter left behind him, recording the whole of the conversation. It was dictated by Mr. Canning immediately after his return from the Royal Lodge, and, of course, it would not be justifiable to quote it, except in elucidation of that which Mr. Canning had recorded his intention of publishing, viz. the correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, in which reference is made to this conversation."

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sisted between us on political affairs; and there is not in the nation, or in the army itself, an individual who regrets more deeply than I do, that your grace should have thought it necessary to withdraw from the command of the army at the same time that you resigned your seat in the cabinet."

To this his grace replies:

"I considered your letters to me, and most particularly the one of the 11th of April, in which, be it observed, you state, that you had previously submitted it to his majesty, to have placed me in such a relation towards his majesty, and towards yourself, as his first minister, as to render it impossible for me to continue my office of commander-in-chief. I could not be otherwise than in constant confidential relations with his majesty on the one hand, and with yourself on the other, as you will find by and by, when you shall come to conduct the duties of the office of first lord of the treasury; and it was impossible for me to look for that personal good will and confidence in such communications, which are absolutely necessary, and which I trust I deserve, after I had received from you a letter, in which I thought you had made use of a tone of rebuke not provoked by any thing contained in my letter to you, and for which the sanction of his majesty was, as I think, very unnecessarily obtained. I know what I owe to his majesty, but I should be unworthy of his favour and kindness, and quite useless to him hereafter, if I had continued to endeavour to serve him in the post of commander-in-chief of his army, after I had received that letter. I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger; and the proof of this is, that I never had a quarrel with any man in my life."

Mr. Stapleton's remarks must conclude our review.

"Upon a full and impartial examination of the whole of the documents relating to this discussion, together with the commentary that the subsequent acts of the Duke of Wellington's government has afforded to them, it cannot but be matter of surprise as well as of regret, that the Duke of Wellington should have taken the important decision to relinquish his public duty on such apparently erroneous and trivial causes of personal offence. For when it is considered that within two years of this period, the Duke of Wellington himself, as head of the government, persuaded the king to grant unqualified concession to the demands of the Catholics, it is difficult to attribute his grace's secession from the government in 1827 to the influence of the only other motive assigned for it—viz. deference to his majesty's opinions on the Catholic question, and the impossibility of giving fair support and confidence to a government at the head of which was an individual favourable to the Catholics, from the conviction, that the necessary result of the preponderating influence of a government so constituted, would inevitably bring the country into a state of peril. To this answer Mr. Canning made no reply: he feared that had he done so, the correspondence might have 'degenerated into controversy,' and that any rejoinder from him might have placed the chance of a return to a mutual good understanding at a greater distance than ever, and thereby have continued to 'deprive the country of his grace's military services.'"

With these very imperfect quotations, we dismiss this new edition of the political life of Mr. Canning, to the increased attention which awaits it. Even amid the ferment of these vil times, it must command the best consideration of the country. The dearest advantages are to be derived from the calm and judicious view of those points of external and internal policy which it offers to us, while it embalms the memory of a minister whose loss is now felt more deeply than ever.

Cameron: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

THERE is both cleverness and capability in this work — many characters most happily sketched, and several scenes both of interest and amusement. The faults seem to us the usual ones of a young writer—too many persons introduced on the scene; materials inartificially managed—*i. e.* not sufficiently connected; and a story too wire-drawn. *Cameron*, however, opens with much spirit; and Lord Marsden—poor, proud, and prejudiced—is a good specimen of the author's skill in portrait-painting.

"Equally exempt from the interruptions of friends and the encroachments of neighbourhood, Lord Marsden, ensconced within a fortress of prejudices, lived among his own domestic circle unimproving and unimproved,—disliking the world, which he was too proud to court, and too poor to interest—more vain of the past than ambitious for the future, and solacing himself, in lieu of living society, by a continual reference to that which was extinct—cherishing a tenacious reverence for every thing said and done by his ancestors, and thinking that no conversation could afford such intellectual delight as that which he enjoyed when descanting upon the wisdom and power of those honoured relatives whose portraits were fading upon the wainscot, and whose remains crowded his family mausoleum—a building darkly conspicuous upon the only rising ground within view, and serving as a continual remembrancer, not of life's brief tenure, but that he represented eleven titled predecessors. * * *

"His private library communicated with the breakfast room; and no sooner was the first stroke of nine heard to reverberate upon the house clock than he let himself out from that learned retreat, where, to borrow the expression of a contemporary nobleman, 'he read all day, and no one was ever the wiser;' and it would have been but little gratifying to him could he have remarked with how much more of fear than pleasure his approach was met. Being, however, one of those persons always so self-engrossed as to have no leisure for mortifying discoveries, restraint passed current with him for deference, and awe for duty. His morning salutation never amounted to more than a low bow to his lady and sister, accompanied by a wave of the hand generally, signifying that his children were recognised, and that every one might be seated. Like many who have but little to shew for their time, he was a tenacious timeist; and wo to the defaulter who should happen not to be present at this ceremonious greeting. * * *

"Conversation at Lord Marsden's table generally took its tone from himself, if that might be called conversation where one leading person, and that person a tiresome egotist, contrived to engross it exclusively. Fancying himself an antiquary, when he was merely a genealogist, his knowledge of genealogy originating in pride, rendered it the most disagreeable acquirement he could have cultivated. Pride of ancestry was his ruling passion; and although perhaps it is a passion less tolerated in society than many of a more vicious tendency, it was nevertheless one which was not, in his case, without some advantages, for it was to this passion that he owed his voluntary seclusion from a world in which length of pedigree, without the concomitants of talent, accomplishments, or wealth, meets but with little of that consideration which the pride of ancestral dignity is so much disposed to exact."

There are two Scotch families well and naturally depicted; the one a scene of miserable contention and indolent irregularity—the other of order and domestic comfort. There is a power of drawing from real life which promises well for our author's future efforts; and we notice it with pleasure, while we recommend the present work to the regard of novel-readers.

Tour of a German Prince, &c. 2 vols. Wilson.

[Fourth notice: Conclusion.]

A FOURTH continuation upon two not very large volumes shews how much this various publication has offered to us for such selection as we supposed would be acceptable to our readers. But as all things must have an end, so must Prince Puckler Muskau. We shall therefore, having contributed to make him popular in these dull days, wind him up, in, we trust, an agreeable manner; though one of our public duties, before we close, is to designate some of the defects which detract from his amusing qualities. Like all real or pseudo romanticists, *alias* enthusiasts, the prince is liable to misconception and prone to exaggeration. For the latter (without quoting, for, in fact, the work is full of it) we will only refer to the bull story, pp. 6, 7, Vol. II.; but to justify our charge of incorrectness, we will cite one example, from which a pretty accurate idea of the prince's incorrectness as to realities may be formed.

"I found (says he) all the towers in Canterbury (1) decorated with flags in celebration of New-year's day. I commemorated it in the proudest and most beautiful of all English cathedrals. This romantic edifice, begun by the Saxons, continued by the Normans, and recently restored with great judgment, forms three distinct and yet connected churches; with many irregular chapels and staircases, black and white marble floors, and a forest of pillars in harmonious confusion (2). The yellow tone of the sandstone is very advantageous, especially in the Norman part of the church, where it is beautifully relieved by the black marble columns (3). Here lies the brazen effigy of the Black Prince, on a sarcophagus of stone. Over him hang his half-mouldered gloves, and the sword (4) and shield he wore at Poictiers. A number of other monuments adorn the church: among them, those of Henry the Fourth and Thomas à Becket (5), who was killed in one of the adjoining chapels. A great part of the old painted window is preserved, and is unrivalled in the splendour of its colours. Some parts of it are only patterns and arabesques, like transparent carpets of velvet: others appear like jewellery formed of every variety of precious stones. But few contain historical subjects. What gives this magnificent cathedral a great pre-eminence over every other in England is, that there is no screen (6) in the middle to cut and obstruct the view, and you see the whole extent of the aisle—from four to five hundred paces long—at one glance."

Now, in this single page there are six misrepresentations (Prince Puckler Muskau would be a horrible member of the Antiquaries!). 1. Only one of the towers bears a flag. 2. The pillars are placed in perfectly regular order. 3. There are *no* black marble columns in the building. 4. The sword of the Black Prince was removed many years ago. 5. The tomb of Becket was destroyed by the Puritans (we believe in Cromwell's time): not a vestige of it remains. And, 6. There are *two* screens, one separating the nave and choir, the other the choir and Trinity chapel.

We have been right, therefore, we hope, in illustrating our German author's work rather from his views of our manners and peculiarities than from his statistics or statements where any thing like exactitude was essential. But, indeed, such of our readers as have met the prince in his English visit will readily perceive that we must, in honour to our judgment, and

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without much reference to his book, have chosen this course, if we meant to have our critical acumen unquestioned and uncondemned. The prince's mode of thinking and acting threw a sort of cloud over his latter residence here; or, we might rather say, rendered his position in fashionable society a problem. A misunderstanding at the Traveller's Club, and the interference of the Prussian minister, made some stir at the time: if it shewed nothing else, it shewed the curious and laudable anxiety of a government touching the conduct of its subjects in other countries; and, perhaps, it was the most desirable of consummations that the prince should bid adieu to London, and hasten to join the fair dame to whom these letters are addressed.

[As a note we may mention having frequently met the author in general society — a fine-looking fellow, and known to be a man of large estates in Silesia. He married a daughter of Baron Hardenberg, whom, we believe, he has rejoined since this correspondence to her was written, in German, than which no more beautiful specimen of composition exists in the modern literature of the country.]

Having in this parenthesis delivered ourselves of personalities, which seemed to be required in order to form a just opinion of this publication, we shall now conclude with a few farther extracts; and we set out with, to us, a new piece of necromantic natural history.

"After my guests had exhausted their store of anecdotes, which were not precisely of a kind to entertain you with, they resorted to all sorts of practical jokes and 'tours de force.' One of these was quite new to me. It is an experiment which anybody may try, and it struck me as curious enough. The wildest and fiercest game-cock may be rendered motionless, and compelled to lie in deathlike stillness as long as you please, by simply laying him on a table, with his beak close to a white line drawn across it. Nothing is necessary but first to draw this line with chalk, then to take the cock in your hands and lay him on the table with his beak turned towards it. You press him down, and there he will lie as if bound by some spell; his beak stretched out, and his eyes immoveably fixed on the white line, till you take him away. The experiment must be tried by candle-light."

At page 84 we are informed that the lord lieutenant of Ireland possesses the power of creating *baronets*; a mistake which a stranger could only fall into by *night*. A little farther on we are amused with anecdotes of Lady Clarke and her daughters; some of which, p. 112, as well as the strange news communicated in a letter to a lady about emptying the cess-pools at Paris, p. 296, had better have been omitted. They smack of foreign manners, and rather shock our barbarian delicacies. Mrs. Austen, said to be the translator of the book, should have used her discretion upon them. — But to characteristics! The prince has a droll way of inducing himself to behave properly.

"The truth is," (as he says), "there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance, — a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop. My device then is this: I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course extremely cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking it after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself; — and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative? for death is only a necessity of nature, and consequently not an evil; — it appears to us so only in connexion with our present existence; that is to say, the instinct of self-preservation recoils from death; but reason, which is eternal, sees it in its true form, as a mere transition from one state to another. But a conviction of one's own unconquerable weakness is a feeling which must embitter the whole of life. It is therefore better, if it comes to the struggle, to give up existence for the present with a feeling of inward triumph, than to crawl on with a chronic disease of the soul. I am not made dependent by my promise; on the contrary, it is just that which maintains my independence. So long as my persuasion is not firm and complete, the mysterious formula is not pronounced; but when once that has taken place, no alteration in my own views — nothing short of physical impossibility — must, for the welfare of my soul, alter my will. But whilst I thus form to myself a firm support in the most extreme cases, do you not see that I also possess a formidable weapon of attack, if I were compelled to use it, however small and inconsiderable the means may appear to many? I, on the contrary, find something very satisfactory in the thought, that man has the power of framing such props and such weapons out of the most trivial materials, indeed out of nothing, merely by the force of his will, which hereby truly deserves the name of omnipotent. I cannot answer for it that this reasoning will not appear to you, dear Julia, distorted and blameworthy: indeed it is not made for a woman; while, on the other hand, a completely powerful mind would perhaps as little stand in need of it. Every man must, however, manage himself according to his own nature; and as no one has yet found the art of making a reed grow like an oak, or a cabbage like a pine-apple, so must men, as the common but wise proverb has it, cut their coat according to their cloth. Happy is he who does not trust himself beyond his strength! But without being so tragical about the matter, this *grand expedient* is of admirable use in trifles. For example, to fulfil tedious, irksome duties of society with the resignation of a calm victim, — to conquer indolence, so as to get vigorously through some long-deferred work — to impose upon one's self some wholesome restraint, and thus heighten one's enjoyment afterwards, — and many, many more such cases, which this occasionally sublime, but generally childish, life presents."

We do not much relish this strained philosophy; but we will quote a striking sentence, in which, after describing a young man of large fortune starting to enjoy life, the author finely remarks: "While talking with him, I thought, reflecting upon the difference between us, '*Voila le commencement et la fin!*' One whom the world sends forth, and says, 'Partake of me;' and the other whom she calls home, and says, 'Digest me.'

Of Miss O'Neil from Lady Morgan: "Lady M—— afterwards related to me many interesting circumstances respecting the celebrated Miss O'Neil, whom, as you know, I regard as the greatest dramatic artist it has ever fallen to my lot to admire. She said that this extraordinary young woman, who from the very commencement of her career had given evidence of the highest genius, remained utterly neglected at the theatre in Dublin, where she performed for some years. She was at that time so poor, that when she returned home at night after the greatest exertions, she found no other refreshment than a plate of potatoes and a miserable bed which she shared with three sisters. Lady M—— once visited her, and found the poor girl mending her two pair of old stockings, which she was obliged to wash daily for her appearance on the stage. Lady M—— now procured for her various articles of dress, and took upon herself in some degree the care of her toilet, which had been extremely neglected. She obtained more applause after this, though still but little. At this time one of the managers of the London theatres accidentally came to Dublin, saw her, and had the good taste and judgment immediately to engage her for the metropolis. Here she at once produced the most extraordinary sensation; and from a poor unknown young actress, rose in one moment to be the first star of the theatrical firmament of England."

Returning to England, the prince wanders to and fro; and as his course is erratic, so shall our few remaining extracts be miscellaneous.

Of Mr. Beckford.—"I must send you another anecdote or two of this extraordinary man. When he was living at Fonthill, a neighbouring lord was tormented by such an intense curiosity to see the place, that he caused a high ladder to be set against the wall, and climbed over by night. He was soon discovered, and taken before Mr. Beckford; who, on hearing his name, contrary to his expectations, received him very courteously, conducted him all over his house and grounds in the morning, and entertained him in a princely manner; after which he retired, taking the most polite leave of his lordship. The latter, delighted at the successful issue of his enterprise, was hastening home, but found all the gates locked, and no one there to open them. He returned to the house to beg assistance; but was told that Mr. Beckford desired that he would return as he had come, — that he would find the ladder standing where he had left it. His lordship replied with great asperity, but it was of no use; he must e'en return to the place of his clandestine entrance, and climb the ladder. Cured for ever of his curiosity, and venting curses on the spiteful misanthrope, he quitted the forbidden paradise. After Fonthill was sold, Mr. Beckford lived for a while in great seclusion in one of the suburbs of London. In the immediate neighbourhood was a nursery garden, extremely celebrated for the beauty and rarity of its flowers. He walked in it daily, and paid fifty guineas a-week to the owner of it for permission to gather whatever flowers he liked."

Of Buonaparte, &c.—"Napoleon was brought up a bigot; and although too acute to remain so, or indeed, perhaps, ever to have been so sincerely, habit — which exercises so strong an influence over us all — rendered it impossible for him ever to divest himself entirely of first impressions. When any thing suddenly struck him, he sometimes involuntarily made the sign of the cross, — a gesture which appeared most extraordinary to the sceptical children of the revolution. * * *

"When Lucien went to Spain as ambassador from the republic, the general, my informant, accompanied him as secretary of legation. Lu-

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cien's predecessor had 'affiché' all the coarseness of republican manners, to the infinite scandal of the most formal and stately court in the world; and the Spaniards dreaded still greater rudeness and arrogance from the brother of the first consul. Lucien, however, had the good taste to take the completely opposite course; appeared at court in shoes and bag-wig, and fulfilled all the duties of ceremony and etiquette with such punctuality that the whole court was in a perfect ecstasy of delight and gratitude. Lucien was not only extremely popular, but the perfect idol of the whole royal family. He returned their friendship, the general affirmed, sincerely, and often earnestly warned the king against the Prince of the Peace, as well as against the insatiable ambition of his own brother, of whom he spoke on every occasion without the slightest reserve. The confidence, however, of the old king in his 'grand ami,' as he called Napoleon, remained unshaken to the last. Before his departure, Lucien crowned his popularity by a magnificent fête, the like of which had never been seen in Spain, and which cost nearly four hundred thousand francs. The highest persons about the court, a number of grandees, and the whole royal family, honoured it with their presence; and the latter seemed not to know how sufficiently to express their attachment to the ambassador. A few days afterwards, all the members of the legation received splendid presents: the ambassador alone was omitted; and republican familiarity permitted many jokes upon him in the palace of the embassy. Meanwhile the audience of leave was over, Lucien's departure fixed for the following day, and all hopes of the expected present at an end, when an officer of the Walloon guard came with an escort to the hotel, bringing a large picture in a packing-case, as a present from the king to Napoleon. When Lucien was informed of this, he said, it was doubtless Titian's Venus, which he had often admired in the king's presence, and which was certainly a very valuable picture, but that the carriage of it was inconvenient to him, and he must confess, he had rather the king had not sent it. However, the officer was most politely thanked, and dismissed; and Lucien, taking out a valuable shirt-pin from his breast, begged him to accept it. The ambassador now ordered the case to be unpacked, the picture taken out of its frame, which could be left behind, and rolled so that it could be carried on the imperial of a carriage. The secretary did as he desired: — scarcely was the wrapping-cloth raised, when, instead of the admired Venus, a face any thing but beautiful — that of the king himself — smiled upon him. He was just flying off in mischievous delight to inform the ambassador of the comical mistake, when on entirely removing the cloth, a yet greater surprise detained him; — the whole picture was set round like a miniature with large diamonds, which Lucien afterwards sold in Paris for four millions of francs. This was truly a royal surprise, and the ambassador speedily recalled his order for leaving the frame."

We now take our leave of a very ultra, very extravagant, and very amusing work.

The Usurer's Daughter. 3 vols. Simpkin and Marshall.

THERE are many very unreasonable things; and among them is, sending three volumes on Thursday, and expecting these said tomes to be read, reviewed, printed, and published, by magic we suppose, on Saturday morning. Now, our only spell is industry; and all that industry has enabled us to do is to have read the first volume, which strikes us as very clever, and more interesting than the author of Atherton's works have usually been. The story is here carried on with great spirit, and the Usurer is a very original and forcibly drawn character. We purpose returning to these pages with much pleasure. We believe the name of the writer is Scarlett, and that he is also the author of Blue-Stocking Hall, Truckleborough Hall, Rank and Talent, Tales of a Briefless Barrister, Atherton, &c. We may, however, be wrong in this list, as we confess our only guide has been the internal evidence of a family resemblance. To this we must add, that Mr. Scarlett's improvement has been very great since his first production.

The Dream of Eugene Aram, the Murderer. By Thomas Hood, Esq. With Designs by W. Harvey. Engraved on wood by Branston and Wright. Pp. 31. London, C. Tilt.

WHEN this powerful and pathetic poem first appeared, as portion of an Annual, we took occasion to point out the great talent it displayed, and to notice how poorly they appreciated the genius of its writer, who, because he presided over the sphere of literary fun, pun, and humour, fancied that he was a mere punster and humorist. Here, and in many of his other productions, we have ample proofs of his ability in the higher range of the affections and passions; and much as we admire him in his own peculiar vein, we are always equally happy to meet him in these his more tender and touching moods. We have only farther to say, that the designs which embellish this publication are worthy of the poem.

Cavendish; or, the Patrician at Sea. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

SAVE and except that literature is now a species of epidemic, to which all more or less fall victims, we can find no sufficient cause for the author of these volumes writing. His narrative is uninteresting, his characters unintelligible, and his various scenes deficient in that dramatic power which alone can give the reality of life to the work of fiction. He falls, too, into the common error of supposing that the absurd must be ludicrous: it is oftener dull. We also protest against dragging real personages upon the stage, with an eye to nothing but the advertisements, which will hereafter announce that the Duke of W. or of N., and lords this, that, and the other, figure in the pages. For example, what shadow of resemblance is there in the sketch meant for the Duke of Newcastle, dragged in quite *apropos des bottes*? The vituperations of the Duke of Wellington and the apostrophes to Napoleon may go together. There is little or no story, and we could very well have dispensed with the history of the hero's disgusting intrigues. But from all this censure we carefully except the admirable notes in the third volume; we cannot direct public attention too strongly towards them. We only add, that we infinitely prefer our author's truth to his fiction.

An Introduction to the Atomic Theory; comprising a Sketch of the Opinions entertained by the most distinguished ancient and modern Philosophers with respect to the Constitution of Matter. By Charles Daubeny, M.D. &c. London, 1831. J. Murray.

A POPULAR and historical view of a high branch of philosophy — one which tends more than any other to cement the moral with the physical sciences, and point out the striking relations of the atomic theory with the constitution of matter, both as regards its finite divisibility and the definite proportions in which it enters into the constitution of various bodies in the organic and inorganic world, and in the application of which these laws are susceptible. The reader will be particularly struck with the essays on the definite proportions observed in the floral organs of plants, and in the orbits described by the planets. The whole subject has been treated in a manner suitable to the high character which Professor Daubeny enjoys among men of science.

Ancient History; exhibiting a Summary View of the Rise, Progress, Revolutions, Decline and Fall of the States and Nations of Antiquity. By G. Robinson, D.D. New edit. 8vo. pp. 600. London, 1831. Souter.

THIS work appears to be a very improved edition of a former school-book by the same author. The five maps, exhibiting the territories of the Greek and Roman empires, more particularly that of Albion, under the Roman dominion, cannot fail to prove acceptable to juvenile historians. The chief novelty of the volume, however, consists of a series of questions, at the end of each chapter, connected with the leading events previously recorded. This plan is, as we have always held, admirable for school tuition, as it teaches the pupil to reflect upon, as well as to read, the transactions of former ages, in order to furnish his mind with the answers required. We may, therefore, safely recommend this work as one of the most useful of its class.

Maugham's London Manual of Medical Chemistry, &c. &c. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

A THICK pocket volume, in which the Pharmacopœia is interlined with a literal translation; and an immense quantity of pharmaceutical, chemical, thermapeutical, and botanical information is condensed, and made intelligible to students who may not have enjoyed the advantages of a thorough classical or medical education. A work of this kind cannot fail to be extensively useful.

A Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors in Ancient and Modern Languages, with English Translations, and illustrated by Remarks and Explanations. By Hugh Moore, Esq. pp. 507. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

A VERY ample and well-constructed dictionary, by the aid of which any man may appear to be a learned clerk and deep scholar with wonderfully small trouble. The author has availed himself so largely of the preceding labours of Macdonell, that we should not be surprised if he heard of it legally: his own additions are, however, numerous; and an index is a manifest improvement.

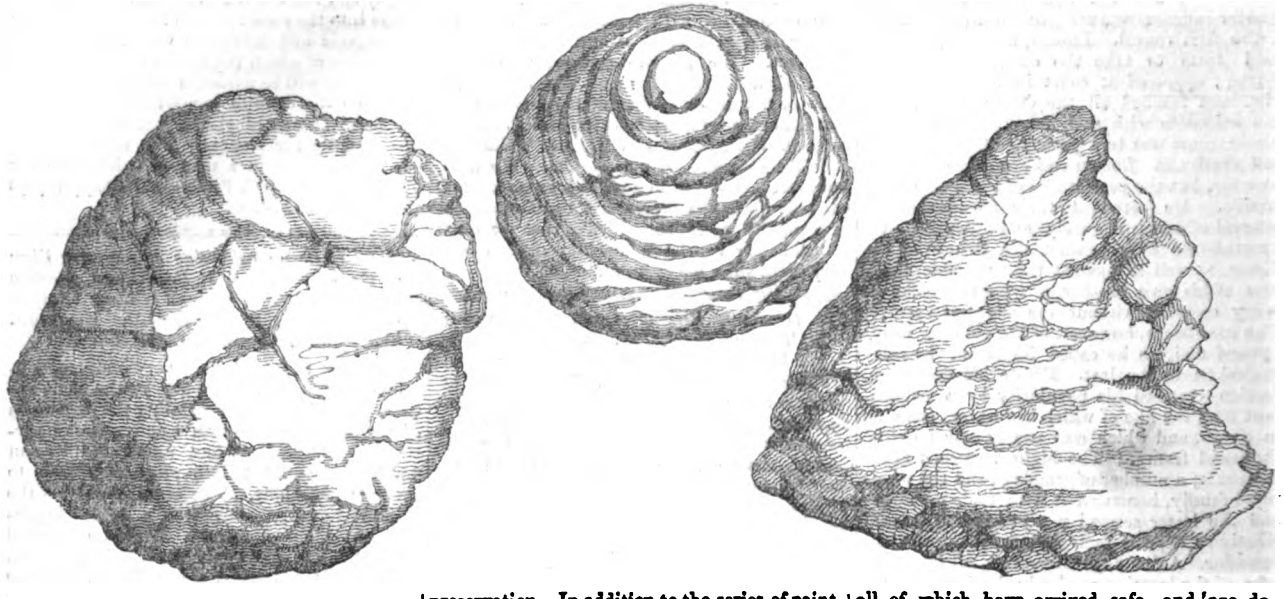
The Algerines; or, the Twins of Naples. By William Child Green, author of "Alibeg the Tempter," and "the Abbot of Montserrat." 3 vols. London, 1832.

THERE is a considerable degree of invention in these volumes. An eastern and supernatural story is founded on a very original idea, and the consequences of its narration are amusing; while there are banditti, lovers, and moonlight, for juvenile readers.

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ENORMOUS HAIL-STONES.

As promised in our last, the following are engravings of the general size and shape of hail-stones that fell at Buyukderé, at 7 o'clock in the morning of the 5th Oct. 1831. One was weighed, and found to be 110 drachms, nearly 1lb, and 14 inches in circumference. That resembling the layers of an onion is very remarkable.



ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE subjects which have already been forwarded to this Society are certainly more numerous than has been usual at the commencement of a session; at the same time, it must be confessed, that they have not promised to be so useful as others which have preceded.

On Wednesday evening, negative reports were received on abating nuisances in public streets; on church bells; on a saw-mill; on curing smoky chimneys; and on a method of rendering the names of streets more visible.

Mr. Ryder's apparatus to measure the draft of carriages was recommitted, several members conceiving that the experiments which had been made had not been on a sufficiently enlarged plan, nor were they quite satisfactory.

A joint committee of Agriculture and Mechanics proceeded, on Tuesday afternoon, to the Apothecaries' Garden at Chelsea, to view an apparatus constructed by Mr. Anderson (a botanist well known in that quarter), for warming greenhouses and other buildings: still, the committee considered the plan so cheap and effectual, that they recommended, in their report, that the thanks of the Society should be transmitted to Mr. A. for his communication; and that it should be referred to the committee of Correspondence and Papers to select such parts of it for publication as appeared original.

A report, on a machine for dressing warps, which had been negatived last session, but which had been since recommitted, was read to the Society, bearing the former decision, which was confirmed.

The Society have done well in the purchase of Barry's Etchings, accompanied by letter-press descriptive of those beautiful and highly finished paintings which ornament the walls of their great room. The collection, some years since, was published at six guineas; the Society are now enabled to dispose of them at just half that price, and they are in an excellent state of preservation. In addition to the series of paintings, the book contains impressions from strips of copper (as that ingenious and extraordinary artist described them), representing sketches intended to have been painted as two grand centres over the chimneys in the great room; one, representing the king (George III.) in 1761, recommending to both houses of parliament a bill for the independence of the judges; and the other, the queen (Charlotte), at Windsor, superintending a scene of domestic education: also, a testimony of veneration for the integrity and transcendent abilities of the late Charles James Fox; Barry's *Lear*, which, for boldness of design and mastery of execution, perhaps, was never surpassed in that branch of the art; and his Pandora, etched by the late Lewis Schiavonetti, from a drawing in possession of Mr. Solly.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

AT a meeting of the committee of science, Tuesday, Nov. 1, — W. Yarrell, Esq. in the chair, — a variety of specimens of fish, many of them unknown to science, which were collected by Captain Belcher, R.N., were on the table; and the attention of the members was directed to them by Mr. Bennett. Mr. Ogilby made some observations on several skins lately received, particularly one of a variety of kangaroo, which appeared to be new. Also one of a new variety of ornithorhynchus, remarkable from the bill being broad and short as compared with the varieties already known, and which he proposed to call the ornithorhynchus brevirostris. Letters were read by the secretary from Drummond Hay, Esq. H. M. consul at Tangier; Sir Robert Ker Porter, dated Caraccas; and Captain Farrar, dated Portpatrick. Captain Farrar referred to some peculiarities in the emigration of birds between Portpatrick and the opposite coast of England. Sir R. K. Porter stated the continuance of his labours in obtaining specimens for the Society. Drummond Hay, Esq., who has always been a most persevering friend to it, announced the transmission of a pair of ichneumons (very fine specimens); also a pair of striped Barbary mice; all of which have arrived safe, and are deposited in the menagerie. He mentioned also the shipment of four young ostriches; a present from the Sultan of Morocco to his Majesty, and which are safely arrived in the gardens of the Society. He further stated that, in conjunction with —— Wiltshire, Esq., H. M. consul at Mogadore, he hoped to become possessed of an animal found in the desert, of the name of *mohr*, probably a new species of antelope, and which will be a valuable accession to our natural history.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16th. — R. I. Murchison, Esq., president, in the chair. — Fellows were elected. A paper by Mr. Dunn was first read, on a gigantic species of plesiosaurus found in the lias shale of Whitby, and now in the Scarborough museum. A letter was then read from Count Montlosier, addressed to the president and fellows, on the modern and ancient states of Mount Vesuvius, and on the origin of the crater-lakes of the Eifel and of Auvergne.

Among the presents laid upon the table was a donation from Miss Gurney, of North Repps Cottage, to the president, and from him to the Society, of various bones of the fossil elephant found on the coast of Norfolk between Cromer and Happisburgh, some of which were of gigantic size. Among the additions to the library were three productions from the pen of M. Necker (de Saussure), who was present, and Baron Humboldt's new work, *Fragmens de Géologie et Climatologie Asiatique.*

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Monday, Dr. Elliotson, the president, in the chair, a paper was read by him on the objections urged by Mr. Godwin, in his late work, entitled, *Thoughts on Man;* in which it was contended that these "Thoughts" were, what the author acknowledged them to be, "loose and undigested." The first four Nos. of Dr. Vimont's stupendous work on Comparative Anatomy, were on the table; which, when completed, will contain the result of the examination of 2,500 heads of animals; of

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which the habits of 1,500 have been under his personal observation. Dr. Elliotson announced the formation of a Phrenological Society in Paris, many of whose members are well known to the scientific world, such as Broussais, Cloquet, Royer, David the sculptor, Rostan, Fovelle, &c. besides many deputies.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 17th.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq. in the chair. Two papers were read, the first on the theory of the moon, by Mr. Lubbock; and the second, illustrated by beautiful drawings by Perry, on the placenta, by Dr. R. Lee. A list of valuable donations to the Society, from the King of Holland, Prof. Muncke of Heidelberg, and others, was read, and a copy of the forthcoming part of the Society's Philosophical Transactions was submitted to the inspection of the fellows. Mr. G. Davies and Mr. Wilkins were admitted into the Society; and notice was given from the chair that, by the new statutes of the Society, the ballots for election would take place only on the first meeting of every second month of the session. Professor Farmer, of Harvard University, in America, and other distinguished visitors, were allowed to be present at the meeting.

Nov. 24th. The introductory portion of a valuable paper, by Mr. Faraday, on the connexion of electricity and magnetism, was read. It treated chiefly on Berzelius' theory of magnetism. When the reading of the paper shall have been concluded, it may be noticed more at length. There were also read, an elaborate paper, by Professor Airy, on an inequality of long period in the motions of the Earth and Venus; and a brief communication, by Sir Everard Home, on mammalia. M. Bozé, of Montpelier, presented a copy of his prize essay on the Creation, written as a competitor for the Bridgewater Legacy.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

[We have much pleasure in fulfilling the expectation expressed in our former report of the proceedings of the Society, by inserting a portion of the Odyssey which Mr. Sotheby, at the request of the Council, read to the meeting.]

The Conclusion of the Necyomanteia.
Odyssey, Book XI.

Judge of the dead, stern Minos, first appear'd,
Who, mid them throned, a golden sceptre rear'd:
Some sat, some stood, and, pleading each his cause,
Heard in vast Hades' dome th' eternal laws.
Then huge Orion in full course I traced,
Who the wild beasts along the meadow chased,
Those whom his mace had on the mountains quell'd,
And still his shade that mace all brazen held.
I Tityus saw, the son of earth, who spread
His length, nine acres, o'er his shadowy bed:
A vulture on each side his liver tore,
His entrails pierced, and bathed his neck in gore. [away
Vain his tired arms were stretched to force
Th' insatiate beak that gorged the living prey.
Mad wretch! who fain, in Panopea's grove,
Had forced Latona, the beloved of Jove.
There Tantalus I saw, who lonely stood
Where to his chin uprose the tempting flood:
But when, inflamed with thirst, he bow'd to slake [lake,
His parch'd lip quivering o'er the treacherous
So oft the water sank, and dark the sod
Beneath his foot drain'd by th' avenging god.
Trees of luxuriant growth bow'd o'er his head,
Their fruits, the apple, pear, pomegranate spread,
Figs, and vivacious olives; but in vain
He darted forth his hand the fruit to gain:
Swift from his grasp, by whirlwinds darkly driven,
They cross'd in fitful gusts the clouds of heaven.
Mid bitterest toils on Sisyphus I gazed,
Who with both arms a stone's vast weight upraised; [strove
Then, prone on hands and feet, sore straining
Up a hill's height the obdurate mass to move;
But when just reached its summit, back again
Suddenly bounding downward to the plain,
Rapidly revolant, rush'd the rock amain.
Again he straining strove, while seen to flow
Hot sweat-drops bathed his limbs, and reek'd around his brow.
Then the vast strength Herculean I survey'd,
Yet but a semblance, an unreal shade,
The while he revelled banqueting above
With Hebe sprung from Juno and from Jove.
Round him the clamour of the dead was heard,
As clangs in swarms the migratory bird.
He, dark as night, strain'd on his bow the string,
And fitting for its flight the arrowy wing,
Keen gazed in act to loose it: round his breast
Rung a dread baldric with gold forms imprest,
Huge bears, fierce lions, and the mountain boar,
Wars, battles, slaughters, murders grimed with gore. [thought,
He who had there work'd out his wondrous
Had ne'er before or since such marvels wrought.
On me the hero fix'd his searching view,
And thus address'd me as my form he knew:
"Ulysses, thou, thy destined toils undone,
Endur'st what I endured beneath the sun.
I, to the yoke of an inferior chain'd,
I, born of Jove, his slavish tasks sustain'd.
He sent me here to seize hell's guardian hound,
The direst toil that all my labours crown'd.
I dragged him forth from Hades' howling shade,
By Hermes and Minerva's heavenly aid."
He spake, then sank in Hades' gloom his way,
The while I linger'd, and there fix'd my stay,
The spirits of the heroes to behold,
Shades of the mighty men who died of old:
And I had seen, and there had proudly trod
Pirithous, Theseus, each a son of god,
But swarms of spirits rush'd shrill-shrieking round,
And fear o'erpower'd me at th' unearthly sound,
Lest the horrific fiend's Gorgonian head
Should tower above the shadows of the dead,
Sent by dire Proserpine. I swift withdrew,
And reach'd my ship, and urged on board my crew. [shore,
They swift obey'd, and loosed the ship from
And bending o'er their seats, with sweep of oar
Froth'd the blue ocean, or with spread of sail
Flew with unlabour'd speed before the gale.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An English Girl. Painted by G. S. Newton, A.R.A.; engraved by G. T. Doo. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

From the unaffected beauty of the subject, we conjecture that the above must be the title of the charming plate, of which a proof lies before us, without the letters;—a deficiency that is not otherwise supplied. But, whatever may be its name, it does the highest credit both to the painter and to the engraver. The character is deliciously simple, feminine, and chaste: and the arrangement of the figure and drapery is replete with Mr. Newton's peculiar and piquant taste; while in force, variety, and, above all, in breadth, it at least rivals any of Mr. Doo's former masterly works.

A Concise Summary of a Series of Notes and Observations, practical and theoretical, on the Art of Landscape Painting in Water-colours, adapted to the Practice of young Amateurs. Houghton and Co.

We have read this little treatise with great pleasure. It contains much information that will be very valuable to the student in the particular branch of the fine arts to which it relates; and there is no passage in the whole work of which we more cordially approve than the warning against "the delusion of hoping to succeed by means of those too common devices of idleness, ignorance, or caprice, which constitute the imaginary *short roads* to knowledge and skill; traced out with mechanical exactitude, and paved with nostrums and recipes."

Composition. Painted by the late Sir G. Beaumont. Drawn on stone by H. W. Burgess. Dickinson.

This is admirable as a Composition, and as a specimen of lithography hardly to be surpassed for its bold, free, and masterly execution.

A New Drawing Annual: the National Drawing Book. By G. W. Davis. London, Carvalho.

Setting out on the true principle of tuition in the arts, by the simple lines, we find this a very well-conceived and well-designed drawing-book. In the landscape department it is particularly praiseworthy; but, indeed, the whole is good; and a better production of the kind need not be put into the hands of the youthful student.

Talleyrand.—A very striking, though whimsical caricature, likeness of this distinguished politician has just appeared at Mrs. Humphrey's window in St. James's Street, as "a diplomatist after his 51st protocol." It is long since we have seen so laughable a whole-length, or so humorous a portrait.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BROKEN VOWS.

"Do not vow; our love is as frail as our life, and full as little in our power; and are you sure you shall outlive this day?"—*Sir G. Etherege's Man of Mode*, Act II. Scene I.

Come, wreathe me a mighty bowl to-night,
And twine it round with fading flowers,
And leaves that droop beneath the blight
That sometime sweeps Love's sunniest bowers;
And you who long have ceased to smile,
Bring tears to grace our sad uprouse,
And let them flow the freer, while
I brim the bowl to broken vows.

I drink not to the laughing eyes
That seem in floods of joy to move,—
I fill the bowl to fruitless sighs,
To broken hearts and hopeless love:
Not to the rich and careless curls
That, waving, play on youthful brows;—
I drink to tears that rival pearls,
I brim the bowl to broken vows.

I drink not to the minstrel's song—
The whispered tale—the heart's own laugh;
But deep I pledge the wretch who long
Has learned from sorrow's cup to quaff.
I drain no bowls to revelry,
To midnight feast or mad carouse;
But deep I drink to misery,—
I brim the bowl to broken vows.

Let happiness toast joy alone,
And courage too pledge high the brave,
We drink to hearts that, like our own,
Are one and all a living grave

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Of perjured vows, and broken plight;—
But, tush!—the pledge that grief allows,
We'll drink at least once more to night—
Come, brim the bowl to broken vows.

Goldsbro' Hall. ZARAPH.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

[We subjoin a letter, which will, we think, be read with great and general interest, giving an account of this appalling disease from actual observation. It is written by a most intelligent young medical friend of ours; whose zeal in his profession has induced him to visit Sunderland, for the sake of studying the disorder there.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Sunderland, Nov. 23, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hasten to allay the anxiety which, in common with others, you feel on the progress of the "Cholera" in this town, and to convey to you what information I have been enabled to obtain since the short period of my arrival. There is not, I can assure you, that dread of the disease in Sunderland and its neighbourhood, which is to be found in the metropolis and many parts of the country. I slept, the night previous to my arrival, at a gentleman's house a short distance from Sunderland, where one of the family, who is a medical man, returns in the evening after visiting cholera patients, and there is not the least distrust of his bringing infection. In the town itself, except from the occasional grouping of medical men, nothing would indicate the existence of a malignant malady; artisans pursue their daily avocations, each moves unconcernedly in his own direction, and the shops are crowded with the usual number of customers. But if we leave the principal street, and penetrate the long alleys or by-streets, which resemble the "closes" of Edinburgh in their narrowness and filth (exceeding them perhaps in the latter), and containing houses which are thickly peopled—the scene changes, and the arrival of two or three medical men is like that of an equipage in some remote village, which every one turns out to see. This morning, in company with two medical gentlemen of the town, I visited one of these narrow streets, the receptacles of filth, poverty, and a wretched population; and I can say, without exaggeration, that we were, in our course, called into every fourth house; we went up one side of the street, and came down the other: out of these there were not more than three or four cases of malignant cholera, and two of these alone will probably be fatal: they are aged persons; and the symptoms of the blue or Asiatic cholera are extremely well marked. The first case which I saw on Tuesday the 22d, the evening of my arrival, was one well adapted to impress a person, newly acquainted with the disease, with an idea of its formidable and painful characters. A few boys and other persons had collected at the door of a respectable haberdasher, in the principal street of the town. I was proceeding to see cases in the eastern part of the parish of Sunderland, and finding, on inquiry, that the master of the shop (Mr. Bulman) had been taken ill, I entered the house. The patient was a strong, muscular man, fifty-four years of age, and, I believe, addicted to spirituous liquors. He had complained in the evening of pain in the bowels, and of an uneasy feeling. He had left his shop to join some friends at a public house, where he took a glass of brandy and water, and a considerable quantity of laudanum. He had been soon after seized with vomiting and purging, and the landlord had brought him home in this condition. It was now eight o'clock (Tuesday, Nov. 22d). He was undressing to go to bed, his sickness and purging had left him, and he attempted to bear up against an inward anxiety, that was already well expressed in his countenance. Dr. Ogden, who was with me at the time, bled him in the arm, upon his being put to bed, and obtained about eight ounces of blood. Mr. Torbock, who came in shortly afterwards, opened another vein, and obtained a nearly similar quantity. The blood had no buffy coat, the serum scarcely separated, and its hue was unnaturally dark. Owing to the restlessness of the patient, the wounds continued open to the last; and Mr. Torbock informs me he bled when no pulse was perceptible. The spasms came on very violently, and he threw himself so often from side to side, that it was almost impossible to keep the bags of hot sand to his feet. Mr. T. exhibited oxygen gas, and the effect was for the time decidedly beneficial; his countenance, already becoming blue, vivified, and the circulation was temporarily restored. During the night the gas was twice exhibited again, but the relief appears only to have been temporary. He constantly expressed himself desirous of going to stool, but always uselessly; the vomiting and purging had entirely left him. Sedatives being hardly indicated in this case, six drams of spirits of turpentine were given, and doses of rhubarb and brandy; also an enema of turpentine and starch. Subsequently, a bolus was exhibited of calomel and rhubarb with oil of cassia. At half-past ten o'clock he was seen by Drs. Daun, Gibson, and Barry. Dr. Barry ordered turpentine to be given, in doses of two drams, as long as the pulse continued to sink; and Dr. Gibson ordered a dram of nitric acid in a pound of water for drink. The symptoms, however, continued the same, only that the cramp had disappeared after the exhibition of the first remedies, and at six o'clock the patient sunk under the malady. This is a case in the middle classes of life, where there was every convenience and comfort immediately afforded, and yet where the symptoms and progress of the disorder were of the most malignant kind. I will not trouble you with a detail of further cases. I am busily collecting them without any prejudices to bias my researches, with a view to ascertain the contagious or non-contagious nature of this disease in *our* country, and, if possible, of the causes which may really prove predisposing. For the present I abstain from mentioning names; but I have met with the kindest treatment, from the medical men of Sunderland, and all that I have become acquainted with have done every thing in their power to furnish me with immediate information on the occurrence of new cases. The universal fear of the effects upon the commerce of the town, which would be produced by a knowledge of the spreading and increase of the disease, not only paralyses the labours of the medical commission sent here by government, but are productive of the very worst consequences to the afflicted. It is impossible, in the multiplicity of cases which occur, and with the poverty of the patients to combat against, that they can obtain the care and attention which alone might render recovery possible. There are only two cases at the lazaretto (a clean, admirably ventilated house, newly whitewashed, and fitted up with every comfort for cholera patients)—for no one will go there—they term it the "blood house." This morning a chair was sent for an old man (who, long ere you receive this, will be no more), and he refused; though, when I saw him, he was lying on the floor, with a mattrass and a single blanket. The two cases in the lazaretto, the girls Nicolson, are the last of a family of five. It is not certain if the child of one of these did not catch the disorder from its mother's breast. There is to be a meeting of medical men to-night, which I shall attend. You will see that Dr. Daun has omitted the list of diarrhœa cases. The town is now divided into districts, and each is superintended by a medical man, who is to give in a report on the number of cases which occur in his charge of common and malignant cholera, with other details. This is a most admirable arrangement; and if medical men will, as in honour bound to do, send in exact reports, the tabular views of the progress and distribution of the disease, which will be thus presented, will be of material assistance in the adoption of any decisive opinions on the characters of the pestilence. It would hardly be believed, that it was reported throughout the town this morning that Mr. Bulman died of apoplexy! The insertion of deaths under the head of common cholera is, even according to the medical men here, an absurdity, for it does not occur with such violence (if at all) at this period of the year. The whole amount of deaths is said not to exceed sixty; and it is to be hoped, by the history of the duration of the malady in different places on the continent, that it has reached its acme, and that it will now diminish in intensity.—I remain, &c.

W. AINSWORTH.

DRAMA.

AT Drury Lane, *Massaniello* has been produced with a strong cast: at Covent Garden, Power is getting quite at home in the *Ambassador*, and is lauded accordingly.

THE ADELPHI.

A PIECE called the *Wept of the Wish-ton-wish* was produced at this theatre on Monday, for the purpose of introducing Mdlle. Celeste to an Adelphi audience. Bayne, Downe, Hemming, Reeve, Miss Daly, &c. &c. have trivial parts. The interest of the piece turns entirely on the love of the "White Skin," *Hope Gough*, Celeste, for the Indian chief, O. Smith, who has carried her off ten years before from the Wish-ton-wish. Celeste is a fine-looking creature, with magnificent eyes and teeth. Her acting was very effective throughout, but especially in the parts with O. Smith, and in an Indian dance. She seems wonderfully strong for so slight a figure. We do not remember to have seen a finer piece of acting (in dumb show) than the deaths of the Chief and Hope in the last scene. The author, Mr. Barnard, complains that his drama has suffered much in effect and intelligibility by being cut down from a full piece to an interlude.

OLYMPIC.

ON Monday an entertaining *bagatelle, the Widow*, was played at this theatre. Vestris, as the *Widow*, is as blooming and gay as ever, and with her snatches of ballads, quite enchanting. Liston, as *Augustus Gallopade*, was in famous spirits, and danced about like a satyr; whilst Vining was as like a rhapsodising poet as could be wished.

SINCE our last, we had the pleasure to hear a private rehearsal of Miss Shireff, and, unwilling to risk so promising a *débutante* by exciting too high expectations, we may express the delight we received from her exertions, and the high hopes we entertain of her success. Her voice is splendid and flexible; she is a charming and unaffected creature; and seems to us to need nothing but encouragement to render her

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one of the sweetest as well as most brilliant ornaments of our native school.

VARIETIES.

Phrenology.—We observe, by a copy of the last Phrenological Journal from Edinburgh, that the editor has published his complaints against the *Times* newspaper and *Literary Gazette*, for their reprobation of the inhuman cruelty displayed in experiments on animals. The editor farther affords proof of his possessing the organs of forgetfulness and omission—for he has not said a word of the explanation of the *Literary Gazette*, which so entirely justified its remarks.

The Green Park.—A great improvement is about to be made in the Hyde Park Corner entrance to the Green Park, under the direction of Mr. Decimus Burton. That gentleman (whose talent is so conspicuous in many of our public places) has, we are informed, received his majesty's commands to turn the line of Constitution Hill road (no politics!), so as to run through the noble arch he has erected there, which will thus be converted into a public entrance of the Green Park for carriages having the *entrée* and equestrians. Pedestrians will have the option of passing it on the east side. The king thus liberally gives to the public a portion of the north-west corner of Buckingham Palace gardens, for the purpose of affording an easy and handsome sweep for the road.

The Garrick Club.—We had intended to notice the progress made towards the opening of this club with *éclat*, at the beginning of the year; and also to insert some correspondence on the sin of punning, with miserable examples of the sinners: but our space has been claimed by other matters, and we must throw ourselves on the danger of delay.

London Bridge.—We have to wait a week in order to lay before our readers some essential details respecting new London bridge, and the probable effect of the removal of the old one. In the mean time we have to state, that the rumours respecting the insecurity of the former are gross exaggerations: the latter is now being rapidly removed.

Fall in the Thermometer.—The French papers mention an extraordinary fall observed in the thermometer at Marseilles on the 3d and 4th instant; viz. from 19° to 4° Reaumur, or from 74° ·45 to 41° of Fahrenheit.

Burking Extraordinary!—What will the Lords do? An awful discovery has been made. It seems that two noted men, calling themselves Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, have been taken up through making strenuous exertions this season to Burke the whole of the peerage. They have got their arms down, and shortly will begin pressing them; but not before a great impression has been made will they be bound over to a-peer at the next session. They are well-known resurrectionists, and have lately carried on their trade to a frightful extent, by raising the whole of the extinct Peerage, which a witness is prepared to prove on oath, for he saw them all lying about wrapped up in sheets. [As this seems to be an ingenious puff, we reward it by insertion.—*Ed. L. G.*]

French Ingenuity.—Our neighbours of Paris have more whim than we have, especially in the way of novel nomenclature. Some one has lately started a superior sort of cabriolet, and, by way of marking its distinction over the cabri-*au-lait* already on the *pavé*, he has called it the cabri-*au-crême*.

Growing Potatoes in a Cellar.—A German paper has published the following account, communicated by the person who made the experiment:—"I covered a corner of my cellar with a bed an inch thick, of two-thirds of river sand and one-third of common mould. In the month of April I put into it thirty-two yellow potatoes, the peel of which was very thin, and placed them on the surface, without covering them either with mould or sand. They produced an abundant crop; for at the end of the ensuing November I gathered above one-fourth of a bushel of the best potatoes, the tenth part of which were as big as an apple, and the rest as a walnut or a large cherry. The peel was very thin, the pulp white and mealy, and the taste exceedingly pleasant to the palate. During the six months these potatoes lay under ground, I used no culture whatever, and yet they grew without the influence of the sun or the heat of the day. This essay might be put into practice with advantage in fortresses, in houses of correction, and indeed in every dry cellar of large cities, where it is of great importance to have a wholesome and abundant food for a large population."

A man who had not money enough, and a man who had too much, laid a singular wager the other day at Paris. The poorer one bet the richer that he would sit upon the parapet of the *pont aux choux* from seven in the morning until five in the evening, for one month, and that he would make all kinds of grimaces the whole of the time. He has already been at his post a fortnight; but he is obliged to have a friend by his side to inform those that pass by, that he is not making faces at them, but that he is doing it for a wager. Hour after hour this friend is occupied in giving the public this piece of information; and people as they pass say to one another, "Never mind that fellow; he is not making faces at us." By this wager the *grimacier* will realise twenty francs a day.

A bridegroom in Pomerania, sitting at table with his bride, on seeing her eating with delight the toast which was under some woodcocks, exclaimed, "How I should like to be a woodcock, and then render you so happy!" This is a German feeling.

On a placard affixed near the menagerie of the king's garden at Paris, are these words. "For the preservation of the animals, people are forbidden to give them any thing to eat."—*Paris in London.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLVII. Nov. 26.*]

Mr. T. Hood, we perceive, on the back of his Eugene Aram announces a companion to his Epping Hunt, in a piece on "Epsom Races," with which he intends to make a *great stand*, and give *several plates for all ages*. Though people must, therefore, ask for Hood's Epsom, we are inclined to think it will rather be a pill to purge melancholy, than physic for the public.

The Testimony of History to the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, by the Rev. George Stanley Faber, B.D.

Travels in the North of Europe in 1830, 31, by Mr. Elliott, with detailed descriptions of the wild and picturesque scenery, and personal adventures in spots far removed from civilised society, is, we hear, almost ready.

A small volume on the Phenomena of Dreams, and other Transient Illusions, by W. C. Dendy.

The interesting Journal of the brothers Lander will, we learn, appear very early in the new year.

The Hive, a Collection of the best Modern Poems, chiefly by Living Authors, for the use of Young Persons.

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Sir Walter Scott's new work, Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous, is expected in the middle of next week.

Baines's History of Lancashire, in various sizes.

Brockden Brown's story of Edgar Huntley, or the Sleep-Walker, and the conclusion of Schiller's Ghost-Seer, are announced as the next volume of the Standard Novels. The celebrated Canterbury Tales are to follow in an early volume.

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The Perfumer's Oracle, or Art of preparing Perfumes and Cosmetics.

A new volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.

Mr. James, who has written so ably on Chivalry, is about to publish a new work, to be entitled Memoirs of Great Commanders.

Mr. Berry and Son announce a monthly work, under the title of a Genealogical Peerage of England, Scotland, and Ireland; illustrated with engravings of Arms, &c.

The Life of Wycliffe, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A.; being the first No. of the Theological Library.

Mr. Elmes, the Architect, proposes to publish a General History and Survey of the Parish of St. Bride, Fleet Street; and of the Ancient Royal Palace and Hospital of Bridewell, in the City of London.

The Domestic Chemist; comprising Instructions for the Detection of Adulterations and Poisons: Vol. II. of the Polytechnic Library.

Anecdotes of William Hogarth, written by Himself; with Essays on his Life and Genius, and Criticisms on his Works, selected from Walpole, Gilpin, Lamb, and others.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. XXV. Military Commanders, by Gleig, fcp. 6*s.* bds.—Roby's Traditions of Lancashire, Second Series, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* cloth; royal 8vo. India proofs, 3*l.* 3*s.*; India proofs and etchings, 4*l.* 4*s.* cloth.—Mental Recreation, or Select Maxims, fcp. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cameron, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Daubeny on the Atomic Theory, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Selections from Southey, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Bouchette's British Dominions in North America, 4to. 2 vols. 2*l.* 16*s.* bds.—Moral Tales, 18mo. 3*s.* hf.-bd.—Heeren's Historical Researches on the Ancient Nations of Africa, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* cloth.—Counsels at Home, 18mo. 3*s.* hf.-bd.—Grandmamma's Rhymes for the Nursery, 18mo. 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Sermons, by the late Rev. Edward Payson, D.D. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—The Catechism of Health, by Dr. Granville, F.R.S. 18mo. 5*s.* bds.—Hartley's Researches in Greece, crown 8vo. 6*s.* cloth.—Rev. B. Scott's Sermons, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—The Nosegay, a Musical Annual for 1832, 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Young Reviewers, by Esther Copley, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—The Amaranth, 24mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.; 3*s.* 6*d.* silk.—Juvenile Cyclopædia, Vol. IV. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—The Jew, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Isabella, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Gorton's Topographical Dictionary, Vol. II. 8vo. 1*l.* cloth lettered; coloured, 1*l.* 10*s.* cloth.—The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. V. Early English Navigators, 5*s.* bds.—Prayers for Private Worship, selected by the Rev. S. F. L. Blosse, 24mo. 3*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

November.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 17	From 22. to 35.	29·51 to 29·58
Friday 18	—— 23. — 41.	29·60 — 29·65
Saturday .. 19	—— 24. — 41.	29·46 — 29·52
Sunday.... 20	—— 27. — 41.	29·67 — 29·80
Monday .. 21	—— 31. — 57.	29·58 — 29·74
Tuesday .. 22	—— 50. — 58.	29·76 — 29·91
Wednesday 23	—— 50. — 58.	29·91 — 29·93

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 18th and 19th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain; a few small flakes of snow in the morning of the 20th.

Rain fallen, ·9 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are so much in arrear with original poetry, that the lines of H. S. must waste their "sweetness" on the desert air.

Whenever we fall into an error, however unimportant, we are bound in candour to redress it. From the preface to the Bouquet, we were led to suppose that its share of originality referred to some portion of its literary contents; and to these, in our last week's notice, which has been arraigned by the publishers, we alluded. The novelties ought to have been expressly mentioned, as it is impossible to know what has, or what has not, appeared in obscure or extinct magazines. Besides, the volume itself seemed so little worthy of attention, that we did not bestow upon it a very minute examination; and it is only the strict sense of justice, and love of perfect truth, which induces us to make even this slight allusion to it. Some of the engravings, it is stated, have not been published before: perhaps it may be so.

We have no fewer than four new Novels this week; and the interest we attach to one of them has caused us to defer several other Reviews, Continuations, Correspondence, &c.

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THE UNION, Monthly Magazine.

Contents: I. Journalism—II. State of the Country—III. Sir C. Wetherell and the Bristol Riots—IV. A Visit to Constantinople—V. Imitations from Pfeffdel—VI. The Literary Police Office, No. 2—VII. Patent Ode to Mr. Perry—VIII. Album School of Poets—IX. Recollections of College Life, No. 2—X. Moore's Life of Lord E. Fitzgerald—XI. Notes on the Month, &c.

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THE LIBRARY of the FINE ARTS.

Contents: I. A Visit to Monplain—II. Paul Sandby and his Times—III. Sketches by a Travelling Architect—IV. Hints to Amateurs on Landscape Painting—V. On Imitation—VI. Leaves from my Pocket-Book—VII. Stage Prospective; or, Ritchie versus Stanfield—VIII. Ancient English Architects—IX. National Gallery of Paintings—X. Memoir of the late Mr. Hobday—XI. Critical Notices—XII. Miscellanea—XIII. Early Catalogues of the Royal Academy.

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On Wednesday next.

THE EDITOR of the TIMES NEWSPAPER (Lord Brougham and Vaux) is the Portrait which will appear in the forthcoming Number of Fraser's Magazine. Among the contents are Papers on the Cholera—National Unions—O'Connell and Irish Affairs—Letter to E. L. Bulwer—Stock Exchange—Poor Laws in Ireland—Progress of Polish History—a highly interesting Article by the Ettrick Shepherd on the Soul—and a Few Words from Sir Morgan O'Doherty on Passing Events.

The Publisher never had greater pleasure in announcing any Number of his Magazine. Continued success for two years has emboldened him to make fresh exertions, and invest a larger capital, in rendering his Journal the most complete of the monthly publications of the kingdom. He has obtained the assistance of the first writers of the day in every department of literature; among whom are individuals high in political office, and competent to write, with the best possible information on the movements of parties, the external and domestic policy of the country, and the measures of the late and present administrations. The Publisher appeals with satisfaction and pride to the forthcoming Number for the truth of this assertion, and which will be found every way worthy of the perusal of every true lover of his country—of every man who feels interested for the preservation and welfare of the Church, the King, and the Constitution.

With regard to literary merit, the publisher courts examination. Reviews of all new works have been undertaken in the most fearless spirit of independence. This characteristic of his Magazine has raised him many enemies among dishonest critics, literary adventurers, and booksellers, who make an impure livelihood by dealing out trash and garbage to the public. Of all such, and in spite of their puny hostility, "Fraser's Magazine" always has been, and will always continue, the avowed and mortal enemy. The Journal is not connected with any large publishing house, and the public have therefore a guarantee that its opinions will neither be sold for lucre, nor biassed by self-interest. Amid the numerous assaults of its enemies—assaults which it only laughs at—this Magazine has made a successful stand for sound, honest, and wholesome criticism; and while the patronage of the public increases, the zeal of the publisher and the improvement of his pages shall increase in a corresponding degree.

In each Number will be found one or more papers on Divinity and points of Doctrinal Controversy. Politics, Tales, Dramatic and Senatorial Strictures, Criticisms, Poetry, and Humorous and Satirical Compositions, make up the remainder of each Number. In addition to these, are given full-length Sketches of the most prominent of our Literary Characters, with short Biographical and Descriptive Notices.

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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 776. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Traditions of Lancashire. Second Series. By J. Roby, M.R.S.L. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

We have anticipated with pleasure the appearance of Mr. Roby's second series of Lancashire Traditions; we were prepared for a beautiful pictorial work, both by the preceding series, and by the plates reviewed some weeks ago under our head of "Fine Arts;" and we looked for literary variety and entertainment throughout — nor have we been disappointed; though other claims upon our notice in this *Gazette* prevent us from going into the grounds of our judgment, or quoting so largely as we could wish from these clever and ingenious volumes.

Taking up, as before, some of the remarkable traditions of a county rich in such memorials, Mr. Roby first gives the facts as they are handed down to us; he then dramatises them, or works them into narrative — in two or three instances founds ballads upon them — and thus vividly revives the impressions of times long gone by,— his tales being as true as history, and yet often possessing the animation of romance. We have thus "Clitheroe," a story of Roger de Lacy, the famous Constable of Cheshire; * the "Grey Man of the Wood," a singular legend of Henry VI.; "The Fairies' Chapel," a fairy tradition in the Byron family; "The Luck of Muncaster," in the nice old ballad style; "Peel of Fouldrey," an important event of the time of Henry VII. of great historical curiosity; "Dule upo' Dun," a whimsical anecdote; "Windleshaw Abbey," relating to Prince Rupert; "Clegg Hall," another good tradition; "George Fox," entertaining particulars of the early times of the Quakers; and others, more or less light, demoniacal, tragic, or superstitious, as the occasion may be.

In the midst of antiquarian lore and the author's own fancies, we are sadly at a loss how to find a specimen suited to our columns, and sufficient to afford a fair taste of his qualities. We are driven of necessity to the shortest, and the "Dead Man's Hand" is offered to us — Bryn Hall is the place.

"Here was a Roman Catholic chapel, and a priest, who continued long after the family had departed, having in his custody the hand mentioned in the following pages. It is still kept by them, or rather by the priest, who now resides at Garswood. Preserved with great care, in a white silk bag, it is still resorted to by many diseased persons, and wonderful cures are said to have been wrought by this saintly relic. It is called the Hand of Father Arrowsmith,—a priest, who is said to have been put to death at Lancaster for his religion, in the time of William III. When about to suffer, he desired his spiritual attendant to cut off his right hand, which should then have the power to work miraculous cures on those who had faith to believe in its efficacy. Not many years ago, a female, sick of the small pox, had it lying in bed with her every night for six weeks, in order to effect her recovery, which took place. A poor lad, living in Withy Grove, Manchester, afflicted with scrofulous sores, was rubbed with it; and, though it has been said he was miraculously restored, yet, upon inquiry, the assertion was found incorrect, inasmuch as he died in about a fortnight after the operation. Not less devoid of truth is the tradition that Arrowsmith was hanged for witnessing a good confession. Having been found guilty of a rape, in all probability this story of his martyrdom and miraculous attestation to the truth of the cause for which he suffered, were contrived for the purpose of preventing the scandal that might have come upon the church through the delinquency of an unworthy member. One of the family of the Kenyons attended as under-sheriff at the execution; and it is said that he refused the culprit some trifling favour at the gallows, whereupon Arrowsmith denounced a curse upon him—to wit, that whilst the family could boast of an heir, so long they should never want a cripple; which prediction was supposed by the credulous to have been literally fulfilled."

The "Peel of Fouldrey" relates to the occupation of that fortress by Lambert Simnel, when he undertook his fruitless expedition to claim the crown of England, as the representative of the house of York; and the chances by which the Abbot of Furness Abbey is represented to have procured him and his followers to leave that impregnable hold, are extremely well wrought up by Mr. Roby. His opening account of it is so accurate as well as picturesque, that we shall copy it.

"It was in the 'merrie month of May,' in the year 1487, scarcely two years after Richard's overthrow at Bosworth, and Earl Richmond's usurpation of the English crown by the title of King Henry the Seventh, that a great armament, landing on the barren island of Fouldrey, took possession of the castle—a fortress of great strength, commanding the entrance to the bay of Morecambe, and a position of considerable importance to the invaders. It occupied, with the outworks and defences, nearly the whole area of the island—a few acres only; two or three fishermen's huts, at that time, being irregularly scattered on the beach below. Built by the monks of Furness, in the first year of Edward III., as a retreat from the ravages of the Scots, and a formidable barrier against their approaches by sea, it was now unexpectedly wrested from its owners, becoming a point of resistance from whence the formidable power of Henry might be withstood, and, in the end, successfully opposed. A royal banner floated from the battlements—the fortress had been formally taken into possession by the invaders in the name of their king, previously proclaimed at Dublin by the title of Edward the Sixth. The youth was crowned there with a diadem taken from an image of the Virgin—priests and nobles espousing his cause with more than ordinary enthusiasm; and Henry, in the second year of his reign, was threatened, from a source as unexpected as it was deemed contemptible, with the loss of his ill-gotten sovereignty."

We must, until next Saturday, be content with a few farther insulated passages.

"Lambert Simnel, according to some historians, was the real name of this 'pretender;' but there be others who scruple not to assert, that he was in reality the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence, elder brother of Richard III.; and that he had made his escape from the Tower, where he long suffered an ignominious confinement by the cruel policy of Henry. The prior claims of this young prince to the English crown could not be doubted; and Margaret, the 'bold' duchess of Burgundy, sister to Edward IV., had furnished the invader with a body of two thousand chosen Flemish troops, commanded by Martin Swartz, a brave and experienced officer. With them came the Earl of Lincoln, related to Edward IV. by intermarriage with Elizabeth, the king's eldest sister. This nobleman had long entertained ambitious views towards the crown; his uncle Richard, it is said, in default of issue to himself, having expressed the intention of declaring Lincoln his successor. The Lord Lovel, too, a bitter enemy of the reigning prince, who had fled to the court of Burgundy before-time for protection, was intrusted with a command in the expedition. To these were joined the Earl of Kildare, the king's deputy for Ireland, with several others of the nobility from the sister kingdom. The countenance thus unexpectedly given to the rebellion by persons of the highest rank, and the great accession of military force from abroad, raised the courage and exultation of the Irish to such a pitch, that they threatened to overrun England, nothing doubting but their restless and disaffected spirit would be fully met by a similar disposition on the part of those whom they invaded. In supposing that the inhabitants in the north of England, and especially in Lancashire, would immediately join their standard, they had not calculated wisely. The king, in crushing the hopes of the Yorkists, had made himself, at that period, too popular in the county—the reluctance, too, which it may be supposed that Englishmen would feel in identifying themselves with a troop of foreign adventurers, as well as their general animosity against the Irish, to whom the 'northerns' never bore any good will, being too near neighbours to agree,—these circumstances taken into account, the ultimate failure of the expedition might have been easily prognosticated. Sir Thomas Broughton, a gentleman of some note in Furness, was the only person of weight and influence in the county who joined their standard—and he soon found himself a loser by his defection."

The following is a fair specimen of the descriptive:—

"The evening was dark and lowering; the

* *Apropos des bottes*: as the author states he has done all he intends with Lancashire; let us advise him to proceed next into Cheshire, a county fully as rich in materials for his purpose.—*Ed. L. G.*

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sky broken into wild irregular masses of red and angry clouds. The sun, after throwing one fierce look over the broad and troubled sea, had sunk behind a hard, huge battlement of cloud, on the round waving edges of which ran a bright burning rim, that looked like a train of fire ignited by the glowing luminary behind. The beach round the little island of Fouldrey is mostly covered with pebbles, thrown up by the tide, occasionally intermingled with rock and patches of dark verdure. A few boats may be seen with their equipments, and two or three straggling nets upon the shore. A distant sail occasionally glides across the horizon; but the usual aspect is that of solitude, still and uninterrupted—the abode of sterility and sadness. Now, the narrow bay by the island was glittering with gallant streamers. Ships of war, in all their pride and panoply, majestically reposed upon its bosom. All was bustle and impatience. The trumpet note of war brayed fiercely from the battlements. Incessant was the march of troops in various directions. Tents were pitched before the castle; guards were appointed; and this hitherto peaceful and solitary spot resounded with the din of arms, and the hoarse clang of preparation for the approaching strife. Messengers were constantly passing to and from the main land; the insignia of royalty were ostentatiously displayed; and the captains and leaders within the fortress fulfilled the duties of this mimic and motley court, in honour of their anticipated sovereign."

After a strange night-alarm, with which the whole machinery of the plot is connected—

"With the morning dawn came Sir Thomas Broughton. A grand council was appointed for that day, in which the final arrangement of their plans was to be discussed. A royal banquet was prepared, and the Flemish gunners were to give a specimen of their craft from the battlements. The forenoon came on chill and squally, with a low scud driving rapidly from the west. A drizzling rain was the result, which increased with the coming tide. The little island was covered with tents, forming an encampment of no mean extent and appearance. Sir Thomas, with a few attendants, after being ferried over the channel which separates the island Fouldrey from the main land, was conducted through avenues of tents and armed men. The Flemish soldiers, fierce and almost motionless, looked like an array of grim statues. The Irish levies, in a state of more lax discipline, were collected in merry groups, whiling away the time in thriftless and noisy discourse. Sir Thomas Broughton, descended from an Anglo-Saxon family of great antiquity, was, by virtue of this hereditary and aboriginal descent, of a proud and pompous bearing. Being allied to most of the principal families in these parts, he was won over, by solicitation from the Duchess of Burgundy, as one of the confederates in her attempt to restore the line of York to the English crown. Fond of shew, and careful as to his own personal appearance, he was clad in a steel coat of great beauty; this ponderous form of defence having been brought to great perfection in the preceding reign. His sword-belt was so disposed, that the weapon remained in front, while a dagger was attached to the right hip. Over his armour he wore a scarlet cloak; and, as he strode proudly up the avenues to the gate, he looked as though he felt that on his fiat alone depended the very existence of those he beheld. After he had passed the first drawbridge into the outer court, or bayle, a band of archers, drawn up in full array, opened their ranks to receive this puissant chieftain. These were the most efficient of the troops, and partly English, having been brought from Ireland by the deputy. They were clad in shirts of chain-mail, with wide sleeves, over which was a small vest of red cloth, laced in front. They had tight hose on their legs, and braces on their left arms. Behind them, and on each side, were part of the infantry, consisting of billmen and halberdiers; but the most formidable-looking soldiers were the Flemish gunners, or harquebusiers—so named from the barbarous Latin word *arcusbusus*, evidently derived from the Italian *arcabousa; i. e.* a bow with a tube or hole. It was made with a stock and trigger, in imitation of the crossbow. The match, no longer applied by the hand to the touch-hole, was fixed into a cock, which was brought down to the pan by the motion of the trigger. This, being at the time a recent invention, excited no little curiosity and admiration. At the inner court, and near the main entrance to the keep, Sir Thomas was received in great state by the Earl of Lincoln, whose high, but easy and pleasant, bearing bespoke him to have been long the inmate and follower of courts; while the stiff attitudes and formal demeanour of Sir Thomas were rendered more apparent by the contrast."

Our fair readers will excuse us for not entering upon the natural-supernatural events of this tale: and having exhibited the author's powers in various ways, we take our leave, till next week, with "hartie commendacyons."

Tales of my Landlord. Fourth and last Series. 4 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

NEVER was a work more completely out of the pale of criticism:—we shall quote its author's concluding address, as the only introduction to the pages before us.

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage. The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Upwards of a hundred volumes has Sir Walter Scott contributed to the literature of his country: he has made his own land classical with the song or story now so indelibly associated with its lakes and hills; he has founded a new school—and with regard to novels and romances, he has done for them what Augustus did for Rome,—he found it a city of mud, he left it a city of marble. We call upon his readers to remember the many hours they have passed in delight over his volumes, and what an aggregate of enjoyment will they make in human existence! There are two tales in the present series; the first, *Count Robert of Paris*, has for time and place the arrival of the Crusaders at Constantinople, and Count Robert is the fierce baron whom historians record to have taken possession of the emperor's throne, in the presence of the assembled court, when he was expected to have knelt in homage. We cannot do better than extract that important scene in his life—his marriage.

"Brenhilda, countess of Paris, was one of those stalwart dames who willingly hazarded themselves in the front of battle, which, during the first crusade, was as common as it was possible for a very unnatural custom to be, and, in fact, gave the real instances of the Marphisas and Bradamantes, whom the writers of romance delighted to paint, assigning them sometimes the advantage of invulnerable armour, or a spear whose thrust did not admit of being resisted, in order to soften the improbability of the weaker sex being frequently victorious over the male part of the creation. But the spell of Brenhilda was of a more simple nature, and rested chiefly in her great beauty. From a girl, she despised the pursuits of her sex; and they who ventured to become suitors for the hand of the young Lady of Aspramonte, to which warlike fief she had succeeded, and which perhaps encouraged her in her fancy, received for answer, that they must first merit it by their good behaviour in the lists. The father of Brenhilda was dead; her mother was of a gentle temper, and easily kept under management by the young lady herself. Brenhilda's numerous suitors readily agreed to terms which were too much according to the manners of the age to be disputed. A tournament was held at the castle of Aspramonte, in which one half of the gallant assemblly rolled headlong before their successful rivals, and withdrew from the lists mortified and disappointed. The successful party among the suitors were expected to be summoned to joust among themselves. But they were surprised at being made acquainted with the lady's further will. She aspired to wear armour herself, to wield a lance, and back a steed, and prayed the knights that they would permit a lady, whom they professed to honour so highly, to mingle in their games of chivalry. The young knights courteously received their young mistress in the lists, and smiled at the idea of her holding them triumphantly against so many gallant champions of the other sex. But the vassals and old servants of the count, her father, smiled to each other, and intimated a different result than the gallants anticipated. The knights who encountered the fair Brenhilda were one by one stretched on the sand; nor was it to be denied, that the situation of tilting with one of the handsomest women of the time, was an extremely embarrassing one. Each youth was

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bent to withhold his charge in full volley, to cause his steed to swerve at the full shock, or in some other way to flinch from doing the utmost which was necessary to gain the victory, lest, in so gaining it, he might cause irreparable injury to the beautiful opponent he tilted with. But the Lady of Aspramonte was not one who could be conquered by less than the exertion of the whole strength and talents of the victor. The defeated suitors departed from the lists the more mortified at their discomfiture, because Robert of Paris arrived at sunset, and, understanding what was going forward, sent his name to the barriers, as that of a knight who would willingly forego the reward of the tournament, in case he had the fortune to gain it, declaring, that neither lands nor ladies' charms were what he came thither to seek. Brenhilda, piqued and mortified, chose a new lance, mounted her best steed, and advanced into the lists as one determined to avenge upon the new assailant's brow the slight of her charms which he seemed to express. But whether her displeasure had somewhat interfered with her usual skill, or whether she had, like others of her sex, felt a partiality towards one whose heart was not particularly set upon gaining hers — or whether, as is often said on such occasions, her fated hour was come, so it was that Count Robert tilted with his usual address and good fortune. Brenhilda of Aspramonte was unhorsed and unhelmed, and stretched on the earth; and the beautiful face, which faded from very red to deadly pale before the eyes of the victor, produced its natural effect in raising the value of his conquest. He would, in conformity with his resolution, have left the castle, after having mortified the vanity of the lady; but her mother opportunely interposed; and when she had satisfied herself that no serious injury had been sustained by the young heiress, she returned her thanks to the stranger knight who had taught her daughter a lesson, which, she trusted, she would not easily forget. Thus tempted to do what he secretly wished, Count Robert gave ear to those sentiments, which naturally whispered to him to be in no hurry to withdraw. He was of the blood of Charlemagne, and, what was still of more consequence in the young lady's eyes, one of the most renowned of Norman knights in that jousting day. After a residence of ten days in the castle of Aspramonte, the bride and bridegroom set out, for such was Count Robert's will, with a competent train, to Our Lady of the Broken Lances, where it pleased him to be wedded. Two knights, who were waiting to do battle, as was the custom of the place, were rather disappointed at the nature of the cavalcade, which seemed to interrupt their purpose. But greatly were they surprised when they received a cartel from the betrothed couple, offering to substitute their own persons in the room of other antagonists, and congratulating themselves in commencing their married life in a manner so consistent with that which they had hitherto led. They were victorious as usual; and the only persons having occasion to rue the complaisance of the count and his bride, were the two strangers, one of whom broke an arm in the rencontre, and the other dislocated a collar-bone."

In order to revenge the insult offered, Agelastes, one of the Greek court, endeavours to draw the count into the power of his enemies, and tells a tale of enchantment,—a princess cast into a magic sleep by an offended sage—which leads to the ensuing scene, written with that nature and spirit which give such life to Scott's delineations.

"'A sleep like that of death fell upon them, and was not removed. Most of the inhabitants left the island; the few who remained were cautious how they approached the castle, and watched until some bold adventurer should bring that happy awakening which the speech of the sorcerer seemed in some degree to intimate. Never seemed there a fairer opportunity for that awakening to take place than when the proud step of Artavan de Hautlieu was placed upon those enchanted courts. On the left lay the palace and donjon-keep; but the right, more attractive, seemed to invite to the apartment of the women. At a side door, reclined on a couch, two guards of the haram, with their naked swords grasped in their hands, and features fiendishly contorted between sleep and dissolution, seemed to menace death to any who should venture to approach. This threat deterred not Artavan de Hautlieu. He approached the entrance, when the doors, like those of the great entrance to the castle, made themselves instantly accessible to him. A guard-room of the same effeminate soldiers received him, nor could the strictest examination have discovered to him whether it was sleep or death which arrested the eyes that seemed to look upon and prohibit his advance. Unheeding the presence of these ghastly sentinels, Artavan pressed forward into an inner apartment, where female slaves of the most distinguished beauty were visible in the attitude of those who had already assumed their dress for the night. There was much in this scene which might have arrested so young a pilgrim as Artavan of Hautlieu; but his heart was fixed upon achieving the freedom of the beautiful princess, nor did he suffer himself to be withdrawn from that object by any inferior consideration. He passed on, therefore, to a little ivory door, which, after a moment's pause, as if in maidenly hesitation, gave way like the rest, and yielded access to the sleeping apartment of the princess herself. A soft light, resembling that of evening, penetrated into a chamber where every thing seemed contrived to exalt the luxury of slumber. The heaps of cushions, which formed a stately bed, seemed rather to be touched than impressed by the form of a nymph of fifteen, the renowned Princess of Zulichium.' 'Without interrupting you, good father,' said the Countess Brenhilda, 'it seems to me that we can comprehend the picture of a woman asleep without much dilating upon it, and that such a subject is little recommended either by our age or by yours.' 'Pardon me, noble lady,' answered Agelastes, 'the most approved part of my story has ever been this passage, and while I now suppress it in obedience to your command, bear notice, I pray you, that I sacrifice the most beautiful part of the tale.' 'Brenhilda,' added the count, 'I am surprised you think of interrupting a story which has hitherto proceeded with so much fire; the telling of a few words more or less will surely have a much greater influence upon the sense of the narrative, than such an addition can possibly possess over our sentiments of action.' 'As you will,' said his lady, throwing herself carelessly back upon the seat; 'but methinks the worthy father protracts this discourse, till it becomes of a nature more trifling than interesting.' 'Brenhilda,' said the count, 'this is the first time I have remarked in you a woman's weakness.' 'I may as well say, Count Robert, that it is the first time,' answered Brenhilda, 'that you have shewn to me the inconstancy of your sex.' 'Gods and goddesses,' said the philosopher, 'was ever known a quarrel more absurdly founded! The countess is jealous of one whom her husband probably never will see, nor is there any prospect that the Princess of Zulichium will be hereafter better known to the modern world, than if the curtain hung before her tomb.' 'Proceed,' said Count Robert of Paris; 'if Sir Artavan of Hautlieu has not accomplished the enfranchisement of the Princess of Zulichium, I make a vow to our Lady of the Broken Lances'—— 'Remember,' said his lady, interfering, 'that you are already under a vow to free the Sepulchre of God; and to that, methinks, all lighter engagements might give place.' 'Well, lady — well,' said Count Robert, but half satisfied with this interference, 'I will not engage myself, you may be assured, on any adventure which may claim precedence of the enterprise of the Holy Sepulchre, to which we are all bound.' 'Alas!' said Agelastes, 'the distance of Zulichium from the speediest route to the Sepulchre is so small, that'—— 'Worthy father,' said the countess, 'we will, if it pleases you, hear your tale to an end, and then determine what we will do. We Norman ladies, descendants of the old Germans, claim a voice with our lords in the council which precedes the battle; nor has our assistance in the conflict been deemed altogether useless.' The tone in which this was spoken conveyed an awkward innuendo to the philosopher, who began to foresee that the guidance of the Norman knight would be more difficult than he had foreseen, while his consort remained by his side. He took up, therefore, his oratory on somewhat a lower key than before, and avoided those warm descriptions which had given some offence to the Countess Brenhilda. 'Sir Artavan de Hautlieu,' says the story, 'considered in what way he should accost the sleeping damsel, when it occurred to him in what manner the charm would be most likely to be reversed. I am in your judgment, fair lady, if he judged wrong in resolving that the method of his address should be a kiss upon the lips.' The colour of Brenhilda was somewhat heightened, but she did not deem the observation worthy of notice. 'Never had so innocent an action,' continued the philosopher, 'an effect more horrible. The delightful light of a summer evening was instantly changed into a strange lurid hue, which, infected with sulphur, seemed to breathe suffocation through the apartment. The rich hangings and splendid furniture of the chamber, the very walls themselves, were changed into huge stones tossed together at random, like the inside of a wild beast's den; nor was the den without an inhabitant. The beautiful and innocent lips to which Artavan de Hautlieu had approached his own, were now changed into the hideous and bizarre form and bestial aspect of a fiery dragon. A moment she hovered upon the wing, and it is said, had Sir Artavan found courage to repeat his salute three times, he would then have remained master of all the wealth and of the disenchanted princess. But the opportunity was lost; and the dragon, or the creature who seemed such, sailed out at a side window upon its broad pennons, uttering loud wails of disappointment.' Here ended the story of Agelastes. 'The princess,' he said, 'is still supposed to abide her doom in the Island of Zulichium, and several knights have undertaken the adventure; but I know not whether it was the fear of saluting the sleeping maiden, or that of approaching the dragon into which

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she was transformed; but so it is, the spell remains unachieved. I know the way, and if you say the word, you may be to-morrow on the road to the castle of enchantment.' The countess heard this proposal with the deepest anxiety; for she knew that she might, by opposition, determine her husband irrevocably upon following out the enterprise. She stood therefore with a timid and bashful look, strange in a person whose bearing was generally so dauntless, and prudently left it to the uninfluenced mind of Count Robert to form the resolution which should best please him. 'Brenhilda,' he said, taking her hand, 'fame and honour are dear to thy husband as ever they were to knight who buckled a brand upon his side. Thou hast done, perhaps, I may say, for me, what I might in vain have looked for from ladies of thy condition; and therefore thou mayest well expect a casting voice in such points of deliberation. Why dost thou wander by the side of a foreign and unhealthy shore, instead of the banks of the lovely Seine? Why dost thou wear a dress unusual to thy sex? Why dost thou seek death, and think it little, in comparison of shame? Why? but that the Count of Paris may have a bride worthy of him. Dost thou think that this affection is thrown away? No, by the saints! Thy knight repays it as he best ought, and sacrifices to thee every thought which thy affection may less than entirely approve!' Poor Brenhilda, confused as she was by the various emotions with which she was agitated, now in vain endeavoured to maintain the heroic deportment which her character as an Amazon required from her. She attempted to assume the proud and lofty look which was properly her own, but failing in the effort, she threw herself into the count's arms, hung round his neck, and wept like a village maiden whose true love is pressed for the wars. Her husband, a little ashamed, while he was much moved by this burst of affection in one to whose character it seemed an unusual attribute, was, at the same time, pleased and proud that he could have awakened an affection so genuine and so gentle in a soul so high-spirited and so unbending. 'Not thus,' he said, 'my Brenhilda! I would not have it thus, either for thine own sake or for mine. Do not let this wise old man suppose that thy heart is made of the malleable stuff which forms that of other maidens; and apologise to him, as may well become thee, for having prevented my undertaking the adventure of Zulichium, which he recommends.' It was not easy for Brenhilda to recover herself, after having afforded so notable an instance how nature can vindicate her rights, with whatever rigour she may have been disciplined and tyrannised over. With a look of ineffable affection, she disjoined herself from her husband, still keeping hold of his hand, and turning to the old man with a countenance in which the half-effaced tears were succeeded by smiles of pleasure and of modesty, she spoke to Agelastes as she would to a person whom she respected, and towards whom she had some offence to atone. 'Father,' she said, respectfully, 'be not angry with me that I should have been an obstacle to one of the best knights that ever spurred steed, undertaking the enterprise of thine enchanted princess; but the truth is, that in our land, where knighthood and religion agree in permitting only one lady-love and one lady-wife, we do not quite so willingly see our husbands run into danger — especially of that kind where lonely ladies are the parties relieved —and—and kisses are the ransom paid. I have as much confidence in my Robert's fidelity, as a lady can have in a loving knight, but still——' 'Lovely lady,' said Agelastes, who, notwithstanding his highly artificial character, could not help being moved by the simple and sincere affection of the handsome young pair, 'you have done no evil. The state of the princess is no worse than it was, and there cannot be a doubt that the knight fated to relieve her, will appear at the destined period.' The countess smiled sadly, and shook her head. 'You do not know,' she said, 'how powerful is the aid of which I have unhappily deprived this unfortunate lady, by a jealousy which I now feel to have been alike paltry and unworthy; and, such is my regret, that I could find in my heart to retract my opposition to Count Robert undertaking this adventure.' She looked at her husband with some anxiety, as one that had made an offer she would not willingly see accepted, and did not recover her courage until he said, decidedly, 'Brenhilda, that may not be.' 'And, why, then, may not Brenhilda herself take the adventure,' continued the countess, 'since she can neither fear the charms of the princess, nor the terrors of the dragon?' 'Lady,' said Agelastes, the princess must be awakened by the kiss of love, and not by that of friendship.' 'A sufficient reason,' said the countess, smiling, 'why a lady may not wish her lord to go forth upon an adventure of which the conditions are so regulated.'"

The next tale, *Castle Dangerous*, is likely, we should think, to find much favour on the other side of the Tweed: it is a record of a passage in the gallant resistance made by the Scots against the aggressions of the English in the days of the Bruce; and Castle Dangerous is a strong-hold of the Douglas. Both tales are vivid illustrations of the fantastic honour and real courage of the age of chivalry. Most of our readers may remember the beginning of the touching address Sir Walter wrote for Kemble on his leaving the stage—it might serve for his own parting words:

> "As the worn warhorse at the trumpet's sound
> Erects his mane, and, neighing, paws the ground,
> Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
> And longs to rush on the embattled lines;
> So I, your plaudits ringing on my ear,
> Can scarce believe in a departure near—
> But, like the Roman in the capital,
> I must adjust my mantle ere I fall."

That a long space of ease and comfort may yet be in store for "the Ariosto of the North," must be the earnest hope of all who now feel towards him what he so well deserves,—gratitude and sympathy.

Letters from the North of Europe; or, a Journal of Travels in Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia, and Saxony. By C. B. Elliott, Esq. 8vo. pp. 475. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is one of those remarkably pleasant tours which an intelligent gentleman, who has seen much of the world, is alone calculated to write —one of those productions which engage the attention and do not fatigue it, and which we read from first to last, with the agreeable sensation that we are gathering the information of pretty extensive travel, easily by our fireside.

Mr. Elliott visited Holland, Hamburgh, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Russia, Prussia, and parts of Germany—every where, but particularly in Norway, viewing the natives and their manners with the eye of a practised observer; and furnishing us with sketchy pictures—of course not all new, but all possessing considerable interest. We shall illustrate this by a few quotations, from various quarters of the northern continent.

"The 18th of June is kept holy by the Dutch (nearly all of whom are Protestants), to commemorate the mercy of God in the result of the battle of Waterloo. I thought the English might profit by such an example."

Now to Denmark.

"The cemetery of the Danish capital is a miniature of that of Père la Chaise. The graves of the young and the aged, the warrior and the bride, are all decked with flowers whose name or character qualifies them to serve as emblems of grief or of perpetual remembrance. Some of the epitaphs and devices are pretty. One motto consists of the simple and familiar words, 'Not lost, but gone before;' another, 'I shall see you again;' a third, in Danish verse, may be thus translated—'Rest, O sweetly rest, dear! in the garden of the dead, amid graves and flowers and tears, till little angels, bearing the 'forget-me-not,' shall summon me to join thee in eternity.' One grave contains the relics of a mother whose husband and six orphans are represented, in marble exquisitely wrought, as doves *brooding* over their sorrows and the dust of her they loved. The ages of the little ones are represented by the size of the nestlings; and the widowed mate covers with his wings the last half-fledged pledge of conjugal love. The scenery around is beautiful. The cypress and the myrtle are wanting; or, as I gazed, I could have fancied that in that spot, and over that tomb, were written those exquisite lines which tell of 'the love of the turtle.' The Jews have here, as always, a separate burying-ground. Their corpses are interred in a standing position, with the face turned towards Jerusalem."

The following is part of a very interesting description of a journey across the mountains in Norway.

"The sun set in the N.N.W. For two hours we pursued our course by twilight over a country wilder than imagination can conceive. Barren rocks and broad morasses were varied only now and then by heaths and lichens thinly scattered. Yet sometimes a hill would rise to view, gilded with rein-deer moss, like crystals of the flour of sulphur, and shining with a beauty peculiar to itself. The weather was inclement; it rained hard, and the cold was intense. Our servant had dropped behind with fatigue; and for two successive hours the guide had been saying that we were within a mile of a hut which would afford something like shelter for the night. The minutes dragged heavily along. Hope and fear succeeded each other in rapid alternation; and the promised haven seemed to retreat before us. At length, an hour before midnight, we reached it, and perhaps never entered the home of our fathers with so much thankfulness as we did this pile of stones; for, suspecting that the guide had lost his way, we were anticipating continued exposure to the tempestuous elements. The stones forming the hut, if such a title it could merit, were rudely and irregularly put together. A hole in the centre let out the smoke and admitted the fresh air. The former had no other exit; the latter had free entrance on every side. Four women and three children were lying on two litters which nearly filled the hut. The intermediate space was occupied by a calf. Ranged round the sides were bowls of milk and cream—the produce of a herd of cows, whose lowing indicated an unaccustomed intrusion. The smell and filth were almost intolerable; but our minds were braced to the encounter. Three horse-blankets

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were laid on the wet ground, and our feet were turned towards the smoking embers of the fire. Thus, wrapped in cloaks, we slept a little; but the rain beat in so violently that it was not possible to repose for any length of time. The morning dawned, disclosing the full wretchedness of the hovel which darkness had covered with a friendly veil. The squalid filth of the women was exceeded, if possible, by that of the naked children; and we agreed that the bleak mountains, under a sky emptying its watery freight before a cutting wind, were preferable to such a resting-place. After breakfasting on smoked bacon and some husky rye cakes, whose dryness and inequalities, but for a thick layer of cream, would have impeded their progress down the throat—we renewed our journey at nine in the morning. Two hours' halt was granted to the patient animals. After ten hours of hard marching over trackless mountains, on the limits of perpetual congelation, and in a drenching rain, we accomplished three and twenty miles. With the exception of a herd of rein-deer, perhaps a hundred in number, who fled as we disturbed their mossy meal, and the plovers, whose plaintive cry consorted well with the discomfort of our condition—scarcely a sign of animal or vegetable existence was to be seen. Our course the preceding day was W. by S., and the mountain where we stopped the guide called Recshion. This day we travelled west, and to the spot attained at night (whether capriciously or otherwise I cannot say) he gave the name of Feelsihoon. Descending a few hundred feet, we found a pile of stones similar to that already described, but without a tenant. It was probably raised by some venturous huntsmen, who, living in the nearest and most elevated village on the north-east of the Hardanger, and exploring in successive journeys a little and a little more of the inhospitable fjeld, have fixed this as the limit of their bold essay; and who, perhaps, annually pass a night here, to enjoy the chase of the deer. Whatever its origin, it screened us in some degree from the severity of the cold, which at this altitude, with patches of snow on every side, is intense even in the day-time."

A few farther extracts respecting Norway will be found entertaining.

"A particular species of sweet cheese, highly prized here, is produced on special occasions. It is called '*gammelen orse*,' or old cheese, which Mr. Janson told us had been converted by the ingenuity of some English traveller into '*gammela Norse*,' or old Norway. The mistake, on which he seemed to say some fable has been built, has afforded, as we have likewise heard in other quarters, much amusement to the natives."

"The Storthing is now sitting. I have just been to the assembly. It presents a curious spectacle. Some of the members are dressed in coarse woollen cloth like blanketing; with hair hanging profusely over the shoulders, broad-brimmed hats of various shapes, and boots of a certain size. The whole costume, as well as their humble mode of speaking, or rather reading their opinions, attests the unsophisticated simplicity of these worthy sons of our northern ancestry. They tell a tale of days once known in England, before the progress of luxury had introduced abuses which call for a corrective hand; the hand of a moderate, judicious, and Christian reform. After the labours of the day, the members all dine together in a large room on the first-floor of the hotel in which I lodge. The table is laid out neatly but not sumptuously, and decorated with flowers; a simple and beautiful substitute for the silver ornaments of more luxurious countries. The constitution is purely democratic. Abhorrence of an aristocracy is carried to such an extent, that only three of the ancient nobility are left in Norway; and their titles will die with them, or with their sons. Moral excellence is hereafter to form the only distinction between man and man. The established form of religion is Lutheran; nor are there many sectarians. The churches are very plain, built generally of wood, and little ornamented inside or out. Norway is one of the few countries in which no Jews are found. When silver mines were first discovered, a foolish prejudice prevailed, that these lovers of money would secure and retain possession of the coin; they were therefore expelled. Thus here, as every where, the sons of Judah are a 'by-word' among the people; an example of retributive justice and accomplished prophecy. I have already casually expressed, on two or three occasions, my opinion of the national character of the Norse, nor can I add much to what has been said on that subject. Like all mountaineers, they are devotedly attached to their country; and inspire the love of liberty with the free air of their mountains. The better orders are kind and hospitable, opening to the traveller their houses and their hearts. Among the lower classes, on the contrary, there is an avidity of money, with an indifference as to the means of acquiring it, that reminds one of Italy. They are addicted to drinking; and the climate, rendering fermented liquor perhaps in some degree necessary, is pleaded in excuse for the indulgence of an odious vice. The men are taller than the Swedes; perhaps nearly as tall as ourselves; and the women in proportion. Both sexes are very fair, with teeth of virgin white, light auburn hair, and cheeks in which the eloquent blood bespeaks health, happiness, and freedom. The general mode of salutation is by shaking hands, which they do with great cordiality. The common food of the peasantry is milk, cheese, butter, and oat or rye cakes, about the size of pancakes, but a little thicker, (like the Indian *chipattees*,) which they call in the Norse tongue '*flat-brod*.' To this simple diet some piquant dried fish is added, such as herring or smoked salmon. The latter, cut in slices, affords a delicious morsel even to an Englishman. I am told that some of the numerous mosses with which the mountains abound are eaten in times of scarcity; and that that called Icelandic moss, (*lichen Islandicus*,) when boiled, yields a very nutritious gelatinous substance. The houses of the peasants swarm with vermin, which are secreted by the moss stuffed into the interstices of the logs that form the walls. Probably the mode of huddling together at night, adopted by these people, is attributable to the difficulty of securing themselves from loathsome insects. Something like a large box is placed in one corner of the room, with some straw and sheep-skins at the bottom. In this the whole family deposit themselves without distinction of sex or age. The better classes adopt the uncomfortable German mode of sleeping between two feather beds."

We must now pass to Sweden for a specimen.

"In one of the first stages in Sweden I was accompanied through a forest of firs by a fine girl of eighteen. She jumped up and took her seat behind with all the confidence of a man and the innocence of a child. At the end of the stage, she mounted her nag, and returned to the plough or the farm. There is a peculiar simplicity in the Scandinavians. They are unacquainted with some of the decorums, and perhaps more of the evils, of a higher state of civilisation. In one house I entered, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, of great beauty of feature, was cooking the family meal, with no other garb than a petticoat. In another, two men and three women were distributed in three beds. My entrance did not disconcert them. One of the women arose, and procured me some milk; while the others only stretched themselves to look at the stranger. The men turned, and yawned; then composed themselves for 'a little more sleep and a little more slumber.'"

"One cannot but feel that Bernadotte is really a great man. His manners are affable, his countenance handsome, and his figure commanding, though not tall. He maintains but little state, and in Sweden is popular. He is reputed to have said—certainly with more vanity than good taste, 'I am so martial, that when I look in the glass I am frightened at myself.' The prince's features are not so regular, nor is his expression so open, as his father's: at the same time, there is something pleasing in his appearance."

Of Russia we can only afford a short conclusive extract.

"Innkeepers, English, German, and native, are so completely in the hands of the police, that not one of them is to be trusted. A person taking out a license to keep a hotel, virtually enlists himself, *ipso facto*, among the public spies. A man dares scarcely to confide in his own brother:—if Napoleon's saying be true, that every one has his price, he ought not; for the government will give any price to a spy. Neither the highest rank nor official situation secures its possessor against the operation of this corrupt system. It is rumoured that when *** was ambassador to this court, he found the lock of his writing-case had been tampered with; and so conscious of her insecurity was the late unfortunate Queen of Prussia, that during her residence at St. Petersburg she invariably carried on her person all her secret papers."

Here we close our pleasant task.

The Catechism of Health; or, Plain and Simple Rules for the Preservation of Health, and the Attainment of a Long Life: to which are added, Facts respecting the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of Cholera. By A. B. Granville, M.D., &c. &c. 18mo. pp. 336. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

This little volume comes forth very opportunely. Dr. Granville has had much experience in various quarters of Europe, as well as at home; and his opinions, addressed in plain terms to every capacity, are entitled to due consideration. The catechistical form is adopted as best suited to convey information to the middle and lower orders; and we have every topic connected with health and sickness, with medicine, diet, exercise, &c. &c., treated in a very useful and familiar manner. Amid the multitude, there are points respecting which a different judgment may be entertained; but the whole seems dictated by good common sense and practical knowledge.

It would be impossible for us to enter into the details of so many-formed a treatise; but we shall extract, by way of specimen, some of Dr. G.'s data touching the important and awful disorder which now fixes the public attention. We need only preface our quotations with saying that the doctor is a contagionist in plague—a non-contagionist in cholera; and that for the latter he strongly recommends

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counter-irritants and blisters, a new embrocation and stimulating alkaline drops.

"The alarm which has been excited about *cholera*, and the ravages it commits, is indeed great; and, I will be free to say, unnecessarily exaggerated. * * * As I before stated, while speaking of the passions, nothing predisposes us to become affected by prevailing epidemic disorders sooner than terror. * * * I consider it to be the duty of every well-wisher to the community, in the present emergency, to allay, if he have it in his power, the fever of the mind, which is, too frequently, the first stage of that of the body.

"Q. What is *cholera*?—A. The name given to a disease prevalent from time immemorial in every country in the civilised world, and making its appearance generally, and in its more ordinary form, at the close of the summer, during the autumn, or in the rainy season.

"Q. Does the name itself imply any thing that has a reference to the nature of the disease?—A. Not at all. The name is derived from two Greek words—the one meaning *bile*, the other *to flow*, and is meant to imply that this is a bilious disorder, or an overflow of bile—literally, a *bile-flux*—a fact questionable in all species of cholera, but nearly disproved in that severer form of the disorder which is now occupying so much of the public attention.

"Q. Then, *cholera morbus* means no more or less than bilious disorder; as one would say bilious fever or bilious complaint?—A. Just so. And you will immediately perceive the incorrectness of the name, when you shall have been informed that in the severer form of cholera, except in a few cases, bile does not make its appearance either at the outset or during the progress of the disease, but only at the commencement of the recovery.

"Q. But I have also heard the severer form of this disease named *spasmodic* cholera, and *Indian* or *Asiatic* cholera. Are those appellations more appropriate?—A. Neither of them is. The first would imply that *spasm* accompanies only the severer form of the disorder; whereas it is a symptom present in all species of cholera: while the second would equally mislead us, if it induced us to believe that the severer form of cholera is of Indian or Asiatic origin; for cases of the most fatal description of cholera have, from time to time, occurred accidentally, as well as *epidemically*, in all parts of the world, attended by every symptom which characterises the cholera at present raging in Europe. In 1821, an expedition sailed from Trieste, under the command of Baron Schimmellpenning, for the purpose of circumnavigating the globe. It was, I believe, the first that the Austrian government had ever sent out on such an errand; but the accomplishment of its intention was thwarted by the spontaneous appearance of cholera, soon after the arrival of the expedition in warmer latitudes. It proved fatal, in a very short time, to nearly the whole of the crew, including the captain and the celebrated botanist Bohms. In 1600, cholera, in its severest form, made the tour of Europe, and destroyed a very large proportion of those who were attacked by it. The same complaint is now following something like the same course.

"Q. Then, I am to understand, that *the cholera* with which we are threatened as something new to this country, and against the expected importation of which from the continent, the *London Gazette*, of the 20th of Oct., contained sundry extraordinary rules and regulations, is only what is already known as cholera in England, or any where else; with this difference, that its symptoms are more severe, its progress more rapid, and its results more fatal?—A. Exactly so. * * *

"Q. Are there not some other distinguishing marks to be traced between the English and foreign severe cholera?—A. There may be in the intensity of some of the symptoms; but the same symptoms, both as to number and description, are present in the English as well as foreign cholera."

The doctor is severe upon the reports of the London Medical Board, of which he says:—

"They have made several reports, which have been published, and in which they come to conclusions that the events of a few subsequent weeks have shewn to have been precipitate; and they have recommended measures which the same events have proved to be useless, and consequently unnecessary."

The cause of the disease the doctor asserts to be, "a peculiar state, condition, and modification of the atmosphere we live in; a congeries of meteorological phenomena referrible to the air and to the soil we dwell upon; in fact, a blight, a poison, an obnoxious something which is formed round about us—how, we know not—and which, moving with the atmosphere and spreading itself to different extents within it, shews its hostility to the human constitution whenever this is exposed to its direct and continued influence."

This produces, according to him, "excessive proneness to indigestion, with the formation of an acid of the most pungent and deleterious nature, probably nearly allied to muriatic acid, giving rise to the affection of the nerves," &c.

Then comes the *personal* for cure:—

"I place not the slightest faith in your Cajeput oil, camphor, oil of peppermint, or cinnamon—your pure stimulants, and all the cholera drugs which the late Board of Health have suddenly raised into notoriety by their recommendation, and through notoriety into a high price, which has proved the means of making the fortunes of some score of druggists. That which I recommend is simple, cheap, and I trust will be found intelligible as well as easy of execution. On its being ascertained, from the symptoms detailed in this work, that an individual has been attacked by cholera, let a wine-glassful of hot water, with twenty of the 'stimulating alkaline drops,'—of which I have left the prescription with a highly respectable chemist in London [Mr. Garden, of Oxford Street]—and thirty drops of laudanum, be given. This is to be repeated every twenty minutes, until some relief or the cessation of vomiting takes place. In the intervals, if great thirst exist, and prostration of strength, with very cold skin and clamminess, large draughts of water, as warm as can be swallowed, with one-fifth part of brandy, should be drunk. This will be found to quench thirst sooner than cold water, and will assist materially in producing a warm perspiration. But as the latter is the next important object to be obtained, and should be secured to the patient without any loss of time, reliance must not be placed alone on the hot brandy and water drunk, nor on the 'stimulating alkaline drops' taken along with it; although they are also a powerful sudorific, at the same time that they safely stimulate the system, and neutralise any acid present in the stomach, with a rapidity scarcely to be believed by those who have not witnessed its effects. Other means must therefore be adopted to produce perspiration at all events, and that quickly too; and as in the choice of these we are much limited by the necessity of keeping the patient quiet in the horizontal position, our endeavours should be directed to the application of heat with a little moisture to the body. For this purpose I recommend a couple of bushels of bran, boiled rapidly in very little water in a copper or large saucepan or earthen vessel over a brisk fire, drained through a flannel, and very thickly scattered all over the chest and belly of the patient, sides and all. This is to be retained in its place by bringing the two sides of a blanket, on which I suppose the patient to be lying, over the belly, and fastening them tight in that position. This process will produce, in a very few minutes, the most copious and warm perspiration. The refuse grains of malt or oats, similarly boiled, will answer the same purpose where bran is not at hand. I have no faith in the portable vapour-baths, the steam of water thrown up under the bed-clothes, or the lighting of a spirit-lamp, placed similarly, which have been recommended. I have often and long ago tried all these means in cases of puerperal fever and acute rheumatism; and in one remarkable instance of the latter disease in my own case, but found them totally inadequate to the object in view, and many of them quite inefficient. Let not the public, therefore, be misled on this point. As for sand-bags and bags of salt, as mentioned in the circular of the former Board, they are perfectly inactive, besides being troublesome, because of the great number that is required of them, and the time lost in preparing them. * * * While the warm applications are proceeding, and the internal medicines given, a degree of revulsion should be produced by rapidly promoted counter-irritation on the skin. This will be found to give impetus to the circulation, and thereby to ease the tumult existing in the centre of the body. The counter-irritation should be applied to the thighs and to the upper part—not to the soles, as recommended, of the feet. There are a great many counter-irritants, or agents, which produce irritation on the surface of the body, that have been recommended in this disease (for the principle is generally adopted by all of us); but some are objectionable, and most of them too slow in their operation; and here we have no time to lose. A common blister is too slow; a mustard poultice, besides being slow, is inefficient; tartarised antimony ointment is out of the question. Nitric acid, and even a liniment with vitriolic acid, have been recommended and employed; but these char the skin, and form eschars, which are, so far, a check, rather than an encouragement, to rapid counter-irritation. Some practitioners, fully aware of the great importance of raising a blister on the surface of the body quickly, have actually poured boiling water on the belly in the treatment of cholera; but this is a cruel method, and liable to much consequent mischief. As to camphor and turpentine liniments, we might as well amuse ourselves in blowing cold air on the limbs of the patient. The effect to be produced must be rapid, permanent, available, and general in its influence on the constitution."

The doctor then prescribes his own embrocation;—but we cannot decide where doctors differ, and therefore here make our bow.

Biographical Sketches and authentic Anecdotes of Quadrupeds. By Captain T. Brown. 12mo. pp. 590. Glasgow, 1831, Fullarton and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

We remember a story of an old gentleman who was so addicted to draw the long-bow, and yet so conscious of his failing, that he commissioned a favourite servant to give him a nudge

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whenever he found him shooting too far over the mark. His worship, it is related, was one day telling of an extraordinary fox he had hunted down in America, the tail or brush of which he assured the company was a hundred yards in length. This was too much for John, and an undeniable nudge was the consequence. His master accordingly qualified a bit—he would not assert that it was quite a hundred yards, but he was sure it was full eighty—another nudge. He came down to fifty—nudge the third. Forty—nudge. Thirty—ditto. Twenty—it would not do. Ten—John was inexorable. At last it was only five—but nudge *encore* was still the order of the day; upon which the angry story-teller leapt up in wrath, and swearing by —— it *was* five, turned upon the caitiff with the exclamation, "Curse you, sir! won't you allow the fox to have any tail at all?"

Captain Brown's book is very amusing, and there are hundreds of anecdotes, &c. of all kinds of animals, traits of them, accounts of their habits, and, in short, much to inform and entertain the reader; but we must play John, and nudge a little: *ex. gr.*—

"*A domesticated Weasel.*—Although Buffon was of opinion that the weasel was an animal incapable of domestication, we have the following interesting account of one in a letter of Mademoiselle de Laistre. 'If I pour some milk into my hand,' says she, 'it will drink a good deal; but if I do not pay it this compliment, it will scarcely take a drop. When it is satisfied, it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence; and I have found a method of dispelling its strong odours by perfumes. During day, it sleeps inside a quilt, entering by a place that is unsewed in its edge, which it accidentally discovered. At night, I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty before I am up in the morning, after a thousand gambols, it comes into my bed, and reposes in my hand, or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture, and spend half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its teeth like a little dog; leaping on my head and on my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility, that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard distant, if I present them to it. It exhibits much adroitness and cunning to obtain any wished-for object; and it is so capricious at times, as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye during all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them, immediately desists, and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively, that the moment I awake it, however sound its sleep may be, it instantly resumes its gambols with as much spirit as before it slept. It never is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it morally detests; in which case it displays its displeasure by a kind of low murmur, quite opposed to the sound of its voice when pleased. This little creature can distinguish my voice amid twenty others, and springs over every one in the room till it has found me. Nothing can exceed the lively and pleasing way it caresses me with its two little paws; it frequently pats me on the chin, in a manner that expresses the utmost fondness. This, with a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the sincerity of its attachment. He is quite aware of my intention, when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him. On these occasions, he will conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door, and spring on me as I pass with astonishing quickness. His vivacity, agility, and voice, with the manner he utters it, have a strong similitude to those faculties in a squirrel. In the summer season, he runs about all night squeaking; but since the cold set in, he has desisted from this practice, but has sometimes expressed this particular sound when rolling on my bed in the sunbeams. It seems extremely probable that the weasel sips the dew, judging from the remarkable manner he drinks milk from my hand. He will never drink water when he can get milk, and then in such a small way, that he appears only to do it to cool his tongue, for he evinced fear on several occasions when water was presented to him. During the summer showers, I caught some rain water, and endeavoured to get him to enter it to bathe himself, but this he would not do. I then dipt a piece of linen cloth in it; this seemed to afford him much pleasure, by rolling himself over it, which he did frequently. The curiosity of this little pet is unbounded, for it is impossible to open a drawer or box without his roving through every part of them: if even a piece of paper or a book is looked at, he will also examine it with attention. Every thing I take into my hand he must run up to, and survey with an attentive scrutiny. I have a young dog and cat, with both of which he is very familiar: he will scamper over their necks, backs, and legs, without their offering him the smallest injury.'"

"*A singular Device.*—A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signy-le-Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day, looking through the edge of his garden, observed a wolf walking round about his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighbouring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but, in a few minutes, the wolf returned to the charge, and, approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spurted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leapt upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance."

"*Singular Interposition.*—A lady had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before shewed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favourite, but, on turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it the smallest injury."

"*Old Sparrows are not caught with Straws.*—A cat, belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bedchamber, which was four stories high. Outside of the window was the parapet wall, on which the lady often strewed crumbs for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds, and kill them. One morning, giving a 'longing, lingering look' at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitring, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at, and succeeded in getting down. She then carried it to the favourite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. After a while, the birds came, and she resumed her favourite sport of killing the dupes of her sagacity."

"*The Sparrow protected.*—M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat, which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day, a cat, belonging to a neighbouring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought, bleeding and half dead, to her master. She seemed, from her manner, really to sympathise very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin."

"*Indicators of Earthquakes.*—The following extraordinary anecdote of the sensibility of cats to approaching danger from earthquakes is well authenticated. In the year 1783, two cats belonging to a merchant of Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, these two animals seemed anxiously to work their way through the door of a room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and, on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after, there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses of the city fell down, of which number the merchant's was one; so that he was indebted for his life to the singular foresight of his cats."

"*Instinct of a Sheep.*—The following anecdote is really worthy of being told by the Ettrick Shepherd, or the Poet of the Lakes, and we therefore regret that the incident did not happen in the vicinity of 'still St. Mary's Loch,' or on the pastoral braes of Westmoreland. A gentleman of Inverness, on a recent journey in the Highlands, while passing through a lonely and unfrequented district, observed a sheep hurrying towards the road before him, as if to interrupt his progress, and at the same time bleating most piteously. On approaching nearer, the animal redoubled its cries, and, looking significantly in the face of the traveller, seemed to implore some favour or assistance at his hands. Touched with a sight so unusual, the gentleman alighted, and leaving his gig, followed the sheep to a field in the direction whence it came. There, in a solitary cairn, at

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a considerable distance from the road, the sheep halted, and the traveller found a lamb completely wedged in betwixt two large stones of the cairn, and struggling feebly, with its legs uppermost. The gentleman instantly extricated the little innocent sufferer, and placed it safely on the neighbouring greensward, while its overjoyed mother poured forth her thanks in a long-continued and grateful, if not a musical, strain."

These are staggering *facts*. Some pretty plates adorn the volume in which they are recorded.

Cavendish. Colburn and Bentley.

[Second notice.]

In our first notice of this work, which is making a good deal of stir in certain of the upper and professional circles, we expressed our disapprobation rather sharply upon its demerits; for we thought its statements derogatory to the character we wish to entertain of the naval service; we disliked frequent oaths, however characteristic; and we would never advise any man to print (what no man ought to tell) accounts of his amours and intrigues. But in performing this duty, we did not mean to be unjust to the talent of the author, which, under proper restraints, is far from inconsiderable. He has also evidently mixed with the higher ranks in society; and his book has some striking political matter to attract public attention. Indeed, we are inclined to surmise (however improbable the supposition) that the out-of-the-way form of a novel has been in this instance adopted to forward a particular political purpose. To support this opinion we quote a note, and another extract from the third volume, which we should rather have expected to meet in a pamphlet or parliamentary report.

"I owe it to myself to say, that it was originally intended to introduce, as an appendix, numerous government documents passing between the admiral, the ministers, and the English ambassador, which warranted this assertion, and one still more extensive, namely, that no government in any country could have more grossly violated every feeling and principle of public honour and justice, than did the late one of the Duke of Wellington towards the officers and men of Navarin. Three weeks, however, before the appearance of this novel, circumstances occurred to render the suppression of these pages indispensable."

"Happening one morning at breakfast to inquire of my father where he had dined on the preceding evening, he replied, 'At Prince L——d's.' 'Did you hear any thing new?' 'Yes; by the merest accident I did; not only was it new, but, I think, rather monstrous; tell sadly against my party, if it were known. I hardly think it safe to communicate the circumstance to you, you're such a confounded hot young Whig. You really should, Manvers, take your father's politics.' 'Oh, doubtless, sir! perhaps you'd wish me to wear your old clothes; but let me have this murder out.' 'Well, then, be discreet in mentioning it. At the dinner-table I happened to get next my old friend, Count ——, and, in the course of the evening, we chanced to be talking, in one of the window-recesses, in German, when the Duke of W——n and Sir Edward Codrington passed near us in earnest conversation. Of course I did not move, and was taken for a second foreigner, who did not understand English. 'Sir Edward Codrington,' said the duke, 'I am happy to inform you that I am making arrangements to give you a pension of eight hundred a-year for your services.' 'Indeed, your grace! then I cannot accept it.' 'Oh, but indeed you must! it comes from the king, and is the most handsome thing possible.' 'I cannot see how the king, my lord duke, can reward my services, after what has passed, in this manner. I hope there is not a more loyal subject in his majesty's dominions than myself; but I must, in this instance, consult my own feelings. You will recollect, you have as yet given me no answer to the memorial which I sent in, requesting that the men might be remunerated for the clothes which they lost by the shot in the battle of Navarin; neither have you taken any steps towards giving us a grant for the action; and can your grace imagine that I will receive a pension, when my men are thus allowed to go unrewarded, and the action has been so much misrepresented? Your grace has commanded an army, and I have commanded a fleet—a combined fleet—and your grace is very well aware, how much the men look up to a commander-in-chief for protection and the remembrance of their claims. No; if his majesty wished to reward me for the action, let my officers and men, who shared in my danger, share my reward.' 'You mistake, Sir Edward,' replied the duke, 'the merit of the battle has never been denied; besides, the treaty at Alexandria is sufficient to establish your reputation. But, with regard to a parliamentary grant, the law is against you.' 'Yes, your grace, I know it is, if you choose to make it so; but we have as much right to it as Lord Exmouth: the circumstances are the same.' 'No; in that case war was declared.' 'I know it; Lord Exmouth was instructed, if he could not obtain what he demanded, he was to declare war by firing on Algiers. He did so; but, in my case, the Turks first fired upon us, thus virtually declaring war; and because we were the defendants, instead of assailants, we are to lose our grant!' 'Will you not accept the pension then?' inquired the duke, rather chagrined. 'Most decidedly not, my lord duke,'—when they bowed and separated.' 'Good heavens! my dear sir, do you actually mean to say that the whole of this took place? I can hardly believe such a thing.' 'That may be very likely; I will not swear to every syllable, nor perhaps to every phrase; but of this I am most positive, I have given you nothing more than the sense of their conversation, and nearly all the wording of it.' 'Well, it indeed seems monstrous that a ministry could be found silly enough to attempt patching up their v—— by such a paltry bribe; and if any thing were wanting to prove Sir Edward Codrington's nobleness of soul, and the opposite quality in the other, it is this transaction."

Family Classical Library, No. XXIV. Plutarch, Vol. 2. Valpy.

The continuation of Plutarch's Lives, with eight heads, engraved from gems, in a slight, common style.

Divines of the Church of England, No. XIX. Hall's Contemplations, Vol. 2.

Ten books of Bishop Hall's admirable and characteristic Contemplations are the contents of this sequel—a volume worthy of the work of which it is part.

The Jew. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

We do not think very much judgment has been employed by the translator of this work. A novel like the present required much softening down, and great curtailment, to give it a chance of English popularity. It is a work of talent; and the character of Esther, though strongly resembling Rebecca, has many excellent qualities; but the characters are crowded, even to forgetfulness; and the thread of the narrative becomes confused by its many and improbable incidents—to say nothing of its exaggerated horrors.

The History of the Great Plague in London, in the year 1665, &c. A new edition, with a Preface, &c. 12mo. pp. 311. London, 1831. Renshaw and Rush.

We trust we may not say with reference to this publication, that "coming events cast their shadows before;" though it has a very ominous look at this agitated period. De Foe's description of the awful calamity which scourged the English capital, is probably somewhat exaggerated by his vivid imagination; but a more powerful and appalling work certainly never issued from the press. There are also many things stated in his account, of which a useful application may be made, should we be unhappily visited by any similar affliction.

The Chameleon. 8vo. pp. 312. London, 1831, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; Glasgow, Atkinson and Co.

A very pleasant miscellany—tales, essays, poems, with a pretty and romantic German landscape as a frontispiece, which is afterwards illustrated by a legend of the "brave Roland." We select one or two specimens.

"The Hours.

Nay, Pallet, paint not thus the Hours—
Young urchins, weaving wreaths of flowers;
Hiding in the buds of roses,
Where the folding pink-leaf closes;
Peeping from the sunflower's stem,
Or a beauty's garment hem!
No!—rather, limner, make them lurk—
Busy at their blanching work,
Withering wrinkles in the cheek,
Every hour before more sleek—
In the dimples, 'neath the lid
Of the eye; or shew them slid
Sly among the auburn tresses,
Like a falcon bound with jesses!
Turning them to silvery gray,
Scattering snow-tints in their play!
Oh! the Hours are crabbed creatures,
Still at war with beauty's features!"

From a clever series of papers called "the Focus," we take an ingenious defence of dulness.

"*Utility of Dulness.*—Dull, timid, and weak men are, as it were, the cement of society;—the mortar which serves to connect and bind together the more valuable parts of the great fabric. They are, like their supposed prototype, an indispensable part of a superstructure; a sort of trifling negative series of particles, which, however worthless in themselves, cannot be done without. They are the seasoning of society—somewhat liberally sprinkled, to be sure. They give a *gout* and flavour to the social circle, which even attic salt cannot impart. Paradoxical as it may appear, they are the finest possible breaks in the continuity of mere liveliness, and converse would actually become tame without them. A dull uniformity would prevail; and we all know, by experience, that nothing palls so much as unvaried sprightliness, unshaded mirth, and unrelieved brilliancy. Deathlike dulness itself is not so tiresome and fatiguing. When a boy, I have often made fireworks:—once, in compounding a set of squibs, I forgot to mix up with the positives of saltpetre and gunpowder the negative of pounded charcoal; and in firing them off, each consisted of but one explosion, bright no doubt, but transient also, and dangerous withal; while the squibs which were rightly mixed up were both bright, sparkling too, and

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much more lasting; — besides, they did not scorch me. Dull men are, then, to society what charcoal is to squibs."

We believe Mr. Atkinson, the publisher, is also the author of this volume, which does him much credit.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

FEW reports were read on Wednesday evening, though we understood others were in a state of forwardness.

A report on a pile-driver was read and recommitted. Reports on a method of preventing the collision of steam-vessels, &c., and on a comb and curling-irons of a particular construction, were also read, neither of which were recommended as deserving the attention of the institution. Almost all public bodies have to contend with the hydra *prejudice!*— perhaps none more than this. The last-mentioned articles, "the comb and curling-irons," from the description given of them by the secretary, really seemed ingenious, and likely to be useful; but we suppose the members considered the subject too trifling for publication.

Several presents were laid on the table, and many communications which had been received were announced, and referred to the respective committees.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 30.—R. I. Murchison, Esq. in the chair. —After the election of Fellows, the reading of a paper, by Capt. Edward Cook, R.N. on the geology of the southern provinces of Spain, was begun. A letter was also read from Leonard Horner, Esq. containing translations from the accounts published by Hoffmann in the *Preussische Staats Zeitung*, of the new volcanic island in the Mediterranean, and on its connexion with the neighbouring extinct volcanic island of Pantellarea, and the hot springs and vapour-baths of Sciacca, on the coast of Sicily. This communication was illustrated by specimens of the former island, sent home by Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, and presented to the Society by John Barrow, Esq. and by another similar series also presented to the Society by Dr. Daubeny, of Oxford. Contributions to the museum and library were announced from various scientific societies and private individuals.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 28th. — G. B. Greenough, Esq. in the chair. Three papers were read, viz. 1. Extracts from a MS. volume of researches in Egypt, transmitted to the Society by their author, J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. of Alexandria. 2. A letter from the same gentleman, suggesting a new projection for terrestrial maps, which he had found convenient in his journeys; and 3. A letter from a gentleman lately returned from Java, giving an account of a remarkable valley, called the Guevo Upas, or Poison Valley, — which was communicated by Mr. Barrow, and illustrated by extracts from a letter written by W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P. of the Society, who, when British minister at the Court of Naples, visited the Lago di Amsancto (*Amsancti valles* of Virgil, Æneid, lib. vii. l. 565, into which the fury Alecto threw herself, after having, at the command of Juno, sown the seeds of discord among the Italian cities), the phenomena of which closely resembled those of the valley in Java.

"On approaching within a few yards of the latter," says the narrative, "we experienced a strong nauseous, sickening, and suffocating smell; but on coming close to the edge this left us, and we were lost in astonishment at the scene before us. The valley appeared half a mile in circumference, oval, the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet, the bottom quite flat, without vegetation, and the whole covered with the skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, &c. interspersed with large stones, without any appearance of vapour, or opening in the ground, which appeared to be of a hard, stony substance. The sides of the valley, from the top to the bottom, were covered with trees and shrubs. Having lighted our cigars, we prepared to descend; and, with the assistance of bamboos, went down within eighteen feet of the bottom. We then fastened a dog to a bamboo, and sent him in, having our watches in our hands; and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back, nor ever moved his limbs, or turned to look round, though he continued to breathe for eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose from the bamboo, and walked in to where the other dog lay; and in ten seconds he fell on his face, and only continued to breathe for seven minutes. A fowl was then tried, which died in a minute and a half; and another seemed to expire before even touching the ground. On the opposite side of the valley was lying a human skeleton, which I was most anxious to get, but the attempt would have been madness. The bones, from exposure to the air, were bleached as white as ivory. The human skeletons are supposed to have been rebels, who, pursued from the main road, may have sought shelter here, ignorant of the fatal properties of the place. The contiguous range of mountains is volcanic, and two craters are at no great distance; but in the valley itself there is no smell of sulphur, nor any appearance of eruption having ever taken place.

"The Lago di Amsancto," says Mr. Hamilton, "is of a rhomboidal form, about twenty paces in its shortest, and thirty in its longest dimension. The water is of a deep ash colour, almost black, and bubbles up over a large proportion of the surface, with an explosion resembling distant thunder, and to the height of two feet, more or less. On one side of the lake there is also a constant and rapid stream, of the same blackish water, running into it from under the barren rocky hill; but the fall is not more than a foot or two: and a little above are some holes, through which warm blasts of sulphuretted hydrogen gas are continually issuing, with more or less noise, according to the sizes of the openings. Some are oblong, others perfectly round. On the opposite side of the lake is another smaller pool of water, on the surface of which are continually floating, in rapid undulations, thick masses of carbonic acid gas, which are visible a hundred yards off. This pool is called the Coccaio, or cauldron; the larger lake is called Mefite; and the openings on the slope above Mefitinelle. These openings you will recognise as the *sævi spiracula Ditis*, and the cauldron as the *specus horrendum* of Virgil.

"The mephitic vapours arising from these waters are at times very fatal, particularly when the wind is strong, and they are borne in a body in one direction. When calm, as when we were there, the danger is much less, as the carbonic acid gas will not, in its natural state, rise above a couple of feet from the ground; and we were thus enabled to walk all round the lake and cauldron, and even step across some parts, taking great care, however, not to stumble so as to fall; as a very short time, with our noses and mouths too near the ground, would have fixed us to the spot *asphyxiés*. Many insects lay dead around us; and birds are said often to fall in like manner into the lake and on the banks.

"The gaseous products of these waters are, 1. Carbonic acid gas; 2. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas; 3. Sulphurous acid gas; and 4. Carburetted hydrogen gas. When evaporated, their deposit has been found to cure the *scab*, or *rot*, among the neighbouring sheep; and an attempt has been made to establish a sulphur manufactory here, as on Solpaterra, but without success. The banks have thus been much changed since the days of Virgil; but the great features still remain substantially the same, though, on again reading his description, I do not think it that of a person who had visited the spot. It is curious enough, that although the earth is here much blackened, there is no appearance of volcanic soil in the adjoining country."

The thanks of the Society were voted to the respective contributors of the above papers, and the meeting adjourned.

NEW BOILING APPARATUS.

MR. PERKINS, the celebrated engineer, has recently discovered and obtained a patent for a new mode of boiling, by a process so simple, that it is a subject of surprise to all who see it, that it has not been earlier among our useful improvements.

It consists in placing within a boiler, of the form common to the purpose to which it is applied, and of all capacities, from coffee-pots to steam-boilers, a vessel so placed, that it may, by slight stays, be kept at equal distances from the sides and the bottom of the boiler, and having its rim below the level of the liquid: the inner vessel has a hole in the bottom about one-third of its diameter. On the application of the fire to the boiler, the heated liquor rises in the space between the two vessels, and its place is supplied by the descent of the column in the inner vessel, or, as Mr. Perkins calls this part of the apparatus, the *circulator;* for the ascending portion having the space it occupied supplied by the descending liquid in the centre, and the level of the centre being kept up by the running in of the heated portion which has risen on the sides—a circulation rapidly begins and continues; thus bringing into contact with the heated bottom and sides of the boiler the coldest portion of the liquid. By this process the rapidity of evaporation is excessive, far exceeding that of any method previously known; whilst the bottom of the boiler, having its acquired heat constantly carried off by the circulating liquid, never burns out, nor rises in temperature many degrees above the heat of the liquid. In many manufactures this is a most important discovery, especially in salt-works, brewers' boilers, and for steam-boilers; and, applied to our culinary vessels, no careless cook can burn what she has to dress in a boiler by neglecting to stir it, as the circulation prevents the bottom of the boiler from ever acquiring heat enough to do mischief. We need hardly add, that this discovery is esteemed by men of science to be one of the most useful and important of the present day.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER.

FREQUENTLY, in this month, the solar orb is either totally obscured during its brief continuance above the horizon, or its beams, struggling through an atmosphere loaded with vapours,

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feebly illumine the regions of the northern world. This dreary aspect of the heavens is occasionally varied, when the air being refined by the frost, the Sun shines with unclouded brilliancy, and his rays, clear, but cold, are reflected from the snow-clad landscape, and sparkle forth from ten thousand glittering gems.

22d 1h 6m—the winter solstice: the Sun enters Capricornus, and attains his greatest southern declination, 23° 27′ 35″.

31d 14h—the Earth in perihelion: the Sun's apparent diameter at its maximum, 32′ 35″·6, and its apparent daily motion 1° 1′ 10″.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Scorpio	3	19	48
☽ First Quarter in Aquarius	11	23	22
○ Full Moon in Orion	18	17	10
☾ Last Quarter in Virgo	25	12	10

The Moon will be in conjunction with

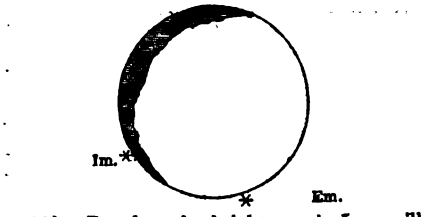
	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Ophiuchus	4	22	30
Uranus in Capricornus	8	22	0
Jupiter in Capricornus	9	10	40
Aldebaran	17	occultation.	
Regulus	22	occultation.	
Saturn in Leo	24	2	30
Venus in Libra	29	7	50
Mars in Scorpio	30	15	40

Lunar Occultations. — This month will be remarkable for occultations of two of the brightest stars in the northern hemisphere, Aldebaran and Regulus.

17d — Aldebaran will be occulted by the Moon:

	D.	H.	M.
Immersion	11	8	38
Emersion	11	43	38

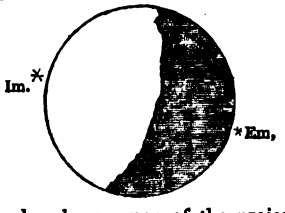
The following diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emersion:



22d — Regulus, the bright star in Leo, will be occulted:

	D.	H.	M.
Immersion	19	40	32
Emersion	20	41	23

The phase and position of the Moon, and points of immersion and emersion, will be as in the following diagram:



The singular phenomenon of the projection of a star on the disc of the Moon has been observed with Regulus, though not so frequently as with Aldebaran: three or four instances only are recorded as occurring with the former star; with the latter, this anomalous appearance has been very frequent.

25d — Mercury at his greatest elongation (19° 48′) as an evening star.

11d 2h—Venus in conjunction with α Virginis: difference of latitude 20′. 18d—greatest elongation (46° 55′) as a morning star.

7d — Mars in conjunction with 28 Librae: difference of latitude 30″. 13d — with 41 Librae: difference of latitude 30″. 18d — with λ Librae: difference of latitude 3′. 23d — with 1 ω Scorpii: difference of latitude 7′; and with 2 ω Scorpii: difference of latitude 3′.

The Asteroids.

	D.	R.A.	D.	D.	N.D.	°	′
Vesta	6		9	9		18	19
	14		9	10		18	42
	22		9	8		19	15
	30		9	5		19	58
Juno	6		10	26	S.D.	0	2
	14		10	31		0	32
	22		10	34		0	51
	30		10	36		0	58
Pallas	6		20	10		1	12
	14		20	19		1	31
	22		20	29		1	45
	30		20	39		1	48
Ceres	6		21	31		24	26
	14		21	41		23	26
	22		21	51		22	24
	30		22	2		21	19

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	7	7	15	11
	22	5	35	2
Third Satellite	9	5	32	9
immersion	16	6	4	11

7d 2h 45m — Saturn in quadrature. 24d — stationary near ε Leonis.

5d 20h — Uranus in conjunction with 9 Capricorni: difference of latitude 6′.

Telescopic Objects.—The following telescopic objects will be in favourable positions for observation during the month:

Gemini. — Castor, the brightest star in this zodiacal constellation, is a double star. Both of the stars of which it is composed are of a white colour, and nearly equal in magnitude: they revolve about their common centre of gravity in orbits that are nearly circular, and at right angles to the line of vision. Period of revolution, 342 years and 2 months, in a retrograde direction.

Pollux, the other bright star in Gemini, is a multiple star, and varies in its lustre; fifty years since, it was brighter than Castor: it probably varies between the first and third magnitudes. χ is a very beautiful double star. In the lyre of Castor is a double star, the large star of which is white, and the small a ruddy purple. ω is a double star; large star yellow, small bluish. δ and ζ are also double stars. North-west of η in Castor is a mass of small stars. Near this spot in the heavens the planet Uranus was discovered, 13th March 1781.

Cancer. — α is a double star. 2 α is an extremely delicate double star; the large star white, the small red. ϱ is formed of six stars: 3 σ, ι, 9, and φ, are double; ζ is a triple star, two of which are of a pale red colour: it requires very favourable circumstances to be seen distinctly. Three stars (26, 73, and 74) have been missed from this constellation. Between γ and δ is a mass of small stars. Below the southern claw of Cancer is a cluster in which 200 small stars have been counted. The nebula in Cancer, and that in Coma Berenices, are supposed to be the nearest clusters to the Via Lactea, the nebula to which our Sun belongs.

Occultation of Saturn. — Nov. 26 (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 771). The limb of the Moon was undulating at immersion. Apparent contact of the western ansæ with the enlightened disc of the Moon 16h 32m 29s; disappearance of the eastern ansæ 16h 33m 5s; emersion 17h 41m 52s. A mist partially obscured the Moon at emersion, so as to render the re-appearance of the ring of Saturn indistinct: the extremities of the ansæ were very dim.

Deptford. J. T. Barker.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday the annual meeting was held; his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—A list was read, which contained the names of a number of distinguished individuals, fellows of the Society, who had died during the past session; amongst these were Captain Henry Foster, late commander of the Chanticleer; Mr. Abernethy; the Rev. Fearon Fallows; Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin; Mr. Thomas Hope; and the famous physiologist, Sœmmering, of Göttingen.—His Royal Highness next read his address. It was a well-expressed epitome of the leading events which had taken place in the Society since the royal duke's election as president. In the language of respect it referred to the distinguished scientific men who, since the days of Newton, had filled the same most honourable office. His (the duke's) early education, his occupation, and his rank in life, had somewhat prepared him for the important duties which were expected to be performed by the President of the Royal Society, who was the official representative of the institution at the British Museum, the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and, in short, the medium of communication between the Society and other public bodies, as well as the government. He looked for the prompt assistance of the fellows, and disclaimed all other feelings than those which had for their end the advancement of science, and the common honour of the country. Of the accomplished philosopher* to whom he had the honour of being opposed at the last election, he felt it was impossible to speak otherwise than in terms of admiration, respect, and good will, which future acquaintance would ripen into sincere friendship. In speaking of the deceased fellows, whose names had been enumerated, the royal duke characterised Mr. Abernethy as a man of a bold spirit for philosophical investigation, — rough, probably, in manner, but possessing, in a superlative degree, the finer feelings of the heart, which were frequently developed where the curse of poverty was superadded to that of disease. The Rev. Fearon Fallows was another name to be remembered with respect and regret. Appointed by the government to the situation of astronomer at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Fallows took with him to that settlement a variety of exquisitely constructed instruments, the proper management of which, and their application to useful purposes, being only understood by himself, so devoted was he to the cause of science, that, even when labouring under an incurable dropsy, he was carried in blankets, by his servants, to the observatory, in order that he might wind up his chronometers, adjust his apparatus, and take the necessary observations. Mr. Thomas Hope, author of Anastasius, and Archbishop Magee, author of the well-known work on the Atonement, were names not likely to be forgotten in literature.

His Royal Highness delivered the address in a very emphatic manner, and stated that his friend Dr. Roget had prepared another, which would also be communicated to the meeting. The Doctor's address treated chiefly of the alterations which had been made in the Society's statutes. The sum of 956*l.* raised by the sale of duplicate books in the British Museum, had been received from the trustees of that establishment in part payment

* Sir John Herschel.

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of the Arundel MSS., and future payment was expected in the spring, at which period a second sale of the British Museum's duplicates was to take place. The money already received by the Royal Society, as above stated, had been nearly all expended in the purchase of books on science; and the additional room required for the proper keeping of these had led to a successful negotiation, through the royal president, for the adjoining chambers, lately belonging to the Privy Seal office. The president then delivered the Copley medal to the Rev. George Peacock, who had been commissioned to receive it for Professor Airy, of Cambridge, to whom it was awarded for his various papers on achromatic eye-pieces, and on optics generally. The royal medal was not awarded, in consequence of the arrangements regarding its foundation not being yet permanently made.

The addresses and report were unanimously ordered to be printed. His Royal Highness and the other officers of the Society were re-elected. From the unanimity of the elections we think it may confidently be hoped that the divisions which have existed in this ancient Society, to the deterioration of science, are now healed.

In the evening the Fellows dined together at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, and many good speeches were delivered on the occasion. The President was in the chair.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 24th. Mr. Hallam in the chair. The first paper read was by Mr. Palgrave, on Cædmon, the Anglo-Saxon versifier of the Holy Scriptures. It was remarked, that his name is dissimilar to any in use among the Anglo-Saxons, but closely resembles the word with which the first chapter of Genesis commences in the Chaldean version. It is therefore presumed that this name may have been given to the poet in allusion to his great work; or else that, as the same word was applied to whatever came from the East, it might commemorate the fact, that Cædmon had visited that part of the world. A portion was also read of an interesting memoir on Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and his conduct regarding Elizabeth Barton, the prophesying maid of Kent; by John Bruce, Esq. Mr. Carlile presented a drawing of a Roman altar, found within these few days; but where we did not learn. Several fellows were elected.

Dec. 1st.—Mr. Buckler exhibited a drawing of an ancient salver, belonging to the parish of Bermondsey, which he supposed to have been originally the property of the Abbey of Bermondsey. The secretary read a further portion of Mr. Bruce's paper on the history of Fisher, bishop of Rochester, who fell a victim to his obstinate adherence to the pope's supremacy, in the reign of Henry VIII. It gave an affecting account of the arbitrary persecution and hardships which the unfortunate prelate suffered. In a letter addressed to Cromwell, during his confinement in the Tower, he says, "I have neither shirt nor sute, nor yett other clothes, that ar necessary for me to wear, but that bee ragged and rent to shamefully. Notwithstonding, I myght easyly suffer that, if thei wold keep my body warm." "And, ass our Lord knoweth, I have no thyng laft un to me for to provyde eny better, but ass my brother of his own purs layeth out for me, to his great hynderance." Yet, such was the barbarous mode of treating prisoners in those days, that Fisher does not appear to have been worse provided for than Sir Thomas More, and others who were confined in the Tower at the same time. The unhappy prelate was so enfeebled by age and hardships, (being nearly eighty,) that he could scarcely walk to the place of his execution; and a chair was carried by him, on which he rested several times.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk; comprising the Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure: from Pictures painted by James Stark; with Historical and Geological Descriptions by J. W. Robberds, jun. Esq. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves; Jennings and Chaplin; and the Artist.

THE plates in the present, as in the former parts of this interesting publication, combine in subject, composition, and detail, the united excellencies of Hobbima, Ruysdael, and Vandervelde, and exhibit the talents of Mr. Stark, and of the able engravers employed, to the greatest possible advantage. We cannot look upon the scenes here represented, bearing as they do every internal mark of fidelity, without experiencing a pleasure similar to that which would attend the contemplation of the reality. Their execution may vie with that of the best performances in the same class of art which this or any other country has produced; and the greatest praise is due to Mr. Stark for the perseverance, as well as taste, which he has displayed in his own individual exertions, and to Messrs. W. R. Smith, G. Cooke, R. Brandard, W. Forrest, J. F. Lambert, J. H. Kernot, and C. Fox, for the manner in which those exertions have been seconded. The historical and geological descriptions, by Mr. Robberds, are perspicuous and unaffected. The work is dedicated, by permission, to his most gracious Majesty William the Fourth. We feel ourselves bound to say that the royal patronage was never more worthily bestowed; and we sincerely hope it will be followed by the general encouragement to which merit is justly entitled.

Visits of William IV., when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth, in the Year 1827. By Henry Moses. Arch, &c.

IN noticing the concluding number of a publication of which we have repeatedly spoken with praise, we are bound in justice to observe, that we think Mr. Moses has an undoubted right to entertain the expectation with the expression of which he closes his introductory address: — "It has been the desire of the engraver of the following views to leave a lasting memorial of the principal occurrences during a visit so interesting to those who were locally connected with the place, and so important to the naval service of the empire. Her present Majesty was the companion of her royal consort during the latter part of this memorable visit; and now that the characters of the King and Queen have been more fully developed, and most enthusiastically appreciated by all classes of their Majesties' subjects, the editor trusts that in laying his present labours before the public at large, he will perform a service that will not be unacceptable to every loyal and patriotic mind in the British empire."

CHOLERA MORBUS.

[We are again favoured with a valuable communication from Sunderland, to the particulars of which—clear, direct, and elucidatory as they are of this awful visitation—we earnestly claim the public attention.]

Sunderland, Nov. 30.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was prepared, from the discordancy of opinion which exists among medical men as to the contagious or infectious nature of the pestilential cholera, to meet with considerable difficulty in tracing the progress of the disease, and in ascertaining its communicable characters. You will be somewhat surprised, then, to hear, that, while the predisposing causes (at least in their whole extent), and the nature of their communication, remain still to be explained, no doubt remains in my mind as to its really infectious characters. The anticontagionists of this town dwell upon the negative arguments, that some cases originate sporadically, that is to say, without any apparent connexion with diseased persons. I have only seen one case of this kind,—a girl at Monkwearmouth,—who died in a street where several had also perished a short time before. If a whole family is affected in succession, they further state that they are all exposed to the same influence: if this influence is external, how is it possible that it should confine itself to one house? it must be an influence which makes mankind alone the chief means of its dissemination. And, lastly, they argue from the exemption of some who are placed under similar circumstances with others who *are* afflicted by the malady. If all were attacked, there would indeed be little difficulty in establishing the progress and communicability of the disease; and need I point out how fatal it would be? In opposition to these opinions, I have had facts before me of the most evident communication of the disease from one branch of a family to another. The communicability becomes greater immediately after death. (It will require further facts to prove this; but it has occurred in many instances, when the disease could not have been latent, as the person had no previous communication with the deceased.*) I have known persons to sleep one night with a patient, and not catch the disease; they have gone out to sea, and been exposed to cold and fatigue, and the next night, placed under similar circumstances, they have been taken ill, even in the short space of two hours; and I have seen a dozen people around an invalid, and the relation that was paralysed by grief has been the only one who has continued the pestilence in the house. It has now been admitted, that the "tabular view" of Dr. Daun was a kind of trap for the medical men of the town. I think no such measures, which, by mystifying, increased alarm, need have been resorted to, had a little more firmness and energy been shewn on the arrival of the commission. I am certain that none of the respectable practitioners of this town will willingly omit to report a single case. If there are those who conceal the truth, they should be punished with the utmost penalty of the law. I think there is but one opinion, that any quarantine measures upon a large scale would, in this country, be equally useless and impracticable. Had the commercial people of Sunderland been informed that this was the opinion entertained by the highest medical authorities, they probably would never have influenced any of their resident practitioners to conceal facts, or subvert the truth; for even false reports, they must have

* Dr. Daun assisted a dying patient, and was the same night seized with spasms and other symptoms of cholera. I assisted a female at the moment of death, at half-past eleven last night, and at two o'clock in the morning was seized with vomiting, other symptoms, and cramp in the legs, and a general sensation as if a mineral poison had been administered to me. It has prevented my going out to-day, though I have never felt any inconvenience from the closest approximation to the living.

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been aware, could never have removed the restrictions attendant upon foreign communication. The pestilence, as it exists here, does not increase in proportion to the number of cases, but in a direct ratio to the number of points over which those cases are spread,—three deaths in one house may only communicate the disease to one person, but the chances will be in favour of those three cases, occurring in three different houses, affecting an equal number of people. The disease forms little *nuclei*—it ravages a court, then enters a wide street; it travels up an alley, and then communicates with another; while, in the midst of this simple and easy to be traced progress, a few solitary cases arise, where predisposition alone appears to be the originating cause. The predispositions which have hitherto come under my notice have been mental and bodily fatigue, previous disease, especially diarrhœa, poverty, and dirt, and drunkenness; but I have seen cases where strong and healthy people, employed in rubbing or taking care of patients, have also been afflicted. The indication here would be, removal as soon as possible to the hospital, or separating, in whatever manner, and as far as practicable, the healthy from the diseased. The total number affected since the 26th of October to Wednesday, Nov. 30th, is 319, of which 97 have died, and 156 recovered, leaving a balance of 66; from which, however, we must subtract 25 cases acknowledged as simple diarrhœa, leaving 41 cases. Considering the population of Sunderland at 40,000, this would leave a mortality of a little more than two to the thousand; but the fact is, that almost all these cases have occurred in the parish of Sunderland, whose population cannot be averaged at above 17,000. In 1000 inhabitants, 53½ died at Limberg, 35 at Mitaw, 31 at Riga, 17 at Posen, 13 at Petersburgh, 12 at Konigsberg, 10 at Elbing, 9 at Dantzig, 5½ at Stettin, 4¾ at Berlin.

I cannot send you much information on the character of the disease. It presents itself here in a type much modified from what has been described to us of its appearance in Asia and on the continent. There have been few of the very violent and immediately fatal cases; and when they occur, it is difficult to see them: the patient is generally seized between the hours of one and three in the morning, and life is extinct before any assistance can be given. In other cases, it runs through the symptoms of a congestive fever, which terminates in an almost always fatal collapse, of a typhoid or malignant type. The treatment, hitherto, has been very varied, but attended with very indecisive results. One of the most marked cases of recovery was a pilot, under Mr. Torbock's care,—he was bled, had oxygen administered and large doses of ammonia. We were called to him at two o'clock in the morning of the 28th; and yesterday, the 29th, he was recovering without the consecutive fever.

The fact of the occurrence of cases of cholera at Newcastle is, I suppose, now officially announced. I received on Monday morning a letter from that town, announcing the dissection of a man who, I believe, attended a funeral in this town. Another case of a servant girl was also stated to have been fatal on Sunday. The chance of study which the slow progress of the disease affords, though much diminished by the impossibility of obtaining *post mortem* examinations (orders from council have come down for the burial of the dead twelve hours after death), furnish grounds for considerable hope, that observation and experience will yet enable us to combat more successfully against this new and most malignant disease. I remain, &c.

W. AINSWORTH.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SIN OF PUNNING.

MR. EDITOR,—It was with some degree of pleasure that I read in your last week's* number a letter against punning; though, according to my views, the subject was not treated with the gravity it deserved. It may, indeed, be said, a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. To persuade a punster of the truth of this remark would doubtless be a fruitless effort; as his mind, ere he became a punster, must have been reduced to too infirm a state for the perception of truth. However, to those who may have considered punning merely as an innocuous waste of time, and who do not feel that horror of the practice it deserves, I beg to offer a few observations, which I trust will save them from so debasing a practice.

What is punning? Merely distorting words, in order to make fools laugh at the expense of truth. What an aim!—but such is the *aim* of a punster, though the effect is more deadly than *his* mind can perceive. To any man who has thought at all, it must be apparent that he thinks through the medium of words; and even by a punster it must be admitted, that almost all the ideas he obtains are through the same medium: further, that in the most studied compositions, where the great aim of the writer is to convey ideas definitely, such is the natural infirmity of language that it is found almost impossible to do so. Yet the punster wishes to cause such confusion in the symbols that represent ideas, that nobody shall be able to consider any one as the representative of a positive or separate idea. Well may it be said, then, that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket—in fact, what paltry crime, what reckless cruelty, would a creature not be guilty of, who feels a pleasure in creating confusion in the intellect of man, and in reducing him to a lower grade than brutes, who, so far as they do convey their ideas to each other, do it so as to be understood?

This ignoble habit is not only horrible in its consequences, but demonstrates on the part of those who fall into it, that their minds are incapable of seeing that they are not doing what they suppose they are about; for where is the punster who does not consider himself witty? Yet, how can any one but a man with the mind of a punster conceive there is any thing like wit in making a person suppose you mean one thing when you mean another, or in selecting two sounds representing two ideas and blending them in one, so as to destroy—what? Why, one human idea! A hound would be hanged for giving a false cry; yet a punster thinks himself permitted falsely to convey mental notions, and glories in his shame. Poor wretch, when he triumphs, what a triumph is his!—he has succeeded in mystifying words! But were those words even represented by corresponding words in any other language, his paltry power even over words would cease. Such is the triumph of the punster—such, as has been represented, the baneful tendency of his horrible aim! Who then would be a punster? who would call a punster friend? who is there that must not loathe a being that, to gratify his vanity, would obscure the highest prerogative of his species?

Alas, poor punster! I pity and despise thee! I remain, Mr. Editor, your constant reader and hater of puns, SENEX.

SIR,—In your Journal of last week, an uncle of mine thought proper to expose all my peculiarities to the public gaze. Now, sir, I am extremely partial to puns. Nature did not endow me with much wit; but if she has in this respect behaved niggardly towards me, she has made me the most ample amends by endowing me with a power of perverting words and distorting sense. I would most readily play upon ideas, if I had any, instead of words; for I will confess, that in the happiest pun I ever uttered, I have marred, rather than made society. I observe, that whenever I am delivered of a pun, the heads of all who chance to understand it go up into the air like hounds at fault; and a loud and lengthened "Oh!" succeeds, which by no means promotes the free-trade of conversation. But, sir, my uncle is a very disagreeable person to live with, and annoys me as much with a species of wit peculiar to himself as I can possibly disturb him with my puns—it is what in Queen Anne's time her maids of honour called "selling a bargain:" sometimes it is coarse, often inapplicable, and always annoying. I will confess, sir, that I often bring this upon myself; but then I maintain, that if he sells me any thing, he has no right to foist upon me more than I am willing to purchase. Perhaps, sir, I am not explicit: I will therefore illustrate what I mean to aver. I pride myself, sir, upon my dancing: my uncle saw me, not long since, "*chasser*" and "*croisser*," and being in a better mood than usual, complimented me by observing how remarkably well I acquitted myself. Now, sir, my uncle was dancing himself—he is old, stiff, and heavy; and I leave it to you to say if I was too severe in replying to him, that "I was sorry I *could not* return the compliment." He did not pause, sir, a single instant, but, turning upon his heel, said, "Yes, *you can*—tell a lie, as I did." I was vexed, sir, because I did not expect it; and an answer of this sort is peculiarly annoying to me—it makes me *look* I don't know how. Upon this occasion I thought to have the last word; and though my remark was not peculiarly apposite, still I wished to get out of the scrape on any terms, and rejoined—"It won't do, uncle; you have got hold of the bull by the horns." Upon which he forthwith "wished me joy of having *the other end*."

These, and such *bargains* as these, are my daily fare. I am confident that you will agree with me, sir, in thinking that there is no wit in them equal even to a moderate pun. But, sir, upon the subject of puns my uncle is remarkably ignorant. Dr. Johnson was much too wise a man ever to have made so very silly an observation as my uncle attributes to him. The pun, such as it was, may as well be given to me as to the doctor: it was upon the occasion of a *snuff*-box being presented to Rowe, accompanied by the admonitory caution of two Greek letters, Φ P (fie, Rowe); and the observation was, that he who could make such a pun as that *one in particular* would be capable of picking a pocket. But there is no more reason for attributing it to Dr. Johnson, either by adoption or affiliation, than there would be for making your correspondent and my uncle, Pitt Williams, support the whole of the Foundling Hospital. Again, sir: my uncle does not seem to know the great services that puns have done to the world. The main authority for the supremacy of papacy is in a pun—and not a

* It was the correspondence, &c. in the week before, which produced us these grave and semi-grave epistles. We insert them in continuation of the plan mentioned in our last.—*Ed.*

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very good one either, unless you select the language that you tell it in—"Tu es *Pierre*, et sur cette *pierre*." If this be not a pun, it is at least a very strange coincidence of terms. Pasquin and Marforius were punsters—upon the statue itself was a pun: "Pasquinus eram, nunc lapis, forsan apis, quia pungo." My uncle contradicts me here, and classes all the Pasquinades under the head of wit: he quotes without end that one recorded by Matthews in his "Diary of an Invalid," upon the occasion, in late days, of a man of the name of Cæsar espousing a lady of the name of Roma—it is in Latin, and very terse—at least my uncle tells me so, for I know nothing about it myself. On the morning after the marriage, Pasquin's trunk bore the following: "Cave, Cæsar, ne tua Roma *res publica* fiat!" Cæsar was angry, and retorted the next morning, in the full consciousness of his power—"Cæsar imperat." But with an obstinacy worthy of my uncle, the following morn bore the melancholy consequences—"Ergo coronabitur." This, my uncle says, is wit, in contradistinction to punning; but if I ask him to define wit, he invariably does it by exemplification. Now, this is not fair, because it is not definite, and presupposes the power of appreciating the force of the example, which I do not possess. It is all nonsense to ask me if I can define colours because I discern them, and is not in the least to the purpose—I cannot help seeing the colours, and it very rarely happens to me to see the wit. Where then is the analogy? "Don't you know where it is?" he says to me; and I reply, in order to cut the conversation quite short, "Uncle, I know nothing, care for nothing, am nothing." "You come of a very ancient family," he replies; although, being my uncle, he must know whence I come.

Now, sir, all this is very well, and may or may not be to the purpose: all that I can tell you, sir, is, that if you wish success to your Garrick Club, and allow persons to rake up old stories because they are applicable, or to put down punsters by selling them bargains, after the manner of my crochety old uncle, I can see very little probability of men with moderate abilities being acceptable members of your society. My uncle insists upon having his name put down as a candidate. I am anxious, however, that all our differences should be reconciled before we admit him; and he himself is not averse to it, having proposed a method of bringing so desirable an object to an accomplishment, in a manner, as he himself says, that must be agreeable to all. But again, sir, he does it in his old strain—by exemplification; and assures me that it may be brought about just as easily as the feud between two Indian chiefs was arranged, though the offence on each side was grievous. A wise Daniel was called in to arbitrate the matter, who most sagaciously decreed, that the "offending parties should kiss and be friends again." I accept the terms.

I have the honour to be, &c. R. S.

Sir,—My nephew writes to me from London; and as you may perhaps like to see a genuine epistle of this modern Miller, I forward it neat as imported.—Your subscriber,

PITT WILLIAMS.

London, Nov. 30, 1831.

"Dear Uncle,—I arrived here last week by the "Regulator"—so slow, that I feel convinced every thing goes by it. London seems quite deserted, or rather full of that ére (air) fog; atmosphere quite like pea-soup, thick and yellow. I paid a visit to "the Brothers" at the Adelphi: heard Mathews is going to resign—Liston to have his appointment, upon "paying the difference." Saw *Victorine*: Mrs. Yates perfection—quite the "Guardian Naiad of the Strand." A piece evidently named to puzzle the Cockneys, the Vept of the Vish ton Vish—it ought to have been called, or the Vild Vigvam of the Voods—is pretty good, though Celeste is not a very celestial being. Reeve, in the *Lions of Mysore*, out-Herods Herod; he is a modern Cœur de Lion, and decidedly the greatest beast I ever saw. There is also a wonderful monkey, who claws every thing, Paulo by name; I rather objected to him, as you do to the Bill, in consequence of his obnoxious claws. By the way, at Gateshead last week they enacted *Venice Preserved*, and called it "Reform must Prosper;" this is like calling *Othello* at the Coburg "Is He Jealous?" I tried this joke on with the check-taker at the theatre—he took my ticket, but not my joke; if you had seen his rage, when I told him he would not let a joke pass without a cheque! I have also patronised the Theatre de Madame; the Widow is done to the life by the Widow. She is decidedly the first *artiste* of the day: her Pandora is a *chef-d'œuvre*. In the absence of her fair and beauteous rival Sidney, a gem from the Emerald Isle has appeared in her part, Amelia Craufurd by name. Her Madame Thibaut was replete with *naiveté* and spirit, and she bids fair to become a popular favourite. I fear Covent Garden is doing badly. It is fully expected the High *Sheriff* will convene many great meetings there shortly. I should like to *C* (see) Kemble prosper. Weatherell calls Pinney, the Mayor of Bristol, who escaped through the attic, the Mayor of Garratt. Attic salt with a vengeance! Did you hear your friend Frank's last? He was asked if there was any chance of Lincoln Stanhope being Lord Harrington. "He's within a *foote* of it," replied Frank.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

ARNE'S Opera of *Artaxerxes* was performed on Thursday, and introduced to us Miss Shireff in *Mandane*. It was her first appearance as a dramatic singer; and we beg to congratulate her upon a very meritorious and successful *début*. The qualifications of this young lady for the high station she has so suddenly assumed are various and great. Her voice is distinguished for its sweetness and flexibility—her style of singing is tasteful and expressive—and her execution, though florid, is unaccompanied by any sign of painful effort, or by any thing but the most perfect ease and propriety: in this respect, indeed, she resembles Sontag more than any English singer we have seen. To these gifts as a vocalist may be added a very pleasing countenance, a slight and agreeable figure, and, as far as we could judge under the disadvantages of a first appearance, we should pronounce her to be a very agreeable actress. We need hardly add, that her success was most complete; and we think that she may now dispense with the numerous and noisy train of supporters who occupied the theatre on Thursday evening. In no instance could the danger arising from vulgar and injudicious friends be more strikingly apparent than on this occasion. The rest of the opera was well performed, and the scenery and dresses are extremely splendid. Braham's *Artabanes* is too well known to require criticism: it was never finer. Wilson was not quite at home in *Arbaces*, and we forbear saying more because the character was new to him. Miss H. Cawse gave the recitative of Artaxerxes almost better than any of the other performers, and her song of "In infancy," was loudly and deservedly encored. We anticipate good houses and a replenished treasury from this excellent revival.

The same opera was done the same evening at Drury Lane, and is to be repeated to-night. Is this either wise or politic? Is not the manager rather doing himself a serious injury? If a person wishes to see *Artaxerxes*, he will naturally prefer going where there is some novelty in the cast. And why, if a family is desirous of visiting one of the theatres, is it to be compelled to see *Artaxerxes*, and nothing else? Is it to gratify Mrs. Wood, who may fear a rival "near the throne?" This lady, we can assure her, has as little to apprehend from Miss Shireff, as Miss Shireff has from her. They are as strongly contrasted as possible—they are "*pares, magis quam similes*;" and there is "ample verge and room enough" in this great town for both.

VARIETIES.

The Apollonicon.—Here we occasionally take our ease and recreation; and we recommend all those who "delight in sweet sounds," and who wish to pass an agreeable hour, to visit this establishment, where they will be charmed with selections from our best masters, played with great taste and execution by Mr. Purkis. The overture to Der Freischutz, performed by machinery, is a splendid performance.

Oriental Translation Committee.—Mr. W. Huttmann having resigned his situation of Secretary to the Oriental Translation Committee; at a meeting held on Monday, the 21st of November, the Right Hon. Sir G. Ouseley, Bart., chairman, in the chair, Graves C. Haughton, Esq. F.R.S., was requested to accept the office of Honorary Secretary to the committee: Mr. James Mitchell was, on the same occasion, appointed temporary Assistant Secretary.

Royal Asiatic Society.—At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Asiatic Society, held the 26th of November, the Earl of Munster, V.P. in the chair, Mr. W. Huttmann's resignation of the office of Assistant Secretary and Deputy Librarian to the Society was accepted; and Mr. Mitchell was appointed *pro tempore* in his room to both of the vacant offices. At the request of the Council, Mr. Haughton agreed to superintend the affairs connected with the Secretary's office.

The Drawing-room Scrap-Book, with about forty various and beautiful engravings, illustrated by short compositions from the pen of L. E. L., many of them delightful productions, is too late for any other notice this week, than that we consider it a most graceful and interesting work, and likely to be a favourite every where.

An Essay on National Character, by the late R. Chenevix, and edited by T. Pery Knox, is, as to time, in a like predicament; but we cannot dismiss its immense erudition, great research, and great talent, in so perfunctory a manner: we trust to be able to do it something like justice in our next number.

Epigram, addressed impromptu to a newly married Lady, who had wedded a rich Booby for his Wealth, and who wore a beautiful Carnelian Heart hung round her neck by a Gold Chain.

Young Love is a tyrant, you say?
Not *his* chain round thy bosom is thrown;
To our breast thou art link'd for ever and aye
With a chain of gold to a heart of stone! J. R.

Moral Courage.—If moral courage is a preventive of cholera, we may be satisfied that even among the lower orders in London, yet, there is no consternation. Yesterday a fellow was leading an old starved rip of a horse down Piccadilly, to the knacker's yard; upon which, a chap of his own class said to another, "I say, Dick, what d'ye think of that ere horse?"—"Think?" replied Dick, with a knowing look, "why I thinks as how he's got the *colliery morbus*."

Smuggling.—Hungarian tobacco is strictly prohibited at Vienna; nevertheless almost every one smokes it. The difficulty of evading the custom-house officers was one day the subject of conversation between the late Empress and Prince E——, who offered, for a high wager, to bring into Vienna a certain quantity of tobacco. He was to give notice when he should arrive. The empress issued orders that the carriage

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should be stopped at the barriers, and every part searched. He arrived at night, but attended by outriders with lighted flambeaux. Her orders were strictly obeyed: almost every part of the carriage was cut to pieces, but no tobacco found. He drove immediately to the imperial palace, and produced the tobacco to the empress. The flambeaux had been contrived with a hollow space, into which tobacco had been put: the end only being a flambeau, the sides merely covered with wax.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLVIII. Dec. 3.*]

A Description (intended as a Guide) of Herne Bay and its Vicinity; with an Account of the New Pier, &c.; by B. P. Capper.

A new Tale of the Beau Monde, to be entitled, the Opera, by the Author of "Mothers and Daughters."

The title of Mr. Bulwer's forthcoming novel is to be Eugene Aram.

Mr. Robert Chambers is about to publish, in a popular manner, a History of Scotland, in two pocket volumes.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of My Landlord, Fourth Series; Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous, by Sir Walter Scott, 4 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Trendall's Designs for Cottages and Villas, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Boyle's Account of the Western Coast of Africa, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Cooke's Hints on Scarlet Fever, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Cabal, a Tale of the Reign of William IV., 2 vols. p. 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Chant of the Cholera, Songs for Ireland, &c., by the Authors of Tales by the O'Hara Family, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Anthologia Sacra, or Select Theological Extracts, 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XXIV.; Plutarch, Vol. 2, 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hughes's Divines, No. XIX.; Hall's Contemplations, Vol. 2, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dewherst's Anatomy of the Human Muscles, oblong 4to., coloured, 15*s.* sewed; Ditto of the Human Bones, oblong 4to., coloured, 15*s.* sewed.—Mary Gray, by A. Knight, 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Fanny and her Mother, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Geological Sketches, &c., by Maria Hack, 12mo. 9*s.* cloth.—Travels in the North of Europe, by C. B. Elliott, Esq., 1 vol. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Thoresby's Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Romance and Reality, by L. E. L., 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Standard Novels, No. X., 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.—Anecdotes of Hogarth, Part I., with Plates, 6*s.* sewed; India Proofs, 9*s.* sewed.—Polytechnic Library; Domestic Chemist, Vol. 2, 18mo. 4*s.* cloth.—Rev. Thomas Gill's Family Book of Common Prayer, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* sheep.—Stories of Animals, Second Series, by Maria Hack, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

November.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 24	From 43. to 54.	29·96 to 29·97
Friday 25	—— 42. — 54.	29·86 — 29·83
Saturday .. 26	—— 43. — 54.	29·91 — 30·10
Sunday.... 27	—— 28. — 41.	30·10 — 30·32
Monday .. 28	—— 28. — 37.	30·38 Stationary
Tuesday .. 29	—— 27. — 41.	30·42 — 30·44
Wednesday 30	—— 25. — 46.	30·23 — 30·09

Wind variable, N.E. and S.W. prevailing.

Except the 24th, 27th, and 28th, generally cloudy. A dense fog from two till four on the afternoon of the 29th. Frequent rain during the 30th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To many of our correspondents we have this week only apologies to offer; for, what with the usual monthly publications, and an influx of other new works, we have been almost smothered under books during the last five days.

Dr. Elliotson was very foolish to attack us in his lecture. We will try to see the *Lancet* (is it?), and tell him what we think.

L. L. B. is intended for our next.

SIR,—As my name has frequently appeared in your interesting journal with commendation, and as most of the Annuals have been noticed in your columns, I beg the favour of you to allow the present short note to be Gazetted among the same records. In Prout's "Continental Annual," my name is put to the plate of the "Bridge at Prague," but without my permission; and what is worse, without my executing any part of the *engraving*. It is true that I *etched* the building and ground; and am only responsible for the style in which such work is "laid in," and not even for the effect of the etching proofs. I think it necessary to make this explanation to you and the public, being very scrupulous respecting my professional reputation. I regret that the publishers should have adopted such a plan; for deception can never do them good, nor advance the interests of art and literature. I remain yours, &c.

Harmondsworth, Nov. 30th. J. LE KEUX.

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John Day he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a-year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like her's.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, 'My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.'

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth—
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

'Oh, Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.'

Alas! in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close;
For looking in the butt, she saw
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown—
But that is only talk;
For, after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk."

PROSE.

"*The Island.*

'Oh, had I some sweet little isle of my own!'—*Moore.*

"If the author of the Irish Melodies had ever had a little isle so much his own as I have possessed, he might not have found it so sweet as the song anticipates. It has been my fortune, like Robinson Crusoe and Alexander Selkirk, to be thrown on such a desolate spot; and I felt so lonely, though I had a follower, that I wish Moore had been there. I had the honour of being in that tremendous action of Finisterre, which proved an end of the earth to many a brave fellow. I was ordered with a boarding party to forcibly enter the Santissima Trinidada. But in the act of climbing into the quarter-gallery,—which, however, gave no quarter,—was rebutted by the but-end of a marine's gun, who remained the quarter-master of the place. I fell senseless into the sea, and should, no doubt, have perished in the waters of oblivion, but for the kindness of John Monday, who picked me up to go adrift with him in one of the ship's boats. All our oars were carried away—that is to say, we did not carry away any oars; and while shot was raining, our feeble hailing was unheeded. In short, as Shakespeare says, we were drifted off by 'the current of a heady fight.' As may be supposed, our boat was any thing but the jolly-boat; for we had no provisions to spare, in the middle of an immense waste; we were, in fact, adrift in the cutter, with nothing to cut. We had not even junk for junketing, and nothing but salt-water, even if the wind should blow fresh. Famine, indeed, seemed to stare each of us in the face—that is, we stared at one another; but if men turn cannibals, a great allowance must be made for a short ditto. We were truly in a very disagreeable pickle, with oceans of brine, and no beef; and, like Shylock, I fancy we would have exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of flesh. The more we drifted Nor, the more sharply we inclined to gnaw; but when we drifted Sow, we found nothing like pork. No bread rose in the east; and in the opposite point we were equally disappointed. We could not compass a meal any how—but got mealy-mouthed, notwithstanding. We could see the sea-mews to the eastward, flying over what Byron calls the Gardens of Gull. We saw plenty of grampus; but they were useless to all intents and porpusses, and we had no bait for catching a bottle-nose. Time hung heavily on our hands—for our fast days seemed to pass very slowly, and our strength was rapidly sinking, from being so much afloat. Still we nourished Hope, though we had nothing to give her. But at last we lost all prospect of land—if one may so say, when no land was in sight. The weather got thicker as we were getting thinner; and though we kept a sharp watch, it was a very bad look-out. We could see nothing before us but nothing to eat and drink. At last the fog cleared off, and we saw something like land right a-head; but, alas! the wind was in our teeth as well as in our stomachs. We could do nothing but keep her near; and as we could not keep ourselves full, we luckily suited the course of the boat; so that after a tedious beating-about—for the wind not only gives blows, but takes a great deal of beating—we came incontinently to an island. Here we landed; and our first impulse on coming to dry land was to drink. There was a little brook at hand, to which we applied ourselves till it seemed actually to murmur at our inordinate thirst. Our next care was to look for some food; for though our hearts were full at our escape, the neighbouring region was dreadfully empty. We succeeded in getting some natives out of their bed, and ate them, poor things, as fast as they got up, but with some difficulty in getting them open; a common oyster-knife would have been worth the price of a sceptre. Our next concern was to look out for a lodging; and at last we discovered an empty cave, reminding me of an old inscription at Portsmouth—'The hole of this place to let.' We took the precaution of rolling some great stones to the entrance, for fear of last lodgers,—that some bear might come home from business, or a tiger to tea. Here, under the rock, we slept without rocking; and when, through the night's failing, the day broke, we saw, with the first instalment of light, that we were upon a small desert isle, now for the first time an Isle of Man. Accordingly, the birds in this wild solitude were so little wild, that a number of boobies and noddies allowed themselves to be taken by hand, though the asses were not such asses as to be caught. There was an abundance of rabbits, which we chased unremittingly, as Hunt runs Warren; and when coats and trousers fell short, we clothed our skins with theirs, till, as Monday said, we each represented a burrow. In this work Monday was the tailor; for, like the maker of shadowy rabbits and cocks upon the wall, he could turn his hand to any thing. He became a potter, a carpenter, a butcher, and a baker—that is to say, a master butcher and a master baker, for I became merely his journeyman. Reduced to a state of nature, Monday's favourite phrase for our condition, I found my being an officer fulfilled no office—to confess the truth, I made a very poor sort of savage; whereas Monday, I am persuaded, would have been made a chief by any tribe whatever. Our situations in life were completely reversed—he became the leader, and I the follower; or rather, to do justice to his attachment and ability, he became like a strong, big brother to a helpless little one. We remained in a state of nature five years; when at last a whaler of Hull, though the hull was not visible, shewed her masts on the horizon—an event which was telegraphed by Monday, who began saying his prayers and dancing the college hornpipe at the same time with equal fervour. We contrived, by lighting a fire, literally a *feu-de-joie*, to make a sign of distress, and a boat came to our signal deliverance. We had a prosperous passage home, where the reader may anticipate the happiness that awaited us—but not the trouble that was in store for me and Monday. Our parting was out of the question; we would both rather have parted from our sheet-anchor. We attempted to return to our relative rank; but we had lived so long in a kind of liberty and equality, that we could never resume our grades. The state of nature remained upper-

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most with us both, and Monday still watched over and tended me, like Dominie Sampson with the boy Harry Bertram; go where I would, he followed with the dogged pertinacity of Tom Pipes; and do what I might, he interfered with the resolute vigour of John Dory in 'Wild Oats.' This disposition involved us daily, nay hourly, in the most embarrassing circumstances; and how the connexion might have terminated I know not, if it had not been speedily dissolved in a very unexpected manner. One morning poor Monday was found on his bed in a sort of convulsion, which barely enabled him to grasp my hand, and to falter out—'Good bye! I am go—going—back—to a state of nature.'"

From the foregoing entire specimens in verse and prose, our readers may perceive that Mr. Hood continues to sustain his fame, as the best player upon words extant in the English tongue. His *facetiæ*, with occasional resemblances to foregone ideas, are of undiminished oddity; and when we thus see the year's harvest of his humour gathered into one comic granary, we wonder at the multitude of strange and ludicrous images which his mind has conjured up, not merely from the realm of orthoepy, but from the superior region of wit. As we have, however, in several preceding *Gazettes*, entertained various remarks on punning, we shall not here, in our reviewing department, enter upon that debatable subject. Suffice it to say, that if drollery in picture and in language be entertaining, the *Comic Annual* will be found to be a very entertaining companion; and, to augment our praise in the style most likely to promote the wide diffusion of its popularity in these days, we will add, that it must be strongly anti-cholera-morbific.

It begins with the Pugsley papers, giving a laughable account of a Cockney family, transported, by a freak of fortune, from a shoe-shop in the Barbican to an estate in the fens of Lincolnshire. Of their several agricultural pursuits, the father, mother, daughters, and sons, write their several descriptions to friends in town; and the whole is a pleasant burlesque on family papers. For example, in the first letter from Master Richard Pugsley to Master Robert Rogers, 132, Barbican, he invites him to come and enjoy the country sports:

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holydays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a-fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly, to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll shew you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him, without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off."

One of the sisters, of a domestic and managing turn (the other is sentimental), writes:

"Altho' things may not turn out to wish at present, yet all well-directed efforts are sure to meet reward in the end; and altho' I have churned and churned two days running, and it's nothing yet but curds and whey, I should be wrong to despair of eating butter of my own making before I die. Considering the adulteration committed by every article in London, I was never happier in any prospect than of drinking my own milk, fattening my own calves, and laying my own eggs. We cackle so much, I am sure we new-lay somewhere, though I cannot find out our nests; and I am looking every day to have chickens, as one pepper-and-salt-coloured hen has been sitting these two months. When a poor ignorant bird sets me such an example of patience, how can I repine at the hardest domestic drudgery! Mother and I have worked like horses, to be sure, ever since we came to the estate; but if we die in it, we know it's for the good of the family, and to agreeably surprise my father, who is still in town, winding up his books. For my own part, if it was right to look at things so selfishly, I should say I never was so happy in my life; though I own I have cried more since coming here than I ever remember before. You will confess my crosses and losses have been unusual trials, when I tell you, out of all my makings, and bakings, and brewings, and preservings, there has been nothing either eatable or drinkable; and, what is more painful to an affectionate mind, have half-poisoned the whole family with home-made ketchup of toadstools, by mistake for mushrooms."

"I mean to attempt cream cheese as soon as we can get cream,—but as yet we can't drive the cows home to be milked for the bull—he has twice hunted Grace and me into fits, and kept my poor mother a whole morning in the pigstye. As I know you like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of my fresh butter when it comes, and I mean to add a cheese as soon as I can get one to stick together. I shall send also some family pork for governess, of our own killing, as we wring a pig's neck on Saturday. I did hope to give you the unexpected treat of a home-made loaf, but it was forgot in the oven from ten to six, and so too black to offer. However, I hope to surprise you with one by Monday's carrier. Anastasia bids me add, she will send a nosegay for respected Mrs. Tombleson, if the plants don't die off before, which I am sorry to say is not improbable. It's really shocking to see the failure of her cultivated taste, and one in particular, that must be owned a very pretty idea. When we came, there was a vast number of flower-roots, but jumbled without any regular order, till Anastasia trowelled them all up, and set them in again, in the quadrille figures. It must have looked sweetly elegant, if it had agreed with them, but they have all dwindled and drooped like deep declines and consumptions. Her dahlias and tulips too have turned out nothing but onions and kidney potatoes, and her ten-week stocks have not come up in twenty. But, as Shakspeare says, 'Adversity is a precious toad—that teaches us Patience is a jewel.' Considering the unsettled state of coming in, I must conclude, but could not resist giving your friendliness a short account of the happy change that has occurred, and our increase of comforts. I would write more; but I know you will excuse my listening to the calls of dumb animals. It's the time I always scald the little pigs' bread and milk, and put saucers of clean water for the ducks and geese. There are the fowls' beds to make with fresh straw, and a hundred similar things that country people are obliged to think of. The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious; we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale; perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself; but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of every thing we had directly we came down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love."

Mrs. Pugsley's details are perhaps yet more amusing.

"I take (she says, in writing to her sister,) the opportunity of the family being all restive in bed, and the house all still, to give an account of our moving. The things all got here safe, with the exception of the crockery and glass, which came down with the dresser, about an hour after its arrival. Perhaps if we hadn't overloaded it with the whole of our breakables, it wouldn't have given way—as it is, we have only one plate left, and that's chipt, and a mug without a spout to keep it in countenance. Our furniture, &c. came by the waggon, and I am sorry to say a poor family at the same time, and the little idle boys with their knives have carved and scarified my rosewood legs, and what is worse, not of the same patterns: but as people say, two Lincolnshire removes are as bad as a fire of London. The first thing I did on coming down was to see to the sweeps going up—but I wish I had been less precipitous, for the sutty wretches stole four good flitches of bacon, as was up the kitchen chimbly, quite unbeknown to me. We have filled up the vacancy with more, which smoke us dreadfully, but what is to be cured must be endured. My next thing was to have all holes and corners cleared out, and washed, and scrubbed, being left, like bachelor's places, in a sad state by old single W.; for a rich man, I never saw one that wanted so much cleaning out. There were heaps of dung about, as high as haystacks, and it cost me five shillings a load to have it all carted off the premises; besides heaps of good-for-nothing littering straw, that I gave to the boys for bonfires. We are not all to rights yet, but Rome wasn't built in St. Thomas's day. It was providential I hampered myself with cold provisions, for, except the bacon, there were no eatables in the house. What old W. lived upon is a mystery, except salads, for we found a whole field of beet-root, which, all but a few plants for Dorothy to pickle, I had chucked away. As the ground was then clear for sowing up a crop, I directed George to plough it up, but he met with agricultural distress. He says, as soon as he whipped his horses, the plough stuck its nose in the earth, and tumbled over

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head and heels. It seems very odd when ploughing is so easy to look at, but I trust he will do better in time. Experience makes a King Solomon of a Tom Noddy. I expect we shall have bushels upon bushels of corn, though sadly pecked by the birds, as I have had all the scarecrows taken down for fear of the children dreaming of them for bogies. For the same dear little sakes I have had the well filled up, and the nasty sharp iron spikes drawn out of all the rakes and harrows. Nobody shall say to my teeth, I am not a good mother. With these precautions I trust the young ones will enjoy the country when the gipsies have left, but till then, I confine them to round the house, as its no use shutting the stable door after you've had a child stole. We have a good many fine fields of hay, which I mean to have reaped directly, wet or shine; for delays are as dangerous as pickles in glazed pans. Perhaps St. Swithin's is in our favour, for if the stacks are put up dampish they won't catch fire so easily, if Swing should come into these parts. The poor boys have made themselves very industrious in shooting off the birds, and hunting away all the vermin, besides cutting down trees. As I knew it was profitable to fell timber, I directed them to begin with a very ugly straggling old hollow tree next the premises, but it fell the wrong way, and knocked down the cow-house. Luckily the poor animals were all in the clover-field at the time. George says it wouldn't have happened, but for a violent sow, or rather sow-west,—and its likely enough, but its an ill wind that blows nothing to nobody. Having writ last post to Mr. P., I have no occasion to make you a country commissioner. Anastasia, indeed, wants to have books about every thing, but for my part and Dorothy's, we don't put much faith in authorized receipts and directions, but trust more to nature and common sense. For instance, in fatting a goose, reason points to sage and onions,—why our own don't thrive on it, is very mysterious. We have a beautiful poultry yard, only infested with rats,—but I have made up a poison, that, I know by the poor ducks, will kill them if they eat it. I expected to send you a quantity of wall-fruit, for preserving, and am sorry you bought the brandy beforehand, as it has all vanished in one night by picking and stealing, notwithstanding I had ten dozen of bottles broke on purpose to stick a-top of the wall. But I rather think they came over the pales, as George, who is very thoughtless, had driven in all the new tenter hooks with the points downwards. Our apples and pears would have gone too, but luckily we heard a noise in the dark, and threw brickbats out of window, that alarmed the thieves by smashing the cowcumber frames. However, I mean on Monday to make sure of the orchard, by gathering the trees,—a pheasant in one's hand is worth two cock sparrows in a bush. One comfort is, the house-dog is very vicious, and won't let any of us stir in or out after dark—indeed, nothing can be more furious, except the bull, and at me in particular. You would think he knew my inward thoughts, and that I intend to have him roasted whole when we give our grand house-warming regalia.—With these particulars, I remain."

The father's letter, negotiating for a return to his shop and business, is a happy adaptation of the style of town tradesmen's advertisements and common parlance. We copy a few sentences by way of sample.

"Our bull, after killing the house-dog, and tossing William, has gone wild, and had the madness to run away from his livelihood, and what is worse, all the cows after him—except those that had burst themselves in the clover-field, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the pound. Another item, the pigs, to save bread and milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns, as not one has yet come back. Poultry ditto. Sedulously cultivating an enlarged connexion in the Turkey line, such the antipathy to gipsies, the whole breed, geese and ducks inclusive, removed themselves from the premises by night, directly a strolling camp came and set up in the neighbourhood. To avoid prolixity, when I came to take stock, there was no stock to take—namely, no eggs, no butter, no cheese, no corn, no hay, no bread, no beer—no water even—nothing but the mere commodious premises, and fixtures, and goodwill—and candour compels to add, a very small quantity on hand of the last-named particular. To add to stagnation, neither of my two sons in the business, nor the two apprentices, have been so diligently punctual in executing country orders with despatch and fidelity, as laudable ambition desires, but have gone about fishing and shooting—and William has suffered a loss of three fingers, by his unvarying system of high charges."

Newgate Ballads are humorous burlesques of the ballad-making school of the day; and in Domestic Didactics there is some fair jesting with the recent publication of works from the pens of servants. Of the former, lines to Mary, a convict, are the most punningly and punishingly pointed. *Ex. gr.*

"Or, when my suit I first preferr'd,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence?

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction!
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction?

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd,
Although it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-finger'd?

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been *indited!*

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to;
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too!"

In the Domestic Didactics, the ascent to the *summut* of Mount Blank is highly laughable.

The following we insert as an original poetical *jeu d'esprit*, being a model for a new art of writing blank verse in rhyme:

A Nocturnal Sketch.

"Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or, in the small Olympic pit, sit, spilt
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep;
But frighten'd by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, 'No go!'
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—'drat that cat!'
Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill fil-will.
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;—
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribands flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!"

The life of Zimmerman, the Solitary, has also much originality;—but we must now wind up with two or three miscellaneous quotations.

"*A few Lines on completing Forty-seven.*

When I reflect with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summon'd hence—
There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand, and not on rocks;
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms—
Our fates we cannot force;
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They're come to lunch, of course.

And when my body's turn'd to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
O, let them give a sigh, and say—
I hear the upstairs bell."

Part of a letter from an old sportsman.

"The lads go out after Burds now and then, but I seldum cum at the rites of there shuting—you kno

Wat is Hits is History,
But what is mist is mistery.

Talking of shuting, hav you seen Ubbard's new guns like wauking sticks—there a cappital defence agin cappital offences; as you may ether stick a feller or Shute him; or boath togethir. I wish farmer Gale had carried one last friday, for he was Rob'd cuming from markit by a foot paddy Irish man, that knockd him down to make him Stand. Luckly he had nothin on him when Stopd but sum notes of the Barnsby bank that had been stopd the weak afore. In the fishing line I am quite Dead bait, tho I have had manny a Good run in my tim, Partickler when the keeper spide me out where I hadent got Leaf. The last tim I went I could hardly un do my rod for roomatiz in my joints, and I got the Lumbago verry bad wen I cum Back, and its atax I doant like. Beside wich I found very Little big fish on a count of the pochers, who Kil em al in colde blood. I used sumtims to flote and sumtims to fli, but our waters is so over fishd theres no fish to be had, and as I am very musicle, I dont like trolling without a catch, the last jack I caut was with my boot, and was only a foot long. As for raceing, I never cared much a bout it; and in regard of betting, I am Better with out it, tho I al ways take the feeld wen I am Able, and suport the Farmer's Plate with al my Mite. Our Wist club is going of, Some of the members go on so; two of em are perpetuly quareling like anny thing but double dummies, for one plays like Hoyle and the other like Vineger. The young men hav interduced Shorts, but I doant think theyle Last long. They are al so verry Sharp at the Pints, and as for drinking, I never se sich Liquorish Chaps in my life. They are al ways laying ods, even at Super, when theyle Bet about the age of a Roosted foul, which they cal Chicken hazzard, or about the Wait of a Curran py, wich they cal the Currancy question. They al so smoke a grate manny seagars, but they cant put the old men's pips out, wich it Wood be a Burning shame if they did. I am sorry to say politicks has Crept in; Sum is al for reform, and sum is al for none at al, and the only thing they agre in is, that the land Lord shant bring in no Bil. There is besides grate discushins as to the new game laws, sum entertaning douts when sum peple go out a shuting, wether even acts of Parlament will inable them to shute anny game."

"A horse-dealer" is one of Hood's most characteristic portraits.

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"A horse-dealer is a double dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises like his colts, in a break. Over his mouth, truth, like the turnpike-man, writeth up no trust. Whenever he speaketh, his spoke hath more turns than the fore-wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise grey, bay, chestnut-brown, cream, and roan — pyebald and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by God's grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness, of which there be no traces. He advertiseth a coach, warranted on its first wheels, and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well-seasoned. He knocketh down machine-horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault; 'for,' as he sayeth, 'blindness or lameness be misfortunes.' A nag, proper only for dog's meat, he writeth down, but crieth up, 'fit to go to any hounds;' or, as may be, 'would suit a timid gentleman.' String-halt he calleth 'grand action,' and kicking 'lifting the feet well up.' If a mare have the farcical disease, he nameth her 'out of comedy;' and selleth Blackbird for a racer because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water, he justly warranteth to be 'temperate,' and if dead lame, declareth them 'good in all their paces,' seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth 'sound;' and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to Eclipse, for he outstrippeth the wind. Another might be entered at a steeple chase, for why—he is as fast as a church. Thorough-pin with him is synonimous with 'perfect leg.' If a nag cougheth, 'tis 'a clever hack.' If his knees be fractured, he is 'well broke for gig or saddle.' If he reareth, he is 'above sixteen hands high.' If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth, he shews good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him 'off the Gretna Road, and has been used to carry a lady.' If a cob stumbleth, he considereth him a true goer, and addeth 'the proprietor parteth from him to go abroad.' Thus, without much profession of religion, yet is he truly Christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like unto love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and seeth only a virtue, meanwhile he gazeth at a vice. He taketh the kick of a nag's hoof like a love-token, saying only, before standers-by, 'Poor fellow, —he knoweth me!'— and is content rather to pass as a bad rider, than that the horse should be held restive or over-mettlesome, which discharges him from its back. If it hath bitten him beside, and moreover bruised his limb against a coach-wheel, then, constantly returning good for evil, he giveth it but the better character, and recommendeth it before all the studs in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chanteth his praise, like a crow that croweth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with the common lot."

We should add, that the *Comic Annual* is dedicated to the King; and that we are enabled to ornament our review with two specimens of the prints,—"second sight"—a lucid *double*, and an "icy coolness between friends."



SECOND SIGHT.



COOLNESS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Aldine Poets, Vol. XVII. Poems of Milton, Vol. I. 12mo. pp. *circ.* 300. London, 1832. Pickering.

THIS beautiful edition has now commenced the works of our only English epic poet; and we need not add that the volumes devoted to Milton will be the most valuable among the collection. Nothing very new can now be elicited in a life of Milton; but the greatest care has been bestowed by Mr. Mitford in comparing and collecting his authorities; and his memoir has been compiled in a strict spirit of antiquarian research. Much pains has been bestowed on the question of the sale of the "Paradise Lost." That Milton certainly met not with that present and high reward, that great and instant popularity, which should have heralded his glorious futurity, is what no one can deny; still, considering the complete downfal of his party, and the state of literature at the time, the sale of his great work was better than could have been expected.

"He sold his copy to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred of the first edition should be sold: again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies. The first edition was of the poem in ten books, in small quarto, which were advertised, plainly and neatly bound, at the price of three shillings. The titles were varied, in order to circulate the edition in 1667, 1668, 1669. Of these there were no less than five. An advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and inserted in others: and, from variations in the text, it would appear that single pages were cancelled and reprinted. The sale gave him in two years a right to his second payment; for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was not given till 1674, and was printed in small octavo; and the number of books was increased to twelve, by a division of the seventh and twelfth, with the introduction of a few connecting lines. He did not live to receive the payment stipulated for this impression. The third edition was published in 1678, and his widow agreed with Simmons the printer to receive eight pounds as her right, and gave him a general release, dated April 29, 1681. Simmons covenanted to transfer the right for twenty-five pounds to Brabazen Aylmer, a bookseller, and Aylmer sold to Jacob Tonson half of it, August 17, 1683; and the other half, March 24, 1690, at a price considerably advanced."

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A very beautiful and just piece of criticism winds up the memoir.

"In Milton was united, for the first and perhaps for the last time, the imagination of the poet and the belief of the puritan—of materials so opposite was his exalted character composed; yet both were perhaps equally necessary for the erection of the costly fabric of his fame. Had he not been a poet, he would not have been distinguished above other men of like persuasion with himself; men of vigorous minds and unquestioned integrity, the Vanes, the Sydneys, the Fleetwoods, of the age. As a scholar, perhaps he would have still stood eminently distinguished and alone; but Harrington excelled him in political wisdom, and Hall and other prelates in theological learning. Had he not been imbued with the austere feelings, the solemn and severe religion of the puritans, we should indeed still have possessed from his genius creations of surpassing beauty; but they would have been altogether of a different kind. We should have had the enchantments of Comus, the sounds of revelry, and Circe's cup; but we should have wanted the songs of a higher mood, the voice of woe, the sorrows and the pride of the Hebrew captive. We should not have been carried back, as it were by vision, into the dark and austere learning of the Sanhedrim, and had the teraphim, and the ephod, pall and mitre, and 'the old flamen's vestry,' brought before our eyes. We should still have possessed the noblest epic of modern days; but its argument would not have been the talk of angels, the sullen despair, or the haughty resolves of rebellious spirits, the contrition of fallen man, or the decrees of eternal wisdom. We should have had tales of chivalrous emprise, 'of gentle knights that pricked along the plain,' the cruelty of inexorable beauty, and the achievements of unconquerable love. Its scenes would not have been laid in the bowers of paradise, or by the 'thunderous throne' of heaven, nor where the wings of the cherubim fan the mercy-seat; but amid royal halls, in the palaces of magicians, and islands of enchantment. Instead of the serpent, with hairy mane, and eye of carbuncle, gliding among the myrtle thickets of Eden, we should have jousts and tournaments, the streaming of gonfalons, the glitter of dancing plumes, the wailing of barbaric trumpets, and the sound of silver clarions: battles fiercer than that of Fontarabia, and fields more gorgeous than that of the Cloth of Gold. What crowds of pilgrims and of palmers should we not have beheld journeying to and fro with shell and staff of ivory, filling the port of Joppa with their galleys? What youthful warriors, the flowers of British chivalry, should we not have seen caparisoned, and in quest of the holy Sangreal? The world of reality and the world of vision would have been equally exhausted to supply the materials. The odours would have been wafted from the 'weeping woods' of Araby; the dazzling mirrors would have been of solid diamond; and the flowers would have been amaranths, from the land of faëry. Every warrior would have been clothed in pyropus and in adamant. We should have watched in battle, not the celestial sword of Michael, but the enchanted Caliburn; we should have had, not the sorrows of Eve, and the fall of Adam, but the loves of Angelica, or the exploits of Arthur."

Waverley Novels, Vol. XXXI. Quentin Durward, Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

THIS popular portion of Sir Walter's romances is ushered in by a very pleasant introduction, with less of anecdote than some of its predecessors, but containing some most admirable remarks on the decline of chivalry, and a no less admirable summary of the character of Louis XI. and its influence. We quote two of the notes. Cards, it is said, were invented for the amusement of Charles V.

"The alleged origin of the invention of cards, produced one of the shrewdest replies I have ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation, he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. 'And do you seriously say, doctor,' said the learned counsel, 'that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?' 'I am no card-player,' said the doctor, with great address, 'but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king.' The consequences of this reply were decisive."

Speaking of the gipsies—

"Their first appearance in Europe took place in the beginning of the fifteenth century, when various bands of this singular people appeared in the different countries of Europe. They claimed an Egyptian descent, and their features attested that they were of Eastern origin. The account given by these singular people was, that it was appointed to them, as a penance, to travel for a certain number of years. This apology was probably selected as being most congenial to the superstitions of the countries which they visited. Their appearance, however, and manners, strongly contradicted the allegation that they travelled from any religious motive. Their dress and accoutrements were at once showy and squalid; those who acted as captains and leaders of any horde, and such always appeared as their commanders, were arrayed in dresses of the most showy colours, such as scarlet or light green; were well mounted; assumed the title of dukes and counts, and affected considerable consequence. The rest of the tribe were most miserable in their diet and apparel, fed without hesitation on animals which had died of disease, and were clad in filthy and scanty rags, which hardly sufficed for the ordinary purposes of common decency. Their complexion was positively Eastern, approaching to that of the Hindoos. Their manners were as depraved as their appearance was poor and beggarly. The men were in general thieves, and the women of the most abandoned character. The few arts which they studied with success were of a slight and idle, though ingenious description. They practised working in iron, but never upon any great scale. Many were good sportsmen, good musicians, and masters, in a word, of all those trivial arts, the practice of which is little better than mere idleness. But their ingenuity never ascended into industry. Two or three other peculiarities seem to have distinguished them in all countries. Their pretensions to read fortunes, by palmistry and by astrology, acquired them sometimes respect, but oftener drew them under suspicion as sorcerers; and lastly, the universal accusation that they augmented their horde by stealing children, subjected them to doubt and execration. From this it happened, that the pretension set up by these wanderers, of being pilgrims in the act of penance, although it was at first admitted, and in many instances obtained them protection from the governments of the countries through which they travelled, was afterwards totally disbelieved, and they were considered as incorrigible rogues and vagrants; they incurred almost every where sentence of banishment, and, where suffered to remain, were rather objects of persecution than of protection from the law. There is a curious and accurate account of their arrival in France, in the Journal of a Doctor of Theology, which is preserved and published by the learned Pasquier. The following is an extract:—'On August 27th, 1427, came to Paris twelve penitents, *penanciers*, (penance doers,) as they called themselves, viz. a duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that, not long before, the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain of being put to death. Those who were baptized were great lords in their own country, and had a king and queen there. Soon after their conversion, the Saracens overran the country, and obliged them to renounce Christianity. When the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, and other Christian princes, heard of this, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit the country, and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance to wander over the world, without lying in a bed. They had been wandering five years when they came to Paris first; the principal people, and soon after the commonalty, about 100 or 120, reduced (according to their own account) from 1000 to 200, when they went from home, the rest being dead, with their king and queen. They were lodged by the police at some distance from the city, at Chapel St. Denis. Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and wore two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black, their hair curled; the women remarkably black, their only clothes a large old duffle garment, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord, and under it a miserable rocket. In short, they were the most poor miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France; and, notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes, and what was worse, they picked people's pockets of their money, and got it into their own, by telling these things through airy magic, et cætera.' Notwithstanding the ingenious account of themselves rendered by these gipsies, the Bishop of Paris ordered a friar, called Le Petit Jacobin, to preach a sermon, excommunicating all the men and women who had had recourse to these Bohemians on the subject of the future, and shewn their hands for that purpose. They departed from Paris for Pontoise in the month of September. Pasquier remarks upon this singular journal, that however the story of a penance savours of a trick, these people wandered up and down France, under the eye, and with the knowledge, of the magistrates, for more than a hundred years; and it was not till 1561, that a sentence of banishment was passed against them in that kingdom. The arrival of the Egyptians (as these singular people were called) in various parts of Europe, corresponds with the period in which Timur or Tamerlane invaded Hindostan, affording its natives the choice between the Koran and death. There can be little doubt that these wanderers consisted originally of the

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Hindostanee tribes, who, displaced, and flying from the sabres of the Mahommedans, undertook this species of wandering life, without well knowing whither they were going. It is natural to suppose the band, as it now exists, is much mingled with Europeans, but most of these have been brought up from childhood among them, and learned all their practices. It is strong evidence of this, that when they are in closest contact with the ordinary peasants around them, they still keep their language a mystery. There is little doubt, however, that it is a dialect of the Hindostanee, from the specimens produced by Grellman, Hoyland, and others, who have written on the subject. But the author has, besides their authority, personal occasion to know, that an individual, out of mere curiosity, and availing himself with patience and assiduity of such opportunities as offered, has made himself capable of conversing with any gipsy whom he meets; or can, like the royal Hal, drink with any tinker in his own language. The astonishment excited among these vagrants on finding a stranger participant of their mystery, occasions very ludicrous scenes. It is to be hoped this gentleman will publish the knowledge he possesses on so singular a topic. There are prudential reasons for postponing this disclosure at present; for although much more reconciled to society since they have been less the objects of legal persecution, the gipsies are still a ferocious and vindictive people. But notwithstanding this is certainly the case, I cannot but add, from my own observation of nearly fifty years, that the manners of these vagrant tribes are much ameliorated; — that I have known individuals amongst them who have united themselves to civilised society, and maintain respectable characters; — and that great alteration has been wrought in their cleanliness and general mode of life."

A very spirited group, Durward's meeting with the king, by Bonington, is the frontispiece. The vignette is pretty; but the attitude of Jacqueline has somewhat both of affectation and constraint.

Newton Forster; or, the Merchant Service. By the Author of the "King's Own." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

We know few writers of the present day who have more reality in their sketching than Captain Marryatt—both vigorous and original, he gives at once life and interest to his scenes; few writers, either, have made greater improvement since their first appearance than he has; and we do not hesitate to give the preference to *Newton Forster*, in comparison with any of his works. Perhaps the opening of the *King's Own*, with its terrible appeal to the deepest sympathy of our nature, is Captain Marryatt's finest effort; but as a whole, we think, both for variety and sustained interest, *Newton Forster* must have the preference.

It came to us so late in the week that we can only give one illustrative extract. The hero has, by the malignity of the commander of a trading brig, been left on board in a sinking vessel.

"We must now relate what had occurred on deck during the struggle of Newton to escape from his prison. At one o'clock, Jackson had calculated that in an hour, or less, the brig would strike on the reef. He took the helm from the man who was steering, and told him that he might go below. Previous to this, he had been silently occupied in coiling the hawser before the door of Newton's cabin, it being his intention to desert the brig, with the seamen, in the long-boat, and leave Newton to perish. When the brig dashed upon the reef, which she did with great violence, and the crew hurried upon deck, Jackson, who was calm, immediately proceeded to give the orders which he had already arranged in his mind; and the coolness with which they were given quieted the alarm of the seamen, and allowed them time to recall their scattered senses. This, however, proved unfortunate for Jackson. Had they all hurried in the boat at once, and shoved off, he would in all probability have been permitted to go with them, and Newton, in the hurry of their self-preservation, would have been forgotten; but his cool behaviour restored their confidence, and, unhappily for him, gave the seamen time to reflect. Every one was in the boat; for Jackson had quietly prepared and put into her what he considered requisite, when one of the men called out for Newton. 'D—n Newton now!—save your own lives, my lads. Quick in the boat, all of you.' 'Not without Mr. Newton!' cried the men, unanimously. 'Jump down, Tom Williams, and see where he is; he must sleep devilish sound.' The sailor sprung down the companion hatch, where he found the hawser coiled against the door, and heard Newton struggling inside. It was enough. He hastened on deck and told his companions; adding, that 'it would take half an hour to get the poor fellow out, and that's longer than we dare stay, for in ten minutes the brig will be to pieces.' 'It is you, you murdering rascal, who did it!' cried the man to Jackson. 'I'll tell you what, my lads, if poor Mr. Newton is to die, let this scoundrel keep him company.' A general shout proclaimed the acquiescence of the other seamen in this act of retributive justice. Jackson, with a loud oath, attempted to spring into the boat, but was repelled by the seamen: again he made the attempt with dreadful imprecations. He was on the plane-sheer of the brig, and about to make a spring, when a blow from a handspike (the same handspike with which he had murdered the unfortunate seaman) struck him senseless, and he fell back into the lee-scuppers. The boat then shoved off, and had not gained more than two cables' lengths from the vessel, when Newton effected his escape and ran on deck. The brig had now beat up so high on the reef, that she remained firmly fixed upon it; and the tide having ebbed considerably, she was less exposed to the beating of the waves. The sun was also about to make his appearance, and it was broad daylight when Jackson first came to his recollection. His brain whirled, his ideas were confused, and he had but a faint reminiscence of what had occurred. He felt that the water washed his feet, and with a sort of instinct he rose and staggered up to windward. In so doing, without perceiving him, he stumbled over the body of Newton, who also was roused up by the shock. A few moments passed before either could regain his scattered senses; and, at the same time, both sitting up on the deck, at about a yard distant, they discovered and recognised each other. Newton was the more collected of the two, for Jackson's insensibility had been occasioned by bodily—his by mental concussion. The effect of the blow was still felt by Jackson; and although recovered from the stupor, a dull, heavy sensation affected his eyesight, and confused his ideas. The sight of Newton went far to recover Jackson, who started up as if to grapple with the object of his hatred. Newton was on his legs at the same moment, and retreating, seized upon the handspike which lay on the deck, close to where Jackson had been struck down, and placed himself in an attitude of defence. Not a word was exchanged between them. They remained a few seconds in this position, when Jackson, whose brain was again affected by the violence of his feelings, dropped down upon the deck in a renewed state of insensibility. Newton had now time to look about him, and the prospect was anything but cheering. It was almost low water, and in every direction he perceived reefs of coral rock, and large banks of sand, with deep channels between them, through which the tide flowed rapidly. The reef upon which the brig had been grounded was of sharp coral; and, in the deeper parts, the trees could be discerned, extending a submarine forest of boughs: but it was evident that the reef upon which the vessel lay was, as well as most of the others, covered at high water. As a means of escape, a small boat was still hanging over the stern, which Newton was able to manage either with her sails or her oars, as might be required. As there was no time to be lost, and the only chance of escape remained with the boat, Newton commenced his arrangements. The masts and sails were found, and the latter bent;—a keg was filled with water,—a compass taken out of the binnacle,—a few pieces of beef, and some bread collected in a bag, and thrown in. He also procured some bottles of wine and cider from the cabin: these he stowed away carefully in the little locker, which was fitted under the stern-sheets of the boat. In an hour every thing was ready; and, throwing into her some pieces of spare rope, and a small grapnel to anchor with, there being still sufficient water alongside to float her, Newton gradually lowered one tackle and then another, until the boat was safe in the water. He then hauled her up alongside, made her fast by the painter, and stepped her mast. All was now ready;—but to leave Jackson to be washed away by the returning tide, when the brig would unquestionably go to pieces?—Newton could not do it. True, he had sought his life, and still displayed the most inveterate rancour towards him; and Newton felt convinced that no future opportunity would occur that his enemy would not profit by to insure his destruction. Yet, to leave him—a murderer!—with all his sins upon his soul, to be launched so unprepared into the presence of an offended Creator!—It was impossible—it was contrary to his nature and to the religion which he professed. How could he hope for the Divine assistance in his perilous undertaking, when he embarked on it, regardless of the precept to forgive his enemy? Newton ascended to that part of the deck where Jackson laid, and roused him. Jackson awoke as from a deep sleep, and then stared at Newton, who, as a precaution, held the handspike in his hand. 'Mr. Jackson,' said Newton, 'I have roused you to let you know that the boat is now ready, and that I am going to shove off.' Jackson, who recollected the scene of the previous night, and perceived Newton standing over him with the handspike, appeared wholly unnerved. In point of muscular power, Newton was his superior, independent of the weapon in his possession. 'Not without me! not without me!' cried Jackson, raising himself on his knees. 'For mercy's sake, Mr. Newton, do not leave me to this horrid death!' 'You would have left me to one even more dreadful,' replied Newton. 'I beg your pardon!—Pardon me, Mr. Newton, I was drunk at the time—indeed I was. I don't know what I do when I'm in liquor. Don't leave me! I'll obey your orders, and do any thing you wish! I'll wait upon you as your servant!—I will indeed, Mr. Newton!'

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'I neither ask that you will obey my orders, nor wait upon me,' replied Newton. 'All I request is, that you will lay aside your wanton animosity, and exert yourself to save your life. For what you have already attempted against me, may God forgive you, as I do! For what you may hereafter attempt, you will find me prepared. Now follow me into the boat.' Without farther exchange of words, Newton, followed by Jackson, went into the boat and shoved off. The weather was moderate and the wind light. There were two islets which Newton had marked, which apparently were not covered at high water, one about ten miles distant, in the supposed direction of the land, for Newton had shrewdly guessed the locality of the reef; and the other about two miles from the first, farther out, with trees growing to the water's edge. To this latter Newton proposed pulling, and waiting there until the next morning. When they were both in the boat, Newton, finding that the wind was contrary, unshipped the mast, and taking the foremost oar, that Jackson might not sit behind him, desired him to take the other. The tide, which was now flood, and swept out to the southward, obliged them to pull at an angle to reach their intended destination. It was not until sunset that, with great exertion, they fetched the island nearest to the land, not the one that was covered with trees, as they had intended. As soon as the boat was secured, exhausted with fatigue they both threw themselves down on the sand, where they remained for some time. Having recovered a little, Newton procured from the boat some of the supplies which they required, and after satisfying their hunger in silence, they both lay down to repose. Newton, who was still afraid of Jackson's diabolical enmity, which his silence implied to be again at work, closed his eyes, and pretended for some time to be asleep. As soon as it was dark he rose, and first listening to the breathing of his comrade, who appeared to be in a sound slumber, he walked away from him about one hundred yards, so that it would be difficult to find him; he placed the handspike under his head for a piliow, and, worn out with mental and bodily fatigue, was soon in a state of oblivion. His sleep, although profound for three or four hours, was subsequently restless. The mind, when agitated, watches for the body, and wakes it at the time it should be on the alert. Newton woke up: it was not yet daylight, and all was hushed. He turned round, intending to get up immediately; yet, yielding to the impulse of wearied nature, he again slumbered. Once he thought that he heard a footstep, roused himself, and listened; but all was quiet and still, except the light wave rippling on the sand. Again he was roused by a sort of grating noise; he listened, and all was quiet. A third time he was roused by a sound like the flapping of a sail: he listened—he was sure of it, and he sprung upon his feet. It was dawn of day, and as he turned his eyes towards the beach, he perceived to his horror that the boat was indeed under sail, Jackson, who was in it, then just hauling aft the main-sheet, and steering away from the island. Newton ran to the beach, plunged into the sea, and attempted to regain the boat; but he was soon out of his depth, and the boat running away fast through the water. He shouted to Jackson, as a last attempt. The scoundrel waved his hand in ironical adieu, and continued his course. 'Treacherous villain!' mentally exclaimed Newton, as his eyes followed the boat: 'was it for this that I preserved your life in return for your attempts on mine? Here, then, must I die of starvation!—God's will be done!' exclaimed he aloud, as he sat down on the beach, and covered his face with his hands."

In conclusion, we have only to remark, that Captain Marryatt's real-life scenes are very forcible; that they display much good feeling, though (even still) somewhat wanting in good taste; and that his chief fault is in his pseudo humour, which too often runs into extravagance, or degenerates into coarseness: but take him all in all, with his faults and his merits, he is one of the most original, striking, and powerful authors of the day.

Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.

(Second Notice.)

FERTILE as the last ten years have been in memoir-writers, the product of the last century is yet unexhausted. The truth is, it is scarcely possible to exhaust the records of a period so abounding with great men, so crowded with extraordinary events. To compile a history of Napoleon would require talents almost equal to his own; but, in the meantime, every possible material is being supplied, and every facility is being afforded, for trying truth by that best test,—comparison. Written with all the liveliness of a clever woman, and with all the advantages of near observation, these memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes combine great interest and entertainment. She has evidently her prejudices, and we doubt her being always an irrefragable authority; not so much, we readily admit, from intentional falsehood, as from that self-deception to which all are more or less liable. One prominent error the authors, like the narrators, of events generally commit,—they pre-suppose motives, and then deduce their consequences, and forget how much an action is changed by the colour given it by ourselves. Madame Junot had unusual opportunities for studying Napoleon: her mother was the intimate friend of his mother; as a young man, he was continually at their house; and she afterwards was wife to one of his favourite generals. We doubt, however, very much whether the envy attendant on such a position did not marvellously obscure the judgment: none of Napoleon's earlier friends seem ever to have forgiven his success. The opening scenes in the future emperor's life are of extreme interest: we quote one or two instances.

"'I believe,' said Albert one day to my mother, 'that the poor young man feels keenly his dependent situation.' 'But,' exclaimed my mother, 'his situation is not dependent; and I trust you have not made him feel that he is not quite at home while he stays here.' 'Albert is not wrong in this matter,' said my father, who happened to be present. 'Napoleon suffers on account of his pride; but it is a pride not to be censured. He knows you; he knows, too, that your family and his are in Corsica equal with regard to fortune. He is the son of Letitia Bonaparte, and Albert is yours—I believe that you are even related; now he cannot easily reconcile all this with the immense difference in the education he receives as a *boursier* in the military school, separated from his family, and deprived of those attentions which he sees lavishingly bestowed upon our children.' 'But you are describing envy, not pride,' replied my mother. 'No, there is a great difference between envy and the feelings by which this young man is disturbed; and I fancy I know the human heart well enough to understand the workings of his. He suffers, and perhaps more keenly in our house than elsewhere. You are warm-hearted, but you cannot comprehend how misplaced kindness may sometimes fail to effect a cure. When you wished to make use of the credit of M. de Falgueyretes to obtain leave of absence for Napoleon for more than a day or two, I told you you were doing wrong. You would not listen to me. The warmth of your friendship for the mother has caused you to place the son in a continually painful situation; for painful it must be, since the reflection will recur to him: Why is not my family situated like this?' 'Absurd!' cried my mother: 'to reason thus would be both foolish and wicked in him.' 'He would be neither more foolish nor wicked than the rest of the world. It is but feeling like a man. What is the reason he has been in a constant state of ill humour since his arrival here? Why does he so loudly declaim against the *indecent luxury* (to use his own words) of all his comrades? Why? but because he is every moment making a comparison between their situation and his own! He thinks it ridiculous that these young men should keep servants when he has none. He finds fault with two courses at dinner, because when they have their *pic-nics* he is unable to contribute his share. The other day I was told by Durmarsay, the father of one of his comrades, that it was in agitation to give one of the masters a *déjeûné*, and that each scholar would be expected to contribute a sum, certainly too large for such boys. Napoleon's reprehension is so far just. Well! I saw him this morning, and found him more than usually gloomy. I guessed the reason, and broke the ice at once by offering him the small sum he wanted for the occasion. He coloured deeply, but presently his countenance resumed its usual pale yellow hue. He refused my offer.' 'That was because you did not make it with sufficient delicacy,' cried my mother: 'you men are always such bunglers.' 'When I saw the young man so unhappy,' continued my father, without being disconcerted by my mother's warmth of manner, to which he was accustomed, 'I invented an untruth, which Heaven will doubtless pardon. I told him that before his father expired in our arms at Montpelier, he gave me a small sum, to be applied to the wants of his son in cases of emergency. Napoleon looked at me steadfastly, with so scrutinising a gaze that he almost intimidated me. 'Since this money comes from my father, sir,' said he, 'I accept it; but had it been a loan, I could not have received it. My mother has already too many burdens, and I must not increase them by expenses beyond my means, particularly when they are imposed upon me by the stupid folly of my comrades.'"

The influence of that prejudice which seems to run through these memoirs is strongly marked here: no allowance is made for the pride of a high spirit shrinking from obligation; no suspicion entertained that "l'aimable Albert," who, as we are afterwards informed, "painted like Vernet, whose pupil he was—who played on the harp much better than Krumpholtz, his master—and who made verses like an angel," might, nevertheless, not be the most suitable companion to a mind like Buonaparte's, who would value energies more than accomplishments;—and, what strikes us still more, not the slightest appreciation of the good and high feeling which shunned an encroachment on his mother's necessities.

Marianne Buonaparte at Saint-Cyr.

"One day my mother and some other members of my family went on a visit to Saint-Cyr, and Bonaparte accompanied them. Marianne

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came into the parlour very melancholy, and at the first word that was addressed to her she burst into tears. My mother embraced her, and endeavoured to console her. It was some time before Marianne would tell the cause of her distress. At length my mother learned that one of the young ladies (Mademoiselle de Montluc) was to leave the school in a week, and that the pupils of her class intended giving her a little entertainment on her departure. Every one had contributed, but Marianne could not give any thing because her allowance of money was nearly exhausted—she had only six francs remaining. 'If I give the six francs,' said she, 'I shall have nothing left, and I shall not receive my allowance for six weeks to come: besides, six francs are not enough.' Napoleon's first movement, as my mother told me when she related this anecdote, was to put his hand into his pocket. However, a moment's reflection assured him that he should find nothing there; and he checked himself, coloured slightly, and stamped his foot. My mother could not refrain from laughing when she thought of the singular resemblance between the luncheon of Saint-Cyr and the breakfast of the military school at Paris; and she mentioned this in Greek to my uncle. The coincidence was easily explained; both the brother and sister were *boursiers* (free pupils) in the schools, at which there were, at the same time, the children of many noble and wealthy families. Now, the Bonaparte family were poor; this fact was openly acknowledged by M. Bonaparte, the father, when he wrote to the minister of war for the purpose of getting Lucien placed at Brienne. A great deal of discussion has been started on the question of the wealth or poverty of the Bonaparte family. The reproaches which have been founded on their supposed poverty are too contemptible for notice; and in my opinion it matters little what were the pecuniary circumstances of the family before they entered upon that career of greatness which the genius and fortune of Napoleon opened to them. But we will return to Marianne. My mother asked her what money she wanted; the sum was small,—ten or twelve francs. My mother gave her the money, and her distress was ended. When they got into the carriage, Napoleon, who had restrained his feelings in the presence of his sister, vented violent invectives against the detestable system of such establishments as the Saint-Cyr and the military schools. It was evident that he deeply felt the humiliation of his sister. My uncle, who was of a hasty temper, soon got out of patience at the bitterness with which he expressed himself, and made some observations which were not very agreeable to him. Napoleon was silent immediately; for at that time young people were educated in the observance of great respect to those who were older than themselves; but his heart was full: he soon brought back the conversation to the same subject; and at length his language became so violent, that my uncle exclaimed, 'Silence! it ill becomes you, who are educated by the king's bounty, to speak as you do.' I have often heard my mother say that she thought Napoleon would have been stifled with rage. He was pale and red in the space of a moment. 'I am not educated at the king's expense,' said he; 'but at the expense of the state.' 'A fine distinction, truly!' returned my uncle. 'Is not the king the state? I will not suffer you to speak thus disrespectfully of your benefactor in my presence.' 'I will say nothing that may be displeasing to you, sir,' replied the young man; 'only give me leave to add, that *if I were the sovereign*, and had power to alter these regulations, I would change them, so that they should be for the advantage of all.'"

We proceed to a noble act of his. Through the intrigues of Salicetti, he had been arrested, and his name struck off the list of generals: how he felt this, one single phrase of his own will best express.

"Bonaparte had in general a bad delivery; I mean to say, he was not eloquent in his manner of expressing himself. His concise style took from his language that air of courtesy, or, at least, of elegance, which is indispensable to the most ordinary conversation. The fact is, he was only eloquent at moments when his heart expanded: then it was, as the fairy legends say, that pearls and rubies dropped from his mouth. The present was one of those occasions; and the unfortunate men who had just suffered, found in Bonaparte an admirable panegyrist. Far different was his language towards Salicetti, Fréron, and all those, who, he said, wanted to renew the reign of terror. The mention of these names led him to speak of himself, and of his blighted hopes, and his misfortunes. 'Yet I am only twenty-six years old,' exclaimed he, striking his forehead —'only twenty-six.'"

Salicetti is, in his turn, denounced. Madame de Permon gives him an asylum in her house, which, however, she denies when warned of the danger by Bonaparte, who seems convinced. They escape from Paris; and at the first stage the following letter is placed in Madame de Permon's hands.

"'I never like to be thought a dupe. I should seem to be one in your eyes, if I did not tell you that I knew of Salicetti's place of concealment more than twenty days ago. You may recollect, Madame Permon, what I said to you on the first Prairial. I was almost morally certain of the fact; now I know it positively. You see, then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. In so doing, I should only have avenged myself; but you injured me, when I had never offended you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at this moment? I might have taken my revenge; but I did not. Perhaps you will say that your benefactress was your safeguard. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But alone, unarmed, and an outlaw, your life would have been sacred to me. Go, seek in peace an asylum where you may learn to cherish better sentiments for your country. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent, and appreciate my motives. Madame Permon, my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenceless beings. May Providence and a friend's prayers protect you! Be cautious, and do not stay in the large towns through which you may have to pass. Adieu!'"

Napoleon's contempt for the race of exquisites, or, as they were then called, "incroyables," is continually expressed.

"He had just then received a letter from his mother, in which she observed, that the reaction would probably deluge the south of France in blood. 'It is those royalist *muscadins*,' said Napoleon, 'who are making all this uproar. They would be very glad to glean after the battle of the patriots. What fools there are in that Convention! They are all worthless Frenchmen.' The young men to whom Bonaparte alluded wore grey great-coats with black collars and green cravats. Their hair, instead of being *à la Titus*, which was the prevailing fashion of the day, was powdered, plaited, and turned up with a comb, while on each side of the face hung two long curls called dogs'-ears (*oreilles de chien*). As these young men were very frequently attacked, they carried about with them large sticks, which were not always merely weapons of defence; for the frays which arose in Paris at that time were often provoked by them."

Again:

"On Bonaparte's return to Paris, after the misfortunes of which he accused Salicetti of being the cause, he was in very destitute circumstances. His family, who were banished from Corsica, found an asylum at Marseilles; and they could not now do for him what they would have done had they been in the country whence they derived their pecuniary resources. From time to time he received remittances of money, and I suspect they came from his excellent brother Joseph, who had then recently married Mademoiselle Clary; but with all his economy, these supplies were insufficient. Bonaparte was, therefore, in absolute distress. Junot often used to speak of the six months they passed together in Paris at this time. When they took an evening stroll on the Boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men mounted on fine horses, and displaying all the luxury which they were permitted to shew at that time, Bonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt for the dandies with their whiskers and their *oreilles de chien*, who, as they rode past, were eulogising in ecstasy the manner in which Madame Scio sang *Paole pafumée, paole panachée.** 'And it is on such beings as these,' he would say, 'that Fortune confers her favours: Grand Dieu! how contemptible is human nature!'"

[To be continued.]

A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Husband and Wife, in Two Parts; to which is added, a Third Part, comprising the Laws relating to Breach of Promise of Marriage, Seduction, and Abduction. By a Solicitor. 8vo. pp. 240. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

We were rather unlucky in our first opening of this volume: expecting to find a grave dissertation on the topics mentioned in the title-page, we stumbled on the following paragraph apropos of the cause "Foote *v.* Hayne."

"The excitement on this occasion was chiefly amongst the more respectable classes of society; and early in the morning a crowd began to assemble on the outside of the court. On the opening of the court the rush was tremendous, and the tumult such, that the Lord Chief Justice directed, that if order could not be maintained, a requisition for assistance should be despatched to the Secretary of State's Office. There were present two noblemen and several other persons of rank."

In the next case cited at length—"Rex *v.* Wakefield and others"—after saying, "the two younger Wakefields were fashionably dressed," which, we presume, lays down some useful axiom of law—we are then informed, that "Miss Turner was called into the box, and her appearance excited a great sensation in court. She was a pretty, genteel girl; and though she appeared to labour under considerable apprehension at first, she recovered her self-possession, and gave her evidence in a mild, but firm and collected manner, and with the greatest clearness. Mr. Wakefield sat directly opposite to her; but she kept her eyes fixed upon the jury-box, and scarcely moved them during the whole of her examination."

* "This affected mode of dropping the *r* was common among the dandies of that time, or as they used to be called the *incroyables*."

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We have not been accustomed to these enlivening details in the usual course of reading legal reports; and however much they may please the generality of trial-readers, as such trials are found reported in the newspapers, we must take the liberty to doubt their necessity or usefulness in a work professedly of legal instruction. The fact is, the whole book is of flimsy construction, giving little information to the legal student beyond the common-places of its subject: and the third division is even of slighter materials than the first two parts—the trials noticed above forming its chief contents. The investigation requires deeper thought, more intense study, and more attentive labour, than our solicitor has bestowed upon it.

The Legal Examiner. 1831. Maxwell.

A NEW periodical, under the above title, has made its appearance, to enlighten the rising lawyers of the present day. We have looked over the first three numbers, which contain no very deep learning or black-letter knowledge; but their contents are of that description which students will do well to acquire and retain. The reports of cases seem to go very little beyond the newspapers—nor (as such publications are now conducted) is this perhaps necessary in a work like the present; but the title promises something beyond this. The great objection in our minds to these *brochures* is, the desultory style of reading with which they imbue the students, who find no one subject on which to fix their attention, but pass too quickly

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

The law requires in its votaries a deeper attention, and closer study, than these kinds of works afford; yet we must ever bestow some praise on any book which endeavours to make an abstruse science more pleasing and more facile to those who pursue it. Of such is the *Legal Examiner*.

May You like It. By Charles B. Tayler, M.A., author of "Is this Religion?" and "A Fireside Book." Fifth Edition, corrected. 2 vols. London, 1832. Tilt.

IT is now some years since we first gave that cordial praise which these charming little volumes so well deserved. Full of the poetry of feeling, keenly alive to the beautiful in nature and life, imbued with the deep and true spirit of religion—*May You like It* amply merited the success its simple and touching pages have obtained. The present new edition, neatly printed and prettily bound, will be a delightful Christmas present to our young friends.

A Popular Description of the Indigenous Plants of Lanarkshire, &c. By the Rev. W. Patrick. Edinburgh, 1831. D. Lizars.

THE aspect of the county of Lanark is varied and beautiful. A succession of forest, moorland, and mountain scenery, it comprises part of the basin of the majestic Clyde with its waterfalls and wooded dells, moors and heaths with coal and iron works, extensive sheets of water crowded with fish and wild-fowl, and desolate ranges of mountains long remarkable for their mineral treasures. A Flora of such a county is among the most interesting, from its variety and from its characteristic peculiarities. Our author has premised with some useful details on geological structure; and we are happy to see that he embraces the conception of the age of the older rocks, which has been obtained from a careful study of the metalliferous deposits of Leadhills and Wanlochhead. There is much wanting to make this sketch perfect. The relative age of the sandstone has not yet been pointed out; we are ignorant of the date of elevation of the plutonic rocks; and there are unnoticed diluvial formations, which, in some cases, lie over the peat, and which are of considerable importance. This Flora does not include the cryptogamous plants; and the whole amount of species is 604, of which 146 are monocotyledons, and 783 dicotyledons. The most striking feature in the vegetation of Lanarkshire is in the moors and peat-bogs. It was in this county that we first studied the nature of these extensive formations in northern climates, and the results of our researches will not be found irrelevant to the subject. The plants which prevailed most on the dry steep land, and where the moss is merely a thin incrustation, were the *Erica tetralix* and *cinerea*, *Calluna vulgaris*, white fogs, yellow dry fogs (*Hypnum squarosum*, *filicimum*, and *rutabulum*), fox-foot, white bent, gouk bear (*Polytrichum commune*), with some few grasses of a stunted growth. The plants that abound on bent moss are stool bent, white bent, club rush, sage grasses (*Carices*), blue mountain grass, tormental, with some of the coarse grasses in a dwarfish state. The principal plants that grow upon and contribute to the formation of flow moss are, marsh fog, gouk bear, drab-coloured fog, cotton heads (*Eriophorum polystachion*, *vaginatum*, and *angustifolium*). These plants are apparently introduced, and their growth supported, by a redundancy of moisture in a cold climate. The juices, consisting chiefly of tannin, acid extract, and bitter principle, (probably gallic and suberic acids), give to the vegetable structure the power of resisting decomposition after life has terminated; and hence the formation of great bogs. The principle by which they become partly soluble, tinging the waters of the moorlands, is something similar to the partial solubility given to coffee by roasting. There are some curious observations which we made on the mode of succession of these plants, so as to affect the gradual elevation of the bog; and there are also a number of vagabond plants, lending beauty to these desolate tracts, which we have not space to describe. It is impossible to overcome the prejudices of education by critical severity, or we would ask the author, if determined to persevere in the artificial arrangement in his little work, whether it would not have been advisable to have printed a list of the species in their natural order, as an accompaniment? Plants of the same families grow oftentimes in similar places, and a list of this kind is a picture of the vegetation of the district. Their geographical distribution would be more easily understood, and the terms of comparison contained in the numerical proportion of the different families would be at once obtained.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Pompeii, Vol. I. pp. 323. London, C. Knight.

WE cannot too highly express our admiration of this little volume, which is a model of perfection in the class of works to which it belongs. The subject is most interesting, and twenty quartos might fail to treat it better, or give us a clearer idea of it, with all its classical allusions and connexion with elegant literature. Whoever the editor is, he has executed his task with great fidelity, displaying ample information and a well-cultivated mind. To complete the extraordinary merit of this production, four plates on steel, and no fewer than a hundred and thirty-nine clever and characteristic woodcuts, illustrate its delightful text.

The Cabal: a Tale of the Reign of William the Fourth. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. J. Cochrane and Co.

To publish a novel in *two* volumes bespeaks moderation; and this is the great merit of the work before us. It is a political jumble, in which living characters are shewn up, but so mixed and confused in their traits, and in the events in which they are represented to figure, that it is impossible to individualise them, and the reader leaves off at the end, like the spectator of a phantasmagoria, where there is nothing real, and only shadowy resemblances.

Punch and Judy. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London, Reid.

THE public may tire of patent theatres, of tragedies, of operas, of all other scenic entertainments; but who ever tired of Punch? No one: and so here he is, all alive, from Cruikshank, in a third edition!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

POLAND!!

THE following is literally and absolutely original.—*Ed. L. G.*

SIR—You will forgive a fond father who sends you the effusion of his child, only eight years old! To Poland! animating subject! There are *faults*, but consider the tender age of the youth. I send them as the *not untalented* boy wrote them, though I must in fairness say, I have altered a line or two, perhaps *a little* for the better; but the child's age must be considered.

Line 12 stood originally—

"The name of Poland *o'er the world shall fly.*"

Line 14—

"Thy glorious name shall *never, never fall.*"

And, last, line 21—

"For a dread plague, *the chol'ra morbus called.*"

These are faults which an inexperienced youth can hardly fail to escape from. Who can be *perfect* at so young an age? Should you insert the enclosed in your earliest, you will goad on in the bright career of glory an infant *Campbell*, who may ultimately reach the envied goal of poetic distinction, and, at the same time, gratify a fond father who has *entirely* educated him, AND MADE HIM WHAT HE IS. I am, sir,

Your admirer and old subscriber,

L. L. B.

P.S.—I point out what I consider the superior passages by dots, thus ....* The *be* in line 10, I must own to be *my* correction—my son had written *is*.

O Poland! thou art not yet overthrown
By Russia vast (we may say *overgrown*)—
Russia, whose GRASPING ARMS almost extend
From Europe's INFANT POINT to Asia's end:
No, Poland! yet thy doom is not arrived,
Thy nation's glory has till now survived;
Well hast thou fought; and still fight on and bleed,
While all the world looks on the glorious deed.
Fight to the last, till every Pole be dead,
So shall thy fame more wide and far be spread;
And when the last of all the Poles shall die,
The name of Poland still shall live on high!
And though the Russians Poland Russia call,
Thy glorious name shall still survive o'er all.
Is *Warsaw* lost? still *Poland* lives, and burns
With glorious ardour, GREAT AND GRAND BY TURNS!
So fight! while yet another Pole remains,
AND DIE, TO COVER RUSSIA O'ER WITH STAINS.
The pitying gods are careful of your cause,
And seem to laud your efforts with applause;
For a *dread plague* (by mortals *morbus* called)
The Russian army long ago appalled,
And thinn'd their ranks, and mow'd them down like grass—
(It now has got to Sunderland, alas!)

* As these dots cannot conveniently be expressed in types, we have put the passages thus distinguished in the MS. in capitals.

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What then should stop your efforts to be free?
Fight on, and *so* you're surely so to be.
Look to the Greeks, and to the days of old—
IN WHAT THEY DID, YOUR STORY NOW IS TOLD;
So now let Warsaw strenuously go on,
AND SHE SHALL BE ANOTHER MARATHON.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair: — Mr. Brown's observations on the organs and mode of fecundation in *orchideæ* and *asclepiadeæ* were concluded. Linnæus, with many other botanists, and also Mr. Brown himself, from the peculiarities in the structure and relative position of the organs, considered the direct contact of the pollen masses and stigma as improbable; but from a series of observations instituted last spring on this family, the learned author has been induced to abandon his former opinion, and has now satisfied himself that the direct application of the pollen masses to the stigma is necessary to fecundation. In the *asclepiadeæ*, whose reproductive organs are analogous to those of *orchideæ*, it would appear that the agency of insects is absolutely necessary to extract the pollen masses from the cases in which they are enclosed, before actual fecundation can take place.

At the meeting on Tuesday evening Mr. Lambert was again in the chair. A paper by John Blackwall, Esq. F.L.S. was read, — on the means by which certain animals ascend the vertical surfaces of highly-polished bodies. The writer here combatted the idea of a vacuum being formed by the feet of such animals, and seemed to consider the secretion of a glutinous matter from these organs as favouring their ascent of smooth surfaces. There was also read at the same sitting, the first portion of a paper by Mr. Ogilby, B.A., entitled, "General history and distribution of marsupial animals, with original descriptions of those species which inhabit the continent of Australia and its dependencies." To the interesting contents of this paper we shall hereafter return.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting of this Society was held at Bruton Street on Thursday, Dec. 1; Mr. E. T. Bennet in the chair. There had been received during the last month at the museum 13*l.* 9*s.*; at the garden 195*l.*; total 208*l.* 9*s.* Various presents had been received for the museum and the menagerie; among the principal of which were four young ostriches, and a wild sow and pigs, presented by his Majesty; and a pair of ichneumons and a pair of Barbary mice, from Drummond Hay, Esq. H. M. consul at Tangier. A satisfactory statement was made of the funds of the Society; and it was announced that no new buildings were undertaken. Mr. Cox moved for the appointment of a committee to suggest to the council on the horticultural embellishment of the gardens; which was agreed to, and a committee was afterwards appointed. Mr. Sergeant Andrews gave notice of a motion, "that a certain part of the funds of the Society be reserved to accumulate for the formation of a museum."

NEW PATENTS

Granted by his Majesty for Inventions.—Sealed, 1831.

To Joshua Bates, of Bishopsgate Street, in the city of London, gentleman, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for an invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for roving, twisting, or spinning cotton, silk, wool, hemp, flax, or other fibrous substances. Sealed 27th October, for enrolment—6 months.

To Sarah Guppy, of Tarway House, Clifton, near Bristol, widow, for her having found out and invented a method of applying and arranging certain articles, parts or pieces of cabinet work, upholstery, and other articles commonly or frequently applied to bedsteads and hangings, and also others not hitherto so applied. 27th October—2 months.

James Macdonald, of the University Club House, Pall Mall East, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner residing abroad, for a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of bridges made of iron or other materials, which improvement or improvements are also applicable to the construction of piers, rail-roads, roofs, and other useful purposes. 31st October—6 months.

To George Minter, of Prince's Street, Soho, in the county of Middlesex, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, for his having invented a fastening for dining-tables and other purposes. 9th November—2 months.

To Thomas Brunton, of Park Square, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. for his having found out or discovered a new application or adaptation of certain apparatus for heating fluids or liquids, and generating steam for various useful purposes. 15th November—6 months.

To Thomas Brunton, of Park Square, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. and Thomas John Fuller, of the Commercial Road, Limehouse, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for their having found out and invented an improvement or improvements on certain mechanical apparatus applicable to the raising of water, and other useful purposes. 15th November—6 months.

To Arthur Howe Holdsworth, of Dartmouth, in the county of Devon, for his having invented improvements in the construction of rudders, and in the application of the same to certain descriptions of ships or vessels. 19th November—6 months.

To David Selden, of Liverpool, in the county palatine of Lancaster, merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for an invention of an improved carding and slubbing engine for wool and other fibrous substances. 22d November—6 months.

Newton and Berry.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Oct. 10th.—The first day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. Taylor, Brasennose College, Master of Hereford School; Rev. R. Smith, St. John's College; Rev. J. Slade, St. Alban Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.—G. E. C. Walker, Merton College.

Oct. 20th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. Phillimore, Student, Christ Church; Rev. W. F. Walker, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. C. Crawford, Magdalen Hall; E. A. Dayman, Fellow, T. L. Tovey, Exeter College.

Oct. 27th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—S. Hinds, Queen's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. R. Kenyon, Fellow, All Soul's College.

Masters of Arts.—T. C. Parr, Grand Compounder, G. Laire, C. R. Littledale, Student, Christ Church; Rev. E. Grimmett, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. Harding, University College; Rev. J. Hughes, Rev. J. Phelps, Scholar, Jesus College.

Bachelor of Arts.—C. W. Orde, Grand Compounder, University College.

Nov. 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. F. Cooper, Wadham College; Rev. J. C. Aldrich, Lincoln College; Rev. C. J. C. Bulteel, Balliol College; Rev. J. Fry, St. Edmund Hall; H. Norris, W. Pennefather, S. Everard, Balliol College; A. A. Franklyn, Exeter College; Hon. W. H. Spencer, Christ Church.

Nov. 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. R. Courtenay, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. H. L. Gabell, Christ Church; J. W. Wall, Fellow, New College; Rev. J. T. Bennet, J. Pearson, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Sneyd, Christ Church, Hon. S. Herbert, Oriel College, Grand Compounders; Hon. G. C. Talbot, C. H. Barham, Hon. E. H. Grimston, Christ Church; H. Hogarth, G. Murray, T. C. Vaughan, Magdalen Hall; T. W. S. Grasebrook, E. H. Dymocke, J. F. Lees, E. James, Brasennose College; J. Muckalt, H. Wells, Queen's College; J. Hext, W. Hocker, J. W. Scott, Exeter College; C. G. Prideaux, W. Mallock, J. E. E. Wilmot, Balliol College; G. Cox, W. Fortescue, Fellows, New College; J. C. Powell, Trinity College; E. Holcombe, J. Jones, Jesus College; H. Aldham, H. S. Dyer, Worcester College; E. Rolles, J. Kingdon, F. Thomas, Pembroke College; A. Buller, Oriel College; F. J. Ellis, Merton College.

Nov. 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—E. Bagnal, Magdalen Hall; T. D. Brown, J. C. Chaytor, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Bunbury, Grand Compounder, Oriel College; J. H. Dewhurst, Worcester College; J. S. Dolby, C. H. Barling, Lincoln College; J. Brooke, B. Lowther, Exeter College; W. Wayet, Queen's College.

Nov. 24th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. Mackenzie, Pembroke College; Rev. H. J. B. Wither, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—I. G. Overton, E. O. Trevelyan, Corpus Christi College; J. T. Mott, R. R. Dean, Christ Church; N. J. Merriman, Brasennose College; J. Seymer, St. Alban Hall; W. Borlase, Queen's College; G. Webster, J. F. D. Morris, Exeter College; J. P. Penson, Worcester College; J. Floyer, P. S. H. Payne, E. H. Grove, R. P. Turner, H. B. W. Churton, Balliol College; F. Jones, E. V. Neale, J. M. Chanter, Oriel College; J. B. Morgan, J. Osborne, Trinity College; J. Jones, Jesus College; J. Robertson, Pembroke College; E. Penny, A. P. Dunlap, Fellow, St. John's College.

Dec. 1st.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—C. Sargeaunt, Grand Compounder, Brasennose College; Rev. T. Eades, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Lord Ossulston, Christ Church; Rev. J. L. Galton, Edmund Hall; F. Baugh, Exeter College; J. Llewellin, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 10th.—The under-mentioned degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—G. W. Craufurd, Fellow, King's College; H. L. Jones, Fellow, C. D. Ratcliffe, Magdalen College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. E. Lord, S. J. Stowe, Trinity College; C. F. Childe, Emmanuel College; F. Skinner, Sidney College.

Oct. 26th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. E. Day, Sidney Sussex College, Compounder, Vicar of Billington, Yorkshire.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. J. Shaw, Trinity College; Rev. P. Gilpin, Christ's College; J. Gattey, Sidney Sussex College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. L. Figgins, G. Watts, Queen's College; J. C. Symons, Corpus Christi College; H. Matthew, Sidney Sussex College.

Nov. 5th.—The Seatonian Prize (for the best poem on "David playing the harp before Saul") has been awarded to the Rev. T. E. Hankinson, M.A. of Corpus Christi College; and the successful poem is, in the opinion of the examiners, of such merit as to entitle its author to receive 100*l.*

The subject of the Norrisian prize essay for the ensuing year is—"The intent and use of the gift of tongues in the Christian dispensation."

Nov. 16.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. D. Walford, Trinity College; R. S. Ellis, St. Peter's College; Rev. J. T. Campbell, Queen's College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—E. F. Acton, Trinity Hall; P. Laurie, St. Peter's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Wood (Compounder), R. C. Ward, Trinity College; T. Wharton, St. John's College; W. H. Bond, J. Hammond, Queen's College; H. W. Askew, Emmanuel College.

At a congregation held December 1st, Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. D.C.L. of Christ Church, and M.P. for the University of Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—A. Pearson, J. Pearson, jr. Wilson, Trinity College; G. Ware, St. Peter's College; C. M. G. Jarvis, Pembroke College; T. Nicholls, Trinity Hall; O. De Beauvoir Priaulx, Catharine Hall.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—T. M. Ready, Catharine Hall; Rev. T. Fardell, Queens' College.

Bachelor of Arts.—G. Hutton, Trinity College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

HIS Royal Highness the President in the chair.—The address delivered by the Duke at the anniversary, an outline of which appeared in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, was read. At its conclusion, Sir Astley Cooper introduced Mr. Coleman, Professor in the Veterinary College. In admitting Mr. Coleman, his Royal Highness warmly complimented him on the success which had attended his study and practice of that particular branch of physiology. The second section of Mr. Faraday's papers on experiments in electricity was also read. It detailed a variety of experiments, with their results and the author's deductions: these were, on the whole, confirmatory of M. Ampère's theory. Three or four gentlemen were elected fellows. His Royal Highness stated, in the course of the evening, that though the Council was guided by the Society's statutes in the expulsion of certain gentlemen who had forfeited their rank as fellows by non-payment of their subscriptions, the opinion of the Society's law-officer would be had on the subject; and it might appear, in the end, that they could be reinstated. Some very eminent persons are amongst the excluded.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM in the chair. Mr. Hallam exhibited a twisted gold ornamant, sent by Mr. Hayes, found on the estate of Sir William

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Boothby, Bart., in the township of Ashbourn, hamlet of Ofcot and Underwood, in Nov. 1830. Mr. Hawkins exhibited some very curious specimens of chessmen, found at Lewes, one of the Western Islands; they were evidently of ancient date, from several of the figures bearing the Norman kite-shaped shields and conical helmets. Mr. Hawkins gave no description of them, as he stated that Mr. Madden had promised to communicate a paper on the subject. The secretary concluded the reading of Mr. Bruce's historical account of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. It gave further details of the tyrannical proceedings against him; that he was subjected to two or three examinations on written interrogatories previous to his trial; and that on the trial only such parts of the examinations were read as were likely to tell against him, as was usual in proceedings at the suit of the crown during the arbitrary reign of Henry VIII.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the session was held on Saturday last; Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P. in the chair. A great variety of donations, principally for the library, received during the recess, were laid upon the table: among them were two works, presented by Maharajah Kali Krishna Bahadur, a learned native of India, viz. his translation of the *Poorvos Purikhya*, or Touchstone of Men — a collection of tales, illustrating the different characters of men, from the original Sanscrit into English; and an alphabetical collection, in English, of moral aphorisms, from various authors. The Maharajah was subsequently proposed as a corresponding member of the Society. Syeed Khan, agent to Abbas Mirza, Prince Royal of Persia, and Sir Robert Scot, K.C.B., presented some oriental curiosities to the museum. A letter from Dr. Turnbull Christie, dated Alexandria, August 9th, addressed to Sir A. Johnston, was read. Dr. Christie was intrusted with the diploma of honorary member from the Society to his highness the Pasha of Egypt, and announces in the letter that it had been delivered to the pasha, who received the deputation standing, which was considered a great mark of honour. The paper read was written by Mr. F. Mansbach, and communicated by Colonel Gilbert. It comprised a short account of the famous temple of Juggernath, in Cuttac, and of the Rat'h Jatra, or Car Festival, annually observed there. Colonel Gilbert, some time since, presented a model of the car, and on the present occasion he gave a large painting, by a native artist, of the interior of the temple. It is executed on canvass in varnished water-colours, and is consequently liable to be easily injured. At the same time Colonel Gilbert presented several specimens of cake and stick lac, used in India; a very fine piece of talc from a quarry in Ramghur; and a pair of woollen stockings manufactured in Cashmir.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

DEC. 7. The Rev. Dr. Richards, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Hamilton read a memoir on an ancient Panathenaic vase, in the possession of Mr. Burgon, of Brunswick Square; communicated in a letter to Mr. Burgon from the Chevalier Bröndsted. Of this paper, which was replete with curious historical and archæological research, we shall give a *précis* in our next number. Several additions to the Society's library were, as usual, announced: among them, the valuable one of a complete set of the *Quarterly Review*, presented by Mr. Murray.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland. Engraved by J. Swan, from original Paintings by J. Fleming. Part V. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

LOCH VEOL and Loch Earn have furnished the subjects for the fifth part of this very pleasing publication. In connexion with the latter lake, the following incident, which occurred during a deadly feud between the M'Nabs and the Neishes, and which is related in the text, shews the frightful state of the Highlands of Scotland at the period in question:

"On one occasion, it is said to have been in the reign of James V., the chief of the M'Nabs, who resided at Kennil-house, near the head of Loch Tay, had sent his servant to Crieff for provisions for a Christmas merry-making. The servant was way-laid on his return, at Loch-Earn foot, and robbed of all his purchases; he went home therefore empty-handed, and told his tale to the laird. M'Nab had twelve sons, all men of great strength, but one in particular exceedingly athletic, who was ironically termed '*Join mion Mac' an Appa*,' or 'smooth John M'Nab.' In the evening these young men were gloomily meditating some signal revenge on their old enemies, when their father entered and said, '*Bhe'n oidch an oidch, n'am bu ghilleam na gillean*,' 'the night is the night, if the lads were but lads.' The hint was taken as it was meant, for each man instantly started to his feet, and belted on his dirk, his claymore, and his pistols. Led by their brother John, they set out, taking a fishing-boat on their shoulders from Loch Tay, carrying it over the mountains and glens till they reached Loch Earn, where they launched it, and passed over to the island. All was silent in the habitation of Neish; secure in their insular situation, and having the boats at the island, all had gone to sleep without fear of surprise. Smooth John dashed open with his foot the door of Neish's house, and the party rushing in, they attacked their old enemies, putting every one of them to the sword, and cutting off their heads, with the exception of one man and a boy, who concealed themselves under a bed. Carrying off the heads of their enemies, and any plunder they could secure, the youths presented themselves to their father; and smooth John, holding up the head of the chief of the Neishes, said to his father, '*Na biodh fromgh, oirbh*,' 'Be in fear for nothing;' and the piper instantly struck up the pibroch of victory. The old laird, after contemplating the bloody heads, declared,— 'That the night was the night, and the lads were the lads.'"

A new Series of Original Illustrations to all Editions of the Waverley Novels. Part IV. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

"THE Pirate," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak," and "Quentin Durward," are the sources of the eighteen embellishments of which this fourth part consists; and if the number had been eighty instead of eighteen, those sources would not have been sensibly diminished. Such is the graphic richness and variety of the great novelist's scenes, that there is scarcely a page of his immortal productions which does not afford at least a single subject for the pencil; and that a subject so distinctly and characteristically defined in all its parts, that an experienced artist has little more to do than instantly to transfer to the canvass, in all their vividness and vigour, the images which have been presented to his "mind's eye." The names of Inskipp, Fraser, Stanfield, Cooper, Boxall, Smirke, Wright, Bonington, Webster, Leslie, Wilkie, Leader, and Landseer, as the painters, and of Rolls, Sangster, Mitchell, Freebairn, Fox, Davenport, Ensom, Bacon, Watt, Graves, Goodyear, Goodall, and Horsburgh, as the engravers of these illustrations, are a sufficient warrant of their merit. "Goffe's reception of Cleveland," by Stanfield; "Jin Vin in Dame Ursley's chair," by Boxall; "the conversation between Hermione and Margaret," by Smirke; "the meeting of Julian and Bridgenorth," by Bonington; "Peveril saluting the landlady," by Fraser; and, above all, "Geoffry Hudson the dwarf reading to Peveril," by Wilkie; are among our special favourites.

We have also lying before us a proof impression of an admirable "Portrait of Sir Walter Scott," engraved by John Horsburgh, from a picture by John Watson Gordon, which will accompany the first volume of "St. Ronan's Well." It is full of fine character.

Miss Taylor, in the Character of Lady Honoria Howard, in the School for Coquettes. From a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson.

WHEN we say that Miss Taylor ought to feel obliged to Messrs. Chalon and Lane for having done her such perfect justice, nothing can be further from our intention than to be so ungallant as to insinuate that they have done her *more* than justice. Subject, designer, and engraver, have, in fact, combined to produce one of the most charming little female wholelengths we have ever met with. The *espiéglerie* of the countenance is especially bewitching.

A New Illustrated Road-Book of the Route from London to Naples. By W. Brockedon. Part II. Murray.

THE second Part of Mr. Brockedon's highly useful work conducts the traveller from Paris to Turin, and communicates to him all the information necessary, both to facilitate his journey, and to prevent him from passing without observation the various objects on his road which deserve to be remarked. It is accompanied by a map of the route, and by five beautiful plates engraved by Finden; one from a drawing by Stanfield, and four from drawings by Brockedon.

Picturesque Beauties of Great Britain. No. I. Virtue.

AN addition to the already numerous list of topographical publications brought out at a price which puts them within the reach of all. The present series will comprehend the county of Kent, in twenty-four Nos., each containing four views; which, if we may judge from those before us, will be very pleasingly and satisfactorily executed.

Views in the East. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part XIII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"PULO PENANG," "Mah Chung Keow-Canton," and "Ruins about the Tâj Mahal, Agra," are the finely executed embellishments of this part of Captain Elliot's publication. In speaking of the Tâj Mahal, Captain Elliot says: "No one that ever lived lies enshrined in such splendour as Shah Jehan and his wife Muntáza Zemâni, whose remains are deposited in this gorgeous sepulchre. The Tâj Mahal is very justly celebrated as the finest, and by far the most beautiful, of all the monuments of Hindostan; its design is at once elegant and grand;

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its dimensions are great, and its proportions admirable; the materials of which it is constructed are costly in their kind, and superior in their quality; its exterior and interior ornaments and embellishments are elaborate and rich; and whether it is viewed as a complete and exquisitely finished work of a graceful and noble style of architecture, or taken and examined separately in all its various and minutely-wrought parts, it exhibits a structure that surpasses, we might safely assert, any thing of the kind that continues on the face of the earth, at this day, to arrest the attention, and demand the admiration, of those who travel into distant lands."

The History of the County Palatine of Lancaster. By Edward Baines, Esq. Part X. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

We do not remember to have ever seen two more beautiful little prints, in their way, than the views of "Windermere Lake" and "Bold Hall," engraved from drawings by G. Pickering; the former by W. Le Petit, the latter by C. Mottram.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We have had an opportunity of taking a hasty survey of the studies and copies by English artists from the great masters, so liberally left by his majesty, and by their other noble and liberal owners, at this national institution. The multitude is so great, that we cannot venture upon the subject this week; but we reserve our stricture for the next.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Sunderland, Dec. 7.

My dear Sir,—There has been some misunderstanding with regard to the official report sent from this town. The amount of new cases, deaths, and recoveries, by that report, is 376, 121, 193; while the balance, given up to this day, Dec. 7, is 37, when, by the above table, it should be 62. In the daily report, the 25 cases of simple diarrhœa, mentioned in my last, are subtracted from the column of remaining cases, and not from that of the total amount, which should be — from the commencement 351 cases, 121 deaths, and 193 recoveries, leaving a balance of 37. The cholera, though a melancholy addition to our catalogue of diseases, is more remarkable for its rapid fatality than quick dissemination; and should any thing like a successful treatment result from experience or chance, it would be shorn of its terrors, and be met with the same calmness as any other malignant disease. In our ignorance of the nature of contagion, there appear to be all the predisposing causes in this town which can be met with in any other congregation of human habitations in the same country; and if in a different season it does not shew itself with a more deadly aspect, it may be a painful and afflicting visitation, but never a plague or pestilence such as in former times has ravaged this our "father-land." The seven new cases reported to-day are all in the poor-house of the parish of Sunderland. It is not at all one of those poor-houses which reflect credit on this country, and is in a bad situation. The disease broke out there on the 26th of November, since which twelve or thirteen persons have been its victims; among these was the sister-in-law of the resident guardian. The nurse at the cholera hospital took ill after breakfast on the 2d instant, and died a little after 8 o'clock the same evening. She was an excellent nurse, cheerful in disposition, and fearless and assiduous in her duties. Great virtues manifest themselves in times of great affliction. The rector of Sunderland parish, the Rev. Mr. Gray, is to be seen for hours together in the hospital, as reckless as a professional man; and there, as at their homes, he is a source of comfort and constant relief to the afflicted poor. We had a case of a minister of a dissenting chapel, who performed evening service, and fell a victim to cholera the next day. Professor Magendie and his companion Dr. Guillot have arrived here from Paris. The professor is quite satisfied that it is a new disease; but I am sorry to say he meets with the same difficulties in prosecuting his inquiries that we have all met with; and I fear his duties will call him away before proper opportunities of studying the disease can possibly be afforded to him. Dr. Guillot will, however, remain; and then there will be less danger of a hasty examination leading to incorrect results. We have had medical gentlemen here from various towns of Great Britain: Dr. Lane, from Liverpool; Dr. Law, from Dublin; Dr. Macfarlane, from Perth; Mr. Parsons, from Birmingham; Mr. Hulton, from Edinburgh; Mr. Baker, from Leeds; and a gentleman from Manchester. Once a-week we meet the medical men of the town, and Drs. Daun and Gibson, to converse upon the subject that at present engrosses our whole mental faculties, and almost baffles the acutest perception.

The disease has shewn itself since my last in three villages, Houghton le Spring, Penshaw, and Southwick. The first is six miles from Sunderland, and half way on the great road to Durham. A pedlar woman, Margaret Liddle by name, arrived there from Sunderland on the afternoon of the 1st, and died at 5 o'clock next day. Several have since been afflicted.

Penshaw and Southwick are on the river side. In the former village, George Dodd, a labourer, was the first taken ill, and died on the 2d. Two cases which were fatal — the one in eight, the other in nine, hours — followed. One of them was the village carpenter, and Dodds, undertaker. None of the cases at Southwick have been fatal. No new cases have been reported from Newcastle. There was great violence shewn in Sunderland at the first reports of the existence of this disease, but it is still greater in Newcastle. The *Tyne Mercury*, alluding to the visits of men who daily expose their lives in the cause of humanity — I allude to the medical commission — says, "They hover over us like birds of prey." It must certainly reflect as much upon the public to tolerate, as upon the author to indite, such *imbecile* expressions. Truth can alone inspire a nation or an individual with confidence; and it will be found rather in science, or the application of one fact to the knowledge of another, than in the abuse of the privilege of freedom of opinion or the liberty of the press.

W. Ainsworth.

Mémoire et Observations sur le Cholera Morbus regnant à Varsovie. Par le Docteur F. Antomarchi.

In this pamphlet of thirty-six pages, which we have just received from the continent, the Doctor states that he was induced, by his admiration of the Poles, to go to Warsaw, and offer his services to the national government, by which he was well received, and appointed inspector-general of the military hospitals; a place created for him. He was requested to proceed as soon as possible to the army.

Most of the persons attacked were of the most wretched classes of society, lodged in filthy habitations in narrow damp streets; and when the cholera attacked any of the higher classes, it was to be ascribed to their total neglect of regimen. During his stay of not quite four months at Warsaw (from May 17 to Sept. 6), he had of course ample opportunity for observing the disease; and the opinions of so eminent a physician, founded on experience, are entitled to great attention. The following are extracts from letters to the Polish committee at Paris, to the physicians of France and other countries, &c., and from the memoir.

"The cholera morbus, from its specific character, may be defined to be the *asphyxy of the heart* (I afterwards called it *choleric asphyxy*). The brain and spinal marrow have little to do with the disease; the heart alone is the seat of it."

"Being appointed by the national government inspector-general of the military hospitals in Poland, I owe it to truth and to myself to rectify the accounts propagated by ignorance or malevolence of the ravages of the cholera morbus, and of the sanitary state of Poland."

An extract from the general registers of the hospitals, from the 1st of March to the 31st of May, 1831, is annexed, shewing that the mortality was very small, and that, including the deaths by cholera morbus, only 95 patients died out of 10,000.

"The reigning malady, which is advancing towards the west of Europe, is not only the cholera morbus, as well known in Europe as in Asia and America—it has united itself with a much more terrible malady, the *gradual asphyxy*, which I have called *choleric asphyxy*, in two articles published in the Polish journals. It varies according to the different individuals who are attacked by it. Its character being sporadic, every body may be affected by it; but as it occurs solely under certain conditions and in certain individual circumstances, people may preserve themselves from it by sobriety, great cleanliness, abstinence from all food difficult of digestion, and especially by taking care to keep themselves warm; the perspiration being of great importance in the development of this malady.

"*Symptoms.*—The precursory symptoms are very vague, and very difficult to define precisely. Cramps in the extremities, and abdominal pains, sometimes precede this disorder. During its intensity the pulse and animal heat disappear, and are succeeded by a general lividity and an icy coldness of the body; at the same time the skin is dry, the countenance livid, *choleric*,* bearing an impression of terror, the tongue and the mouth cold, the lips black and dry, the eyelids black, the eyes turned up and sunk in their orbits, the abdominal coats more or less contracted and depressed, the breathing short and hurried, groaning, hiccough, vomitings and dejections more or less frequent, watery, brown, yellowish, or whitish, when they exist (for most frequently these vomitings and dejections do not take place), extreme anxiety, the voice very weak, hoarse, and *choleric*; a general stupor, and death. The commencement of the *choleric asphyxy* is generally sudden, apoplectic, and more or less violent.

"I must observe, that this affection immediately precedes or follows the cholera morbus, bringing with it the suspension of the animal functions, and death. In almost all cases, cholera morbus is only accessory to choleric asphyxy.

* "I use the word *choleric* to designate the appearance of the face, because it is impossible to describe it exactly. It is not Hippocratic, but entirely *sui generis*. The same may be said of the voice."

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"*Treatment.*—The general indication is to employ all possible means to vivify the system, by giving an impulse to the circulation of the blood and the animal heat. The patients labouring under choleric asphyxy must be warmed with dry and hot cloths; they must use warm baths (28° to 30° by Reaumur's thermometer) and vapour baths; numerous dry cuppings must be applied to the breast, along the back, &c., sinapisms to the limbs, the moxa on the whole epigastric region, instantaneous blisters to the lateral parts of the neck, warm drinks, and *lavements:* in a word, the treatment usually employed in cases of asphyxy in general, is very efficacious in choleric asphyxy.

"It is impossible to attend properly to patients under choleric asphyxy in the hospitals.

"*Non-contagion.*—As inspector-general of the hospitals, I have been able to see the disease, to make myself acquainted with it, to study it in all its forms, and to convince myself that it is in nowise contagious: the numerous daily reports, transmitted to me by a great number of physicians, assistants, &c. &c., sufficiently confirm this assertion.

"The experiments made on men and animals demonstrate this fact. Indeed, several physicians, among others, who inoculated themselves with the blood, the intestinal mucus, &c. &c., in short, with whatever was the most likely to communicate the disease, felt not the slightest effects from it.

Our next extract is horridly sickening.

"Animals, such as fowls, Chinese pigs, rabbits, &c., having been fed exclusively for several days on the blood, mucus, intestines, and other viscera, cut small, of cholera patients, far from being hurt by this food, grew fat, and were afterwards eaten by the attendants on the sick, who declared the flesh to be better tasted, more juicy and delicate, than usual. In a word, as a last proof of the non-contagiousness of the disease, none of the physicians, the assistants, the attendants, or even persons who slept in the same bed with cholera patients, and the other patients mingled pell-mell with them, caught the disorder.

"If all these indisputable facts in favour of non-contagion—if the honourable testimony of above four hundred eye-witnesses, most of them physicians, are reckoned for nothing—we must believe that the world does not choose to be enlightened and to know the truth."

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday evening, Rossini's opera of the *Barber of Seville* was performed at this theatre with more of the author's music than hitherto, and altogether with much more operatic effect than has been usual on the English stage. Mrs. Wood, as *Rosina*, sang admirably: the lesson-song at the piano, in particular, was given with extraordinary power and effect. Mr. Wood enacted *Count Almaviva;* but we cannot compliment him—the music seemed beyond his powers, and his manner altogether was spiritless, and that of a man who had undertaken a task to which he was sensible he was not equal. By the by, if Mr. Wood must wear a Spanish cloak, he should learn to use it; he made his appearance with the cloak thrown over the right shoulder instead of the left, and although he held it fast with his left hand, it slipped several times, and, to prevent its falling to the ground, he was compelled to gird it round his waist instead of retaining it negligently on his shoulders. This is "villanous" in a Spanish grandee. Mr. H. Phillips, as the Andalusian *Barber*, sang the music of the character with great beauty and science. Of his acting, we should observe, bustling and spirited as it was, that Figaro's familiarity should be imbued with a due portion of obsequiousness. The fine voice of Mr. Seguin was heard to great advantage as *Dr. Bartolo;* he will, doubtless, be a "valuable auxiliary" (as the phrase runs) to the theatre. His dress was appropriate; but he so fashioned his head that it was strikingly like the portrait of the present pope, as shewn by the engraving in the Catholic Directory. The opera was received throughout with well-merited approbation. Mr. Bedford as *Basil*, Miss Russell as *Marcellina*, and the rest of the performers, exerted their best efforts for its success.

After the opera, "God save the King" was loudly called for, and sung by the whole of the performers. Mrs. Wood electrified the audience by her splendid style of singing the concluding verse.

The repetition on Thursday was equally triumphant; and followed by a new drama, in two acts, called the *Bride of Ludgate*. It is reported to be from the pen of Mr. Gerald, and is a very clever and amusing piece, founded on one of the many amours of Charles the Second. We see nothing in this production to induce a suspicion of its being borrowed; on the contrary, the neatness and spirit of its dialogue, the wit and character of its allusions, and its *tout ensemble*, smack of originality as well as of dramatic talent. We have not time to detail the plot; but cannot refrain from mentioning some of the author's hits which pleased us much. Charles, in playing the lover to the young bride, about to wed the old usurer, says, "You would not surely keep all the honey for the winter?" As king, he says elsewhere, "My place would soon be filled;" and when provoked in his disguise to fight, and taunted as a coward for refusing, "I always fight by proxy; and if you think the ready management of a weapon the sign of a gentleman, I can have ten thousand of them at fifteen pence a-day!" The whole of Charles's conversation is delightful, and Wallack made it tell. The other parts were ably personated: Miss Phillips, a sweet, and, where necessary, an affecting bride—*Ruth*, her maid, a perfect abigail, Mrs. Orger—*Shekel*, the old usurer, J. Russell—*Captain Mouth*, a Bobadil, Cooper—*Doeskin*, a serving man, Harley—*Mapleton*, a round-head, and yet a lover, H. Wallack—*Agate*, Mr. Hughes, &c. &c. &c. Altogether, we were much gratified with the drama, which has great sterling merit.

COVENT GARDEN.

A little piece, in one act, with songs, called *Country Quarters*, was performed for the first time on Tuesday. It is one of those trifles which abound on the French stages, and which are regularly transmitted to this country, to be warmed up for the entertainment of an English audience. To criticise such productions with accuracy would be labour completely thrown away. We shall only observe, that it has the usual routine of characters. A husband addicted to flirtation; a wife fond of wearing the breeches, and not a little jealous; an amorous old guardian, with an insipid ward; a lying footman; and a waiting-maid, who assumes a variety of disguises. It did not, however, appear that there was any very adequate reason for the different disguises and contrivances which were resorted to, and we are inclined to think that *Much Ado about Nothing* would have been a more appropriate title than *Country Quarters*. The performers did their best. Miss Taylor looked vastly well in her hussar uniform, and sang a song or two in a very agreeable manner; but the chief business of the piece devolved upon Miss Poole, "a precious little article," as one of the characters denominates her, and ably did she sustain the burden. "The Drummer Boy," with the exception of the noisy drumming-song, was good; but the captain's groom was excellent. No actor of forty years' experience could look more knowing, or be more saucy in demeanour, than this very little lady; and her changes of dress were made with a rapidity worthy of Mathews or of Yates. The piece was well received, and fills up an hour that intervenes between the performance of *Artaxerxes* and the regular after-piece.

We are happy to see that the confidence which Miss Shirreff has acquired by practice has given additional strength to her vocal powers; and although there was little room for improvement, that little has been accomplished in her personation of *Mandane*. Mr. Wilson is also more at home in *Arbaces;* but the performance which eclipses every thing we have seen for years, is the *Artabanes* of Braham, not only in singing, but in acting. It is perfection itself.

We take this opportunity of farther correcting our opinion about the *Irish Ambassador*. Since its first night it has been justly curtailed; and the actors, being now sure of their words, are at leisure to practise some clever by-play, which, with a few whimsicalities introduced by Power, have materially improved its effect. Still, we think that it is hardly worthy of Mr. Kenney's acknowledged tact and talent as a dramatist.

We insert with pleasure the following reclamation of Dr. Essex, a very estimable man, and very able musical teacher. It is as injudicious as unjust to cast the merits of such a master into oblivion—as if *that* could enhance the praise of his successor, or elevate the character of the pupil. On the contrary, it seems to us that Dr. Essex, fully appreciating the talents of Miss Shirreff, by sedulously cultivating them laid the sure foundation of her success under Mr. T. Welsh; both masters by their cares doing credit to themselves and their fair and interesting charge.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—You will indulge me much by informing the public, through the medium of your extensively circulated *Gazette*, that Miss Shirreff (the young lady who made her appearance as *Mandane*, in *Artaxerxes*, Thursday, 1st inst.) received her musical education from me—was brought out at the oratorios as pupil of Dr. Essex, March 5th, 1828, and sung the remainder of that season with a considerable share of public applause, very much to my gratification and credit as her master. Miss S. was under my tuition five years, during which period she became (what every good vocalist ought to be) a sound musician, in addition to her skill as a piano-forte performer and singer. When Miss S. was studying under me, a theatrical engagement was not contemplated or approved by her friends—I therefore educated her as a concert singer; and as such she was very favourably received by the public, and well reported of by the *Literary Gazette*, during the months of March and April, exclusive of the public papers of the day. Miss S. was (unfortunately for me) indisposed the whole of that season—therefore her natural powers were not developed to the extent they now are. Miss S.'s articles with me expired 29th Sept. 1829, since when, she has turned her attention to the stage, and has (very properly) placed herself under the tuition of Mr. Welsh, who, independent of his being a very good teacher, has, I am given to understand, considerable theatrical influence, and that line of the profession his particular forte. My reason for stating this to the public is, that being wholly dependent on my professional exertions for the support of myself and family, and having cultivated Miss Shirreff's musical talents to a high point, I may not be deprived of the credit justly due to my instructions; at the same time I beg to be distinctly understood, that I have no wish to detract from the merit of what Mr. W. may have done during the very short period Miss S. has been his pupil.—I beg to be considered most respectfully yours,

T. Essex, Mus. Doc. Oxon.

21, Dorset Place, Dorset Square, Regent's Park.

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VARIETIES.

Efficacy of Common Holly (Ilex aquifolium) in Intermittent Fevers.—Dr. Emile Rousseau, who brought the subject before the Academy of Sciences in France, is now preparing for publication his own observations, as well as those of many distinguished practitioners. They all acknowledge this plant to be a valuable succedaneum for Peruvian bark and sulphate of quinine. Many observations in the work tend to prove that it is even superior to quinine. The holly is very low in price, and may be gathered and used at all seasons of the year. This truly philanthropic man has also succeeded in isolating the active principle of the holly, to which he has given the name of *ilicine*.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

Royal Naval School.—This new national institution, for the education of the sons of naval officers, has obtained an admirable local habitation by the acquisition of Hartwell-house, with forty acres of land, and the use of the parish church. Several liberal donations have also recently been made to it.

New Periodicals.—The periodical press, as in all times of excitement, is ripe with novelties. We have this week two new contemporaries before us, viz. 1. *The Figaro*, so called after its Parisian prototype, a smart pennyworth of politics on the Whig side; and 2. *The Album Wreath*; a pretty selection of prose and poetry, on pretty paper, with pretty borders.

Travelling on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.—Mr. Ackermann has just published two coloured panoramic views of this important and interesting mode of travelling and transporting goods. The one represents carriages, coaches, &c., and the other waggons, carts, &c.; each a remarkable train, following in the course of the almost omnipotent steam-engine. These pictures afford a lively and accurate idea of a scene now of daily occurrence, but which would, a few years ago, have been considered a wild and disordered dream.

Extraordinary Birth.—The following extraordinary birth occurs in the *Times* of Thursday week: "On the 29th ult., the lady of P. C. Toker, Esq. *of a daughter.* On the 30th ult., the lady of Charles Berkeley, Esq. *of Montague Place, Russell Square*" !!!

The Family Director.—Under this title, in a tabular form, and on a broad sheet, we have before us a most useful domestic guide, by Mr. William Liddell, surgeon. In a clear alphabetical order, and at a very small cost, it places at once within the view of the least informed the simple and most expedient means of treating sudden illness, drowning, poisoning, and other accidents which flesh is heir to. Such diseases as demand immediate relief, while medical aid is sought, are here presented in one column; in the next the symptoms are described; in the third the best mode of treatment; and in the last are applicable remarks, which teach us as well what to avoid as how to cure. We cannot too warmly recommend this production to every family.

The Cambridge Philosophical Society has resumed its meetings for the season. At the first meeting Professor Sedgwick was in the chair. Various books presented to the society were announced, and some other objects, among which were three models of staircases of new construction, presented by M. De Lassaulx, of Coblentz. A paper was read by Professor Airy, on some new modifications in the phenomena of Newton's rings. The beginning of a paper was also read by Professor Henslow, containing a description of a hybrid plant, of which the parents were the *Digitalis purpurea* and *D. lutea.* After the meeting, Professor Sedgwick gave an account, illustrated by sections, of the geological structure of Caernarvonshire.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIX. Dec.* 10.]

Part I. of Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's first complete and uniform edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron, is announced for immediate appearance, and is to consist of fourteen monthly Parts, of a size to bind up with the Life and Works, with four Illustrations in each Part.

A new Peerage is announced for immediate publication, by authority, edited at the Herald's College by Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms.

The Robber, by the author of Chartley the Fatalist.

Mr. Robinson announces a new work upon Gate Lodges in the old English style, as a continuation of his Rural Architecture.

The Second Part of the New Vitruvius Britannicus, by the same author; containing the History of Hatfield House, illustrated by Plans, &c. is also forthcoming.

The Third No. of Parker's Villa Rustica; the Fifth and Sixth Nos. of Johnson's Costumes of the Pyrenees; the Sixth No. of Bradshaw's Views in the Mauritius.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Collmg's Fables, &c., edited by Mrs. Bray, post 8vo. 7s. cloth.—Henningsen's Last of the Sophis, a Poem, post 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Horton's Tables on Planting, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—The Chameleon, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.; 10s. 6d. silk.—Dr. Hope on the Diseases of the Heart, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Wallace's Treatise on Geometry, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 21s.—Chenevix's Essay upon National Character, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—The Modern Sabbath Examined, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—The Excitement for 1832, fcp. 4s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Sumbeams, 64mo. 6d. sewed; 1s. roan, tuck.—Eruvin, or Miscellaneous Essays, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Bridge on the 91st Psalm, 32mo. 1s. bds.—Newton Forster, by the author of "the King's Own," 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—The Adventures of a Dramatist, by Benjamin Ererf, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—The Usurer's Daughter, by a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s. 6d. bds.—Tales written during a Wet Summer, 24mo. 1s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket-Book for 1832, 6s. tuck.—Ring's Grammar of Modern Geography, 18mo. with Explanatory Atlas, folio, 10s. 6d. bds.—Hiley's English Grammar Abridged, with Questions and Exercises, 18mo. 1s. bd.—The Cottager's Monthly Visitor, 1832, 6s. bds.; 6s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Bishop Jolly on the Eucharist, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Nicotiana, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The East India Register and Directory for 1832, 12mo. 10s. sewed.—Hodgson's Mythology, for Latin Versification, 12mo. 3s. sheep.—The London University Calendar for 1832, 12mo. 4s. cloth.—Stothard's Watts' Songs, 12mo. 3s. bds.; 6s. morocco.—Sayings of the Ancients, folio, plain, 6s. sewed; coloured, 12s. sewed.—The Words of Christ recorded by the Evangelists, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHOLERA.—We have a multitude of communications and pamphlets on this momentous topic, to which we shall give our earliest and best attention. This week we must confine ourselves to another of those plain and intelligent letters from Sunderland, for which we are indebted to our friend Mr. Ainsworth, whose statements it affords us much gratification to find are so highly appreciated by the faculty and the public; and to a *precis* of the important pamphlet of Dr. Antomarchi, whose vast experience in Poland lends such weight to his opinions.

Roby's Traditions of Lancashire.—Our Second Notice is deferred: with regard to our correspondent who charges the author with inaccuracy touching the tradition about the Jesuit Arrowsmith, quoted in our last; his own letter having inaccuracy on the face of it, we must take time to consult his authorities.

We have allowed another week to elapse over the Phrenological assault upon us; and *now* it hardly seems worth a notice: so it is only perhaps?

Our third paper on the Sin of Punning, with melancholy examples thereof, is postponed, for fear of making this *Gazette* so light at both ends (beginning with Hood, and ending we cannot tell with whom), that nobody would ever after give us credit for supplying intelligence, grave learning, and useful instruction.

Second notice of the Usurer's Daughter—Dr. Lardner's volume, with Gleig's Memoirs of Celebrated Military Commanders, &c. &c., also postponed.

To Q., of Dublin, and to the Literary Society he mentions, we would certainly answer, that the s in the word "Russia" is pronounced long. It is so pronounced by the best English speakers; and it is also long in the languages of Prussia, Germany, Sweden, &c. As for its *probability* in Russian, we can say nothing—for we see met by the native name without it, as "Rixss," "Raixs," or "Rayxs."

ERRATA.—Celestial Phenomena for December, in our last: Times of immersion and emersion of Aldebaran and Regulus, *for* "D. H. M.," *read* "H. M. S."—So used are our printers to the editorial and possessive *our*, that in composing the MS. epigram in our last, col. 3, p. 781, the point was spoilt, by making it "*Our* breast," instead of "*One* breast;"—to which let it be restored, and us left in tranquillity.

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MINIATURE PAINTERS, and Artists generally, are respectfully informed, that they may find it to their advantage to inspect the very extensive and elegant stock of Or-moulu Miniature Frames, Morocco Cases, Mats, &c. at the Manufactory of W. Miers (Maker, by Appointment, to her Majesty), No. 111, Strand, where each branch of the trade being now conducted under his own immediate inspection, he is enabled to execute Orders in the shortest possible time, as well as to regulate his prices, lower than any other maker.

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Royal Institution of Great Britain, Albemarle Street, Dec. 2, 1831.

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EDINBURGH REVIEW.—Advertisements for insertion in the Advertising Sheet of No. 108, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster-Row, by December 19th; and Prospectuses, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, within a week from that date. Advertisers will perceive the advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the order in which they are received by the Publishers.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times. By Lord Nugent. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Murray.

THE title-page accurately defines the character of Lord Nugent's historical work. The mere biography of Hampden, famous though his name is, would have been too meagre; the investigation of all the matters with which he was politically connected would have been an entire and general history. His lordship has judiciously adopted the middle course; and while he has brought to light every thing which could be elucidated respecting the personal career of his hero, he has blended the narrative with *some* memorials of his party and his times—memorials apposite to, and which do not overlay, the more immediate theme of his inquiry.

From the noble author's known opinions, as well as from his choice of subject, it may readily be anticipated that he is extremely adverse to King Charles and the Royalists; and, on the other hand, views the lives and conduct of their adversaries with a very favourable eye. It is not our province to debate the question; but as we noticed D'Israeli's* Commentaries, without canvassing his political bias, so will we report upon Lord Nugent's; leaving it to partisans on either side to determine which is the most correct and well founded, and which the best sustained by absolute facts; for it is long since we have ourselves been misled by the Romances called History.

Of the early life of Hampden very little has come down to our day; and the brief but important space of his public life is nearly all which Lord Nugent had before him. Here, however, he has rectified the errors of the Biographia Britannica, Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary, and other biographies; and amplified the accounts of Brodie and Hallam,† besides giving us some interesting private letters and documents hitherto unpublished.

It will readily be conceded, that to afford an adequate notion of a publication of this kind is hardly possible in a journal at once so compendious and various as the *Literary Gazette:* in truth, we can only hope to do so, and very imperfectly, by the utmost extent of extracts which our limits admit. The following remarks on the advance of the spirit of liberty in Europe in the 16th century, afford a fair specimen of the noble writer's style and powers of thought.

"Thus was a great moral revolution at work, checked and delayed for a time by the power, the address, and the popularity of Queen Elizabeth, but still tending forwards, when the sceptre of this mighty princess passed into the hands of her kinsman. Such a spirit it required a sovereign of more than ordinary qualities so to direct, as that the reform should advance by steady and controllable degrees, and in such a manner as might carry with it the appearance rather of a wise agreement between prerogative and liberty, than of a forcible abridgment of the one, and a contested triumph of the other. In the later reigns, all the recorded precedents had leaned towards the claims of prerogative; but all the feelings of the people strengthened those of liberty. The feudal dues and tenures, although not abolished by statute till near a century afterwards, had, one by one, faded away, and with them had ceased all the protection which, during times when law was weak and civil rights imperfectly understood, the feudal power had afforded to the people. The feudal lords had, in their jealousy, established certain securities for themselves, and had maintained them by their power. These became incidentally a protection to other classes also. Upon the decay of this power, therefore, it was necessary that some new barrier should be raised against the crown, or additional strength and effect given to some old one. By the common law of parliaments, by Magna Charta, by the Forest Charter, the Statute de Tallagio, and the Statute of Provisors, severally, the monarchy of England had been declared to be a limited one; and so long as the military force of the country remained in the hands of the nobles, it did not concern them to look further than to military force for means whereby the limitations might be preserved. But that power had lately been withdrawn from them by the policy of Henry VII., who had provided for the maintenance of peace and the succession by rigorous edicts, limiting suit and service. The army, such as it was, had become now, for the first time, the king's army; for personal service had been commuted for rent; and those who had once been vassals had now become tenants. A little later in France, and under the able government of Ximenes in Spain, the influence of the nobles had been in like manner weakened. Then the commercial spirit arose and extended rapidly, and the luxuries which it introduced gradually increased the expenses and wants of the great families which had outlasted the wars; but it was imperfectly and ill directed. Wealth changed hands, and among the labouring classes (as is often the case upon the sudden introduction of any new system for applying capital), there was a grievous want of the means of subsistence. Public begging, and the unappeasable tumults of starving men, ensued. It is true that, in the cities and sea-ports, the third estate was becoming enlightened and rich; but it had not yet power. All saw the means of power increasing in their hands, but few saw the manner of giving them direction or effect. The popular influences could be permanently secured and usefully administered, only by a parliament more freely representing and more intimately connected with a people, particularly the citizens, who were so manifestly increasing their share in the general stock of wealth and intelligence. The control over the revenue had been repeatedly contested, and finally acknowledged as an undoubted privilege of parliament; but, under different names, the means of supply were still left by usage in the sovereign's hands, and the sovereign had never been reduced to the necessity of making terms on this matter with his people. Mr. Hume, however inconclusive the argument which he founds upon it, is surely right in this position—that, of the two great contending principles of these times, it was the popular spirit which first encroached upon the prerogative, and not the prerogative on liberty. It is clear that, in exact proportion to the improvement in the intelligence, and consequently in the manners of a people, their influence in government will and ought to increase. A wise prince would have perceived that this tendency was not to be rudely thwarted, and would have bent his policy to meet with grace the growing genius and demands of the time."

Many of our readers will doubtless apply this reasoning to the present period—the resemblance is sufficiently striking. Characters of Elizabeth and her successor are ably drawn, according to Lord Nugent's view of both; and a little farther on, there is, we think, a satisfactory refutation of Mr. D'Israeli's charges against Sir John Eliot; on the ship-money question a like stand is made, and Hampden vindicated at length by his biographer. The discussion, however, is altogether too much for our bounds, and any partial extract would only mar its effect: we will therefore turn to the account of Hampden's leaving his paternal estate for the last time.

"During this conflict, Hampden was strenuously engaged in the various business of the house. No question of principle or detail, whether affecting the most important interests of the commonwealth and posterity, or the smaller concerns to be adjusted for his own county in the assembly to which she had sent him, none were too mighty for his capacity and courage, or too minute for his indefatigable industry. To all he applied those natural gifts of a ready understanding and a winning persuasion, as well as those acquired habits of arrangement, which fitted him to meet the necessities of the times and the demands of his electors. During the whole of the three last eventful years of his life, which were now beginning, his mind, which before had been occasionally applied to unconnected pursuits, was, without interm.ssion, employed in

* With this agreeable writer his lordship breaks a lance or two, in a manner which may probably lead to some controversy; *sed non nostrùm tantas componere lites.* The best anecdote we ever heard against the precision of Mr. D'Israeli is related of his tale of the country squire, who killed a fox within three miles of Edgehill on the day of the battle, and was so intent upon his sport, that he never heard, or heard of, that great event; but returning home full of a hard run, for many a day described the vicissitudes of that chase. Now the battle of Edgehill was fought on a Sunday!!!

† "Among the materials for English history (his lordship observes) which have hitherto been but imperfectly examined, and which require the most careful arrangement, are the early sessional papers of the House of Commons. If properly classified, they would form a most valuable body of historical evidence, containing much interesting correspondence, and other matter, which has never yet been published; much, doubtless, that is not known to be in existence. These papers are now in a state which makes all casual reference to them very laborious. The journals alone are not in all cases to be trusted."

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that uniform course of public service, to which his great duties, and his own deep sense of them, now wholly bound him. Never inactive, he had hitherto divided his time between the business of parliament, the study of books, and the amusements, as well as the useful occupations, of a country life. As a magistrate, he had borne a diligent share in the local affairs of his county; but he had also found leisure for indulging himself in 'an exceeding prepenseness to field sports,' and in the embellishment of his paternal estate, of which he was very fond. When, therefore, he finally abandoned all those pursuits and habits of social ease, which his temper and talents, and the mild virtues of his domestic character, so much inclined and fitted him to enjoy, the motive must have been powerful, and the sacrifice great. From this time till his death, except at some few hasty intervals, when business of public concern called him from the parliament, from the council, or from the camp, he never again returned to that home, to which the remembrances of his youth, his studies, his pleasures, and the blameless happiness of tranquil hours, had so strongly attached him. His mansion still remains. It stands away from both the principal roads which pass through Buckinghamshire, at the back of that chalky range of the Chilterns which bounds, on one side, the vale of Aylesbury. The scenery which immediately surrounds it, from its seclusion little known, is of singular beauty; opening upon a ridge which commands a very extensive view over several counties, and diversified by dells, clothed with a natural growth of box, juniper, and beech. What has once been the abode of such a man, can never but be interesting from the associations which belong to it. But, even forgetting these, no one, surely, who has heart or taste for the charm of high breezy hills, and green glades enclosed within the shadowy stillness of ancient woods, and avenues leading to a house, on whose walls the remains of the different styles of architecture, from the early Norman to the Tudor, are still partly traced through the deforming innovations of the eighteenth century,—no one, surely, can visit the residence of Hampden, and not do justice to the love which its master bore it, and to that stronger feeling which could lead him from such a retirement to the toils and perils to which, thenceforth, he entirely devoted himself."

On proceeding to the second volume we find so great an increase of interest, that we must again regret our inability to illustrate it sufficiently. The "Scottish Incident" is well, though shortly, stated; and so is the Irish rebellion and Protestant massacre. The "Grand Remonstrance" may justly be considered as the end of all dealing or intercourse between the opponent parties which could avert a civil war; and after the attempt to arrest the five members, that unhappy war openly broke out.

"By such as had looked forward through passing events to consequences, an appeal to arms must for a long time have been deemed unavoidable. Yet, to most, even of those who took part in the preparations and watched their progress, the great civil war came at last as matter of surprise. Many, of both parties, who had fanned the hidden and infant spark into life, saw with dismay the flames as they burst forth from either side, soon to meet in one general and mingling blaze. Thus it must ever be in civil war. By most men, however long it has threatened in its approach, it is not seen to be imminent until it is upon them; nor can it be comprehended in all its dreadful particulars until they are to be dealt with face to face. The images of extreme and unnatural strife, so often pictured by the poet,—brother battling against brother,—the arm of the son raised against the parent,—are not among those which the most commonly present themselves to afflict society in civil war. But it is, that many of those ties of habit and affection which bind men the most closely to life are loosened,—severed by public enmity, or, what is less tolerable still than public enmity, suspicion and distrust. These are unhappinesses which, in civil war, may be the lot even of those whose condition leads them into the dispute only as the attached and obedient followers of the standard raised by some neighbouring influence, and among whom the connexions of friendship and of kindred are, generally, the least liable to be disturbed. But with those on whom their station imposes loftier callings, and who are answerable in the highest degree for the course which they assign to themselves and others, much more fearful are the trials which must hourly occur;—duties in conflict,—every private affection opposed to every public obligation,—and every plea, the strongest, for sympathy and protection, which cannot be answered. Even things inanimate, which appeal to remembrance only, crowd in with their numberless associations, to tell us how unnatural a state of man is civil war. The village street barricaded;—the house deserted by all its social charities,—perhaps occupied as the stronghold of a foe. The church where lie our parents' bones become a battery of cannon, an hospital for wounded, a stable for horses, or a keep for captives;—the accustomed paths of our early youth beset with open menace or hidden danger;—its fields made foul with carnage; and the imprecations of furious hate, or the supplications of mortal agony, coming to us in our own language, haply in the very dialect of our peculiar province;—these are among the familiar and frequent griefs of civil war. The family of Hampden did not escape those divisions which so unhappily distracted some of the noble houses at this time. Mr. Alexander Hampden had not only formed opinions which separated him entirely from his illustrious kinsman; but, about a year after the commencement of the war, he gave testimony of them by an act dishonouring to the name and station which he bore. He engaged himself in Edmund Waller's plot; two first cousins of John Hampden thus joining in a conspiracy against the persons of the principal members of the parliament, which, if not originally a scheme of assassination, was one which could have succeeded only by bloodshed, and for which two of the subordinate agents justly suffered an ignominious death. The first year of the civil war, grievous in so many ways for public considerations to Hampden, was a time also of great domestic affliction to him. Soon after the outbreak his eldest son died; but the severest blow was the loss of his favourite and beloved daughter, Mrs. Knightley. This was a sad visitation, the memory of which hung gloomily over his spirit during the short remainder of his life. * * *

"In was under the woody brows of his own beauteous Chilterns that Hampden first published the ordinance to marshal the militia of his native county. The parishes and hundreds, often with their preachers at the head, mustered at their market-houses, to march forth to training. In the dearth of all the ordinary implements of war, arms and accoutrements of the most grotesque fashion now left the walls where, from the times of the civil wars of the two Roses, they had hung as hereditary trophies in the manor-houses, the churches, and the cottages of the yeomen. In the returns of arms, particularly of the levies of the northern parts, at the first outbreak, the long-bow, the brown bill, and the cross-bow, resumed their place among the equipments of a man-at-arms. It was not till some months after, when the stores of Hull, and Newcastle, and Plymouth, and of the Tower of London, were distributed, that the match-lock and pistol found their way into the hands of the 'ordered musqueteers and dragooners' in the country parts; and even to the end of the civil wars, large bodies of men, besides the regular pike-men, were furnished only with rude lances; and, on the king's part, many thousands, particularly of the Welshmen, went to the battle with staves and Danish clubs. The conflicts which arose out of the meetings of parties acting under warrant to raise troops, and collect the other materials of war, gradually assumed the character of military skirmishes; and the towns, the high roads, and woods, through which the supplies had to pass, became daily, and in almost all parts of England, the scenes of encounters more or less obstinate and bloody. By degrees, as these parties grew larger in their numbers, and more confident in their strength, they issued out from the fortified towns to try their arms and spirit against bodies which they knew to be collecting in the neighbourhood, and to drive in cattle for the magazines which, in all parts, were in progress of being formed. As the summer advanced, the corn, still green, was reaped by working parties on each side, whether to swell with its unripe produce their own guarded granaries, or, as was oftener the case, for forage for their horses, or, oftenest, in order to take it from the reach of their enemies. This course had also the effect, in the neighbourhood of the cities, of obliging the country people to follow their food, and thus of enlisting themselves and increasing the garrisons. The history of these wars, as they proceeded, casts a peculiar interest on places, the names of which, as connected with the events of later times, carry with them no very lofty recollections. Even the small scale on which, throughout the civil wars, operations, insignificant in themselves but mighty in their consequences, were carried on, gives, at first hearing, a homely and contracted sound to the story of the contest. Thus, some men have made it matter of complaint, while traversing the plains and passes of Greece, that they have found that land, which has been made immortal by the warrior's sword, by the poet's song, by the gown of the orator, the statesman, and the philosopher, confined within such petty limits as those between the Egean Sea and the mountain boundary of her states. But this is an ill-considered feeling. What can more sustain the glory of that famous history than the reflection, how narrow the space in which the spirit of Freedom made good for ages her cause against the world?—No trifling cause of admiration, that the powerful lessons of liberty have sprung up into ripeness, and been reaped and stored up, even by other nations, from a germ like that of the Grecian republics, or the commonwealth of England. He who contemplates, without emotion, the victorious progress of mighty empires, may yet feel some enthusiasm when, standing in a rocky pass dark with pine and plane trees, or on a small sandy plain broken only by a few rude and shapeless hillocks, he is told,—'Here Grecian freedom bled, to die, but not to be subdued: this is Thermo-

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pyla;—here she triumphed,—you are among the graves of Marathon.' Then, though but the ploughman be seen on Chalgrove now,—though the names of Birmingham, and Coventry, and Gloucester, be no more known but by the peaceful contests of busy trade, with all its powers and all its enterprise,—though a few hours of journey suffice to carry us from the opening to the concluding scene,—from Oxford, where Charles held his court, to where last he grappled with his subjects at Naseby,—we may acknowledge, in even these names of familiar sound, the feelings which must ever attach themselves to places made memorable by bold endeavour or great achievement, by the acts, or by the fall, of men who have contributed to the fame of their native land."

[To be continued.]

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book. With Poetical Illustrations, by L. E. L. 4to. London, 1831. Fisher.

We had imagined that annual ingenuity was exhausted, and that nothing new could be devised to vary the beaten track; but here is not only a novel but a very delightful present for Christmas,—a most pleasant ornament for my lady's table, no matter in what room, be it boudoir or drawing-room, and an elegant offering to the fine arts and belles lettres. The publishers, who are so actively engaged on popular works, illustrated by engravings (such as Elliot's Views in the East, Sketches of Ireland, the National Portrait Gallery, &c. &c. &c.), having conceived the design of making a selection from these, fortunately obtained their illustration from the pen of L. E. L. Her sketches are brief,—compositions read in a few minutes; but some of them, we think, likely to leave a long impression upon the memory. Their variety is also strong proof of the exhaustless versatility of her genius. To sit down and write to a single picture is a task of no slight difficulty, as many who have tried well know; but to sit down to *thirty-six*, of all kinds and characters,—it takes away our breath to contemplate it. However, it has been admirably done, as our selections will shew; and we shall simply introduce them with the fair writer's own lively introduction.

"Though a preface be the first page seen in a volume, it is always the last page written. By that time, the golden age of hope has darkened into the iron age of fear. The ideas that seemed at first so delightful, are grown common, by passing through the familiarising process of writing, printing, and correcting. A proof-sheet is a terrible reality; and you look upon your work with much the same feeling as people look upon the prospect to which they are accustomed—they are much more alive to its faults than its beauties. For the volume now offered to the public, I must plead for indulgence. It is not an easy thing to write illustrations to prints, selected rather for their pictorial excellence than their poetic capabilities; and mere description is certainly not the most popular species of composition. I have endeavoured to give as much variety as possible, by the adoption of any legend, train of reflection, &c. which the subject could possibly suggest; and, with the same view, have inserted the two poems marked 'C,' for which I am indebted to a friend, whose kindness I gratefully acknowledge. A book like this is a literary luxury, addressed chiefly to a young and gentler class of readers: may I therefore hope, that the judgment I seek to interest will err on the side of kindly allowance. There are three portraits, to which only brief prose notices are affixed—the days of poetical flattery are as much past as those of hoops and minuets. What the genius of Dryden could not redeem, I may be excused from even attempting. There is an old proverb, 'Leave well alone;' I shall, therefore, say little more of the embellishments than to mention, that the voluminous and expensive works from which they are selected, were 'fountains sealed' to the many. I need not entreat for the engravings that indulgence which myself required, but may trust them, as the Grecian orator did his client, to plead and win the cause by their own beauty."

We now come to this charming collection of plates, the title-page presenting a sweet medallion of the Princess Victoria, which is very fancifully illustrated by the author; but we pass to the "Pirate's Song off the Tiger Island," to illustrate one of Captain Elliot's most spirited drawings: what a multitude of images crowd the single page!

"Our prize is won, our chase is o'er,
Turn the vessel to the shore:
Place yon rock so that the wind,
Like a prisoner, howl behind.
Which is darkest, wave or cloud?
One a grave, and one a shroud.
Though the thunder rend the sky,
Though the echoing wind reply,
Though the lightning sweep the seas,
We are used to nights like these.
Let it foam, the angry main,
Washing out the blood-red stain,
Which the evening conflict threw
O'er the waters bright and blue.
Though above the thunder break,
'Twill but drown our victims' shriek;
And the lightning's serpent coil
Will but glimmer o'er our spoil—
Maidens, in whose orient eyes
More than morning's sunshine lies;
Honour to the wind and waves
While they yield us such sweet slaves—
Shawls, the richest of Cashmere,
Pearls from Oman's bay are here;
And Golconda's royal mine
Sends her diamonds here to shine.
Let the stars at midnight glow,
We have brighter stars below;
Leave the planet of the pole
Just to guide us to our goal,
We'd not change for heaven's own stars,
Yon glad heap of red dinars.
See the crimson silks unfold,
And the slender chains of gold,
Like the glittering curls descending,
When the bright one's head is bending,
And the radiant locks fall over
Or her mirror or her lover;
On which face she likes to dwell,
'Twere a prophet's task to tell.
All those crystal flasks enclose
Sighs of the imprisoned rose,
And those porcelain urns are filled
By sweet Indian wood distilled;
And behold those fragrant piles,
Spice from the Manilla isles,
Nutmegs, cloves, and cinnamon—
But our glorious task is done.
Little dreamed the merchant's care
Who his precious freight should share:
Fill the wine-cup to the brim,
Our first health shall be to him."

How different is "Storrs," on the peaceful Lake of Windermere!

"I would I had a charmed bark,
To sail that lovely lake,
Nor should another prow but mine
Its silver silence wake;
No oar should cleave its sunny tide;
But I would float along,
As if the breath that filled my sail
Were but a murmured song.

Then I would think all pleasant thoughts,
Live early youth anew,
When hope took tones of prophecy,
And tones of music too,
And coloured life with its own hues—
The heart's true Claude Lorraine—
The rich, the warm, the beautiful,
I'd live them once again.

Kind faces flit before my eyes,
Sweet voices fill my ear,
And friends I long have ceased to love
I'll still think loved and here.
With such fair fantasies to fill,
Sweet lake, thy summer air,
If thy banks were not Paradise,
Yet should I dream they were.

"The calm and picturesque scenery of the Lake of Windermere might awake a thousand far more romantic visions than that of the return of the first warm feelings of youth. Shut out, as it were, from the world, and enshrined in delicious seclusion, here might the weary heart dream itself away, and find the freshness of the spring-time of the spirit return upon it. Here, at the mansion of Colonel John Bolton—a circumstance which gives interest to the plate—did the late Mr. Canning retire from the whirl of public affairs; and, to use the words of *Fisher's Illustrations of Lancashire*, 'here was restored, in some measure, the elasticity of a mind, whose lofty energies were ultimately, and for our country we may say prematurely, exhausted in the preservation of a nation's welfare.'"

But lakes furnish as different ideas and themes to the truly poetical mind as if they were in themselves totally dissimilar subjects. Thus our author treats the legend-crowned "Lake of Killarney."

"Why doth the maiden turn away
From voice so sweet, and words so dear?
Why doth the maiden turn away
When love and flattery woo her ear?
And rarely that enchanted twain
Whisper in woman's ear in vain.
Why doth the maiden leave the hall?
No face is fair as hers is fair,
No step has such a fairy fall,
No azure eyes like hers are there.

The maiden seeks her lonely bower,
Although her father's guests are met;
She knows it is the midnight hour,
She knows the first pale star is set,
And now the silver moon-beams wake
The spirits of the haunted lake.
The waves take rainbow hues, and now
The shining train are gliding by,
Their chieftain lifts his glorious brow,
The maiden meets his lingering eye.

The glittering shapes melt into night;
Another look, their chief is gone;
And chill and grey comes morning's light,
And clear and cold the lake flows on—
Close, close the casement, not for sleep—
Over such visions eyes but weep.
How many share such destiny—
How many, lured by fancy's beam,
Ask the impossible to be,
And pine, the victims of a dream!

"The romantic story of Kate Kearney, 'who dwelt by the shore of Killarney,' is too well known to need repetition. She is said to have cherished a visionary passion for O'Donoghue, an enchanted chieftain who haunts those beautiful lakes, and to have died the victim 'of folly, of love, and of madness.'"

"Furness Abbey" is another touching production, simple and captivating.

"I wish for the days of the olden time,
When the hours were told by the abbey chime,
When the glorious stars look'd down through the midnight dim,
Like approving saints, on the choir's sweet hymn—
I think of the days we are living now,
And I sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

I would be content alone to dwell
Where the ivy shut out the sun from my cell, [knee,
With the death's-head at my side, and the missal on my
Praying to that heaven which was opening to me:
Fevered and vain are the days I lead now,
And I sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

Silken broidery no more would I wear,
Nor golden combs in my golden hair;
I wore them but for one, and in vain they were worn—
My robe should be of serge, my crown of the thorn;
'Tis a cold false world we dwell in now,
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

I would that the cloister's quiet were mine;
In the silent depths of some holy shrine.
I would tell my blessed beads, and would weep away
From my inmost soul every stain of clay;
My heart's young hopes they have left me now,
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow."

The "City of Delhi" offers a subject of another description; but it is equally pleasing.

"Thou glorious city of the East, of old enchanted times,
When the fierce genii swayed all Oriental climes,
I do not ask from history a record of thy fame,
A fairy page has stamp'd for me thy consecrated name.

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I read it when the crimson sky came reddening through the trees,
The twilight is the only time to read such tales as these;
Like mosque, and minaret, and tower, the clouds were heap'd on high—
I almost deem'd fair Delhi rose a city in the sky.

What sympathy I then bestow'd upon her youthful king!
I fear I now should be less moved by actual suffering;
All sorrow has its selfishness—tears harden as they flow,
And in our own we half forget to share in others' wo.

I can recall how well I seem'd to know the princely tent,
Where painted silk and painted plume their gorgeous colours blent, [stone,
The conquests blazon'd on the walls, the roof of carved
And the rich light that at midnight over the dark woods shone.

The lovely princess, she who slept in that black marble tomb, [gloom;
Her only pall her raven hair, that swept in midnight
The depths of that enchanted sleep had seemed the sleep of death [breath.
Save that her cheek retain'd its rose, her lip its rose-like

Gone! gone! I think of them no more, unless when they are brought,
As by this pictured city here, in some recalling thought—
Far other dreams are with me now; and yet, amid their pain,
I wish I were content to dream of fairy tales again.

"Perhaps Sir Charles Morell, the real author of *The Tales of the Genii*, may be but an oriental Ossian; I only know, when reading them, I was truly 'under the wand of the enchanter.' The story of the 'Sultan Misnar and the Enchanters' is the one to which the above verses allude. The youthful monarch had enough to do; he had to rescue his throne from the usurpation of his brother, aided by the evil genii, and his mistress from an enchanted sleep in a tomb of black marble. If an author could choose his destiny, he would only implore fortune to grant him youthful readers. The vivid feeling and the rich imagination of the young lend their own freshness to the page; and then we look back with such delight to half-forgotten volumes, read beneath the old beech-tree, or in the oaken window-seat. What an Arabian poet says of those he loved in early days, I say too of all childhood's books, hopes, and feelings. The Arabian line runs thus:—

'We never meet with friends like the friends of our Youth—when we have lost them.'"

We will give another Indian subject.

"The Grass-rope Bridge at Teree.

'The English who have lost their health often resort to these hills for the hot season, where the air and exercise are sometimes as beneficial as the voyage to Europe.' The following verses allude to the early death of a young friend, who, adopted by some distant relatives, accompanied them to India, and died in this very spot, whither she had been taken for the recovery of her health.

We had to watch the fading
Of that young and lovely cheek,
And that pale lip's mute upbraiding,
Which ask'd not sound to speak.

We saw that she was pining
For her own loved English land,
And her life's sweet light declining,
For she loathed our Indian strand.

Her heart was with her mother,
Far o'er the salt sea foam;
And she could not love another
As she loved her early home.

She clung with love too tender
To every former scene,
For one of eastern splendour
To be what they had been.

Alas! why did we bring her
To this golden land in vain?
Ah! would that we could wing her
To her native land again!

We never see her weeping,
But we know that she does weep;
And she names loved names in sleeping,
As she names them but in sleep.

We watch one bright spot burning
On her cheek of hectic red,
And we dread each day's returning,
Lest it rise but for the dead."

But we must not be tempted into a wider field, even by our partiality for L. E. L., whose writings are so well calculated to excite generous feelings and admiration, instead of provoking the petty carpings of miserable detraction;—and conclude with one poem upon a topic unusual to her, of great public interest, and upon a celebrated print—viz. that by Meyer, of a young girl teaching a Negro to pray.

"It was a king in Africa,
He had an only son;
And none of Europe's crowned kings
Could have a dearer one.

With good cane arrows five feet long,
And with a shining bow,
When but a boy, to the palm woods
Would that young hunter go.

And home he brought white ivory,
And many a spotted hide;
When leopards fierce and beautiful
Beneath his arrows died.

Around his arms, around his brow,
A shining bar was roll'd;
It was to mark his royal blood
He wore that bar of gold.

And often at his father's feet
The evening he would pass;
When, weary of the hunt, he lay
Upon the scented grass.

Alas! it was an evil day
When such a thing could be—
When strangers, pale and terrible,
Came o'er the distant sea.

They found the young prince mid the woods—
The palm woods deep and dark—
That day his lion hunt was done—
They bore him to their bark.

They bound him in a narrow hold,
With others of his kind—
For weeks did that accursed ship
Sail on before the wind.

Now shame upon the cruel wind,
And on the cruel sea,
That did not with some mighty storm
Set those poor captives free.

Or, shame to those weak thoughts, so fain
To have their wilful way!
God knoweth what is best for all—
The winds and seas obey.

At length a lovely island rose
From out the ocean wave—
They took him to the market-place,
And sold him for a slave.

Some built them homes, and in the shade
Of flower'd and fragrant trees,
They half forgot the palm-hid huts
They left far o'er the seas.

But he was born of nobler blood,
And was of nobler kind;
And even unto death, his heart
For its own kindred pined.

There came to him a seraph child
With eyes of gentlest blue—
If there are angels in high heaven,
Earth has its angels too.

She cheer'd him with her holy words,
She soothed him with her tears;
And pityingly she spoke with him
Of home and early years.

And when his heart was all subdued
By kindness into love,
She taught him from this weary earth
To look in faith above.

She told him how the Saviour died
For man upon the tree;
'He suffer'd,' said the holy child,
'For you as well as me.'

Sorrow and death have need of faith—
The African believed;
As rains fall fertile on the earth,
Those words his soul received.

He died in hope, as only those
Who die in Christ depart—
One blessed name within his lips,
One hope within his heart."

We add no comment; the purity, the piety, and the poetical beauty of this poem alone ought to recommend the volume, of which it forms only a small portion.

The Life of Frederic II. King of Prussia. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

We are again indebted to Lord Dover for an interesting historical episode, respecting which we cannot do better, in the first instance, than quote from the preface. "The following pages have occupied the author of them for some time, and have extended to a greater length than he originally intended; partly from abundance of materials, and partly from a wish on his part, having once commenced the work, to do justice to his subject. He was originally induced to undertake the task, by a feeling, that a Life of Frederic the Second, which should collect under one view the authentic, yet scattered, accounts of that extraordinary man, was a desideratum in history and literature."

The noble author's industry has not been thrown away, for its result is a most delightful and comprehensive work. We select some amusing passages in the intercourse of Frederic with Voltaire. Correction of Frederic's works.

"One of his corrections, which may give a notion of the style of the others, is as follows: In one of his '*épîtres familières*,' Frederic makes use of the word *plats* several times in the course of a few lines. Voltaire draws a line under the word whenever it occurs, and then puts in the margin, '*plats—plats—plats—voilà assez de plats pour un bon souper!*' To make up for the freedom of such marginal annotations as these, great praise of the royal author occasionally appears. At the end of one of Frederic's letters in the same book, we find the following words in Voltaire's handwriting: '*Que d'esprit, de graces, d'imagination! Qu'il est doux de vivre aux pieds d'un tel homme!*' * * *

"Among the advantages which were to accrue to Voltaire, in consequence of his residence in the palace of the King of Prussia, was the being supplied with tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, &c. Those, however, whose duty it was to furnish him with these articles, usually sent him very bad ones. Voltaire complained of this to the king, who promised to have it remedied. The evil, however, continuing, and Voltaire again complaining, the king, in a jocose tone, told him, that as he saw that his anxiety respecting these trifles diverted his mind from the sublime studies in which he was engaged, he would give orders that he should no longer be troubled with them; and accordingly ordered these perquisites to be suppressed. The conclusion which the king thus unexpectedly came to, astonished and enraged the poet; and determined him to make up, by his own contrivances, for the advantages of which he had been deprived. With this view, he was accustomed to sell the allowance of wax candles which was still made to him, and to supply their place by the following ingenious manœuvre. While passing the evenings with the king in his apartment, he was accustomed to take opportunities of retiring to his own room; and each time that he did so, he armed himself with one of the large wax candles, which lighted the king's rooms, which he never brought back with him."

"Upon one occasion, when Frederic thought he had more reason than usual to be displeased with Voltaire, he wrote to him a reproachful note, which concluded with these severe words: 'You have a heart a hundred times more horrible than your genius is beautiful.' He sent this note from his own apartment to that of Voltaire by a page. When Voltaire had read it, his rage knew no bounds. He applied to the king every odious epithet he could think of; at the same time making the most virulent charges against him. All this, with a loud and angry voice, while striding about his room, and shewing symptoms of extreme agitation. The poor page, who was waiting for his answer, was frightened beyond measure, and endeavoured to arrest his course, by saying to him, 'Sir, recollect yourself, and reflect that he is king; that you are in his house; and that I, who

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listen to you, am in his service.' These words had an instantaneous effect upon Voltaire, though without apparently calming his violence; but he seized the page by the arm and cried out, 'It is you, sir, that I take as the judge between him and me. I defy you to discover any fault I have committed towards him. I have committed one, it is true, and it is an irreparable one: it is that of having taught him to make verses better than I can myself. Go, sir, and take him this answer!' The page went up stairs again to the king, whom he found walking about his room, and waiting impatiently for the answer. 'Have you delivered my note?' cried the king, as soon as he saw him. 'Yes, sire.' 'Did you deliver it to M. de Voltaire himself?' 'Yes, sire.' 'Did he read it before you?' 'Yes, sire.' 'What did he say and do, after having read it?' To this question the terrified page returned no answer. 'I ask you what M. de Voltaire said, when he had read my note?' Still the page continued silent. 'Take care of yourself, sir,' continued the angry monarch; 'I am determined to know what he said and did. There, speak! I command you.' The page, now more frightened than ever, began to tell his tale, stopping between almost every word, and not daring to lift his eyes to the king, who, as the relation proceeded, became every instant more agitated and more angry. But the exaggerated compliments to his own verses, which concluded the communication, restored him at once to calmness; and, when the page had finished, he only shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'He is certainly mad!'"

We add one or two personal anecdotes of Frederic.

"One evening, after a great battle, Frederic approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment. The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle. 'Generally,' said they, 'you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not right to abandon us so.' The king, in a good-humoured manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reasons for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great-coat, and a ball dropped out, which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great-coat and coat was also perceptible. Upon this, the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun, 'You are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us: we will all die for you!' And the conversation concluded with their cheers, and their entreaties to the king to take more care of his own safety."

Death of Prince Henry.—"The king was peculiarly attached to this prince, on whose rising talents and good qualities he dwelt with fond affection. His death was a grievous blow to his royal uncle, who, upon this occasion, shewed more deep feeling than he was generally supposed to be possessed of. He had determined to consecrate to his memory a eulogy, which was afterwards read at a meeting of the academy; and, as was common to him upon such occasions, he sent for the Professor Thiebault to copy and correct it. When Thiebault arrived, the king received him with a countenance of deep melancholy, but, at the same time, with the air of a man who was determined to master his feelings. In this he, to a certain degree, succeeded, while he detailed his reason for sending for him; but when he attempted to read the composition to Thiebault, his voice faltered. He had hardly got to the fourth page, before his grief became ungovernable. He burst into a flood of tears, and covering his face with his hands, held out the manuscript to Thiebault, without being able to utter a single word. 'I took the papers,' says that writer, 'contemplating with respect and a sort of consolation this great man, who thus proved himself as accessible as the rest of mankind to affections the most touching and the most dear to human nature.' After a pause of some minutes, Frederic ejaculated with difficulty, 'You understand what I wish you to do. Good night.' And thus concluded this interview, so honourable to the heart of Frederic; and from which Thiebault came away with an increased veneration for that monarch, bottomed upon his conviction of the sincerity of the feelings which he had displayed, and of his anxious wish, had it been possible for him to have done so, to have concealed them."

The Prussian princesses.

"The object of the Swedish ambassador, who was sent to Berlin to negotiate a marriage with a princess of the house of Prussia, was to obtain the hand of the Princess Amelia for the Prince of Sweden. That princess was strongly imbued with feelings of attachment for the religious tenets in which she had been educated, which were those of the Calvinists. She regarded with horror the change from Calvinist to Lutheran, which would have been necessary had she accepted the hand of the heir to the throne of Sweden. In this dilemma she opened her heart to her sister Ulrica, and demanded her advice to enable her to avoid the marriage. The Princess Ulrica, having first ascertained the fixed determination of her sister never to consent to the condition of changing her religion, counselled her to make herself as disagreeable as she possibly could to the Swedish envoy; to shew the greatest haughtiness when in his presence; to treat him herself with contempt; and to endeavour to appear as capricious and as domineering as possible. This conduct, which the Princess Amelia pursued, had the desired effect. The Swede turned from her, and began to observe the Princess Ulrica, whose conversation and manners presented the most studied contrast to those of her sister. At length, he demanded the hand of the Princess Ulrica for the Prince of Sweden. His offer was immediately accepted by Frederic, and with equal readiness by the princess herself. This acceptance, on the part of Ulrica, astonished and irritated Amelia. She thought her sister had deceived her, and that she had given her the advice, which she had acted upon, in order to secure for herself the station which had been destined for another. Though the Princess Ulrica seems really to have acted with fairness in this transaction, her sister never forgave her; and it was while smarting under the feelings of humiliation and vexation at the treachery, which she thought had been practised upon her, that she first regarded Trenck with the eye of favour. Her state of mind rendered her peculiarly susceptible of feelings, to which she turned both for consolation and vengeance. It was, as has been previously mentioned, at one of the fêtes for the marriage of the Princess Ulrica, that the intimacy between Trenck and the Princess Amelia commenced, which ended so fatally for both. Upon Trenck it brought a long and most cruel imprisonment, and upon his royal mistress evils of a still more dreadful kind. The Princess Amelia appears to have been endowed by nature with personal beauty, with abilities, and with the gift and the wish to please. Shortly after her separation from her lover, she became suddenly and prematurely old and decrepit. Her beauty gave place to wrinkles; she was almost blind; her limbs were paralytic; and her utterance became so much embarrassed, that it was with difficulty she could be understood; her head shook violently; and her legs could not support her body. Her mind also became as much altered as her person. Instead of being the life of society, from the graces and amenities of her disposition, she became solitary in her habits, and bitter in her temper; always decrying others, and always rejoicing in the calamities which befell them. With regard to her bodily infirmities, she is supposed, by taking poisonous drugs, and other means, to have inflicted them upon herself, in the perverseness of despair at her own sad fate. It is related, that her eyes being weak, her physician advised her to hold them over the steam of a very powerful liquid, but to take especial care, at the same time, not to approach the liquid to her eyes. Instead of attending to these instructions, she rubbed her eyes violently with it; and the consequence was, that almost total blindness ensued, and that her eyes ever afterwards had a most distorted appearance, and as if they were actually starting out of her head. She lived in this wretched state for many years, and died shortly after her brother Frederic, who always shewed her a much greater degree of attention, and even of fondness, than he was accustomed to bestow upon the rest of his family."

Judicious in selection, intelligent in arrangement, and graceful in style, these attractive volumes well deserve the pains bestowed on their completion by their accomplished author. We think the *Life of Frederic* will meet, and we are sure that it deserves, a high place in public favour.

Lives of the Italian Poets. By Henry Stebbing, M.A. Second edition. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

We are glad to see the cordial praise we bestowed on this work confirmed by the public favour, which has carried it into a second edition. Mr. Stebbing has made many interesting additions, some of which—from his touching memoir of the unfortunate Foscolo—we shall transcribe to our pages.

Love affair:—

"Foscolo now enjoyed all the flattering attentions of a popular author, and was, it appears, soon involved in a new affair of the heart. The object of this passion is said to have been a daughter of the identical Marchioness whom Sterne encountered at Milan. From some cause or other, however, the lady proved unfaithful; and after regarding him with complacency till she had made sure of his affection, dismissed him from her thoughts. Signor Pecchio says that he was some years after walking with Foscolo, when the lady alluded to passed them in her carriage, and that he had the curiosity to ask him if he knew whether she who had a countenance so full of expression, had ever herself felt the passion with which she knew so well how to inspire others. The answer was in keeping with the usual tone of Foscolo's language when somewhat irritated—'I believe not,' he said; 'she has a heart made of brains!'"

Instances of his eccentricity:—

"I am told that he was once dining at the table of a distinguished nobleman, when some person present, whose principles were widely opposite to his own, ventured to make remarks

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which he conceived derogatory to the honour of Italy. He did not conceal his emotion, but replied with all the force of his stentorian eloquence. The spirit of refined society quickly yielded to the indignation of the patriot, and grasping the table-cloth with both his hands, he went on, increasing in energy as he proceeded, till at last, his adversary having made a remark which added more fuel to the flame, he jumped up, and still grasping the table-cloth, drew, to the infinite consternation of the guests, most of the dishes into their laps. It may be as well, perhaps, to mention here, that he was not less ready to say what he felt when quietly chatting with his acquaintances, if he chanced not to be in a remarkably forbearing humour, than when provoked to do so on some great occasion. A friend of mine, for whom he in reality felt considerable esteem, happened to be sitting alone with him one day, conversing on a variety of topics, when the discourse took a turn which tempted my friend to dilate at length, and with great gravity, on some point in philosophy. Foscolo listened to him a long while, but at last, without saying a word, he rose, rang the bell for the servant, and on her appearance quietly told her to request her mistress to come up stairs. The lady obeyed, and he desired, in a supplicatory tone, that she would sit down and talk with his friend, for that he had quite tired him with his absurdities. Many instances of his intemperate passion have also been told me by Mr. Redding and other gentlemen, who were in the habit of engaging with him at chess. He was remarkably fond of that game; but such was his rage whenever his adversary made a very successful move, that he would start from his seat, and, gnashing his teeth, pull up his hair in large quantities by the roots. It mattered little where he might be when his anger was thus roused. A gentleman, who was in the habit of playing with him in his own house, has told me that he always took the precaution of running to the opposite side of the room before he proclaimed check-mate. On the other hand, it is generally known to his acquaintances, that being irritated in a similar manner one evening, when playing at the house of a nobleman, he started up, and, before the whole company, challenged his astonished opponent to a rencontre of a different kind. * * *

"At the period of which I am speaking, he occupied one of the Alpha cottages near the Regent's Canal; but he soon resolved upon establishing himself in a house better suited to his taste; and as one was not to be found of this character already built, his next determination was to build one for himself. A piece of ground adjoining the cottage he occupied was accordingly purchased, and there he had soon the pleasure of seeing his various little plans executed with all the speed and skilfulness of English ingenuity. The house was built in the style of a Venetian villa, and was named by its possessor the Digamma Cottage, in commemoration of the credit he had obtained by his remarks in the *Quarterly Review* on that controverted point of classical criticism, the origin of the digamma. So far as the purchase of the ground, and the simple erection of the building were concerned, Foscolo might have anticipated his income in a much worse manner; but this was only the commencement of his plans: the cottage had to be furnished, and cabinet-makers and upholsterers were applied to, with little regard to what would be the extent of their bills. He seems to have conceived that his talents would always command as much money as he required, and that he had but to make himself happy, and delight his mind with the elegancies of life, to convert every thought he possessed into an ingot of gold. * * *

"At the period of which we are speaking, he was in tolerable employment. He wrote for the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, and the encouragement given to his excellent essays on Petrarch served to increase simultaneously his means and his expectations. So extensive were his designs, that he found constant employment for some young men of ability to translate or improve his language; and it was with one of these, Mr. Graham, that he was guilty of the folly of fighting a duel, on account of his favourite servant. But a casual observer might have supposed that he was rapidly advancing in fortune. The establishment he kept up was one which would have swallowed up a revenue far greater than that which he could ever hope to command, had all his designs been completed and crowned with success. His debts, consequently, were always on the increase; and as a large part of his upholsterers' bills remained unpaid, he was soon involved in difficulties which rendered ruin inevitable. To accelerate the approaches of distress, his mind was at times too much oppressed with anxiety to allow of its free action; and thus the great wheel of the machine on which his whole subsistence depended soon grew unfit for use. The importunities of his creditors were at first borne with tolerable patience; the confidence he felt in the powers of his genius, and the unwillingness with which minds such as his yield to mere pecuniary distress, kept him from perceiving the whole extent of his difficulties. He was annoyed, but he was not as yet wise enough to acknowledge to himself that he had entered on a plan of life far different to that which his means authorised; and he went struggling on till his promises and excuses no longer availed him with those who had demands on his purse. On the first extreme pressure of distress he had recourse to his friends, and the aid they afforded him delayed for a brief period the progress of his disasters. But he was now in reality in a far worse situation than before—he had commenced a practice which hurt his independence, and which contributed still further to deceive him as to the nature of his difficulties. A small sum was not sufficient to render him any effectual aid; but however small the sum borrowed, it is sufficient to make a man of delicate and independent mind feel uneasy. And no one can doubt that Foscolo felt this; but he never thought of anticipating any difficulty, and generally, therefore, he had no other alternative but that of yielding to it or asking help of some of his acquaintances. At length an execution was placed on his premises, and he then appears to have resigned himself to despair. A gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, received a message from him late one evening, intimating the circumstance, and fully expressive of the misery of the writer. The call was promptly attended to; but on the gentleman's arrival at the cottage he was informed that Foscolo had retired to his apartment. He hastened to the room, and gaining admission with some difficulty, he discovered on the table near which the poet was seated, a little dagger, which Foscolo always carried in his bosom, but only displayed on great occasions. After a slight inquiry, therefore, into the cause of his present distress, he settled the demand of the person who had placed the execution in the house, and Foscolo was once more at ease. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. S. C. Hall, who went to reside with him about this time as his secretary, for the knowledge of many particulars which respect the state of his mind under these distressing circumstances. He now began, it seems, to experience the most terrible fits of despondency. 'He would sometimes ask me to pass the evening with him,' says the gentleman above named; 'but in the midst of our conversation he would cease speaking, and sit for a couple of hours wrapped in the most gloomy silence.' This, however, was not the only sign which he gave of the miserable state of his thoughts. Mr. Hall, who lived in the small house next the Digamma Cottage, and which Foscolo retained in his hands, was startled by seeing him enter his apartment one afternoon with a worse than ordinary gloom upon his brow. 'Mr. Hall,' he began, 'I am come to see you for the last time. In two hours I shall be no more. When I was still a youth, Mr. Hall, I was numbered among the great men of my country—I was even called the first of poets when there was no hair upon my chin. Alfieri, Monti, and the rest, all either feared or envied me; and I went on distinguishing myself, till even Buonaparte himself trembled before me. And now what am I? A poor, miserable exile! My countrymen abuse me because I do not help them; and here I am myself without friends, and without one shilling in my pocket! I must sacrifice either my honour or my life; and I will therefore die!' Having said this, he left Mr. Hall to his uncomfortable ruminations; but the next morning he made him another visit, and laughed and chatted as if he had no recollection whatever of the part he had acted the preceding afternoon. On another occasion, however, he addressed him in a similar manner—'I will die,' said he; 'for I am a stranger, and have no friends!' 'But surely, sir,' was the answer, 'a stranger may have friends.' 'Friends!' he exclaimed, 'I have learnt that there is no meaning in the word. I assure you I called on the editor of the ——, to learn if there had been any thing about me in the newspapers; for every body seems leagued against me, and leaving nothing undone to plague me. I assure you I do not think I will live after next Saturday, unless there be some change.'"

What a pitiable picture of at once human strength and human weakness!—Full of generally interesting information elegantly communicated, we again cordially recommend these volumes to public favour: they do credit both to the feeling and the industry of their author.

The Mechanism of the Heavens. By Mrs. Somerville. 8vo. pp. 623. London, 1831. Murray.

We opened this book with no inconsiderable apprehensions for the reputation—we mean the scientific and literary reputation—of the fair author; for although Mrs. Somerville has long been considered, by persons acquainted with such subjects, as one of the most accomplished and most highly informed mathematicians of the day, no public evidence, antecedent to the appearance of this work, had been afforded of the correctness of this very high praise. We felt, therefore, the deepest interest in the result of the gigantic experiment our countrywoman undertook to perform, which was no less than to give to the world a succinct, profound, but, at the same time, as popular a view as possible of the great La Place's *Méchanique Céleste*.

A mere translation of that work would of itself have been a formidable task; and we may remark, by the way, that the distinguished

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American mathematician, Bowditch, has already given to the world a portion of a translation, illustrated by copious notes, which cannot fail to be of the highest value to the student in those intricate pursuits. Mrs. Somerville's object, however, was of a different order, and one more consonant to the boldness and vigour of an original thinker, conscious of adequate powers to invest even the most abstruse topic with the virgin interest which true genius alone can create. She saw that La Place's book was sealed to all who were not in familiar possession of that marvellous language in which his history of the heavens is exclusively written, and without which familiar acquaintance, the study became one of almost hopeless labour. Mrs. Somerville had fortunately obtained not only all the requisite knowledge to understand La Place's exposition of the subject, but believed that she could facilitate its acquisition by others; and she conceived the energetic and public-spirited idea of acting as interpreter between the great continental successor of Newton and the less-instructed mathematicians, astronomers, and, we may add, general readers of her native country.

From the dedication, which we have much pleasure in stating is addressed, with singular taste and propriety, to Lord Brougham, it appears that we are indebted to the sagacity of this extraordinary person for having first suggested the undertaking, and to his great influence afterwards in securing its accomplishment. His lordship, it seems, wished to embody La Place's work in the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but, as may readily be supposed, Mrs. Somerville could not accomplish this purpose. Now, however, that the first grand step has been made towards giving a popular character to the highest flights of astronomical knowledge, we believe the object which the lord chancellor had in view no longer impossible, but only under one condition of the problem, namely, that the master-hand which originally gave the impulse shall undertake its completion.

It would be quite foreign to the purposes and habits of our Journal to give even the slightest sketch of the work before us; in fact, as the author says in her introduction, "To accomplish the task of giving an account of the *Mécanique Céleste* without having recourse to the higher branches of mathematics is impossible;" and as we cannot pretend to have time (although, of course, we have the knowledge) to do the topic justice, we shall spare our readers the shock of a whole army of figures and symbols, with which we might cover our pages, if we were disposed to shew off our learning. As we despise such ostentation, for reasons best known to ourselves, we shall rest content with alluding to the most obvious distinction between this work and its great original, and then advert to the strictly popular branch of the undertaking.

"Diagrams," says Mrs. Somerville, "are not used in La Place's works, being unnecessary to those versed in analysis: some, however, will be occasionally introduced for the convenience of the reader."

We do not know what meaning others may attach to the word occasionally, but to us it gave no idea of the extent of the assistance which this departure from the plan of La Place is calculated to afford. Of course, this is not done throughout; for although, as our author says, "many subjects admit of geometrical demonstration, yet the object of the work being rather to give the spirit of La Place's method, than to pursue a regular system of demonstration, it would be a deviation from the unity of his plan to adopt it in this."

For all this, we have good authority for saying, that the student who really wishes to understand the mechanism of the heavens as developed in that splendid work, will here discover, by this and other aids furnished by Mrs. Somerville, the readiest means that are possible of acquiring that knowledge. Our author well characterises La Place's work as the resolution of "a great problem in dynamics, wherein it is required to deduce all the phenomena of the solar system from the abstract laws of motion, and to confirm the truth of those laws by comparing theory with observation."

Still, however, had Mrs. Somerville confined herself to the mighty task just described, and which she has executed with a degree of address every way worthy of her principal, she would have fallen short of our wishes. We should have felt greatly disappointed, indeed, if she had not condescended to give the host of general readers some conception of the wonders concealed from their sight under the mystic garb of the differential calculus. With great good sense, therefore, and no small kindness, Mrs. Somerville has given all that we could have desired, in a preliminary dissertation, which, independently of its own intrinsic excellence, cannot fail to stimulate many readers to pursue for themselves the investigation of the phenomena it describes.

We possess already innumerable discourses on astronomy, in which the wonders of the heavens and their laws are treated of; but we can say most conscientiously, that we are acquainted with none — not even La Place's own beautiful *exposé* in his *Système du Monde* — in which all that is essentially interesting in the motions and laws of the celestial bodies, or which is capable of popular enunciation, is so admirably, so graphically, or we may add, so unaffectedly and simply placed before us. The style is luminous and precise throughout, totally without ambition, either in thought or expression, and untouched by any depreciating apologies as to the execution, or marred by any feebleness in the design. We see nothing of the author, and think only of the subject; and it is quite clear, from the strongest possible internal evidence, that while she was penning this dissertation, a single thought of self never once crossed her mind. She felt — she must have felt — perfectly competent to treat the subject as it ought to be treated; and under this conviction, gave almost spontaneous currency to her knowledge. That such perfection in style is the result of labour, at some time or other, we hold to be quite as certain as any proposition demonstrated in this book; but we are also quite sure, that the ease, vigour, and clearness, throughout such a dissertation as this, can spring only from the completest familiarity with the subject in all its bearings, chastened by the single-hearted purpose of telling what is to be told in the plainest and most acceptable language.

Is it asking too much of Mrs. Somerville to express a hope that she will allow this beautiful preliminary dissertation to be printed separately, for the delight and instruction of thousands of readers, young and old, who cannot understand, or who are too indolent to apply themselves to the more elaborate parts of the work? If she will do this, we hereby promise to exert our best endeavours to make its merits known. At present we have left ourselves no space to enter into the analysis we shall be delighted to be again called upon to undertake; and we can only repeat, that we are not acquainted with any account of the celestial movements which is at once so complete in all its parts, and yet so judiciously condensed. Indeed, when we came to the conclusion, we felt only regret that our intellectual feast was so short: but on reading it again, we discovered much more matter for careful reflection than we had discovered when hurried along by the witchery of the style, or seduced into new curiosity by the evergreen freshness of this delicious subject. For of astronomy it may be more truly said, than almost of any other science, that the further we advance, the greater is our desire to proceed. In this pursuit every thing is pure, serene, certain. It is truly the "image of eternity, the throne of the invisible," that we are then contemplating; and the mind which is not raised by such contemplation above the selfish objects and angry passions of this earth, must be gross indeed. But we must not forget that it involves still higher and more important considerations, by teaching us at once the wisdom, the power, and the beneficence of God, the Creator of all these things. And it must go hard indeed with our hearts if they be not touched by these important proofs of the Divine goodness to the creatures he has placed on one of the smallest of the countless myriads of orbs he has set in motion.

The following passage, with which we shall conclude this notice, is a good specimen of our fair author's style, and is much in point.

"The heavens afford the most sublime subject of study which can be derived from science: the magnitude and splendour of the objects, the inconceivable rapidity with which they move, and the enormous distances between them, impress the mind with some notion of the energy that maintains them in their motions, with a durability to which we can see no limits. Equally conspicuous is the goodness of the great First Cause in having endowed man with faculties by which he can not only appreciate the magnificence of his works, but trace with precision the operation of his laws, use the globe he inhabits as a base whereon to measure the magnitude and distance of the sun and planets, and make the diameter of the earth's orbit the first step of a scale by which he may ascend to the starry firmament. Such pursuits, while they ennoble the mind, at the same time inculcate humility, by shewing that there is a barrier, which no energy, mental or physical, can ever enable us to pass: that however profoundly we may penetrate the depths of space, there still remain innumerable systems, compared with which those that seem so mighty to us must dwindle into insignificance, or even become invisible; and that not only man, but the globe he inhabits, nay the whole system of which it forms so small a part, might be annihilated, and its extinction be unperceived in the immensity of creation."

The Excitement, &c. for 1832. 12mo. pp. 391. Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes; Dublin, Curry, jun. and Co.; London, Treacher and Co.

THIS northern Annual, calculated, by stirring stories, to awaken youthful and indolent minds to the beauties of literature and instruction, consists this year of a very various selection from numerous interesting works. It also offers us several original pieces, of which we copy two as examples of the whole.

"*A singular Case of Presentiment by an Officer of the British Army.*—On the 8th of March, 1801, the British army, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby, landed in Egypt, and defeated the French troops, who

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fied towards Alexandria. This was previous to that memorable occasion on which the gallant commander-in-chief received his mortal wound, which created so powerful a sensation in the British army, as that event occurred on the 21st. On this occasion, Lieut. O——, of the —— regiment, lost his cloak; consequently shared, during the bivouac of the following days and nights, my cloak, as his brother lieutenant. On the night of the 11th, orders were received for the attack of the French troops on the following morning. In the middle of the night, Lieut. O. awoke me, and said, 'Well, I know I shall fall to-morrow; but you will not be hurt, though you will have a close shave or two,' or words to that effect. 'But,' he added, 'I am sure poor T. will be severely wounded.' I tried to divert his mind, and begged him to be still, and try to get a little sleep, as we should probably have sharp enough work in the morning, and we should be the better of a little rest. He still persisted, however, in declaring his conviction that he would fall, and gave me particular directions regarding his writing-desk, and some little property he had. His writing-desk was aboard one of the vessels; and he particularly requested that I would see it thrown overboard, and sunk in the sea, without opening it. This request I assured him should be attended to; and though I could not see it accomplished myself, his friend, Lieut. T., who was carried aboard the vessel, saw it carried into effect.* Next morning we were pretty early called into action. The French were completely beaten, and poor Lieut. O. was killed by a cannon shot, in the early part of the action. His friend T., who he foretold would be badly wounded, lost an arm. I myself, though I escaped unhurt, had my sword carried away by a shot from the same guns by one of which poor Lieut. O. fell. In this way, every circumstance that had been impressed on his mind on the preceding night actually took place, and I had the mournful office of complying with his request, in seeing that his writing-desk, without its being opened, should be sunk in the deep."*

"*Singular Instinct of a Pelican.* — When the —— regiment was returning from the expedition to Egypt under the lamented and gallant Abercromby, there accompanied it a tame pelican, which had been taken in Egypt with a broken wing, and which wing had been amputated by the surgeon. It so happened, that while it was on board of ship, the other wing was broken also, and it had to undergo the same operation. Severe as this operation was, however, the bird recovered, but always appeared alarmed when the surgeon came near him, though perfectly familiar and at ease with the rest of his fellow-passengers, both those of the regiment and the ship's company, — taking fish and other food, with great familiarity, out of their hands. One day, however, he appeared very uneasy, and certainly ill; so much so, that all thought he was dying; when, with the fine point at the end of his huge bill, he opened a vein under the stump of one of his wings, and thus let himself bleed. After this, he soon recovered, and was brought to Scotland by the officer to whom he belonged. This singular bird was well known to many gentlemen and ladies in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood, having attached itself to the lady of the house, and particularly to the *cook*, both of whom it would follow like a dog. But, it was observed, it was particularly afraid of going into the water, aware, probably, that, by the loss of its wings, it had lost its balance, which is so necessary to birds, both on the water and on the wing."

The whole of the volume is entertaining, and full of marvels of every kind, which well justify its name of the *Excitement*, and recommend it fully to the same share of popularity which has been enjoyed by its two predecessors of 1830 and 1831.

* These passages seem to be contradictory.—*Ed. L. G.*

The French Poetical Gift; or, Cours Elémentaire de Littérature, from Malherbe to Voltaire. With English Notes by G. L. G. le Normand de l'Osier, &c.; edited by M. L. Fenwick de Porquet. Pp. 211. London, 1831. Fenwick de Porquet and Cooper.

THIS is a very pretty little volume, containing some judicious selections of French poetry, a portrait of Malherbe, and a critical introduction. It will be a nice Christmas present for our young friends. We have been amused by the fancy of putting an English title-page to a book entirely in the French tongue.

Family Library of French Classics. Œuvres de Racine, Tome V. Œuvres de Voltaire, Tome II. Paris et Londres, 1831. Treuttel et Würtz.

WE have again to repeat our warm commendations of this edition: it is neat, cheap, and complete.

Lodge's Peerage of the British Empire. Post 8vo. pp. 491. London, 1831. Saunders and Ottley.

Lodge's Genealogy of the British Peerage. Post 8vo. pp. 410; and the arms engraved. Same publishers.

WE have to-day merely time to notice the appearance of these handsome volumes, also deriving value from the high authority of the name of Lodge in the title-page. But what we most approve, at a hasty glance, is the separation of the genealogies from, may we say, the *account current* and fluctuation of the peerage; the former remaining unalterable, and the latter, as new editions are hereafter called for, not being encumbered with the reprint, and consequent expense, of settled matter. The plan is excellent, and the work brought down to the last creation of peers.

The Family Library, No. XXVI. Sketch of the Reformation in England. By the Rev. I. J. Blunt. London, 1832. J. Murray.

THIS is an excellent subject, either for a single small volume or for a far more elaborate work. The importance of the reformation to religion, politics, and literature, must render a view of that great event interesting at all times; and though we have not been able as yet to qualify ourselves to speak critically of Mr. Blunt's performance, we can say that our general impression is favourable. There is a peculiarity — a quaintness indeed, about the style which has rather pleased our fancy; and the principles of the author seem to be truly orthodox.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library. Vol. VI. London, Cochrane and Co.

THE second volume of *Tom Jones*, capitally illustrated by G. Cruikshank, carries on the process of this series with undiminished spirit. The frontispiece is remarkable for strength and diversity of character in nearly twenty figures; and Squire Western and his lady cousins an excellent sketch.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

ON Wednesday week only one report in the mechanical department was brought before the Society, on a method of taking angles. The proceedings altogether possessed little public interest.

The Society ordered a set of Barry's splendid etchings to be presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Communications on a fire-escape, on an instrument for drawing spiral lines or volutes of various forms, &c. &c. were read.

Nothing of importance occurred at the meeting of this week.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 12th. — W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair. A very interesting communication was read, addressed to the Society by M. Douville, a French gentleman lately returned from South Africa; and who appears to have made an extraordinary and most successful journey into the interior of that country, behind the Portuguese settlements on the Congo, or Zaire.

M. Douville landed first at Benguela, in 1827, but shortly afterwards proceeded to Loando, and thence to the mouth of the river Bengo, or Zenza; the latter being the proper name, and the former only known to the Portuguese quite at its mouth. From this point he proceeded in a direction nearly east, examining the districts of Bengo, Icolo, Golungo, and Dembos, the latter an object of especial dread both to the natives of the adjoining provinces and to the Portuguese themselves, in consequence of a remarkable echo that repeats the peals of thunder which, in the stormy season, are almost incessant, so as to produce a truly awful detonation. And here the traveller's constitution first sunk under the fatigue and exposure to which he was subjected, and he was long detained by severe illness. His wife, also, who accompanied him, was here severely ill; but with a courage which deserved greater success — for ultimately she died in the country — she persisted in continuing the dangerous route.

The next provinces which M. Douville examined were those of Ambacca and Pungo Andongo, the geological formation of which he describes as extraordinarily rent and torn by volcanic action, now extinct. And thence he turned directly south through Haco, Tamba, and Bailundo, independent provinces, occupied by a fierce, warlike people, from whom, however, he met with little molestation. He states, indeed, that almost every where he was better served and less obstructed in the independent, and, as they are called, savage districts, than in the Portuguese; the authorities in which last were uniformly jealous of him; while the bearers and guides whom he was enabled to procure from them were at the same time weaker, less enterprising, and less to be depended on in almost every particular.

From Bailundo, M. Douville was obliged to return to Benguela; but, after a very short repose he again set forth, and proceeding S.E. first traversed the province of Nano, and thence arrived at Bihé, situate in 13° 37′ south latitude, and 20° 14′ east longitude from London. The general elevation of this country is considerable, being about 7000 feet above the level of the sea; all its rivers are rapid, and make a very loud noise in their beds; and a great variety of curious and previously unknown plants are found in it. M. Douville has brought back

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with him many specimens of these, and others he has drawn with great care.

From Bihé the route pursued was first N. and then towards the N.E., into the states of the Cunhinga. Thence M. Douville sent a large portion of his effects, under the care of native and Mulatto bearers, direct to Cassange, which was the point towards which he purposed ultimately proceeding, while he himself turned west, to examine a volcanic mountain on the confines between Libolo and Quisama, whence he was tempted to return to Loando for a short time, examining the provinces of Cambambé, Massangano, Muchima, and Quisama, on his way. These are all subject to the Portuguese, except Quisama, which, though maritime, has preserved its independence; and where the inhabitants, who suffer from a want of water in the dry season, have contrived a very singular sort of reservoir. A large tree, not the Adansonia, but called there "Imbondero," is abundant in the country, averaging 60 feet girth near the ground, and growing to the height of 100 feet, with spreading branches, and bearing a large fruit resembling a melon in consistence, but insipid in taste, and considerably larger. This tree, then, they cut over about 60 feet from the ground, and hollow out to a considerable depth, almost, indeed, to the ground, but without otherwise cutting it down, or stripping it of its branches, which continue to flourish; and the water received in the cavity in the rainy season constitutes a provision in the dry. These trees are also used, occasionally, as prisons; and criminals are sometimes starved to death in them.

From Loando, M. Douville proceeded to Ambriz; thence in a direction nearly east to rejoin his bearers at Cassange, and from this point the most remarkable part of his journey commenced. Crossing the Zahire, (which he identified with the Couango, and ascertained to rise in the S.E., and not, as has been imagined, N.E. from its mouth, but which receives at the same time many and even very considerable confluents from the N.E.) he penetrated to the northward, visiting states of which the names even have been hitherto unknown,—ascertaining the existence and position (between 3° and 5° of south latitude, and 29° and 30° east longitude from London) of a great lake, called by the natives Couffoua, but which he considers to be the lake Maravi of our maps; in all respects resembling lake Asphaltes, or the Dead Sea, in its own properties, and surrounded by dark, fetid mountains, which are called "stinking" in the language of the country, (*mulunda gia caiba risumba*); thence crossing the equator in about 30° east longitude, and gaining the parallel of 2° north; but then, wasted by fatigue and disease, having lost his wife, turning again to the south-west, and reaching the coast near Ambriz. The entire circuit accomplished was about 2000 leagues; including a direct line of 400 leagues from the sea-coast; above 200 leagues farther than had ever before been accomplished, and to where the rivers flowed east.

M. Douville illustrated his communication by a great many drawings and sketches which he brought with him; and was warmly thanked by the meeting, and elected a foreign honorary member of the Society by acclamation, on a motion to that effect being made by Mr. Barrow. Mr. Richard Lander was at the same time elected an ordinary member, without payment of fees. And a communication was made to the Society from the chair, that the council, having lately received a representation that a Mr. Coulthurst was about to proceed to Africa at his own expense, with the view of endeavouring to penetrate to Funda from the Bay of Benin, and thence to the eastward towards the Bahr el Abiad, as he best could—had felt it a duty to patronise so spirited an undertaking, and had accordingly procured letters and other assistance from his majesty's government, which, it was hoped, might be of essential service to him. Adjourned till the 9th January, there being no meeting in Christmas week.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Francis Baily, Esq. in the chair. The following interesting communications were read at the first meeting of the present session, viz. Observed occultations and eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, made with the Wollaston telescope, by Mr. Maclear. Similar observations by Mr. Snow. Observations of the occultation of Aldebaran, by Mr. Holehouse, with a seven-feet achromatic telescope by Tulley, having a power of 162, adjusted to the star. Mr. Holehouse states, that he saw the moon steadily approach the star, until the latter appeared to cling, half hidden by the moon, for about four or five seconds, when it suddenly disappeared, leaving little doubt that the appearance was caused by the refraction of the moon's atmosphere. Observations, by M. Bianchi, on the right ascensions and polar distances of the planets Uranus, Jupiter, Vesta, and Mars; made from Sept. to Dec. 1830, with a meridian circle of three feet, having a five-feet telescope, magnifying about 100. Extract of a letter from M. Cauchoix on object-glasses of large size. In one of these rock-crystal is substituted for the crown glass; by which means the focus is considerably shortened, and the brilliancy and clearness of the image greatly increased. The commencement of a paper on the orbits of binary stars, by Sir J. Herschel, was also read. Fellows were elected. At the second meeting a paper, by Francis Baily, Esq., on the proper motion of stars, was read; likewise the continuation of Sir John Herschel's paper above mentioned. Baron Damoiseaux, of Paris, was elected an associate.

To those of our readers who are attached to the sublime science of astronomy, and who wish for more lengthened reports of these meetings than our limits permit, we recommend the Abstracts, published, under the authority of the Society, by Priestley and Weale.

NEW EXPEDITION TO AFRICA.

Our report of the proceedings at the Geographical Society alludes to a new expedition to explore the interior of Africa, of which some farther particulars cannot fail to interest our readers. The enterprise proceeds from two individuals who are not sent out by government, though it countenances their zeal and courage by affording them a passage to the western coast of Africa in a vessel belonging to the public service. They have also, we believe, received some scientific instruments. The plan proposed is to land either at the mouth of the Benin, Bonny, or Old Castlebar, and thence immediately advance into the interior. The adventurers themselves are in excellent spirits, and full of hope. Their names are Colthurst and Tyrwhitt; the first apparently about 40 years of age, rather below than above the middle size, of a sallow complexion, and altogether an extremely active, shrewd, and intelligent man. His companion has a very youthful and delicate look; his manners are polished and gentlemanlike; and his light hair, fair skin, and ruddy countenance, must form a striking contrast to the ebony of Africa.

It is not their intention, as we understand, to explore the Lake Tshad; but to proceed in a northerly direction till they shall meet with the Bahr el Abiad, and then to trace the course of that river from its source to its termination. Their object is to solve the problem of the mighty Nile; and we are glad to find that they have letters for the Pasha of Egypt, and recommendations, in Arabic, to various native chiefs who might aid them in their great and perilous undertaking. God prosper them, and return them, like the Landers, safe to their native country, to enrich it with scientific discoveries, and honour it by their individual conduct and resolution!

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. Lubbock, Esq. in the chair. The remaining sections of Mr. Faraday's paper on magnetism and electricity were read. A paper by Mr. Griffin, on the *Ornithorynchus*, was afterwards read. Mr. Barrow gave notice, that on the next evening's ballot he should propose, for immediate ballot, the Right Hon. Sir James Graham; M. Magendie, the celebrated French physiologist; and Drs. Barry and Russel. The Bishop of Chichester, and a number of other eminent individuals, were present. Mr. W. Cubitt, F.R.S., the well-known civil engineer, exhibited some most beautiful specimens of reduced busts in ivory, formed by an ingenious machine, in which a small block of ivory is placed, and after directing a part of the machine over a bust or other object, the miniature representation is immediately produced.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. Amyott in the chair. Mr. Hamilton exhibited a gold coin (in fine preservation) of Frederick II., who became Emperor of Germany in 1212. The Rev. W. H. Hennard communicated, through D. Gilbert, Esq., a description, accompanied by several drawings, of some ruins of the first order of Cyclopean architecture, at Torre dei Giganti, in Gozo, and some similar ruins, called Hagiar Aim, at Malta. The Secretary also read a communication from Mr. Hawkins, containing remarks on silver coins of the reigns of Edward I. and II., found in immense numbers on the occasion of an excavation in the bed of the river Dove, at Tutbury in Staffordshire. Some appeared to have been struck by royal authority, and many by several bishops and others, in London and various parts of England: there were some Scottish coins of Alexander and John; and several foreign or counterfeit coins. Mr. Hawkins entered into a minute classification and description of the coins, and suggested that they probably constituted the military chest of a considerable army, cast into the river during flight, no other remains having been found with them; and he considered that they must have been the military treasure of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, who, being in rebellion against Edward II., had retired to his castle at Tutford; and on the king's approach, he met the latter near Burton-upon-Trent, where he was defeated, and retreated rapidly to Boroughbridge, where, about the year 1320, he was taken prisoner, and shortly after tried and beheaded at his own castle of Pomfret.

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FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that we have to notice the award of the gold medal to Mr. M'Clise, given by the Royal Academy every three years. This medal is not only an honourable distinction, but is accompanied by solid pecuniary advantages.

Upon no student of the Academy could this reward of "talent and industry," to use the words of the president, have been, in our opinion, with more propriety bestowed than upon Mr. M'Clise. The academicians, no doubt, judged honestly and concientiously from the work before them, and delivered their verdict accordingly. Our judgment arises from a different cause; and we record it as a cheering beacon-light to the young and ardent spirit embarking in the noble but hazardous profession of the fine arts.

It has been our fortune to know Mr. M'Clise from the commencement of his London career, and we were the first to be attracted by, and publicly to notice, the promise of his talent. Four years since, with doubt and diffidence, he presented to that Academy, from which he has now taken the highest degree in the arts, a probationary drawing to enable him to become a student; and he has since annually carried away the first medals in his respective classes. Last year Mr. M'Clise obtained, at the same time, the first medal in the painting school, and the first medal in the life,—a circumstance, we believe, without parallel in the annals of the institution. He has now gathered the last laurel. The steadiness of this youth in the pursuit of his object, is a pledge against the otherwise startling rapidity with which he has attained eminence. We have, upon more than one occasion since our earliest mention of him, noticed with commendation some of the early works of Mr. M'Clise, and we trust that our anticipation of his ultimate success may be as brilliantly realised as he can himself desire.

Mr. M'Clise is a native of Cork—the birthplace of Barry, by the by—and we have no doubt the intelligence of his progress will make his townsmen up in bottle.

Mr. Parris.—We refer with like pleasure to the advancement in honours of this delightful artist, to whom no department in his profession, from the immense Colosseum and Diorama, to the lovely Bridemaid, or minute delineations of familiar life, seems to come amiss; and whom we also had the pleasure of distinguishing by praise in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*. It is always gratifying to have our estimate of genius confirmed by the event; and matters of this kind are productive of the most agreeable sensations which occur in the laborious and often painful task of periodical criticism. Mr. Parris has been appointed Historical Painter to the Queen: may it encourage him to persevere with the same zeal and success which has already raised him so high in his profession!

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

It is well that the annual collection of copies and studies made by the artists and amateurs of the pictures of the old masters, at the Gallery of the British Institution, is not exhibited to the public at large; and that it is to be seen only on two days;—on the one by the directors and governors of the Institution, on the other by the friends of the artists and amateurs themselves. Repetitions so numerous of the same subjects are by no means favourable to the display of art; and this fact never impressed us more forcibly than when we ascended the stairs of the Gallery last week. The effect was absolutely astounding; and it was impossible not mentally to exclaim,

"Something too much of this!"

We are perfectly aware of the advantages which have been derived, and which may henceforward be derived, by the British school of painting, from a judicious use of the kindness and liberality of the noble and opulent owners of the works of the great masters, contributed for the purpose of study; but that judicious use consists in entering upon a careful, and patient, and practical investigation of the latent principles on which the works in question have been produced. This consideration, we are concerned to say, appears (comparatively speaking) to have been but little attended to during the recent season. Above a hundred and thirty artists, students, &c. have, in the course of little more than a month, contrived, with pernicious industry—for it has in most instances been the labour of the hand, and not of the head—to cram the Gallery from end to end with slight, hasty, incorrect, and consequently valueless, imitations of the admirable works which, as we humbly conceive, were placed before them with a very different object.

We now come to the more pleasing task of pointing out a few of those to whom our general censure is not justly applicable. And first, as far as we had the opportunity of observation, it appeared to us that in the estimate of talents, our female artists may almost, if not altogether, be said to have the balance in their favour. A singularly clever copy, in oil, has been made by Miss Alabaster, from "The Infant Don Balthazar," by Velasquez. In water-colours there are several admirable studies, by Miss Fanny Corbaux, Miss Derby, Miss M. A. Pickersgill, &c., principally from the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Metzu. Of the beforementioned painting by Velasquez, there is also an excellent copy by Mr. M'Clise. In the train of good specimens may be ranked those of Messrs. Middleton, and Herbert Smith, after Vandyke; of Messrs. Woolmer, and Hofland, (the latter not finished,) after Claude; and of Messrs. F. Watts, and Lance, after Berghem. Mr. Clater has very judiciously, and with great skill, selected the group from the back-ground of the recumbent "Venus" by Titian. After a head by Rembrandt, there are several clever studies by Mr. Simpson and others. The "March of Silenus," by Rubens, has been closely followed by Mr. Buss; and Mr. Faulkner's copy of the portrait of "Mrs. Lloyd," by Sir Joshua, is also very successful. But "The Snake in the Grass," by Reynolds, which, to speak literally, as well as metaphorically, is *the eye* of every collection in which it appears, has been but remotely approached by any one. Time, as well as skill, it must be recollected, is on the side of Sir Joshua; and where is the artist whose palette is so harmonious as that of Time?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Original Designs for Cottages and Villas, in the Grecian, Gothic, and Italian Styles of Architecture. In thirty plates, designed and drawn on stone by E. W. Trendall, Architect to the Epsom Grand Stand, &c. Carpenter and Son.

This is one of the most satisfactory of the various publications of a similar nature which have come under our notice; and it has the great merit of furnishing an estimate of the expense at which the several designs contained in it may be realised;—from the simple single cottage of 350*l.*, to the graceful Italian villa of 3,000*l.* The details respecting the roofs, doors, windows, mouldings, &c. are calculated to be of great utility. We recommend any of our readers who contemplate the erection of a mansion for themselves, especially in the neighbourhood of London, or of any other large town, and who wish "to unite convenience and elegance with economy," to consult Mr. Trendall's work.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages. By William Jerdan, Esq. Part XXXII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

It would be difficult to select three better impersonations of bravery, piety, and science, than the subjects of the thirty-second part of the *National Portrait Gallery*;—namely, Lord Northesk, Mrs. Hannah More, and Sir Astley Cooper. In addition to other matter, the memoir of Mrs. More contains an interesting description, in a letter from a friend, of the countenance, figure, manners, and character of that excellent and venerable individual. In the memoir of Sir Astley Cooper are several very entertaining anecdotes of that eminent surgeon's early life. While speaking of Sir Astley's extraordinary professional success, his biographer observes,—"We believe we may state, on unquestionable authority, that in the last year of his abode in the city, at New Broad Street, he realised the largest sum ever known by a medical practitioner; no less, indeed, than 21,000*l.*!—and for years after his transit to the west end of the town, the same astonishing celebrity, with its consequent wonderful income of from 18,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* per annum, attended his footsteps." The portraits, which are from the pencils of Lawrence, Pickersgill, and Pattison, are admirably engraved.

Anecdotes of William Hogarth, written by himself; with Essays on his Life and Genius, and Criticisms on his Works. Part I. Nichols and Son.

A very valuable and pleasing supplement to Mr. Major's recent republication of Dr. Trusler's "Hogarth Moralised." It is to be completed in four parts, and will contain forty-eight plates not to be found in Dr. Trusler's work. The two volumes, combined, will comprehend all that is known respecting our great satirical and humorous painter, and pretty nearly all that has been written on his merits. The present Part is chiefly occupied with his account of himself, and with the criticisms of Horace Walpole, Gilpin, Ireland, and Christie.

Carlo Ferriere, the unfortunate Italian Boy. Lithographed by W. Day. Silverlock.

Published, we are told, for a charitable purpose. There are few persons familiar with London who will not be struck with this very characteristic sketch of the poor boy, whose memory it will forcibly recall. His tortoise on one hand, the other soliciting aid, and the laughing good-humoured eyes and mouth, which won their way to many a douceur,* are all truly expressed; and it is a melancholy reflection to think how little they affected the remorseless ruffians by whom he was destroyed.

Sir W. Scott, Bart. Painted by Wilkie; engraved by E. Smith. Moon, Boys, and Co.

This is a very broad and effective portrait, in which the engraver has happily embodied Mr. Wilkie's style, and afforded the admirers of

* We have been told that the boy had placed 37*l.* or 38*l.* in some Savings' Bank near Leicester Square, and intended to return home a wealthy wanderer, to his father, a small farmer in Sardinia, in the present month!

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the Northern Wizzard an opportunity of possessing another resemblance of him, also from a Scottish hand, in its way not inferior to his own fame.

PANORAMA OF FLORENCE.

A PRIVATE view of Mr. Burford's new Panorama of Florence, yesterday, afforded us very great pleasure. It is one of the most striking likenesses of a city which we ever saw; and more highly finished as a painting than is usual with works of the kind. A fine subject and excellence in art are sufficient recommendations of any panorama; and the present prefers both these claims to the public approbation.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

[Our letter from Newcastle, of the latest date, will not, we hope, abate the interest which has been taken in these communications. It is not our desire to puff them into undeserved importance; but we give them to the public as statements to be relied upon, as coming from an individual who sought the dangerous seat of cholera in this country, to pursue his own study of the disease, and who is utterly unconnected either with those commercial interests, which seem but too willing to conceal the progress of the pest, rather than impede the business of the port,—or with those medical men who are predisposed to take up sides as their situation prompts, either for or against the perils of the spreading malady.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Newcastle, Dec. 14.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the melancholy duty of calling your attention to the progress of the cholera, which after visiting a number of small villages in the environs of Sunderland, has now broken out in two towns of large population and great commercial importance. Considering the number of persons resident in both these places, of similar habits and modes of life to those among whom its ravages were most conspicuous in the town of Sunderland, it is rather curious that the disease should not previously have entered this new sphere of propagation, than that it should finally make its appearance, and, if we judge by the Newcastle reports, with a power of infection which exceeds any thing that it has hitherto shewn in this country. Whatever may be the diversity of opinion among medical men with regard to the isolated cases of Oswald Reay or Robert Jordan, more especially the latter, still it is not at all impossible, as indeed has occurred under my observation, that persons may fall victims to the malignant cholera without immediately communicating the disease to others. This is rendered still more remarkable in the cases which followed, of Eddy, a waterman's wife, and Maria Mills, both persons of dissolute habits. I am sorry that my excellent friend, Dr. Walland of Sheffield, should have been led to make any hasty remarks upon the examination of this last person's body. Further observation, which will no doubt be afforded to him in Sunderland, will lead him to form a more correct estimate of the difficulty that is presented by the pathology of this disease. The total number of cases which have occurred in Newcastle since the 8th of December, are 61, out of which 2 have recovered and 13 died. It is certain, that the number of deaths compared with the number of cases does not bear a strict relation to the results as yet presented by the malignant cholera; and lead us to place some doubts, farther increased by the great number which are reported at the first breaking-out of the disease, that these reports may contain cases of a doubtful nature. I have the opinion of a gentleman who has studied the disease with me in Sunderland, and who has seen several cases in this town, to bear me out in this supposition.

The different parishes have provided themselves with hospitals, and a resident surgeon is appointed to each. The board of health exert themselves to their utmost, and the subscriptions have hitherto been extremely liberal: it is to be hoped, that the obstinacy of some who *will not have the disease*, and of their medical parasites, will not be able to plant impediments in their way, as occurred in the town of Sunderland, and was there productive of the most irremediable mischief — and of warfare against truth, for which there is but a too certain relish even in this town.

Mr. Greenhow, of North Shields, in a letter to the mayor of Newcastle, dated Dec. 11th, announced the appearance of cholera in that place. I in consequence went thither yesterday, but was only enabled to see one case, the wife of a man who had himself suffered from the disease, and from which he had recovered. He had come lately from Sunderland. His wife took ill at 12 o'clock the night previous to my arrival; and the symptoms, which in her were extremely well marked, will most probably have had a fatal termination. At the little colliery of Seghill, a village in this vicinity, eight cases terminated fatally during the course of last week. At Sunderland the ratio of new cases, deaths, and recoveries, remains still nearly the same; though I have reason to think, from the number of specifics which are beginning to be found out, that it is really becoming milder in its attacks. A Mr. Tine, here, has raised his *tiny* voice to prove that the cholera does not exist in Sunderland. The press complain that medical men do not study the subject with sufficient historical impartiality and professional gravity: who would either study or write for individuals who are ready to assert, if it suits their temporary objects, that white is black? But there are, we might mention, many medical men busily engaged in collecting proper statistical details, with careful medical investigations; yet this mode of procedure is not consonant with the rapid succession of bold assertions that have so frequently been made upon this important and deeply interesting subject. I remain, &c.

W. AINSWORTH.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SIN OF PUNNING.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR, — I have read with more attention than they deserved, the remarks of your correspondent "Senex" against punsters. In point of matter there is little to reply to, his lugubrious effort consisting chiefly of asseverations strung together, and which are no more proved to be applicable to a punster, than his allusion to hanging a hound proves that Jack Ketch ought to be employed by the nation to execute every individual who shall try to promote mirth, instead of to vilify his neighbours. Your correspondent professes much respect for truth, but he appears only to employ it in order to convey error; for he endeavours to lead us to suppose, that punning is the cause of the confusion that exists in our language and ideas. Now, to any one, even to the unhappy old gentleman who addressed you, it must be apparent, that bringing two words before the mind in one sentence, and at the same time leading it to perceive the precise manner and degree in which they differ and accord, will do any thing but tend to supposing them the same, or to confusing their import; for who ever could conceive that a person saying, "An ass ought to do more work than a horse, because his *ears* are longer," would produce during the subsequent life of a hearer, a confusion between the ideas of the annual admeasurement of time and the oral organs of a donkey, or lead him thereafter to suppose time was measured as if by a yard-wand, and *ergo* by the length of donkey ears. Illustrative facts seem to be things your mirth-killing correspondent studiously avoids, or he would have given us some instance of the ill produced (unless he means his letter as such) by the practice with which he deals so harshly. Your phlegmatic friend is really too absurd to argue with, and evidently too little accustomed to connect effects and causes, to allow me to entertain a hope that by addressing my remarks to him on the advantages of punning, I could convince him of its great benefit. I shall, therefore, merely say a few words to your readers on the good I have seen derived from it. Happily, I have been in the habit of mixing in the society of those who do not on all occasions exert the whole power of the galvanic battery of their reason, as your friend has done, but enliven those about them with a few sparks, that rather indicate the powerful source whence they proceed, than lead us to suppose them its fullest effort. In the first place, punning causes mirth, and thus enlivens the sombre gloom of the English dinner-table. But it does more; a pun will often, when nothing else will take effect, stop one of those duets, in the form of a debate, which are not unfrequently the pest of social life, by obliging a majority of a party to be silent listeners to what they do not wish to hear, or are unable to understand. Moreover, these sallies of the imagination often lead to remarks more brilliant than those which give them birth, till at last some mind shines forth with a lustre which would not have been produced but for the transient flash that set it in action. One of your correspondents seems to argue against the abuse instead of the use of puns; and on this ground he might say as much on any other subject; for if abuse be an evil, according to *his* shewing, every thing is an evil in itself, because every thing is capable of being abused. But punsters are men of too critical minds thus to be deceived; and in the remarks which have been made against them by your correspondents, they will merely trace the malignity of men, who, incapable of raising a smile themselves, are envious of the talent the punster possesses, and, mortified they cannot share the punster's reward, wish to impugn the motives and effects of that which they find attractive in others but fatal to themselves. I have the pleasure to remain, a lover of mirth and an original subscriber,

JUVENIS.

MR. EDITOR,—Under the head, "Sketches of Society," I have seen in your last week's *Gazette* a letter on the Sin of Punning, from SENEX, which I consider contains assertions rather extraordinary. I am not addicted to punning, nor would I defend general punning; but neither would I *pun*ish punsters nor condemn.

Senex commences with asserting, it may indeed be said that he who would make a pun would pick a pocket! I know this *dictum* has been affiliated on Dr. Johnson; but I know that the assertion is as malignant as false. Punning is neither a perversion of truth nor of thought; nor is it true, as Senex asserts, that to any man who has thought at all, it must be apparent that he thinks through the medium of words — nay I will assert words do not furnish, though they may represent ideas already received or furnished. Here, then, are Senex

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and I at issue. Language is not the mode nor medium of thought itself; but it is the mode or medium, or vehicle, whereby men have generally agreed to communicate their thoughts or ideas — language is the dress of thought, and words are its parts. Thought may be possessed and communicated in various modes without language; but language is certainly the best mode adopted for communicating thought. Ideas must exist antecedent to words, — and independently of these exist. Words may, indeed, subsequently have a sort of retro-reflective effect — not of engendering new ideas, but of making combinations or contrasts of those already received. But the ideas themselves must originate from material impressions—and while in this life, perhaps from them alone: for we have no knowledge but by perception or inspiration, and all knowledge must be rendered evident and palpable to the sense. Sensation is the vehicle of impressions, and thence of ideas; and though the mind may afterwards abstract such perceptions, still all conceptions must be referred to perception as their criterion and source. The ideas of objects may be considered as the shadows of substances—substanceless indeed, yet still resembling their prototypes. All our ideas are of natural objects, or of some artificial combination or preparation of natural objects; but none of our ideas result from arbitrary signs invented to preserve not supersede those ideas:— that would make an effect be its own cause.

Punning is therefore to language what grimaces are to gestures — and who will censure grimaces if they are useful in conveying a particular trait of feeling or train of thought? Grimaces are distortions or contortions of gesture — ridiculous perhaps, but not disgusting when intended for a legitimate object — and punning bears a similar relation to words or language; but punning has no specified relation to thought, further than as it exists in the mind of the punster. Wit is the laughable allusion of thought — punning the laughable allusion of language. Now, we do not censure wit in abstracting thought and applying it to a particular relation not perhaps before recognised; why then should we censure punning, which does not pervert words more than wit perverts thought? Or why not allow a pleasing alteration in words — an alteration merely temporary and particular — as well as an alteration in ideas, according as a playful imagination may perceive a comparison? And a temporary and transient alteration, not a permanent contortion nor perversion, is all pretended to or effected by wit or punning. All tropes of rhetoric are actual puns, and all figures are virtual witticisms; at least all such tropes and figures as are based on comparison. Finding a comparison between objects and ideas is certainly great, and noble, and dignified — is the utmost effort of thought—and is the resource and standard of all knowledge; yet finding a fancied comparison, for a pleasing purpose, between the signs of those ideas, though less dignified and natural, is not therefore contemptible nor culpable. Wit does not pervert thought by its particular application or comparison; neither does punning confuse or pervert language (I speak of legitimate wit and punning); for thought thus induced into a particular application retains its form after the transient alienation of wit—so do words retain their original acceptation, after punning has affected them, just as the features are restored after a grimace. A comparison of words, either as they affect the ear or eye, may possibly be contemptible to fastidiousness; but it can never be considered culpable in any point of view whatever, by any person possessing honour or candour. To say, therefore, that a mere punster would pick a pocket — that is, that he who for an innocent purpose institutes a fancied or real resemblance between words, would institute for a criminal purpose a relation between his own fingers and the purses or pockets of another—is a detestable falsehood, emanating from the malignancy of envy, as well as the ignorance of politeness and truth. I had much rather be a punster, than he who wantonly condemns him; for punning may be contemned as a miserable effort of abstractive comparison, but can never be condemned as a wilful act of mystification or misrepresentation; and a false accuser is worse than the falsely accused.

JUVENIS.*

Crown Coffee House, Holborn.

SIR,—Finding your columns open to the persecuted, and knowing that you always publicly expose a punster when he deserves it, I have ventured to lay my case before you. I am unfortunately troubled with a step-son, who not only annoys me, but every one else, by his puns and jokes. In fact, sir, his nonsense keeps my cook continually in *broils*—my housemaid *in hot water*—occasions quarrels between the pot-boy and my *porter*—and has been the cause of several actions against me, his unhappy father-*in-law*.

The other morning, thinking it would have some influence on his joking propensities, I took up your last week's *Gazette*, and commenced reading to him the letter from "Senex" against the poor, pitiable, petty, paltry, pocket-picking practice of punning; and wishing to impress it on his mind, as I proceeded, I said —"There, John, you hear, 'the effect is more deadly than your mind can perceive.'" "*Deadly*, sir! I always thought it *lively*." This so enraged me that I hurried on to the concluding lines, where I most pointedly read, "Who would call a punster *friend*?" "Certainly no one but a *Quaker*," replied the "poor wretch!" This was quite enough—and I threw down the paper, disgusted.

Now, sir, this precious step-son has been boring me for some time to purchase him a commission in the army, and says I can have no objection, for his mother is *quite agreeable* (but, sir, *I* do not think her so); and yesterday—just as I was rejoicing at the loss of his company and his jokes for a short time—the following note was handed to me:—

Dear Step-father,—I take a farther step to induce you to accede to my wishes, and to prove how well calculated I am for the army, by sending you the subjoined—my new plan of attacking a city "in lines." Notwithstanding all that my mother says, Believe me *yours*,
JOHN THOMAS.

Great London's the city for wealth,
For merchants, marts, shipping, and docks,
Where freemen support foreign *bonds*,
And buy themselves into the *stocks*.

Where booksellers live in a Row,
And coaches must stand in their ranks—
Where people will sail on the Thames,
Though fearing "a run on the *banks*."

A stony-soil'd Smith-*field* is kept
For beasts by these great *denizens*,
Where bullocks are *alter'd* to posts,
And sheep are compell'd to use *pens*.

Old Billingsgate, too, is well known—
For London the *sole* fish depôt,
And where in good friendship each morn
Both Christians and *muscle*-men go.

Within their own Halls very oft
Large Companies dine in high glee—
Besides, in a principal street,
There's a Company all days for *tea*.

Now, among their great men it's been said
A *goose* pretty often is found—
Found libel, alas! though we know
Their *Poultry* is greatly renown'd.

The aldermen—each in a gown
Which old women's notions entails—
Transact all the "business of weight,"
But will not be troubled with *Scales*.

Last winter the king was to dine
With the mayor and the citizen knights,
Who—very well known as good *livers*—
Prepared for a great shew of *lights*.

It appears the mayor's note to the duke
Deprived all the Cits of their pleasure,
For the *corn*-market people declared
That the *meal* was upset by this *measure*.

But the notable note once forgotten,
Sir John grew in favour each day,
Till again for the office of mayor
Sir Peter found him *in the way*.

While some, with the aid of queer *tales*,
Strove hard to get Laurie *a-head*,
Key "stood at the top of the pole"—
"*Put up* by his friends," it was said.

But the aldermen threw out the mayor,
And thought to put him to the rout;
While his friends ('twas supposed they were *brewers*)
Declared that they all would *stand stout*.

Elected—rejected—again,
Sir John at length conquer'd his foes,
Who fall'd—while so many said "Ay!"—
The City to lead by the "*Noes!*"

B.

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* Two Juvenises to one Senex is rather hard odds.—*Ed. L. G.*

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Historical Ballads. Part I. England. 4to. pp. 92. Chappell.

THIS is a very original and a very well-executed design, whether we look at the poetical amber and music in which these interesting incidents of former times are preserved—at the choice of the incidents themselves—or at the tasteful and curious fashion in which they are adorned by subjects from the graver. William the Conqueror's grave, the death of Rufus, the wreck of Prince William the son of our first Henry, Cœur de Lion's Sirvente, the Battle of Azincour, the Union of the Roses, the Armada, and several other historical events, are briefly described from ancient authors and records; and upon each of them Mr. Planché has written a characteristic ballad, which Mr. Bishop has set to music. Each is also embellished with an appropriate wood-cut, done in a clever style: among these are the Abbey of St. Etienne at Caen, the burial-place of the Conqueror; Rufus's stone in the New Forest, where that king was slain; Henry I. mourning the loss of his children, from an old illumination in the Cotton collection; the ruins of the Castle of Durrenstein, where Cœur de Lion was imprisoned; parts of the armour of the Black Prince, as preserved at Canterbury, and parts of that of Henry V., as at Westminster; the Manor House, Grafton Regis, Northamptonshire, where Edward IV. met the fair Lady Elizabeth Grey; a gold medal in honour of the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, and a medal struck in commemoration of the destruction of the Armada. Even those who are acquainted with the antiquarian care of Mr. Planché, and the neatness with which he has produced his several works on subjects professedly illustrative of by-gone times, would hardly expect to see such valuable reminiscences in what may be called a music-book. Some of them are rare, and hitherto unengraved, and all of them are worthy of attention. With regard to the musical compositions, we shall only say that we prefer Edward III. to the Black Prince and Azincour—the former smacks of an ancient originality. As a specimen of the poetry, we quote the "Shipwreck of Prince William."

"The sea is glass, and mirror'd there
Are the bright round moon and her star-train fair;

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And the bark leaps on like a living thing,
As the reckless rowers laugh and sing,
And shout, as they pass each lagging sail,
That woos in vain the fickle gale
From the arms of night.

England's darling hope and heir,
And the flower of England's youth are there.
And calm and bright as that moon-lit sea,
The life of the young and gay must be;
And time with them as swiftly flies
As the bark that over its surface hies,
Like a beam of light!

A shock—a shriek!—and the young and brave
Are wrestling all with the whelming wave—
Their lips are still from the wine-cup wet,
The merry burden is ringing yet;
And lo! they drink of the bitter surge,
And the booming billows yell their dirge,
With the struggle, white.

England's court is clouded o'er—
England's king will smile no more.
Oh! the many that giddily sweep
Over the world's delusive deep,
Nor dream of the shoal or the sunken rock,
Till ruin yawns with the fatal shock,
In the haven's sight!"

We need scarcely repeat, that this volume is one of the fittest of the season for the fair musician and admirer of polite literature. Mr. Allan Cunningham is, we are told, engaged on Part II., Scotland.

Melodies. Dedicated to the Queen. By Mrs. Alexander Kerr. London, Novello; Edinburgh, Robertson.

THIS is another beautiful lady's book, than which a more pleasing present could hardly be offered in the circle for whose gratification, in eye, ear, and mind, it seems especially addressed by its accomplished author. The elegance and refinement displayed in the embellishments would alone recommend it to great favour; but when we consider that music, poetry, and ornament, are all the production of one person, and that person a young female, we are surprised at the combination of talent, and hail it with the more fervour when united with feminine grace and intelligence. The volume is appropriately dedicated to the Queen; and the airs possess much of the simplicity which we like. "Alone with me their memory be," is a sweet air. "Oh! slumber on," is another of equal merit, with a pretty and peculiar accompaniment. The "Boat glee" will, we think, become a favourite; it is light and agreeable. Some of the poems are founded on real events, others spring from warm yet gentle feelings. "My father-land" is a delightful recollection of infancy—we quote four verses of it in corroboration:—

"Again upon thy verdant bank I stand,
Thou oft-remembered, silv'ry-flowing Tweed,
Endeared by absence view my father-land,
Each outlined hill around, and woodland mead:
Yon bridge, o'er which so oft I've musing leant,
Whilst gazing on thy waters' tranquil flow,
Recalling hours in brighter day-dreams spent,
Than e'er fulfilled may bless our path below.

Still does thy sweet and gently murm'ring sound
My spirits soothe, mine ear attract, and seem
Each flow'ry brae, each well-known spot around,
Like strange realities of youthful dream.
In other climes, in distant lands I've been,
Which nature gifts with ever-varying bloom,
Yet have I none preferr'd to thee, blest scene!
My once so happy, and my early home.

Oh! when I've shelter'd from the sultry heat,
To mark the proud course of some giant stream;
In bright blue skies the early sun to greet—
Have watched the splendour of his orient beam;
When from the lofty Ghauts' impendent height,
Or tolling round a fortress-hill's ascent,
The fury of the fierce monsoon in might
Has dashed along, and mighty forests rent—

How has my heart with transport turn'd to thee!
How have I pictured thy enchanting dell!
The fondly cherish'd scenes of infancy—
Can any other those bright scenes excel?
Oh! there are names within our breasts enshrined,
The sweetest still, which Fancy can portray;
Time-hallow'd, blest, which are so clear defined,
They fade not, change not, e'en in life's decay."

1. *Love's Offering for* 1832. By F. N. Bayley. London, Wybrow.
2. *Le Bouquet; a new Set of Quadrilles.* By G. Stanley. S. Chappell.
3. *The Cadeau for* 1832. Johanning and Whatmore.

1. WITHOUT any striking feature in this volume, there are some pretty little sentimental songs, particularly the first, which is really sweet enough, though it does not tempt quotation.

2. Very easy to play, and very agreeable to dance to. We recommend this set of quadrilles to our charitable friends, not only for their own merit, but as the work of an unfortunate man.

3. A pretty present for our fair friends, with pretty songs, musical waltzes, and a set of quadrilles. This volume will prove a pleasing companion for a long evening. We must, however, find fault with the taste of the editor in admitting a set of quadrilles from an unsuccessful opera—they are the worst things in the book.

The Musical Gem; a Souvenir for 1832. Edited by N. Mori and W. Ball. London, Mori and Lavenu.

WITH the exception of the set of quadrilles, the whole of the music in this handsome Annual is simple and pleasing. Beautiful lively German airs are sprinkled through the volume; and a great many gallops and mazurkas, some of them known and some original, all *capatilly* arranged, add greatly to the utility, as well as the beauty of the book. A very pretty frontispiece is made by a lithographed portrait of Miss Stephens, after Jackson. Mrs. Wood, Miss Inverarity, Paganini, and Moschelles, also figure in portraiture, with biographical sketches. Miss Inverarity, it is stated, is the grand niece of Ferguson the Scottish poet.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

MISS SHIRREFF played *Polly*, in the *Beggars' Opera*, on Thursday, with still greater *éclat* than *Mandane*. Braham, Bartley, Mrs. Keeley, and Mrs. Gibbs, made the strongest cast of the whole opera.

THE ADELPHI.

ANOTHER merry novelty has been produced here, called *Favourites in Town*. This extravaganza, written by Mr. Moncrieff, exhibits the most popular performers of the Adelphi in favourite characters: they are jumbled together in town, and, making fun with each other, contrive marvellously to entertain the audience. The best proof of success is a theatre crowded every night, and *Victorine* still reigning with undiminished attraction.

OLYMPIC.

A VERY agreeable little comedy was performed here on Wednesday last, entitled the *Dumb Belle*. It is written by Mr. Bernard, the author of *Old Regimentals*, &c.; and is a sort of companion-picture to Mr. H. Bayly's *Perfection*. A *Captain Vivian* of the Queen's own (Mr. J. Vining) has travelled all over the world in search of a dumb woman, whom he could love well enough to take for a wife, having an unconquerable horror of the "extraordinary development of the organ of speech," ill-naturedly made proverbial respecting the ladies. His *Cousin Eliza* (Madame Vestris) determines to punish him; and on his arrival pretends to have lost her speech by an accident, which at first delights him; but to his great annoyance, he soon discovers that she is deaf as well as dumb; and he is consequently compelled to bawl all his tender speeches through an ear-trumpet. We shall not enter into a detail of the incidents by which matters are brought to a satisfactory termination; suffice it to say they are amusing and ingenious. The piece is prettily written, was exceedingly well acted and received, and will no doubt be a lasting favourite.

VARIETIES.

Aërographe.—Under the name of aërographe, M. Pessault Delatour has invented, and presented to the French minister of marine, a portable telegraph, capable of being used by night as well as by day; the principles of which are exceedingly simple, and which promises to be extensively serviceable.

Revue Encyclopédique.—This publication has changed hands. M. Jullien has surrendered it to new editors. M. Hippolyte Carnot has published an address in the French journals, in which, while he acknowledges the merits of M. Jullien, he intimates the necessity of introducing a better arrangement into the work, and giving it a more encyclopedic character.

Sir Walter Scott.—By letters from Malta we are happy to learn that Sir Walter Scott has arrived there in improved health.

Naval Toy.—A very pleasing toy has been put into our hands by its publisher (Mr. N. Carpenter), who has founded it on Captain Basil Hall's charming volumes, *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, &c. &c. It is called the Log-book of a Midshipman, and is certainly a most entertaining way of teaching naval tactics. Twenty pictures represent so many scenes, so well described in the gallant captain's narrative; and a tee-totum, with numbers marked upon it, and an allotment of counters, enable a juvenile party to play the game; which in its good and bad fortune, as the spin indicates, leads to the various difficulties, defeats, retrograde movements, and successes, which constitute this novel amusement. But what we like the best in it, is the continual reference to the Fragments; which being read, render the youthful gamesters familiar with the circumstances of a seafaring life, and beguile them sportively into the acquisition of much useful knowledge. Its effect is also likely to promote a literary taste, and to induce a more extensive perusal of the popular volumes to which we have alluded; and it would not be easy, at this Christmas-gift-*ing* time, to put more attractive subjects under the eye of youth. We commend it in this view to parents and guardians.*

Barrel-Organs, &c.—It is computed that there are wandering about the streets of Paris 106 organ-players, 135 singers, 271 musicians, and 220 mountebanks; three-fourths of whom are strangers in the city, and only 150 of whom are French. It is well known that the crowds which these personages collect are very favourable to the operations of pickpockets. Henceforth they are to be subjected to a rigid superintendence, and, among other regulations, are

* Apropos, speaking of Captain Hall's productions, we might mention his excellent and sensible remarks on the preparatory education of a boy intended for the navy, which have appeared in the *United Service Journal*: they are well worthy of the attention of the public, and especially of the directors of the new naval school at Hartwell. In their sound principles and practical advice we can readily anticipate future heroes of England, at once moral and brave, intelligent and daring, religious and unconquerable, bearing the flag of their country with undiminished glory over every sea-girt portion of the globe.

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to go home at six o'clock in the evening in winter, and at eight in summer.

Asylum for Female Orphans. — The advertisement which we this week observe in the newspapers, of the election of five poor girls into this Institution, prompts us to notice it in our columns, where such notices are far from misplaced, since the cause of charity and benevolence can never be dissociated from the cause of education and literature. This Asylum was instituted by Sir John Fielding in 1758, and incorporated in 1800. It is destined for the reception of friendless and deserted girls — as destitute a class as ever appealed to humanity for succour and protection. From the account before us, it seems to be highly and respectably patronised; and we rejoice to see it stated, that "more than two thousand deserted females have been sheltered and protected from vice and want by it, supplied with food and raiment proper for them, and taught whatever could render them useful in their situation, or comfortable and happy in themselves." Such an establishment needs only to be extensively known to augment its power of usefulness and enlarge its services to society.

The Pitcairn Islanders! — The descendants of John Adams and others of the Bounty mutineers, over whose fate so romantic an interest has been thrown, have at length had the spell dissolved into a sad reality. By the last Sydney newspapers we observe that this colony, eighty-six in number, has been transported to Otaheite by H. M. S. Comet; and the information adds, that they do not appear well pleased with the change, in consequence of the dissolute habits of the people with whom they are now intermixed.

Mr. Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, was, according to the same journals, at Sydney; where improvements were proceeding, and a newspaper, called the *Independent*, and a two-penny post, had been established at Launceston; though the streets of Sydney were in such a state that the inhabitants were obliged to receive the governor on stilts.

Diorama. — M. Daguerre's new diorama at Paris is a view of Mont Blanc from the Valley of Chamouni.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. L. Dec. 17.*]

Maternal Sketches, with Minor Poems, by Eliza Rutherfoord.

Mr. Samouelle's new work, the Entomological Cabinet, is in the press.

A new periodical, to be called the Pocket Album of Fashion, Music, and Romance, is announced.

The Hackney Carriage Pocket Directory for 1832, with a coloured Map, and the New Regulations commencing January 5th.

The second and concluding volume of the Succession of Sacred Literature, by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Oke's Examinations in Surgery and Midwifery, 8vo. Part I. 8*s.* bds.—Hannay's Representation of England, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Luther's Table-Talk, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Gray's Social System, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Miss Mitford's American Stories, Second Series, 3 vols. 18mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Progress of the Gospel in Polynesia, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Sacred History, for the Use of the Edinburgh Sessional School, Part IV., 18mo. 3*s.* hf.-bd.—Paley's Works, in 1 vol. crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Easy Lessons, with Sixteen steel Engravings, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Flynn's Latin Grammar, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* shp.—The Robber, by the Author of "Chartley," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Home for the Holydays, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Heslop's Geographical Exercises, in 2 Parts, 5*s.* sewed.—Dr. Webster's English Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to. 5*l.* 10*s.* bds.—Hood's Comic Annual for 1832, 12*s.* hf.-bd.—Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Part I. imperial 4to., Prints, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Proofs, colombia 4to. 18*s.*; India Proofs, colomb. 4to. 21*s.*; Proofs before letters, colomb. 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Invasion, by the Author of the "Collegians," 4 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Time's Telescope for 1832, 9*s.* cloth.—Poetic Offering, 32mo. 2*s.* cloth; 3*s.* silk.—French Poetical Gift, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.; 5*s.* 6*d.* silk.—Norton's Elements of Diagnosis, &c. 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—The Musical Forget-Me-Not for 1832, 4to. 12*s.* bds.—Beverley's Sermon on the Unknown Tongues, 1*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

December.	Thermometer.			Barometer.		
Thursday.. 1	From	35.	to 48.	30·09	to	30·02
Friday 2	——	40.	— 48.	29·96	—	29·99
Saturday .. 3	——	39.	— 48.	30·05	—	30·02
Sunday.... 4	——	39.	— 51.	29·96	—	29·96
Monday .. 5	——	40.	— 50.	29·80	—	29·56
Tuesday .. 6	——	39.	— 51.	29·38	—	29·42
Wednesday 7	——	43.	— 53.	29·40	—	29·29

Wind N.W. and S.W., the latter prevailing.
Except the 6th, cloudy; rain at times.
Rain fallen, ·15 of an inch.

December.	Thermometer.			Barometer.		
Thursday.. 8	From	43.	to 55.	29·15	to	29·29
Friday 9	——	46.	— 55.	29·10	—	29·20
Saturday .. 10	——	43.	— 54.	29·32	—	29·43
Sunday.... 11	——	39.	— 55.	29·47	—	29·35
Monday .. 12	——	40.	— 54.	29·33	—	29·16
Tuesday .. 13	——	42.	— 53.	29·32	—	29·48
Wednesday 14	——	33.	— 48.	29·55	—	29·60

Wind S.E. and S.W., the latter prevailing.
Except the 13th and 14th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain. On the evening of the 12th, from 7 to 7h. 15m., a violent thunder-storm, accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning, and a smart shower of hail: immediately after the first peal of thunder, the wind rose terrifically, carrying away tiles and branches of trees; this, however, was but of short duration. Faint flashes of lightning in the S.W. from 5 P.M. till after midnight.
Rain fallen, 1·25 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, November 1831.

Thermometer—Highest..... 56·00°....22d.
Lowest..... 20·50....29th.
Mean..... 39·5625
Barometer—Highest..... 30·26....22d.
Lowest..... 29·02....6th.
Mean..... 29·63844

Number of days of rain and snow, 16.
Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 2·7075.
Winds.—2 East—9 West—2 North—3 South—1 North-east—0 South-east—5 South-west—8 North-west.

General Observations.—The mean temperature was nearly the average of the month, therefore much colder than November last year: on fourteen nights the thermometer descended below the freezing point, and there were not the usual number of fine days—the latter part of the month was very dull and heavy: the mean of the barometer was high, and the maximum much above any in the corresponding month for the last eight years: the quantity of rain also above the average; and more has fallen since the 1st of January, than in all last year: about half an inch of snow fell between the afternoon of the 16th, and 8 A.M. on the 17th. The evaporation 0·15 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "an Admirer of Mr. Canning," we answer, that the purport of Mr. Stapleton's work is to shew that Lord Castlereagh's system of foreign policy consisted in siding with the ultra-monarchial party, whereby collision between that party and the democratical was produced—that Mr. Canning's system consisted in neutrality between these two parties, and in "staying the plague both ways"—that by this system he confined within the narrowest limits the collision which he found, and prevented any new one occurring—that the Duke of Wellington returned to Lord Castlereagh's system, whereby, as Mr. Canning had predicted, in two years a collision was produced.

Upon reconsidering the subjects, we deem it as well not to publish poems on Cholera, the Italian Boy, &c.

We think we shall devote a notice in our next to sundry original poems which have been sent to us for insertion.

To C. H. We have enough ado to keep tolerably right ourselves; and we cannot undertake the task of correcting our contemporaries.

History of Morley, and several local and topographical works are only delayed for want of room to do them justice.

We mistook the name of the clever and successful author of the *Bride of Ludgate*. It should have been spelt *Jerrold*—and *palmam qui meruit ferat*.

A proof of the wisdom and liberality of the two patent theatres is afforded by their both choosing the *same* subject for their Christmas Pantomime: to be sure, there could be but one Hop o' my Thumb fit for such a purpose!

In honour of two noble lords who appear as authors in our Review of this week, we have *discontinued* all our *continuations*, and noticed none but works hitherto unrecorded in our page. It happens through this, that Roby's Traditions of Lancashire, Chenevix, the Usurer's Daughter, and other Reviews, in type, are postponed.

We cannot tell N. B. C., more than the brief advertisement itself, what "the Town" is. It is a good name for a newspaper, of which it seems to be the announcement.

ERRATUM. — In our last, we printed the names of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley as the publishers of *Newton Forster*, by mistake for Cochrane and Co., to whom we are indebted for this able novel.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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TO HAILEYBURY and ADDISCOMBE STUDENTS.—For the convenience of those who wish to continue their Studies during the Vacation, the most important branches requisite for the above Seminaries, in Oriental, Classics, and Mathematics, are taught during the present Holydays at the London Oriental Institution, No. 2, South Crescent, Bedford Square, the conductors of which acquired the Oriental Languages in India from learned Natives, and have prepared several Hundreds of Candidates for the Hon. E. I. Company's Service with distinguished success.

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No. 779. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1831. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Eugene Aram. By the Author of "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

"UNGENTLE" as our craft is esteemed, and "ungentle" we do not deny that it is—for, Heaven knows, our feelings for the work and our feelings for the author are too often at variance—yet it has its pleasures, and among the very highest of them is the perusal of a work like this. No one can deny to Mr. Bulwer a foremost place among the names which do honour to modern literature. His readers may vary in their preferences—one may like the lively and actual satire of *Pelham;* a second prefer the poetic imagination of the *Disowned;* a third the deeper conception and dramatic effect of *Paul Clifford:* but the very fact of these preferences shews how much there is from which to choose. It is not in every age that we would appeal to popularity as the sure precursor of fame, but we may safely in the present time. The reading public now is large and enlightened; and the daily judgment is far more likely to err on the side of severity than of eager admiration. The great popularity of our author's works is at least a good sign; and though we are free to confess that not even a public condemnation could have changed our opinion of pages which seem to us fraught with genius, yet we are equally willing to admit that it has been a personal gratification (if a critic can have one) to see that the general judgment has so powerfully borne out our own. We ought to be more national with our countrymen's literary triumphs than we are; and when we find a writer admired and appreciated in other lands (France, Germany, and America, for example, where large editions of these works have been reprinted,) it were a good and a high feeling to rejoice in the success, and take a pride in that writer being of our language and our time.

Eugene Aram is decidedly the most finished of Mr. Bulwer's productions. An admirably wrought-out story, of which we never lose sight, gradually rises in interest, till the feeling becomes equally intense and painful. There are scenes, in the third volume especially, superior in power and effect to any thing he has yet done. Eugene Aram is a fine, a most original conception. He is described as "a man whose whole life seemed to have been one sacrifice to knowledge. What is termed pleasure had no attraction for him. From the mature manhood at which he had arrived, he looked back along his youth, and recognised no youthful folly. Love he had hitherto regarded with a cold though not an incurious eye: intemperance had never lured him to a momentary self-abandonment. Even the innocent relaxations with which the austerest minds relieve their accustomed toils, had had no power to draw him from his beloved researches. The delight *monstrari digito*—the gratification of triumphant wisdom—the whispers of an elevated vanity—existed not for his self-dependent and solitary heart. He was one of those earnest and high-wrought enthusiasts who now are almost extinct upon earth. and whom romance has not hitherto attempted to portray—men not uncommon in the last century, who were devoted to knowledge, yet disdainful of its fame—who lived for nothing else than to learn. From store to store, from treasure to treasure, they proceeded in exulting labour; and having accumulated all, they bestowed nought—they were the arch-misers of the wealth of letters. Wrapped in obscurity, in some sheltered nook, remote from the great stir of men, they passed a life at once unprofitable and glorious—the least part of what they ransacked would appal the industry of a modern student; yet the most superficial of modern students might effect more for mankind. They lived among oracles, but they gave none forth. And yet, even in this very barrenness, there seems something high: it was a rare and great spectacle—men living aloof from the roar and strife of the passions that raged below, devoting themselves to the knowledge which is our purification and our immortality on earth, and yet deaf and blind to the allurements of the vanity which generally accompanies research—*refusing* the ignorant homage of their kind, making their sublime motive their only meed, adoring Wisdom for her sole sake, and set apart in the populous universe, like stars, luminous with their own light, but too remote from the earth on which they looked to shed over its inmates the lustre with which they glowed."

Eugene Aram is, if we may use such a term, a miser of the mind—one who accumulates gold not as a means, but as a possession—one who acquires knowledge, of which the mere acquisition is to be its own "exceeding great reward." Nothing can be well more opposed to that display, which is the characteristic of our own age. Perhaps the former spirit of lonely study might have been more delightful to the individual—the present one of diffusion more advantageous to the many; and it is a strange but true thing, that the happiness and interest of one are rarely compatible with the happiness and interest of the multitude: ourself is the last person for whom we can live.

We know few things more touching than the following confession, wrung in a moment of pain from the lips of the solitary student.

"'Ah!' said Aram, gently shaking his head, 'it is a hard life we bookmen lead. Not for us is the bright face of noon-day, or the smile of woman, the gay unbending of the heart, the neighing steed and the shrill trump,—the pride, pomp, and circumstance of life. Our enjoyments are few and calm, our labour constant; but that, is it not, sir?—that, is it not? the body avenges its own neglect. We grow old before our time—we wither up—the sap of youth shrinks from our veins—there is no bound in our step. We look about us with dimmed eyes, and our breath grows short and thick, and pains and coughs and shooting aches come upon us at night—it is a bitter life, a bitter life—a joyless life. I would I had never commenced it. And yet the harsh world scowls upon us—our nerves are broken, and they wonder we are querulous—our blood curdles, and they ask why we are not gay—our brain grows dizzy and indistinct (as with me just now), and, shrugging their shoulders, they whisper their neighbours that we are mad. I wish I had worked at the plough, and known sleep, and loved mirth—and—and not been what I am.'"

In a narrative whose unity is so dramatic, it is difficult to make a quotation, without its being either unconnected or indistinct; but perhaps the following scene, between Aram and the wretched man who threatens him with an accusation, will display a part, without too much revealing the whole.

"'It is not easy for either of us to deceive the other. We are men, whose perceptions a life of danger has sharpened upon all points: I speak to you frankly, for disguise is unavailing. Though I can fly from your reach—though I can desert my present home and my intended bride, I would fain think I have free and secure choice to preserve that exact path and scene of life which I have chalked out for myself—I would fain be rid of all apprehension from you. There are two ways only by which this security can be won: the first is through your death—nay, start not, nor put your hand on your pistol; you have not now cause to fear me. Had I chosen that method of escape, I could have effected it long since. When, months ago, you slept under my roof—ay, *slept!*—what should have hindered me from stabbing you during the slumber? Two nights since, when my blood was up, and the fury upon me, what should have prevented me tightening the grasp that you so resent, and laying you breathless at my feet? Nay, now, though you keep your eye fixed on my motions, and your hand upon your weapon, you would be no match for a desperate and resolved man, who might as well perish in conflict with you as by the protracted accomplishment of your threats. Your ball *might* fail—(even now I see your hand trembles)—mine, *if* I so will it, is certain death. No, Houseman; it would be as vain for your eye to scan the dark pool into whose breast yon cataract casts its waters, as for your intellect to pierce the depths of my mind and motives. Your murder, though in self-defence, would lay a weight upon my soul, which would sink it for ever: I should see in your death new chances of detection spread themselves before me—the terrors of the dead are not to be bought or awed into silence; I should pass from one peril into another; and the law's dread vengeance might fall upon me, through the last, even yet more surely than through the first. Be composed, then, on this point! From my hand, unless you urge it madly upon yourself, you are wholly safe. Let us turn to my second method of attaining security. It lies, not in your momentary cessation from persecutions; not in your absence from this spot alone; you must quit the country—you must never return to it—your home must be cast,

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and your very grave dug in a foreign soil. Are you prepared for this? If not, I can say no more; and I again cast myself passive into the arms of fate.' 'You ask,' said Houseman, whose fears were allayed by Aram's address, though, at the same time, his dissolute and desperate nature was subdued and tamed in spite of himself, by the very composure of the loftier mind with which it was brought in contact: 'You ask,' said he, 'no trifling favour of a man — to desert his country for ever; but I am no dreamer, to love one spot better than another. I should, perhaps, prefer a foreign clime, as the safer and the freer from old recollections, if I could live in it as a man, who loves the relish of life, should do. Shew me the advantages I am to gain by exile, and farewell to the pale cliffs of England for ever!' 'Your demand is just,' answered Aram; 'listen, then! I am willing to coin all my poor wealth, save alone the barest pittance wherewith to sustain life; nay, more, I am prepared also to melt down the whole of my possible expectations from others, into the form of an annuity to yourself.' * * *

"These words, aided by a tone of voice and an expression of countenance that gave them perhaps their chief effect, took even the hardened nature of Houseman by surprise; he was affected by an emotion which he could not have believed it possible the man, who till then had galled him by the humbling sense of inferiority, could have created. He extended his hand to Aram. 'By ——,' he exclaimed, with an oath which we spare the reader, 'you are right! you have made me as helpless in your hands as an infant. I accept your offer — if I were to refuse it, I should be driven to the same courses I now pursue. But look you; I know not what may be the amount of the annuity you can raise. I shall not, however, require more than will satisfy wants, which, if not so scanty as your own, are not at least very extravagant or very refined. As for the rest, if there be any surplus, in God's name keep it for yourself, and rest assured that, so far as I am concerned, you shall be molested no more.' 'No, Houseman,' said Aram, with a half smile, 'you shall have all I first mentioned; that is, all beyond what nature craves, honourably and fully. Man's best resolutions are weak: if you knew I possessed aught to spare, a fancied want, a momentary extravagance, might tempt you to demand it. Let us put ourselves beyond the possible reach of temptation. But do not flatter yourself by the hope that the income will be magnificent. My own annuity is but trifling, and the half of the dowry I expect from my future father-in-law, is all that I can at present obtain. The whole of that dowry is insignificant as a sum. But if this does not suffice for you, I must beg or borrow elsewhere.' 'This, after all, is a pleasanter way of settling business,' said Houseman, 'than by threats and anger. And now I will tell you exactly the sum on which, if I could receive it yearly, I could live without looking beyond the pale of the law for more — on which I could cheerfully renounce England, and commence 'the honest man.' But then, hark you, I must have half settled on my little daughter.' 'What! have you a child?' said Aram eagerly, and well pleased to find an additional security for his own safety. 'Ay, a little girl, my only one, in her eighth year; she lives with her grandmother, for she is motherless; and that girl must not be left quite penniless should I be summoned hence before my time. Some twelve years hence — as poor Jane promises to be pretty — she may be married off my hands; but her childhood must not be left to the chances of beggary or shame.'"

Such is the compact; for its consequences we refer the reader to the work itself. We close with one or two chance extracts.

"There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed,—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world—a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion—for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!—dies with him."

Autumn.

"Along the sere and melancholy wood the autumnal winds crept, with a lowly but gathering moan. Where the water held its course, a damp and ghostly mist clogged the air; but the skies were calm, and checkered only by a few clouds, that swept in long, white, spectral streaks over the solemn stars. Now and then the bat wheeled swiftly round, almost touching the figure of the student, as he walked musingly onward. And the owl, that before the month waned many days, would be seen no more in that region, came heavily from the trees, like a guilty thought that deserts its shade. It was one of those nights, half dim, half glorious, which mark the early decline of the year. Nature seemed restless and instinct with change; there were those signs in the atmosphere which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning may rise in storm or sunshine. And in this particular period the skiey influences seem to tincture the animal life with their own mysterious and wayward spirit of change. The birds desert their summer haunts; an unaccountable inquietude pervades the brute creation; even men in this unsettled season have considered themselves more (than at others) stirred by the motion and whisperings of their genius. And every creature that flows upon the tide of the universal life of things, feels upon the ruffled surface the mighty and solemn change which is at work within its depths."

We have allowed ourselves brief space to allude to the minor characters, though the epithet will scarcely apply to the noble and beautiful Madeline; but we should do scant grace to our entertainment, if we did not commend to especial favour a certain corporal, quite "a man of the world." We have closed these volumes with regret—perhaps the highest praise we can give them: we also intend reading them again; for the attraction of the narrative hurries us too much over deep thought and profound knowledge of life, in the first instance. Praise and panegyric are too often confounded; we admit to having most sincerely and warmly bestowed the former: its truth will be its best guarantee for the favour of our readers, to whom we cordially recommend *Eugene Aram*.

We have only to add, that it is dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, and that a more fitting offering was never laid upon his shrine. To have done it justice, our extracts ought to have been a hundred fold.

CHOLERA.

Is the Cholera Spasmodica of India a Contagious Disease? The Question considered in a Letter to Sir Henry Halford, Bart., M.D. By William Macmichael, M.D., &c. London, 1831. Murray.

How is the Cholera propagated? The Question considered, and some Facts stated. By an American Physician. London, Miller.

A Letter to the King's most excellent Majesty, on the Delusion which has been so actively disseminated on the subject of the Cholera Morbus, &c. By a Physician. London, Smith.

Cholera: its non-contagious Nature, &c.; in a Letter to the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Newcastle. By T. M. Greenhow. Newcastle, Charnley.

Letters on the Cholera Morbus, shewing that it is not a communicable Disease. London.

Cholera: its Nature, Cause, Treatment, and Prevention, &c. By Charles Searle, Esq. 2d edit. London, Highley.

An actually practised and effectually successful Mode of Treatment of the Cholera. Translated from a Letter of Dr. Ewertz. London, Schloss.

Essay on the Origin, Symptoms, and Treatment of Cholera Morbus and of other Epidemic Disorders, &c. By T. Forster, M.B. London, Keating and Brown.

Observations on Cholera; comprising a Description of the Epidemic Cholera of India, &c. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., &c. London, Highley.

Cholera Morbus: a short and faithful Account, &c. By John Austin, Surgeon. London, Hughes.

Short and Plain Rules for the Prevention and Cure of the Cholera Morbus, &c. By Gideon Mantell, F.R.S., &c. London, Relfe and Unwin.

Of Pestilential Cholera: its Nature, Prevention, and Curative Treatment. By James Copland, M.D., &c. London, Longman and Co.

An Address to a Christian Congregation on the Approach of the Cholera Morbus. By the Rev. W. Sewell, M.A. Oxford, Talboys.

WORKS on the subject of cholera have so multiplied on our hands, that we are obliged to notice a number at a time. We have thought that one advantage would result from this arrangement—for, taken altogether, the *résumé* would be more defined and complete—and only one inconvenience, which would be, bringing the class of learned and respectable writers into bad company; but we question if comparison in this case is not even useful. We have arranged our titles according to subject, and given precedence to the question of contagion, as one which gains by discussion; though it may be remarked, that very few write to prove that cholera is contagious, because where it exists, every one thinks so — the uneducated and the ignorant have the fact forced upon their cognizance; and there would be hardly any doubts upon the subject, if certain medical men did not—partly out of mistaken philanthropy, and partly because they think there would be much credit gained in proving the

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great body of society in error—come forward and support, oftentimes with the greatest ingenuity, opinions contrary to those held by the generality of persons, and thus put it into the power of others, totally unacquainted with the subject, and incapable of discussing it in any one of its bearings, to make a tool of their opinions—authorising them in the prosecution of measures, alike disgraceful to themselves, prejudicial to the cause of humanity, and deadly destructive to our poor and unprovided, though liege, fellow-countrymen.

There are others, however, who, after having studied the disease itself, and watched the mode of its propagation, have come to the conclusion, that it is not communicable from one person to another. Their opinions are deserving of the highest respect, and should be well weighed and examined before any judgment is pronounced, more especially as they will always have great influence upon the mode in which different practitioners may view the same facts.

The Central Board of Health formed in this country adopted precautions against the arrival of the cholera, modified by the political situation of the country and the genius of the people, but directed to the prevention and cure of a contagious disease. We are indebted to Dr. Macmichael's letter for an explanation of these measures. It is a masterly, well-written letter and a scholar-like production. The termination is curious.—"Should the disease unhappily reach this country, will the perverse ingenuity of the anticontagionists find out some plausible arguments by which they will endeavour to prove that, though the very ship which may import it should be pointed out, yet there was some accidental coincidence between the arrival of the vessel and the breaking out of the pestilence, and that the two events had no necessary connexion; and, as in the case of the Topaze frigate at the Mauritius, that the two circumstances were independent of each other?" The Doctor wrote with a degree of prophetic accuracy worthy of Artemis.—*How is the Cholera propagated?* by an American physician, is a very able pamphlet. Though the author gives no opinion on the contagious nature of the disease, he compares it with Transatlantic maladies which are also malignant and spreading, and pertinently asks, if the cause of cholera cannot, obeying a different law of temperature, become infectious when pent up in narrow and filthy streets, or disseminated to the ill-ventilated apartments of the poor, become fatal to the population? We certainly agree with this writer, that, for the attainment of truth, it is necessary that we should lay aside the dogmas of the schools, and dispossess ourselves of all previous notions on either side of the question. The laws of the communicability of cholera may be as peculiar as those of small-pox; but it would surely be better, with the facts staring us in the face, to study the causes and mode of propagation of the enemy to mankind, than to sit down and deny their existence. Among works of this latter class we have *Letters on the Cholera Morbus*, &c.; *A Letter to the King's most excellent Majesty*, &c.; *and Cholera, its noncontagious Nature*, &c. by T. M. Greenhow. The "Letters" are clever and ingenious, though very diffuse; and we cannot undertake to answer all the arguments advanced by the authors, which, moreover, is now rendered unnecessary, as the arrival of the disease in this country enables medical men to rely on facts only. The author of *A Letter to the King's most excellent Majesty* asserts that starvation is the cause of cholera, and that all the symptoms of this malady are those of perishing of want. "This (the writer says) appears so clearly to my apprehension, that I have no doubt, if your majesty would be graciously pleased to order one of the physicians to be *privately starved to death*, nine-tenths of his brethren would gravely assert that he died of the cholera morbus."

Now, as we can prove the birth and parentage of this writer from the following passage,—"it will flatter the feelings of the *men* of pleasure, who *wastes* and *squanders* his revenue, to think that it is not starvation,"—we will, in our anxiety for the promotion of the interests of science, if he will favour us with a call, provide him with a room in which he may starve himself; and we will, further, assemble a junto of medical men, who shall decide if the symptoms, in their development, progress, and termination, are similar to those of the cholera. This we would do with the greatest pleasure, on account of the vile and calumnious assertion, that Dr. Daun "was nearly mad because so very few cases of the epidemic have occurred, and justly fears that the humbug will not last long enough to render it sufficiently profitable." This author, in writing to his Majesty, talks of "collapsation"—"this august visitant, whose *bear* announcement"—"hyperbraen autocrat"—and "a poisonous animalculi." He is also fond of pathos: "The heart, weakened by the spasmodic action, no longer performing its office in propelling the blood to the surface, it remains in the distended veins, death supervenes, and presents an inseparable preventive to its farther circulation!! Hence the superficial coldness, *and all that*, during life, and the congestive state of the viscera after death." *Ex pede Herculem.*

There is some correct reasoning in Mr. Greenhow's pamphlet; but he asserts, that at Sunderland there is no proof whatever that the patients become affected with cholera in consequence of coming in contact with others previously suffering from the disease. Mr. G. has now himself an opportunity of ascertaining if he was not mistaken in this opinion, as he is a medical practitioner at Newcastle; and if after careful inquiries he finds his assertion to be correct, we hope, for the benefit of science, that he will lay the facts before the public.—The opinions of the author of *Cholera, its Nature, &c.*, are certainly deserving of the highest respect and attention. Mr. Searle was in charge of the principal cholera hospital at Warsaw; and he states, as the result of his observations, that it is his most entire conviction that the disease is not contagious, or communicable from one person to another, in the ordinary sense of the word; and he supports this by the very curious fact, that out of about thirty persons attached to the hospital at Warsaw, during a period of two months, only one, a drunkard, was attacked with the malady, and he had been locked up for two nights in a damp building.* Mr. Searle considers the essential agent and immediate cause of the disease to be a mephitic vapour, or miasm, of the nature, if not identical with, malaria in the common acceptation of the word, which, being received into the system by respiration, contaminates the blood with its poisonous agency. The advice given on the subject of treatment differs very little from that now adopted by British medical practitioners. With regard to bloodletting, the author has found it necessary to qualify the advice he gave on that head in his first edition; and as a deranged state of the stomach is often an exciting cause of the attack, he says that it is advisable to commence the treatment by evacuating the stomach, and, for this purpose, recommends a large table-spoonful of culinary salt dissolved in half a pint of hot water, and drank as warm as it well can be. Too much publicity cannot be given to this simple mode of treatment.

The "mode of treatment" presented to us in the next work on the list, by Dr. Ewertz, a practitioner of Dunaburg, in European Russia, is similar to that recommended by the Central Board of Health, only not using calomel and opium. Frictions are more particularly recommended over the region of the heart with spirits of camphor; blisters in the same situation and on the pit of the stomach; vinegar should be poured on hot bricks to bring on perspiration; and in slight cases, ten grains of the bicarbonate of soda or potash, dissolved in water, may be given in doses of a tea-spoonful every hour. By this plan of treatment, with a population hardly exceeding 5000 souls, out of 745 sick, only 75 died.

Mr. Pettigrew's *Observations on Cholera* were written to supply, what he thought was a desideratum, a brief and succinct account of the disease. This object the author has accomplished with credit to himself.

Mr. Forster's *Essay* is a very curious book. He has brought all his learning on the history of epidemics in general to bear upon the cholera, which he also considers as an epidemic, and that with a felicity of illustration which originates in the great variety of subjects to which he has devoted his attention, and more particularly his meteorological lore. The Essay is, in other respects, entirely theoretical, the plan of treatment not always faultless, and the sanitary regulations in many cases very ridiculous.—The chief recommendation of Mr. Austin's work appears to be "Price one shilling," placed at the head of the title-page. Its materials are almost entirely derived from Mr. Kennedy's work on cholera; and it appears to be a very unceremonious way of appropriating to our own use and profit the labour of another man's brains.—Mr. Mantell's *Short and Plain Rules* have been written with a good intention. Those for treatment are far too slight even for an unprofessional reader; and those for prevention, viz. cleanliness and temperance, are applicable to almost every disease that can afflict the human frame.—Dr. Copland's excellent work on cholera, we need not do more than allude to. The whole of that physician's able article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* has been embodied in the present volume; and altogether it presents one of the best historical digests of the progress, symptoms, and treatment of the malady that has yet been presented to the public.—The last work on cholera that lies before us, is too much of a closet production, and, consequently, of a tendency rather to increase than diminish alarm. We allude to Mr. Sewell's *Address to a Christian Congregation*. If there are those who, when the dreams of this life are preparing to depart, and dangers are gathering round their heads, cling to life with a still more pertinacious and delirious fondness, and seek no protection from their God, nor make any preparation for his presence, we say, with the reverend gentleman, "may God have mercy on their souls!" It is now a pretty well-established fact, that this dreaded and much-talked-of disease is more or less confined to a certain class of people; that its pro-

* Dr. Copland has very properly pointed out, in relation to Mr. S.'s statement, that, in as far as respects the escape of a large proportion of those who are exposed to the infection, this pestilence resembles all other known infectious diseases, not excepting even the most virulent.

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gress, even from street to street, or from town to town, is, comparatively speaking, extremely slow; that, notwithstanding its supposed epidemic character, cases do not originate spontaneously at distant towns, or even in neighbouring towns, till the disease has been imported, when it generally establishes itself in its new locality, and then its ravages are among the dirty and the dissolute, and among them, with proper precautions, malignant but not devastating. There is also a great peculiarity in the cholera — that the intellectual functions, the thinking part of humanity, which brings it in its closest relations with the immaterial world, remain vigorous to nearly the last moment; and, in most cases, when the total prostration of strength, the deadly-cold clamminess of the skin and hands, and the internal feeling of approaching dissolution sometimes experienced in less than an hour after the attack, warn the patient of his danger, his first feeling is to treasure with gratitude and joy those consolations which God has vouchsafed for him in prayer and self-communion, even during the visitation of a deadly pestilence.*

Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, &c.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In concluding our notice of this able work, we are obliged to pass by the famous battle of Edgehill, and the battle of Lansdown, in which the gallant, honourable, and chivalrous Sir Bevill Grenvil fell; though on the latter event we copy a very characteristic letter from his faithful friend Trelawney to his widow Lady Grace Grenvil.

"Honorable Lady,— How cann I containe myselfe, or longer concsale my sorrow for ye Death of yt excellent Man yr most deare Husband, and my noble Freind. Bee pleased wth yr wisdome to consider of the events of warr, wch is seldome or never constant, but as full of mutability as hazard. And, seeing it hath pleased God to take him from yr La^pp, yet this may something appease yr greate flux of teares, that hee died an Honorable Death, wch all his enemies will envy, fighting wth invincible valour and Loyalty ye Battle of his God, his King, and Country. A greater honour then this noe Man living can enioy. But God hath cal'd him unto himselfe to crowne him (I doubt not) wth immortall Glory for his noble constancye in this blessed Cause. It is too true (most noble Lady) that God hath made you drinke of a bitter Cupp, yett if you please to submitt unto his Devine Will and pleasure by kissing his rodd patiently, God (noe doubt) hath a staff of Consolation for to comfort you in this greate affliction and tryall. Hee will wipe yr eyes, drie up the flowing springe of yr Teares, and make yr Bedd easye, and by yr patience overcome God's Justice by his retourning Mercie. Maddam, hee is gone his Journey but a little before us; wee must march after when it shall please God, for your La^pp knows yt none fall without his Providence, wch is as greate in the thickest showre of Bulletts, as in ye Bedd. I beseeche you (deare Lady) to pardon this my trouble and boldness, and ye God of Heaven blesse you and comfort you and all my noble Cosens in this yr greate visitation, which shal bee the unfayned Prayers of him that is, Most noble Lady, Your Ladishipps honerer and humble Servant

JOHN TRELAWNE."

"*Trelawne, 20th July*, 1643."

When the last fruitless conferences at Oxford ended, and the last cherished chance of peace vanished, Lord Nugent draws a striking picture of the country.

"And now the judges' sessions of Oyer and Terminer were suspended by message from the Houses, 'untill it should please God to end these distractions between king and people.' This consequence of civil war, long deprecated, long delayed, had become inevitable. The course of the common law was stopped through the land. It had hitherto been wondrously maintained in a country beset by fighting armies. But the great seal was in the king's hands, and, under the guise of general justice, commissions had for some time been issued only to such judges as were with the king or of his party; and the cases brought before them bore relation all to state matters. Moreover, the king now issued a proclamation for holding the Easter term at Oxford instead of Westminster, and requiring all the judges to attend him there. For some time after the commencement of the war, the power of the law had been preserved, respected, and duly administered, on both sides. The judges had gone their circuits, passing with flags of truce through the districts held by opposite armies, and holding their courts with sheriffs who at other times headed the levies of their respective counties in the field. And it is remarkable and memorable to all posterity, and glorious to the character of our country, that, throughout this great struggle, from first to last, there is no instance on record of private assassination or popular massacre; nor of plunder, except under the orders of war. 'Non internecinum inter cives fuisse bellum; de dignitate atque imperio certâsse.' Doubtless, on both sides, as must ever be when interests lie deep, and rising passions overflow, and where the war is carried on by small detached parties of ill-disciplined troops, often acting under feelings of local feud,— the work of spoliation was carried on with more eagerness and severity where there was a spirit of personal or family animosity to be gratified. There were confiscations; there was free quarter occasionally allowed, but much oftener restrained; and private pillage there was none. What very strongly marks this, is the loud complaining, by the journalists, on both sides, of the enormities done by the troops, but which, when specified, even with all the exaggeration of party recitals of events then fresh, appear to have been few, and, with one or two great exceptions, trifling. These accounts are full of petty inflated details of such atrocities as those committed upon the furniture and wine-cellars of Sir Robert Minshull's house at Bourton, or of Lord Say's at Broughton; a minister of the gospel led astride upon a bear; or bed-tickings and curtains cut to pieces and household stuff destroyed at Brentford; now and then recounting, in terms of deep horror or of vast commendation, a practical jest like that of the parliament's soldiers eating up the batch of apple-pies which Mrs. Armitage, the wife of the clergyman of Wendover, had baked for Prince Rupert's troopers. The instances of sanguinary cruelty, which find their place among the stories of these wars, were of acts done in military execution: no secret murder; no bands of free-booters assembling for spoil between the quarters of the armies or among the villages deserted by their fighting men; no savage outbreak of a licentious rabble, disfigured the grave severity of this mighty conflict. An honourable memorial of the comportment of the English people in those unhappy times. The suspension of commissions of Oyer and Terminer did not last beyond a few months. No sooner had the parliament resolved to make a great seal of its own, than the common law courts again sat throughout the realm; and Hutton and Davenport, assisted by Maynard, Glyn, Wylde, and Rolls, for the Parliament, and Chief Justice Heath and Ryves for the king, tried causes under the authority of the two seals of England; the king's being in the hands of the Lord Keeper Littleton, and Whitelocke being appointed by the parliament to hold theirs."

But we must approach the concluding scene; Prince Rupert's enterprises, the battle of Chalgrove, and the death of Hampden.

"Hampden, incessantly, but in vain, endeavoured to promote some great enterprise, which might restore the cause, and give heart to its supporters. But, failing in this, he served to the last under Essex, with a zeal as obedient as if those means had been adopted which his superior mind clearly saw were necessary for the success and credit of their arms. * *

"Whenever Rupert wanted cattle or any other provisions for his troops, he seized them from some part of these feeble and ill-connected lines. The remonstrances of the troops could no longer be suppressed, and Hampden was again loudly named to the parliament as the fit person to place at their head. To remove from himself all suspicion of a querulous or selfish ambition, and to exhibit to murmuring spirits a great example of patient subordination, he placed himself in constant and personal intercourse with the chief whose plans he disapproved, and many of whose qualities he held in disesteem. Meanwhile, the distant cantonments in the country round Thame and Wycombe, worn by fierce and wasteful sickness, by inglorious suffering, and deep discontent, were nightly harassed by the enemy. Rupert's zeal was unremitting, while Essex slumbered at his post; and while that sullen recklessness of its own fate which soon shews through an army distrustful of its chief, was spread from end to end of the parliament's long line, the king's troopers were ever alert, and generally successful in their enterprises, and therefore always hopeful and always formidable. Not a week, scarcely a night, passed, but they were heard laying waste some defenceless district,— worse than defenceless, because occupied by the wearied and the disheartened, inviting attack, and never prepared to repel it. The country round suited well the activity of the young prince and his cavalry. The gorges of the hills, lined with deep tracts of beech woods, shrouded his stealthy march through the night,

* We are much obliged to G. A. for his communication on the cholera. It is much too diffuse for insertion in the *Gazette*; but, with the exception of the author's supposition that a large proportion of the poorer population of Sunderland may at the present moment labour under the disease in its incipient stage, we find nothing in which we do not coincide in opinion with himself. With regard to the means of prevention which he farther points out, we have, from the first time the disease made its appearance in this country, advocated their necessity, and shall, whenever an occasion presents itself, continue to do so. We have also received a notice of a German work on cholera, by Dr. Clarus, in which the author advocates a two-fold mode of its propagation, namely, as an epidemic capable of becoming contagious when combined with unfavourable circumstances; so that a malady may be sometimes miasmatic, sometimes contagious, and sometimes incline to the one type more strongly than to another. The treatment of cholera proposed by Dr. Veitch has been in part laid before the public in a previous number of the *Gazette*, where electricity, frictions, calomel, &c. have been recommended; but the Doctor commits a great error in supposing that time can be better employed in the first stage of this malady than in bleeding. The cholera morbus of the West Indies has no other relation to the "pestilential cholera" than in the deceptive and unfortunate name which has been given to the latter malady.

Nosologicus, who sends us the name of *Cholera Brumalis* for the new arrival, should know better. What does he think his medical brethren would say to his statement, that the blue skin, cold breath, &c., the peculiar characteristics of the cholera, are merely Christmas concomitants of the disease?

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upon the flank or rear of his sleeping enemy; and at daybreak would he pour forth his squadrons sparkling like a torrent on the plain, which lay before him open for the manœuvre or the charge. Often would a village, many a mile from the king's country, suddenly wake to a dreadful irruption of horsemen, who came thundering in from the side opposite to that of his distant lines; the track of the night march marked from afar by the blaze of burning houses and the tumults of posts surprised, and the morning retreat by the dust of columns returning to Oxford, and leaving behind them a region of desolation and panic. * *

"Hampden had obtained, in early life, from the habits of the chase, a thorough knowledge of the passes of this country. It is intersected, in the upper parts, with woods and deep chalky hollows, and, in the vales, with brooks and green lanes; the only clear roads along the foot of the hills, from east to west, and these not very good, being the two ancient Roman highways, called the upper and lower Ickenild way. Over this district he had expected that some great operation would be attempted on the king's part, to force the posts round Thame, and turn the whole eastern flank of the army. To this neighbourhood he had, the evening before, repaired, and had lain that night in Watlington.* On the first alarm of Rupert's irruption, he sent off a trooper to the lord general at Thame, to advise moving a force of infantry and cavalry to Chiselhampton Bridge, the only point at which Rupert could recross the river. Some of his friends would have dissuaded him from adventuring his person with the cavalry on a service which did not properly belong to him, wishing him rather to leave it to those officers of lesser note, under whose immediate command the pickets were. But wherever danger was, and hope of service to the cause, there Hampden ever felt that his duty lay. He instantly mounted, with a troop of Captain Sheffield's horse, who volunteered to follow him, and, being joined by some of Gunter's dragoons, he endeavoured, by several charges, to harass and impede the retreat, until Lord Essex should have had time to make his dispositions at the river. Toward this point, however, Rupert hastened, through Tetsworth, his rear-guard skirmishing the whole way. On Chalgrove Field, the prince overtook a regiment of his infantry, and here, among the standing corn, which covered a plain of several hundred acres, (then, as now, unenclosed,) he drew up in order of battle. Gunter, now joining three troops of horse and one of dragoons who were advancing from Easington and Thame, over Golder Hill, came down among the enclosures facing the right of the prince's line, along a hedge-row which still forms the boundary on that side of Chalgrove Field. The prince with his life-guards and some dragoons being in their front, the fight began with several fierce charges. And now Colonel Neale and General Percy coming up, with the prince's left wing, on their flank, Gunter was slain, and his party gave way. Yet, every moment, they expected the main body, with Lord Essex, to appear. Meanwhile, Hampden, with the two troops of Sheffield and Cross, having come round the right of the cavaliers, advanced to rally and support the beaten horse. Every effort was to be made to keep Rupert hotly engaged till the reinforcements should arrive from Thame. Hampden put himself at the head of the attack; but in the first charge he received his death. He was struck in the shoulder with two carabine balls, which, breaking the bone, entered his body, and his arm hung powerless and shattered by his side. Sheffield was severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Overwhelmed by numbers, their best officers killed or taken, the great leader of their hopes and of their cause thus dying among them, and the day absolutely lost, the parliamentarians no longer kept their ground. Essex came up too late; and Rupert, though unable to pursue, made good his retreat across the river to Oxford."

The escape of Hampden from the field, his sufferings from his wound, and death, need not be repeated; and we have only to add, that an admirable portrait of him is prefixed to the first volume; and that a very curious print of the House of Commons sitting in 1623, with a delinquent at the bar, and also portraits of Fiennes, Pym, and Sir B. Grenvil, with a facsimile of a letter from Hampden, and other illustrations, serve to adorn these valuable volumes.

The subjoined letter corrects one of our own errors; and we take the liberty of correcting a typographical misprint in a quotation from Livy by the noble author. It occurs at page 377, Vol. II. and is one of those errors which so accurate a writer as Lord Nugent would least like to happen: therefore, *suo periculo*, for *Consule* read *Consuli*.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In the last number of the *Literary Gazette* is the following paragraph:—"The best anecdote we ever heard against the precision of Mr. D'Israeli, is related of his tale of the country squire who killed a fox within three miles of Edgehill, on the day of the battle, and was so intent on his sport, that he never heard, or heard of, that great event; but returning home, full of a hard run, for many a day described the vicissitudes of that chase. Now, the battle of Edgehill was fought on a Sunday!"

On referring to the fifth volume of the *Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I.*, page 49, you will discover that your Conversational Critic has himself made a gross mistake; that the story there told is of a hunting Yorkshire squire, and that the battle is Marston Moor—it was fought on a Tuesday. So much for the fact.

Your Conversational Critic, who, it appears, has something to say "against my precision," but who, I must conclude, would discuss more acutely the affairs of William the Fourth than those of Charles the First, has succeeded in truly informing you, that "the battle of Edgehill was fought on a Sunday!" and, therefore, exultingly infers that there was no hunting on that day.

But had the circumstance alluded to occurred at Edgehill, Sunday would not have necessarily prevented our squire from going out with his hounds.

It is well known that Sunday, even till a recent period in our history, was always held as a day of recreation as well as piety, not to be observed with the superstitions of a Jewish sabbath, nor with a cessation of all labours. The conversion of Sunday into a Judaic sabbath is an innovation of the Puritans, and arises from a confusion of ideas. And your Conversational Critic ought to have known, that "a country squire," in Charles's days, would not have refrained from hunting if he had appealed to the *Book of Sports*.—I am, &c. I. D'ISRAELI.

Bradenham House, Bucks,
December 20, 1831.

The Usurer's Daughter. By a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine.

[Second Notice.]

WE resume this very clever novel; and before we proceed to give the extracts we propose, we must rectify a mistake. We are given to understand that Mr. Scarlett is not the author's name. We before alluded to the excellently drawn character of the Usurer: a conversation between him and his daughter will at least give an idea of its originality—they are speaking about identifying a person whom the father considers as concerned in the riots which had the previous night put his house in danger.

"'Margaret,' continued the father, 'you must know that the writer of the letter, which I received on Wednesday night, was among the crowd. You can swear to his person. When the law loses a victim, it loses part of its value, and so far fails of the object for which it was made, and when law fails of its object, it is a non-entity, a dead letter, a thing of no value; it might as well not have been made at all as made in vain; and when there is no law at all, or what is the same thing, when laws are made in vain, there comes a disruption of the bonds of society, all is confusion and disorder, plunder and murder. Margaret, would you wish to see society in sad disorder, so that there be no safety for life or property?' 'Certainly not, my father,' answered Margaret; 'but I am of opinion that there is no danger of such result from my abstaining to give positively a doubtful testimony against accused men.' 'If all thought as you do, my child, there would be no justice.' 'And if all thought as you do, my dear father, there would be no mercy.' Such a reply to any other father than Mr. Erpingham would have brought a rebuke down upon the child that should have uttered it; but he heeded it not; on the contrary, without any abatement of his usual placid smile, without the slightest wrinkle on his brow, or cloud of anger on his countenance, he continued—'Mercy, my child, what is the use of mercy? Justice holds society together; but mercy relaxes those bonds, and leaves us in a sad disunion. Mercy is a word of wide, weak, and foolish meaning. It is the insinuating craftiness whereby men plunder the honest and industrious. Margaret, my child, I did not gain my wealth by mercy, and I will not lose it by mercy. They who came to me for gold to supply their wanton cravings, and pledged to me their title-deeds, and gave me large premiums, measured not those premiums by any mercy towards me. If I had had no money at command, they would not have put themselves and their reversions into my power. Had I been utterly poor and pennyless, I might, for aught that mercy would have done for me, have sat down in the dust of humility, and have bowed my neck to the foot of the proud man, and have eaten the thankless bread of poverty, and have sunk down into an unmarked grave. Justice is intelligible, definite, written, and marked down. We know where to have it. But mercy is of indefinite and rambling meaning.' 'Oh, my dear father!' replied the daughter, 'it grieves me indeed to hear you talk thus—contradicting all the pleasant and sweet lessons of benevolence which I heard from my dear departed mother: it pains me to the heart to hear the people almost curse you.' 'They are foolish to curse me, Margaret; it does them no good and me no harm.' Margaret turned away her face and wept; and while her tears continued to flow, and her sobs to be heard, her father was silent; but when the passion of her sorrow was abated, he renewed the conversation precisely in the same tone and with the same purpose, saying, 'My child, I would fain have you go with me to the Mansion-house, where the aldermen are examining prisoners. You must give your testimony according to the best of your ability.' The tears which Margaret had shed, while they relieved her grief, abated the firmness of her resistance to her father's will; and she replied, 'If it be your pleasure, sir, that I should accompany you, my duty as a daughter

* "It is traditionarily said, that a military chest of money was left at the house of one Robert Parslow, where Hampden lay that night, and that it was never called for after; by which means, Parslow was enabled to bequeath a liberal legacy to the poor of that parish. On every anniversary of his funeral, Nov. 19th, a bell tolls in Watlington, from morning till sunset, and twenty poor men are provided with coats. These particulars I derive from the intelligent Mr. John Badcock, for forty years a resident at Pyrton and its neighbourhood, but now of St. Helen's, who wrote, in 1816, a very ingenious little History of Watlington."

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compels my obedience; but I must say, that no consideration shall make me give testimony in a doubtful matter.' 'The testimony required of you will be according to the conviction of your own mind. Besides, in the present case you will not be upon your oath.' 'My dear father,' replied Margaret, 'I always speak as though I were upon oath.' 'In so doing,' replied her father, 'you do wrong.' The daughter echoed the usurer's words with astonishment; and the callous man coldly proceeded—'Yes, my child, you do wrong; you diminish, you destroy the peculiar sanctity of an oath by such a proceeding. Only imagine for a moment how inefficacious the law would be, if every one acted upon the principle of being no more bound by an oath than without one.' 'But think again, sir, how much better than many laws, would be the universal prevalence of the love of truth.' 'You are supposing, my child, what can never take place. Besides, it would be inconvenient—very inconvenient. It is enough that a man can be believed on his oath; that is all the law requires—all that can be expected of us in this imperfect state. You will go with me, Margaret.' 'I will go with you, sir, but the conscientiousness that makes me obey you in this instance, will make me disobey you if you request of me any testimony which may destroy a life which the withholding of that testimony may save.' 'Child, you have strange notions.'"

His death-scene is too striking to be omitted: we should mention that his daughter has married to his displeasure.

"Margaret revisited the sick man's apartment, and, as before, saluted him affectionately, and spoke to him kindly, tenderly, and considerately; so that if he had been at all susceptible of feeling, she must have awakened some emotion in his breast; but the ice had entered his soul—his heart was frozen to the very bottom. His daughter desired the nurse to bring the family Bible. It was a ponderous volume, with dark binding and strong brass clasps, looking more like a miser's chest than a domestic book of daily use. The usurer looked earnestly at the book as it was placed on the table before Margaret; and the affected daughter thought that she saw in that look a symptom of the breaking-up of the frost of his soul; so she moved the table nearer to him and took her seat at his side, and began to open the book; but his feeble hand was stretched out to prevent her, and his imperfect articulation uttered—'No, no—touch it not—it is my book.' 'Yes, sir,' said Margaret, 'it is your book.' 'There is a treasure in that book,' he said. Then was the soul of Margaret lighted up with hope, and there were sweet tears starting from her gladdened eyes, and she repeated her father's words, saying—'There is indeed a treasure in this book; I wish to make you aware of the value of the treasure. There is a treasure of consolation which I would fain open to you. Shall I read to you——' 'No, no,' said he, hastily interrupting her, 'you shall not open it:' and then he laid his feeble, trembling hand upon the book as firmly as he could, so that Margaret could not open it without forcibly removing his hand. She attempted to remove it gently, but it resisted her attempt. Margaret then looked doubtingly in her father's face, fearing that his reason was not right in its action. 'Surely, sir, you will suffer me to read to you.' 'No, I say, no—you shall not touch the book—it is mine.' 'Does the sight of the book disturb you, sir?' 'No, no—I love it.' 'What mean you, then, by not permitting me to open it?' 'You want to rob me—you come here to plunder me; I will make a will, and if you rob me, my executors shall prosecute you; you think I am dying, and that you will possess yourself of my money—no, I tell you no, I will do as I will.' 'Dear, dear father,' said Margaret, 'your mind is wandering. Oh! why will you think so much of money?' 'What else is worth thinking of? No, you shall not have my money. Go back to Italy, and let me keep what I have got. You trouble me greatly.' 'Oh, sir, how sorely do you trouble and distress me! I am not thinking of money—I was not speaking of money; I was merely wishing to open the Bible and to read to you.' 'Ay, but there is money in that Bible. There are bank notes in it to a large amount. Give it to me.' Margaret pushed the table nearer to her father, and offered to unclasp the book for him. He quickly and angrily said, 'You shall not touch it.' He attempted to open it for himself, but his fingers trembled, and there was no strength in his hands. He would not be assisted, but he persevered a long time in his feeble attempt, which at length was successful. He then took from between the leaves of the Bible several bank notes, which he placed on the table before him; and while one hand was employed in arranging them before his eyes, he kept waving the other hand to keep Margaret from approaching. 'It is all mine,' said he, 'and the law will protect me in the possession of it as long as I live. You must not come near it.' 'And now, sir,' said Margaret, 'that you have taken the notes away, will you permit me to take the Bible and read to you?' 'No, no,' said the usurer, 'it is my book, you shall not read it.' 'I would read it, sir,' said Margaret, 'for your instruction and consolation.' 'I do not need any instruction or consolation,' replied the usurer. 'And pray how came you to know that there was any money in the book?' 'I did not know it,' said Margaret; 'and you have astonished and grieved me by producing it.' 'Yes, yes, you must have known it, or you would not have called for the book. Go back to Italy, go—you shall not have any of my money; I can make a better use of it.' * *

"On the following day, according to her promise, Margaret presented herself at her father's house, and found him still living, but manifestly sinking rapidly. He was in his bed, but restless. His mind, the nurse said, had been sadly wandering; but all the talk on which he had been exerting his feeble remnant of the power of speech, was concerning money. Upon his bed and upon the pillows of his bed there lay his books—the only books in which he felt any interest, or to which he had ever paid the slightest attention. There were also several bags of gold coin, which he gathered close up to himself, ever and anon pressing them with his long attenuated fingers, as if to be sure that he possessed them. Now and then he would try to lift one up in order to look at it more closely, placing it between his eye and the light, and it would fall from his feeble grasp, and then he would utter a slight hysteric shriek, and he would feel about for it with a trembling hand, and be in an agony till he had grasped it again. So melancholy a sight as this, produced on the mind of his afflicted daughter a sensation of almost horror. It was a scene too hard for tears. As Margaret approached the bed, Mr. Erpingham looked earnestly at her and said, 'Who is that?' 'It is I, sir, your daughter Margaret, come to crave your forgiveness and your blessing.' 'I will not forgive you—I will not bless you—you shall have none of my money. All these bags are mine. Keep away—keep away—don't touch them—you are too near.' 'I wish only, sir,' replied Margaret, 'to hear you say that you forgive me, and that you will give me your blessing.' 'No, no, you do not want to have words—forgiveness and blessing are only words—you do not want them. You want my money. If I forgive you and bless you I must give you money, which I will not do. No—no—no.' Margaret in an agony and tearless grief, knelt down near the bedside and prayed aloud. Her father looked, or rather endeavoured to look sternly and forbiddingly at her, but his sight failed him, and he heard her voice, but saw her not. He was restless and angry for a while, and then he resumed his amusement of grasping and endeavouring to count the bags that were about him on his pillow. He again grew impatient, and called Margaret by name. Then she rose from her kneeling position and went close to the bedside and took her father by the hand and said, 'I am delighted, sir, to hear you call me by name. You will speak kindly to me.' When the usurer felt the pressure of his daughter's hand, and perceived that she was very near to him, he suddenly snatched his hand away from her grasp and said, 'Go—go—you want to rob me.' 'I came, sir,' replied the daughter, 'at your call.' 'And I called you,' said he, 'that you might cease the annoyance of your prayers.' 'Oh, sir, my heart bleeds to hear you speak thus. How long will you resist the impressions of humanity and good feeling? The world is departing from you.' 'Yes, I feel it is,' said the usurer; 'but I will cleave to it till the very last. I will not part with my money. It is all mine—mine—mine own.' 'Surely,' said Margaret, lowly and faintly in a kind of soliloquy, 'his senses fail him. This cannot be the language of intention and reason.' 'But it is,' said he, hastily; 'it is the language of reason, I know what I say. I have never been deceived by words, through the course of my life. I will not be deceived by words now that I am drawing nigh unto death.' Tears came at length to the relief of the afflicted daughter, and she withdrew from the bedside and sat at a little distance, watching the ebb of life. Her prayers were now silent, but not the less fervent for their silence. The minutes passed painfully, and Margaret sat absorbed in thought, in momentary expectation that the pulse of life would stand still. Scarcely did she dare to speak or even breathe. For more than two hours the afflicted daughter sat watching the hard breathings and convulsive emotions of her dying father. There was now no hope of any relenting, or of any expression of kindness, for the faculties were going. Consciousness was passing away, and the world was receding. Margaret looked so earnestly and so intently, that her own faculty of observation was benumbed; and though her eyes were directed to her father, they were as though they looked only on vacancy. From this reverie she was awakened by a slight exclamation from the nurse, who hastily cried out—'He's gone!' Margaret started up and rushed towards the bed. Life was extinct. The hands were clenched, grasping the bags of gold; and his death was as his life had been, in the midst of unenjoyed wealth."

Another well-sketched character is Lord Singleton, cautiously treading

"The quicksand path that leads from fault to crime,"

and turning to look back at every step. The interest and mystery of the story are well kept up; and the *Usurer's Daughter* will, we think, be a favourite with the public.

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Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.

[Third Notice.]

A CONVERSATION with Junot, in the *Jardin des Plantes*, presents itself to us as worthy of extract, as throwing a light on the early family history of the Buonapartes.

"It was a delicious evening, and a thousand rose-trees, in full bloom, scattered perfume through the air. The two friends walked together arm in arm, and in confident conversation: they were then in closer communion with each other than they ever were afterwards in a gilded cabinet of ten feet square. A lovely night has always a powerful influence on minds susceptible of ardent feeling. Bonaparte was afterwards governed by an overpowering passion, which subjugated every other within him, and reigned paramount—I need not name it. But at this period he was very young, and his heart beat warmly, for he loved. He made Junot his confident, and spoke on the subject with much acerbity, for his love was not returned. Junot has often told me, that if Bonaparte had not himself torn asunder the fetters which then bound him, the consequences of his passion might have been terrible. On this occasion his voice trembled while he expressed his feelings, and Junot was deeply affected by his emotion. But it was even then plain that there was within him an extraordinary force, which struggled against his weakness. He broke off the conversation himself, and appeared to have forgot the cause of his agitation. Confidence creates confidence. Junot had also a heart full of things which he wished to disclose to a friend, and the ear of Bonaparte had already heard his story. Junot loved, to infatuation, Paulette Bonaparte. In his youth, and with his warmth of feeling, he could not withstand so charming a creature as Paulette then was. His passion was a delirium; but his secret was not a week old when it was made known to his general. Honour commanded the disclosure, since his reason had not enabled him to resist his passion. Bonaparte received his declaration neither with assent nor dissent. He consoled him, however. But what gave him more satisfaction than all the words of his friend, was a belief amounting almost to certainty, that Paulette would say—*Yes*, with pleasure, as soon as he should be able to offer her an establishment, not a rich one, as Bonaparte used to remark, but sufficient to be a security against the distressing prospect of bringing into the world children destined to be miserable. * * * On leaving the *Jardin des Plantes*, they crossed the river in a boat, and passed through the street to the Boulevard. Having arrived in front of the Chinese Baths, they walked about in the opposite alley. While ascending and descending this part of the Boulevard, Bonaparte listened attentively to Junot; but he was no longer the same man as when under the odoriferous shades they had just quitted. It seemed that on returning to the bustle of life—the tumult of society, he resumed all the fetters and obligations imposed by the state. His manner was, however, always kind. He only pretended to give advice. 'I cannot write to my mother to make this proposal,' he said; 'for you are to have at last, it seems, 1200 livres of income, and that is very well; but you have not got them yet. Your father wears well, my good fellow, and will make you wait a long time for your livres. The truth is, you have nothing but your lieutenant's pay; as to Paulette, she has not so much. So, then, to sum up—you have nothing, she has nothing. What is the total? Nothing. You cannot, then, marry at present. You must wait. We shall perhaps see better days, my friend—Yes! We shall have them, even should I go to seek them in another quarter of the world.'"*

Proposition of marriage by Buonaparte.

"Such, then, was my brother, when Bonaparte proposed to my mother a match between him and Mademoiselle Pauline Bonaparte, called by her family and all her friends *Pretty Paulette*. This proposal he followed up by the plan of a second alliance between me and Louis or Jerome. 'Jerome is younger than Laurette,' said my mother, laughing. 'Indeed, my dear Napoleon, you are acting the high-priest to-day; you are marrying every body, even children.' Bonaparte laughed too, but with an air of embarrassment. He admitted that when he got up that morning a marriage-breeze had blown upon him; and, to prove it, he added, kissing my mother's hand, that he had made up his mind to ask her to commence the union of the two families, by a marriage between him and herself, as soon as a regard to decency would permit. My mother has frequently related to me this extraordinary scene, so that I am as well acquainted with it as if I had been the principal actress in it. She eyed Bonaparte for some seconds with an astonishment bordering upon stupefaction; and then burst into so hearty a laugh, that we heard her in the next room, where there were three or four of us. Bonaparte was at first much vexed at this manner of receiving a proposal which appeared to him quite natural. My mother, who perceived it, hastened to explain herself, and told him that it was she, on the contrary, who in this affair played, at least in her own eyes, a perfectly ridiculous part. 'My dear Napoleon,' said she, when she had done laughing, 'let us talk seriously. You fancy you are acquainted with my age. The truth is, you know nothing about it. I shall not tell it you, because it is one of my little weaknesses. I shall merely say, that I am old enough to be not only your mother but Joseph's too. Spare me this kind of joke; it distresses me, coming from you.' Bonaparte assured her over and over again that he was serious; that the age of the woman whom he should marry was indifferent to him, if, like herself, she did not appear to be past thirty; that he had maturely considered the proposal which he had just made to her; and he added these very remarkable words: 'I am determined to marry. They want to give me a woman who is charming, good-tempered, agreeable, and who belongs to the Faubourg St. Germain. My Paris friends are in favour of this match. My old friends dissuade me from it. For my own part, I wish to marry; and what I propose to you suits me in many respects. Think about it.'—My mother broke off the conversation, telling him, laughingly, that for her own part she had no occasion to think any further; but, as to what concerned my brother, she would speak to him about it and communicate his answer on the Tuesday following—it was then Saturday. She gave him her hand, and repeated, still laughing, that though she had some pretensions, they did not aspire so high as to conquer the heart of a man of twenty-six, and that she hoped their friendship would not be interrupted by this little affair. 'At any rate, think of it,' said Bonaparte. 'Well, well, I will think of it,' replied my mother, laughing as heartily as before. I was too young to be made acquainted with this conversation at the time when it occurred. It was not till my marriage, that my mother related to me the particulars as here detailed. My brother made a note of this singular affair. Had Bonaparte's overtures been accepted, he would never have become what he afterwards was. When Junot heard of it, he told us that the thing appeared less extraordinary to him than to us. About the 13th Vendémiaire, Bonaparte had got himself appointed to some committee of war; I know not what the appointment was, but it was no great thing. His plans, his schemes, had all one object, one direction, which tended towards the East. The name of Comnene might have a powerful interest for an imagination that was eminently creative; the name of Calomeros joined to that of Comnene might be of great service to him. 'The great secret of all these matches lay in that idea,' thought Junot; and I think so too."

Soon after this, a very silly quarrel occurs, owing to a delay in granting a commission, in which it appears to us that only the lady is to blame. Madame Junot will insist that Bonaparte retained a secret rancour against her mother; we can only say, that kindness and attention was a singular method of shewing it. Take the following passage as an example, after Bonaparte's return from his Italian victories:

"But one of the most magnificent entertainments, and, above all, one of the most elegant in its magnificence, was that given by M. de Talleyrand, at the office for foreign affairs. He always displayed admirable skill in the arrangements of the entertainments which he gave: indeed, when a man possesses good sense, he shews it in every thing he does. He then resided at the Galifet Hotel, Rue de Bac, and though the rooms were too small for the company assembled there that evening, the *fête* was admirable. All the most elegant and distinguished people then in Paris were there. My mother was absolutely bent on going. She was not quite well; but when she was dressed, and had put on a little rouge, she looked enchanting: and I can affirm that I saw that night very few women who surpassed her in beauty. We were both dressed alike, in a robe of white crape trimmed with two broad silver ribands, and on the head a garland of oak-leaves with silver acorns. My mother had diamonds, and I pearls: that was the only difference between our dresses. In the course of the evening, my mother was walking through the rooms, arm in arm with M. Caulaincourt, senior, on one side, and me on the other, when we found ourselves face to face with General Bonaparte. My mother saluted him, and passed on, when the general advanced a few steps, and spoke to her. My mother was, in my opinion, perhaps rather too dry: her ill humour was not yet quite dispelled, but in her excellent heart there was nothing like rancour. It was the reverse with the general. Be this as it may, he appeared to look at my mother with admiration. Indeed, that evening in particular she was truly captivating. The general spoke in a low tone for some seconds to the Turkish ambassador, whom he held by the arm. The Turk uttered an exclamation, and fixed upon my mother his large eyes, to which, when he chose, he could give a look of stupidity, and then made a sort of obeisance. 'I told him that you are of Greek extraction,' said Bonaparte to my mother, saluting her by way of an adieu. Then, holding out his hand, he pressed her's in a friendly manner,

* "I have described this conversation fully, as Junot related it, because I think the conduct of Bonaparte during the evening in which it occurred was very remarkable. Junot recollected all that passed minutely, and could point out the part of the Boulevard on which they were when Bonaparte spoke these words, which posterior events have rendered so worthy of notice."

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and left us after a short conversation, which, nevertheless, drew the attention of the company to us, though it lasted but a few minutes."

The following remark shews at what an early period Napoleon felt that confidence in his destiny which so long made its own truth: they had been speaking of Salicetti.

"A smile passed rapidly over the lips of Bonaparte. 'He wished,' said he, 'to ruin me, but *my star* prevented him. However, I must not boast of my star; for who knows what may be my fate."

Change in Bonaparte's personal appearance.

"At that period of his life, Bonaparte was decidedly ugly. He afterwards underwent a total change: I do not speak of the illusive charm which his glory spread around him; but I mean to say that a gradual physical change took place in him in the space of seven years. His emaciated thinness was converted into plumpness; and his complexion, which had been yellow and apparently unhealthy, became clear and comparatively fresh. His features, which were angular and sharp, became round and filled out. As to his smile, it was always agreeable; the mode of dressing his hair, which now has such a droll appearance as we see it in the prints of the passage of the bridge of Arcola, was then comparatively simple; for the *muscadins*, whom he used to rail at so loudly at that time, wore their hair very long. But he used to be careless of his personal appearance, and his hair, which was ill combed and ill powdered, gave him the look of a sloven. His little hands, too, underwent as great a metamorphosis as any other part of his body. When I first saw him, they were thin, long, and dark; but he was subsequently vain of the beauty of his hands, and with good reason. In short, when I recollect Napoleon entering the courtyard of the Hôtel de la Tranquillité in 1795, with a shabby, round hat drawn over his forehead, and his ill-powdered hair hanging over the collar of his grey great-coat—that great coat which afterwards became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV.—without gloves, because he used to say they were a useless luxury, with boots ill made and ill blackened, with his thinness and his sallow complexion—in fine, when I recollect him at that time, and think what he was afterwards, I do not see the same man in the two pictures."

The victories, public acts, &c. have been so often narrated, that we prefer scenes from private life; and will devote, if we can find room, a future notice to them.

Standard Novels, No. X. The Ghost Seer, Vol. II.; and Edgar Huntly. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

SCHILLER's singular and striking narrative is here concluded; and the character of the Armenian, as further developed, is one of the most extraordinary conceptions imagination ever suggested, or writer ever analysed. It is quite impossible, in our limits, to attempt the unravelling of the many mysteries; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with one or two brief observations from its pages. We need only point attention to the following.

"Self-love, as long as it does not become self-admiration, and consequently a vice, is the first and most distinguished principle which the wise Creator has implanted in us. From it we derive all our actions, even the most sublime ones which approximate us to the Divinity: we admire a friend for the return of his affection; we love our relations; we assist the sufferer, and often save the lives of our neighbours, even at the greatest hazard, because we expect the same treatment in similar situations; we pardon our enemies, for the sake of those heavenly feelings which tell us that we have acted nobly, and have advanced a step towards perfection! But how often does man act well, and is unknown; and how often has the best design a false operation; how often the good man suffers because he acts consistently with his feelings! Shall he, for that reason, discontinue his efforts? No—he ought not to do it, even if his religion did not promise him a recompense in another world, if it did not tell him, 'Thy Creator knows the goodness of thy heart—the Lord knows it, if men do not acknowledge it.' But I do not think, my friends, that I ought to allow man so much virtue as to suppose that he acts uprightly merely for its own sake; for we are never free from the influence of our passions, which throw obstacles in our way, in spite of all our endeavours to avoid them. Can we blame him who prefers the enchanting path of vice to that of virtue? Look into your own hearts, and answer me that question. But when Religion intervenes, she tells us, with certainty, that there is another life beyond the grave, in which men will be rewarded according to their deserts. What an inducement is this for us to become better, and faithfully to fulfil all our duties! what a great consolation, when we labour under misfortunes, to be able to say to ourselves, 'Our life in this world is but a pilgrimage to the realms of everlasting peace!' With what anxiety does the tired wanderer endeavour to reach the place of his destination, though he knows that the break of day will call him forth to the continuation of his journey! how cheerfully he supports fatigue and trouble, when he recollects that he is pursuing the path which leads him to his home, where he will meet his friends and relations! Can we then do less, my friends, when we know that eternal joy will be our recompense, and that we shall approach nearer to that God who gave us friends and relations, who watches over the smallest circumstance of our fate, and even fastens the chain of our happiness on that which seemed to us to be unpropitious to it?"

Human credulity is justly weighed in the ensuing remark.

"Consider for a moment what an effect the miraculous produces, if it is skilfully managed. It is but natural to expect great things from him whom we once have seen perform a miracle; at least we do not doubt the want of ability, but conclude that he begins and ceases at pleasure. * * *

"From my own experience, alas! I learnt that a villain is not loved by his fellow; and that those ties which bind the hearts of others with such firm affection are to them unknown. What causes them to unite together? What renders them inseparable from one another? What makes one submissive to the other? Nothing more than self-interest. If this should be once satisfied, all bonds would break, and each would, with indifference, see the downfal of his companion, and rejoice if he could derive a profit from it."

Edgar Huntly is the second tale in the book, the best and most powerful story ever produced by the American novelist. It is an imitation of Godwin, which, from new scenery, is almost original. Mystery and terror are the two great principles, and these are most successfully awakened.

The History and Antiquities of the Parish and Church, &c. of St. Michael, Crooked Lane. Part I. 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1831. Harvey and Darton; Smith and Elder; Arch and Co.

THIS work is intended to trace the history of the church and parish, of which not only is there scarcely any thing in print, but which has been supposed to furnish nothing,* though connected with the ancient Saxon market of Eastcheap; and from the numerous Roman antiquities lately excavated, there is every reason to suppose the spot densely populated in the Roman times, and consequently of higher origin than any other in the metropolis. Its remarkable appropriation in after-times to the business of the stock-fishmongers connected it with the names of Sir William Walworth, and a host of eminent citizens of that trade. Its church at this time was collegiate, magnificent, and full of splendid monuments. The well-known Boar's Head Tavern, more than, perhaps, any other circumstance, contributed to give it a general interest, and must as long as the name of Shakespeare lasts. Nor is it less in point of interest, that the centre of the parish now forms part of one of the greatest improvements known to modern times, the grand approach to the New London Bridge; the excavations for the construction of which have been a fertile source of discovery, and contributed more than any of late years to illustrate the ancient metropolis.

Besides the particulars enumerated, many illustrations of old manners, old buildings, and old times, with several graphic embellishments, will give it more than a local interest, and make it worthy of encouragement to its spirited proprietor, Thomas Saunders, Esq., the solicitor to the parish, who has shewn much zeal for preserving every record worthy of notice.

We must, before closing, warn the author, that "lay" for "lie," page 21, is an intolerable vulgarism.

Watts's Songs, Divine and Moral. Pp. 96. London, C. Tilt.

A NEW and pretty edition of Watts's *Hymns*, the poetical and religious character of which is too well known to need our report at this time of day.

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1. *Law and Commercial Daily Remembrancer, (two Editions); and* 2. *Housekeeper's Account Book, for* 1832. London, Dunn and Son.

WE last year noticed the utility of these well-arranged publications for making and preserving the daily memoranda of the year; and we have now only to renew our praise of those of a similar kind for the coming 1832. In the first, the mass of legal and commercial reference is ample; and in the last, great facilities for accuracy in housekeeping accounts are afforded.

Considérations Statistiques, Historiques, Militaires, et Politiques, sur la Régence d'Alger. Par le Baron Juchereau de Saint-Denys. Paris, 1831. Delaunay.

IN the midst of the important events which occupy so much of the public mind, our attention is nevertheless called to a publication of much interest, from its probable future consequences, relating as it does to the conquest and proposed colonisation, by France, of an extensive region, situated in one of the most tem-

* It is editing by Mr. Herbert, the city librarian, who has manifested great industry and research in consulting the most original authorities. This gentleman is already known to the public in several topographical works illustrative of the metropolis.

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perate and healthful climates of the world, anciently the richest and most populous portion of the Roman empire—we allude to the regency of Algiers, with which we are made better acquainted by the perusal of this volume, lately published in Paris. The author, the Baron Juchereau de St. Denys, is well known in France, and by foreigners employed in the diplomatic service, as the author of the work on the Revolutions of Constantinople; and as having been the French Diplomatic Agent in the Greek Islands. He commences by a succinct, but explicit, statement of the physical and political geography of that part of the northern coast of Africa now occupied by the French. This is followed by some historical remarks, including an able and animated account of the military operations of the French army during the late expedition. To which are added, what perhaps by many will be thought the most important part of the book, observations on the political interests of the European States, with respect to the Regency of Algiers.

A map of the Regency, framed expressly for the work, is attached.

The Robbers. By the Author of "Chartley." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

A VERY great improvement on its predecessor. The present is an historical novel, laid in the stirring times of the Spanish war in the Netherlands. The first two volumes are very spirited; but there is a deficiency of incident in the third; while the marriage of Isabel pretty well terminates the interest. The cautious M. Andelot is a very happily sketched character; and there are some well-managed hair-breadth escapes.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE POOR.

THIS is not, perhaps, a time when the quiet philosophical voice of improvement will be listened to with the best chance of being heard; but we do trust that, even amid the turmoil of Reform (which reform cannot, in many desirable respects, do what other less-contested means may accomplish), the propositions of Mr. Sadler, in the House of Commons on Tuesday, for ameliorating the condition of the poor, will not be hung upon a rusty nail and thought of no more. With all our advantages, we are a strange people; and the schoolmaster has not been long enough abroad to teach us wisdom. There must be a grand excitement to produce any considerable effect amongst us, whether it be right or wrong, for good or for evil; while the most self-evident plans of relief and benefit are talked about and thrown by like waste paper. Ten times the reform proposed in parliament, cannot in five hundred years produce so much actual comfort and happiness to the people, as several other single and simple remedies would immediately produce. A reform in the civil law and its administration would take a heavier tax off the community than all the burdens of government; besides preventing an incredible amount of oppression, demoralisation, and misery. The criminal law is equally defective, but its operation far more confined. A just commutation of tithes, and two or three slight measures of internal regulation, would remove from the church much of the odium now heaped upon it, and much of the danger with which it is threatened. But these and other improvements have not, like Catholic, Slavery, and Reform questions, the fortune to be made party contests for power and place, and the multitude stimulated for and against them: they, therefore, form dull episodes in parliaments and pamphlets, obtain a momentary notice, and fall asleep on the public ear and understanding.

Among the prominent of such cases are the attempts to provide for the wants of the poor, and to raise the lower classes, whether agricultural labourers or industrious mechanics, to a state in which they may be enabled to provide for their own sufficient maintenance. It is to be regretted, that for this purpose several excellent plans have been proposed; and the consequence has been controversy as to which was the best, every man sticking by his own project, instead of a calm investigation, which would have shewn that each in its kind and sphere must have contributed to the sole end in the view of all. Thus, for instance, emigration has been maintained against spade husbandry, as if the two were incompatible and opposite; whereas the removal of two or three thousand persons from the home counties last year (either abroad or to manufacturing districts, as might be), would have mitigated all the distress they suffered; and some five hundred unprofitable acres appropriated to allotments and cultivation would have provided abundantly for the remaining population.

We have often, and again we most earnestly recommend the latter mode of providing for the poor to our benevolent readers who possess the power of trying the experiment. Wherever it has been tried, the effect has been incalculable; and, as Lord Althorpe observed, it is far more likely to prosper in the hands of individuals than as an act of government. From having, through the medium of the *Literary Gazette*, endeavoured to rouse the public to a sense of the importance of this subject, we have received a multitude of communications upon it, which might tempt us far beyond the space we can properly allot to any discussion not strictly connected with literature; but we can only treat it as a branch of political and economic and philanthropic science, and in this light we must not trespass too much. Yet we will venture a few data and remarks.

According to the evidence of Mr. William Cowling before the emigration committee in 1827, it appears that the whole contents of land in Britain and Ireland and the British isles, are 77,394,433 acres, of which quantity only 46,522,970 can be said to be cultivated; 15,000,000 are waste, and 15,871,463, are said to be unprofitable. Thus nearly half of the land which Providence has given us for our support and maintenance is neglected: and though no agriculturist, without a large capital, can cultivate any great quantity of such land, yet thousands of industrious labourers could derive maintenance and comfort from having each a small portion of it. By their own work they would be enabled to live comfortably. As a result, we have been told that several of the metropolitan parishes are anxious to remove their poor from the unhealthy and immoral atmosphere of a workhouse in the metropolis, to some situations in the country where they may be employed in agriculture,* by which, food, the great object of human labour, may be obtained; while by industry of any other kind it can only be obtained indirectly and by means of exchange. This is further shewn by Sir John Sinclair, who contends, that the poor in the metropolis and other large towns cannot be advantageously employed in trades and other manual occupations, without injury to others whose subsistence depends upon this species of labour; whereas, by providing the food of man, no individual can be injured, but the whole community benefited.

"The Chinese," says a writer, (in, we think, a Cambridge paper) "with a population three times as dense as our own, forbid all emigration, yet find ample employment and provision for all. We are told that the poors' rates will eventually absorb all the land in the country. I refer them to such parishes as have freely tried the cottage system and spade husbandry, and there you will find that labourers are not burdensome, and the poors' rates low and still decreasing. We are told all this looks very well in theory, but cannot be reduced to practice; but I meet the broad assertion by referring to an authenticated case—the labourer's name and address I leave with the editor. His account current for the present year stands thus: half an acre of land, at 50*s.* per acre, including all rates, &c.

Dr. to Seed, &c.	£.	s.	d.
Seed Wheat	0	5	0
Ditto Barley	0	2	6
Ditto Potatoes	0	13	6
Labour (his own)	1	0	0
Rent	1	5	0
	£3	6	0

Cr. by Crop.	£	s.	d.
6 Bushels of Barley at 5*s.* per bushel	1	10	0
4½ ditto of Wheat, at 8*s.* ditto	1	18	0
100 ditto of Potatoes, at 1*s.* ditto	5	0	0
	8	8	0
Deduct expenses	3	6	0
Clear gain to the Labourer	£5	2	0

Besides the above profit, his quarter of an acre of white corn stubble is now at liberty for a crop of winter vegetables, to come off in time for the next potato planting."

Lord Suffield, in his charge to the quarter sessions for the county of Norfolk, March 10, 1831, says,—"The only parish in my neighbourhood in which the poors' rate has not increased enormously within the last thirty-six years, is one in which almost all the poor inhabitants have had small portions of land attached to their cottages; the rate here has in thirty-six years increased four-pence per acre, while in some of the parishes adjoining the rate has been doubled, and even tripled. I shall extend this system as speedily and as widely as possible on my own property. Last week I was much occupied in making such allotments; the quantity of land generally required is half an acre; labourers to ditch out the land for themselves, the parish to dig the land and seed it once, the parish to find a pig, which will cost from eight shillings to ten, to be repaid when the crop is sold; the rent at first to be the same as the last occupier, (the farmer). The condition I exact is, that the pauper shall give up all claim on the parish for relief after the crop is sold. These terms have been joyfully accepted by every one to whom

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* To promote this design, the *Labourers' Friends' Society*, in which there are several members of both houses of parliament, has been formed for the purpose of promoting the enclosure of the waste lands, and especially of those in the vicinity of the metropolis, of which there are above 20,000 acres, including Epping Forest and Bagshot Heath. They are of opinion that the cultivation of this waste land, and affording employment and provision to the labouring poor, is far preferable to the system of emigration, which, whilst it deprives us of our best agriculturists and artisans, men who, if encouraged at home, would increase our strength and prosperity, leaves us the idle, profligate, and factious,—a disgrace to their country, and a burden to the poors' rates. Surely, it would be much more politic to find work for the whole of our population, and endeavour to reclaim the idle and the profligate by affording them employment. The question is, have we the means? It has been justly remarked, that an increase of population may be deemed a dreadful evil or a solid good, according to the circumstances of the country in which it occurs. If a commensurate increase of food and raiment can be produced by agriculture and manufactures, an accession of consumers in the home market cannot but be beneficial to all parties; and the increase of population, in such a case, may be deemed equally desirable in itself, and conducive to national strength and national prosperity.

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they have been proposed; the banks are raised with a zeal and alacrity which it is delightful to behold; and whence does this arise? Simply from the circumstance that the men for the first time work on their own account."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE reports read to the Society on Wednesday, were, on a clamp for boot and harness makers; a method of lighting gas-lamps; an apparatus for dry-grinders; a trap for vermin; a life-buoy; a life-boat; and a method of gauging the contents of standing casks. The whole of which, with the exception of the last mentioned, possessing no particular advantages, were not considered worthy the further attention of the Society.

The Society, as is usual at this time of the year, adjourned for the Christmas holydays.

The members will re-assemble on the 10th of next month, when a course of illustrations on subjects connected with the arts, &c. will commence. Eight evenings, during the session, will be so appropriated; and the subjects already arranged are, on the various styles of engraving, and their application to the representation of historical subjects, landscape, &c.; on coals; on fuel—its direct application to domestic, culinary, and manufacturing purposes; on fuel—its application through the medium of heated air, steam, and hot water; on Gothic architecture, and the origin of the Gothic arch; on the turning-lathe; and on the manufacture of horn and tortoise-shell.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq. in the chair.—Another portion of Mr. Ogilby's paper on the history and distribution of marsupial animals was read. Several fellows were elected. Mr. Cox exhibited a drawing of a branch of a peach-tree bearing a peach and nectarine, produced, naturally, in the garden of Mr. Wheeler, Gloucester Place, last year; thus shewing that the peach and nectarine are mere varieties of each other.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 14.—R. I. Murchison, Esq. president, in the chair. Fellows were elected. A letter was first read from W. Bland, Esq. of Hartslip, near Sittingbourne, addressed to Dr. Buckland. This communication contained the result of the author's observations, for twelve years, on the variations in the depth of the water in the wells of the part of Kent in which he resides, and on the quantities of rain which fell during the same period. A paper on the stratiform basalt associated with the carboniferous formation of the north of England, by Mr. W. Hutton, was afterwards begun. Presents were announced from the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, Dr. Silliman of New York, H. T. De Beche, Esq. and others.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

[Analysis of Col. Leake's paper read at the meeting, and referred to in our No. 774.]

THE only passage in history, Colonel Leake remarked, anterior to the time of the Roman empire, from which it may be concluded that the Quorra was then known, is a description given by Herodotus of a journey of discovery undertaken in his time by some of the Nasamones, a tribe which dwelt near the Syrtes. An association having been formed of the chief men of this tribe to prosecute discoveries in the Libyan Desert, five young men were chosen for the adventure; and after having passed the inhabited region (*οἴκουμένη*), and the country of wild beasts (*θηριώδης*), which lay beyond it, they traversed during many days the great sandy desert in a westerly direction (*πρὸς ζέφυρον ἄνεμον*), until they arrived in a country inhabited by men of low stature, who conducted them through extensive marshes (probably a local inundation) to a river that produced crocodiles, and flowed towards the rising sun. And that this really was the Quorra seems certain, when it is considered, not only that it agrees with the description thus given, but also that it is the only river in North Africa which does agree in all points. It has been argued, indeed, that this narrative is a fable, and that the account of the river was merely picked up by these young Nasamones, or by some others, in one of the oases of the desert. But even in this case, a knowledge of its existence is thus demonstrated.

There would be great difficulty, indeed, in any way to believe that such civilised and commercial people as the Cyrenæan Greeks and Carthaginians should have remained to the last period of their independence ignorant of the Sudán, whence many most important articles of their commerce were derived, especially as we now know from Denham and Clapperton that no great natural impediments to communication exists on the route between Fezzan and Bornú. And it is still more improbable that the Egyptians should have been ignorant of the existence of such a river as the Quorra, when it is incontestable, from their monuments, that they carried their arms to a considerable distance in the Sudán; and an extensive commercial intercourse between the two countries seems an inevitable consequence of this circumstance, considering the advanced state of society and of the arts in Egypt at this period.

As to the Romans, besides that they inherited the learning of the Greeks, the frequent necessity of chastising the lawless tribes of the Libyan deserts inevitably led them to make frequent excursions into their territories; and existing monuments abundantly prove the extent to which these were carried. In the year 19 of the Christian era, for example, Cornelius Balbus triumphed at Rome for his conquest of the Garamantes; and among numerous places of which representative images were borne in the procession, Phenania now Fezzan, Garenna now Gherma, and Cydamus now Gerdames, are enumerated. Besides which, two several expeditions are on record of extreme interest in this investigation. Their date is uncertain, but they are cited by Ptolemy, on the authority of Marinus of Tyre, and are curiously illustrated by the discoveries of Horneman, Lyon, Denham, and Clapperton.

Of the first, under the command of Septimius Flaccus, it is only related that a three months' march from the country of the Garamantes into that of the Ethiopians was accomplished by it. The second, of which the particulars are given by Julius Maternus, who accompanied it, was an expedition sent by the king of the Garamantes to reduce his rebellious subjects in Ethiopia, which left *Leptis Major* (now Lebeda, near Tripoli), and after a march of four months arrived at Agisymba. In both instances the direction of the route is stated to have been due south, and in both the distance attained must have been very great. Most probably Agisymba was the present Bornú. From the expressions used, the road appears to have been well known and frequented. And the sovereignty of the Garamantes was familiarly recognised along its whole extent, comprehending, as there is reason to believe, the present Waday, and extending even to latitude 10° N., where a mountain was known by the name of *ἡ Γαραμαντίνη Φάραγξ*, or the Garamantic Ravine.

With these opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the existence of the Quorra, then, it is scarcely possible to imagine that the Romans were ignorant of it; or that, knowing the remaining portions of North Africa so well as they did, their descriptions of the Niger, which are altogether inapplicable to any other river, should not have regarded it. It is true that their knowledge of it was imperfect, even as our own has been till within the last few months; and they were certainly ignorant of its ultimately turning south, and joining the western ocean. On the contrary, they frequently speak of it as a "river of the interior," which may be understood to mean beginning and ending without communication with the sea. And none of them thought it joined the Nile of Egypt, a magnificent idea especially patronised by the poets,—as Claudian, when he represents both the Girrhæi and Garamantes drinking of its waters:

> "Hunc bibit infrænis Garamas, domitorque ferarum
> Girrhæus, qui vasta colit sub rupibus antra,
> Qui ramos ebeni, qui dentes vellit eburnos."

But the better informed were aware that this was not the case; even Claudian himself, in a graver composition—his poem on the first consulship of Stilicho—rejects the idea:

> "Gir, notissimus amnis
> Æthiopum, simili mentitus gurgite Nilum."

And it seems most probable that they, for the most part, thought it was absorbed in one or more great central lakes, of the existence of which they were certainly aware, having named several, and in particular Lake Libya, which appears to be the Tchad.

The thanks of the Society were cordially voted to Colonel Leake, for his very interesting and instructive communication.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the president in the chair. The communication read was an account of the volcano which broke out last year on the southern shores of Sicily. It was written by Mr. Davy, the brother of Sir Humphry, and embraced not only the author's remarks and opinions, but also those of Capt. Swinburne, H.M.S. Rapid. They observe, that the crater is only a few feet above the level of the sea. Previous to the eruption in June last, several shocks of an earthquake were experienced in the neighbourhood, leaving no doubt that the crater was then in operation. During the eruption Etna was more active than usual; at times a dense white vapour, like snow or wool, was thrown up to a great distance, and exhibited a very extraordinary appearance. This vapour disappeared before the wind, leaving behind a fine powder, having a strong saline taste, and a sulphurous smell. The author's results were all of a negative kind, and his details did not materially differ in character from the usual descriptions of these interesting phenomena. Sir James Graham was elected a fellow. There was exhibited in the library a very ingenious apparatus, called a "fire-sentinel." Its chief use is for detecting increase of heat in hot-houses. An air-filled glass bulb is fixed nearly in the centre of a box; passing under and in contact with the bulb is a column of mercury; when the fluid is acted upon by the heated air contained in the bulb, it rises to a certain point, and becomes the medium of communication with the hammer of a bell.

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The meetings are adjourned till the 12th of January.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

COLONEL TOD, librarian, in the chair. Several donations of books were made to the library: among them was a fine copy of Le Brun's Travels in the East, 2 vols. folio, presented by T. H. Baber, Esq.; and pamphlets on the cholera, by Sir Gilbert Blane and Mr. Pettigrew.

Two papers were read: the first was a description of a new and distinct genus of quadrupeds—the "stag-sheep," or *kaleeatoo* of the Tamulians—by Dr. M. Christy, of the Madras establishment. This animal is extremely rare; it inhabits that range of mountains which separates the valley of Dindique from Malabar: its size is three feet nine inches long, one foot seven inches high before, and one foot nine inches high behind; the colour of the head and upper part of the body is of a deep reddish brown; the belly, inside of the legs and thighs, and the feet, white; the hair is short, but strong and wiry. Dr. Christy's account is drawn up from an examination of three specimens, viz. one male and two females.

The second paper was an account of the island of Sevasamoodram; and of two bridges, one of which is completed, and the other now building by the intelligent and wealthy Jaghirdar of the island, Ramaswamy Moodeliar. The first part of the memoir, which is written in English by the native just mentioned, comprises an account of the traditions to which the island owes its peculiar sanctity; and the latter part details the origin and progress of the enterprise undertaken by the writer, viz. that of clearing the island of the jungle with which it was covered, and constructing two stone bridges on pillars, one crossing each branch of the Caveri river. The works were commenced in 1819, and the first bridge was completed in 1821. Neither of the bridges is carried in a straight line across the river, but curved towards the stream, with a view to resist the floods to which the river is subject. The length of that which is finished is 1000 feet; breadth of the road-way, 13 ft.; height, including the foundation, 23 ft. It is supported by 400 pillars. The other bridge, it is expected, will be finished early in 1832. The whole of these works, undertaken by Ramaswamy Moodeliar for the public benefit, have been executed at his own cost, without the assistance of a single rupee from any quarter. The government of Madras have granted him the island and a small tract on the bank of the river, with the right of levying a trifling toll on the transit of goods, which is the only pecuniary remuneration he is likely to receive.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Memoir on Panathenaic Vases, by the Chevalier Brönsted. Read at the Meeting of the 7th instant.

THE memoir bore particular reference to a collection of vases of that description, now being exhibited in London, of which several were produced at the meeting for inspection, as illustrative of the subject. A very fine one, of the same kind, belonging to Mr. Burgen, was likewise shewn.

The official inscription found on these remarkable monuments formed the chief object of attention. This inscription has never hitherto been satisfactorily explained, because the question has never been considered in its real extent and bearings, which embrace a view of the principal institutions connected with the Panathenaic laws and festivals. The result of M. Brönsted's researches may be thus shortly summed up.

1. The common official formula inscribed on these vases

(ΤΟΝΑΘΕΝΕΘΕΝΑΘΛΟΝ)

merely states, that the monument on which it appears is "(ONE) OF THE PRIZES FROM ATHENS," which is strictly conformable to the simple language of remote antiquity, and to the nature of the Panathenaic contests, to which every Greek was admitted.

2. The inscription had a particular reference to the sacred oil contained in these vases, which was the principal object of the contest, and the prominent part of the prize. This oil was always, in all Panathenaic games, the produce of the holy trees dedicated to Minerva; and, of course, was not to be obtained any where but at Athens.

3. In consequence of the universal creed of the Greeks with regard to the sacred olive-trees, and of the oil obtained from them being *exclusively Panathenaic*, the Athenian government, and especially the Areopagus—to whom all legal power in that respect belonged—took the greatest care, by issuing severe laws, by appointing responsible farmers, under annual and monthly control of officers specially appointed, to protect and promote the proper culture of the sacred olive-groves, and to render their produce profitable to the state.

4. The writer, lastly, established the probability, that among the regulations concerning the traffic in the holy oil (for which article there was constant and considerable demand at Athens from every country where Panathenæa were celebrated), was this in particular—that none but the victors in those games should have a right to export the Panathenaic oil to foreign countries. The existence of such a law seems to be in harmony with the public rewards granted by the state to Athenian victors in other public games at Olympia, Delphi, Nemea, &c.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Trio Trac. Painted by Teniers; engraved by W. Raddon. Leggatt and Co.

THIS well-known production of Teniers, which is mentioned with due praise by Smith in his Catalogue, has been transferred to copper with great spirit by Mr. Raddon. It is in the line manner, and free and bold in its execution. If we had the slightest fault to find, it might be that the back-ground appears to us to be a little too open, so as to interfere with the profile of the figure standing up on the right. But the work altogether is worthy of the best of the English school; and deserves a place in every good portfolio.

The Lame leading the Blind. Painted by C. Hancock; engraved by H. Beckwith. Harding.

AN excellent animal production of two dogs, which will forcibly recall the memory of Landseer, and not be greatly injured by a comparison even with that admirable artist. Being wire-haired terriers, we suppose must be the apology for a little wiriness in the execution: but there is no dog or print-fancier who will not like the Lame leading the Blind.

The Bitter Morning. Painted by R. W. Buss; on stone by Fairland. Ackermann.

THOSE who are fond of creature comforts, let them look on this! The lithography is beautifully executed; and the whole familiar scene of a fellow most unwilling to leave his warm bed, forms one of those subjects which are so well calculated to please generally. According to Wilkinson's conundrum in the new piece at the Adelphi, the man, however, is not a man, for he is a-bed.

The Looking-Glass; or, Caricature Annual. London, M'Lean.

A VOLUME containing some three hundred caricatures, and in which the most prominent persons of the day, and the most striking events of our eventful era, figure under many a humorous form. The fronti-piece represents the caricaturist, as Isaac Walton, fishing; and having caught many political characters, while others are swimming about in the shape of dabs, gudgeons, bream, &c. &c.; and throughout the entire work he has displayed a very prolific fancy, a rich vein of satire, and a clever style of execution. A more amusing book cannot be imagined for the dreary half, or sometimes whole hour, waiting for dinner; nor, indeed, for any period of ennuyant leisure. For here, at least, we can laugh at Reform and Cholera—disregard the evils, and enjoy the follies, which elsewhere scare and fatigue us. From such a number it would be inexpedient to particularise, and we shall therefore only add, that nearly all the subjects are entertaining, and not a few of them very witty and ludicrous.

Under the Patronage of His Majesty. Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. Part I. London, 1831. Tilt; Colnaghi and Son; J. and A. Arch.

THE subjects of this, the first Part of a most laudable design, are, Venice, engraved by E. Goodall, after Prout; the Gamekeeper, by E. Smith, after W. Hunt; and Rembrandt in his Study, by C. Lewis, after Stephanoff. There is thus a sufficient variety, both in paintings and in the style of engraving, to render this Part a fair and promising specimen of the work. Prout's Venice is as perfect as ever Canaletti produced, and is exquisitely engraved; while the Rembrandt exhibits all the properties of Rembrandt's own most finished etchings, and is full of spirit and effect. The Gamekeeper is in a free open manner, and affords a perfect idea of Mr. Hunt's colouring. The letter-press, descriptive of each subject, is brief and suitable; and altogether we hail with much satisfaction the auspicious commencement of an undertaking so well calculated to perpetuate the genius of our water-colour school, even long after the originals may have perished.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XX. London, 1831. Tilt; Moon, Boys, and Graves.

A ROOM at Abbotsford, drawn by D. Roberts; Peronne, drawn by W. Brockedon; Heriot's Hospital; Niddry Castle; are the interesting ornaments of this fasciculus, which is quite equal to any of the preceding Parts. The name of E. Finden is a guarantee for the beauty of the engravings.

Lady Marjoribanks. Engraved by Thomson, from a Miniature by Mrs. James Robertson, for the forthcoming No. of *La Belle Assemblée.* M. Colnaghi.

THE eighty-fifth portrait of a truly *belle assemblée*, which adorn this fashionable and agreeable Magazine, Lady Marjoribanks is a comely individual in the goodly company. The engraving is excellent.

Caricatures.—We noticed, a few weeks since, a very good-humoured and laughable caricature of Prince Talleyrand; and we now see, appa-

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rently from the same quarter, two other personages of note about town figuring in Mrs. Humphrey's window. These are Lord Westmorland and Lord Castlereagh, on horseback, as Old and Young Rapid. The horses, especially Lord Westmorland's, are admirably drawn; and the likenesses of the noble lords themselves are ludicrously characteristic.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON:—SOUTH LONDON MARKET.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wealth and intelligence of which we boast so much, and which we certainly possess in the metropolis, it is rather extraordinary to observe how much we are wedded to old habits, and how slow we consequently are to adopt improvements. But progress has been made and is making in many parts. This vast city, by the establishment of the new market at Hungerford Street, will at length possess two fish-markets on the river; and the west end of the town may be supplied without the enormous expense, or inconvenience, which has hitherto attended its purchase of this essential article. The widening of the Strand is another great improvement; and the opening of streets thence to the north and west, will greatly facilitate the intercourse through populous districts. Baths are creeping into use,—though it is yet much to be desired that really good and more moderately priced establishments of this kind should be formed. The removal of Fleet Market is a manifest advantage to the city; and it is to be hoped that Smithfield, with all its Monday drivings of infuriated cattle, and also the disgraceful and disgusting slaughterings in Newgate Market, with many other similar nuisances, will speedily be abated. Our attention has been called to these considerations by a plan, which has been sent to us, for the enlargement of St. George's Market, between the Obelisk and Elephant and Castle, so as to make it adequate to the supply of the south of London with meat, fish, vegetables, and fruit. It is proposed to be called the South London Market, and to contain, at the cost of 80,000*l.*, extensive abbatoirs and cattle-pounds. The situation is apparently excellent; and the architectural elevations of the buildings, &c. are agreeable to the eye. Southwark and the adjacent parishes are stated in the prospectus to have more than quadrupled their inhabitants within the last twenty years, so as now to exceed 400,000 souls; whilst there are only two markets on the south side of the Thames, viz. the Borough Market for vegetables, and St. George's for meat and slaughtering of cattle. Should the amount wanted be raised, in shares, and the project be sanctioned by parliament, we have no doubt but that great public benefit would result from its completion.

A SONG FOR SENEX.

[We sometimes insert articles on account of their goodness, sometimes on account of their badness. By the by, we do not think it worth while to print the farther grave answer to Senex, which accompanied the annexed.—*Ed. L. G.*]

THE following was written a few years since, on the exhibition of a Mermaid at the west end of the town, and, from some dispute between the proprietors, was brought before the Chancery Court. The author has availed himself of the license granted to poets, and wrote his song as if the mermaid were alive.

I sing of a maiden of ancient renown,
Not long since much talked of in country and town,
Who in Neptune's old kingdom has felt many gales,
And, before she'd seen England, had often seen *whales*.

Without a side-saddle she rode a sea-horse,
But having no legs she could not sit across,
Which seems rather odd, and somewhat romantic—
She could not cross a horse, but could cross the Atlantic.

They say she's an heiress—some great Triton's daughter,
Without one foot of land, but most wealthy in water,
And though always to matrimony warmly inclined,
She ne'er met a merman yet quite to her mind.

Thus this maid has no *suitor* to *suit her*, 'tis said,
But was ne'er heard to *murmur*, although a *mermaid*;
She weighs well their merits, and finds that each fails,
For 'tis very well known she has plenty of *scales*.

This maid for dram-drinking ne'er yet had a wish,
Though report always said she could drink like a fish;
Neither beer, wine, nor spirits with her would agree,
Though with *spirits* she oft has lain in the Red Sea.

To the Chancery bar now at last they have brought her,
Where she looks, as folks say, like a fish out of water;
And though at the lawyers 'tis known she can't rail,
She turns her nose up at one, at another her tail.

The counsel they smelt her, and look'd very wise,
Then they all shook their wigs, and they half shut their eyes;
The Chancellor said, it could not be denied,
That she looked very much like flesh fishified.

Tom's Coffee House,
Dec. 19, 1831.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MRS. GORE'S new comedy, called *Lords and Commons*, was performed for the first time on Tuesday; and although it was not received in a manner likely to turn out profitable either to manager or author, yet many of the scenes were so well written, and there was altogether so fair a display of talent in the piece, that we think if Mrs. Gore will devote herself to the stage, she may yet produce a play worthy of some of the better periods of the English drama. The chief defect of the comedy is a want of novelty; for although we are informed in the prologue that the piece is original, our memory very much deceives us if the same subject has not already been twice before the public; in the first instance, in Hook's clever tale in *Sayings and Doings*, of *The Man with many Friends*, and afterwards the same story adapted and thrown into a five-act comedy by Morton, which was acted for a series of more than twenty nights. The only parts, therefore, of the play which belong exclusively to Mrs. Gore, are three or four of the subordinate characters, and the dialogue which is put into their mouths. The former are tolerably well sketched, though a little too much in caricature; and the latter we have no scruple in saying is extremely well written—nervous and elegant in the serious portions, and terse and very neatly pointed in the comic scenes. The plot being so well known we do not consider it necessary to enter into a detail of it, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to the actors, to whom in general the fair writer must feel herself greatly indebted. Farren, the first in talent as in rank, performs the same character he assumed in Morton's play at Covent Garden, viz. that of the old Nabob, who returns from India rich and bilious, and desirous to hear a good account of his spendthrift nephew. Of his qualifications for such a part, our readers cannot entertain a doubt; and the arbitrary manners and cutting sarcasms of old *Sir Caleb* lost nothing in his able hands. His dress also was good, though we see no reason why it should have been so slavishly copied from an individual who walks about our streets, and who, notwithstanding the singularity of his appearance, is, we believe, a highly respectable and very inoffensive person. Wallack played the idle nephew, and played it well, particularly the latter part of his performance,—a sort of *Harry Dornton* scene, which was marked with a very proper degree of energy and spirit. His dress was not so good; a green silk waistcoat, a pink under ditto, and black-velvet smalls with cut-steel buttons, are not, we believe, usually seen in high life, either collectively or individually. The dress of his brother, H. Wallack, was infinitely worse: Hessian boots with false tops (and if we misrepresent his boots we are ready to apologise), with spurs pretty nearly on a line with his ancle-bone, to say nothing of the collar to his coat—are never seen even upon such men as *Lord Martingale*, "damaged odds and ends," though they may be of the peerage; "cracked viscounts," or "lords without a leg to stand upon." Another actor, Mr. Jones, had dressed his face after that of a noble lord well known about town; and Harley, lively as he always is, would not appear to less advantage if a slight alteration were made even in *his* costume. Of the ladies we can speak with unabated pleasure; we only regret that we saw so little of them: Mrs. Faucit, Mrs. Orger, and Miss Kenneth, have not more than a few lines each. Miss Phillips's part, though the best, is not a very prominent one; but we are glad that she undertook it, because she is evidently improving herself fast in comedy. Her early scenes were extremely lively. She looked charmingly in both her dresses; and in the last act, where she pleads her father's cause, and refuses a husband whom she dislikes, she received deservedly very great applause. Mrs. Humby played the usual saucy waiting-maid, and spoke a fair epilogue with much ability. We think, however, that the ill-natured hits about robberies from the French stage might have been dispensed with; as, if such things be crimes, we do not see much difference between the enormity of taking the plot of a French drama and that of an English novel. Mr. Brindal, we had almost omitted to state, played a valet of the *exquisite* school, and got on as well as he did last summer at the Haymarket in the listless lord of the *School for Coquettes*.

COVENT GARDEN.

BRAHAM and Miss Shirreff continue to draw good houses to the *Beggar's Opera*; but we are afraid that unless the young lady looks a little more to nature and a little less to art, she will find herself losing ground in the public estimation. The airs of *Polly* are not *bravuras*. This hint, we hope, will be sufficient: it would be a pity to see so much talent perverted or undervalued. Braham's *Macheath* is admirable: but there is a little bit of comic acting in this opera which surpasses any thing we have seen for a long time, and that is Mrs. Keeley's *Lucy*—it is quite genuine.

THE ADELPHI.

ON Monday night a new farce, under the name of *Damon and Pythias*, was produced at this pleasant little theatre. It is a neat and spirited piece, full of bustle and fun, and with enow of jokes and hits to cause it to be received with hearty laughter, and almost make us wish it a little longer, even though it was followed by the delightful *Victorine*.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

[From a Correspondent, who promises that they will not interfere with our regular criticisms, and whom we thank for his offer to continue them.—*Ed.*]

Drury Lane.—Dec. 5. The tiger in *Hyder Ali*, instead of running in a straight line across the stage, stopt about half-way, and turning at a right angle came scampering towards the pit. The pit-folk began cowering and crouching in all directions, as if that would have saved them; when Mons. Martin rushed on, and,

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after a little French gesticulation, pounced on the beast and pommelled it off the stage.*

Dec. 6. The first night of the *Barber of Seville*, when Seguin, in the last scene, seized the notary, he, in his vehemence, not only upset the actor but knocked his legal wig off. The laughing of the audience so confused the poor fellow, that he in his hurry stuck his wig on with the tail in front hanging over his nose; of course eliciting redoubled roars. To my great astonishment, on Thursday 8th, when it was performed for the second time, this manœuvre, so palpably an accident on the first night, was, in consideration of the brilliant effect it had produced, purposely, though not so naturally, repeated, and has doubtless been continued on each successive performance!

Adelphi.—Dec. 12. The hissing at *Favourites in Town* began in the first scene, during the phantasmagoria dream of Yates, who on waking introduced this ready morceau of "gag," in describing his dream to Wilkinson. "All was going on well, when all on a sudden there arose a strange hissing noise, which something told me came all from one quarter, (looking up at the suspected parties,) and urged me not to heed, as being too harsh and too early in the evening for a fair sentence. Well, well — we shall see how matters go on." (All this was said in the imitative manner of Tate Wilkinson, which he adopts in this piece.) The readiness of the Adelphi actors at this gagging accomplishment was manifested the same evening, more or less, throughout *Victorine*, (in which they appear to grow more imperfect by frequent repetitions,) but particularly in the last act, when the dinner-tray, with soup, &c., having accidentally fallen and got smashed, a considerable number of the usual practical jokes were necessarily omitted; but the awkward situation of the actors, thus excluded from practising their wonted manœuvres, was made the best of, by O. Smith growling out, "Sacre! what a disappointment!" Yates picking up a dish and licking it; and Reeve coolly saying, "Well, I'll wait, and take my dessert before dinner to-day—a pinch of snuff." He then, having duly administered the pinch, made an observation on the time, which led at once to the continuance of the scene in the usual course.

Olympic.—Dec. 14. The first night of the *Dumb Belle*, Vestris having spoken the tag, and applied her ear-trumpet with great *éclat*, made a few steps back, in the usual manner, with the other performers, to leave room for the curtain, which at this theatre, instead of falling, appears in two parts from either side of the stage, and joins in the middle, (*vice versâ* instead of rising). Unfortunately only half of it appeared. Vestris and J. Vining were obscured, but three others remained unhidden: two of these soon made their exits in confusion, but the third seemed determined to stand till the other half of the curtain should duly appear. At length Vining reappeared, scampering across the still-bare side, and abusing the attendant in fault so very audibly that the audience burst into a laugh; whereon Vestris also reappeared, pursuing him, and exclaimed, (she having just been married to him in the farce,) "Now, my dear Frederick, really—to shew temper so soon!" &c. The regular act-drop was then lowered, and the audience tranquillised.

* I am told the llama ran into the stage-box the other night: also that a monkey lately ran across the stage during a pathetic scene of a tragedy; on which occasion Wallack was hissed for his immoderate laughing at it; — but I note down only what I see myself.

VARIETIES.

Miss Caroline Lyon.—There is a theatre called Mr. Pym's Theatre, and situated in Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Road, where Miss Caroline Lyon appeared on Tuesday as *Maria Darlington* and *Clari*. We were unable to attend, but we hear a good report of the fair *débutante* from a competent judge, who describes her as a sweet singer, an affecting actress, and a very pretty girl.

S. Middiman.—We observe the death of Mr. Middiman in the newspapers of this week. He was full of years, being above 80, and, we presume, the father of our school of engraving, to which he was for so long a period a distinguished honour. Mr. Middiman's works in landscape hold a foremost place in all valuable collections; and in private life he was as estimable as he was celebrated in the arts.

Cambridge.—At the second meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society—Prof. Sedgwick in the chair — the Rev. L. Jenyns read a monograph of the British species of bivalve mollusca belonging to the genera *Cyclas* and *Pisidium*. A paper was also presented by S. Earnshaw, Esq. on the integration of the general linear differential equations of any order, and on the general equation of differences with constant co-efficients. After the meeting, Mr. Whewell gave an account of the different theories of evaporation which have been proposed; namely, the theory of hollow spherules, that of the chemical solution of water in air, and the theory of the independent equilibrium of vapour in air. The reasonings and experiments were noticed by which M. Dalton has illustrated and confirmed the last-mentioned view of the subject. The mode of determining the dew-point at any time was pointed out, and the construction and use of Daniell's hygrometer. Finally, the bearing of these views upon the production of clouds was spoken of, and some circumstances relative to the formation of *cumuli* described and explained.

University at Durham.—A Durham college has been commenced, and is to open in October next, under the auspices of the Bishop and Chapter. There is a foundation for students; and also provision for the reception of ordinary and occasional students. Four years will complete the education of a member, and there will be prizes and examinations. This institution promises to be highly beneficial, and particularly to the northern parts of England.

In the *Olio*, a periodical we have often mentioned with praise, we have lately been much pleased with an Interior of Milan Cathedral, from a drawing by J. D. Harding, and a group of female figures, to illustrate a tale. The former is a striking production of art in a work for threepence, and itself worth many threepences.

Correct Statement of the first Discovery of the Murder of the Italian Boy.—It may perhaps interest the public, to learn exactly what steps led to the arrest of the murderers of the supposed Italian boy. Hill, the porter of King's College, upon receiving the body from Bishop and Williams, observed its freshness, and, in the regular course of his duty, went to the demonstrator of anatomy, Mr. Partridge, to inspect the body, and to receive his orders respecting it. Mr. Partridge conceived that the appearances presented by the body indicated a recent death by violence, and sent to Mr. Thomas for some police officers to be at hand, in case, upon deliberation, it should appear right to give the men into custody. Mr. Mayo, the professor of anatomy, then arrived, and viewed the body with Mr. Partridge, and it was decided that the resurrection-men should be immediately arrested. The grounds of suspicion were the following: — the body was fresh, and seemed not to have been buried; nevertheless, it was possible that it might have been obtained after death from an hospital; but, on the other hand, there was no mark of common violence, as if the boy had been killed by any ordinary accident;—there was not that emaciation which attends death by *slow* disease;—and there were no marks of the remedies, such as bleeding, blistering, cupping, or leeches, which are commonly resorted to in *acute* disease. Mr. Mayo having sent orders that the police should come round, went to the men to give them into custody. May was quite drunk upon the floor; Bishop and Williams had been drinking, and looked maudlin and stupid, and under the influence of liquor. When the policemen appeared, the prisoners, with the exception of May, made not a single remark, and expressed no surprise, and offered no resistance. The evidence against the murderers was collected by the indefatigable activity of Mr. Thomas.

The Italian Opera.—If spirit and enterprise deserve success, we think Mr. Monck Mason must, by his exertions, absolutely command it. Till arrangements are completed, we need not go into particulars; but we have made it our business to see what was going on, and we can say, that a theatre wonderfully improved in appearance—an operatic force of great extent, and comprehending many new singers of the highest eminence as well as known favourites —an orchestra of extraordinary power—several couples of the first dancers in Europe, instead of a *solitary*, as heretofore—and novelties in the pieces to be performed, await the sanction of a public at once discriminating and liberal.

Gold in the Electorate of Hesse.—An event of great importance to the electorate of Hesse and the adjacent territories of Waldeck and Darmstadt, is the discovery that the river Eber is rich in gold,—a circumstance which has hitherto been overlooked. Colonel von Eschwege, who was chief director of the mines in Brazil, affirms that, according to his own examination, this river is as rich in gold as the richest in Brazil. It is in contemplation to carry on the washing for gold in this river on a great scale, by means of a large joint-stock company, and under the superintendence of M. von Eschwege. It is expected that this undertaking will not only be profitable to the shareholders, but highly advantageous to the state, by affording employment to a great part of the poor country people in the neighbourhood. It will be quite a novelty, if in Germany, hitherto considered as poor in gold, treasures like those of Brazil and Mexico should all at once be brought to light, as in the Ural chain.

Parisian Water.—By the orders of the prefect of the Seine, public water-conduits are about to be laid down in various parts of Paris; and individuals are invited to avail themselves of the circumstance to obtain private pipes to their respective houses.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. LI. Dec. 24.*]

By M. de Porquet, Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ, or turning English into Latin at Sight; also similar works in Greek, German, Spanish, and Portuguese; La Vie de Napoléon, for the use of Schools; and a French and English School Dictionary, from which all Vulgarisms and Improper Expressions are expunged.

A new edition of Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible; with additional Marginal Notes, &c.

The Double Trial, or the Consequences of an Irish Clearing; a Tale of the Present Day, by the Rev. C. Lucas.

A Numismatic Manual, or Guide to the Study of An-

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cient and Modern Coins, with Plates from the Originals, by John Y. Akerman.

Mr. J. G. S. Lucas has designed and engraved a Companion Print to his "Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza."

A Six Weeks' Tour in Switzerland and France, by the Rev. William Liddiard, author of "the Legend of Elmidlin," &c.

Advice to a Young Christian, on the importance of aiming at an elevated Standard of Piety, by a Village Pastor.

Part IV. of Rickards on the Trade with India, to complete the second volume.

The Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm" has a new work in the press, entitled Saturday Evening.

An Essay on the Rights of Hindoos over Ancestral Property, according to the Law of Bengal, by Rajah Rammohun Roy; and also, by the same author, Remarks on East India Affairs; with a Dissertation on the Ancient Boundaries of India, its Civil and Religious Divisions, and Suggestions for the future Government of the Country.

A new monthly periodical, to be called the Lady's Cabinet of Fashion, Music, and Romance, is announced.

The Records of a Good Man's Life, by the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A., author of "May You Like It," &c.

The History of the Jews in all Ages, written upon Scriptural principles, by the Author of "History in all Ages."

Kidd's Guide to the "Lions" of London.

Summer Thoughts and Rambles; a Collection of Tales, Facts, and Legends, by H. G. Bell, author of "Summer and Winter Hours," &c.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with many engravings on wood by G. W. Bonner, and Explanatory Notes by W. Mason.

Who can they be? or a Description of a singular Race of Aborigines inhabiting the Summits of the Neilgherry Hills, or Blue Mountains of Coimbatoor, by Captain H. Harkness.

A fifth edition of the Endless Amusement.

Sir James Mackintosh is announced to write the brief Memoir of the late Rev. Robert Hall, with a Sketch of his Literary Character, in the sixth volume of his works. It is to be accompanied by a Sketch of Mr. Hall's Character as a Theologian and a Preacher, by Mr. Forster, author of the "Essays on Decision of Character."

The Shakespearian Dictionary; being a complete Collection of the Expressions of Shakespeare, in Prose and Verse, from a few Words to Fifty or more Lines, by Thomas Dolby, Gent.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lord Dover's Life of Frederick the Great, 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Loudon's Gardener's Magazine, Vol. VII. 8vo. 21*s.* bds.; Natural History, Vol. IV. 8vo. 21*s.* bds.—Copland on Cholera, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Swan's Demonstration of the Nerves, Part II. folio, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—The Disembodied, with other Poems, by the Rev. J. Wills, 12mo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Why and Because, Vols. I. to III. 12mo. 4*s.* each.—Dobrai Adversaria, Vol. I. Part II. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Lord Nugent's Life of Hampden, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire, 8vo. 14*s.* cloth; Genealogy of the British Peerage, 8vo. with Plates of Arms, 16*s.* cloth.—Storer on Dispensaries, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Meditations from Burckhardt, 18mo. 2*s.* bds.—The New Bankrupt-Court Act, by Warren, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Art of Skaiting, by a Skaiter, with Plates, 12mo. 1*s.* sewed.—The Theological Library, No. I. Life of Wiclif, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

December.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 15	From 33.	to	48.	29·73	to	29·64
Friday 16	—— 29.	—	46.	29·76	—	29·79
Saturday .. 17	—— 30.	—	45.	29·65	—	29·59
Sunday.... 18	—— 28.	—	46.	29·30	—	29·39
Monday .. 19	—— 31.	—	44.	29·49	—	29·60
Tuesday .. 20	—— 29.	—	43.	29·58	—	29·63
Wednesday 21	—— 32.	—	45.	29·56	—	29·76

Wind S.E. and S.W., the latter prevailing.

Except the 17th, 18th, and 19th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, ·725 of an inch.

Edmonston. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.. .. 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We may mention to E. K. E., that the characteristic difference between the pestilential cholera and the cholera of George the First's time, is the *absence* of all biliary evacuations; and consequently remedies useful in bilious cholera are counterindicated in the pestilential type of that disease.

With the number of the *Gazette* which is weekly published, Thread's hint as to slightly stitching the sheet together, is utterly impracticable. Our good friends must severally perform such offices for themselves: all that we can do is, to have the Journal handsomely printed, and delivered clean; and after this, by passing an iron slightly over it, it will bind into years as neatly as any book whatever.

ERRATUM.—In the communication on Cholera, from Newcastle, in our last, *for* "Dr. Walland," *read* "Dr. Holland."

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On Sunday, January 1st, will be published, price Sevenpence, a new Weekly Paper, entitled

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The No. will contain, among other Contributions by distinguished Periodical Writers, the following:—I. Tom Moore's Prophetic Almanack for 1832—II. "The Bill" and its Prospects—III. Lines to accompany the Portrait of Roscoe—IV. Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay—V. Oyster Day in London, by a Native—VI. An Attack on the Clubs, by a Lion—VII. War Song for the Army invading China—VIII. Uyscki's Narrative of the Polish Insurrection—IX. Hints for the Management of the Magazine, in a Confidential Letter to the Editor—X. Ode to Col. Jones, with a graphic Sketch of "Radical"—XI. Goethe's Visit to Berzis—XII. Fantasia à la Hood—XIII. The Procrastinator—XIV. Tithes versus Rent—XV. The Old Year, by a Tuneful Tory—XVI. The New Year, by a Waggish Whig—XVII. The Parisian Newspaper Press—XVIII. The Cambridge Freshman—XIX. Ugo Foscolo and the Poets of Italy—XX. Notes of the Month on Affairs in general; being short Sayings upon all the interesting Topics of the Month—XXI. Reviews of New Books, Music, the Drama, and the Fine Arts—XXII. Reports, Literary Intelligence, &c.

*** The Wrapper will in future be distinguished by an engraved head of Milton.

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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

THERE are many customs more honoured in the breach than in the observance; yet, in one where a grateful feeling must be experienced, we would rather bear the imputation of an oft-told tale than incur the suspicion of coldness or neglect. With its many, very many friends, the *Literary Gazette*, as a public journal, hopes to continue its intercourse in the same manner as heretofore,—receiving from them the same testimonies of esteem, and requiting them by the same assiduity in supplying the information sought by the intelligent of all classes, and the same undeviating simplicity and honesty in placing every subject before the understanding of its readers. We know that none can peruse these sheets, collected from so many valuable sources, without much improvement; and we are free to declare of ourselves, that, making common allowances for errors in judgment or difference of opinion, a syllable never appeared in our page to mislead the sense or distort the truth.

After fifteen years of success, such as never attended any periodical of a similar nature, we might spare ourselves any professions on these heads; but the noise of impudence and quackery is so loud in the press, that a calm elevation of voice, only once a year, may be excused in those who are never egotistic or combative at any other time.

In periods of excitement, especially, the press, always powerful, assumes an almost despotic influence—sorry are we to observe that it often abuses it. In this country at this moment it is so grossly abused, that even men who hold the just tenet, that its freedom ought to be as unrestricted as the freedom of speech or thought, are too frequently compelled to question whether its existence be a benefit to society or a curse. And it twines itself into so many folds—proceeds upon so many hidden motives—proclaims its false pretences so boldly, that it is indeed difficult to distinguish through its medium the right from the wrong, the true from the false. As one of its members, we cannot help feeling a portion of the common obloquy, though anxiously endeavouring, throughout our whole career, not to deserve it. For none can more regret than we do, to see the noblest engine which man can employ so exceedingly debased—to see that which ought to spread knowledge and virtue and benevolence over the world, made the organ of slander and depravity and malignity. Were the individual oracles whence these pernicious principles are diffused, held up to the scorn and infamy they richly merit; were they but dragged from their darkness and rendered visible in their own naked insignificance and worthlessness; we can fancy how astonished the public would be at its folly in having listened to such guides. Persons for whom the English tongue has but one impressive term, blackguards; boys pert from school, men never met in society, and without the responsibility of reputation, ignorant and envious libellers, the justly disappointed, the scurrilous, and the self-interested, take too prominent a part in our periodical literature, and to those who are in the secret of their existence furnish an abundant wonder that they should produce the slightest effect upon the mind of the country. Their entire system would provoke a severe denunciation, were it not contemptible as well as injurious: look, for example, to the majority of the literary periodicals of the day. In some, politics alone direct the judgment; in others, the tone is never to encourage, ever to depreciate. The poor reptile, big in fancied importance, grips the fruit of genius and toil for his prey, and by besliming it with his own impurities makes it offensive to the taste, and destroys that which might fairly have grown into beauty and excellence. The hum of the insect tribe, the sting of the malicious, and the venom which displays itself, while its perpetrators shrink from chastisement under their anonymous occupation in slanderous personalities, are truly to be lamented in our national literature, and particularly from their prevalence in publications of a description to influence opinion in every class of the community.

But we feel that, instead of saying a few words for ourselves, as is usual in these addresses, we have been betrayed into a mingled censure and apology for the press generally. We confess that our wish is strong for an improvement, not only in ourselves, but in our contemporaries; more exertion and less egotism would well become the best,—an utter avoidance of the personal and slanderous, would rescue all from the dislike (to use a tender word) in which we are too much involved, through the abuses to which we refer. If even the meanest writers would consider how very small a talent is requisite for the indulgence of pique, and the safe-saying of things offensive to the unoffending, whose worst crime has been an endeavour to produce what was worthy of applause—we do think that kindlier, more generous, and more manly criticism would distinguish our periodical literature, and that the cultivation and encouragement of our national school, rather than its reproach and depression, would be the result.

Instead of being filled with our own vanities; instead of pestering the public with our own squabbles; would it not be infinitely more graceful and useful to redouble our diligence, in order to meet the demands of more enlightened times and a widely enlarged circle of readers, deeply desirous to reap instruction and refinement from our labours. We are persuaded that it is so; and for ourselves, we shall promise zeal without abatement, and a continuance of that impartiality and independence which has exposed the *Literary Gazette* to attacks from all sides, —attacks we have not deemed it necessary to answer, except by our conduct and the character of our publication. Be it ours still to cherish the literature of England, and make known its merits to every quarter of the globe;—never be it ours to hurt one good feeling by the miserable ambition of being smart and clever. Above all, amid the most unwearied and anxious efforts to collect early and correct intelligence on every subject embraced by our plan; let us remember, that the private and social intercourse of life is sacred, and that he who can forget the gentleman, can never be a fit instructor of the public.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of Lord Byron; with his Letters, and Journals of his Life. By Thomas Moore, Esq. Vol. I. London, 1831. Murray.

THIS beautiful and highly-finished volume commences the series of what may well be called a national work. The greatest of his time, and inferior perhaps to only one of his predecessors, Lord Byron is now among the classics of our language; no library will be held complete without his works, no history of poetry perfect which does not include his own. Opinion may vary, as opinion ever has varied—for how can there be a general standard for what is grounded on individual taste?—but his place is taken; and, substituting a higher word even than love, we may use his own lines, and say—

> "The fame where death has set its seal,
> Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
> Nor falsehood disavow."

The old proverb *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is grounded on one of the most beautiful feelings in humanity, that of kindly allowance, sanctified by that nameless awe which dwells with the dead. We never yet made an allowance for another which did not benefit ourselves. It is no spirit of high morality which delights in drawing forth and dwelling upon failings; to talk of example in such cases is too often cant; in nine cases out of ten the error serves rather as an excuse than as a warning. There are two feelings with which it seems to us Byron's memory should be regarded; first, a conviction of the weakness of our nature, when we see that its most glorious *gifts* can be alloyed by some of its lowest failings; and, secondly, by an unmixed and earnest gratitude for he world of thought, emotion, and beauty, he has left as his legacy of the human heart.

This edition judiciously begins with his life, for which few men ever left more abundant materials: few men ever wore their "hearts on their sleeve for daws to peck at" more openly than Lord Byron. He was of a singularly confidential turn; there was in his nature a perpetual necessity for what the French so well express by the word *épanchement*, and for which our language has no exactly-answering translation; it overflowed both in his conversation and correspondence. There is a very acute remark in the novel we have this week reviewed, that there is usually something feminine in the character of one who is an excellent letter-writer. There was much that was feminine in Lord Byron; his personal vanity, his mobility of impression, his sensitiveness, his turn to confidence—all these are the traits generally supposed to be characteristic of woman: add to these a penetration as keen as it was deep, sagacity unerring, a profound knowledge of human nature, an immense mass of reading, a memory always ready, most dramatic manner of narration, a vast fund of anecdote; all these various qualities and acquisitions poured forth with inexhaustible fertility, make his letters, even taken as mere notes of the time, by themselves one of the most delightful collections in the English language. The great and common objections to Byron's letters, as well as to his poems, are their two most marked features, vanity and egotism. Both these points seem to us susceptible not only of excuse, but of vindication. Vanity is an inseparable component in the poetical temperament. We all know how every one naturally overvalues the particular object of their existence; now, opinion must be not only a poet's object, but his very being; unless he wins its difficult suffrage, all his efforts end in worse than nothing. We expect him to toil, to be anxious, to put forth his best powers, to give us his time and his mind, all he hath he gives, for our applause—and when he has won it, we are in a rage that he is proud of it! Of all vanities, literary vanity is that which should meet with the readiest forgiveness; for it

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is grounded on having given pleasure, and, after all, is a personal compliment to its judges. As to egotism, it is unjust to heap on the head of one the odium of a universal failing. Take an instance out of many: with what will your neighbour at the dinner-table entertain you? why, with discourse about himself and his dependencies; he will tell you how the weather affects him, descant upon the virtues of his favourite lozenges; he will tell you how many children he has, and be eloquent upon their merits; perhaps once in his life he may have been robbed, and he will detail it (*i. e.* the robbery), if a matter-of-fact man, not one atom varied from the narrative with which, some ten years before, he astonished his family circle: if, on the contrary, imagination enter into his composition, he will vary the details, and perhaps throw a little additional horror and courage into the story. Now, in nine cases out of ten, you will never think of grumbling, but repay the colloquial obligation in kind; and each will depart satisfied that both he and his neighbour are very respectable and amusing individuals. What was called Lord Byron's egotism, was the voice of the many, not of the one; he was, in reality, the interpreter of a multitude. So long as there are feelings at war with circumstances, so long as the mind has aspirations higher than its efforts, so long as hope darkens into disappointment, so long as pleasures sink into satiety, so long as fear, remorse, and a yearning for the future, are indwellers of the human soul, so long will Byron's poetry retain its hold on the feelings, and be strong in its earthly immortality. The painful interest excited by the earlier portion of his history, now before us, is very great. We see him in the onset of his career, affectionate, generous, with all the enthusiasm and consciousness of great powers inseparable from genius; and yet surrounded by difficulties and mortifications. His solitary entrance into the House of Lords was enough to have turned into bitterness a world of kindly emotions. Again: we who are accustomed to consider his fame an acknowledged and established glory, take little into consideration the denial, depreciation, and attack, that made the fiery ordeal through which, in his lifetime, it had to pass. There was not a single distinction in all his life which he did not force: he fairly fought his way to fashion and to fame. At the time of his leaving England, his success was paying that infallible penalty which envy, hatred, and evil tongues, will inevitably exact: to this he had laid himself peculiarly open; and, as has been so well said, "it is through our weaknesses that our vices punish us," a thousand absurd reports were in circulation, and every one visited on his head as a truth. There must, no doubt, be great consolation in conscious innocence, though it seems singularly hard to be punished for what we have not done; while few but secretly admit the justice of the infliction when the crime brings its consequences. We have always considered Lord Byron's leaving England as the most unfortunate and ill-judged act of his life. The debased and profligate Italians, in their contaminating intercourse, would relax the morality, and debase the higher feeling of moral excellence in an Englishman. Had Byron's marriage been more fortunate, and secured his residence in his own country, there can be little doubt that he would have been a happier and better man. He would have felt his responsibility; and, the impetuous irregularities of youth evaporated, his reckless disregard of public opinion might have settled down into a conviction of its necessity, and a respect for its award. But it is useless speculating about the past. Of Lord Byron we conclude by saying, —let no one turn his errors to excuse or exaggeration; the faults of another do not palliate our own. And while acknowledging his noble qualities, and averting our eyes from his weakness, let us be content to dwell with thankfulness and delight on pages whose passion, beauty, and power, are indissolubly linked with his "land's language." For the present edition taste and liberality have done their utmost: the printing, the paper, the embellishments, are perfect; the size of the volume, neat and portable, would alone be a recommendation to many. The illustrations of the one before us, are a fine portrait of Byron in his sailor's dress, when about the age of nineteen; and opposite to this is an exquisite vignette, containing a view of Cadiz. The expense of this work must have been enormous; but it ought, and we doubt not will meet with the encouragement from the public it so amply merits. We have heard that one of Byron's latest efforts was a translation, in *ottava rima*, from Madame de Stael's *Corinne*, and that this poem is in Mr. Hunt's possession, who asks 300*l.* for the MS. We do not, however, vouch for the truth of this *on dit*, neither can we say on what grounds Mr. Hunt claims it as his property.

The Summer Fête, a Poem; with Songs. By T. Moore, Esq. 4to. pp. 108. London, Power.

It is pleasant to enliven these winter holyday times by the remembrance of a summer fête; but a poetical *jeu d'esprit* must be always welcome. Light, playful, and various, this volume is just made for the social circle—whether limited to the sacred few of the boudoir or the more numerous favourites of the drawing-room. Its origin is dated from the famed entertainment at Boyle Farm; and the bard sets out by celebrating the fine weather which so miraculously crowned that fashionable fresco party.

"For brighter sun than that which now
Sparkled o'er London's spires and towers,
Had never bent from heaven his brow
To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.

What must it be—if thus so fair
Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square—
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of harem beauties, on he goes,
A lover, loved for e'en the grace
With which he slides from their embrace."

Wooed by invitation and the accommodating season—

"In one of those enchanted domes—
One, the most flowery, cool, and bright,
By which that lingering river roams—
The fête is to be held to-night—
That fête already linked to fame,
Whose cards, in many a fair one's sight,
When, looked for long, at last they came,
Seemed circled with a fairy light—
That fête to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank, and power—
From the young spinster, just come *out*,
To the old premier, too long *in*—
From legs of far-descended gout,
To the last new mustachioed chin—
All were convoked by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells,
Collecting nightly, to allure us,
Gay atoms, which, together hurled,
She, like another Epicurus,
Sets dancing thus, and calls 'the world.'

* * * *

E'en parliament this evening nods
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,
On half its usual opiate's share;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate furnishers of prose
Being all called to—prose elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square—
That last impregnable redoubt,
Where, guarded with Patrician care,
Good, ancient Error still holds out—
Where never gleam of gas must dare
Against old Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
The dowagers one single jolt—
Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still."

But neither must we remain in town—hie for the farm and fête—

"With gay Sultanas,
Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas—
Circassian slaves, whom Love would pay
Half his maternal realms to ransom—
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
In looking most profanely handsome—
Muses in muslin—pastoral maids
With hats from the Arcade-ian shades,
And fortune-tellers—rich, 'twas plain,
As fortune-*hunters* formed their train.
With these, and more such female groups,
Were mixed no less fantastic troops
Of male exhibitors—all willing
To look even more than usual killing—
Beau tyrants, smock-faced braggadocios,
And brigands, charmingly ferocious—
Grave friars (stanch No Popery men),
In close confab with Whig Caciques;
And M.P. Turks, all Moslem then,
Who last night voted for the Greeks."

In such company there is a good deal about the champagne, which was, no doubt, very agreeable and inspiriting tipple. To such cheer songs could be no bad addition—and, lo! they are heard. The following *chanson à boire* is very like an imitation of Moore by Moore.

"Some mortals there may be, so wise or so fine
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;
But, as *I'm* not particular—wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay, humble and strange as my tastes may appear,
If driven to the worst, I could manage, thank heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And with wine such as this is, six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan;
But as we are *not* sages, why, send the cup round—
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offered, we're told,
To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for mankind;
But talk of *new* pleasures!—give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or, should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!
In the meantime, a bumper—your Angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But, as we are *not* angels, why, let the flask fly—
We must only be happy *all* ways that we can."

The approach of twilight is very sweetly described:—

"Now, nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where Day had set
A flush that spoke him loath to die—
A last link of his glory yet,
Binding together earth and sky.
Oh! why is it that twilight best
Becomes e'en brows the loveliest?
That dimness, with its softening touch,
Can bring out grace unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
When seen but half enchant the more.
Why is it, but, that every joy
In fulness finds its worst alloy;
And half a bliss but hoped or guessed
Is sweeter than the whole possessed—
That Beauty dimly shone upon,
A creature all ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
Like that imagination throws—
Why is it but that Fancy shrinks
Even from a bright reality,
And turning inly, feels and thinks
Far heavenlier things than e'er will be."*

And now we shall have another, an appropriate, song:—

"Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,

---

* Beautiful nights are painted with equal poetry, as

"Nights, such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour—when all
So silent is, below, on high,
That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall!"

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Sheltered safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flowery shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.
And thou, sweet youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mixed, alas!
All hope of peace is lost for thee."

There is a sportive account of a fair, whose head-gear attracted the poet's fancy, being

"That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
Puzzle church-doors to let it in—
Nor half had reached the pitch sublime,
To which true *toques* and *bérets* climb,
Leaving—like lofty Alps that throw
O'er minor Alps their shadowing sway—
Earth's humbler bonnets far below,
To poke through life their fameless way.

However, sad as 'twas, no doubt,
That nymph so smart should go about,
With head unconscious of the place
It *ought* to fill in infinite space—
Yet all allowed that, of *her kind*,
A prettier show 'twas hard to find."

But hugeous bonnets were not the only follies there; for Folly himself was seen *in propriâ personâ*, selling toys and trinkets, while he sung—

"Who'll buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages—
For reasoners here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing's in it;
And nine pins set, like systems, up,
To be knocked down the following minute.
Who'll buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tetotums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble—
Alike their short and dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.
Who'll buy? &c. &c.

Here misers may their bones inter
In shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
That fast as heart can wish will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.
Who'll buy? &c. &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
But whatsoe'er the whims that seize you,
This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co., will try to please you;
Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of goods than we can recommend you,
Why then, as we with lawyers do,
To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.
Who'll buy? &c. &c."

But surely we have shewn enough of this amusing volume to recommend it to its sphere of circulation.

"Fare ye well!—thus sinks away
All that's mighty, all that's bright—
Tyre and Sidon had their day,
And even a ball—has but its night!"

We have reserved our opinion of the music for our musical review; and shall merely add, that the whole cannot fail to please.

Lectures on Anatomy. Interspersed with Practical Remarks. By Bransby B. Cooper, F.R.S. Vols. I. to III. Royal 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

Mr. Bransby Cooper fills, with credit to himself, the important situation of teacher of anatomy and surgeon in one of the largest hospitals in the kingdom, and it surprises us that, with these duties, he should find time to edit an elementary work like the one before us. The plan upon which it is conceived, that of combining descriptive anatomy with surgical remark, is extremely judicious; and what to most authors would be rather a work of utility than of fame, cannot be said to be so to a surgeon of the author's opportunities, for the descriptive part is condensed in a clear masterly manner, and the practical portion contains much that is new and valuable. Surgical anatomy has, indeed, been too long neglected in this country, or, at least, so great a separation has been made between surgery and anatomy, that the knowledge of the influence which structure, form, and the relations of our organs exercise upon the frequency, the symptoms, and the mode of treatment of surgical maladies, was almost left to the judgment of the anatomist. The first appearance of topographical descriptions, or the study of the human body in regions, as applied to their surgical importance, which dates so few years back, formed a new era in the history of the profession; and it is not surprising that persons of any reputation whatsoever should, in this day, in writing a book of reference for his class, or in laying before the public what experience has made him consider a better mode of instruction, incorporate in an otherwise purely anatomical work the practical applications of that knowledge to the important science of operative medicine, certainly in the hands of those who cultivate it with the assiduity which it requires, and the judgment it demands, the most efficacious of all the resources of the healing art.

The first volume of Mr. Cooper's work is devoted to the osseous system, and the part essential to the skeleton, including synovial membranes, ligaments, cartilages, and fibro-cartilage. The last chapter of this volume, on the skeleton in general, opens a field for philosophical generalisation, which would not have been at all inconsistent with the plan of the work, and should, we think, never be neglected, as tending to give to the medical student enlightened and comprehensive ideas of the objects of his study.

The second volume contains the general descriptive anatomy of the muscles, and of the exterior structure of the body; and the third volume embraces the anatomy of the internal cavities and their contents. The great mass of physiological illustration given to this last volume is decidedly useful, without at all deviating from the original purpose. The distinction between internal and external medicine, as Coster has remarked, is as ridiculous as it is dangerous; and the healing art can never improve until all such differences are exploded. It will probably require two more volumes to complete the anatomy of the nervous, the arterial, and the absorbent systems.

There are, we think, some errors in the descriptive anatomy,—but where is there an anatomical work without? It will be extensively read; and forms an excellent manual of reference for the medical practitioner.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXVI. Lives of Eminent British Military Commanders, Vol. I. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. 12mo. pp. 359. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

Speculation is no longer chained to the floating argosy or the busy mart, but has wound itself round the very intricacies of our hearts; genius and learning wear its shackles; art, science, and literature, come fashioned to us from its hands. The evil consequences springing from this mischievous excitement are, unhappily, not confined to the individual actors, but communicate themselves through all the fibres of society: were we to attempt to enumerate the victims to scheming, volumes would not suffice—were we to enrol its successful followers, how little space would they occupy! But ours is a literary vocation; and to the bearings which this question has on it, shall we confine ourselves. We have frequently been tempted, in the course of our labours, to enter into the consideration, whether the novel direction given to English literature by the projects of enterprising booksellers, in the Protean shapes of manuals, abridgments, pocket encyclopædias, and libraries, is likely to be of permanent benefit, or exalt us in the scale of lettered nations. We have, however, from time to time restrained ourselves, with the idea that if this state of things were injurious, it would, ere long, give birth to its own correction. But the volume before us leads us unwittingly to a branch of the subject, whether the employment of men eminent for genius and originality, on the set tasks of compiling and illustrating works whose dimensions are subject to square and rule, and are, moreover, of a trifling nature, has not a chilling effect on their noble faculties, and limits their free course of action. The race of learned and laborious men, who formerly filled the stations of compilers and abridgers, has been compelled to give way to names which, however brilliant in the fields of fancy and imagination, are not equally fitted to delve into the obscure mysteries of science, or loiter over the worm-eaten pages of deep research. Let us see what has been produced under the new régime; and, casting our eye over the thousand-and-one volumes which have thus appeared, we ask, how many are destined to survive the hands which reared them? The answer, almost without exception, is *none*. Nor are the eminent men who have thus applied their high powers well satisfied with the results; and as one example is better than a thousand precepts, we select a striking one from the volume whose title heads our notice. In the preface, the author speaks with sorrow and regret of the narrow limits within which *he was compelled* to confine himself, and also his considerable embarrassment and regret at being restricted by the plan of his work from pursuing the bent of his inclination. In the advertisement preceding the work, we have also an apology on the other tack from the editor, entreating pardon for having permitted the author to violate the plan of the work by the admission of the Life of Cromwell, who is destined to figure as a statesman in some other division of the Cyclopædia. This is a sufficient exposition, had the work itself afforded no further development, of what is gained by the public in thus putting genius into leading strings. That Mr. Gleig's is an entertaining volume we must allow, for upon such a subject a feebler pen would have made it so; that it is an instructive one we cannot admit, for no unknown sources of information have been explored, nor have the powers of the mind been very sedulously applied to throw their light upon many topics in connexion, which are either obscure or but partially understood. Haste in composition is manifest throughout; and when we state that three hundred and fifty pages comprise all that is said of English wars and warriors to the time of Marlborough, the imperfectness of the volume may be estimated. A better selection of eminent military commanders might, in our opinion, have been made; and we can scarcely allow a life of successful partisanship to entitle Sir Walter Manny to this distinction. Had the author turned his attention to the period of the York and Lancaster wars, he would, we think, have found many of the sites of contest easier of illustra-

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tion; while his military *coup d'œil* and descriptive powers, assisted by local tradition, would have made this portion of his subject of higher interest, and more purely original. We think that opinions upon the corporal punishment of soldiers might have been as well omitted, being in direct opposition to English feeling and the practice of other military services. Mr. Gleig has followed Hume and others in censuring Jacob Von Artevelde; but we do not agree with him in stigmatising it a "*bad eminence*" to which the brewer of Ghent raised himself; for never was Flanders so flourishing, or so respected, as during the seven years of his administration: and we beg to refer the author (when his numerous engagements permit him the perusal) to M. de Barante's *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*. In the introduction it is doubted whether any cannon, made of jacked leather, have been preserved. We are able to solve this doubt, having seen two ancient guns of small calibre, and of this material, in the armory at Malta.* We have now exhausted our quiver of barbs, and are prepared to say, that the production before us is one which will please — nay, inform the many,—and disappoint but the *few*. To youth, and all such as are disposed to look upon war as a *conjectural art*, we heartily recommend this pleasingly written volume, and illustrate our advice with a feat of broil and battle from the life of Sir Walter Manny, during his campaign in the south of France.

"Auberoche had been besieged and taken by Lord Derby and Sir Walter Manny, and a garrison placed it under the command of Sir Frank van Halle, Sir Alain de Finefroide, and Sir John Lendal. The two chiefs had then distributed their troops over the face of the country, and were themselves returned to Bordeaux, when the Count de Lisle gathered an army together, and advanced to recover it. He came upon the garrison so unexpectedly, that every avenue was at once shut up; and little care having been used to store the place with provisions, a scarcity may be said to have been felt by those within from the first commencement of the blockade. It was not, however, to famine alone, efficient though in such cases it is, that the Count de Lisle trusted for the subjugation of Auberoche. Four enormous engines accompanied his army, which threw stones of such size and weight, that not a roof within the place could resist them; and the garrison were in consequence shut up within the vaulted chambers that ran under ground in every feudal castle. Under such circumstances, many fruitless attempts were made by the governor to convey intelligence of the plight in which he stood to Lord Derby; till at last a servant, tempted by the offer of a large bribe, undertook to make his way unseen through the very heart of the besiegers' camp. He was let down by ropes from the rampart after nightfall, having letters descriptive of the existing state of things sewed up in his garments. He passed the advanced guards unnoticed, for he spoke the Gascon language, and named one of the lords of the army as his master; but, unfortunately missing his way in the dark, he was arrested amid the tents. Being searched, the letters were found on him, and his punishment was horrible. The Gascons thrust him into one of the machines, and shot him back, with his credentials tied about his neck, into the place. The garrison of Auberoche now gave themselves up for lost; but matters were not yet so desperate as they imagined. Spies had already informed Derby of their condition; and, with Manny in his train, he was already in full march to their relief. Sending orders to Lord Pembroke, who commanded a detached corps at Bergerac, to join them with as little delay as possible, the two chiefs drew together a small but choice band of men at arms, and pushing rapidly upon Libourne, were there reinforced by the battalions of Lord Stafford and Sir Stephen Tombey. No halt was, however, made: on the contrary, they rode all night, in order to reach a place of concealment in the immediate vicinity of the beleagured fortress, and they were so fortunate as to arrive at a wood only two leagues distant from it ere the sun rose. Here they halted, in the anxious hope that Lord Pembroke would soon come up; and, tying their horses to the trees, sat down to refresh themselves, of which they stood sorely in need. The total force thus brought into the vicinity of De Lisle's army amounted only to 300 men at arms, and 600 hobeler archers. De Lisle himself was known to be at the head of 10,000 men. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that, brave as the chiefs were, they experienced some irresolution as to the course which it would be proper to pursue. Once more was Manny the originater of a movement not less bold than judicious. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'it were a shame to us, were our friends to perish and we so near them. Let us mount our horses, skirt this wood, and advance towards the enemy's camp; we will fall upon them unexpectedly, just as they are sat down to supper, and, with St. George to aid, they shall be discomfited.' The proposal was greeted with the hearty assent of all present. Each knight 'went to his barse, re-girthed him, and tightened his armour;' after which, commanding their servants, pages, and baggage to remain where they were, the whole set forward. By following the counsels of Manny, and keeping well under cover of the wood, this gallant band escaped the observation of the enemy, till they had arrived at the skirt of the wide plain on which the Gascon tents were erected. Further concealment was impossible; so they stuck spurs into their chargers, and shouting 'Derby! Derby for ever!' placed their lances in rest, and galloped forward. Never was surprise more complete. The French were slaughtered and trodden down before they could tell from which side danger threatened; De Lisle himself was wounded, and made prisoner in his tent; while, of his lords and knights, some were slain when hastily buckling on their accoutrements, and a still larger number taken. The garrison, hearing the cry of battle, rushed out to support their friends; and a victory, not less important than had yet been won in that quarter, crowned the efforts of Manny and his handful of heroes."

The account given by the author of the rise and progress of the British army is one of the most curious and interesting passages of the volume.

"We have taken occasion to observe, in more than one place, that since the Conquest there never was a period at which the kings of England did not retain in their service a number, greater or less, of mercenary troops. These were, indeed, too few, even at the most, to deserve the appellation of standing army; and being distributed among garrisons, exposed at all moments to hostile attacks, they may be said to have been constantly on active service. Thus, along the marches of Wales and Scotland, afterwards in Ireland, when by right of conquest that island became annexed to the English crown, we find bands of archers, billmen, and even men at arms, constantly stationed; yet it is perfectly certain, that to Cromwell and the long parliament England is indebted for her first familiarity with a force, without which it is now admitted on all hands that she could not retain her rank among the nations. It is true that both Henry VII. and Henry VIII. made some advances towards the state of which we are now speaking. The former prince established fifty yeomen of the guard, which the latter increased both in efficiency and number; while Edward VI. mustered daily 100 archers, with as many halberdiers, none of whom Elizabeth thought it necessary to reduce. Nevertheless, even 300 body-guards (and to no more did this force amount) cannot with any propriety be treated as a standing army. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the corps to which we allude continues to flourish in its original costume, and almost with its original weapons; though the title of beef-eaters may be better known to the frequenters of the royal menagerie and the armory in the Tower. James I. brought with him into England neither infantry nor cavalry. His guards, afterwards received into the British service as the 1st, or Royal Regiment of Scots, went to France; where, till the year 1661, they continued earning a splendid reputation for gallantry in the field, and good conduct in quarters. Even Charles I. had no forces, except such as were required by the disturbed state of Ireland, till the breaking out of the grand rebellion; and then he rallied round him only those soldiers of the ancient array of the kingdom which were actuated by a sense of loyalty and veneration for old establishments. In like manner, the parliament leaned for support upon the trained bands of London, and upon such corps as money, or a mistaken principle of patriotism, induced to rally round their standard. There were no regular troops, properly so called, on either side. A long and arduous contest converted, it is true, a militia originally raw into veterans, and furnished scope for a display of considerable military talent among the officers; but it was not till the king had suffered, till rebellion had triumphed, to be in its turn ground under the yoke of a usurper, that a standing army became one of the establishments of this kingdom. Cromwell knew too well the value of his disciplined comrades, to deprive them of their arms at the desire of the people. He kept on foot, during the whole of his protectorate, an army both numerous and efficient for the times; and the consequence was, that he reigned with a degree of power more absolute than had been possessed by any monarch since the days of the Conquest. The first measure of Charles II., after his restoration, was to disband almost all the troops which Cromwell had kept on foot. About 5000 only, employed chiefly in garrison duty, were retained; the remainder, with the full concurrence of parliament, being discharged. Among the corps which were not dissolved, either then or at a subsequent period, may be enumerated the Coldstream regiment of guards. It had been raised about ten years previously, at Coldstream, on the borders of Scotland, from which circumstance it derived its name; and being commanded by General Monk, it was continued in the service out of gratitude to its colonel. The Coldstream regiment of foot guards dates its first formation from the year 1660. Two other regiments were then added, of which one, called the first regiment, was

* Lord Nugent, in his Memorials of Hampden, states that the artillery used by the Scottish army under Leslie, against Charles I. in 1640, was made of leather, bound round with iron hoops. It was brought into position on the backs of horses, and was calculated for little more than a single day's service.

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given to John Lord Wentworth; while the other, or third regiment, claims as its original commander the Earl of Linlithgow. In addition to these household troops, the infantry of Charles II. consisted of the 1st, or Royal Scots; which, though entered upon the English establishment so early as 1633, was not brought over from France till the restoration; the 2d, or Queen's, raised in 1661, and commanded by the celebrated Lord Peterborough; the 3d, or Old Buffs, so called because their accoutrements were made of buffalo leather, and embodied in 1665; and the 4th, or King's Own, raised in 1680. These regiments have all been engaged in more or less of active warfare, from their first existence down to the campaign of Waterloo. With the exception of the Buffs, the facings have always been blue; but the former corps, as if to make amends for this defect, possesses the exclusive privilege of beating its drums through the city of London. Whence this distinction arose is not perfectly known; but the prevalent opinion is, that the regiment claims it because it was originally recruited from among the trained bands of the city. Among the cavalry corps in the British service, the two regiments of Life Guards, with the Horse Guards Blue, stand first upon the list in point of seniority. The Life Guards were raised by Charles II., one regiment in 1661, the other somewhat later; and their ranks were long filled up with gentlemen, cavaliers of family and distinction, who themselves or their fathers had fought in the civil wars. Both corps enjoyed, under such circumstances, numerous privileges, such as receiving superior pay, clothing, horses, and quarters. They were treated, moreover, in all respects, as the *Gardes-du-corps* were treated at the court of France; and, as generally happens, the regiments long retained these privileges after they had ceased to be composed of the class of men for whose sake they were granted. It was only in the year 1788, indeed, that a new system was introduced; yet even then something was conceded to them, of which their orderly and good conduct proved them not unworthy. Their pay was made better than that of other corps, and their officers were permitted to object to a trial, except before a court-martial, composed of members taken from the household troops only. The Blues, again, called also the Oxford Blues, from the title of their first commander, Aubrey, earl of Oxford, were embodied in the year 1661. They were then, and have ever since continued to be noted for their gallantry in the field, as well as their sobriety in quarters; having distinguished themselves in every war, from those under Marlborough down to the recent contests under Wellington. From the date of the restoration, the history of the British army becomes, in point of fact, the history of all the contests in which the British nation has since that period been engaged. Each successive reign, moreover, added something to its numbers and efficiency; and each successive war brought with it some striking improvement in the mode of drilling, arming, and moving the men. Thus we find James II. adding to his infantry force the 5th and 7th regiments of foot, both of them embodied in 1685, and both, but especially the latter, distinguished in every action in which they have had the good fortune to take a part. The 7th were, from their original formation, called the Royal Fusileers; the Welsh Fusileers, or 23d, were likewise embodied in 1688. To the cavalry, again, the same monarch added the 1st, or King's Regiment of Dragoon Guards, 6th June, 1685; and the 2d, or Queen's Dragoon Guards, likewise in 1685; both of which, as their names denote, were trained to act indifferently on foot or on horseback, the men being armed with firelocks and bayonets, in addition to their swords and pistols. Thus the total establishment in 1684 amounted, including Guards, to 4000 men. But as James began to feel that his throne was not supported by the love of his people, he increased, year by year, the number, adding nothing to the real strength of his army; till, in 1688, there were of regular troops 20,000 in England, and in Ireland not less than 8000. All this, however, served not to arrest his fall. William came: the army, betrayed in part by its officers, forsook their prince, and the house of Stuart became again, and for ever, aliens and outcasts. Jealous of the power which a standing army appeared to place in the hands of their new sovereign, the English parliament hastened to declare that the keeping up of such an establishment without the consent of their body, during a period of peace, was contrary to the laws of the realm. The army was henceforth supposed to be held together only from year to year, the commons voting funds for its maintenance periodically; and even these they prefaced by particularising both the number of men to be raised, and the code of laws and regulations by which they were to be governed. All oppressive and violent methods of swelling the ranks were, moreover, forbidden. Vagrants and rogues might, indeed, be condemned by magistrates to serve both in the army and navy; but impressments, at least for the former force, were prohibited, and the right of the king to claim the personal attendance of his subjects was taken away. Nevertheless, no permanent diminution in the numbers of the British army was ever afterwards effected. William's circumstances compelled him, during the greater part of his reign, to increase rather than diminish the establishment of his predecessor; and the war of the succession, which lasted during the best portion of the reign of Queen Anne, increased it still further. From that moment, though invariably diminished on the return of peace, it has invariably enlarged itself so soon as hostilities have recommenced. Each new war has seen us bringing larger and better armies into play; and each new peace has witnessed the keeping up of a more numerous as well as a more efficient standing force. In proportion as the English army has thus assumed as it were a new consistency, numerous alterations have been introduced into the modes of arming, clothing, training, and keeping in order the different corps of which it is composed. His close and oppressive mail was gradually laid aside by the horseman, as tending little to protect him from the weapons which he was now required to face. Cuirasses lingered, it is true, for a time, as well as buff coats; but even these were at length abandoned, with a precipitation which has since been condemned. In like manner, the distinction between the cavalryman and the dragoon ceased by degrees to be recognised. The latter, exchanging his long firelock for the carabine, seems to have been rarely employed on foot, except under very pressing circumstances, since Marlborough's time; indeed, the one class of troopers became at last so completely amalgamated with the other, that to both was indifferently applied the appellation of dragoons. Nevertheless, a new and a better distinction arose; we began to divide our cavalry force into heavy and light, mounting a part upon fleet horses of high breeding, and keeping the other part to their original, strong, but active chargers. At the disbanding of the army in 1698, the cavalry consisted o the life guards, horse grenadier guards, horse, and dragoons: the same distinctions held good till 1746, when a regiment of light horse was raised in Nottingham, of which the colonelcy was given to the Duke of Cumberland. The example thus set was not slow in being followed. In 1755 we find a light troop attached to each of the dragoon regiments. These being by and by withdrawn, were regimented by themselves; and, as they proved on many occasions exceedingly serviceable, their numbers were gradually increased. There was, indeed, a time, and that not very distant, when a fashion prevailed of holding all the other cavalry in disrepute: too many of our fine troopers were, in consequence, mounted upon horses more fit for the race-course than the field; and hence not a few of their steeds failed them at an hour when bone and muscle were more needed than sleek coats. But a better state of things has returned. The battle of Waterloo gave decisive proof that, however useful hussars and light dragoons may be in reconnoitering and outpost duty, it is the fine old English charger that carries all before him in the *mêlée*; and hence our heavy cavalry have of late more than regained in public estimation the place from which, through no fault of their own, they had fallen."

Eugene Aram. By the Author of "Pelham," &c.

[Second Notice.]

We resume this work, but more for the purpose of quotation than of criticism; we wish to make a cento of favourite passages, which for profound thought and accurate investigation, are perhaps scarcely appreciated in the first rapid progress of a narrative whose interest is so very absorbing. The following remarks upon youthful and glad spirits appear to us singularly true.

"I incline to believe that the more persons advance in years, the more, even if of staid and sober temper themselves, they love gaiety and elasticity in youth. I have often pleased myself by observing in some happy family circle embracing all ages, that it is the liveliest and wildest child that charms the grandsire the most. And after all, it is perhaps with characters as with books, the grave and thoughtful may be more admired than the light and cheerful, but they are less liked; it is not only that the former, being of a more abstruse and recondite nature, find fewer persons capable of judging of their merits, but also that the great object of the majority of human beings is to be amused, and that they naturally incline to love those the best who amuse them most. And to so great a practical extent is this preference pushed, that I think were a nice observer to make a census of all those who have received legacies, or dropped unexpectedly into fortunes, he would find that where one grave disposition had so benefited, there would be at least twenty gay."

As to Sir Peter Hales, is there one of our readers who cannot find a parallel to him?

"Men most prodigal when they have nothing but expectations, are often most thrifty when they know the charms of absolute possession. Besides, Sir Peter had married a Scotch lady, and was blessed with eleven children! But was Sir Peter Hales much altered? Sir Peter Hales was exactly the same man in reality that he always had been. Once he was selfish in extravagance; he was now selfish in thrift. He had always pleased himself, and damned other people; that was exactly what he valued him-

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self on doing now. But the most absurd thing about Sir Peter was, that while he was for ever extracting use from every one else, he was mightily afraid of being himself put to use. He was in parliament, and noted for never giving a frank out of his own family. Yet withal, Sir Peter Hales was still an agreeable fellow; nay, he was more liked and much more esteemed than ever. There is something conciliatory in a saving disposition; but people put themselves in a great passion when a man is too liberal with his own. It is an insult on their own prudence. 'What right has he to be so extravagant? What an example to our servants!' But your close neighbour does not humble you. You love your close neighbour; you respect your close neighbour; you have your harmless jest against him — but he is a most respectable man."

How beautiful, as well as delicate, is our next extract!

"If there be any thing thoroughly lovely in the human heart, it is affection! All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving. For my own part, I do not wonder, in looking over the thousand creeds and sects of men, that so many religionists have traced their theology, — that so many moralists have wrought their system, from Love. The errors thus originated have something in them that charms us even while we smile at the theology, or while we neglect the system. What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if Love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other! What a world of reasonings, not immediately obvious, did the sage of old open to our inquiry, when he said the pathetic was the truest part of the sublime! Aristides, the painter, created a picture in which an infant is represented sucking a mother wounded to the death, who, even in that agony, strives to prevent the child from injuring itself by imbibing the blood mingled with the milk. How many emotions, that might have made us permanently wiser and better, have we lost in losing that picture!"

We need scarce point attention to the knowledge of real existence as shewn in the ensuing observation.

"In our estimate of the ills of life, we never sufficiently take into our consideration the wonderful elasticity of our moral frame, the unlooked-for, the startling facility with which the human mind accommodates itself to all change of circumstance, making an object, and even a joy from the hardest and seemingly the least-redeemed conditions of fate. The man who watched the spider in his cell, may have taken, at least, as much interest in the watch, as when engaged in the most ardent and ambitious objects of his former life; and he was but a type of his brethren; all in similar circumstances would have found some similar occupation. Let any man look over his past life, let him recall, not moments, not hours of agony, for to them Custom lends not her blessed magic; but let him single out some lengthened period of physical or moral endurance; in hastily reverting to it, it may seem at first, I grant, altogether wretched; a series of days marked with the black stone—the clouds without a star: but let him look more closely, it was not so during the time of suffering; a thousand little things, in the bustle of life dormant and unheeded, then started forth into notice, and became to him objects of interest or diversion; the dreary present, once familiar, glided away from him, not less than if it had been all happiness; his mind dwelt not on the dull intervals, but the stepping-stone it had created and placed at each; and, by that moral dreaming which for ever goes on within man's secret heart, he lived as little in the immediate world before him, as in the most sanguine period of his youth, or the most scheming of his maturity. So wonderful in equalising all states and all times in the varying tide of life, are these two rulers yet levellers of mankind, hope and custom, that the very idea of an eternal punishment includes that of an utter alteration of the whole mechanism of the soul in its human state, and no effort of an imagination, assisted by past experience, can conceive a state of torture which custom can never blunt, and from which the chainless and immaterial spirit can never be beguiled into even a momentary escape."

As from the very first the inference of Aram's guilt is drawn in the reader's mind, we shall forestall no interest by extracting the moral (one brief phrase) of the student's confession.

"And now came on the humbling part of crime—its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy! They made my chiefest penance."

We have not attempted to illustrate the noble conception of Eugene Aram's character, the enthusiast and victim of knowledge, by short specimens. It is a fine whole, and as such must be studied. We now leave these volumes to a long course of increasing popularity. With a moral code generous and exalted, with a fine feeling of the beautiful and of the good, gifted with the utmost eloquence of expression, our literature has few high places to which Mr. Bulwer's genius may not aspire. It is an honour both to ourselves and to that literature in whose cause we are but humble pioneers, when we offer the justice of sincere praise to the author of *Eugene Aram*.

A Manual of the Land and Fresh-water Shells of the British Islands, &c. By W. Turton, M.D. Small 8vo. with Illustrations. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

Dr. Turton is an old acquaintance in natural history, and the only objection we have to his present Manual is the too great neglect he has shewn of the researches of Mr. Alder, Captain Brown, and other conchologists, in keeping to the principle of only consulting his own cabinet. The work is prettily got up, and is, to our taste, a most fit and seasonable present for young people.

Examination Questions on Surgery and the Practice of Physic. By Sir C. Aldis, Surgeon, &c. London, 1831. For the Author.

If this work is of any utility, then the mind of man has no essence of its own, but, like a flint, requires collision to produce a spark. If Sir Charles Aldis had put in the form of queries any of those intricate problems which infest the healing art, or examined in what examination is least likely to take place, we might have been able to understand his object. As it is, we confess we cannot.

Familiar Observations on the Formation and Diseases of the Teeth, with Maxims in Dental Surgery. By W. Hunt, Surgeon-Dentist. London, 1831. For the Author.

An unpretending little pamphlet, which may be consulted by the general reader with advantage.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY.

20d 11h 29m—the Sun enters Aquarius.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Sagittarius	2	15	12
☽ First Quarter in Pisces	10	12	50
○ Full Moon in Cancer	17	3	53
☾ Last Quarter in Virgo	24	5	3

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Sagittarius	3	19	4
Uranus in Capricornus	5	6	0
Jupiter in Aquarius	6	2	58
Saturn in Leo	20	10	50
Venus in Ophiuchus	28	11	44
Mars in Ophiuchus	28	17	27
Mercury in Sagittarius	30	3	30

The conjunction of the Moon with Saturn will prove a close appulse to the southern parts of the kingdom, to the northern an occultation, and to places intermediate a partial eclipse of Saturn, of different degrees of magnitude. This will be a very interesting phenomenon.

1d—Mercury stationary. 5d—in perihelion. 10d 6h 30m — inferior conjunction. 21d — stationary near 1 ξ Sagittarii.

Venus, the morning star, is approaching the Sun; her illuminated disc is increasing, and diameter diminishing. This beautiful planet and Mars may be seen near to each other towards the close of the month.

The Asteroids. — Vesta, this month, is in a favourable situation for observation. 9d — in conjunction with ξ Cancri. 25d—in opposition between γ and ξ Cancri. It may be distinguished from the small stars near which it is moving by its pure white light, unattended with nebulosity. In a very favourable state of the atmosphere this small planet may be seen without the telescope. Juno is also advancing to a favourable position for observation: towards the latter end of the month it may be seen a degree north of 33 Sextantis Uraniæ. Pallas and Ceres are too near the Sun to be observed.

5d — Jupiter in conjunction with μ Capricorni: difference of latitude 14′. This planet will soon be lost in the solar rays.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	15	5	49	39
Third Satellite	21	5	49	0

Saturn is gaining on the midnight sky, and Uranus is too near the Sun to be visible.

The year 1832 will be remarkable for several interesting celestial phenomena, of which the following is a brief sketch:

In February the Moon will occult Aldebaran, Regulus, Venus, and Mercury; it will also make a close appulse to Saturn and Uranus.

In March the last of the present series of occultations of Aldebaran will occur.

In April Saturn will be occulted by the Moon, which, though happening in the daytime, may be readily observed with a telescope.

In May another occultation of Saturn, under peculiarly favourable circumstances. In this month will take place the most interesting phenomenon of the present and many preceding or succeeding years—the transit of Mercury across the disc of the Sun, which will be partially visible to Asia and America, and wholly so to Europe, Africa, and New Holland: its duration will be nearly seven hours. The last transit visible in this country occurred nearly thirty years since.

In July a minute eclipse of the Sun. To the northern counties of England it will be merely a contact of the solar and lunar limbs: to Scotland the Sun will be uneclipsed. Be-

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tween the tropics this eclipse will be total; and as Venus at that time will be near her superior conjunction, and consequently close to the combined orbs of the Sun and Moon, she will probably be distinctly seen, and exhibit a very striking appearance during the transitory gloom.

In September the ring of Saturn will disappear, and continue invisible during October and November. At the commencement of December the northern plane of the ring will come into view, and again disappear in the spring of 1833, and not again be visible till the Midsummer ensuing.

Comet of Encke.—In the months of January, February, and March, this comet will be slowly wending its way through Pisces; in April it will have arrived at a position a little above the head of Aries, and, rapidly advancing from thence, attain its perihelion on the 4th of May, between the Hyades and Pleiades. Its approaching return will be unfavourable for observation, one revolution in three only being propitious for seeing it.

The comet of Biela, or comet of 1832, will enter these lower regions in the autumn of the year, and arrive at its perihelion on the 27th of November.

Deptford. J. T. Barker.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT ON STEAM-CARRIAGES.

The *Literary Gazette* having been the medium through which the first successful experiments of Mr. Gurney were communicated to the public, and having from time to time given several notices of the progress of Mr. Gurney and other gentlemen who have devoted their attention to the construction of steam-carriages, we have always taken an interest in this triumph of the useful arts, proportionate to what we have considered its vast importance to the public generally. It is therefore highly gratifying to find our view of the subject fully borne out by the Report of the committee of the House of Commons (just printed);—a Report not less distinguished for patient investigation of evidence, than for scientific and statesman-like appreciation of one of the most important branches of civil economy.

From the delay that has taken place in the introduction of steam-carriages on common turnpike roads,—a delay inevitable from the almost innumerable difficulties to be surmounted,—the public have been led to suppose that this novel mode of travelling had been totally abandoned; while parties hostile to the invention have not neglected to avail themselves of newspaper paragraphs to represent the thing as a complete failure. The contrary, however, is so far true, that the impediments which have been thrown in the way of this invention, by interested parties, have greatly outweighed those attending the construction of the engines, and in some cases have amounted to a complete prohibition of the use of steam-carriages in several districts.

The evidence of Mr. Gurney, and the other witnesses examined by the committee, is entitled to the deliberate and earliest attention of parliament; not less in justice to the parties chiefly interested, than for the good of the public generally. It has been proved to the satisfaction of the committee, that carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads at an average of ten miles per hour, with *perfect safety* to passengers, at less than one half the charge of present travelling, and the vehicle much better under the control of a conductor than a coach drawn by four good horses; and, in consequence, much less liable to serious accidents than any stage-coach on the present plan.

But as an effective barrier against the adoption of such a desirable and economical mode of conveyance, Mr. Gurney states to the committee, that on the Liverpool and Prescott road, where a four-horse coach would be charged only a four-shilling toll, his steam-carriage would be charged 2*l.* 8*s.*; on the Bath road, instead of 5*s.* for four horses, his carriage would be charged 1*l.* 7*s.*; on the Totness road, instead of 3*s.* he would have to pay 2*l.* &c. &c.

Now, it is impossible to justify such exorbitant demands under any plea of the additional wear and tear of the roads; for we believe the weight of Mr. Gurney's heaviest carriage, which we saw three years since, did not exceed thirty-five cwt., or not double the weight of the six-inside stage-coach; while the wear and tear of the road from the horses' feet is entirely obviated by the use of steam-carriages.

If the general introduction of steam-carriages could, by any possibility, sacrifice the interests of 2,000 persons out of 3,000, for the benefit of the minority we should hesitate in recommending parliament to lend its assistance by any legislative measures. But as the saving of expense in the transit of goods or passengers is an *absolute saving to the whole community*, of the agricultural produce consumed and the capital employed in the breed and maintenance of horses, it becomes a question of no less importance in agricultural and political economy than in commercial and social economy, to sanction by legislative protection any measure which has so direct a tendency to benefit the public generally.

Any arguments that could be advanced in favour of steam navigation have twofold greater weight, as applicable to steam conveyance by land. The saving of the maintenance of a number of seamen through the use of steam-vessels, may be a problematical benefit to a maritime nation like England, while these seamen must either be fed by the national funds, or allowed to emigrate from their native land. But a saving in horse-labour is an *absolute* saving;—a fact sufficiently established by the incalculable advantages this nation has derived within the last thirty years from the universal application of steam-engines in every extensive manufactory through the kingdom.

We regret that we are unable, from want of room, to give any extracts from the able Report of the committee; but as the Report certifies that the tolls which have been demanded by certain road-trusts for steam-carriages, would, if allowed to remain unaltered, entirely prohibit their use, we have little doubt parliament will speedily devise some measures to moderate the demands of these petty republics by some general enactment for consolidating road-trusts. In the mean time we beg to throw out a suggestion to Mr. Gurney and the other gentlemen engaged in the construction of steam-carriages, by which they might silence their opponents, and at the same time rather benefit than injure the roads by the use of steam-carriages.

As it is demonstrated that a steam apparatus of a given power will drag, or propel, a much greater weight if the load be divided among several carriages, than if it be all placed on one carriage, there can be no doubt that the plan of employing drag or tag-carriages will be generally adopted on common roads as well as on rail-roads. Now, if the axles of the different carriages, and even those of each pair of wheels, were made of different lengths, so as to make the wheel-tracks of each axle cover an exterior or interior line of road, (instead of the road being worked into ruts, as in the common stage-coach,) the parallel planes of the respective wheel-marks will be almost equivalent in advantage to the broad-wheel waggon, which becomes a valuable heavy roller on loose roads, and is therefore subject to less tolls by the turnpike-trusts.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. Amyott in the chair. Mr. Collier, by direction of the Duke of Devonshire, presented a copy of an original sketch-book of Inigo Jones, in his grace's possession, dated at Rome 1614. The great architect appears at that time to have devoted his attention to the human form, as all the sketches (with the single exception of a ship's prow) are on that subject. The book also contains a sort of diary of notes and observations. Mr. Waltham communicated the bailif's accounts for the manor of Savoy, for the second and fifth years of Henry IV.; shewing the price of labour, &c. at that period. The secretary also read a description, accompanied by drawings, sent by Mr. Sibthorpe, of the skeleton of an ox or cow, found near a Roman pavement discovered in the year 1829, (and noticed in the *Archæologia*,) at Broad Street Common, in the parish of Wooplesdon, Surrey: the bones were lying on boards, and were partially consumed; pieces of burnt wood were also found with them, and a quantity of saw-dust.—The meetings of the Society were adjourned to the 12th of January.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Architectural Beauties of Continental Europe, in a Series of Views of remarkable Ancient Edifices, &c., in France, the Low Countries, Germany, and Italy. Engraved by J. Coney, from his own Drawings taken on the Spot; with Descriptive and Historical Illustrations, by H. E. Lloyd. London, 1831. F. G. Harding.

The great popularity of Mr. Coney's Cathedrals has stimulated him to this new, and, we would almost say, still more interesting series. Nothing can be more spirited than Mr. Coney's outline; and in the choice and treatment of his subjects he has displayed the utmost taste and skill. Rouen, Antwerp, Beauvais, and Louvain, have each furnished him with delightful objects on which to exercise his talent; and with the short accounts also given of them, he has produced a work highly creditable even to his acknowledged abilities.

View of the City of Bristol. Drawn by T. Rowbotham; on Stone by L. Haghe. London, Tilt; Bristol, Davy and Muskett.

The grain of this drawing on stone is of a peculiar kind; and it is impossible to convey a clearer idea than it does of the awful calamity the artist has chosen to represent. Bristol, in flames, may thus descend to posterity—a melancholy example of the march of intellect and civilisation in the nineteenth century.

Portrait of Francis Buckle. Painted by R. Jones; engraved in line by W. C. Edwards. Peterborough, S. Buckle.

A very striking likeness of our famous jockey, who has won so many plates that he is fully entitled to the honours of this. There is much of character in the countenance; and when we reflect upon the qualities essential to a first-rate jockey, we shall not be surprised to find their

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indication in a clever production of art. Resolution, coolness, rapidity of action following instantly upon rapidity of glance, judgment, and temper, must all conspire to form a Buckle; and they are all to be traced in this well-executed portrait.

Spaniel. Painted by J. Fernelly; engraved by E. Duncan and J. Webb. London, R. Ackermann, jun.; Melton Mowbray, J. Fernelly.

AFTER celebrated rider we come naturally to celebrated horse—Lord Lowther's Spaniel, brother to Lapdog, and great great great great great grandam Miss Belsea! With fifty to one against him, he won the last Derby cleverly, beating Riddlesworth and other crack horses: since that time, however, he has done nothing to sustain his reputation. In appearance there is little remarkable about Spaniel. He looked a slight creature among some of the others at Epsom; and the odds shew how little he was expected to come in first.

Edinburgh. Drawn by W. Purser; engraved in Aquatint by R. G. Reeve. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS noble view of Edinburgh is the thirty-seventh plate of the publishers' series of the principal Towns in Scotland, and, being the capital, we may truly state, that it justly maintains its claim to be placed at the head of them all. It is taken from Arthur's Seat; and not only in the broken foreground, but in the extent of town and country, is executed in a grand style of art. We may compliment it as being indeed the Modern Athens, for it contains the most recent features of the Scottish metropolis. Mr. Purser has evinced a talent not inferior to Daniell in his judicious treatment of the whole.

MOSAIC PAINTING.*

Naples, November.

IMMEDIATELY on the discovery of this *chef-d'œuvre*, our archæologists proposed two different hypotheses for an explanation of the subject represented in the picture. Signor Aditi, the director of the royal museum, supposes it to be a combat of the Greeks with the Trojans, and the one in which Sarpedon fell. On one side he recognises Patroclus, who has pierced the Trojan hero with his lance, in the act of pursuing his enemies; and near him Eryalus, who has been struck on the head, lying close to his wounded horse Pedasus. On the opposite side he makes out Glaucus, in his chariot, animating the Trojans, at the instant when his horses, encouraged by the driver of the chariot, are hastening over the flying and the slain towards the gates of Troy. Avellino and Quaranta, both professors of the museum, are, on the other hand, of opinion that it represents one of the battles between Alexander and the Persians; but they so far differ, that the former considers it to be the battle of the Granicus, the latter that of Issus. We may perhaps be able to decide which of these learned professors has the best grounds for his interpretation, from the description which has been published of this picture, after a consideration of these various opinions, in the *Giornale del Regno delle due Sicilie*, and of which the following is the substance.

The principal figure is a warrior on horseback, with a flowing robe, the head of Medusa on his breast-armour, and a sword suspended from his belt. Both his arms are encircled with lightning; his head is uncovered; and he appears to have just hurled a lance, which has penetrated the body of a youth, who also seems to have been mounted, but the horse, which has been struck by another lance, falls down bleeding, while the dying hero sinks with a convulsive movement and an expression of agony which is beyond description striking. The opinion of those who consider the enemies to be Persians is favoured by the covering of his head, which conceals his ears and chin, and by his wearing ear-rings and a necklace. Between the victor and the vanquished are two figures, one with a helmet, the other with his head uncovered and wounded. On the other side are many warriors, with the same head-dress and ear-rings, in disorderly flight. One of them leads a horse by the bridle, which is seen from behind rearing, admirably foreshortened. Another conspicuous figure, with a bow in his hand, wearing a tiara, and clothed in a chlamys, stands in a magnificent quadriga, the horses of which are urged on by the driver with much spirit.

Unhappily this mosaic is not entirely preserved: a portion of the body of the principal figure, that of the victorious horseman, as well as of his horse, is wanting. The costume, the ornaments, and the armour of the fugitives, all seem to indicate that they are Persian. If this point is once decided, no doubt can remain that the brilliant warrior is Alexander, particularly as he is armed with the thunderbolt, as it is well known that Apelles so represented him. But in which of his battles is he here drawn? In that of the Granicus, according to Arrian's account, which is followed by Signor Avellino, the lance of the King of Macedon broke, and he pierced Mithridates, the son-in-law of Darius, with the lance presented to him by Demaratus of Corinth. Another Persian, Rœsaces, aimed at the head of Alexander, by which he lost his helmet, without, however, being wounded. All this, together with the flight of the Persians after the death of Rœsaces, seems to agree entirely with the representation in the picture.

If this hypothesis of Professor Avellino is correct, we might probably consider this mosaic as the copy of a painting of the battle of the Granicus; but, as he remarks, it could not be that of the celebrated one mentioned by Pliny (*nulli postferenda tabula*), because that represented the battle between Alexander and Darius; and the latter, it is well known, was not present at the Granicus.

Professor Quaranta, on the other hand, borrows from the account of Diodorus and Quintus Curtius his arguments for considering this as the battle of Issus. In the same figures he recognises Alexander and his generals on the one side, and the Persians on the other. The King of Macedon decided the battle by his cavalry, commanded by Parmenio, which he called to his assistance when he was already surrounded by the Persians. He fought in the heat of the action like a common soldier, forcing his way to the chariot of Darius, which Ocsatres, the brother of the Persian monarch, attempted to defend. From this, Professor Quaranta gathers, that the warrior fighting at the left hand of Alexander, and crowned with laurel, is Parmenio, as he received this distinction after the battle of the Granicus; and that the warrior who is vanquished by the Macedonian hero is a chief commander of the Persians.

Professor Quaranta finds a decisive proof of the correctness of his opinion in the figure standing in the quadriga, which he thinks can be no other than Darius, as he is sufficiently distinguished by the royal tiara, which he alone wears.

This mosaic, therefore, may still be the copy of the painting commended by Pliny, which was painted by Philoxenes of Eretria, for King Cassander; unless, as Professor Quaranta is more inclined to suppose, it should be one of a painting of this battle by Apelles.

The mosaic is twenty palms broad and ten high: the figures are more than half the size of life. The whole composition is wonderfully animated; the perfection and delicacy of the drawing (the more admirable in a mosaic), the truth of the expression which characterises all the figures, make this work one of the finest monuments of Pompeii. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful *chef-d'œuvre* is not in perfect preservation; but even in its present state it is a treasure quite unique in its kind.

P.S. — My letter was just finished, when I received from Professor Zahn, who has resided for above a year at Pompeii, such interesting remarks on this subject, that I cannot delay communicating them to you. He fully agrees with me in the praise I have bestowed on this work, and this praise must have more weight coming from him, because he speaks as a connoisseur, and pronounces this painting to be superior to any mosaic with which we are acquainted.

Professor Zahn was also one of the first who declared this mosaic (which contains above twenty figures almost the size of life) to be a representation of a battle of Alexander with the Persians. He is of opinion that it is the production of the first Greek artists, in the most flourishing period of the arts; and that perhaps already at the time of its *removal* to Pompeii it might be regarded as an antique: for it is well known that the mosaics composed of pieces of marble are of the earlier ages, and that subsequently they were composed of paste; and, secondly, (and this justifies the bold conjecture of its removal hither,) it appears that this work was already injured by the lapse of time, when it was removed, perhaps from Greece, in the condition in which it now is, to the place where it was discovered, respecting which the "antique restoration" scarcely leaves a doubt. By this you are not to understand a proper restoration, on which the artists of that time, deterred, perhaps, by the excellency of the work, were afraid to venture; but the defective piece is merely filled up with plaster of Paris, to make the whole one level floor, and keep the parts together.

I will add some particulars, likewise communicated by Professor Zahn, respecting this house, named after Goethe. Resembling, in its admirable internal arrangements, the house of Pansa, it may be ranked, on account of its perfect architecture, among the finest in Pompeii—besides its being the only one in which such treasures of art in bronze and mosaic have been found. Already, on the 15th October, 1830, there was found a mosaic, with two colossal masks; and on the 27th, in the impluvium, a dancing faun three feet high, belonging to the most beautiful specimens of bronze figures; and on the 10th of December last year, a mosaic, representing a winged Bacchus riding on a panther, which, till this new discovery, was considered the finest of this kind of works of art; besides a great variety of vases, rings, ornaments, coins, &c.

The excavation of this interesting house is continued with great activity, and will be completed in December, or, at the farthest, in Jan.

* This large mosaic painting was found in the triclinium of the house named in honour of Goethe, and opened in the presence of his son on the 7th October, 1831, which is also called the House of the Faun, from a fine bronze statue of a faun found in it.

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1832. I must not omit to mention, that a party of Germans and other foreigners celebrated Goethe's birthday in this house on the 28th of August last, and commemorated the event by a medal, with Goethe's bust, and on the reverse, "To Goethe, 28th August, 1831: Pompeii."

Some months ago, Professor Zahn discovered near Portici, in S. Giovanni, in the Villa Bisaggi, the Street of the Tombs of Herculaneum, which led to Naples. The attention of the Neapolitan government having been thus attracted to the spot, orders have been issued to commence excavations there, which may probably lead to an interesting result, and with little expense, because that part of the suburb of Herculaneum is not covered with lava, like the town itself, but, like Pompeii, with ashes only.

Of another much more important, and very recent, discovery of our active countryman, on another side of the base of Vesuvius, I am not yet permitted to speak; but I hope that I shall soon be released from the silence which has been imposed on me.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE GARRICK CLUB.

It may be remembered, that when three hundred members were elected, the Garrick Club was to be considered as formed, and their house in King Street to be opened. This having been already done, and all the necessary alterations in the house, to prepare it for a numerous club, being nearly completed, we understand that the list of candidates must now await a time before they can be balloted for. The Club will probably be opened with a grand dinner on Saturday the 21st; previous to which, we presume, the subscriptions must be paid up; so that the Garrick may shew the rare example to clubs, of beginning on an economical scale and unencumbered with debt. Its ulterior objects will, of course, be gradually developed; and we trust the drama will benefit by this institution, so opportunely established in its favour.

We are happy to add, that the list of members is distinguished by many names high in nobility, in literature, and in the drama.*

DRAMA.

It happens, oddly enough, that the authors of the pantomimes at both the winter theatres have chosen the same subject for the exercise of their respective talents. Now, whether this coincidence arises purely from accident — or whether, as each party may insinuate, there has been treachery as well as trickery at work — or whether, again, it is to be accounted for from the paucity of stories fit for such productions — is a point we cannot take upon ourselves to determine. We have thought it necessary to record the interesting fact; and we can only say, that the similarity between the two pieces is so great, not only in the introduction, but in the scenes which follow it, that it verifies to our entire satisfaction the remark of Sheridan in the *Critic*, that when the people in the theatres "*do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful." There is another circumstance also, about which, until we can find time to get to the Museum, and consult the original history, we must be content to remain in doubt — and that is, which of the writers has adhered most strictly to the ancient legend; for, as Sir Benjamin observes in the play, about the story of the duel, though one "may be more circumstantial" — the other may be "the true one after all."

Having noticed this important matter (and we can assure our readers, that where so much of the profits of a season depend upon the pantomime, it is an affair of some consequence to managers), we shall proceed to state the result of our anxious and impartial observations.

At Drury Lane there is some scenery by Andrews, particularly the "outside of Thumb's cottage" and the "water-mill near Canterbury," which is very well painted; but there are also some very middling scenes, and one or two very great daubs, by other painters; and, upon the whole, we must observe, that the scenic department this year has not been so well executed as upon many former occasions. From this censure we of course exempt the splendid diorama painted by the inimitable Stanfield. This picture (for we can call it by no other name) represents a series of views in the city of Venice, all of them executed in the first style of art, and forming alone a most delightful exhibition — in fact, if the pantomime is destined to last its usual term of existence, it will be owing solely to the beauty and the verisimilitude of the Venetian diorama. The tricks, which are by no means numerous (we do not expect them to be new), are some of them neatly done; and some strokes of satire, particularly those levelled at Paganini, the Select Vestry, and the Temperance Societies, seemed to afford some gratification to the audience; but the actors are very far from being the best of their kind; and, altogether, the harlequinade must be pronounced greatly inferior to almost all which have preceded it.

At Covent Garden, on the other hand, we were much more amused. Here the Thumb family, the Ogre and his fat cook, and the seven-leagued boots, and the genii thereof, occupy a much greater portion of the business of the pantomime; and the admirable acting, singing, attitudes, and fencing of the little Poole, prevent any feeling of tediousness which the length of the story might otherwise produce. Of the scenery, likewise, we can speak in terms of unqualified approval. It is painted chiefly by the Grieves, and does them the greatest credit. "The palace of Bala," "the Ogre's castle by moonlight and sunrise," and the "Temple of the Genii of the Harp," are particularly good; nor must we omit to mention favourably the "Cosmorama," by the same artists, which represents the royal visit to the new London Bridge, and which, though certainly not to be compared to Stanfield's Venetian scene, is, nevertheless, correctly painted and ingeniously contrived. The jokes of the Clown and Pantaloon, practical and otherwise, are by no means bad. We would particularly notice that of the Clown's attempting to snuff the moon, that the Pantaloon may read a letter by its light; the conversion of a "vender of the dead languages" into a "dealer in the unknown tongues;" and the change of a box containing the "wonder of the world" into the representation of a full concert, with Paganini at its head, fiddling lustily away, and stretching out his leg and bestriding all the other fiddlers like a "huge Colossus." The actors, we need hardly say, were quite at home in their respective parts. Ellar is a good and agile harlequin, and Barnes is by far the best pantaloon that has been seen within our memory. Paulo, too, is active as a clown; though if he would talk a little less he would be much more entertaining. And Miss Davis, the new columbine, is pretty fair — neither much better nor much worse than her competitors. The greatest praise appears to us to be due to Farley, for the excellent way in which he must have drilled the carpenters and shifters, and for the zeal with which they did their duty; for although the changes of scene were most numerous and most complicated, not a single mistake of consequence occurred. The whole was received, on the first night, without the slightest dissent; and, when it comes to be cut (for it is greatly too long), will be well calculated to please the little masters and misses to their hearts' content.

THE ADELPHI.

The pantomime at the Adelphi is the best of the best. The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe has long been a favourite with all young and imaginative persons: she will now augment her attractions and increase her fame — and the Adelphi will rejoice in her popularity. The story is capitally adapted for the purpose, and the principal actors at the Adelphi are quite extraordinary in their combined exertions. For tricks, postures, laughter-moving fun and frolic, and in short for all the requisites belonging to this branch of the mimic art, we have hardly ever witnessed a superior exhibition. Nor is the scenery unworthy of the performances — some of it is pretty and graceful as the columbine, some various as the harlequin, and some grotesque as the clown. Altogether, this is a sterling treat to the lovers of Christmas merriment.

OLYMPIC.

Olympic Devils! We are too much troubled with devils (quære, are printers' devils — they ought to be — blue?) to have any predilection for them elsewhere. Yet here they are, bearding the select Vestries,* and annoying — no, we cannot say they are annoying us. Witch-street is out of our way, notwithstanding the fair manageress; and as for Holy-well, we have a new Christmas suit, and leave it the Jews and Skinner's-street. The nymphs of Solomon, as Pope calls them,† have no song wherewith to inspire us; in fact, as critics, we have detected that this song is a catch. The *Olympic Devils* are nevertheless such clever devils, that they are likely to improve the neighbourhood; if crowds (population) and laughter (mirth) be improvements, which we, considering them to be excesses, excessively doubt. The very play-bill of the Olympic is an insult to gravity; though as we cannot have this bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill, we will not trouble it with our animadversions. Suffice it to say, that if puns carry with them their own punishment, this is an eterno-inferno offence. In the piece itself, a more than clever burletta, the sad story of Orpheus and Eurydice is humorously dramatised. It is classically correct and droll. Mr. J. Bland, as *Pluto*, has made a hit which must exalt him from his low estate far above the mortal reputation he has already acquired; and Vestris is an *Orpheus* fit to call any body back from the shades. The whole burletta is very excellently performed, and the final procession is far superior in design and beauty to any thing expectable. Parody and fun, and popular music (by Horn) rule the roast. We quote a sample.

* Among our purposes for the ensuing year, it is one to publish a series of papers connected with this association and the interests of the stage, which we trust will be humorous and beneficial enough to deserve collection in future volumes.

* Is it not Vestris, Sir?—*Printer's Abaddon.*

† Is it not Solyma, Sir?—*Printer's Lucifer.*

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"Voulez vous danser while I play?
Trees make *bocce* and stump away;
Lawns and meadows dance the *Hay*,
And rocks to reel are fain, sir.
Rivers join the Country Dance,
Streamlets in Quad-*rille* advance,
Fountains cool
Glide through 'la *pool*,'
And Pastorale—the Plains, sir.
Voulez vous danser while I play?
Panthers Paw de Deux essay,
And lordly Lions waltz away,
With all their might and *mane*, sir."

VARIETIES.

Bilderdyk, the celebrated Dutch poet, died recently at Haarlem, and was buried in the principal church there with great pomp, on Friday the 23d inst.

New Musical Instrument.—At the last week's sitting of the Academy of Science in Paris, M. Cagnard Latour read a paper on the subject of a new musical instrument of his own invention, which he calls "the Syren" (*la Syrène*). It is a sort of flute, in which the sonorous vibrations are produced by the action of a current of water, as in the common flute by a current of air.—*Sunday Times.*

The Cholera Morbus, respecting which we see several inquiries, and which is alluded to in the mortality list of the city of London, is a disease which has existed from time immemorial in this country, and has no other relation to the disease at present ravaging the towns on the Tyne and Wear, than in the deceptive and unfortunate name which has been given to the latter. We say unfortunate, because it leads to a mistaken notion of the nature of the disease—to the promulgation of useless remedies and empirical nostrums—and to errors similar to the one which we have felt ourselves called upon to correct.

"I like a child that cries," said the Abbé Morellot. "Why?" "Because then it will be taken away."—*Le Livre des Cent-et-un.*

Novelist.—A Correspondent tells us that the author of *Rank and Talent*, *Atherton*, &c., and the recent novel of the *Usurer's Daughter*, was originally a Blue-Coat boy, and is now a Unitarian preacher, residing (1830) at Bury St. Edmonds; and that his name is Scargill.

Association for removing the Causes of Ignorance and Poverty.—This newly-formed association has had several meetings—the last being the "*first social*" one, at the institution in Liverpool Street, New Road, where it has spacious rooms for assembling. The entertainments were at least musical; for, after tea, the overture to *Tancredi* was performed on the pianoforte by Misses Lanza and Bromley; and then Mr. Owen, the governor, gave the company (stated to amount to nearly two thousand persons of both sexes) a lecture, illustrative of his system. We had forgot that a clergyman, of the name of Wade, also addressed the meeting. The whole was concluded by a ball, which was kept up to a late hour; and while it occasionally exhibited some little *ignorance* in the art of dancing, displayed nothing of the *poverty* against the causes of which the association is to direct its efforts, whether of tea, lecturing, or tripping it on the light fantastic.

Hampden and his Times.—Having noticed one typographical error in our review of this work, seems to have called the noble writer's attention to these minutiæ; and we are requested to mention a second misprint in the same volume, in order that they may be corrected with a pen by the reader in the copies already circulated—Vol. II. p. 435, l. 6, for *huno* read *hoc*.

Mortality Returns.—By a return just published, and coming whence the poet has, of course erroneously, told us there is none, we learn that between December 15th, 1830, and December 13th, 1831, there have been buried in London 25,337 individuals, of whom 12,769 were males, and 12,568 females. To be sure the christenings have made amends, for they amount to 28,263; so that there is no comfort yet on this side of Sunderland for Mr. Malthus and his school.

The Cholera.—It would not be easy to find a better proof that the cholera is not contagious, than the annual fair which has just been held at Pesth. Strangers and merchandise from the parts of the empire where the disorder is the most violent, came hither without being subjected to any quarantine whatever, and yet the sanitary state of the city, during the fair, was perfectly satisfactory, and not a single suspicious case occurred. At present the disorder rages in only a few places in Hungary; and we must repeat here a remark well worthy of attention, viz. that wherever the disorder does not manifest itself with great violence at the outset, and carry off a proportionably large number of victims, it lingers in the place so much the longer. Numerous instances prove this. At Berlin and Vienna it is mild, but remains twice as long as at Pesth and Ofen. How dreadfully did it rage in Egypt, where its duration was, however, short. This has been confirmed by experience in Hungary, almost without exception, where, according to the general summary of its progress, founded on official reports up to 29th November, it had affected, in 89 districts, 3885 places, in which the number of persons attacked by the disease was 439,545, of whom 218,760 have recovered, 180,525 died, and 31,260 still remain under medical care.—*From a Letter, dated Pesth in Hungary, Nov. 30.*

The Pleasures of Memory?—A lady of fashion, at Paris, said lately to her chamber-maid, who was dressing her, "How weary I am of this mourning—I have worn it fifteen days! But, apropos, Rosina, tell me, for whom am I in mourning?"—*Paris in London.*

Science!—At Capt. Browne's request we copy the following: our readers may believe the propositions or not, as they like.—*Ed. L. G.*

Interesting to Science.—Bets to a considerable amount have been offered by Capt. Browne upon the efficiency and capability of the following novel inventions:—*Rail-roads.* By means of a rail-road on an entire new construction, and by the adoption of a propelling power not hitherto made use of on rail-roads, it will be proved, that under the supposition of a continued ascent for 100 miles, at thirty degrees of elevation, with a carriage containing eight persons, the distance may be accomplished in two hours. To be decided by a board of scientific men.—*Balloons.* It will be proved, that a balloon, directed to any one spot or quarter of the compass, may be driven there by the wind from either of the three other quarters. This has been a theory often held, but which has always failed in practice for want of a counteraction below. Also to be decided by a board of scientific men.—*Cavalry.* It will be proved, that by a new invention adaptable to cavalry, the latter may break through masses of infantry with but little loss. This to be decided by a board of officers. This invention has been tendered to government, but it appears that at the Horse Guards they are not empowered to offer any reward for new inventions.—*Infantry.* Captain Browne will undertake to prove, that, by his new invention, three hundred raw recruits, say working men, or Irish labourers, with a few days' drilling, and only armed, offensively, with pikes or spits, and at an expense under two pounds per man, will beat the same or double the number of regular troops. This to be decided by a board of officers. The test to be, supposing two bodies of troops to encounter in a street, which would have to give way. It will be proved, that should the regulars stand the charge, a great slaughter of them would ensue, while few, if any, of the pikemen or spitters would suffer from the fire or bayonet.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. LII. Dec. 31.*]

A publication entitled Britain's Historical Drama; being a Series of National Tragedies, intended to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and Religious Institutions, of different early Eras in Britain,—is announced by J. F. Pennie, and dedicated, by permission, to the King.

Mr. Ainsworth is preparing for publication, Observations on the Pestilential Cholera, as it appeared at Sunderland in the Months of November and December; and on the Measures which were taken for its Prevention and Cure.

The Mythology of the Hindus, with Notices of various Mountain and Island Tribes who inhabit the Two Peninsulas of India and the neighbouring Islands, by Charles Coleman, Esq.

A new literary Annual, entitled the Aurora Borealis, to be conducted by Members of the Society of Friends, is announced at Newcastle. The prospectus speaks, with proper exultation, of the progress of literary taste, and the increase of literary talent, among the youth of that Society.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. XXVI., Treatise on Porcelain and Glass, fcp. 6s. cloth; *Republication*, Vol. I., Scott's Scotland, Vol. I., 6s. bds.—Annual Biography and Obituary for 1832, Vol. XVI., 8vo. 15s. bds.—Hooper on the Uterus, 4to. 3l. 3s. bds.—Lord Byron's Life and Works, in 14 vols., Vol. I., fcp. 5s. bds.—Botanic Annual for 1832, crown 8vo. 15s. morocco.—Eugene Aram, by the Author of "Pelham," &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Standard Novels, Vol. XI., Hungarian Brothers, by Anna Maria Porter, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—National Library, No. XIII., Lives of Celebrated Travellers, Vol. III., 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Modern Novelists, with Prefatory Remarks, 50 vols. post 8vo. 15l. cloth.—Nicholas' Memoirs of Lady Jane Grey, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Dr. Adam Clarke's Succession of Sacred Literature, Vol. II. 8vo. 15s. bds.—The Crucified Jesus, by Dr. Horneck, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Kearsley's Tax Tables for 1831-2, 1s. sewed.—Williams' Abstracts of the Acts for 1831, 8vo. 7s. bds.—The Mother's Book, by Mrs. Child, royal 18mo. 4s. cloth.—Hughes' Divines, No. XX., Hall's Contemplations, Vol. III., 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XXV., Plutarch, Vol. III., 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Select Library, Vol. V., Stewart's Visit to the South Seas, abridged by Rev. W. Ellis, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Burn on Emigration, 12mo. 6s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

December.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 22	From 26. to 46.	29·75 to 29·52
Friday 23	—— 26. — 39.	29·55 — 29·71
Saturday.. 24	—— 24. — 37.	29·61 — 29·94
Sunday.... 25	—— 21. — 31.	30·07 — 30·24
Monday .. 26	—— 24. — 30.	30·29 — 30·35
Tuesday .. 27	—— 34. — 40.	30·33 — 30·27
Wednesday 28	—— 30. — 41.	30·20 — 30·27

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.

Except the 23d, 24th, and morning of the 26th, generally cloudy; a little rain in the evening of the 25th; a very dense fog during the 28th.

Rain fallen, ·025 or an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Having Title-page and Index to give on this sheet, (for we utterly disapprove of the *ruse* of carrying readers into a new year, by detaining from them what belongs to the present,) we are compelled to withhold all advertisements but those of an absolutely temporary kind. And even with this arrangement, we must offer our last publication for 1831 in a very mutilated form, abridged in many of its fair proportions. We can only promise to begin 1832 with renovated vigour.

C. C.'s anecdote is pathetic, but we fear the poetry will not do. "'Cause" and "house," for example, are inadmissible rhymes.

Our Index, &c. must, as is always the case on this single annual No., be our apology for its being the least effective of its more than Dana-æn brethren. The first No. of the Theological Library (of necessity omitted in Review) cannot be passed over without our attestation in its favour. It is literal, and not a fashion of speech, when we say that above a hundred claims of public interest, amusement, and merit, lie *over* upon our conscience.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,
PALL MALL.
NOTICE to EXHIBITORS.

All Pictures and Works of Art intended for Exhibition and Sale must be sent to the Gallery on Monday, the 16th, and Tuesday, the 17th, of January next, between the Hours of Ten in the Morning and Five in the Evening, after which time no Picture or other Work of Art can be received. Portraits and Drawings in Water Colours are inadmissible.

N.B. No Picture will be received for Sale that is not bona-fide the Property of the Artist.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON SCHOOL.—On Monday the 23d of January, 1832, a School will be Opened within the building of the University, under the government of the Council, and under the constant superintendence of the Professors of Latin and Greek.

The hours of attendance at the School, on the first five days of the week, will be from a Quarter past Nine to a Quarter past Three—in which time one hour will be allowed for recreation. On Saturday the School will be closed at a Quarter after Twelve.

The vacations will be seven weeks, from the 12th of August to the 1st of October, three weeks at Christmas, and ten days at Easter.

The yearly payment for each Pupil will be 15*l.*; of which 5*l.* will be paid in advance at the commencement of the Term after each Vacation.

The Pupils will provide Books and Drawing Materials. No Boy will be allowed to remain in the School after the completion of his sixteenth year.

The subjects taught will be Reading—Writing—the Properties of the most familiar Objects, natural and artificial—the English, Latin, Greek, and French Languages—ancient and modern History—Geography, both physical and political—Arithmetic—the Elements of Mathematics and of Natural Philosophy. Those Pupils will be allowed to learn German who shall be considered to have made sufficient progress in their other studies. Drawing also will be taught to those for whom it may be desired. But neither for German nor Drawing will there be any extra charge.

The discipline of the School will be maintained without corporal punishment.

There will be a general Examination of the Pupils at the end of each Term, and the Prizes will be given after the third Examination. A monthly report of the conduct of each Pupil will be sent to his Parent or Guardian.

Council Room, THOMAS COATES.
26th Dec. 1831.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON SCHOOL.—The Professors of Latin and Greek are desirous of engaging the following Assistant-Masters:—Two Classical Assistants, one of whom will take a share in the English department—a General Assistant for English and Latin, who shall also be competent to prepare the Pupils for the French Master—a Drawing Master—and a Writing Master. It is requested that applications, accompanied by statements of qualifications and testimonials, be addressed to the undersigned, and conveyed to the Office of the University free of expense.

T. HEWITT KEY, M.A.
HENRY MALDEN, M.A.

SOCIETE des PROFESSEURS de LANGUE FRANCAISE.

Le Bureau sera ouvert les 4, 5, 6, et 7 Janvier, de Midi à 4 heures, à l'effet de donner des Renseignemens à ceux de MM. les Professeurs qui désireraient s'en procurer.

L'Assemblée générale aura lieu le 9 Janvier, à 6 heures du Soir.

ED. LEPEE, Secrétaire.

8, Carlton Chambers, Regent Street.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—Advertisements for insertion in the Advertising Sheet of No. 108, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by Jan. 7; and Prospectuses, Bills, &c. to be stitched in, the Number, a week later.

A SPLENDID PORTRAIT of the QUEEN, in her Coronation Robes, engraved on Steel by E. Finden, from an original Drawing by F. R. Say, will be delivered gratis with the Court Journal, on Saturday, Jan. 7, 1832.

To prevent disappointment, orders should be forwarded immediately to the Booksellers and Newsmen; where Specimens of the Portrait may be seen.

A limited number of Proofs, printed in an extra size, on India paper, price 4*s.* are now ready for delivery.

Office, 19, Cullerine Street, Strand.

On Sunday, January 1st, will be published, price Sevenpence, a new Weekly Paper, entitled

THE TOWN.

The object of this publication is to support the present Ministry as long as its views shall be consistent with the welfare of the people; to attempt the Correction of Public Abuses; the Exposition of those Private Vices which interfere with the general good; the Abolition of Sinecures and undeserved Pensions; and, instead of mutilated extracts, to combine a copious and elaborate Report of Parliamentary Debates, Foreign and Internal Politics and Police, Civic, Commercial, Financial, and Sporting Events, with a large proportion of Fashionable, Literary, and Theatrical Intelligence, derived from sources exclusively its own.

In order to effect this end, the Paper will consist of thirty-two closely printed folio columns, containing more matter than any periodical of a similar price.

Published at the Office, No. 2, Wellington Street, Strand.

MUSIC.

For January, price 2*s.*

THE HARMONICON. Contents.

Music.

Overture, "Idomeneo," Mozart—Two Gallopades, (MS.) Satchell—Andante and Rondoletto, Lindpainter—Canzonet, Latour—Ballad, Bishop—German Robber's Song and Chorus, Kulau.

Musical Literature.

Memoir of John Braham, Esq.—Elements of Singing—David before Saul—A New French Opera—Mozart's "Idomeneo."—Gizzielio—Musical Professorship in Edinburgh—Review of Music—Diary of a Dilettante—Philharmonic Society—Foreign Musical Report—The Drama, &c.—Title-pages, Contents, &c. for 1831.

London: Longman and Co.; and sold by all Booksellers.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE for TOWN and COUNTRY. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

The January Number contains—The Political Conduct of the Clergy—Love and the Myrtle-Leaf—Maritime Romances and Parliamentary Novels—Gallery of Literary Characters, No. XX.; Author of "Satan," with a full-length Sketch—The Mutiny of the Bounty—What is the "Currency Question?"—Recollections of Versailles—Lines written in Moore's Life of Byron—The Stock Exchange, No. II.—Bits of Classicality; Stanzas on Woman, Autumn, and Christmas Poem—Lady Poets of France in the Nineteenth Century; Madame Amable Tastu—On the Banks of the Rhine—Another Bill, which is not "the Bill," but something quite different from "the Bill"—Sock and Buskin, No. II.—The Reform Bill and the Landed Interests—Facts connected with recent Manifestations of Spiritual Gifts. By the Rev. Edward Irving—A Brief Good-morrow to the New Leap-Year (with a Song)—A few Lines to our dear Contributers, with a Word on Attila Watts.

Continued success for two years has emboldened the Proprietor of "Fraser's Magazine" to make fresh exertions, and invest a larger capital, in rendering his Journal the most complete of the monthly publications of the kingdom. He has obtained the assistance of the first writers of the day in every department of literature—among whom are individuals high in political office, and competent to write with the best possible information on the movements of parties, the external and domestic policy of the country, and the measures of the late and present administrations. The Publisher proudly appeals to the contents of his volumes for the truth of this assertion. The Magazine will be found every way worthy of the perusal of every true lover of his country—of every man who feels interested for the preservation and welfare of the Church, the King, and the Constitution.

With regard to literary merit, also, the Publisher courts examination. Reviews of all new works have been undertaken in the most fearless spirit of independence. This characteristic of his Magazine has raised him many enemies among dishonest critics, literary adventurers, and booksellers who make an impure livelihood by dealing out trash and garbage to the public. Of all such, and in spite of their puny hostility, "Fraser's Magazine" always has been, and will always continue, the avowed and mortal enemy. The Journal is not connected with any large publishing house, and the public have therefore a guarantee that its opinions will neither be sold for lucre nor biassed by self-interest. Amid the numerous assaults of its enemies—assaults which it only laughs at—this Magazine has made a successful stand for sound, honest, and wholesome criticism; and while the patronage of the public increases, the zeal of the Publisher and the improvement of his pages shall increase in a corresponding degree.

In each Number will be found one or more Papers on Divinity and points of Doctrinal Controversy. Politics, Tales, Dramatic and Senatorial Strictures, Criticisms, Poetry, and Humorous and Satirical Compositions, make up the remainder of each Number. In addition to these are given full-length Sketches of the most prominent of our Literary Characters, with short Biographical and Descriptive Notices. The following have already appeared:

William Jerdan, Esq. Editor of the "Literary Gazette."
Thomas Campbell, Esq. late Editor of the "New Monthly."
John Gibson Lockhart, Esq. Editor of the "Quarterly Review."
Samuel Rogers, Esq. Author of "Pleasures of Memory."
Thomas Moore, Esq. Author of "Lalla Rookh."
Sir Walter Scott, Author of "Waverley."
John Galt, Esq. Author of a "Life of Byron."
Dr. Maginn, Co-Editor of the "Standard."
T. Crofton Croker, Esq. Author of the "Irish Fairy Legends."
Hon. Mrs. Norton, Author of the "Undying One."
Professor Wilson, Editor of "Blackwood's Magazine."
Miss Mitford, Author of "Our Village."
Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cozio, Author of "the Exquisites."
Earl of Munster, Author of "a Journey from India to England."
Lord John Russell, Author of "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe."
Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, Editor of "Boswell's Johnson."
Washington Irving, Esq. Author of the "Sketch-Book."
Lord Brougham and Vaux, Editor of the "Times."
Robert Montgomery, Esq. Author of "Satan."

Of some of the Numbers, second, and of others, third editions have been required; and the work, from the commencement, either in Numbers or bound in cloth and lettered, may now be had of the Publisher, James Fraser, 215, Regent Street, London; Grant and Bolton, Dublin; Anderson, Edinburgh; M'Phun, Glasgow; Collings, Bath; Grapel, Liverpool; Stevenson, Cambridge; Talboys, Oxford; Madden, Bristol; Jackson, New York; Galignani, Paris; or, by order, of any Bookseller or Newsman in the Kingdom; by whom, also, Subscribers' Names are received, and the Numbers supplied Monthly. Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

Important New Publications.

The following New Works are just published by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, viz.

DR. NARES'S MEMOIRS of the great LORD BURGHLEY, the Third and concluding Vol. embellished with a fine Portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

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Memoirs and Remains of Lady Jane Grey, by Sir Harris Nicolas.

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Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of King Charles II. by Mrs. Jameson.

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VII.

The Diary and Correspondence of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge. Edited by his Grandson. The Fifth and concluding Volume.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. CLXXXIX. for January 1832.

Contents.

I. Remote Causes of the Reform Passion, No. I. By the Author of "Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution"—II. Intercepted Letters from a Roman Catholic Clergyman residing in Ireland to a Friend in Rome—III. The Bracelets. A Sketch from the German—IV. The Traveller in Spite of Himself—V. State of Public Feeling in Scotland—VI. Protestant Affairs in Ireland—VII. The Premier and his Wife. A Story of the Great World—VIII. On Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution, No. 13. Revolutionary Concessions; the New Bill—IX. Reply to Lord Brougham's Speech.

Printed for William Blackwood, No. 45, George Street, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

Published by R. Heward, No. 113, Strand,

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. XXXI. containing the following Articles:—

1. Archbishop of Dublin on Political Economy.
2. Memoir of Sebastian Cabot.
3. Weights and Measures.
4. History of Medicine.
5. Greek Literature in Scotland.
6. Moore's Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
7. Adjustment of the House of Peers.
8. Adventures on the Columbia River.
9. Caledonians, Picts, and Scots.
10. Cooper's "Bravo."
11. Animal Physiology.
12. Romance and Reality. By L. E. L.
13. Householders in Danger.
14. Tour of a German Prince.
15. Portuguese Africa.
16. Life of Turgot.

List of Books, &c.

No. XXXII. will be published on the 31st of March.

The Office of the Westminster Review is removed to No. 113, Strand.

Mr. Bulwer's New Work, &c. just published.

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By the Author of "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," &c.

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In monthly volumes, small 8vo. 6*s.* in cloth.

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Being Vol. 26 of the Cyc opædia.

Published Dec. 1,

British Military Commanders, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, in 3 vols. Vol. I.

To be published Feb. 1,

History of the Italian Republics, in 1 vol. By J. C. L. Sismondi.

Printed for Longman and Co.; and John Taylor.

Cheap and elegant Publications for January, only Sixpence each!!

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THE KING at FOURTEEN.—Vol. XVIII. of the MIRROR, containing a Portrait of His Present Majesty, William IV. at Fourteen Years of age, from a Picture by B. West, P.R.A., and Forty-six other Engravings. Price 5s. 6d. boards.

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The following very useful and interesting Works, peculiarly adapted as Gifts for Christmas and the New Year, have been recently published by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley.

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"To bear is to conquer our fate!"—*Campbell.*

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DEBRETT'S PEERAGE.—A Supplement to this Work, with the Arms of the New Peers, will be published in a few days.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Fellow and Honorary Secretary of the Medical Society of London, Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary for the Diseases of Children, &c.

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